O come let us sing unto the Lord, 
let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.

Psalm xcv. 1.

The Doxology.

Old Hundredth.  

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Psalm li. 15.

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. Amen.
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THE

BAPTIST
CHURCH
HYMNAL

HYMNS
CHANTS
ANTHEMS

WITH MUSIC.

LONDON
PSALMS AND HYMNS TRUST
22A FURNIVAL STREET, E.C.

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THE BAPTIST CHURCH HYMNAL has been prepared by a Committee, severally representing the Psalms and Hymns Trust, the Trustees of the Baptist Hymnal, and the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The work is founded mainly upon the two Hymn-books above mentioned, largely used and much prized in the churches of the body during many years; while it is felt that the time has come both for rigorous revision and for the addition of a careful selection from the rich stores of recent hymnody.

The Proprietorship of this HYMNAL is vested in the Psalms and Hymns Trust, reconstituted so as to include representatives of the Hymnal and the Union. The profits will, as heretofore, be devoted to objects of denominational interest, according to a scheme approved by the Charity Commissioners; the relief of widows and orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries having a preferential claim.

A large curtailment of the number of Hymns has been rendered necessary to keep the volume within reasonable bulk, as well as to permit, in some editions, the association of Tunes with the Hymns, with the addition of Chants and Anthems. The Psalms and Hymns and the Baptist Hymnal contain together more than sixteen hundred Hymns, allowing for those common to the two books. It has been found advisable, after close and repeated examination, to retain about six hundred of these, and to add nearly two hundred Hymns from various sources, the work of about a hundred and twenty different authors; the total number of Hymns being eight hundred and two.

Certain sections of the work have been much enlarged, in compliance with the special requirements of our own day. The Hymns on CHRISTIAN SERVICE form an important feature of the collection; and those on CHILDHOOD and YOUTH are much more numerous than in preceding hymnals. This latter part of the work is mainly intended to assist those pastors who happily dedicate a part of one weekly public service to the young people of the congregation; while the children's own Hymnals, for school and home, are by no means superseded. Again, it has not been thought necessary to devote a separate section to PRIVATE WORSHIP. Hymns expressing personal emotions and experiences are often felt to be appropriate in united worship; and some often included in the 'Private' section—as 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Abide with me,
fast falls the eventide — are among the most familiar in the service of the Sanctuary. At the same time, it is hoped that this Church Hymnal will find a place not only in the House of Prayer, but in many a Christian Home.

The Hymns contained in the earlier books have been carefully re-edited, mainly with the view of restoring, as far as possible, original readings where alterations had been made. This fact will account for many variations from the text to which readers may have been accustomed. A Table, with explanations of the principal changes that still have seemed necessary, or that have been approved by long usage, or by consent of the authors themselves, is appended to the Standard edition of the work.

In preparing the Hymnal, the Compilers have been greatly aided and encouraged by the cordial and generous consent of hymn-writers, with other proprietors of copyrights, to insert their copyright Hymns. Permissions given to the Editors of Psalms and Hymns and of the Baptist Hymnal have been most readily renewed; and all applications for the use of new Hymns have met with a favourable response. The union of so many diverse minds and hearts, from every section of the Church Universal, has added another to the impressive illustrations which our best Hymn-books afford of the essential harmony of all devout spirits, in faith, hope, and love.

It only remains to acknowledge by name the permissions that have thus been granted. Should the Compilers have omitted any author or publisher to whom application should have been made, the inadvertence will, they trust, be pardoned; and it shall be remedied in future editions. The Hymns under each author's name are specified in the Biographical Notes. To the writers and publishers named below most cordial thanks are given.

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In the choice of the Tunes great care has been taken that the music should fitly express the sentiment of the words, due regard being had to the association of certain Hymns with special Tunes, apart from which they would hardly be the same to the worshipper. In some few cases, however, the Compilers have to regret the absence of Tunes which would naturally be looked for, all efforts to secure permission having proved vain. It is confidently hoped that, by time and use, the Tunes substituted may secure equal acceptance.

In order to ensure variety within due limits, Hymns of the same metre have, as far as possible, been placed together in each section. The opening of the page will thus, in many cases, present a considerable choice of Tunes to the same Hymn. A Tune that may be unfamiliar to the choir or congregation will thus continually be found side by side with one well-known; obviating what is often found to be a disadvantage in those Hymnals in which every Hymn has its own Tune. In all, the HYMNAL contains 716 different Tunes; a number sufficient to offer an almost inexhaustible variety, and yet, it is believed, not too large a choice for any congregation where, in Choral meetings and in the homes of its members, the divine art of song is diligently cultivated, in preparation for this crowning service of the "house of the Lord."

It is for the congregation, rather than for the choir alone, that these Tunes have been prepared. No pains have been spared to adapt them to general, united worship. Nothing, it is hoped, has been admitted which refined taste will not approve; and, at the same time, there has been the constant effort to avoid over-elaborateness. As an aid to intelligent worship, and to quicken sympathy with the sentiment of the Hymn, marks of musical expression have been introduced—but very sparingly. In some of the Hymns, these are altogether omitted as unnecessary; and wherever they are inserted their intention is not to drill the congregation into mechanical uniformity, but only to make plain those variations in the sentiment and tone of the Hymn which call for corresponding expression.

Many new Tunes have been written for the book: the Compilers would gratefully acknowledge the readiness to serve them shown by Sir John Stainer, Dr. Charles Vincent, and other well-known composers.

To the Composers and owners of Copyrights who have generously permitted the free use of their Tunes, the Compilers would offer special thanks. It is believed that the following is a complete list; but should any
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tion.'

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audientes Me,' 'Constance' (Sullivan),
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Lady Stewart. 'Ora, Labora,' 'St.
Helens,' 'St. Werburgh.'

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was the Evening Hymn,' 'St. Mary
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Song.'

Rev. F. G. Wesley, M.A. 'Aurelia,'
from Dr. S. S. Wesley's 'European
Psalmist.'
The thanks of the Compilers are due to Mr. H. Elliot Button for the care and skill with which he has prepared the Tonic Sol-fa Edition of the Tunes, as well as of the Chants and Anthems. The work is thus brought within reach of the many thousands who have been trained in that popular system.

Much attention has been given to the Chants. This form of sacred song has now become so general in Nonconformist worship as, on the one hand, to prove its suitability to congregational use, and, on the other, to suggest the desirableness of adapting it to all special occasions, as well as to the usual public services.

While perhaps there is no part of worship in which the spirit of reverence is sometimes so liable to be sacrificed, there is none in which there may be a more real uplifting of the soul to God, by means of the holiest words which the world contains.

The Book of Psalms must always be the groundwork of this part of our worship. The Psalms, after much consideration, have been selected from the Revised Version, as nearest in sense to the original, and often throwing new light upon the Psalmists' words. In their setting, as in that of other Scripture selections, great pains have been devoted to emphasis, as well as to the literary structure, and especially to the parallelisms. For this purpose, it has been found necessary to make occasional use of every known form of chant, while the Triplet Chant (as in Psalm xv.) is new. The variations from the ordinary chant must be carefully noted when they occur, but will present no difficulty to the congregation. It will be noted also that at the close of certain Psalms the Gloria is not introduced, the simple Amen being deemed more appropriate to the spirit of the words, as in Psalms xxxix., li., &c.

The New Testament Canticles and other passages are taken from the Authorised Version, special attention being given, as in the case of the Old Testament section, to the form of sentence and the emphasis of particular words and phrases.

The Chant Book contains also different forms of the Sanctus, appropriate to the commencement of the Service; Metrical Litanies, so arranged as to allow the use of alternative Tunes to the same words; Sentences for Baptismal Services, and for the Collection or "Offertory"; with Benediction Hymns for the close of Evening Service. The use of these is, of course, at the discretion of the minister or congregation: there are at least many churches in which they will be felt to be appropriate aids to the expression of devout feeling.

Special suggestions as to the use of the Chant Book will be found in the note prefixed to that part of the work.
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Rev. L. Meadows White, M.A. No. 152.
Mr. E. C. Winchester. No. 144.
The Collection of Anthems is unusually large. It was felt that if these were introduced at all, they should be numerous enough for due variety, as well as adapted to all degrees of musical culture. As a rule, the Anthems are sufficiently simple for any ordinary congregation where a reasonable amount of practice in Psalmody can be secured. For some few of them a trained choir is undoubtedly necessary; but there is room for these also in the service of the Church; and their employment, not only in Public Worship, but in mission services and in social meetings of churches and congregations, may often prove a means of spiritual help. But, in the selection of the Anthems, the main object has been kept steadily in view, of making ample provision for strictly congregational use.

To facilitate reference, the Anthems are arranged under different sections, providing for both ordinary and occasional services. Some favourite Hymns, already included in the other part of the book, have also been set as Anthems.

It must be added, as in the case of the Tunes, that the omission of some well-known Anthems may be noted with regret. This regret is fully shared by the Compilers, who have been unable to obtain the use of these copyright compositions. It is hoped, however, that what is found in the book will more than compensate for what may be missed.

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Mr. G. Unwin. Nos. 17 and 37.

Mr. Charles Vincent, Mus.D. Nos. 23, 45, 72 (words and music), 76 (words and music), 79, 81, 85, 92, 113, 123, and 127.


Mr. John E. West, F.R.C.O. Nos. 33 and 54.

Some Hymns and Verses by deceased Authors whose compositions have found a place in the Hymnal, either as authorised by themselves in their lifetime or by their representatives after their death, have also been set especially as Anthems. The Compilers would mention the names:

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. Nos. 80 and 112.

Bishop W. W. How No. 110. Deacon Alford. No. 16.

Prof. J. S. Blackie. No. 3.

Rev. Dr. Martineau. No. 79.

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ARRANGEMENT OF THE HYMNS.

SUBJECTS.

I. The Call to Worship ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 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INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

Hymn

God, that madest earth and heaven...

Each coming night, O Lord, we see...

Earth was waiting, spent and restless...

Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord...

Eternal Father, strong to save...

Eternal Light! Eternal Light...

Eternal Love, whose law doth sway...

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round...

Ever would I fain be reading...

Every morning the red sun...

Faint and weary, Jesus stood...

Fair waved the golden corn...

Far down the ages now...

Father and Friend! Thy light, Thy love...

Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing...

Father, hear the prayer we offer...

Father, I know that all my life...

Father, in high heaven dwelling...

Father, lead me day by day...

Father, let me dedicate...

Father of Heaven, whose love profound...

Father of love and power...

Father, love and Guide and Friend...

Father of mercies, bow Thine ear...

Father of mercies, in Thy word...

Father, though storm on storm appear...

Father, who art alone...

Fear was within the tossing bark...

Fiercest fight, with Thine heart...

Fight the good fight, with all thy might...

Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God...

For all the saints who from their labours rest...

For ever here my rest shall be...

For ever with the Lord...

For the beauty of the earth...

For the sunshine and the rain...

For thee, O dear, dear country...

Forgiveness, 'tis a joyful sound...

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go...

Forward, be our watchword...

Fountain of good, to own Thy love...

From all that dwell below the skies...

From distant places of our land...

From every stormy wind that blows...

From Greenland’s icy mountains...

From mount and earth and west...

From the eastern mountains...

From Thee all skill and science flow...

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild...

Give light, O Lord, that we may learn...

Give me the wings of faith to rise...

Give to our God immortal praise...

Glorious things of thee are spoken...

Glory to God on high...

Glory to God, whose Spirit draws...

Glory to Thee, my God, this night...

Go labour on; spend, and be spent...

Go not far from me, O my Strength...

Go to dark Gethsemane...

God be with you till we meet again...

God bless our native land...

God created all...

God is love: His mercy brightens...

God is my strong salvation...

God is the refuge of His saints...

God make my life a little light...

God might have made the earth bring forth...

God moves in a mysterious way...

God of mercy, God of grace...

God of my life, to Thee I call...

God of pity, God of grace...

God of the living, in whose eyes...

God save our gracious King...

God sendeth sun, He sendeth shower...

God, that Father, be Thou near...

God who hath made the daisies...

Golden harps are sounding...

Grace, 'tis a charming sound...

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me...

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost...

Grant us Thy light, that we may know...

Great God, and with Thou condescend...

Great God, how infinite art Thou...

Great God of wonders! all Thy ways...

Great King, we sing to Thy kind hand...

Great, God, what do I see and hear!...

Great is Thy mercy, Lord...

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah...

Hail! sacred day of earthly rest...

Hail! Thou once despised Jesus...

Hail to the Lord’s Ancinted...

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!...

Happy the souls to Jesus joined...

Hark! for 'tis God’s own Son that calls...

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are...

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord...

Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes...

Hark! the herald angels sing...

Hark! the song of jubilee...

Hark! the voice of love and mercy...

Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus...

Head of the Church, and Lord of all...

Heal us, Immanuel! we are here...

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father...

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims...

Help! go, my God, to reach...

Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest...

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face...

Holy Father, whom we praise...

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord...

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty...

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine...

Hosanna to the living Lord...

How beauteous are their feet...

How blessed, from the bonds of sin...

How calmly the evening once more is descending...

How far descending and how kind...

How dearly God must love us...

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord...

How honoured, how dear...

How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord...

How pleased and blest was I...

How said our state by nature is...

How shall I follow Him I serve?...

How shall we worship Thee, O Lord?...

How sweet and awful is the place...

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds...

How sweetly flowed the Gospel’s sound...

How vast the treasure we possess...

How welcome was the call...

Hush, blessed are the dead...

Hushed was the evening hymn...

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be...

I give my heart to Thee...

I heard a sound of voices...

I heard the voice of Jesus say...

I hoped that with the brave and strong...

I lay my sins on Jesus...

I lift my heart to Thee...

I love to hear the story...

I love to think, though I am young...

I see the wrong that round me lies...

I sing the almighty power of God...

I think when I read that sweet story of old...

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PSALM C.

1 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.

2 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.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
   Approach with joy His courts unto;
   Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
   For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good;
   His mercy is for ever sure;
   His truth at all times firmly stood,
   And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kothe.

PSALM C.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
   Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
   Know that the Lord is God alone;
   He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
   Made us of clay, and formed us men;
   And when like wandering sheep westrayed,
   He brought us to His fold again.

3 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?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
   High as the heavens our voices raise;
   And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
   Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
   Vast as eternity Thy love;
   Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
   When rolling years shall cease to move.

I. Watts, alt. J. Wesley.
TO 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.

2 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.

3 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.

O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;

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

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

6 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

(2)
He that is our God is the God of salvation—Psalm lxviii. 20.

1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

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

3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

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

C. Wesley.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Seraphim. [FIRST TUNE.]
Verses 1, 3 & 5 in Unison.

447.887.
HENRY SMART.
(Organ Harmonies by E. J. Hopkins.)

Verses 2, 4 & 6 in Harmony.

A - men.
1. ANGELS holy, 
   High and lowly,
   Sing the praises of the Lord!
   Earth and sky, all living nature,
   Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
   Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2. Sun and moon bright,
   Night and noon-light,
   Starry temples azure-floored,
   Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
   Sons of God that shout for gladness,
   Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3. Ocean hoary,
   Tell His glory,
   Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
   Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
   Wave advancing, wave retreating,
   Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4. Rock and high land,
   Wood and island,
   Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
   Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
   Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
   Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5. Rolling river,
   Praise Him ever,
   From the mountain's deep vein poured:
   Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
   Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
   Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6. Praise Him ever,
   Bounteous Giver;
   Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
   Each glad soul its free course winging,
   Each glad voice its free song singing,
   Praise the great and mighty Lord!

J. S. Blackie.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Antwerp. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. W. SMALLWOOD.

1 Sing to the Lord a joyful song;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great;
Trust in His name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold, that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love;
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high—
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,—

6 Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Sing ye praises with understanding.—Psalm xlvii. 7.
St. Peter. [Third Tune.] L.M. J. Barnby.

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7

PSALM cxxxxvi.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
    And leads us to His heavenly seat:
    His mercies ever shall endure,
    When this vain world shall be no more.

I. Watts.

8 The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.—Isa. lvii. 15.

1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
    Becomes the grandeur of a God,
    Infinite length beyond the bounds
    Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
    He hides his face beneath his wings;
    And ranks of shining thrones around
    Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
    We would adore our Maker too;
    From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
    The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
    And we have learnt to lip Thy name;
    But O the glories of Thy mind,
    Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
    Be short our tunes, our words be few;
    A sacred reverence checks our songs,
    And praise sits silent on our tongues.

I. Watts.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Mount Zion. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., six lines. A. SULLIVAN.

St. Benet. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., six lines. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

1 GIVE thanks to Him who made
   Morning light and evening shade;
   Source and Giver of all good,
   Nightly sleep and daily food:
   Quickener of our wearied powers;
   Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 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!

3 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?

4 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 hath trod,
   Leading back His saints to God.

Josiah Conder.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Run Danket.  67.67.66.66.  J. Crüger.

10 The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.—Psalm cxxvi. 3.

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

O 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. Rinckart, tr. C. Winkworth
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Luther's Hymn. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.887. Johann Klug.


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Sing unto the Lord, bless His name.—Psalm xcvi. 2.

f 1 Sing praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills;
ff To God all praise and glory!

2 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just, and all is right;
ff To God all praise and glory!

mf 3 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace, and joy, and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band;
ff To God all praise and glory!

f 4 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart,
Both soul and body bear your part;
ff To God all praise and glory!

J. J. Schütz, tr. F. E. Cox.

Stand up and bless the Lord your God.—Neh. ix. 5.

f 1 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.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

mf 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

f 5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.


God is love.—1 John iv. 8.

f 1 Let every voice for praise awake,
Let every heart the joy partake;
And with this truth sweet music make,
Our God is love.

2 Uncounted gifts from day to day,
One great hope lighting all our way
Through His dear Son bid each to say,
Our God is love.

3 How strong these words from heaven to cheer,
To kindle love, to banish fear,
And all things high and pure endear!
Our God is love.

p 4 O Father, when the night is nigh
That veils for ever earth and sky,
Be this the heart’s last melody,
Our God is love.

f 5 Then, when the brief, low strain is o’er,
This truth divine shall with us soar,
And make sweet music evermore,
Our God is love.

T. Davis.
PSALM CXXXVI.

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

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

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

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

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
    Looked upon our misery:
    For His mercy shall endure,
    Ever faithful, ever sure.

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

John Milton.

BLESSED be Thy glorious name.—NEH. ix. 5.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
    Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
    When Jehovah's work begun,
    When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise arose when He
    Captive led captivity.

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

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

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

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
    Songs of praise shall conquer death;
    Then, amidst eternal joy,
    Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

Leoni. [FIRST TUNE.] 66.84.66.84.

Covenant. [SECOND TUNE.] 66.84.66.84. J. Stainer.
The God of Abraham.—Gen. xxxi. 42.

1 The God of Abraham praise,
    Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
    And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed;
    We bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
    At His right hand:
We all on earth forsake,
    Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him our only Portion make,
    Our Shield and Tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us all our happy days,
    In all our ways:
He is our faithful Friend;
    He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
    Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn—
We on His oath depend—
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
    To heaven ascend:
We shall behold His face,
    We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
    For evermore.

5 The whole triumphant host.
Give thanks to God on high:
    'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays;
And celebrate with all our powers
    His endless praise.

Thomas Olivers.

(Small notes for verses 1 & 5.)

O come, let us worship and bow down.—Psalm xcvi. 6.

f 1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

mf 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
   Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
   He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
   Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
   Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
   Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

J. S. B. Monsell.

Lux Eoi. 8.7., eight lines. A. Sullivan.

18

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
   Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
   Each to each the alternate hymn:
'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
   Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
   Holy, holy, holy Lord!'

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
   Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
   'Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.'

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

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

Richard Mant.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts.—Isa. vi. 3.
The Call to Worship.

Moscow. 664.6664. F. Giardini.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power.—Rev. iv. 11.

1. GLORY to God on high! Let earth to heaven reply, 'Praise ye His name':
   Angels His love adore,
   Who all our sorrows bore;
   And saints cry evermore, 'Worthy the Lamb!'

2. All they around the throne
   Cheerfully join in one,
   Praising His name:
   We, who have felt His blood
   Sealing our peace with God,
   Spread His dear name abroad;
   'Worthy the Lamb!'

3. Join, all the ransomed race,
   Our Lord and God to bless:
   'Praise ye His name:
   In Him we will rejoice,
   Making a cheerful noise,
   Shouting with heart and voice, 'Worthy the Lamb!'

4. Though we must change our place,
   Yet shall we never cease
   Praising His name:
   To Him we'll tribute bring,
   Hail Him our gracious King,
   And without ceasing sing, 'Worthy the Lamb!'

James Allen.

Allelulia. 10.10.7. Arthur Cottman.
A great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Hallelujah.—Rev. xix. 1.

1 Sing Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
   O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
   An endless Hallelujah.

2 Ye next, who stand before the eternal Light,
   In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
   An endless Hallelujah.

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

4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
   To render to the Lord with thankful voice
   An endless Hallelujah.

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

6 There, in one glad acclaim, for ever ring
   The strains which tell the honour of your King,
   An endless Hallelujah.

7 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
   For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
   An endless Hallelujah.

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

Latin hymn, tr. J. Ellerton.

Old Hundredth.

Psalm cxvii.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
   Let the Creator's praise arise;
   Let the Redeemer's name be sung
   Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord:
   Eternal truth attends Thy word:
   Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
   Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. Watts.
THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

**Nativity. [First Tune.]**

C.M.  
H. Lahee.

**St. Fulbert. [Second Tune.]**

C.M.  
H. J. Gauntlett.

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**22** Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.  
—Rev. v. 12.

1 **COME,** let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 *Worthy the Lamb that died,* they cry,  
'To be exalted thus';  
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,  
'For He was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

*W. Watts.*

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**23** Greater love hath no man than this. —John xv. 13.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song;  
O may His love—immortal flame—  
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
What mortal tongue display?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,  
And gratitude and joy;  
Jesus be our supreme delight,  
His praise our best employ.

4 Jesus, who left His throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die!  
Was ever love like this?

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue;  
Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

*Anne Steele.*
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.—Rev. iv. 8.

HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord

God of Hosts, when heaven and earth
Out of darkness at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
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,
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,
Harp and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

James Montgomery.
THE HOLY TRINITY.


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.—Isa. vi. 3.

f 1 *HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!*
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cerubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

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

f 4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

The name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. xxviii. 19.

f 1 *O GOD of Life, whose power benign*
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

2 *O Father, uncreated Lord,*
Be Thou in every land adored;
On every soul Thy love be poured.

p 3 *O Son of God, for sinners slain,*
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

mf 4 *O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care*
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

5 *Father, protect us here below;*
Jesus, Thy mercy may we know;
O Holy Ghost, Thy power bestow.

6 *O Holy, Blessed Trinity,*
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be!

A. T. Russell.
27

**God is light.—1 John i. 5.**

\[ \text{mf 1 THREE in One, and One in Three,} \]
\[ \text{Ruler of the earth and sea,} \]
\[ \text{Hear us, while we lift to Thee} \]
\[ \text{Holy chant and psalm.} \]

\[ \text{mf 2 Light of lights, with morning shine,} \]
\[ \text{Lift on us Thy light Divine;} \]
\[ \text{And let charity benign} \]
\[ \text{Breathe on us her balm.} \]

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**Rivaulx.**

**L.M.**

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**J. B. Dykes.**

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28

**God sitteth upon the throne of His holiness.—Ps. xlvii. 8.**

1 **Father of Heaven, whose love profound**
\[ \text{A ransom for our souls hath found,} \]
\[ \text{Before Thy throne we sinners bend :} \]
\[ \text{To us Thy pardon love extend,} \]

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
\[ \text{Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !} \]
\[ \text{Before Thy throne we sinners bend :} \]
\[ \text{To us Thy saving grace extend.} \]

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3 **Eternal Spirit, by whose breath**
\[ \text{The soul is raised from sin and death,} \]
\[ \text{Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;} \]
\[ \text{To us Thy quickening power extend.} \]

4 **Thrice Holy ! Father, Spirit, Son !**
\[ \text{Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !} \]
\[ \text{Before Thy Throne we sinners bend :} \]
\[ \text{Grace, pardon, life to us extend.} \]

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**E. Cooper.**
Section 3.

GOD THE FATHER.


Datchet. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines (amphibrachic).

(1) HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God.—1 Tim. i. 17.

1 Immortal, invisible,
God only wise,
In light inaccessible
Hid from our eyes,
cr Most blessed, most glorious,
The Ancient of Days,
f Almighty, victorious,
Thy great name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting,
And silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting,
Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains
High soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains
Of goodness and love.

3 To all, life Thou givest,
To both great and small;
In all life Thou livest,
The true life of all;

4 To-day and to-morrow
With Thee still are Now;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow,
Nor care, Lord, hast Thou;
Nor passion doth fever,
Nor age can decay,
The same God for ever
That was yesterday.

5 Great Father of Glory,
Pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee,
All veiling their sight;
But of all Thy rich graces
This grace, Lord, impart—
Take the veil from our faces,
The veil from our heart.

6 All laud we would render;
O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour
Of light hideth Thee;
And so let Thy glory,
Almighty, impart
Through Christ in the story,
Thy Christ to the heart.

W. C. Smith.
GOD THE FATHER.

Ombersley. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE.

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Maryton. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M. H. PERCY SMITH.

30 All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.—Ps. cxlv. 10.

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

2 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.

3 O heavenly Love, how precious still,
   In days of weariness and ill,
   In nights of pain and helplessness,
   To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

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

5 We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
   The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
   The songs of birds upon the wing,
   The joy of summer and of spring.

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

7 We read thy power to bless and save,
   E'en in the darkness of the grave;
   Still more in resurrection-light,
   We read the fulness of thy might.

8 O Love of God, our shield and stay
   Through all the perils of our way;
   Eternal Love, in Thee we rest,
   For ever safe, for ever blest!

H. Bonar.
HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

31 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory.—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

1 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!

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

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
   Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn:
   Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
   All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

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

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
   And kindling hearts that burn for Thee.
   Till all Thy living altars claim
   One holy light, one heavenly flame.

   O. W. Holmes.

32 Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.—Jer. xxiii. 24.

1 FATHER and Friend, Thy light, Thy love,
   Beaming through all Thy works we see;
   Thy glory gilds the heaven above,
   And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
   Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
   Involved in clouds, invisible,
   Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
   Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be,
   But this we know, that where Thou art,
   Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
   Sustained by this delightful thought;
   Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
   They cannot be where Thou art not.

   J. Bowring.
The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.—Ps. xcv. 3.

1 My God, how wonderful Thou art! Thy majesty how bright! How beautiful Thy mercy-seat, In depths of burning light!
2 How dread are Thine eternal years, O everlasting Lord! By prostrate spirits, day and night, Incessantly adored.
3 How wonderful, how beautiful, The sight of Thee must be, Thine endless wisdom, boundless power And awful purity!
4 O how I fear Thee, living God, With deepest, tenderest fears, And worship Thee with trembling hope And penitential tears.
5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Almighty as Thou art, For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
6 No earthly father loves like Thee, No mother, half so mild, Bears and forbears as Thou hast done With me, Thy sinful child.
7 Father of Jesus, love's reward! What rapture will it be, Prostrate before Thy throne to lie, And gaze, and gaze on Thee!

Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power.—Ex. xv. 6.

1 O God, Thy power is wonderful, Thy glory passing bright; Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep, A rapture to the sight.
2 Thy justice is the gladdest thing Creation can behold; Thy tenderness so meek, it wins The guilty to be bold.
3 Yet more than all, and evermore, Should we, Thy creatures, bless, Most worshipful of attributes, Thine awful holiness.
4 There's not a craving in the mind Thou dost not meet and still; There's not a wish the heart can have Which Thou dost not fulfil.
5 All things that have been, all that are, All things that can be dreamed, All possible creations, made, Kept faithful, or redeemed,—
6 All these may draw upon Thy power, Thy mercy may command; And still outflows Thy silent sea, Immutable and grand.
7 O little heart of mine! shall pain Or sorrow make thee moan, When all this God is all for thee, A Father all thine own?

F. W. Faber.
HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

Windsor. C.M. Este's Psalter.

From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.—Ps. xc. 2.

f 1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!

p 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

p 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;

mf While Thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

f 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!

p 7 How frail and helpless we!

cr Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

I. Watts.
PSALM xc.

3 Thy ways are Love—though they transcend
   Our feeble range of sight,

4 Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is
   The loving voice they find;
   His Life lights up the vast abyss
   Of the Eternal Mind.

p 5 Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
   They stamp the seal Divine,
   And by a sweet compulsion keep
   Our spirits nearer Thine.

mf 6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love,
   O blessed Lord, that we
   May there, when time’s dim shades remove,
   Be gathered home to Thee!

James D. Burns.

HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

38 Canst thou by searching find out
   God?—Job xi. 7.

1 O THOU, in all Thy might so far,
   In all Thy love so near,
   Beyond the range of sun and star,
   And yet beside us here,—

2 What heart can comprehend Thy name
   Or searching find Thee out,
   Who art within a quickening Flame?
   A Presence round about?

3 Yet though I know Thee but in part
   I ask not, Lord, for more:
   Enough for me to know Thou art,
   To love Thee and adore.

4 O sweeter than aught else besides
   The tender mystery
   That, like a veil of shadow, hides
   The light I may not see!

5 And dearer than all things I know
   Is childlike faith to me,
   That makes the darkest way I go
   An open path to Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

The goodness of God endureth continually.— Ps. lII. 1.

f 1 THOU, Lord, art Love, and everywhere
   Thy name is brightly shown;
   Beneath, on earth Thy footstool fair,
   Above, in heaven Thy throne.

2 Thy word is Love—in lines of gold
   There mercy prints its trace;
   In nature we Thy steps behold,
   The gospel shows Thy face.

36 PSALM xc.

f 1 O UR God, our help in ages past,
   Our hope for years to come,
   Our shelter from the stormy blast,
   And our eternal home;

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

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

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

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

f 6 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.
HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

39

Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.—Ps. cii. 27.

f 1 0 God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now;
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

p 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.

c 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face;
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth.
God is love.—1 John iv. 8.

1 God is love. His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. Bowring.
41 Psalm ciii. 1-7.  

O bless the Lord, my soul;  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless His name  
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;  
Nor let His mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;  
'Tis He relieves thy pain;  
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell  
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;  
He gives the sufferers rest;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known;  
But sent the world His truth and grace  
By His beloved Son.

I. Watts.

42 Psalm ciii. 8-18.  

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

2 God will not always chide;  
And, when His strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

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

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

5 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel:  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

7 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

I. Watts.
GOD THE FATHER.


(36)
HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

43 Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, mine Holy One?—Hab. i. 12.

1 Thou wast, O God, and Thou wast blest
   Before the world began;
Of Thine eternity possessed
   Before time's hour-glass ran;
Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
   As if Thy joy could fade;
Couldst Thou have needed anything,
   Thou couldst have nothing made.

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

3 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:
As waters haste unto their sea,
   And earth unto its earth,
So let my soul return to Thee,
   From whom it had its birth.

4 But ah! I'm fallen in the night,
   And cannot come to Thee;
Yet speak the word, 'Let there be light,'
   It shall enlighten me:
And let Thy word, most mighty Lord,
   Thy fallen creature raise;
O make me o'er again, and I
   Shall sing my Maker's praise.

John Mason.
GOD THE FATHER.

So will we sing and praise Thy power.—Ps. xxi. 13.

f 1 LORD God Almighty, in Thy hand
Rolls every world, blooms every flower;
O Maker of the sea, the land,
We praise Thy power.

mf 2 For day and night that never cease;
For garnered wealth of harvest days;
For the pure mountains breathing peace,
Thy power we praise.

3 For the protected gift of life;
For reason; for home's sheltering bower;
For the strong love of child and wife,
We praise Thy power.

4 For freedom; for the sage's thought;
For martyrs brave; for poet's lays;
For the great word by prophets brought,
Thy power we praise.

5 For Him, Thy Son Divine, who came
From Thee—Thine all-transcendent dower!
To raise us from our sin and shame,
We praise Thy power.

p 6 For all He did our souls to save,
And guide us in Thy heavenly ways;
For His dear life, His cross, His grave,
Thy power we praise.

f 7 Illimitable is Thy love,
Thy mercy endless as Thy days;
Nor shall we cease in realms above
Thy power to praise.

G. T. Coster.
Swiss Tune. 

\[ \text{8.8.8.8.8.} \]

\[ \text{Psalm cxliv.} \]

\[ f \text{ I'll praise my Maker with my breath;} \]
\[ \text{And when my voice is lost in death,} \]
\[ \text{Praise shall employ my nobler powers;} \]
\[ \text{My days of praise shall ne'er be past,} \]
\[ \text{While life and thought and being last,} \]
\[ \text{Or immortality endures.} \]

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

\[ 3 \text{ The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;} \]
\[ \text{The Lord supports the sinking mind;} \]
\[ \text{He sends the labouring conscience peace;} \]
\[ \text{He helps the stranger in distress,} \]
\[ \text{The widow and the fatherless,} \]
\[ \text{And grants the prisoner sweet release.} \]

\[ f \text{ I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;} \]
\[ \text{And when my voice is lost in death,} \]
\[ \text{Praise shall employ my nobler powers;} \]
\[ \text{My days of praise shall ne'er be past,} \]
\[ \text{While life and thought and being last,} \]
\[ \text{Or immortality endures.} \]

\[ I. \text{Watts.} \]
How unsearchable are His judgments.—Rom. xi. 33.

1 LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
   To search the starry vault profound;
   In vain would wing her flight sublime,
   To find creation's utmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
   To search Thy great eternal plan,
   Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
   Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
   Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
   By some vast deep I seem to stand,
   Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
   And all is dark as night to me,
   Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
   That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
   Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
   Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
   And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

Ray Palmer.
The heavens declare the glory of God.
—Ps. xix. 1.

f 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearyed sun, from day to day
Does his Creator’s power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

p 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

p 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

f 6 In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
‘The hand that made us is Divine.’

Joseph Addison.

The Lord is good to all.—Ps. cxiv. 9.

f 1 Yes, God is good,—in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices ever cry,
‘God made us all, and God is good.’

mf 2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night’s sparkling host, all join to say,
In accents clear, that ‘God is good.’

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, ‘God is good.’

mf 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, ‘God is good.’

5 Yes, ‘God is good,’ all nature says,
By God’s own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that ‘God is good.’

6 For all Thy gifts I bless Thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word:
These prompt our song that ‘God is

J. Hampden Gurney.
49  Invisible things...understood by the things that are made.—Rom. i. 20.

mf 1  THERE is a book, who runs may read,
     Which heavenly truth imparts;
     And all the lore its scholars need,
     Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

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

cr 3  The glorious sky, embracing all,
     Is like the Maker's love,
     Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
     In peace and order move.

f 4  One name, above all glorious names,
     With its ten thousand tongues,
     The everlasting sea proclaims,
     Echoing angelic songs.

p 5  The dew of heaven is like Thy grace:
     It steals in silence down;
     But, where it lights, the favoured place
     By richest fruits is known.

6  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.

John Keble.

50  O that I knew where I might find
     Him!—John xxii. 3.

1  WHERE art Thou, Lord? With anxious eyes
     We pierce the vaulted night;
     World after world we see, but Thou
     Art veiled from mortal sight.

2  Where art Thou, Lord? The riven rock
     Its fossil store displays;
     Age after age we track, but Thou
     Dost shun our lingering gaze.

3  Where art Thou, Lord? The mind of man
     Each secret law unfolds,
     On eagle wing Thy world surveys,
     Yet Thine, not Thee, beholds.

4  Where art Thou, Lord? We wait Thy word,
     Speak, and Thy presence prove;
     Yea, now we feel that Thou art near;
     We know Thee when we love!

W. D. Bushell.
51 Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.—Ps. lxiii. 25.

\[ f \]

LORD of earth, Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath
planned;
Woods that wave and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power:
dim
Yet, amid this scene so fair
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
p
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

\[ m_{f} \]

Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's eternal reign,
Parted hands shall meet again;
O that world is passing fair!
dim
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
p
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

\[ p \]

Seek in Thee its only rest;
I was lost, Thy accents mild
cr Homeward lure Thy wandering child;
dim
O should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
p
What were heaven or earth to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

R. Grant.
I dwell in the high and holy place.—Isa. lvii. 15.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;

Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh;

Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain;
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain:
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main:

These speak of Thee with loud acclaim,
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways:

But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

I hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight
There doth His Spirit rest:
O come, Thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest!

Josiah Conder.
PROVIDENCE.

53

I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.—Gen. xxviii. 15.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

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

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

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

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

54

One generation shall praise Thy works to another, and shall declare Thy mighty acts.—Ps. cxiv. 4.

f 1 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.

2 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.

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

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

5 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.
GOD THE FATHER.


55 The multitude of His mercies.—
LAM. iii. 32.

f 1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
    My rising soul surveys,
    Transported with the view, I'm lost
    In wonder, love, and praise.
  2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
    The gratitude declare
    That glows within my thankful heart?
    But Thou canst read it there.
  mf 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
    Thy tender care bestowed,
    Before my infant heart conceived
    From whom those comforts flowed.
  p 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
    Thy mercy lent an ear,
    Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
    To form themselves in prayer.
  5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
    With health renewed my face;
    And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
    Revived my soul with grace.
  mf 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
    My daily thanks employ;
    Nor is the least a cheerful heart
    That tastes those gifts with joy.
  7 Through every period of my life
    Thy goodness I'll pursue;
    And after death, in distant worlds,
    The glorious theme renew.

56 Commit thy way unto the Lord.
—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

  1 All as God wills, who wisely heeds
    To give or to withhold,
    And knoweth more of all my needs
    Than all my prayers have told.
  2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
    Have marked my erring track;
    That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
    His chastening turned me back;
  3 That more and more a providence
    Of love is understood,
    Making the springs of time and sense
    Sweet with eternal good;
  4 That death seems but a covered way
    Which opens into light,
    Wherein no blinded child can stray
    Beyond the Father's sight.
  5 No longer forward nor behind
    I look, in hope or fear;
    But grateful, take the good I find,
    God's blessing now and here.

J. G. Whittier.
The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm.—Nahum 1:3.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill He treasurers up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain; God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

57 I hid My face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.—Isa. liv. 8.

p 1 The Lord hath hid His face from us, Whereby our hearts are sad; The Lord hath done great things for us, Whereby He makes us glad.

mf 2 Yet, Lord, we know in doing good Unchangeable Thou art; The change is in our wayward mood, And in our faithless heart.

p 3 And if at times our sorrow makes A cloud before Thy face, Yet through the cloud Thy glory breaks And from the cloud Thy grace.

mf 4 And love is in the falling rain, As in the shining hour, And worketh from a life of pain A life of noble power.

5 Yea, when the light is overcast, The love doth more abound; And every sorrow, being past, A mercy shall be found.

6 Then help us, Lord, to walk with Thee By faith and not by sight; So shall we find no change in Thee, But change of love and light.

W. C. Smith.
GOD THE FATHER.

Festus. [FIRST TUNE.]  L.M.  German.

St. Sepulchre. [SECOND TUNE.]  L.M.  G. Cooper.

59  PSALM cxxxviii.

1 With all my powers of heart and tongue
   I'll praise my Maker in my song;
   Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
   Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels, who make Thy Church their care,
   Shall witness my devotion there;
   While holy zeal directs my eyes
   To Thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
   I'll sing the wonders of Thy word:
   Not all Thy works and names below
   So much Thy power and glory show.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
   Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
   Thy words my fainting soul revive,
   And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
   To save from sorrows or from sins;
   The work that wisdom undertakes,
   Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

I. Watts.

60  Ask ... the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—Jon xii. 7.

1 There's not a bird with lonely nest,
   In pathless wood or mountain crest,
   Nor meaner thing, which does not share, 
   O God, in Thy paternal care.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
   Holds Thee within its solitude;
   And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
   Who makes his solitary prayer.

3 In busy mart and crowded street,
   No less than in the still retreat,
   Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
   With all a parent's tenderness.

4 And every moment still doth bring
   Thy blessings on its loaded wing:
   Widely they spread through earth and sky,
   And last to all eternity.

5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
   While life, and thought, and feeling last,
   Through all the years, in every place,
   Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

Baptist W. Noel.
Herein is love.—1 John iv. 10.

1 LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

O. W. Holmes.
He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd.—Isa. xl. 11.

1.

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

2.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
*f* And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6.

*mf* And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
*f* Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

*H. W. Baker.*
63

Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself—Isa. xl. 15.

1 MOUNTAINS by the darkness hidden
   Are as real as in the day;
   Be, then, unbelief forbidden
   In a dreary hour to say,
   'God hath left us,
   O why hath He gone away?'

2 When He folds the cloud about Him,
   Firm within it stands His throne;
   Wherefore should His children doubt Him,
   Those to whom His love is known?
   God is with us,
   We are never left alone.

3 Travellers at night, by fleeing,
   Cannot run into the day;
   God can lead the blind and seeing,
   On Him wait, and for Him stay;
   Be not fearful,
   They who cannot sing can pray.

4 O, the bright, the vast creation
   Can be terrible and stern:
   From its stroke be no salvation,
   Though on every side we turn:
   Lord of nature,
   Then to Thee our spirits yearn.

5 Calm and blest is our composure,
   When the secret is possessed,
   That our God, in full disclosure,
   Hath to us His heart expressed:
   Thou, O Saviour,
   Hast been given to give us rest.

6 Space and time, O Lord, that show Thee
   Oft in power veiling good,
   Are too vast for us to know Thee
   As our trembling spirits would:
   But in Jesus,
   Father! Thou art understood.

T. T. Lynch.

( 51 )
Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and . . . not evil?—Job ii. 10.

1 GOD 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:  
   As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
   Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

2 Can loving children e'er reprove,  
   With murmurs, those they trust and love?  
   Creator! 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.

3 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 cloud or sun,  
   Father, Thy will, not mine, be done.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams,
(4) REDEMPTION.

He is faithful that promised.
—Heb. x. 23.

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
   And speak some boundless thing;
   The mighty works, or mightier name
   Of our eternal King.

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

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
   For wretched, dying men;
   His hand has writ the sacred word
   With an immortal pen.

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

5 His every word of grace is strong
   As that which built the skies;
   The voice that rolls the stars along
   Speaks all the promises.

So great salvation.—Heb. ii. 3.

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

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

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

I. Watts.
The second man is the Lord from heaven.—1 Cor. xv. 47.

ST. ANGELUS. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

67

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.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,—
God's presence, and His very self,
And essence all-Divine.

5 O generous love! that He, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6 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.
His mercy is everlasting.—Ps. c. 5.

1
T
THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2
Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

3
Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4
Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5
Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6
Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
Thy goodness must endure.

C. Wesley.

By the grace of God I am what I am.—1 Cor. xv. 10.

1
ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;

2
The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;

3
The darkness of my former night,
The bondage, all was mine;

4
Thy grace that made me feel my sin,
Bade me in Christ believe;

5
All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be

H. Bonar.
God THE FATHER.


70

God is Light.—1 John i. 5.

p 1 ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
   How pure the soul must be,
   When, placed within Thy searching sight,
   It shrinks not, but with calm delight
   Can live, and look on Thee.

2 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.

3 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?

4 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,

mf 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
   Of Majesty above;
   The sons of ignorance and night
   Can dwell in the Eternal Light,
   Through the Eternal Love.

T. Binney.
Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.—Matt. ix. 2.

1 Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine:
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned:
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise
In all abide, in all abound.

By grace ye are saved.—Eph. ii. 5.

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

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

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

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

Philip Doddridge.
Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity? — Micah vii. 18.

f 1 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?

mf 2 Such dire offences to forgive,
     Such guilty, daring worms to spare;
     This is Thy grand prerogative,
     And in the honour none shall share:
     Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
     Or who has grace so rich and free?

p 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
     We take the pardon of our God,
     Pardon for sins of deepest dye,
     A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood:
     Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
     Or who has grace so rich and free?

f 4 O may this strange, this wondrous grace,
     This matchless miracle of love,
     Fill the wide earth with grateful praise
     And all the angelic choirs above:
     Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
     Or who has grace so rich and free!

Samuel Davies.
When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

E'en on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass:
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

R. M. M'Cheyne.
Section 4.

GOD THE SON:

Palmyra. 86.86.88. J. Summers.

(1) THE ETERNAL WORD.

The Image of the invisible God.—Col. i. 15.

1 Thou art the Everlasting Word, The Father's only Son; God manifestly seen and heard, And Heaven's beloved One:

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

2 In Thee most perfectly expressed The Father's glories shine; Of the full Deity possessed, Eternally Divine:

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

3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed; Brightness of uncreated light; The heart of God revealed:

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

4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend; The Father only—glorious claim!
The Son can comprehend:

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

5 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun; The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's beloved One:

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

Josiah Conder.

(60)
**The beginning of the creation of God.—Rev. iii. 14.**

1. Of the Father's love begotten
   Ere the worlds began to be,
   He the Alpha and Omega,
   He the source, the ending He,
   Of the things that are, that have been,
   And that future years shall see,
   Evermore and evermore.

2. He is here, whom seers in old time
   Chanted of, while ages ran;
   Whom the faithful word of prophets
   Promised since the world began;
   Long foretold, at length appearing;
   Praise Him, every child of man,
   Evermore and evermore.

3. Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
   Praise Him, angels in the height!
   All dominions bow before Him,
   And exalt His boundless might:
   Let no tongue of man be silent,
   Let each heart and voice unite,
   Evermore and evermore.

4. Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
   Thee let boys in chorus sing;
   Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
   With glad voices answering:
   Let their guileless song re-echo,
   And their heart its praises bring,
   Evermore and evermore.

5. Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
   And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
   Hymn and chant, and high thanksgiving,
   And unwearied praises be;
   Honour, glory, might, dominion,
   And eternal victory,
   Evermore and evermore.

_Aurelius Prudentius, tr. Neale and Baker._

(61)
All things were made by Him.—John i. 3.

For the beauty of the earth,  
For the splendour of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies;  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild;  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces, human and divine,  
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven;  
Christ, our God, to 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;  
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.
(2) HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

78 The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings.—Isa. lx. 1.

f 1 Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

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

mf 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

f 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven’s eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

79 On earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke ii. 14.

f 1 MORTALS, awake! with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining regions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.

5 With joy the chorus we’ll repeat,
‘Glory to God on high!’
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die!

6 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

S. Medley.
When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son.—GAL. IV. 4.

1 A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
   And near a thousand more,
   Since happier light from heaven shone
   Than ever shone before;
   And in the hearts of old and young
   A joy most joyful stirred,
   That sent such news from tongue to tongue
   As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
   Felt bliss unfelt before,
   For news that men should be as they
   To darkened earth they bore;
   So toiling men and spirits bright
   A first communion had,
   And in meek mercy’s rising light
   Were each exceeding glad.

3 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.

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

T. T. Lynch.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around:
'Fear not!' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'

2 'To you in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

Tate and Brady.
p 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
Come heaven’s melodiums strains,
Where wild Judæa stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

mf 4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn:
And brighter on Moriah's brow,
Crowned with her temple-spires,
Which first proclaim the new-born light,
Clothed with its orient fires.

mf 5 This day shall Christian lips be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
When nightly burst from seraph harps
The high and solemn lay,—
'Glory to God! on earth be peace;
Salvation comes to-day!'

E. H. Sears.
HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Noel.

C.M.D. Arranged by A. Sullivan.

\[ \text{音乐谱} \]

A little slower.

f \[ \text{音乐谱} \]  

5. (And the whole world) A - men.

83


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

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

p 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,

pp rit And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

mf 3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

cr And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:

pp rit O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

p 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load!
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,

cr Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:

pp rit O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

f 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;

cr When peace shall all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,

ff rit And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!  

E. H. Sears.
GOD THE SON.

Oriel. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7., six lines.

Stapleford. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., six lines. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.
Earth was waiting, spent and restless
With a mingled hope and fear;
And the faithful few were sighing,
'Surely, Lord, the day is near;
The Desire of all the nations,
It is time He should appear.'

2.
Still the gods were in their temples,
But the ancient faith had fled;
And the priests stood by their altars
Only for a piece of bread;
And the oracles were silent,
And the prophets all were dead.

3.
In the sacred courts of Zion,
Where the Lord had His abode,
There the money-changers trafficked,
And the sheep and oxen trod;
And the world, because of wisdom,
Knew not either Lord or God.

4.
Then the Spirit of the Highest
On a virgin meek came down,
And He burdened her with blessing,
And He pained her with renown;
For she bare the Lord's Anointed,
For His cross and for His crown.

5.
Earth for Him had groaned and travailed
Since the ages first began;
For in Him was hid the secret
That through all the ages ran—
Son of Mary, Son of David,
Son of God, and Son of man.

W. C. Smith.
GOD THE SON.

Christmas Hymn. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., ten lines. Mendelssohn

Zion. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., ten lines. Rowland Brient
Unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii. 11.

### Hark! the herald angels sing,

1. Hymn: 
   - 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.
   - Come, Desire of nations, come,
   - Fix in us Thy humble home;
   - Rise, the woman's conquering Seed;
   - Bruise in us the serpent's head.

2. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
   - Adam's likeness now efface;
   - Stamp Thine image in its place;
   - Second Adam, from above,
   - Reinstate us in Thy love.

3. Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
   - Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
   - Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
   - Hail, the dawn on high!

4. Pleased as man with men to appear,
   - Jesus, our Immanuel, here.
   - Light and life to all He brings,
   - Risen with healing in His wings.
   - Hark! the herald angels sing,
   - 'Glory to the new-born King.'

5. Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
   - Stamp Thine image in its place;
   - Second Adam, from above,
   - Reinstate us in Thy love.

6. Hail, the church triumphant!
   - Rise, the woman's conquering Seed;
   - Hark! the herald angels sing,
   - 'Glory to the new-born King.'
Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass.—Luke ii. 15.

Adeste Fideles.

Irregular.

J. Reading.

1. O come, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant; O
2. Sing, choirs of angels, Sing in exultation,
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning;

Come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;

Come and behold Him, Born the King of angels;
'Glory to God, In the highest; O
Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing;

Come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him, O

Christ the Lord. Amen.

Bonaventura, tr. F. Oakeley.
They . . . fell down and worshipped Him.—Matt. ii. 11.

mf 3 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.

p 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
    Watching long in hope and fear,
Sudden the Lord descending
    In His temple shall appear:

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

mf 1 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.

p 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
    Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
    Yonder shines the infant-light:

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

p 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
    Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
    Mercy calls you,—break your chains:

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

James Montgomery.
And she brought forth her first-born Son ... and laid Him in a manger.—Luke ii. 7.

1. 

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,
Till the air everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

2. 

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
'Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come: from all that grieves you
You are freed: all you need
I will surely give you.'

3. 

mf Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4. 

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found of gladness;
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain or loss
Can again betide you.

5. 

Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me close to Thee;
Cast me not behind Thee;
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

6. 

Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
cr But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. by C. Winkworth.
HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Yorkshire. 10s., six lines.  J. WAINWRIGHT.

The angel said . . . I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke ii. 10.

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, of the Virgin’s Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald’s voice, ‘Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour’s birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.’

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven’s whole orbit with hallelujas rang:
‘God’s highest glory was their anthem still,
‘Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.’

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God’s wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the 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 hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:
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.

John Byrom.
When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matt. ii. 10.

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

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 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.

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

5 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.
We have seen His star in the east.—Matt. ii. 2.

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

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

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

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

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

R. Heber.
GOD THE SON.

Albano. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. V. NOVELLO.

St. Hugh. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. E. J. HOPKINS.

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One is your Master, even Christ.—Matt. xxiii. 8.

1 Immortal Love, for ever full,
    For ever flowing free,
    For ever shared, for ever whole,
    A never-ebbing sea!

2 Our outward lips confess the name
    All other names above;
    Love only knoweth whence it came,
    And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
    To bring the Lord Christ down;
    In vain we search the lowest deeps,
    For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
    A present help is He;
    And faith has still its Olivet,
    And love its Galilee.

5 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.

6 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
    Our lips of childhood frame,
    The last low whispers of our dead
    Are burdened with His name.

7 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.

J. G. WHITTIER.

( 78 )
St. Angelus. [Third Tune.]  
C.M.  
Arthur Henry Brown.

Morthoe. [Fourth Tune.]  
C.M.  
Rowland Briant.

93 In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.—John i. 4.
1 O LORD and Master of us all!
What'ere our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

2 Thou judgest us: Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight,
And naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

5 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys, and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

6 Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most Divine,
The flower of man and God!

J. G. Whittier.

94 I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—John xiv. 6.
1 W E faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

2 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross
Is better than the sun.

3 Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

4 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

5 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

6 The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise,
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

J. G. Whittier.
As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. — 1 Cor. xv. 49.

As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. — 1 Cor. xv. 49.

p 1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Immanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this robe of flesh alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

cr 5 Our own will be Thy life divine,
Thine image we shall bear;
With Thine own glory we shall shine,
In Thine own bliss shall share.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine!
It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren.—Heb. ii. 17.

p 1 In all things like Thy brethren, Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
But how unlike to us, O Lord!
Replies the voice within.

2 O holy God! yet frail weak man!
'Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.

3 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.

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

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

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

Joseph Anstice.

University College. 7.7.7.7. H. J. Gauntlett.

Call His name Immanuel.—Isa. vii. 14.

f 1 Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name:
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung
'Glory be to God on high!'
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak!

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,
Every precious name in one,—
I will love Thee without end!

John Newton.
(3) HIS EARTHY LIFE.

The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.—Luke ix. 58.

1.

p BIRDS have their quiet nest,
    Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
All creatures have their rest,

pp But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

2.

p And yet He came to give
    The weary and the heavy laden rest;
    To bid the sinner live,
    And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

3.

I, who once made Him grieve;
I, who once made His gentle Spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn;—

4.

O why should I have peace?

cr Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease

f Until it made me heir of joys above.

5.

mf Yes, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
    The brightness of that face,

dim That once was pale and agonised for me.

6.

p Let the birds seek their nest,
    Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
    Come, Saviour, in my breast
    Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

7.

On earth Thou lovest best
    To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin;
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

J. S. B. Monsell.
GOD THE SON.

Trop. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

Henry Smart.

Burleigh. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., eight lines.

S. Weekes.
HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.—Matt iv. 1.

Faint and weary, Jesus stood
In the awful wilderness;
Yet it was the Spirit good
Brought Him to that sore distress:
For the people whom He loved
Dark temptations Him befall;
But His very weakness proved
Mightier than the powers of hell.

He was tempted that He might
Succour us when sorely tried;
And He triumphed by the light
Which must also be our guide;
He our enemy hath met,
He will give us victory:
Help us, Lord, when hard beset,
Still to look and learn of Thee.

Not by bread alone we live,
Thy good word our life shall be:
Not for all that earth can give
Shall we worship aught but Thee:
Nor the word of promise bend
E’er to tempt our God in heaven:
Never for unholy end
Was the gracious promise given.

Master, where abidest Thou?
John i. 38.

MASTER, where abidest Thou?
Lamb of God, ’tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away?
May we find repose in Thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, ‘Come and see.’

2 Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind:
We would scale the mountain’s brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee:
From the Living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, ‘Come and see.’

3 Master, where abidest Thou?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast?
Still a look is all our might;
Looking draws the heart to Thee;
Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, ‘Come and see.’

4 Master, where abidest Thou?
All the springs of life are low;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee,
From the voice which makes them blest,
Falls the summons, ‘Come and see.’

5 Christian, tell it to thy brother,
From life’s dawning to its end;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend;—
Till the veil is drawn aside
And, from where her home shall be,
The triumphant, ‘Come and see!’

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.
GOD THE SON.

St. Mary Magdalene. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., eight lines. A. Sullivan.

Tichfield. [SECOND TUNE.] 7s., eight lines. R. W. Beatty.
HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

101

Who . . . offered up prayers . . . with strong crying and tears.—Heb. v. 7.

1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee
   Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
   By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
   O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
   By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan
   By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault, whose dark abode
   Held in vain the rising God;
Comes, from earth to heaven restored,
    Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Dim
   Listen, listen to the cry
P
Of our solemn litany.

R. Grant.
102 Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—Matt. xi. 28.

1 How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest':
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. Bowring.

103 I have given you an example.—John xiii. 15.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts.
1 WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,
   Pity in His bosom reigned;
   Sympathy He loved to show,
   Nor the meanest suit disdained.

2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
   Deaf, and dumb, diseased, possessed;
   None in vain for healing came,
   All the Saviour freely blessed.

3 He could make the leper whole;
   Thousands at a meal He fed;
   Winds and waves He could control;
   By a word He raised the dead.

4 Lord, to me Thy blessing give;
   Hungering, sick, and faint, I come;
   Let me in Thy presence live,
   Lead me to my heavenly home.

5 Be Thy love to me revealed,
   Be Thy grace by me possessed;
   Touch me, and I shall be healed;
   Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

John Ryland (alt.).

1 WHEN on Sinai’s top I see
   God descend in majesty,
   To proclaim His holy law,
   All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
   Hermon’s glorious steep I climb,
   At the too transporting light,
   Darkness rushes o’er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
   God, in flesh made manifest,
   Shines in my Redeemer’s face,
   Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
   Weep and gaze my soul away:
   Thou art heaven on earth to me,
   Lovely, mournful Calvary!

James Montgomery.
GOD THE SON.

Petersham. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. D. C. W. POOLE.

Blenden. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. D. C. E. KETTLE.
HIS EARTHY LIFE.

106 Miracles ... which God did by Him in the midst of you.—Acts ii. 22.

f 1 O WHERE is He that trod the sea?
   O where is He that spake,—
   And demons from their victims flees,
   The dead their slumber's break ?
   The palsied rise in freedom strong,
   The dumb men talk and sing,
   And from blind eyes, benighted long,
   Bright beams of morning spring,
   2 O where is He that trod the sea ?
   O where is He that spake,—
   And piercing words of liberty
   The deaf ears open shake ?
   And mildest words arrest the haste
   Of fever's deadly fire ;
   And strong ones heal the weak, who waste
   Their life in sad desire.
   mf 3 O where is He that trod the sea ?
   O where is He that spake,—
   And dark-waves, rolling heavily,
   A glassy smoothness take ?
   And lepers, whose own flesh has been
   A solitary grave,
   See with amaze that they are clean,
   And cry, 'Tis He can save !'
   4 O where is He that trod the sea?
   'Tis only He can save :
   To thousands hungering wearily,
   A wondrous meal He gave :
   Full soon, celestially fed,
   Their rustic fare they take ;
   'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
   cr And harvest when He brake.
   f 5 O where is He that trod the sea ?
   My soul, the Lord is here !
   Let all thy fears be hushed in thee ;
   And leap, and look, and hear :
   Thine utmost needs He'll satisfy ;
   Art thou diseased or dumb,
   Or dost thou in thy hunger cry ?—
   'I come,' saith Christ, 'I come !'
   T. T. Lynch.

107 Without Me ye can do nothing.—
   John xv. 5.

p 1 THE Galilean fishers toil
   All night, and nothing take ;
   f But Jesus comes,—a wondrous spoil
   Is lifted from the lake.
   mf Lord, when our labours are in vain,
   And vain the help of men,
   When fruitless is our care and pain,
   Come, blessed Jesus, then !
   f 2 The night is dark, the surges fill
   The bark, the wild winds roar ;
   p But Jesus comes ; and all is still,—
   The ship is at the shore.
   mf O Lord, when storms around us howl,
   And all is dark and drear,
   In all the tempests of the soul,
   O blessed Jesus, hear !
   3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
   Saw mercy in Thine eyes ;
   The penitent upon the tree
   Was borne to paradise.
   p In hours of sin and deep distress,
   O show us, Lord, Thy face ;
   In penitential loneliness,
   O give us, Jesus, grace !
   4 The faithful few retire in fear
   To their closed upper room,
   cr But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
   They see their Master come.
   mf Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
   And bid our terrors cease ;
   Lift over us Thy blessed hands,
   Speak, holy Jesus, peace.
   C. Wordsworth.
GOD THE SON.

Euroclydon, [FIRST TUNE.] 6.4., eight lines. G. W. TORRANCE.

Moderato.

f 1. Fierce was the wild billow,
p 2. Ridge of the mountain wave,
3. Jesu, Deliverer,

Moderato.  \( \frac{f}{4} = 100. \)

Dark was the night,
Low thy crest;
Come Thou to me;

Trembled the mariners,
Sorrow can never be,
Then said the

Oars labour'd heavily,
Wail of Euroclydon, Be thou at rest;
Soothe Thou my voyaging Over life's sea;

Peril was high;
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the

Then when the storm of death Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O

( 92 )
God of God,
Light of Light, { 'Peace, it is I! ... peace, it is I!' Amen.
Truth of Truth,
Peace, be still.—Mark iv. 39.

1 Fear was within the tossing bark,
   When stormy winds grew loud,
   And waves came rolling high and dark,
   And the tall mast was bowed;

mf 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
   And baffled in their skill:
   But One was there, who rose and said
   To the wild sea—‘Be still.’

p 3 And slumber settled on the deep,
   And silence on the blast:
   They sank, as flowers that fold to sleep
   When sultry day is past.

dim mf 4 O Thou, that in its wildest hour
   Didst rule the tempest’s mood,
   Send Thy meek spirit forth in power,
   Soft on our souls to brood.

5 Thou, that didst bow the billows’ pride,
   Thy mandate to fulfil,
   O speak to passion’s raging tide,
   Speak, and say, ‘Peace be still.’

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.
Master, it is good for us to be here.—Mark ix. 5.

1 O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days;—
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still, small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 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, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With Him whose last best creed is Love.

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

4 Lord, it is good for us to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee,
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud:
We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay;
They tell us of the dread 'decease':
But yet to linger here is peace.

5 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,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim;—
'This is My Son! O hear ye Him!'

A. P. Stanley.
Blessed are they that have not seen.—John xx. 29.

1  We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
   To this poor world of sin and death;
   Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home,
   In that despised Nazareth;
   But we believe Thy footsteps trod
   Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2  We saw Thee not upon the wave,
    When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
    Nor marked the health Thy blessing gave
    To lame and sick, to deaf and blind;
    But we believe the Fount of light
    Could give the darkened eyeball sight.

3  We were not with the faithful few
    Who stood Thy bitter cross around,
    Nor heard Thy prayer for them that slew,
    Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground;
    We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side;
    But we believe that Thou hast died.

4  We stood not by the empty tomb,
    Where late Thy sacred body lay;
    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?'

5  We did not mark the chosen few,
    When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
    First lift to heaven their wondering view,
    Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
    Yet we believe that mortal eyes
    Beheld Thee rising to the skies.

6  And now that Thou dost reign on high,
    And thence Thy waiting people bless,
    No ray of glory from the sky
    Doth shine upon our wilderness;
    But we believe that Thou art there,
    And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

J. Hampden Gurney.
(4) HIS DEATH.

(See also Section VIII. (3), 'The Lord's Supper.')

All the people that came together to that sight ... smote their breasts and returned.—Luke xxiii. 48.

p 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile;
   See, Jesus calls us to His side:
   O come, together let us mourn:
   Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

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

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

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

5 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 p 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
   In this dread act your strength is tried,
   cr And victory remains with love,
   dim For He, our Lord, is crucified.

F. W. Faber (alt.)
The blood of His cross.—Col. i. 20.

mf 1 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.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
    Save in the death of Christ my God:
    All the vain things that charm me most,
    I sacrifice them to His blood.

p 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
    Sorrow and love flow mingling down:
    Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
    Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

f 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
    That were a present far too small;
    Love so amazing, so divine,
    Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. Watts.
St. Mary. [FIRST TUNE.]  
C.M.  
Playford's Psalter.

HIS DEATH.

We sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

mf

1

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

2

But in the grace that rescued man,  
His brightest form of glory shines;  
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,  
With precious blood, in crimson lines.

3

Here His whole Name appears complete;  
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,  
Which of the letters best is writ,  
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4

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.

5

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.

T. Kelly.

I. Watts.

(99)
116 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.

1 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;
Lern of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
See the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Lern of Him to bear the cross.

3 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:
Lern of Jesus Christ to die.

4 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 seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery.

117 My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?—Matt. xxvii. 46.

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

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

3 Hark! that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father’s only Son,
Thou, His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?
‘Why hast Thou forsaken Me?’

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o’er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft,
That Thine own might ne’er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry,
In the gloom to know Thee nigh!

J. Ellerton.
118 He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.—2 Cor. v. 21.

1 A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
    And did my Sovereign die?
    Would He devote that sacred head
    For sinners such as I?

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

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

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

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

I. Watts.

119 A fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness.—Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
    Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
    And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
    Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
    Thy flowing wounds supply,
    Redeeming love has been my theme,
    And shall be till I die.

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

W. Cowper.
And platted a crown of thorns and put it about His head.—Mark xv. 17.

120

Sacred head! now wounded,
With grief and shame bowed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

1 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.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

4 And when I am departing,
Then part not Thou from me;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe!

5 Be near me when I’m dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux; P. Gerhardt; tr. J. W. Alexander.

(102)
Reconciled to God by the death of His Son.—Rom. v. 10.

p 1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head!
   Our load was laid on Thee;
   Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
   Bearing all ill for me:
   A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
   Now there's no load for me.

mf 2 Death and the curse were in our cup;
   O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
   But Thou hast drained the last dark drop;
   'Tis empty now for me:
   That bitter cup—love drank it up;
   Now blessing's draught for me!

mf 3 The Holy One did hide His face;
   O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
   Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
   The darkness due to me:
   But now that face of radiant grace
   Shines forth in light on me.

mf 4 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
   And I have died in Thee;
   Thou'rst risen; my bands are all untied,
   And now Thou liv'st in me.
   When purified, made white, and tried,
   Thy glory then for me!

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin,

(103)
122

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?—LaM. i. 12.

1 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.

2 He dies to atone
    For sins not His own,
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done:
    Ye all may receive
The peace He did leave,
    Who made intercession, 'My Father, forgive.'

3 For you and for me
    He prayed on the tree:
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
    The sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
    And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

4 His death is my plea;
    My Advocate see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me:
    He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace;
    O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in my place!

C. Wesley.
123 God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
   Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
   All the light of sacred story
   Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'er take me,
   Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
   Or Never shall the cross forsake me;
   Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
   Towering o'er the wrecks of time:
   All the light of sacred story
   Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring.
GOD THE SON.

124 Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.—Heb. vii. 21.

mf Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.

J. Cennick.

125 He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.—Heb. x. 14.

p NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

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

I. Watts.
O PERFECT life of love!  
All, all is finished now,—  
All that He left His throne above  
To do for us below.

No work is left undone  
Of all the Father willed;  
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,  
The Scripture have fulfilled.

No pain that we can share,  
But He has felt its smart;  
All forms of human grief and care  
Have pierced that tender heart.

And on His thorn-crowned head,  
And on His sinless soul,  
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,  
That He might make us whole.

In perfect love He dies;  
For me He dies, for me!  
O all-atoning Sacrifice,  
I cling by faith to Thee.

In every time of need,  
Before the judgment-throne,  
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I’ll plead,  
Thy merits, not my own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me,  
As Thou for me hast wrought;  
And let my love the answer be  
To grace Thy love has brought.

H. W. Baker.
He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death.—Phil. ii. 8.

1. Thou who didst stoop below
   To drain the cup of woe,
   And wear the form of frail mortality;
   Thy blessed labours done,
   Thy crown of victory won,
   Hast passed from earth—passed to Thy home on high.

2. 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 it spread?

3. O Thou, who art our Life,
   Be with us through the strife;
   Thine own meek head by rudest storms was bowed:
   Raise Thou our eyes above,
   To see a Father’s love
   Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4. 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 way to tread,
   Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Miles.
The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.

1.

And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee?
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man’s voice by the marvellous sea?
Art Thou his kinsman now?

2.

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!

3.

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

4.

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee, visit me.

5.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes that never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow.
(5) HIS RESURRECTION.

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke xxiv. 34.

129

f 1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
   Hallelujah!
   Our triumphant holy day,
   Hallelujah!
   Who did once upon the cross
   Hallelujah!
   Suffer to redeem our loss.
   Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
   Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
   Hallelujah!
   Who endured the cross and grave,
   Hallelujah!
   Sinners to redeem and save.
   Hallelujah!

3 But the pain which He endured
   Hallelujah!
   Our salvation hath procured ;
   Hallelujah!
   Now above the sky He's King,
   Hallelujah!
   Where the angels ever sing,
   Hallelujah!

From the Latin of XV. century.
Vienna. [FIRST TUNE.]  7.7.7.7. J. H. Knecht.


Now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

1. CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joy and triumph high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

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

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

4. Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

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

6. King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley.
GOD THE SON.

Deerhurst. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.  J. Langran.

Sursum Voces. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines.  H. Elliot Button.

(112)
The first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

1 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He who, on the cross a victim,
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruit
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Hallelujah! hallelujah
To the Triune Majesty!

C. Wordsworth.
Very early in the morning, the first day of the week.—Mark xvi. 2.

WELCOME, happy morning! age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
‘Welcome, happy morning!’ age to age shall say.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts restored with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
‘Welcome, happy morning!’ age to age shall say.

4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature’s fall,
Of the Father’s Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
’Tis Thine own third morning! Rise, O buried Lord!
‘Welcome, happy morning!’ age to age shall say.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan’s chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again,
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

Venantius Fortunatus, tr. J. Ellerton.
Christ is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head;
Sing His praises; hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

Gratefully our hearts adore Him,
As His light once more appears;
Bowing down in joy before Him,
Rising up from griefs and tears.

Christ is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head;
Sing His praises; hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen! all the sadness
Of His earthly life is o'er;
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more;
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow.

Christ is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head;
Sing His praises; hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

3 Christ is risen! henceforth never
Death nor hell shall us enthrall;
We are Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of resurrection;
Let us rise and keep the feast.

Christ is risen! hallelujah!
Risen our victorious Head;
Sing His praises; hallelujah!
Christ is risen from the dead.

J. S. B. Monsell.
Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again.—Rom. viii. 34.

mf 1 O SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
    As on the cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb a captive lying,
For He has left the dead:
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

mf 2 Weep not for Him at Calvary’s station;
    Weep only for thy sins:
View where He lay with exultation;
’Tis there our hope begins:
Yet stay not there, thy sorrow feeding,
    Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

mf 3 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?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.

mf 4 By death He death’s dark king defeated,
    And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
    He lives, He reigns to save:
Heaven’s happy myriads bow before Him;
    He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him and adore Him;
    Lord Jesus, own me then!

Josiah Conder.
135 And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God.—John xx. 28.

1 And Thou who didst, with love untold, Thy doubting servant chide,
   And bade'st the eye of sense behold
   Thy wounded hands and side;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe
   To own Thee God and Lord,
   And from His hour of darkness draw
   A fuller faith's reward.

136 Behold I am alive for evermore.—Rev. i. 18.

1 Jesus lives! thy terrors now Can no longer, Death, appal us;
   Jesus lives! by this we know,
   Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
   Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
   But the gate of Life immortal;
   This shall calm our trembling breath,
   When we pass its gloomy portal.
   Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
   Then, alone to Jesus living,
GOD THE SON.

Anagola, C.M. D. T. H. H. CROSSLEY.

137

DEAR Saviour of a dying world,
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where Thou wast laid
My heart lies down with Thee:
Or not in cold despair of joy,
Or weariness of pain,
But in the hope, that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

I would arise in all Thy strength
My place on earth to fill;
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will;
Firm against every doubt of Thee
For all my future way:
To walk in heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

And then, there shall be yet an end;
An end how full to bless!
How dear to those who watch for Thee
With human tenderness!

Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our hope complete;
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

Yes, they shall meet, and face to face,
By heart to heart be known,
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of Life,
And perfect in their own:
For this corruptible must rise,
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

Shine then, Thou resurrection Light,
Upon our sorrows shine;
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine:
Now in this changing, dying life,
Our faded hopes restore,
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,
We taste of death no more.

Anna L. Waring.
HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

St. Bernard. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. W. RICHARDSON.

A - men.

Brent. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. S. WEEKES.

A - men.

(6) HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

138

I go to prepare a place for you.—JOHN xiv. 2.

1 The golden gates are lifted up,
   The doors are opened wide,
   The King of Glory is gone in
   Unto His Father's side.

2 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;

3 And ever on our earthly path
   A gleam of glory lies,
   A light still breaks behind the cloud
   That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds;
   Let Thy dear grace be given,
   That while we wander here below,
   Our treasure be in heaven.

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
   Our hope, our love may be:
   Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
   For evermore in Thee.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

(119)
We see Jesus . . . crowned with glory.—Heb. ii. 9.

1 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
    See the Man of sorrows now
    From the fight returned victorious!
    Every knee to Him shall bow:
    Crown Him, crown Him;
    Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
    Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
    In the seat of power enthrone Him,
    While the vault of heaven rings:
    Crown Him, crown Him;
    Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
    Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
    Saints and angels crowd around Him,
    Own His title, praise His name:
    Crown Him, crown Him;
    Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
    Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
    Jesus takes the highest station:
    O, what joy the sight affords!
    Crown Him, crown Him
    King of kings, and Lord of lords!

T. Kelly.
140

THOU art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
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.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

O by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

Mrs. Emma L. Toke.
141

This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner.—Acts i. 11.

1CHRIST is gone—A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight,
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels’ ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2He is gone—Toward their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast;
Still His words before us range,
Through the ages as they change:
Wheresoe’er the truth shall lead,
He will give what’er we need.

3He is gone—But we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4He is gone—But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere:
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find:
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley.
His Priesthood and Intercession.

**Hymn Text:**

*Having an high priest over the house of God.—Heb. x. 21.*

1. **WHERE** high the heavenly temple stands,
   The house of God not made with hands,
   A great High Priest our nature wears,
   The Patron of mankind appears.

2. He who for men their Surety stood,
   And poured on earth His precious blood,
   Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
   The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3. Though now ascended up on high,
   He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
   Partaker of the human name,
   He knows the frailty of our frame.

4. Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
   A fellow-feeling of our pains;
   And still remembers, in the skies,
   His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5. 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.

6. 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.

*Michael Bruce.*
143 The names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate.—Ex. xxviii. 29.

1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
   Our great High Priest above;
   And celebrate His constant care,
   And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
   Where angels bow around,
   And high o'er all the shining train,
   With matchless honours crowned,

3 The names of all His saints He bears
   Deep graven on His heart;
   Nor shall the meanest Christian say
   That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
   Our everlasting trust,
   When gems and monuments and crowns
   Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
   May Thy dear name be worn,
   A sacred ornament and guard,
   To endless ages borne.

P. Doddridge.

144 A bruised reed shall He not break.
   —Matt. xii. 20.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
   Of our High Priest above;
   His heart is made of tenderness,
   It overflows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
   He knows our feeble frame;
   He knows what sore temptations mean,
   For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
   The great Redeemer stood,
   While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
   And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
   Poured out His cries and tears;
   And, in His measure, feels afresh
   What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
   But raise it to a flame;
   The bruised reed He never breaks,
   Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
   His mercy and His power;
   We shall obtain delivering grace
   In the distressing hour.

I. Watts.
HIS PRIESTHOOD AND INTERCESSION.

E. H. THORNE.

7.6., eight lines.

Barton.

* Small notes required in verse 1.

145

He... hath an unchangeable priesthood.—Heb. vii. 24.

O JESUS, Lord most merciful,
Low at Thy cross I lie;
O sinners' Friend, most pitiful,
Hear my bewailing cry.
I come to Thee with mourning,
I come to Thee in woe,
With contrite heart returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the veil,
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee;
I tell them one by one;
O, for Thy name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done.

3 O, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary.

pp By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone,

O Priest, O spotless Offering,
Plead, for Thou didst atone.

mp 4 And in this heart now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;

And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul alway.

J. Hamilton.
TRUST.

[First Tune.]

He ever liveth to make intercession.—HEB. vii. 25.

1. O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
   Who, loving, lovest to the end,
   On this alone my hopes depend,
   That Thou wilt plead for me.

2. When, weary in the Christian race,
   Far off appears my resting-place,
   And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
   Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3. 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.

4. When Satan, by my sins made bold,
   Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
   Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
   And plead, O plead for me.

5. dim And when my dying hours draw near,
   Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
   Then to my fainting sight appear,
   Pleading in heaven for me.

6. cr When the full light of heavenly day
   Reveals my sins in dread array,
   Say, Thou hast washed them all away;
   Dear Saviour, plead for me.

Charlotte Elliott.
Rejoice! the Lord is King:

Your Lord and King adore;

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in perfect light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. cxlix. 2.

His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire:

May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

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

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Scatter the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.
GOD THE SON.

Miles' Lane. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. Shrubsole.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
   Let angels prostrate fall;
   Bring forth the royal diadem,
   And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
   Who from His altar call;
   Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
   And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
   A remnant weak and small,
   Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
   And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall;
   Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
   And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

E. Perronet.

He is Lord of lords, and King of kings.—Rev. xvii. 14.
150

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King:
    Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
    And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
    Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
    The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
    He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
    Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
    He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
    Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
    Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

4 He all His foes shall quell,
    Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
    With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
    Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope:
    Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
    To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
    The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

C. Wesley.
On His head were many crowns.—Rev. xix. 12.

f 1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
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.

mf 2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began;
And ye, who tread where He hath trod
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes, and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.
3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
For those He came to save:
His glories now we sing,
Who died and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love:
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall;
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all!

Matthew Bridges and G. Thring.
152

Hail, King of the Jews!—Mark xv. 18.

Hail, Thou once despised Jesus,
Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonising Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
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;
Man is reconciled to God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
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.
That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him.—2 Thess. 1. 12.

f 1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst 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.

p 2 Farther, ever farther,
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy,
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

p 3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee;
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

p 4 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 unfeigned,
Love that never dies.

cr 5 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

f 6 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.

cr 7 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.
The Name of Jesus.

Thou shalt call His name Jesus.—Matt. i. 21.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
   In a believer's ear!
   It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
   And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
   And calms the troubled breast;
   'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
   And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
   My shield and hiding-place,
   My never-failing treasury, filled
   With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
   My Prophet, Priest, and King;
   My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
   Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
   And cold my warmest thought;
   But when I see Thee as Thou art,
   I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
   With every fleeting breath;
   And may the music of Thy name
   Refresh my soul in death!

J. Newton.
155 A name which is above every name.—Phil. ii. 9.

10 FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer’s praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

C. Wesley.

156 Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our sins.—Gal. i. 3, 4.

1 JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

C. Wesley.

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

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

3 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.

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

5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name:
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
‘Behold, behold the Lamb!’

C. Wesley.
That the life of Jesus might be manifested in our mortal flesh.—2 Cor. iv. 11.

mf 1 Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

f 2 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.

mp 3 Jesus, my all-in-all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my 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;

f 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
My help and stay whene'er I call;
My life in death, my heaven, my all.

C. Wesley.
That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow.—Phil. ii. 10.

In 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.

Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came.

Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;

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.

In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour,
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel-train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

Caroline M. Noel.
GOD THE SON.

Byzantium. C.M. W. Jackson.

Titles and Emblems.

Ye are complete in Him.—Col. ii. 10.

1. f I’ve found the pearl of greatest price,
   My heart doth sing for joy;
   And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
   Christ shall my song employ.

2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King:—
   My Prophet full of light,
   My great High Priest before the throne,
   My King of heavenly might.

3. For He indeed is Lord of lords,
   And He the King of kings;
   He is the Sun of Righteousness,
   With healing in His wings.

4. p Christ is my peace; He died for me,
   For me He gave His blood;
   And, as my wondrous sacrifice,
   Offered Himself to God.

5. f Christ Jesus is my All-in-all,
   My comfort and my love;
   My life below; and He shall be
   My glory-crown above.

John Mason.

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Our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.—2 Cor. 1. 5.

1.

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

2.

Pillow where, lying, love rests its head;
Peace of the dying, Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.

3.

When my feet stumble, I to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble, Cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

4.

Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise:
All my endeavour, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

J. S. B. Monsell.
A friend loveth at all times.—Prov. xvii. 17.

JESUS, Friend unfailing,
How dear Thou art to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee.
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path, and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.

Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side:
Why trembling dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Naught severs Thee from me.

For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing,
I triumph, Lord, in Thee;
O Jesus, Friend unfailing,
How dear art Thou to me!

S. Küster, tr. Miss H. K. Burlingham.
Lo! I am with you alway.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

1 O JESUS, ever present,
    O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very name is music
    To ear and heart and mind:
It woke my wondering childhood
    To muse on things above;
It drew my harder manhood
    With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
    My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
    The Guardian of my way:
How oft, in darkness fallen,
    And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
    And healing balm poured in.

3 O Shepherd good, I follow
    Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture,
    With Thee at hand to feed:
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
    In death shall make me bold;
O, bring my ransomed spirit
    To Thine eternal fold!

L. Tufftett.
163 He that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.—John vi. 35.

1 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men;
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

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

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright,
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. Ray Palmer.

164 There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. xviii. 24.

1 O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore:
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters break,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt;
And canst thou e'er such love forget?

3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

5 Ah! no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

6 Ah! no; when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

Krishnu Pal, tr. J. Marshman.
165

* f 1 * 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.

mf 2 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.

3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever!
Ne’er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us, never:
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed,

4 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 5 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.
GOD THE SON.

Gounod. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.77. C. Gounod.

(Easter Eve. [SECOND TUNE.] 87.87.77. J. Whitehead Smith.

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A - men.

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166

I have called you friends.—John xv. 15.

1 ONE there is, above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend: His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end: They who once His kindness prove, Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us, Could, or would, have shed his blood? But the Saviour died to have us Reconciled in Him to God: This was boundless love indeed! Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abased, 'Friend of sinners' was His name; Now, above all glory raised, He rejoices in the same: Still He calls them brethren, friends, And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another What He daily bears from us? Yet this glorious Friend and Brother Loves us though we treat Him thus; Though for good we render ill, He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love: We, alas! forget too often What a Friend we have above: But, when home our souls are brought, We shall love Thee as we ought.

John Newton.

Crott's 148th.

66.66.88. W. Croft.

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In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—Col. ii. 3.

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.

Great Prophet of my God, My tongue would bless Thy name: By Thee the joyful news Of our salvation came; The joyful news of sins forgiven, Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, my great High Priest, Offered His blood and died; My guilty conscience seeks No sacrifice beside: His powerful blood did once atone, And now it pleads before the throne.

My Saviour and my Lord, My Conqueror and my King! Thy sceptre and Thy sword, Thy reigning grace I sing: Thine is the power: behold I sit In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

I. Watts.
168 Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.—John xiii. 1.

f 1 I've found a Friend; O 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.

mf 2 I've found a Friend; O 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.

f 3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
   All power to Him is given,
   To guard me on my onward course,
   And bring me safe to heaven:
   The eternal glories gleam afar,
   To nerve my faint endeavour;
   So now to watch, to work, to war;
   And then to rest for ever!

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
   So kind, and true, and tender!
   So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
   So mighty a Defender!
   From Him who loves me now so well
   What power my soul can sever?
   Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
   No! I am His for ever.

J. G. Small.
Ascriptions of Praise.

The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—2 Cor. iv. 6.

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;
There all His beauties to behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold!
170

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power.—Rev. v. 13.

1. All riches are His native right,
    Yet He sustained amazing loss;
    To Him ascribe eternal might,
    Who left His weakness on the cross.

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

3. Power and dominion are His due
    Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
    Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
    Though He was charged with madness here.

4. Worthy is He who once was slain,
    The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died,
    Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
    At His Almighty Father's side.

5. 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.
I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord.—Isa. lxiii. 7.

1. AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
   And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
   He justly claims a song from me;
   His loving-kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
   Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
   He saved me from my lost estate;
   His loving-kindness, O how great!

3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
   Though earth and hell my way oppose,
   He safely leads my soul along;
   His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
   Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
   He near my soul has always stood;
   His loving-kindness, O how good!

5. Often I feel my sinful heart
   Prone from my Jesus to depart;
   But, though I have Him oft forgot,
   His loving-kindness changes not.

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
   Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
   O may my last expiring breath
   His loving-kindness sing in death.

7. Then let me mount and soar away
   To the bright world of endless day,
   And sing with rapture and surprise,
   His loving-kindness in the skies.

S. Medley.
GOD THE SON.

Setton. 8.7.8.7. H. A. Crosbie.

The brightness of His glory ... upholding all things.—Heb. i. 3.

f 1 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!

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

mf 3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

mf 4 For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

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

mf 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
cr Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die;

f 7 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives;—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

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

Robert Robinson.

(150)
173 As He is, so are we in this world. 1 John iv. 17.

1 LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
   O height, O depth of love!
   Thou one with us upon the tree,
   We one with Thee above!

2 Such was Thy grace that for our sake
   Thou didst from heaven come down,
   With us of flesh and blood partake,
   In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine
   Confessed and borne by Thee;
   The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
   To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
   Still one with us Thou art;
   Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,
   Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
   This wondrous mystery,
   That Thou with us art truly one
   And we are one with Thee.

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day
   When, seated on Thy throne,
   Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
   That Thou with us art one.

James G. Deck.

174 Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.—1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
   With sweetness fill my breast;
   But sweeter far Thy face to see,
   And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
   Nor can the memory find
   A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
   O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
   O Joy of all the meek,
   To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
   How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
   Nor tongue nor pen can show;
   The love of Jesus, what it is,
   None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
   As Thou our prize wilt be;
   Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
   And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. E. Caswall.
GOD THE SON.


When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

To Thee, my God above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

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


Daily shall He be praised.—Ps. lxxii. 15.

When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

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

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
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!

From the German, tr. E. Caswall.
HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.—Rom. xiv. 10.

1 When Jesus came to earth of old,
   He came in weakness and in woe;
   He wore no form of angel mould,
   But took our nature, poor and low.

2 But when He cometh back once more,
   Then shall be set the great white throne;
   And earth and heaven shall flee before
   The face of Him that sits thereon.

3 O Son of God, in glory crowned,
   The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
   O Son of man, so pitying found
   For all the tears Thy people shed;

4 Be with us in this darkened place,
   This weary, restless, dangerous night;
   And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
   To struggle onward into light.

5 And by the love that brought Thee here,
   And by the cross, and by the grave,
   Give perfect love for conscious fear,
   And in the Day of Judgment save.

6 And lead us on while here we stray,
   And make us love our heavenly home;
   Till from our hearts we love to say,
   'E'en so, Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.—Rev. xxii. 12.

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p 1 0 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: cr O quickly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

f 2 0 quickly come, great King of all: Reign all around us, and within; Let sin no more our souls enthral, Let pain and sorrow die with sin: O quickly come; for Thou alone Canst make Thy scattered people one.

mf 3 0 quickly come, true Life of all: For death is mighty all around: dim On every home his shadows fall, On every heart his mark is found: cr O quickly come; for grief and pain Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

mf 4 0 quickly come, sure Light of all: For gloomy night broods o’er our way, dim And weakly souls begin to fall With weary watching for the day: cr O quickly come; for round Thy throne No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Tuttiett.
Behold, He cometh with clouds!—Rev. i. 7.

1 Oh! He comes, with clouds descending,
   Once for favoured sinners slain:
   Thousand thousand saints attending
   Swell the triumph of His train:
   Hallelujah!
   Jesus now shall ever reign.

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

3 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 to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
   See in solemn pomp appear:
   All His saints, by man rejected,
   Now shall meet Him in the air:
   Hallelujah!
   See the day of God appear!

5 Yea, 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!

J. Cennick and C. Wesley.
I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.—Rev. xx. 12.

f 1 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of mankind 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.

2 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.

p 3 Great Judge! to Thee our prayers we pour,
    In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
    Thy wondrous love extending:
May we, in this our trial day,
    With wakeful hearts Thy word obey
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

Anon. and W. B. Collyer.
He cometh to judge the earth.—Ps. xcvi. 13.

mp 1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But, can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent—prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

cr 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Wheneer the archangel’s trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I’ll sing,
While heaven’s resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Countess of Huntingdon.
GOD THE SON.

Alfarabius. [FIRST TUNE.] 64.64.67.64. A. H. MANN.

Verses 1, 2, & 3.

Verse 4. QUARTET, OR CHOIR ALONE.

Verse 5.

Org.

(By permission of the Composer.)

(158)
HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

Vigil. [SECOND TUNE.] 64.64.67.64. Arthur Patton.

181 What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.—Mark xiii. 37.

f 1 HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
    'Wake, brethren, wake!'
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake!

m 2 Call to each waking band,
    'Watch, brethren, watch!'
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch!

p 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
    'Pray, brethren, pray!'
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here;
Pray, brethren, pray!

f 5 Now sound the final chord,
    'Praise, brethren, praise!'
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!

'Revival' Magazine, 1859.

(159)
GOD THE SON.

182

**A crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.—2 Tim. iv. 8.**

1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness  
   My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
   Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
   With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
   For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
   Fully, through these, absolved I am  
   From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise  
   To claim my mansion in the skies,  
   E'en then this shall be all my plea,  
   'Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.'

4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice!  
   Bid, now, Thy banished ones rejoice:  
   Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
   Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

   N. L. von Zinzendorf, tr. J. Wesley.

St. George.

183

**Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.—Luke xii. 37.**

1 Ye servants of the Lord,  
   Each in his office wait,  
   Observant of His heavenly word,  
   And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
   And trim the golden flame;  
   Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
   For awful is His name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,  
   And, while we speak, He's near;  
   Mark the first signal of His hand,  
   And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,  
   In such a posture found;  
   He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
   And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
   With His own royal hand;  
   And raise that faithful servant's head  
   Amidst the angelic band.

   P. Doddridge.
Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

1 Lord of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,  
p  Jesus, hear and save!

2 Great Creator, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
p  Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,  
borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
p  Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now, and hear us then;  
p  Jesus, hear and save!

R. Heber.
Section 5.

THE HOLY SPIRIT: HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

(See also Hymns in Section VI. on 'The Sacred Scriptures'; in Section VII. on 'The Christian Life'; and in Section VIII. (5) on 'The Kingdom of Christ.')


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185

If I depart, I will send Him unto you.—John xvi. 7.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

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

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

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

p 7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

Christ Chapel. 7.7.7.7. C. Steggall.

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186

The Comforter ... whom I will send unto you.—John xv. 26.

1 Jesus is gone up on high,
But His promise still is here:
'I will all your wants supply;
I will send the Comforter.'

2 Let us now His promise plead,
Let us to His throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows His people's need,
Jesus hears His people cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of Thy love;
Dwelling with Thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

4 Till we reach the promised rest,
Till Thy face, unveiled, we see,
Of this blessed hope possessed,
Teach us, Lord, to live to Thee.

T. Kelly.
187 As many as are led by the Spirit of God.—Rom. viii. 14.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

Simon Browne (alt).

188 The Comforter, the Holy Ghost . . .
He shall teach you.—John xiv. 26.

1 Spirit of Truth, indwelling Light,
For ever in our souls abide:
Open our eyes to see aright,
Into all truth our footsteps guide.

2 Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing spell;
Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove,
With us for ever deign to dwell.

3 Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,
For Thou, we know, with Them art One,
And we have Them in having Thee.

4 Peace that the world has not to give
Is theirs, who do the Saviour's will;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill.

J. E. Bode.
The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.—Rom. viii. 26.

1 Come to our poor nature's night,  
   With Thy blessed inward light,  
   Holy Ghost, the Infinite,  
   Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;  
   Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;  
   Lost, until by Thee restored,  
   Comforter Divine.

3 Orphan are our souls, and poor;  
   Give us from Thy heavenly store  
   Faith, love, joy for evermore,  
   Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil:  
   Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
   Things of Christ unfolding still,  
   Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,  
   Make Thy temple in each breast;  
   There Thy presence be confessed,  
   Comforter Divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,  
   And with voiceless groaning plead  
   Our unutterable need,  
   Comforter Divine.

7 In us 'Abba, Father,' cry,  
   Earnest of the bliss on high,  
   Seal of immortality,  
   Comforter Divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;  
   Upwards, by the starry road,  
   Bear us to Thy high abode,  
   Comforter Divine.

G. Rawson.
He hath given us of His Spirit.—1 John iv. 13.

**190**

1 **GRACIOUS** Spirit, dwell with me:  
   I myself would gracious be;  
   And, with words that help and heal,  
   Would Thy life in mine reveal;  
   And, with actions bold and meek,  
   Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 **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.

3 **Tender** Spirit, dwell with me:  
   I myself would tender be;  
   Shut my heart up like a flower  
   At temptation's darksome hour;  
   Open it when shines the sun,  
   And His love by fragrance own.

4 **Silent** Spirit, dwell with me:  
   I myself would quiet be,  
   Quiet as the growing blade  
   Which through earth its way has made;  
   Silently, like morning light,  
   Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 **Mighty** Spirit, dwell with me:  
   I myself would mighty be,  
   Mighty so as to prevail,  
   Where unaided man must fail;  
   Ever by a mighty hope  
   Pressing on and bearing up.

6 **Holy** Spirit, dwell with me:  
   I myself would holy be;  
   Separate from sin, I would  
   Choose and cherish all things good;  
   And whatever I can be,  
   Give to Him who gave me Thee.

_T. T. Lynch._
I will pour out in those days of My Spirit.—Acts ii. 18.

1 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.

2 But when He came the second time,
   He came in power and love,
   Softer than gale at morning prime
   Hovered His Holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
   In sudden torrents dread,
   Now gently light, a glorious crown,
   On every sainted head.

I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.—John xiv. 16.

1 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
   And make our hearts Thy home;
   Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
   O come, great Spirit, come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
   Our emptiness and woe;
   And lead us in those paths of life
   Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts
   Like sacrificial flame;
   Let our whole soul an offering be
   To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew; and sweetly bless
   This consecrated hour;
   May barrenness rejoice to own
   Thy fertilising power.

5 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,
   The wings of peaceful love;
   And let Thy Church on earth become
   Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the wind; with rushing sound
   And Pentecostal grace;
   That all of woman born may see
   The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
   Make a lost world Thy home;
   Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
   O come, great Spirit, come.

Andrew Reed.
COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire; Let us Thine influence prove, Source of the old prophetic fire, Fountain of light and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee Thy prophets wrote and spoke; Unlock the truth, Thyself the key, Unseal the sacred book.

Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night; On our disordered spirits move, And let there now be light.

God, through Himself, we then shall know, If Thou within us shine; And sound, with all Thy saints below, The depths of love divine.

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Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove, Brood o'er our nature's night; On our disordered spirits move, And let there now be light.

God, through Himself, we then shall know, If Thou within us shine; And sound, with all Thy saints below, The depths of love divine.

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God, through Himself, we then shall know, If Thou within us shine; And sound, with all Thy saints below, The depths of love divine.
I will pour out in those days of My Spirit.—Acts ii. 18.

1 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.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble.
The breath of the Almighty hath given me life.—Job xxxiii. 4.

1 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glowes with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

E. Hatch.

Ye are sanctified by the Spirit of our God.—1 Cor. vi. 11.

1 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

5 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

S. Longfellow.
The promise of the Holy Ghost.—Acts ii. 33.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy:
Thou Strength of His almighty hand
Whose power doth heaven and earth command,
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

Latin Hymn, VII. century, tr. by John Dryden.
The Spirit of truth . . . He shall testify of me.—John xv. 26.

1 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 sad heart:
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Coo O come to-day.

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

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

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

HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.


I will put My Spirit within you.—Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come; 
Let Thy bright beams arise; 
Dispel the sorrow from our minds, 
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts, 
Thou heavenly Paraclete; 
Give us to lie with humble hope 
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith, 
Our doubts and fears remove; 
And kindle in our breasts the flame 
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin; 
Then lead to Jesus' blood; 
And to our wondering view reveal 
The secret love of God.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, 
To sanctify the soul, 
To pour fresh life in every part, 
And new create the whole.

6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts, 
Our minds from bondage free; 
Then shall we know, and praise, and love 
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart.
Section 6.
THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Winchester. [FIRST TUNE.]  
L.M.  
German.

Lampadarius. [SECOND TUNE.]  
L.M.  
A. H. MANN.

200 The heavens declare the glory of God.—Ps. xix. 1.

1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;  
   In every star Thy wisdom shines;  
   But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
   We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise;  
   Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
   So, when Thy truth began its race,  
   It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest;  
   Till through the world Thy truth has run;  
   Till Christ has all the nations blest  
   That see the light or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;  
   Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
   Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
   Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view;  
   In souls renewed, in sins forgiven:  
   Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
   And make Thy word my guide to heaven.
   I. Watts.

201 The power of God unto salvation.—  
   Rom. i. 16.

1 Let everlasting glories crown  
   Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
   Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
   And writ the blessings in Thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
   Some solid ground to rest upon;  
   With long despair the spirit breaks,  
   Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!  
   How wise and holy Thy commands!  
   Thy promises how firm they be!  
   How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise  
   Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
   I'd call them vanity and lies,  
   And bind the Gospel to my heart.
   I. Watts.

( 174 )
202  Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.—Col. iii. 16.

1 O WORD of God incarnate,
   O Wisdom from on high,
   O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
   O Light of our dark sky,
   We praise Thee for the radiance
   That from the hallowed page,
   A lantern to our footsteps,
   Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
   Received the gift divine,
   And still that light she lifteth
   O'er all the earth to shine:
   It is the golden casket
   Where gems of truth are stored;
   It is the heaven-drawn picture
   Of Christ, the living Word.

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

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

W. W. How.
THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Lancaster. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

S. HOWARD.

Winchester Old. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

Este's Psalter.

203 \[Better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.—Ps. cxix. 72.\]

1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive;
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,
And taste and see and live.

3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

204 \[Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever.—Ps. cxix. 111.\]

1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight,
While through Thy promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Anne Steele.

I. Watts.

205 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.—Ps. cxix. 105.

1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller’s way:

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.


206 The commandment is a lamp; and the law is light.—Prov. vi. 23.

mf 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

Bernard Barton.

W. Cowper.

(177)
For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven.—Ps. cxix. 89.

1 Lord, Thy word abideth,
   And our footsteps guideth;
   Who its truth believeth
   Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
   Then Thy word doth cheer us,
   Word of consolation,
   Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
   And dark clouds before us,
   Then its light directeth,
   And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
   Who recount the treasure,
   By Thy word imparted
   To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
   Succour to the living;
   Word of life, supplying
   Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
   Its most holy learning,
   Lord, may love and fear Thee,
   Evermore be near Thee!

H. W. Baker.
The word of God is quick and powerful.—Heb. iv. 12.

1 Be Thy word with power fraught,
Many hearts in many ways
Blessing with new love and thought,
To religion's added praise.

2 Be it for the rash, restraint,
Ardour for the dull and cold;
Be it comfort for the faint,
Be it counsel for the bold.

3 Be it for the tempest-worn
Haven for a quiet stay;
May it, like the wakening horn,
Summon cheerful souls away.

4 May some saddened hearts arise,
And be blossoms in the light;
Some, like stars in clearing skies,
Trembling be, yet very bright.

5 As in whisper or in shout,
Calming, rousing, Lord, be heard;
Such Thy voice, that even doubt
Cries, 'Tis He,' and 'Tis His word.'

T. T. Lynch.

Coniston.

6.4., eight lines. Rowland Bryant.

He shall eat the bread of his God.—Lev. xxii. 22.

1 Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea:
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee:
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My all-in-all.

Mary Ann Lathbury.
THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

Melton Mowbray. [FIRST TUNE.] 96.96.3.96.96.  W. H. Monk.

Twells. [SECOND TUNE.] 96.96.3.96.96.  Rowland Briant.

* Small notes on Org. without Octaves. † No pause in Verses 2 and 3.
THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

210

The entrance of Thy words giveth light.—Ps. cxix. 130.

mp 1

THE Voice of God's Creation found me
Perplexed 'midst hope and fear;
For though His sunshine flashed around me,
His storms at times drew near:
And I said—
O that I knew where He abideth!
For doubts beset our lot,
And lo! His glorious face He hideth,
And men perceive it not.

2 The Voice of God's Protection told me
He loveth all He made;
I seemed to feel His arms enfold me,
And yet was half afraid:
And I said—
O that I knew where I might find Him!
His eye would guide me right:
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him,
Yet passeth out of sight.

mf 3

The Voice of Conscience sounded nearer,
It stirred my inmost breast:
But though its tones were firmer,
clearer,
'Twas not the voice of rest:
And I said—
O that I knew if He forgiveth!
My soul is faint within,
Because in grievous fear it liveth
Of wages due to sin.

f 4

It was the Voice of Revelation
That met my utmost need;
The wondrous message of salvation
Was joy and peace indeed:
And I said—
O how I love the sacred pages
From which such tidings flow,
As monarchs, patriarchs, poets
sages,
Have longed in vain to know!

5 For now is life a lucid story,
And death a rest in Him,
And all is bathed in light and glory
That once was dark or dim:
And I said—
O Thou who dost my soul deliver,
And all its hopes uplift;
Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,
A heart to prize the gift!

H. Twells.

( 181 )
211 Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.—Ps. cxix. 18.

mf 1 We limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined;
cr No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred:
f The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

mf 2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
That universe, how much unknown!
That ocean unexplored!
f The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

mp 3 Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
cr And grow it shall; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford:
f The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

mf 4 The valley's passed; ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
cr Upward we press—the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard:
f The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

f 5 O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
Us increase from above;
Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
To comprehend Thy love:
And make us to go on to know,
With nobler powers conferred,
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

G. Rawson.
Then shall thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound.—Lev. xxv. 9.

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

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb:
Redemption by His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus’ love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

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

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

C. Wesley.
Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—Matt. xi. 28.

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

5 Agonising in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!—
Bleeding on the tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
'It is finished!'
Sinner, will not this suffice!

6 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.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Joseph Hart,
Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

1 Welcome, sinner, hear; 
Hang not back through shame or fear; 
Doubt not, nor distrust the call; 
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

2 Welcome to the offered peace;  
Welcome, prisoner, to release;  
Burst thy bonds; be saved, be free;  
Rise and come; He calleth thee.

3 Welcome, weeping penitent,  
Grace has made thy heart relent;  
Welcome, long estranged child,  
God in Christ is reconciled.

4 Welcome to the cleansing fount  
Springing from the sacred mount;  
Welcome to the feast divine,  
Bread of life, and living wine.

5 All ye weary and distressed,  
Welcome to relief and rest;  
All is ready, hear the call,  
There is ample room for all.

6 O the virtue of that price,  
That redeeming sacrifice!  
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,  
Welcome to the sacred fold.

Josiah Conder.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Lucerne. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. T. A. WILLS.

Love Divine. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. PERCY J. STARNES.

215

He saith unto them, Follow Me.—Matt. iv. 19.

1 JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me.'

2 As of old Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake:

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
They... were scattered abroad, as sheep, having no shepherd.—Matt. ix. 36.

1 Souls of men! why will ye scatter
   Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
   From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
   Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
   Come and gather round His feet?

3 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.

4 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.

5 There is no place where earth's sorrows
   Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
   Have such kindly judgment given.

6 For the love of God is broader
   Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
   Is most wonderfully kind.

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

8 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
   And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
   His great tenderness for us.

9 If our love were but more simple,
   We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
   In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber.
Come unto Me.  7.6., eight lines.  J. B. Dykes.

COME unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.  
O blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppressed!

It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love which cannot cease.

COME unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light.  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night!

Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way;  
But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs the break of day.

Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life,  
O cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife!

The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out.  
O welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt;  
Which calls us very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

W. C. Dix.
THE GOSPEL CALL.

St. Catbarine. 7.6., eight lines.  Reginald F. Dale.

If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.—Rev. iii. 20.

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
   Outside the fast-closed door,
   In lowly patience waiting
   To pass the threshold o'er;
  mf Shame on us, Christian brothers,
    His sacred name who bear;
   O shame, thrice shame upon us,
  dim To keep Him standing there.

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

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

W. W. How.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Invitation. 6s., eight lines (with refrain).  F. C. Maker.

Come unto Me ... and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

1. Come to the Saviour now,
   He gently calleth thee;  
   In true repentance bow,
   Before Him bend the knee:
   Ye who have wandered far,
   Renew your solemn vow,
   For His by right you are:
   Come like poor wandering sheep,
   His love will ne'er grow cold.
   Come, come, come!

2. Come to the Saviour now,
   He suffered all for thee,
   And in His merits thou
   Hast an unfailing plea:
   Whate'er your burdens be;
   Hear now His loving call—
   'Cast all your care on Me.'
   In Jesus you will find
   A sure and safe relief,
   A loving Friend and kind.
   Come, come, come!

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

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

J. M. Wigner.
220  If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—John viii. 36.

1  HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls To life and liberty; Transformed, fall before His feet Who makes the prisoners free.

2  Into the captive heart He pours His Spirit from on high; We lose the terrors of the slave, And 'Abba, Father!' cry.

3  Shake off your bonds and sing His grace; The sinner's Friend proclaim; And call on all around to seek True freedom by His name.

4  Walk on at large, till you attain Your Father's house above; There shall you wear immortal crowns, And sing redeeming love.

Philip Doddridge.

Wiltshire.

221  If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.—John vii. 37.

1  THE Saviour calls; let every ear Attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear, Hope smiles reviving round.

2  For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow; And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.

3  Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice, The gracious call obey; Mercy invites to heavenly joys, And can you yet delay?

4  Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts, To Thee let sinners fly, And take the bliss Thy love imparts, And drink and never die.

Anne Steele.
I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.—Jer. xxxi. 34.

1 O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
   Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,
   There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

   O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;

2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
   To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
   O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
   And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

   O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
   To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
   O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
   And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

3 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
   The longer you look at the depths of His love;
   And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
   As you think of the home and the glory above.

   As you think of the home and the glory above.

4 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love Him,
   And vow at His feet you will keep in His grace;
   For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
   And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

   For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
   And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

5 Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
   Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
   For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
   And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

   For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
   And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

F. W. Faber.
Behold, I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
   He gently knocks, has knocked before,
   Has waited long, is waiting still:
   You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
   He will—the very Friend you need;
   The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
   With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
   With melting heart and laden hands;
   O matchless kindness! and He shows
   This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Admit Him, for the human breast
   Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
   No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
   With whom He condescends to dwell.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn,
   Lest He depart and ne'er return;
   Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
   When at His door denied you'll stand.

6 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
   If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
   To reign, and with no partial sway;
   Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

7 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
   O may Thy gentle reign increase:
   Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
   And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg.
224

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.—John xii. 26.

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?

mf ‘Come to Me,’ saith One, ‘and, coming,
Be at rest.’

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

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

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

cr Yea, a crown in very surety;

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

f Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, ‘Yes!’

Stephen the Sabaeus, VIII. cent., tr. J. M. Neale.
THE GOSPEL CALL.

Engelberg. [third tune.] 8.5.8.3. I. Meadows White.

If any man ... open the door, I will come in to him.—Rev. i. i. 20.

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.

O blест the land, the city blест, Where Christ the ruler is confessed! O happy hearts and happy homes, To whom this King in triumph comes! The cloudless Sun of joy He is, Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

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 woe He brings, Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.

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.

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

George Weissel, tr. C. Winkworth.
I have found my sheep which was lost. — Luke xv. 6.

Compassion.

Irregular.

Fountain Meen.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe-ly lay In the

2. 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine, Are they

3. But none of the ran-somed ev-er knew How

4. 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way, That

5. And all through the moun-tains, thun-der-riven, And

shel-ter of the fold; (p) But one was out on the hills a-way, Far

not e-nough for Thee?' (p) But the Shepherd made answer; 'This of Mine Has
depth were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro', Ere He
mark out the mountain's track?' They were shed for one who had gone a-stray, Ere the
up from the rock-y steep, (f) There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, 'Re-

off from the gates of gold;— A-way on the moun-tains

wan-der'd a-way from Me; And al-though the road be

found His sheep that was lost: Out in the des-ert He

Shep-herd could bring him back. 'Lord, whence are Thy hands so

-joice, I have found My sheep!' And the an-gels echoed a-

wild and bare, A-way from the ten-der Shep-herd's care.

rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep.'

heard its cry, Sick and help-less and rea-dy to die.

rent and torn? 'They are pierc-ed to-night by many a thorn.'

round the throne. 'Re-joice! for the Lord brings back His own!' A-men.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.
(2) THE CALL ACCEPTED: RESENTANCE AND FAITH.

227 A fountain opened... for sin and for uncleanness.—Zech. xiii. 1.

1 How sad our state by nature is!
   Our sin, how deep it stains!
   And Satan binds our captive minds
   Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
   Sounds from the sacred word;
   Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
   And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
   And runs to this relief;
   I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
   O help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
   Incarnate God, I fly;
   Here let me wash my guilty soul
   From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
   On Thy kind arms I fall;
   Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
   My Jesus, and my All.

J. Watts.

228 He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted.—Luke iv. 18.

p 1 When, wounded sore, the stricken heart
   Lies bleeding and unbound,
   One only hand, a pierced hand,
   Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
   And tears of anguish flow,
   One only heart, a broken heart,
   Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitential grief has wept
   Over some foul dark spot,
   One only stream, a stream of blood,
   Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
   His hand that brings relief,
   His heart is touched with all our joys,
   And feels for all our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
   Unseal that cleansing tide;
   We have no shelter from our sin
   But in Thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
This man receiveth sinners.—Luke xv. 2.

1 'Jesus sinners will receive';
   Say this word of grace to all
   Who the heavenly pathway leave,
   All who linger, all who fall;
   This can bring them back again,
   'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

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

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

4 'Christ receiveth sinful men':
   Even me, with all my sin;
   Openeth to me heaven again;
   With Him I may enter in:
   Death hath no more sting nor pain;
   'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

Neumeister, E., tr. Mrs. Bevan.
The Call Accepted.

Aslon. [First Tune.] 7s., six lines. R. Redhead.

Rock of Ages. [Second Tune.] 7s., six lines. S. Weekes.

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Ps. lxi. 2.

p 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
    Let me hide myself in Thee;
    Let the water and the blood
    From Thy riven side which flowed,
    Be of sin the double cure;
    Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

3 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.

dim 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
    When my eyelids close in death,
    When I soar through tracts unknown,
    See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,

p 5 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
    Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady.
231 What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.—Phil. iii. 7.

1 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.

2 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.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
   All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
   O may my soul be found in Him,
   And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
   Dares not appear before Thy throne;
   But faith can answer Thy demands,
   By pleading what my Lord has done.

I. Watts.

232 Blot out all mine iniquities.—Ps. li. 9.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
   Let a repenting rebel live;
   Are not Thy mercies large and free?
   May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Behold, I fall before Thy face,
   My only refuge is Thy grace;
   Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
   So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
   And make my guilty conscience clean;
   Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
   And past offences pain my eyes.

4 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.

5 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.
God . . . hath quickened us together with Christ.— Eph. ii. 4, 5.

p 1 LORD, I was blind, I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
cr But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

p 2 Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
cr But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear.

p 3 Lord, I was dumb, I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
cr But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

p 4 Lord, I was dead, I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
cr But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

mf 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,

f The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

W. T. Matson.

(The call accepted.)
Clarence. [First Tune.] 7.7.7.7.  A. Sullivan.

Verses 1 to 4 only.

7.7.7.7. A. Sullivan.

Deus Misereatur. [Second Tune.] 7.7.7.7. Myles B. Foster.

234

God be merciful to me, a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13.

1 Sinful, sighing to be blest;  
    Bound and longing to be free;  
    Weary, waiting for my rest;  
    'God be merciful to me!'  

2 Goodness I have none to plead;  
    Sinfulness in all I see,  
    I can only bring my need;  
    'God be merciful to me!'  

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes  
    Dare not lift themselves to Thee,  
    Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:  
    'God be merciful to me!'  

4 From this sinful heart of mine  
    To Thy bosom I would flee;  
    I am not my own, but Thine:  
    'God be merciful to me!'  

5 There is One beside the throne,  
    And my only hope and plea  
    Are in Him, and Him alone:  
    'God be merciful to me!'  

6 He my cause will undertake,  
    My Interpreter will be;  
    He's my all, and for His sake,  
    'God be merciful to me!'  

J. S. B. Monsell,
235 Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.—Isa. xii. 1.

1 I WILL praise Thee every day,
   Now Thine anger's turned away;
   Comfortable thoughts arise
   From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
   Wells of free salvation yield
   Streams of life, a plenteous store,
   And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
   My salvation and my strength;
   And His praises shall prolong,
   While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye, then, His glorious name;
   Publish His exalted fame;
   Still His worth your praise exceeds;
   Excellent are all His deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
   Let the nations roll it round:
   Zion, shout, for this is He;
   God the Saviour dwells in thee.

W. Cowper.

236 The Lord our God will we serve.—Josh. xxiv. 21.

1 THINE for ever! God of love,
   Hear us from Thy throne above;
   Thine for ever may we be,
   Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
   Shield us through our earthy strife;
   Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
   Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever! O how blest
   They who find in Thee their rest!
   Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
   O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
   These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
   Safe alone beneath Thy care,
   Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
   All our wants by Thee supplied,
   All our sins by Thee forgiven,
   Led by Thee, from earth to heaven!

Mrs. Mary F. Maude.
237 O my God, I trust in Thee; let me not be ashamed.—Ps. xxxv. 2.

1 OPPRESSED with sin and woe, 
    A burdened heart I bear,
    Opposed by many a mighty foe,
    But I will not despair.

2 With this polluted heart
    I dare to come to Thee,
    Holy and mighty as Thou art,
    For Thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,
    And prone to every sin;
    But Thou, who giv'st to those who seek,
    Wilt give me strength within.

4 Far as the earth may be
    From yonder starry skies,
    Remoter still am I from Thee:
    Yet Thou wilt not despise.

mf 5 I need not fear my foes,
    I need not yield to care,
    I need not sink beneath my woes,
    For Thou wilt answer prayer.

6 In my Redeemer's name,
    I give myself to Thee:
    And, all unworthy as I am,
    My God will cherish me.

Anne Brontë.

238 Not by works of righteousness . . . but according to His mercy.—Tit. iii. 5.

1 NOT what these hands have done
    Can save this guilty soul;
    Not what this toiling flesh has borne
    Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
    Can give me peace with God;
    Not all my prayers, and sighs and tears,
    Can bear my awful load.

mf 3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
    Can ease this weight of sin;
    Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
    Can give me peace within.

4 Thy love to me, O God,
    Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
    Can rid me of this dark unrest,
    And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
    To me can pardon speak;
    Thy power alone, O Son of God,
    Can this sore bondage break.

f 6 I bless the Christ of God,
    I rest on love divine;
    And, with unflagging lip and heart,
    I call this Saviour mine.

H. Bonar.
THE CALL ACCEPTED.

239

And he went on his way rejoicing.—Acts viii. 39.

1 Come and rejoice with me!
   For once my heart was poor,
   And I have found a treasury
   Of love, a boundless store.

2 Come and rejoice with me!
   I, once so sick at heart,
   Have met with One who knows my case,
   And knows the healing art.

3 Come and rejoice with me!
   For I was wearied sore,
   And I have found a mighty arm
   Which holds me evermore.

4 Come and rejoice with me!
   My feet so wide did roam,
   And One has sought me from afar,
   And beareth me safe home.

5 Come and rejoice with me!
   For I have found a Friend
   Who knows my heart’s most secret depths
   Yet loves me without end.

6 I knew not of His love;
   And He had loved so long,
   With love so faithful and so deep,
   So tender and so strong.

7 And now I know it all,
   Have heard and known His voice,
   And hear it still from day to day,—
   Can I enough rejoice?

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.
Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

DEAR Lord, I now respond to Thy sweet call, 'Come unto Me':
I find my joy, my peace, my all-in-all,
My heaven in Thee.
Too long I disobeyed Thy law, too long
I slighted Thee:
Too long I heeded not Thy voice, but now
I come to Thee.

2 I come with all my sins, with all my fears
I come to Thee,
With all my doubts, my burdens, weaknesses,
I come to Thee.
Thy precious blood hath cleansed me white, Thy blood
Was shed for me:
Thy death my life, Thy cross my plea; O Lord,
I come to Thee.

Sustain me, Jesus, by Thy mighty power:
Abide with me:
O make Thy word a lamp to light the path
That leads to Thee.
And, when I've stemmed the stormy waves, and crossed
Life's troubled sea,
I'll see and know Thee as Thou art, and rest
In peace with Thee.
THE CALL ACCEPTED.

Heresford.

886.886.

W. Boyce.

They shall look on Him whom they pierced.—John xix. 37.

1 O THOU who hast redeemed of old,
   And bidst me of Thy strength take hold,
   And be at peace with Thee;
   Help me Thy benefits to own,
   And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
   O dying Lamb, for me.

2 Vouchsafe the eye of faith to see
   The Man transfixed on Calvary,
   To know Thee who Thou art,—
   The one eternal God and true!
   And let the sight affect, subdue,
   And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
   Reveal the charity divine
   That suffered in my stead;
   That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
   And quenched in death those gracious eyes,
   And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;
   And by Thy manifested love,
   And by Thy sprinkled blood,
   Destroy the love of sin in me,
   And get Thyself the victory,
   And bring me back to God.

C. Wesley.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

St. Mary Magdalene. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., eight lines. A. SULLIVAN.

1 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.

2 Kindled His relentings are;
   Me He still delights to spare;
Cries,—‘How shall I give thee up?’
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus pleads, and loves me still.

Stood at His feet . . . weeping.—Luke vii. 38.
3 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.

4 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 soul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. Wesley.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.


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243

And he arose, and came to his father.—Luke xv. 20.

p 1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

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

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

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

f 7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Through Sorrow's Path.  C.M., twelve lines.  A. SULLIVAN.
I have redeemed thee . . . thou art Mine.—Is. xliii. 1.

mf 1 WHEN I had wandered from His fold,
    His love the wanderer sought;
    When slave-like into bondage sold,
    His blood my freedom bought:

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:
    For I am His, and He is mine,
    The God whom I adore;
    My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
    Now and for evermore.

mf 2 When I forgot His tender love,
    And my affections set
    Not upon holy things above,
    He did not me forget,
    But, gently chastening, gently tried
    To draw me back to bliss,
    And hide me in His wounded side;

Therefore I'm tenfold His:

For I am His, and He is mine,
    The God whom I adore;
    My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
    Now and for evermore.

p 3 When, sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
    And changed my hopes for fears,
    He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
    And wiped away my tears;

Therefore the joy by Him restored
    To Him by right belongs,
    And to my gracious loving Lord
    I'll sing through life my songs:
    For I am His, and He is mine,
    The God whom I adore;
    My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
    Now and for evermore.

p 4 When I beneath my cross lay down,
    And could no farther move,
    He raised me up, He showed the crown,
    And whispered, 'I am Love';

Therefore that Love my song shall be,
    And to my glorious King,
    Through time and through eternity,
    My life His praise shall sing:
    For I am His, and He is mine,
    The God whom I adore;
    My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
    Now and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Sacrifice. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6.7.6.

Vita Brevis. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6.7.6.

245

O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.—Ps. cxvi. 16.

1 In full and glad surrender,
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be.

2 O Son of God, who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and am, Lord,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus,
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

4 O come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything;
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.

Frances R. Havergal.
2.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live':

Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies;
Father! Thy mercy never dies.

5 Fixed on this ground would I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

J. A. Rothe, tr. J. Wesley.

(215)
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Sacrifice. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6.7.6. H. LAMBE.

Vita Brevis. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6.7.6. W. A. JEFFERSON.

245 O Lord, truly I am Thy servant.—Ps. cxvi. 16.

1 In full and glad surrender,
   I give myself to Thee,
   Thine utterly and only
   And evermore to be.

247 Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.—Matt. xi. 28.

1.

p I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
   'Come unto Me and rest;
   Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
   Thy head upon My breast':

mf I came to Jesus as I was,
   Weary, and worn, and sad;

cr I found in Him a resting-place,
   And He has made me glad.
2.

\( p \) I heard the voice of Jesus say,

'Behold, I freely give

The living water; thirsty one,

Stoop down, and drink, and live':

\( mf \) I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream;

\( cr \) My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in Him.

3.

\( mf \) I heard the voice of Jesus say,

'I am this dark world's Light;

Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,

And all thy day be bright':

\( f \) I looked to Jesus, and I found

In Him my Star, my Sun;

And in that light of life I'll walk

Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar.
Ye were as sheep going astray.—1 Pet. ii. 25.

p 1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold:
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

f 3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole:
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

p 4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!

f I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

II. Bonar.
THE CALL ACCEPTED.

Elstead.

Teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God.—Ps. cxlii. 10.

1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee;
On Thee, my God, on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee;
To Thee, my God, to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in Thee;
In Thee, my God, in Thee.


Trust.

His great love wherewith He loved us.—Eph. ii. 4.

1 O Saviour, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
And Thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er,
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

Jane Crewdson.
251

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.—Gal. vi. 14.

1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
   I fain would take my stand—
   The shadow of a mighty Rock,
   Within a weary land:
   A home within the wilderness,
   A rest upon the way,
   From the burning of the noontide heat,
   And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
   O refuge tried and sweet,
   O resting-place where heaven's love
   And heaven's justice meet!
   As to the holy patriarch
   That wondrous dream was given,
   So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
   A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
   But on the farther side,
   The darkness of an awful grave
   That gapes both deep and wide;
   And there between us stands the cross,
   Two arms outstretched to save,
   Like a watchman set to guard the way
   From that eternal grave.

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

Elizabeth C. Clephane.
(3) THE CRY FOR GRACE AND HELP.

Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.—Luke xvii. 13.

1 Jesus, meek and gentle, Son of God most high, Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear Thy children’s cry.

2 Pardon our offences, Loose our captive chains, Break down every idol Which our soul detains.

mf 3 Give us holy freedom, Fill our hearts with love, Draw us, holy Jesus, To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey, Be Thyself the Way, Through terrestrial darkness, To celestial day.

p 5 Jesus, meek and gentle, Son of God most high, Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear Thy children’s cry.

G. R. Prynne.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Camerton.  
S.M. D.  
C. W. Pearce.

I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me.—Phil. iv. 13.

1 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hearest my prayer.  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great Name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify Thy grace.

4 I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

C. Wesley.

(222)
In Thy light shall we see light.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

1 Grant us Thy 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.

2 Grant us Thy 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.

3 Grant us Thy light, that we may learn
   How dead is life from Thee apart;
   How sure is joy for all who turn
   To Thee an undivided heart.

4 Grant us Thy light, in grief and pain
   To lift our burdened hearts above;
   And count the very cross a gain,
   And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 Grant us Thy light, that we may trace
   A pledge of life in seeming death;
   And own the grave a resting place,
   Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.

6 Grant us Thy light, when, soon or late,
   All earthly scenes shall pass away,
   In Thee to find the open gate
   To deathless home and endless day.

   L. Tutticett.
Ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.—Jas. i. 5.

1. We have not known Thee as we ought,
   Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace, and power.
The things of earth have filled our thought,
   And trifles of the passing hour:

2. We have not feared Thee as we ought,
   Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
   Nor guarded deed and word and thought
   Remembering that God was nigh:

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

4. We have not served Thee as we ought:
   Alas! the duties left undone,
   The work with little fervour wrought,
   The battles lost, or scarcely won!

5. When shall we know Thee as we ought,
   And fear, and love, and serve aright?
   When shall we, out of trial brought,
   Be perfect in the land of light?

Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

T. B. Pollock.
Jesus ... took a child, and set him by Him.—Luke ix. 47.

mp 1 A 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;

mf 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;

cr So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine Almighty power.

or So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

mp 3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society;

cr So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

J. D. Burns.
They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. xl. 31.

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer:  
   Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
   But for strength, that we may ever  
   Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures  
   Do we ask our way to be;  
   But by steep and rugged pathways  
   Would we strive to climb to Thee.

3 Not for ever by still waters  
   Would we idly quiet stay;  
   But would smite the living fountains  
   From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,  
   In our wanderings be our Guide;  
   Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
   Father, be Thou at our side.

5 Let our path be bright or dreary,  
   Storm or sunshine be our share;  
   May our souls, in hope unwearied,  
   Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.
258

Whose I am, and whom I serve.—Acts xxvii. 23.

1 DEAR Lord and Master mine,
   Thy happy servant see;
   My Conqueror, with what joy divine
   Thy captive clings to Thee!

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
   To feel Thy gracious bands—
   Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
   And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
   No bond would I unbind:
   Within the limits of Thy love
   Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
   But still with Thee, my God,
   At every step my blindness own,
   And ask of Thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
   That casts me on Thy breast;
   The conflicts that Thy strength employ
   Make me divinely blest.

6 Dear Lord and Master mine,
   Still keep Thy servant true!
   My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
   Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through!

7 My Conqueror and my King,
   Still keep me in Thy train;
   And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
   When Thou return'st to reign!

T. H. Gill.
259

For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me.—Ps. xxxi. 3.

Unison.

7s., eight lines.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Lord, to Thee a-lone we turn, To Thy cross for safety fly; There as pen-

itents to learn How to live and how to die. Sin-ful on our knees we fall;

Hear us, as for help we plead; Hear us, when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need.

2. In the midst of sin and strife, In the depths of mortal woe,

Teach us, Lord, to live a life. Meet for so-journers be-low.

(228)
Though the road be oft-times dark, Though the feet in weakness stray,

Lead us, Saviour, as the Ark Led Thy chosen on their way.

Though the road be oft-times dark, Though the feet in weakness stray,

Lead us, Saviour, as the Ark Led Thy chosen on their way.

3. Weak and weary and alone, When the vale of death we tread, Then be all Thy

mercy shown, Then be all Thy love dis-played. Guard us in that dark some hour, Lead us to the

land of rest, Where, secure from Satan's power, We may lie upon Thy breast. A - men.

A. Eubule Evans.
If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole.—Matt. ix. 21.

1 Not Thy garment's hem alone,  
My trembling faith would hold,  
Though divine compassion shone  
     Beneath its sacred fold:—  
Thou didst own her mute appeal,  
Who besought Thy power to heal.

2 Earthly robes, which Thou didst wear,  
Thy glories to enshroud,  
Could remedial virtue bear  
     To one among the crowd:—  
More than mortal help I crave,  
Now Thou art enthroned to save.

3 That bright raiment I would seek,  
Dyed in the atoning flood,  
Which can peace and pardon speak,  
     Thy vesture dipped in blood:  
Here my hope its refuge holds;  
Hide me in its sheltering folds.

4 Mediating Priest above!  
My languid spirit faints  
For the robe of joy and love,  
The righteousness of saints:  
Great Redeemer! clothe me in  
Robes which Thou hast died to win.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Conder.
He shall make an atonement for the holy place.—Lev. xvi. 16.

1 NOT for our sins alone
Thy mercy, Lord, we sue;
Let fall Thy pitying glance
On our devotions too,
What we have done for Thee,
And what we think to do.

2 The holiest hours we spend
In prayer upon our knees,
The times when most we deem
Our songs of praise will please,
Thou Teacher of all hearts,
 Forgiveness pour on these.

3 And all the gifts we bring,
And all the vows we make,
And all the acts of love
We plan for Thy dear sake,
Into Thy pardoning thought,
O God of mercy, take.

4 Bow down Thine ear and hear,
Open Thine eyes and see;
Our very love is shame,
And we must come to Thee,
To make it of Thy grace
What Thou wouldst have it be.

H. Twells.
Make me to know my transgression and my sin.—Jon xiii. 23.

1 Show me myself, O holy Lord;
Help me to look within;
I will not turn me from the sight
Of all my sin.

2 Just as it is in Thy pure eyes
Would I behold my heart,—
Bring every hidden spot to light,
Nor shrink the smart.

3 Not mine, the purity of heart
That shall at last see God;
Not mine, the following in the steps
The Saviour trod:

4 Not mine, the life I thought to live
When first I took His name;—
Mine but the right to weep and grieve
Over my shame.

5 Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight
Thou hast vouchsafed to me;
And, humbled to the dust, I shrink
Closer to Thee:

6 And if Thy love will not disown
So frail a heart as mine,
Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
But keep it Thine!

American.

Will ye also go away?—John vi. 67.

1 When any turn from Zion's way,—
Alas, what numbers do!—
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
'Wilt Thou forsake Me too?'

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

4 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in Thy boundless grace.

5 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has that question stirred,—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

John Newton.
264 Thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye Me, and ye shall live.—Amos v. 4.

1. GOD of pity, God of grace,
   When we humbly seek Thy face,
   Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
   Hear, forgive, and save.

2. When we in Thy temple meet,
   Spread our wants before Thy feet,
   Pleading at the mercy-seat:
   Look from heaven and save.

3. When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
   And we long to do Thy will,
   Turning to Thy holy hill:
   Lord, accept and save.

4. Should we wander from Thy fold,
   And our love to Thee grow cold,
   With a pitying eye behold:
   Lord, forgive and save.

5. Should the hand of sorrow press,
   Earthly care and want distress,
   May our souls Thy peace possess:
   Jesus, hear and save.

6. And whate’er our cry may be,
   When we lift our hearts to Thee,
   From our burden set us free:
   Hear, forgive, and save.

Mrs. Eliza F. Morris.
(4) FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.
(See also Section IX. (4) 'The Prayer Meeting.')

265 With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—Isa. lvi. 15.

1 TWO temples doth Jehovah prize,
Nor will from either e'er depart;
One is above the starry skies,
The other is the lowly heart.

2 In that He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine;
In this His beams are felt, but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.

3 Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord;
Enough, the lowly heart can read,
It is a temple of the Lord.

4 Such heart, O God, be ever mine!
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting it is Thine,
Thy glory it may humbly bear.

T. Davis.

266 That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—Eph. iii. 17.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 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.
FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

**Oxford. [Third Tune.]**

L.M.  
J. Stainer.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

267 Through faith we understand.—**Hed. xi. 3.**

1 **N**o human eyes Thy face may see;  
No human thought Thy form may know;  
But all creation dwells in Thee,  
And Thy great life through all doth flow.

2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!  
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,  
And every heart with sorrow fraught,  
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

3 And though most weak our efforts seem  
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,  
And vain the intellectual dream,  
To see and know the Eternal Mind;

4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside  
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,  
But would give up all reason's pride  
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

5 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,  
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,  
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,  
And love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. Higginson.

268 But be not Thou far from me, O Lord.—Ps. xxii. 19.

1 **L**end me, O Lord, Thy softening cloud,  
When sunshine makes a heaven below,  
Lest in the brightness I be proud,  
Forgetful whence the sunbeams flow.

2 Lend me, O Lord, Thy fire divine,  
When darkness hides Thee from my soul,  
Lest in the desert I repine,  
Forgetful whence the shadows roll.

3 Be Thou the shade on my right hand,  
When in my strength I stand alone;  
And when in night I lose the land,  
Be Thou my Star, my guiding One.

4 Thy cloud that meets me in the day  
Is but the shadow of Thy wing,  
Concealing from my sight the way  
That faith alone may homeward bring.

5 Thy fire that meets me in the night  
Is the full brightness of Thy face,  
Revealing through my tears a light  
That leads me to Thy dwelling-place.

G. Matheson.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.


[Music notation]

Amen.


[Music notation]

Amen.

269  Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

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

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

3 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

4 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

John Newton.

270  Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes.—Ps. cxxii. 1.

p 1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my God;
E'en to Thy seat I come:
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

mf 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll;

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

f 4 O this is life! O this is joy!
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

G. B. Babier.
271 I will ... teach thee in the way thou shalt go.—Ps. xxxii. 8.

mf 1 S P E A K to us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

cr 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

C. Wesley.

272 Thou compassest my path and my lying down.—Ps. cxxxix. 3.

1 M A D E lowly wise, we pray no more
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

2 No longer in our helplessness,
As pilgrims worn and weak,
In hopes to reach Thy presence, Lord,
Some far-off shrine we seek.

3 We turn from following Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

4 And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels Thee ever near!

5 And not the less shall hearts be pure
Nor less shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Northoe. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. Rowland BRAINT.


273 Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed.—John xx. 29.

mp 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
cr I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

p 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
cr The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

Ray Palmer.

274 Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.—Ps. li. 12.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper.
FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

Hereford. C.M.D. H. J. Gauntlett.

1 O WALK with God, and thou shalt find
How He can charm thy way,
And lead thee with a quiet mind
Into the perfect day:
His love shall cheer thee, like the dew
That bathes the drooping flower;
That love is every morning new,
Nor fails at evening hour.

2 O walk with God, and thou with smiles
Shalt tread the way of tears;
His mercy every ill beguiles,
And softens all our fears.
No fire shall harm thee, if, alas!
Through fires He bids thee go;
Through waters when thy footsteps pass,
They shall not overflow.

3 O walk with God, whilst thou on earth
With pilgrim steps must fare,
Content to leave the world its mirth,
And claim no dwelling there.
A stranger, thou must seek a home
Beyond the fearful tide,
And if to Canaan thou wouldst come,
O who but God can guide?

4 O walk with God, and thou shalt go
Down death's dark vale in light,
And find thy faithful walk below
Hath reached to Zion's height.
O walk with God, if thou wouldst see
Thy pathway thither tend;
And, lingering though thy journey be,
'Tis heaven and home at end.

A. C. Coxe.

Walk humbly with thy God.—Micah vi. 8.
How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God!—Ps. xxxvi. 7.

1. The Lord is rich and merciful,  
The Lord is very kind;  
O come to Him, come now to Him,  
With a believing mind.  
His comforts they shall strengthen thee,  
Like flowing waters cool;  
And He shall for thy spirit be  
A fountain ever full.

2. The Lord is glorious and strong,  
Our God is very high;  
O trust in Him, trust now in Him  
And have security.  
He shall be to thee like the sea,  
And thou shalt surely feel  
His wind that bloweth healthily  
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3. The Lord is wonderful and wise,  
As all the ages tell;  
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,  
Then with thee it is well.  
And with His light thou shalt be blest,  
Therein to work and live;  
And He shall be to thee a rest  
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch.
Behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. —

*Gen. xxviii. 12.*

1 *NEARER,* my God, to Thee,
    Nearer to Thee:
    E'en though it be a cross
    That raiseth me,
    Still all my song would be,
    Nearer, my God, to Thee,
    Nearer to Thee.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
    The sun gone down,
    Darkness be over me,
    My rest a stone,
    Yet in my dreams I'd be
    Nearer, my God, to Thee,
    Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
    Steps up to heaven;
    All that Thou sendest me,
    In mercy given;
    Angels to beckon me
    Nearer, my God, to Thee,
    Nearer to Thee.

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

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

*Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.*
St. Werburgh. [THIRD TUNE.] 64.64.664.

R. P. STEWART.

**FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.**

Walker with Thee, my God,
Saviour benign,
Daily confer on me
Converse divine:
Jesus, in Thee restored,
Brother and Holy Lord,
Let it be mine!

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.

Walking with Thee,
Walking with Thee!

Then Thy companions here,
Walking with Thee,
Rise to a higher life—
Soul-liberty;

*dim* They are not, here to love,
But to the home above
Taken by Thee.

Gently translated, they
Pass out of sight:
Gone, as the morning stars
Flee with the night;

*dim* Taken to endless day:
So may I fade away
Into Thy light.

(243)

G. Rawson.
Where is thy God?—Ps. xlii. 3.

1 WHERE is thy God, my soul?
   Is He within thy heart?
   Or ruler of a distant realm
   In which thou hast no part?

2 Where is thy God, my soul?
   Only in stars and sun?
   Or have the holy words of truth
   His light in every one?

3 Where is thy God, my soul?
   Confined to Scripture's page?
   Or does His Spirit check and guide
   The spirit of each age?

4 O Ruler of the sky,
   Rule Thou within my heart;
   O great Adorner of the world,
   Thy light of life impart.

5 Giver of holy words,
   Bestow Thy holy power;
   And aid me, whether work or thought
   Engage the varying hour.

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

T. T. Lynch.
Par Dei. [SECOND TUNE.]

FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.

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Still with Thee.—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

**STILL with Thee, O 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, 'mid clamour loud,

Speak softly to my heart.

**With Thee, when day is done,**

And evening calms the mind ;

The setting, as the rising sun,

With Thee my heart would find.

**With Thee, when darkness brings**

The signal of repose ;

Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,

Mine eyelids I would close.

**With Thee, in Thee, by faith**

Abiding I would be :

By day, by night, in life, in death,

I would be still with Thee.

J. D. Burns.
The hour of prayer.—Acts iii. 1.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
   From blush of morn to evening star,
   As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
   The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
   And blest that hour of solemn eve,
   When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
   The world I leave;

3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
   Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
   And richer dews descend from Thee
   Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
   Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
   Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
   With hope of heaven.

5 No words can tell what sweet relief
   There for my every want I find,
   What strength for warfare, balm for grief,—
   What peace of mind.

6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
   My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
   And e'en the penitential tear
   Is wiped away.

7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
   No privilege so dear shall be
   As thus my inmost soul to pour
   In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott.
I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.—Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 **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.

2 **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 who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
   Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 **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.

4 **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.

5 **'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou didstst 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.

6 **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.

7 **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.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Marlborough. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10.11.10.  

I have set the Lord always before me.—Ps. xvi.8.

p 1 Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

mf 3 Still, still with Thee; as to each new-born morning  
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,  
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,  
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

p 4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;  
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o’ershading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

f 5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning  
When the soul waketh, and life’s shadows flee;  
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

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HOLINESS AND LOVE.

284 If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.—John xii. 26.

1 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?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
   The life of toil, the mean abode,
   The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
   Are these the consecrated road?

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

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
   Forbid it I should e'er repine;
   Still let me turn to Calvary,
   Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me
   Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
   And dear as earthly comforts be,
   Shall I not love Thee more than these?

6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
   That I may follow after Thee:
   Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
   But Thou canst give the victory.

   Josiah Conder.

285 Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—Tit. ii. 10.

1 So let our lips and lives express
   The holy gospel we profess;
   So let our works and virtues shine,
   To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
   The honours of our Saviour God,
   When the salvation reigns within,
   And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
   Passion and envy, lust and pride;
   While justice, temperance, truth and love,
   Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
   While we expect that blessed hope,
   The bright appearing of the Lord;
   And faith stands leaning on His word.

   I. Watts.
286  Keep yourselves in the love of God.—
Jude 1. 21.

1 My Father, God, with filial awe,
I lovingly adore;
And pray to keep Thy Spirit's law
With true heart more and more.

2 Forgiveness so my soul hath stirred,
Subdued and reconciled,
I must obey my Father's word,
His dear word to His child.

3 My Father's word, and therefore dear,
And blessed to fulfill;
With perfect love that casts out fear,
Would I perform Thy will.

4 The mind that was in Christ supply,
The Spirit of Thy Son;
Then Thou shalt guide me with Thine eye,
And all Thy will be done.

G. Rawson.

287  Lord, mine heart is not haughty, nor
mine eyes lofty.—Ps. cxxxi. 1.

1 Our Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are Thy care,
May live in us and grow.

2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in Thy sight.

3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go
We too may enter in.

4 Hear us, our Saviour, ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

G. MacDonald.
288  *Create in me a clean heart, O God.*  
—Ps. li. 10.

1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that’s sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me;  

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

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

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

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

C. Wesley.

289  *Brethren, be not weary in well doing.*  
—2 Thess. iii. 13.

1 **L** ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And pray to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.  

2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our Father’s will,  
Our brethren’s griefs to share.  

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free, as true as Thine.  

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
Or brethren faithless prove,  
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim  
To conquer them by love.  

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim’s life,  
And follow Thee to heaven.  

J. Hampden Gurney.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.


290 If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.—2 Cor. v. 17.

1 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.

2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
   And joys Thy grace has given;
   Old ties are broken from the earth,
   New ties attach to heaven.

3 But yet, how much must be destroyed,
   How much renewed must be,
   Ere we can fully stand complete
   In likeness, Lord, to Thee!

4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
   The work Thou hast begun;
   Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
   In Thine own ways to run.

5 Ah! leave us not; from day to day
   Revive, restore again;
   Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
   Our enemies restrain.

6 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, tr. H. L. L.

291 Walk as children of light.—Eph. v. 8.

1 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
   Thy darkness passed away,
   Because that light hath on thee shone
   In which is perfect day.

2 Walk in the light, and sin, abhorred,
   Shall ne'er defile again;
   The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
   Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
   Thy heart made truly His
   Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
   In whom no darkness is.

4 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
   That fellowship of love
   His Spirit only can bestow
   Who reigns in light above.

5 Walk in the light, and even the tomb
   No fearful shade shall wear;
   Glory shall chase away its gloom,
   For Christ hath conquered there.

6 Walk in the light, and follow on
   Till faith be turned to sight,
   Where in divine communion
   God is Himself the Light.

Bernard Barton.
The love of Christ constraineth us.

1 My God I love Thee, not because
   I hope for heaven thereby;
   Nor because they who love Thee not
   Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
   Upon the cross embrace;
   For me didst bear the nails and spear,
   And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
   And sweat of agony;
   E'en death itself,—and all for one
   Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
   Should I not love Thee well?
   Not for the sake of winning heaven,
   Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
   Nor seeking a reward;
   But as Thyself hast loved me,
   O ever-loving Lord.

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
   And in Thy praise will sing,
   Because Thou art my loving God,
   And my redeeming King.

Francis Xavier, tr. E. Caswall.
294 My lips shall utter praise, when Thou hast taught me Thy statutes.—Ps. cxix. 171.

O WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear praise.
But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?

2 How can this heart divinely glow,
So ready to transgress?
Thy broken law doth dull me so;
My sins Thy praise oppress.

O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn,
Keep in Thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn,
Then shall my songs be sweet.

WHEREFORE, Lord, doth Thy dear praise.
But tremble on my tongue?
Why lack my lips sweet skill to raise
A full triumphant song?

2 How can this heart divinely glow,
So ready to transgress?
Thy broken law doth dull me so;
My sins Thy praise oppress.

O make me, Lord, Thy statutes learn,
Keep in Thy ways my feet;
Then shall my lips divinely burn,
Then shall my songs be sweet.

4 Each sin I cast away shall make
My soul more strong to soar;
Each work I do for Thee shall wake
A strain divine the more.

5 My voice shall more delight Thine ear
The more I wait on Thee;
Thy service bring my soul more near
The angelic harmony.

6 O wherefore swells so sweet above
The everlasting hymn?
Thy will they work, Thy law they love,
Those tuneful seraphim.

7 When, Lord, shall perfect holiness
Make this poor voice divine,
And all harmonious heaven confess
No sweeter song than mine?

T. H. Gill.
HOLINESS AND LOVE.

FARRANT. [THIRD TUNE.] C.M. R. FARRANT.

St. LEONARD. [FOURTH TUNE.] C.M. HENRY SMART.

295 Ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.  
—_Thess. v. 15._

1 Though lowly here our lot may be,  
    High work have we to do;  
    In faith and trust we follow Him  
    Whose lot was lowly too,

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,  
   Strong in a Father's love,  
   Leaning on His almighty arm,  
   And fixed our hopes above,

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts  
    And loving deeds may be,—  
    A stream that still the nobler grows  
    The nearer to the sea.

4 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.

5 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.

296 Rooted and grounded in love.  
—_Eph. iii. 17._

mf 1 My God, I love Thee for Thyself,  
    All creature things above;  
    Thy glorious works, Thy blessed gifts  
    I praise;—but Thee I love.

de 2 My God, I seek Thee for Thyself:  
    Besides, I ask not aught;  
    If Thee Thyself I do not find,  
    All that I find is naught.

p 3 If Thou deniest me Thyself,  
    Whate'er Thou givest me,  
    Empty and void, I languish still,  
    And grieve unceasingly.

mf 4 Give me to find, O gracious God,  
    Thee as my final end;  
    To Thee in constancy of love,  
    Eternally to tend.

G. B. Lubier.
My tongue shall speak of Thy word.—Ps. cxix. 172.

1 HELP me, my God, to speak
    True words to Thee each day;
Real let my voice be when I praise,
    And trustful when I pray.

2 Thy words are true to me,
    Let mine to Thee be true,—
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
    However low and few.

3 True words of grief for sin,
    Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance,
    And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,
    Of godly joy and grief;
Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,
    Help Thou my unbelief!

H. Bonar.
Let him ... take up his cross, and follow Me.—Matt. xvi. 24.

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.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space;
Then might we follow Thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, Thyself restore;
Help us to follow Thee.

If not as once Thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as Guest within the breast
That burns to follow Thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:—
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.

F. T. Palgrave.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Doncaster. [First Tune.] S.M. S. Wesley.

Franconia. [Second Tune.] S.M. German.

299  Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord.—Col. iii. 23.

1 Teach me, my God and King,
    In all things Thee to see;
    And what I do in anything,
    To do it as for Thee.

2 To scorn the senses’ sway,
    While still to Thee I tend:
    In all I do, be Thou the way,
    In all, be Thou the end.

3 All may of Thee partake:
    Nothing so small can be
    But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
    Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done beneath Thy laws,
    E’en servile labours shine;
    Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
    The meanest work divine.

G. Herbert (alt.).

300  Blessed are the pure in heart.—Matt. v. 8.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
    For they shall see their God;
    The secret of the Lord is theirs;
    Their soul is Christ’s abode.

2 The Lord who left the heavens,
    Our life and peace to bring,
    To dwell in lowliness with men,
    Their Pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul
    Doth still Himself impart,
    And for His dwelling and His throne
    Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek:
    May ours this blessing be;
    O give the pure and lowly heart,—
    A temple meet for Thee.

J. Keble and W. J. Hall.
HOLINESS AND LOVE.


Hark, my Soul! [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.7. Rowland Brierly.

301 Peace through the blood of His cross.
—Col. i. 20.

NEVER further than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet:
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend:
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirations end.

6 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

302 Lovest thou Me.—John xxi. 17.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
’Tis Thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me?

I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed Thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

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

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

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

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

W. Cowper.
I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.—Ps. ix. 1.

1 **F**ill Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.
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:

2 **P**raise in the common words I speak,
Life’s common looks and tones;
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my beloved ones;
Not in the temple crowd alone,
Where holy voices chime;
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

3 **F**ill every part of me with praise;
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord;
Poor though I be, and weak.
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.

4 So shall each fear, each fret, each care
Be turned into a song,
And every winding of the way
The echo shall prolong:
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.
We love Him because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
On ocean and on land:
'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above.

Because when we forsook Thy ways,
Nor kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,
But gracious Father still;
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
Yet Thou hast not forgot;
Because we have forsaken Thee,
Yet Thou forsaist not.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love:
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven:
Yes, much we love, who much have sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

Mrs. Julia A. Elliott.
305

My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. xxxi. 15.

1 FATHER, 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.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
   Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
   To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
   To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
   That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
   Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
   And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
   In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
   To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
   For Him on whom I wait.
5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

7 Briars 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.

8 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.
Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.—
1 John iii. 24.

1. NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art,—
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest:
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my throbbing breast.

2. Thy name is Love, I hear it from yon cross;
Thy name is Love, I hear it from yon tomb:
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

3. Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

4. 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song:
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, and rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

5. More of Thyself, O show me hour by hour;
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power;
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

H. Bonar.
That we should be to the praise of His glory.—Eph. i. 12.

1.

\[ \text{mf} \text{T} \text{each me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—} \]
\[ \text{dim} \ \text{Gently and silently to pass away,} \]
\[ \text{On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,} \]
\[ \text{And waken in the realms of glorious day.} \]

2.

\[ \text{mf Teach me that harder lesson, how to live,} \]
\[ \text{To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;} \]
\[ \text{or Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,} \]
\[ \text{And make me more than conqueror in the strife.} \]

3.

\[ \text{Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil;} \]
\[ \text{Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;} \]
\[ \text{Each day renew, remould the stubborn will;} \]
\[ \text{Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.} \]

4.

\[ \text{Teach me to live! No idler let me be,} \]
\[ \text{But in Thy service hand and heart employ,} \]
\[ \text{Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;} \]
\[ \text{Be this my highest and my holiest joy.} \]

5.

\[ \text{Teach me to live, my daily cross to bear,} \]
\[ \text{Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load;} \]
\[ \text{Only be with me; let me feel Thee near;} \]
\[ \text{Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkened road.} \]

6.

\[ \text{Teach me to live, with kindly words for all,} \]
\[ \text{Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,} \]
\[ \text{Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call;} \]
\[ \text{Summon my spirit to its heavenly home.} \]

\[ \text{Ellen E. Burman.} \]
308

_The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace._—_Gal. v. 22._

_mf_ 1 _GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,_

_Taught by Thee, we covet most_ 4 _Prophecy will fade away,_

_Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,_

_Holy, heavenly love._

Melting in the light of day ;

_2 Faith that mountains could remove,_

_Tongues of earth or heaven above,_

_Knowledge, all things, empty prove_ 5 _Faith and hope and love we see_

_Without heavenly love._

_Joining hand in hand agree ;_ 6 _From the overshadowing_

_3 Love is kind, and suffers long ;_ 4 _Therefore give us love._

_Love is meek, and thinks no wrong ;_ 5 _But the greatest of the three,_

_cr. Love, than death itself more strong :_ 6 _Of Thy gold and silver wing,_

_Therefore give us love._

_Shed on us, who to Thee sing,_

_Holy, heavenly love._

_C. Wordsworth._

(266)
The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

1 It passeth knowledge, | that dear love of Thine,  
   My Saviour, Jesus! | yet this soul of mine  
Would of Thy love, | in | all its breadth and length,  
   Its height and depth, | its | everlasting strength,  
   Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling, | that dear love of Thine,  
   My Saviour, Jesus! | yet these lips of mine  
Would fain proclaim, | to | sinners, far and near,  
   A love which can | re-|move all guilty fear,  
   And love beget.

3 It passeth praises, | that dear love of Thine,  
   My Saviour, Jesus! | yet this heart of mine  
Would sing that love, | so | full, so rich, so free,  
   Which brings a rebel | sinner, such as me,  
   Nigh unto God.

4 But, though I cannot | sing or tell or know  
The fulness of Thy | love, while here below,  
   My empty vessel | I may freely bring:  
O Thou who art | of | love the living spring,  
   My vessel fill.

5 Oh fill me, Jesus, | Saviour, with Thy love;  
   Lead, lead me | to | the | living fount above;  
Thither may I | in | simple faith draw nigh,  
   And never | to | an-|other fountain fly,  
   But unto Thee.

6 And when my Jesus | face to face I see;  
When at His lofty | throne I bow the knee,  
   Then of His love, | in | all its breadth and length,  
   Its height and depth, | its | everlasting strength,  
   My soul shall sing.  

Mary Shekleton.
Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God.—1 John iv. 7.

1 Beloved, let us love: Love is of God; In God alone hath love Its true abode.

2 Beloved, let us love: For they who love, They only are His sons, Born from above.

3 Beloved, let us love: For love is rest, And he who loveth not, Abides unblest.

4 Beloved, let us love: In love is light, And he who loveth not, Dwelleth in night.

5 Beloved, let us love: For only thus Shall we behold that God Who loveth us.

H. Bonar.
What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?—Ps. cxvi. 12.

1 O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone;
And freely with the blessed One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give!
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

C. Wordsworth.
I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.—Ps. xviii. 1.

1 THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower; 
   Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown; 
   Thee will I love, with all my power, 
   In all Thy works, and Thee alone; 
   Thee will I love, till the pure fire 
   Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun, 
   That Thy bright beams have on me shined; 
   I thank Thee, who hast overthrown 
   My foes, and healed my wounded mind; 
   I thank Thee, Lord, whose quickening voice 
   Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race, 
   Nor suffer me again to stray; 
   Strengthen my feet with steady pace 
   Still to press forward in Thy way; 
   My soul and flesh, O Lord of might, 
   Transfigure with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown, 
   Thee will I love, my Lord, my God; 
   Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown 
   Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod; 
   What though my flesh and heart decay? 
   Thee shall I love in endless day.

A. Silesius, tr. J. Wesley.
313 His great love wherewith He loved us—Eph. ii. 4.

1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows.
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Joyly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And faint I would, but though my will
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew the all the way,
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 '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:
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 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 has found repose in Thee.

5 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.

Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley.

314 To know the love of Christ... that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God—Eph. iii. 19.

mf 0 LOVE, who forrested me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf 2 O Love, who Ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

p 3 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;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
For my soul dost ever plead;
O Love who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

A. Silesius, tr. C. Winkworth.
The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Rom. viii. 39.

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 and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master’s feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom’s voice.

C. Wesley.
(6) JOY IN GOD.

The health of my countenance, and my God.—Ps. xlii. 11.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

2. In darkest shades, if He appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star  
And He my rising Sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am His.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through.

I. Watts.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.


317

Now are we the sons of God.—1 John iii. 2.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace
   The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
   To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing;
   That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
   God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
   How great we must be made;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
   We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
   May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
   As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
   I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
   To rest upon my heart.

6 I would no longer lie
   A slave beneath the throne;
My faith shall 'Abba, Father,' cry,
   And Thou the kindred own.

I. Watts.
O come, let us sing unto the Lord.—Ps. xcv. 1

1. \(f\) Come, we that love the Lord,  
   And let our joys be known;  
   Join in a song with sweet accord,  
   And thus surround the throne.

2. \(mf\) The sorrows of the mind  
   Be banished from the place;  
   Religion never was designed  
   To make our pleasures less.

3. \(mp\) Let those refuse to sing  
   That never knew our God;  
   But children of the heavenly King  
   May speak their joys abroad.

4. \(mf\) The God who rules on high,  
   And thunders if He please,  
   Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
   And manages the seas,—

5. \(mf\) This awful God is ours,  
   Our Father and our Love;  
   He shall send down His heavenly powers  
   To carry us above;

6. \(mf\) The men of grace have found  
   Glory begun below;  
   Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
   From faith and hope may grow.

7. \(mf\) The hill of Zion yields  
   A thousand sacred sweets,  
   Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
   Or walk the golden streets.

8. \(f\) Then let our songs abound,  
   And every tear be dry;  
   We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
   To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts.
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 thirsting still.

2 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.

3 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 on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;
Who draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

4 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.
All things are yours.—1 Con. iii. 21.

1.

HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2.

All things are ours;—the gifts of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

3.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5.

Father, I wait Thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

I. Watts.
Fear not, for I am with thee.—Isa. xliii. 5.

\[f\] 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
    Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
    You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 'In every condition—in sickness, in health,
    In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
    As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
    I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
    Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

\[mf\] 4 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
    The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee in trouble to bless;
    And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
    My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
    Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
    I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
    I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!'

George Keith (?).
Joy unspeakable and full of glory.—1 Pet. i. 8.

1 There is an unsearchable joy,
   In seasons of conflict and woe,
Which nothing but sin can destroy,
   And nothing but Christ can bestow:
There's a light which illumines and cheers
   The lone and the desolate place,
And gilds the dark valley of tears
   With the rainbow of covenant grace.

2 There's a strength that upholdeth the weak,
   There's a hand which releases the bound,
There's a promise for all who would seek,
   There's a glory for all who have found.
There's a rock that all storms can withstand,
   An anchorage safe for the tossed,
For the wrecked, there's a lifeboat at hand,
   A Saviour for them that were lost.

3 Though the harbour be hidden from sight
   By the billows of conflict and sin,
Yet the lifeboat is steering aright,
   And will bear us triumphantly in.
The promise hath ever sufficed,
   That nothing shall hurt or appal:
We have ventured our all upon Christ,
   And have proved Him sufficient for all.

Jane Crewdson.
Happy art thou, O Israel, . . . O people saved by the Lord.—Deut. xxxiii. 29.

1. **Lord** God, by whom all change is wrought,
   By whom new things to birth are brought,
   In whom no change is known:
   Whate'er Thou dost, whate'er Thou art,
   Thy people still in Thee have part;
   Still, still Thou art our own.

2. 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.

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

4. **Spirit**, who makest all things new,
   Thou leadest onward; we pursue
   The heavenly march sublime;
   With Thy renewing fire we glow,
   And still from strength to strength we go,
   From height to height we climb.

5. **Darkness** and dread we leave behind,
   New light, new glory, still we find,
   New realms divine possess;
   New births of grace new raptures bring;
   **Triumphant**, the new song we sing,
   The great Renewer bless.

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

T. H. Gill,
UNION WITH CHRIST.

1. LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
   Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
   At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
   Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
   With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
   And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2. The good I have is from His stores supplied:
   The ill is only what He deems the best;
   He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
   And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
   Changes may come; I take, or I resign,
   Content while I am His, while He is mine.

3. What' er may change, in Him no change is seen;
   A glorious Sun, that wanes not nor declines;
   Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
   And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
   All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
   While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

4. He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
   Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
   Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
   Which, in return, before His feet I throw,
   Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
   Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

5. While here, alas! I know but half His love,
   But half discern Him, and but half adore;
   But when I meet Him in the realms above,
   I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
   And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
   How fully I am His, and He is mine.

H. F. Lyte.
Abide in Me, and I in you.—John xv. 4.

1 That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
   Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
   Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
   I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee;
   From this good hour, O leave me never more:
   Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
   The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

3 Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
   Each half-formed purpose, and dark thought of sin;
   Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
   And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

4 Abide in me; there have been moments blest
   When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
   Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
   Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

5 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
   Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
   Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer—
   Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.
UNION WITH CHRIST.

326     Looking unto Jesus.—Heb. xii. 2.

1 O BJECT of my first desire,      
   Jesus crucified for me ;         
   All to happiness aspire,        
   Only to be found in Thee :      
   Thee to please, and Thee to know, 
   Constitute my bliss below ;     
   Thee to see, and Thee to love,  
   Constitute my bliss above.      

2 Lord, it is not life to live      
   If Thy presence Thou deny ;     
   Lord, if Thou Thy presence give  
   "Tis no longer death to die ;    
   Source and Giver of repose,     
   Only from Thy smile it flows ;  
   Peace and happiness are Thine ; 
   Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,    
   Every object teems with joy ;    
   May I ever walk with Thee,      
   For 'tis bliss without alloy :   
   Let me but Thyself possess,     
   Total sum of happiness ;       
   Perfect peace I then shall prove,  
   Heaven below and heaven above.  

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

2 Other refuge have I none;  
    Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
    Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
    All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
    With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
    More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
    Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
    I am all unrighteousness;  
False, and full of sin I am,  
    Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

C. Wesley.
I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.—John xiv. 21.

mf 1 Saviour, who exalted high
   In Thy Father's majesty,
    Yet vouchsaf'st Thyself to show
To Thy faithful flock below;
Saviour, though this earthly shroud
Now my mortal vision cloud,
cr Still Thy presence let me see:
Manifest Thyself to me.

p 2 Son of God, to Thee I cry:
   By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
By Thy griefs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan;
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see:
Manifest Thyself to me.

mf 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,
   Man exalted to the sky;
   With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
cr So may'st Thou, my Saviour, come,
Make this froward heart Thy home:

f Then Thy presence I shall see
   Manifest, my Lord, in me.

R. Mant.
329

Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark v. 36.

mf 1 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.

cr 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;

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

p 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,

cr Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.
That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—Eph. iii. 17.

mf 1 I give my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired:
Thou hearts alone wouldst move,
Thou only hearts dost love:

Or I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine.
'Give Me thy heart, My son':
Lord, Thou my heart hast won:

Or I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

3 Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee:
Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return!

Or I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

4 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest:
In Thee, the riven Rock,
My soul, as girl around,
Her citadel hath found:

Or I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!

Latin Hymn, tr. Ray Palmer.
1 Lay my sins on Jesus,
   The spotless Lamb of God;
   He bears them all, and frees us
   From the accursed load:
   I bring my guilt to Jesus,
   To wash my crimson stains
   White in His blood most precious,
   Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
   All fulness dwells in Him;
   He heals all my diseases,
   He doth my soul redeem:
   I lay my griefs on Jesus,
   My burdens and my cares,
   He from them all releases,
   He all my sorrows shares.
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar.
Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.—Ps. xxv. 1.

1 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'?

2 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.
3 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 my own; Lord, I am Thine.

4 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?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
   Me in Thy love,
   Until death's holy sleep
   Shall me remove
   To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er;
   Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie.
He is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18.

1.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
   And guard in fierce temptation's hour:
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
   Show forth in me Thy saving power:
Still be Thine arm my sure defence,
   Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,
   In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
   Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
   And save me, who for me hast died.

C. Wesley.

(292)
He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him.—1 John iv. 16.

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

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

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

C. Wesley.
p 1

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.

2 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?

3 Far from my home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While I can cling to Thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove?
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

5 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.

6 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.

7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott.
10 MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

2 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden.

336 Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me.—Ps. xxv. 5.
Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.—Acts ii. 28.

1 Jesus, Fountain of my days,
   Well-spring of my heart's delight,
   Brightness of my morning rays,
   Solace of my hours of night;
   When I see Thee, I arise
   To the hope of cloudless skies.

2 O how weary were the years
   Ere Thy form to me was known;
   O how gloomy were the fears
   When I seemed to be alone;
   I despaired the storm to brave
   Till Thy footprints touched the wave.

3 But Thy presence on the deep
   Calmed the pulses of the sea,
   And the waters sank to sleep
   In the rest of seeing Thee;
   And my once rebellious will
   Heard the mandate, 'Peace, be still!'

4 Now Thy will and mine are one,
   Heart in heart, and hand in hand;
   All the clouds have touched the sun,
   And the ships have reached the land;
   For Thy love has said to me,
   'No more night!' and 'No more sea!'

G. Matheson.
1. 
WHO, as Thou, makes blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest?
Choicest good, all good outvying,
Life of sinners lost and dying,
And their Light so blest;
Jesus, sweetest rest!

2. 
Life, that tasted death
In this world beneath,
Me from dying to deliver,
Of new life to be the giver,—
Life in God by faith,
Life that knows no death.

3. 
Light ordained for man
Ere the world began:
Then, in flesh the glory veiling,
Thou didst shine, the Light unfailing;
Brightness none may scan,
Light revealed to man.

4. 
Leader of Thine host,
I Thy triumphs boast;
Over sin, death, hell, victorious,
Thou hast won salvation glorious,
Thine own blood the cost,
Leader of Thine host.

5. 
Prophet, Priest, and King,
I my homage bring,
Let Thy loving kindness reach me,
Place me at Thy feet and teach me;
Lowly praise I sing,
Prophet, Priest, and King.

6. 
Let Thy grace be shown,
Take me for Thine own,
Make me see and feel Thy glory;
Let my heart burn with the story
Of Thy love alone;
Make me all Thine own.

J. A. Freylinghausen, tr. F. W. Gotch.
339

Because I live, ye shall live also.—John xiv. 19.

1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
   And fainting hope almost expires,
   Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
   To Thee I breathe my soul’s desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
   And can my hope, my comfort die,
   Fixed on Thine everlasting word,
   That word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
   Then my immortal life is sure;
   His word a firm foundation gives;
   Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
   Immovable the promise stands:
   Not all the powers of earth or hell
   Can e’er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
   If Jesus is for ever mine,
   Not death itself, that last of foes,
   Shall break a union so divine.

Anne Steele.

St. Agnes.

340

Until Christ be formed in you.—Gal. iv. 19.

0 JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,
   And all things else recede;
   My heart be daily nearer Thee,
   From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day let Thy supporting might
   My weakness still embrace;
   My darkness vanish in Thy light,
   Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall
   Fade every evil thought:
   That I am nothing, Thou art all,
   I would be daily taught.

4 More of Thy glory let me see,
   Thou Holy, Wise, and True;
   I would Thy living image be,
   In joy and sorrow too.

5 Fill me with gladness from above,
   Hold me by strength divine;
   Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
   Through my whole being shine.

6 Make this poor self grow less and less,
   Be Thou my life and aim;
   O make me daily, through Thy grace,
   More meet to bear Thy name.

J. C. Lavater, tr. Mrs. E. L. Smith.
To me to live is Christ.—Phil. i. 21.

1 To me to live is Christ:
   If Christ bestow His grace,
   A childlike heart to me is given
   That wonders after God and heaven,
   And smiles up in His face
   Whose love doth me embrace.

2 To me to live is Christ:
   If Christ with me abide,
   He bringeth me victorious youth,
   Rejoicing in the love of truth,
   Fearless of wrath and pride,
   Because the Lord will guide.

3 To me to live is Christ:
   If Christ my love awake,
   The wisdom ripe of age is mine,
   And hope, and joy, and peace divine
   At evening twilight make
   The eternal day to break.

4 So let me live to Christ,
   And death shall but disguise
   The life eternal and complete,
   Where age and youth and childhood meet
   Simple and strong and wise,
   In Christ above the skies.

   W. C. Smith.
I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.—Gal. ii. 20.

1.

The bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,

All of self, and none of Thee.'

2.

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,

'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

3.

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,

'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

4.

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,

'None of self, and all of Thee!'

(Theodore Monod.)
THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

Ravenscroft.

55.55.65.65.

Ravenscroft.

(8) THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW: PATIENCE AND SUBMISSION.

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1 Begone, 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.

2 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.

3 His love in time past Forbids me to think He'll leave me at last In trouble to sink; Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review Confirms His good pleasure To help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my path, When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death; And can He have taught me To trust in His name, And thus far have brought me, To put me to shame?

5 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.

6 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?

7 Since all that I meet Shall work for my good, The bitter is sweet, The medicine food; Though painful at present, 'Twill cease before long; And then, O how pleasant The conqueror's song!

John Newton.
My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done,'

2 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,'

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

Thy will be done—Matt. vi. 10.

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
'Thy will be done.'

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
'Thy will be done.'

6 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.'

7 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.'

Charlotte Elliott.
THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

Carrow. [FIRSt TUNE.] 8.4., six lines. A. SULLIVAN.

We glory in tribulations also.—Rom. v. 3.

1. p 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.

2. 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.

3. p I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

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

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

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

Adelaide A. Procter.
346

Commit thy way unto the Lord.—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

f 1  COMMIT thou all thy griefs
     And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
     Who earth and heaven commands.

2  Who points the clouds their course,
     Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
     He shall prepare thy way.

3  Put thou thy trust in God,
     In duty's path go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
     So shall thy work be done.

4  No profit canst thou gain
     By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
     Attends the softest prayer.

5  Give to the winds thy fears;
     Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
     God shall lift up thy head.

mf 6  Through waves and clouds and storms
     He gently clears thy way:
ocr  Wait thou His time; so shall this night
     Soon end in joyous day.

mf 7  Leave to His sovereign sway
     To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
     How wise, how strong His hand.
  
Paul Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.
University College. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.  

H. J. GAUNTLT.

Heinlein. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.7.  

P. HEINLEIN.

My times are in Thy hand. — Ps. xxxi. 15.

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
   Ever gracious, ever wise,
   All my times are in Thy hand,
   All events at Thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
   Times of penury and wealth,
   Times of trial and of grief,
   Times of triumph and relief,

3 Times the tempter’s power to prove,
   Times to taste a Saviour’s love,
   All must come, and last, and end,
   As shall please my heavenly Friend.

4 Plagues and death around me fly;
   Till He bids, I cannot die;
   Not a single shaft can hit,
   Till the God of love sees fit.

5 O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
   In Thy hand my life I trust;
   Have I somewhat dearer still?
   I resign it to Thy will.

6 May I always own Thy hand,
   Still to the surrender stand,
   Know that Thou art God alone,
   I and mine are all Thine own.

7 Thee at all times will I bless;
   Having Thee, I all possess;
   How can I bereaved be,
   Since I cannot part with Thee?

— John Ryland.

348 Jesus, Saviour, Thou dost know
   All the depth of human woe;
   Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
   Thou hast felt the withering fear.

2 For the iron of our sin
   To Thy heart hath entered in;
   All its festering anguish keen,
   Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.

3 Thou our Brother art, and we
   With our sorrows come to Thee:
   Thou wilt not, for us who died,
   From our misery turn aside.

4 Jesus, save! the floods are nigh;
   To Thine open arms we fly,
   Sure the waters will not dare
   Overwhelming our spirits there.

5 No! the raging waves subside,
   Thou hast checked the rising tide;
   All our woes obey Thy will,
   While Thou whisperest, ‘Peace, be still!’

— Caroline Dent.
He shall choose our inheritance for us.—Ps. lxxvi. 4.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
   However dark it be!
   Lead me by Thine own hand,
   Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
   It will be still the best;
   Winding or straight, it leads
   Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
   I would not if I might;
   Choose Thou for me, my God,
   So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
   Is Thine; so let the way
   That leads to it be Thine,
   Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
   With joy or sorrow fill
   As best to Thee may seem;
   Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
   My sickness or my health;
   Choose Thou my cares for me,
   My poverty or wealth.

7 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.
THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

Sunbury. 7s., six lines. R. Jackson.

My soul is even as a weaned child.—Ps. cxxxi. 2.

1 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,
   Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
   Let me as a child receive;
   What to-morrow may betide
   Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
   'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
   Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
   On a care beyond his own,
   Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
   Fears to stir a step alone,
   Let me thus with Thee abide,
   As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
   Safe from dangers, free from fears,
   May I live upon Thy smiles,
   Till the promised hour appears,
   When the sons of God shall prove
   All their Father's boundless love.

   John Newton.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.


Burmah. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M.

351 It is good for me that I have been afflicted.—Ps. cxix. 71.
1 We praise Thee, Lord, for hours of bliss,
   For days of peace and rest,
   But cannot school the heart to learn
   When pains and tears are best.
2 We praise Thee when our way is plain
   And smooth beneath our feet:
   But fain would welcome rougher paths,
   And deem the bitter sweet.
3 When rises first the flush of hope,
   The saddest heart can sing;
   Yet not for this alone, my soul,
   Thy cheerful praises bring.
4 Are there no hours of conflict fierce,
   No heavy toils and pains,
   No watchings and no weariness,
   That bring their precious gains?
5 O could we once believe the prayer
   Our lips repeat in vain,
   Then, as of old, we should 'be still,'
   And 'walk with God' again.
6 And sorrow's face would be unveiled,
   And we at last should see
   Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,
   Her speech but echoes Thee!

J. P. Hopps.

352 Yet what I shall choose I wot not.—Phil. i. 22.

ORD 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.
2 If life be long, I will be glad
   That I may long obey;
   If short, yet why should I be sad
   To soar to endless day?
3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
   Than He went through before;
   And he that to God's Kingdom comes
   Must enter by this door.
4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
   Thy blessed face to see,
   For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
   What will Thy glory be?
5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
   And weary sinful days;
   And join with the triumphant saints
   Who sing Jehovah's praise.
6 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.

Richard Baxter.
Westminster. C.M. JAMES TURLE.

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts xxi. 14.

1 WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,  
And all Thy ways adore;  
And every day I live, I seem  
To love Thee more and more.

2 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.

3 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.

4 And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gladly waits on Thee.

5 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,  
Its end can never miss;  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

6 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.

7 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.  

E. W. Faber.
354 Delight thyself also in the Lord.—Psalm xxxvii. 4.
1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
   And on Thy care depend;
   To Thee in every trouble flee,
   My best, my only Friend.
2 When all created streams are dried,
   Thy fulness is the same;
   May I with this be satisfied,
   And glory in Thy name.
3 No good in creatures can be found,
   But may be found in Thee;
   I must have all things and abound,
   While God is God to me.
4 O that I had a stronger faith,
   To look within the veil;
   To credit what my Saviour saith,
   Whose word can never fail!
5 He that has made my heaven secure
   Will here all good provide;
   While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
   What can I want beside?
6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
   I triumph and adore;
   Henceforth my great concern shall be
   To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland.

355 Thy way is in the sea.—Ps. lxxvii. 19.
1 Thy way is in the deep, O Lord,
   E'en there we'll go with Thee;
   We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
   And walk upon the sea.
2 A moment may His hand be lost,
   Deearth moment of delay!
   We cry 'Lord, help the tempest-tossed!'
   And safe we're borne away.
3 Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
   Why do we doubt Him so?
   Who gives the storm a path, will find
   The way our feet shall go.
4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
   And flies from selfish care;
   But comes Himself, where'er He hears
   The voice of loving prayer.
5 O happy soul of faith divine,
   Thy victory how sure!
   The love that kindles joy is thine,
   The patience to endure.
6 Come, Lord of peace, our griefs dispel,
   And wipe our tears away:
   'Tis Thine to order all things well,
   And ours to bless Thy sway.

James Martineau.
1 When I survey life's varied scene,
   Amid the darkest hours,
   Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
   And thorns are mixed with flowers.

2 Lord, teach me to adore the hand
   From whence my comforts flow;
   And let me in this desert land
   A glimpse of Canaan know.

3 And O, what'er of earthly bliss
   Thy sovereign hand denies,
   Accepted at Thy throne of grace
   Let this petition rise:

4 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
   From every murmur free:
   The blessings of Thy grace impart,
   And let me live to Thee:

5 'Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
   My path of life attend,
   Thy presence through my journey shine,
   And crown my journey's end.'

Anne Steele.

356 Quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.—Lam. iii. 26.
357 What I do thou knowest not now; thou shalt know hereafter.—John xiii. 7.

1 Majesty, it is good for me
   To trust and not to trace;
   And wait with deep humility
   For Thy revealing grace.

2 Lord, when Thy way is in the sea,
   And strange to mortal sense,
   I love Thee in the mystery,
   I trust Thy providence.

3 I cannot see Thy secret things
   In this my dark abode;
   I may not reach with earthly wings
   The heights and depths of God.

4 So, faith and patience! wait awhile,
   Not doubting, not in fear;
   For soon in heaven my Father's smile
   Shall render all things clear.

5 Then Thou shalt end time's short eclipse,
   Its dim uncertain night;
   Bring in the grand apocalypse,
   Reveal the perfect light.

George Rawson.
358 According to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.—Ps. xxv. 7.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart:
In love remember me.

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

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

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

6 When in the solemn hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, Remember me.

Thomas Hawes.
359  Behold, Thou hast made my days as an handbreadth.—Ps. xxxix. 5.

1 I HOPED that with the brave and strong
   My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng
   With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
   And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart,
   When first this trouble fell.

2 These weary hours will not be lost,
   These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tossed,—
   Can I but turn to Thee,
With secret labour to sustain
   In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
   And holiness from woe.

3 If Thou should'st bring me back to life,
   More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
   More apt to lean on Thee;
Should death be standing at the gate,
   Thus should I keep my vow:
But, Lord, whatever be my fate,
   O let me serve Thee now!

   Anne Brontë.

360  Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.—Ps. xxxviii. 22.

mf 1 Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less:
O 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

3 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.

p 4 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
cr Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay;
f 5 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.

6 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
dim And peaceful in Thy care:
p 7 Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

Anna L. Waring.
St. Silas. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.6., six lines. J. LANCASTER.

When I awake, I am still with Thee.—Ps. cxxxix. 18.

1. SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
   My heavenly Friend, to me,
   While through the hidden way of faith
   I journey home with Thee,
   Learning by quiet thankfulness
   As a dear child to be.

2. Though from the shadow of Thy peace
   My feet would often stray,
   Thy mercy follows all my steps,
   And will not turn away;
   Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
   As none beneath Thee may.

3. O there is nothing in the world
   To weigh against Thy will;
   E'en the dark times I dread the most
   Thy covenant fulfil;
   And when the pleasant morning dawns
   I find Thee with me still.

4. Then in the secret of my soul,
   Though hosts my peace invade,
   Though through a waste and weary land
   My lonely way be made,
   Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
   I need not be afraid.

5. Still in the solitary place
   I would awhile abide,
   Till with the solace of Thy love
   My heart is satisfied;
   And all my hopes of happiness
   Stay calmly at Thy side.
   Anna L. Waring.
Is it well with thee? ... It is well.—2 Kings iv. 26.

f1 Through the love of God our Saviour

All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour,
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

mf2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit’s guiding;
All must be well.

f3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow
‘All, all is well.’
On our Father’s love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

(316)

Mrs. Mary B. Peters.
The Discipline of Sorrow.

He hath said, I will never leave thee.—Heb. xiii. 5.

1 Oh let him whose sorrow
   No relief can find,
   Trust in God, and borrow
   Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner weeping
   Sheds the secret tear,
   God His watch is keeping,
   Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee;
   All thy wants He knows,
   Feels the pains that grieve thee,
   Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
   When thy spirits quail,
   When, by tempests driven,
   Heart and courage fail.

5 When in grief we languish,
   He will dry the tear,
   Who His children's anguish
   Soothes with succour near.

6 All our woe and sadness,
   In this world below,
   Balance not the gladness
   We in heaven shall know.

7 Jesus, Holy Saviour,
   In the realms above
   Crown us with Thy favour,
   Fill us with Thy love.

H. S. Oswald, tr. F. E. Cox.
I will trust and not be afraid.—Isa. xii. 2.

1 Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
   And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
   Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary
   Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
   And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
   Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
   We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
   Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed;
   Choose for us, God, Thy wisdom is unerring,
   And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
   Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
   Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
   Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh.

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Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.—Ps. lv. 22.

1. Dost thou bow beneath the burden Of a crushing care? Bring it to the feet of Jesus,— Lay it there.

2. What thy need? He can supply it: Longing? He can grant: In Him is exhaustless fulness For each want.

3. Was there ever one that sought Him Yet to be denied? Hope has in His gracious presence Never died.

4. Who has ever found Him faithless? Who has found Him weak? Multitudes His mighty praises Joyful speak.

5. Aged men and gentle maidens, Young men, children sweet, Lay their crowns of adoration At His feet.

G. T. Coster.
O Lord, Thou knowest.—Jer. xv. 15.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
   Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
   Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed:
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
   And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
   On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
   He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
   And brought back life and hope and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
   Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to myself assigned of tribulation,
   Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as I journey on,
   Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.
4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
   By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
   Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
   And the dark river to be crossed at last;
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this: 'Thou knowest, Lord!'

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
   As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
   O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
   And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
   And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
   Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
Then, rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
   And follow on to know as I am known.

*Jane Borthwick.*
367 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.—Ps. ciii. 13.

1 Show 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.

2 Show pity, Lord:
   Our souls are sore distressed;
   As troubled seas
   Our natures have no rest;
   As troubled seas
   That, surging, beat the shore,
   We throb and heave,
   Ever and evermore.

3 Show pity, Lord:
   Our grief is in our sin;
   We would be cleansed.
   O make us pure within!
   We would be cleansed,
   For this we cry to Thee;
   Thy word of love
   Can make the conscience free.

4 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,
   And with Thy saints,
   Through all eternity.

David Thomas.
Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.—Ps. cxii. 4.

mf 1 Sometimes a light surpriseth
The Christian while he sings;

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;

I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.—Luke xxii. 32.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery.
4 I may not bid the shadows flee—
They are the shadows of Thy wing;
Give but the eye more power to see
The love behind their gathering.

5 I may not cast Thy cross away;
Thou gavest me Thy yoke to share;
cr Give but the arm new nerve each day,
Give but the heart fresh love to bear.

6 Until my thorn become my flower,
Till death itself in life shall rise,
And human sorrow's midnight hour
Ring the first chimes of Paradise.

G. Matheson.
St. Mary Magdalene. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines. J. B. Dykes.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.—Ps. cxii. 4.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,—

3 '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.'

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. Cooper.
Submission. [First Tune.]

10.4.10.4.

George Lomas.

Eskdale. [Second Tune.]

10.4.10.4.

Rowland Briant.

371 I am thy God... which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go.—Isa. xlvi. 17.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load:

2 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.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

A. A. Procter.
(9) PEACEFUL TRUST.

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*Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him.*—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1.

*mf* Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide:

Or Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that naught can move.

2.

*mf* Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent:
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To Him, who chose us for his own.

*George Newnham, tr. C. Winkworth.*
St. James. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

Courteville.

I wait for the Lord, . . . and in His word do I hope.—Ps. cxxx. 5.

1 My Saviour, on Thy word of truth
   In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
   Thy boundless love can give.

2 In holy expectation held,
   Thy strength my heart shall stay;
For Thy right hand will never let
   My trust be cast away.

3 It is not as Thou wilt with me,
   Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
   Wherein to put my trust:

4 Until I find, O Lord, in Thee,
   The lowly and the meek,
That fulness which Thine own redeemed
   Go nowhere else to seek.

5 Then, O my Saviour, on my soul,
   Cast down but not dismayed,
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand
   In tender mercy laid.

6 And, while I wait for all Thy joys
   My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
   And at Thy feet sit still.

Anna L. Waring.

St. Peter. [SECOND TUNE.]

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Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.—Ps. xxxiv. 8.

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
   In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
   My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
   Till all that are distressed
From mine example comfort take,
   And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
   The dwellings of the just;
Protection He affords to all
   Who make His name their trust.

4 O make but trial of His love,
   Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
   Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
   Have nothing else to fear;
Make but His service your delight;
   Your wants shall be His care.

Tate and Brady.
The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds.—Phil. iv. 7.

1 We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as the unfathomed sea, Which falls like sunshine on the road Of those who trust in Thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose Which comes from outward rest, If we may have through all life's woes Thy peace within our breast,—

3 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;—

4 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.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace, Whate'er the outward be, Till all life's discipline shall cease, And we go home to Thee.

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.—Ps. xix. 9.

1 I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt within; I hear, with groan and travail-cries, The world confess its sin.

2 Yet, in the maddening maze of things, And tossed by storm and flood, To one fixed trust my spirit clings: I know that God is good!

3 I dimly guess from blessings known Of greater out of sight, And, with the chastened Psalmist, own His judgments too are right.

4 And if my heart and flesh are weak To bear an untried pain, The bruised reed He will not break, But strengthen and sustain.

5 And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen Thy creatures as they be, Forgive me if too close I lean My human heart on Thee!

J. G. Whittier.
He that believeth shall not make haste.—Isa. xxviii. 16.

1 Not so in haste, my heart!
   Have faith in God and wait;
   Although He seems to linger long,
   He never comes too late.

2 He never comes too late,
   He knoweth what is best;
   Vex not thyself—it is in vain;
   Until He cometh, rest.

3 Until He cometh, rest,
   Nor grudge the hours that roll;
   The feet that wait for God—'tis they
   Are soonest at the goal.

4 Are soonest at the goal
   That is not gained by speed,
   Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
   For I shall wait His lead.

Bayard Taylor.

My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. xxxi. 15.

1 My times are in Thy hand:
   My God, I wish them there;
   My life, my friends, my soul I leave
   Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
   Whatever they may be,
   Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
   As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand:
   Why should I doubt or fear?
   My Father’s hand will never cause
   His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
   Jesus, the Crucified;
   Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
   Are now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand:
   I’ll always trust in Thee;
   And, after death, at Thy right hand
   I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd.
1 Say not, my soul, 'From whence
Can God relieve my care?'
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere:
But if as weak and poor
Thou seest charity,
Christ may come knocking at thy door,
And ask relief of thee.

2 He comes as truth denied,
Comes as a wounded heart;
Sees if with courage well supplied
And kindliness thou art.
Will He an alms receive?
Then never doubt and fret;
Is He less able to relieve,
More likely to forget?

3 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest:
His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

4 Hast thou assumed a load
Which few will share with thee,
And art thou carrying it for God,
And shall He fail to see?
Be comforted at heart,
Thou art not left alone:
Now thou the Lord's companion art;
Soon thou wilt share His throne.

T. T. Lynch.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Strength. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. Rowland Brayant.

In Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—Col. ii. 3.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

J. Tennyson.
All things are for your sakes.—2 Cor. iv. 15.

1 FATHER, beneath Thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring;
In life, in death, supremely blest.

2 For life is good, whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine that all things sways.

3 And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

4 Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide;
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

W. H. Burleigh.
And after the fire a still small voice.—1 Kings xix. 12.

mf 1 DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
    Forgive our foolish ways;
    Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
    In purer lives Thy service find,
    In deeper reverence, praise.

2 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.

p 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
    O calm of hills above,
    Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
    The silence of eternity,
    Interpreted by love!

p 4 With that deep hush subduing all
    Our words and works that drown
    The tender whisper of Thy call,
    As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
    As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
    Till all our strivings cease;
    Take from our souls the strain and stress,
    And let our ordered lives confess
    The beauty of Thy peace.

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

J. G. Whittier.
How shall I give thee up?—Hos. xi. 8.

1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
   I rest my weary soul in Thee;
   I give Thee back the life I owe,
   That in Thine ocean depths its flow
   May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
   I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
   My heart restores its borrowed ray,
   That in Thy sunshine’s blaze its day
   May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
   I cannot close my heart to Thee;
   I trace the rainbow through the rain,
   And feel the promise is not vain
   That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
   I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
   I lay in dust life’s glory dead,
   And from the ground there blossoms red
   Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson.

Even Song.

Give us day by day our daily bread.—Luke xi. 3.

1 DAY by day the manna fell;
   O to learn this lesson well!
   Still, by constant mercy fed,
   Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 ‘Day by day,’ the promise reads;
   Daily strength for daily needs;
   Cast foreboding fears away;
   Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
   All my sanguine hopes have planned
   To Thy wisdom I resign,
   And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give,
   Day by day to Thee I live;
   So shall added years fulfil
   Not my own, my Father’s will.

5 O to live with mind subdued,
   Yet elate with gratitude;
   Strong in faith, exempt from care,
   By the energy of prayer.

Josiah Conder.


385  

_Casting all your care upon Him._—_1 Pet. v. 7_

_O LORD, how happy should we be_

If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life!
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
Oh, could we, but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

(336)
3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished ravens' cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowers around us preach,
And all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 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,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstise.
My peace I give unto you.—John xiv. 27.

1.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

*P* The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?

*P* To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

*P* On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

(338)
PEACEFUL TRUST.


It is enough; earth's troubles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

4.  
$p$ Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

5.  
$p$ Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown  
$cr$ Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6.  
$p$ Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
$f$ Jesus hath vanquished death and all its powers.

7.  
$p$ It is enough; earth's troubles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.  

_E. H. Bickersteth._

(339)
Oasis. [FIRST TUNE.] 6s., six lines. George Lomas.


(10) CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. ii. 20.

p 1 THY life was given for me,
    Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
    That I might ransomed be,
    And quickened from the dead;

cr Thy life was given for me;

p What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
    In weariness and woe,
    That through eternity
    Thy glory I might know:

cr Long years were spent for me;

p Have I spent one for Thee?

(340)
3 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
   More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
    To rescue me from hell:

4 And Thou hast brought to me
   Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
    Thy pardon and Thy love:

5 O let my life be given,
   My years for Thee be spent,

Thou gav'st Thyself for me;
    I give myself to Thee!

Frances R. Havergal.
A servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ.—James 1. 1.

1 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,
   The meanest office to receive
   With meekness at Thy hand.

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
   To watch before Thy gate,
   Ready to run the weary race,
   To bear the heavy weight;
   No voice of thunder to expect,
   But follow, calm and still;
   For love can easily divine
   The One Beloved’s will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
   Thus ever Thine alone,
   My soul and body given to Thee,
   The purchase Thou hast won;
   Through evil or through good report
   Still keeping by Thy side,
   By life or death, in this poor flesh
   Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
   In this dear service fly;
   How rapidly the closing hour,
   The time of rest draws nigh,
   When all the faithful gather home,
   A joyful company,
   And ever where the Master is
   Shall His blest servants be.

C. J. Spitta, tr. H. L. L.
Upon God my soul waiteth in silence.—Ps. lxii. 1.

1 Be still my heart, be still my mind,
    In silent service rest;
The Hidden One thou canst not find,
    To wait for Him is best;
Thy powers are all too weak to rise,
    Thine eyes too dim to see;
Be still; and wait the sweet surprise
    When God shall find out thee.

2 He'll find thee 'mid the busy strife
    Of duty bravely done;
Or in the quiet walks of life,
    Where wisdom's prize is won;
He'll turn thy darkness into dawn,
    Thy trembling faith to sight,
Thy anxious fears and hope forlorn
    To raptures of delight.

3 God works for those who trust and wait
    In patience on His will,
Assured that either soon or late
    His word He must fulfil:
The face of truth thine eyes shall see
    More clearly than the sun;
The crown of life held out to thee,
    By faith is always won.

W. E. Winks.

(343)
The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them.—John xvii. 22.

1 DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
    But train me for Thy will;
For even I in fields so broad
    Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
    Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
    May to the service come;
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
    Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast Thy young men at the war.
    Thy little ones at home.

3 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
    Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 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.

T. T. Lynch.

( 344 )
Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—Matt. xxv. 40.

1 Fountain of good, to own Thy love
    Our thankful hearts incline;
    What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
    When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
    Partakers of Thy grace,
    Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
    Before Thy Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
    Thy pleading voice is heard;
    In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
    And visited and cheered.

4 Then help us, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
    Delight to do Thy will,
    Each others' burdens gladly bear,
    And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 To Thee our all devoted be,
    In whom we move and live;
    Freely we have received of Thee,
    As freely may we give.

6 Thy face with reverence and with love
    We in Thy poor would see;
    O may we minister to them,
    And in them, Lord, to Thee.

P. Doddridge, alt
All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1. *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.

2.      May we Thy bounties thus 
    As stewards true receive, 
    And gladly, as Thou blessest us, 
    To Thee our firstfruits give.

3. *p* O hearts are bruised and dead, 
    And homes are bare and cold, 
    And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled. 
    Are straying from the fold.

4. *cr* To comfort and to bless, 
    To find a balm for woe, 
    To tend the lone and fatherless, 
    Is angels' work below.

5. The captive to release, 
    To God the lost to bring, 
    To teach the way of life and peace 
    It is a Christ-like thing.

6. And we believe Thy word, 
    Though dim our faith may be,— 
    Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord, 
    We do it unto Thee.

   W. W. How.

( 346 )
The fire shall ever be burning upon
the altar; it shall never go out.—
LEV. vi. 13.

1 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.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And, trembling, to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 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;

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

As Thou hast sent Me into the world,
even so have I also sent them into
the world.—JOHN xvii. 18.

1 AND didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens bear?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air?

2 O could our weakness move Thy might?
Our misery make us sought of Thee?
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright?
Our sins win down Thy purity?

3 We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And, to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee?

4 Celestial Seeker, send us forth!
Almighty Lover, teach us love!
When shall we yearn to help our earth,
As yeamed the Holy One above?

T. H. Gill.
395

Speak, for Thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. iii. 10.

mf 1 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.

2 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.

cr 3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

mf 7 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.

4 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 5 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 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Frances R. Haver
gal.
396 Let us not be weary in well-doing.—GAL. vi. 9.

1. 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?

2. Go, labour on: 'tis not for nought;
   Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
   Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
   The Master praises; what are men?

3. Go, labour on: your hands are weak,
   Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
   Yet falter not; the prize you seek
   Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

4. Go, labour on while it is day:
   The world's dark night is hastening on;
   Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
   It is not thus that souls are won.

5. cr Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
   Be wise the erring soul to win;
   cr Go forth into the world's highway,
   Compel the wanderer to come in.

6. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
   For toil comes rest, for exile home;
   cr Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
   The midnight cry, 'Behold, I come!'

H. Bonar.

397 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—ROM. xiv. 7.

1. My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
   To every service I can pay,
   And call it my supreme delight
   To hear Thy dictates and obey.

2. What is my being but for Thee,
   Its sure support, its noblest end?
   Thy ever-smiling face to see,
   And serve the cause of such a Friend?

3. I would not breathe for worldly joy,
   Or to increase my worldly good;
   Nor future days or powers employ
   To spread a sounding name abroad.

4. 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
   To Him who for my ransom died;
   Nor could untainted Eden give
   Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

5. His work my hoary age shall bless,
   When youthful vigour is no more;
   And my last hour of life confess
   His love hath animating power.

P. Doddridge.
Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

1 Take my life, and let it be
   Consecrated, Lord, to Thee:
   Take my moments and my days,
   Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 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.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
   Always, only, for my King:
   Take my lips, and let them be
   Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
   Not a mite would I withhold:
   Take my intellect, and use
   Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
   It shall be no longer mine:
   Take my heart—it is Thine own;
   It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
   At Thy feet its treasure-store:
   Take myself, and I will be,
   Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.
399

Who is on the Lord's side?—Ex. xxxii. 26.

1. Who is on the Lord's side?
   Who will serve the King?
   Who will 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 for Him will go?
   By Thy call of mercy,
   By Thy grace divine,
   We are on the Lord's side;
   Saviour, we are Thine.

2. Not for weight of glory,
   Not for crown and palm,
   Enter we the army,
   Raise the warrior-psalm;
   But for love that claimeth
   Lives for whom He died:
   He whom Jesus nameth
   Must be on His side.
   By Thy love constraining,
   By Thy grace divine,
   We are on the Lord's side;
   Saviour, we are Thine.

3. Fierce may be the conflict,
   Strong may be the foe,
   But the King's own army
   None can overthrow:
   Round His standard ranging,
   Victory is secure,
   For His truth unchanging
   Makes the triumph sure.
   Joyfully enlisting
   By Thy grace divine,
   We are on the Lord's side;
   Saviour, we are Thine.

4. Chosen to be soldiers
   In an alien land,
   Chosen, called, and faithful
   For our Captain's band,
   In the service royal
   Let us not grow cold;
   Let us be right loyal,
   Noble, true, and bold.
   Master, Thou wilt keep us,
   By Thy grace divine,
   Always on the Lord's side,
   Saviour, always Thine.

Frances R. Havergal.
**400**

*Why stand ye here all the day idle?—Matt. xx. 6.*

1.

\( \text{mf} \)

COME, labour on:
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
cr And to each servant does the Master say,
‘Go, work to-day’?

2.

\( f \)

Come, labour on:
Claim the high calling angels cannot share;
To young and old the joyful tidings bear;
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,
The night draws nigh.

3.

\( \text{mf} \)

Come, labour on:
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed awa_y:
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not.

(352)
Borthwick. [SECOND TUNE.] 4.10.10.4. Rowland Briott.

4.
Come, labour on:
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

5.
Come, labour on:
No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done!'

6.
$^f$ Come, labour on:
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee!

Jane Borthwick.
401

We trust in the living God.—1 Tim. iv. 10.

1.

\[mf\] Not, Lord, Thine ancient works alone,
   Thy wonders to past ages shown,
   Make our glad spirits glow:
   Our eyes behold Thy works of might;
   On us full beam Thy wonders bright;
\[f\] The Living God we know.

2.

\[mf\] We joy not only to be told,
   How with Thy saints and seers of old
   Thou madest sweet abode:
   We of Thy presence bright can tell;
   Thou in Thy living saints dost dwell;
\[cr\] We feel the Living God.

(354)

 mf Thou settest us each task divine;
    We bless that helping hand of Thine,
    This strength by Thee bestowed:

  cr Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
    Thine own the cause, Thine own the might;

  f    We serve the Living God.

4.

  p Ah! soon we droop; ah! soon we tire;
    Our fainting hearts new strength require,
    Again would quickened be:

  cr We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;
    To Thee we come for life divine,
    Thou Living God, to Thee!

5.

  O more than satisfy our need;
    Our most divine desires exceed;
    Our daily Quickener be:

  cr Thou living God, possess us still;
    Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
    Our blessed life in Thee!

T. H. Gill.
Rescue the Perishing. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10., six lines. W. H. Doane.

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.—Luke xiv. 23.

1.
RESUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2.
Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
3.

Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

4.

Rescue the perishing,—duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Mrs. F. Van Alstyne.
The word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak.—Num. xxii. 35.

1 SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
   True Light of men, to-day;
   And through the written word
   Thy very self display;
   That so from hearts which burn
   With gazing on Thy face,
   The little ones may learn
   The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
   Thy Spirit's living flame,
   That so with one accord
   Our lips may tell Thy name:
   Give Thou the hearing ear,
   Fix Thou the wandering thought,
   That those we teach may hear
   The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
   In all we say of Thee;
   According to Thy word
   Let all our teaching be;
   That so Thy lambs may know
   Their own true Shepherd's voice,
   Where'er He leads them go,
   And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord,
   Thy mind and will be ours;
   Be Thou beloved, adored,
   And served with all our powers;
   That so our lives may teach
   Thy children what Thou art,
   And plead, by more than speech,
   For Thee with every heart.

J. Ellerton.

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404  In Thy light shall we see light.
—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

1 **L**ord, give us light to do Thy work,
   For only, Lord, from Thee
   Can come the light by which these eyes
   The work of truth can see.

2 The way is narrow, often dark,
   With lights and shadows strown,
   We wander oft, and think it Thine
   When walking in our own.

3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee
   And pleasant is the way,
   But, Lord, the world is dark, and we
   Are prone to go astray.

4 O send us light to do Thy work,
   More light, more wisdom give;
   Then shall we work Thy work indeed,
   While on Thine earth we live.

5 The work is Thine, not ours, O Lord;
   It is Thy race we run;
   Give light, and then shall all we do
   Be well and truly done.

   H. Bonar.

405  Be strong and of a good courage . . .
   for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—Josh. i. 9.

1 **O** it is hard to work for God,
   To rise and take His part
   Upon this battlefield of earth,
   And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
   As though there were no God;
   He is least seen when all the powers
   Of ill are most abroad.

3 **A**h! God is other than we think;
   His ways are far above,
   Far beyond reason's height, and reached
   Only by childlike love.

4 **C**r thrice blest is he to whom is given
   The instinct that can tell
   That God is on the field when He
   Is most invisible.

5 **F**or Workman of God! O lose not heart,
   But learn what God is like;
   And, in the darkest battlefield,
   Thou shalt know where to strike.

6 For right is right, since God is God;
   And right the day must win;
   To doubt would be disloyalty,
   To falter would be sin.

   F. W. Faber.
406

**mf 1** WORK, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours,  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work while the day grows brighter;  
Under the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

**dim** Work, for the night is coming,  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

**mf 2** Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill the bright hours with labour,  
Rest comes sure and soon.

**dim** Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.
I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.—John xii. 32.

CHRIST for the world we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

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

3 Christ for the world we sing:
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear
For Christ our Lord.

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

Samuel Wolcott.
408 Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find.—John xxi. 6.

1 In the night our toil is fruitless,
   Toil and nothing more;

mf With the morning comes the Saviour,
   By the shore.

2 Hark! He speaks as to His children;
   'Have ye any meat?'
   'No,' we answer, humbly falling
   At His feet.

3 Then the Lord directs our labour,
   Speaks in accents kind;
   'On the right side of the vessel
   Ye shall find.'

4 Lo, a multitude of fishes
   Fill and strain the net;
   Strength to lift the burden faileth,
   Help we get.

5 Now the eyes of love are opened,
   'Tis the Lord,' we cry;
   All our toil is blest when Jesus
   Draweth nigh.

6 Lord, we labour mid the darkness,
   Come with morning light;
   Then Thy saints will reap Thy harvest
   In Thy sight.

W. E. Winks.
409 In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.—
Eccles. xi. 6.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ's alive
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry 'Harvest Home.'

James Montgomery.
410

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?—Acts ix. 6.

1 **OFT** when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?

2 This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

3 We toil as in a field,
   Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
   Which may be all our own;
And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring such gain?

4 We dig the wells of life,
   And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
   Then He within us lives:
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

T. T. Lynch.
St. Oswald.  [First Tune.]  8.7.8.7.  J. B. Dykes.

All for Jesus.  [Second Tune.]  8.7.8.7.  J. Stainer.

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411

Nevertheless, afterward.—Heb. xii. 11.

mp 1 Now, the sowing and the weeping,

Working hard, and waiting long;

Afterward, the golden reaping,

Harvest-home and grateful song.

mp 2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,

Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot:

Afterward, the plenteous bearing

Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

mp 3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,

Stone by stone to carve and bring;

Afterward, the perfect beauty

Of the palace of the King.

mp 4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,

Wounded heart, unequal strife;

Afterward, the triumph given,

And the victor's crown of life.

mp 5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,

Unexplained and tedious now;

Afterward, the service holy,

And the Master's Enter thou.'

Frances R. Havergal.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength._._._ Isa. xl. 31.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. xl. 31.

1 A WAKE our souls, away our fears,
   Let every trembling thought be gone;
   Awake, and run the heavenly race,
   And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
   And mortal spirits tire and faint;
   But they forget the mighty God
   Who feeds the strength of every saint,—

3 Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power
   Is ever new and ever young,
   And firm endures while endless years
   Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
   Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
   While such as trust their native strength
   Shall faint away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
   We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
   On wings of love our souls shall fly,
   Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Watts.
The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—Psalm xxvii. 1.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;  
What foe have I to fear?  
In darkness and temptation  
My light, my help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,  
Firm to the fight I stand;  
What terror can confound me,  
With God at my right hand?

3 Place on the Lord reliance;  
My soul, with courage wait;  
His truth be thine affiance,  
When faint and desolate.

4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,  
His love thy joy increase;  
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;  
The Lord will give thee peace.

J. Montgomery.
Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

f 1  '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,
Zion beams with light.

mf 2 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 eve be light.
ZEAL AND COURAGE.


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mf 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Four upon the nations
Wisdom’s loving ray:
Forward, marching forward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

f 5 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 gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit’s might:
Pilgrims, to your country
Forward into light!

Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night:
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

mf 4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;

H. Alford.
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.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod:
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward! Christian soldiers, etc.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward! Christian soldiers, etc.

4 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.
Vigilate. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.3. W. H. Monk.

ZEAL AND COURAGE.


417  Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober. —1 Thess. v. 6.

\( mf \) 1 CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say
‘Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.’

\( p \) 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

\( mf \) 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

\( f \) 6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

\( p \) 4 Hear the victors who o’ercame;
Still they mark each warrior’s way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
‘Watch and pray.’

\( p \) 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou livest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
‘Watch and pray.’

Charlotte Elliott.
418  So run, that ye may obtain.—
1 Cor. ix. 24.

Wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
Till lay my honours down.

P. Doddridge.

419  Endure hardness, as a good soldier  
of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. ii. 3.

Are we the soldiers of the cross,  
The followers of the Lamb?  
And shall we fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 No! we must fight if we would reign;  
Increase our courage, Lord;  
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they're slain:  
Or they see the triumph from afar,  
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts.
He went forth conquering, and to conquer.—Rev. vi. 2.

Heardnott.

Vigorously.

C.M. D.

Rowland Briant.

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 best 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.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Holy War.

6.5., eight lines.  J. Booth.

mp 1 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.

mp 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goaded into sin?

f Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

mp 3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
‘Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?’

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

p 4 ‘Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—

pp I was weary too:

cr But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.’

Andrew of Crete, tr. J. M. Neale.
422

Be thou faithful unto death.—Rev. ii. 10.

f 1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the bread of life.

mf 2 Onward, Christians, onward go!  
Join the war, and face the foe;  
Faint not! much doth yet remain,  
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?  
Will ye quit the painful field?  
Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March, in heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long;  
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward, then, to battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. Kirke White and Fanny S. Fuller Maitland.
Put on the whole armour of God.— Eph. vi. 11.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Then, having all things done,
And every conflict passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

C. Wesley.
They shall fight because the Lord is with them.—Zech. x. 5.

**1** MARCH on, march on, O 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.

**2** We march to fight with the powers of night
That hold the world in sorrow;
And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart,
And arise to a joyful morrow.

**3** We fight against wrong with the weapon strong
Of the Love that all hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall
As the thrones of the tyrants vanish.

**4** O'er the realms of night shall our standard bright
Arise, their darkness clearing;
And the souls that were dead to the Lord who bled
Shall revive at His glad appearing.

**5** Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us;
And prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.

**6** Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
Shall shine on the Victor's glory;
And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,
Shall rejoice in the finished story.
Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

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

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
   Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
   Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
   Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
   Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
   The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
   The next the victor’s song:
To him that overcometh
   A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
   Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield.

(379)
Be strong and of a good courage.—Josh. 1. 6.

\[f\] 1 \textit{C}OURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
‘Trust in God, and do the right.’

\[mf\] 2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely; strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

\[f\] 7 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
‘Trust in God, and do the right.’

4 Trust no lovely forms of passion,—
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion:
Trust in God, and do the right.

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.

6 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
‘Trust in God, and do the right.’

\textit{Norman Macleod.}
He led them forth by the right way.—Ps. cvii. 7.

1. **Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us**
   O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
   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.

2. **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;
   Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
   Through the desert Thou didst go.

3. **Spirit of our God, descending**,
   Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
   Love with every passion blending,
   Pleasure that can never cloy;
   Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
   Nothing can our peace destroy.

—James Edmeston.
O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction.—Hos. xiii. 14.

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.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

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

W. Williams.
He that hath mercy on them shall lead them.—Isa. xlIx. 10.

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 foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o’ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
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. Zinzendorf, tr. H. L. L.
Lead, Kindly Light. [First Tune]. 10.4.10.4.10.10

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, lead Thou me on; the night is dark, and I am far from home; 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; I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, pride ruled my will: remember not past years. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on o'er moor and

A. SULLIVAN.
DIVINE GUIDANCE.

and with the morn those angel
cres.

fen, o'er crag and tor-ent, till the night is gone; and with the morn those an-
gel
cres.

dim.  pp Slower.

fa-ces smile which I have loved long since, and lost a-while. A-men.
dim.  pp


The pillar of the cloud.—Ex. xiii. 22.

mf 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
    Lead Thou me on;

p  The night is dark, and I am far from home;
    Lead Thou me on.

cr  Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
    The distant scene; one step enough for me.

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

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

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

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

f  And with the morn those angel faces smile

dim p  Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.
1 When we cannot see our way,
    Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go
Cannot fail the way to show.

   Though the sea be deep and wide,
   Though a passage seem denied,
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it be the gloom of night,
    Though we see no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with Him is never night,
    Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,
    Him to follow without fear,
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.
The ransomed of the Lord shall... come to Zion with songs—Isa. xxxv. 10.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, you sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick.
Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.—Ps. lxxx. 1.

1. LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3. Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4. Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh.
DIVINE GUIDANCE.

They . . declare plainly that they seek a country.—Heb. xi. 14.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e’en us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life’s uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We’ve no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints’ abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod;
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads, arise
And meet our Captain in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

(389)
Your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. iii. 3.

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:  
Then what have you to fear?

As surely as He overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
So surely you that love His name  
Shall triumph in Him too.

John Newton.
In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.—Gen. xxii. 14.

1 Father of love, our Guide and Friend,
   O lead us gently on,
   Until life’s trial-time shall end,
   And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
   As yet by us untrod;
   But we can trust our all to Thee,
   Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham’s child, to climb
   The hill of sacrifice,
   Some angel may be there in time,
   Deliverance shall arise.

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
   O teach us to endure
   The sorrow, pain, and solitude;
   Thus make our spirits pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came,
   And we, His followers here,
   Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
   In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And till in heaven we sinless bow,
   And faultless anthems raise,
   O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
   Accept our feeble praise.

W. J. Irons.
Fear not, little flock.—Luke xii. 32.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
   No change my heart shall fear;
   And safe is such confiding,
   For nothing changes here:
   The storm may roar without me,
   My heart may low be laid,
   But God is round about me,
   And can I be dismayed?

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

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

Anna L. Waring.
COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
O the vast, the boundless treasure,
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love:
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, alt.
Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. xi. 18.

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 then!

The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they but the effluence
Of uncreated light?

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.

Stuttgart.  8.7.8.7.  German.

He led them on safely, so that they feared not.—Ps. lxxxviii. 53.

1 Through the night of doubt and sorrow
   Onward goes the pilgrim band,
   Singing songs of expectation,
   Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness
   Gleams and burns the guiding light;
   Brother clasps the hand of brother,
   Stepping fearless through the night.

3 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;

4 One the object of our journey,
   One the faith that never tires,
   One the earnest looking forward,
   One the hope our God inspires;

5 One the gladness of rejoicing
   On the far eternal shore,
   Where the One Almighty Father
   Reigns in love for evermore.

6 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.

( 395 )
Blessed are all they that wait for Him.—Isa. xxx. 18.

1 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.

mf 2 Fastened within the veil,
   Hope be your anchor strong;
   His loving Spirit the sweet gale
   That wafts you smooth along:
   Or should the surges rise,
   And peace delay to come,
   Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
   That drives us nearer home.

3 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.

4 Tarry His leisure then,
   Although He seem to stay;
   A moment's intercourse with Him
   Thy grief will overpay:
   f 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) HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

Strangers and pilgrims.—1 Pet. ii. 11.

1.

Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2.

Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3.

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the fair dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons.
443 Seek those things which are above.—Col. iii. 1.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
   Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
   Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:

So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

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

Robert Seagrave.
After the Darkness. 86.86.86.84. W. C. Filby.

1 After the darkness, lo, the light
   Shall all the past repair;
The perfect bliss, the spotless sight,—
   It is not here, but there;
So still I sing in every state,
   Always, where'er I be:
   'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
     He loveth thee.'

2 Oh, but for Him I could not sing,
   However fair my lot;
For dark night droops, and dark things spring
   Round me on every spot;
But now I sing with joy elate,
   Always, where'er I be:
   'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
     He loveth thee.'

3 And now, whatever things I see,
   The mighty or the fair,
I know the best is waiting me,
   For perfect things are there;
A child of grace, and not of fate,
   I sing, where'er I be:
   'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
     He loveth thee.'

4 My God will end where He began,
   His end cannot be pain;
The glory of the Incarnate Son
   Must be eternal gain;
So, there in His eternal state,
   His meaning thou shalt see:
   'Be still, my heart, be still and wait;
     He loveth thee.'

E. Paxton Hood.

Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.—Rom. v. 5.

(399)
Paradise. [First Tune.] 86.86.666.  J. BARNBY.

With Me in paradise.—Luke xxiii. 43.

1 O Paradise!  O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light;  
All rapture through and through  
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise!  O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light;  
All rapture through and through  
In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise!  O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light;  
All rapture through and through  
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise!  O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light;  
All rapture through and through  
In God's most holy sight.
HEAVEN ANTICIPATED.

St. Helena. [SECOND TUNE.] 86.86.6666. W. A. C. Cruickshank.

Where loyal hearts and true stand ever in the light;
All rapture thro' and thro' In God's most holy sight. Amen.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light;
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

F. W. Faber.
S.M. D.  L. G. Hayne.

Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.—Luke xxi. 28.

1 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 great day;  
   O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
   And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set  
   O'er these dark hills of time,  
   And we shall be where suns are not,—  
A far serener clime:  
   Then, O my Lord, prepare  
   My soul for that bright day;  
   O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
   And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
   On this wild rocky shore,  
   And we shall be where tempests cease,  
   And surges swell no more:  
   Then, O my Lord, prepare  
   My soul for that calm day;  
   O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
   And take my sins away.

(402)
A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
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 sweet day;
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.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Hearer Home.  

S. M. D.  

Woodbury.

Verse 2, lines 5 and 6.

Ah! then my spirit faints To reach the land I love,

So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. iv. 17.

f 1 For ever with the Lord! Amen, so let it be:  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.  

mf Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  

cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.  

f 2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear!  

mf Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.  

3 For ever with the Lord!  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfil.  

f Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;  
Fight, and I must prevail.  

mf 4 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  

cr By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  

f And oft repeat before the throne,  
'For ever with the Lord!'  

J. Montgomery.
448 The holy city, new Jerusalem.
—Rev. xxii. 2.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
   Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
   In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
   And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
   And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden’s bloom,
   Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
   I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
   Or feel at death dismay?
I’ve Canaan’s goodly land in view,
   And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
   Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
   Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
   My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
   When I thy joys shall see.

Hymn of VIII. century.

449 We look ... at the things which are not seen.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
   To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
   And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan’s rage,
   And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
   And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
   My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
   In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
   Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts.
Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Rom. xiii. 11.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have been before:

Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Where pilgrims leave the cross,
And victors gain the crown.

But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
Rolls the deep unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

If my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If I am nearer home,
Nearer than now I think;

Jesus, in whom I trust,
Perfect my feeble faith,
That I may calmly cross
That unknown stream of death!
451

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.—Ps. H. 12.

p 1

WEARY 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.

2

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land,
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
‘Repent, believe, thou shalt be loosed from all.’

mf 4

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all stoe,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5

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.

6

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

7

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like ointment sweet, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. Stone.
A little while, and ye shall see Me.—John xvi. 16.

1.

mf O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
    Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O for the faith to grasp heaven's light 'for ever,'
    Amid the shadows of earth's 'little while!'

2.

p 'A little while' for patient vigil keeping,
    To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
'A little while' to sow the seed with weeping,
    Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.
3.

p 'A little while,' mid shadow and illusion,

To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell;

cr Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,

Then hail sight's verdict, 'He doth all things well.'

4.

p 'A little while' the earthen pitcher taking

To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;

cr Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking

Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

5.

p 'A little while' to keep the oil from failing,

'A little while' faith's flickering lamp to trim;

cr And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,

To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn!

Jane Crewdson.
An innumerable company of Angels.—Heb. xii. 22.

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!
Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o’er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith’s journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart’s true home, will come at last:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning’s joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life’s long shadows break in cloudless love:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

F. W. Faber.
Thy land, O Immanuel.—Isa. viii. 8.

mf 1 The sands of time are sinking,
    The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes:

dim Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
    But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mf 3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
    The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:

cr There, to an ocean fulness,
    His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mf 4 With mercy and with judgment,
    My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
    Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
    I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

mf 6 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
    'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
    That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
    While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin.
(14) VICTORY OVER DEATH.
Funeral and Memorial Services.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are,
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 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.

456 A good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. ii. 3.

1 CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true,
Now summoned up to Thee.

2 We bless Thee for his every step
In faithful following Thee;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.

3 We thank Thee that the way-worn sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blest;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.

4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard;
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward.

G. Rawson.
Give ear unto my cry: hold not Thy peace at my tears.—Ps. xcviii. 12.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children’s cry to Thee,
Father divine,—
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owing that life and death
Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow,
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, Thou.

3 By Him, who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God.

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine;
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;
Keep us in life and death;
Thine, only Thine.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans.
Victory over Death.

St. Chrysostom.

8s., six lines.

J. Barnby.

(458)

At home with the Lord.—2 Cor. v. 8.

p 1 Hush, blessed are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

mf 2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light
Whom here they loved unseen.

p 3 Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb
The light of bygone years,
And shadowing years to come.

4 Their voice, their touch, their smile,
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

5 O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

cr 6 But soon, at break of day,
His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake! Arise! Rejoice!

E. H. Bickersteth.
Give ear unto my cry: hold not Thy peace at my tears.—Ps. xxxix. 12.

1. LOWLY and solemn be
   Thy children's cry to Thee,
   Father divine,—
   A hymn of suppliant breath,

2. SAFE home, safe home in port!
   Rent cordage, shattered deck,
   Torn sails, provision short,
   And only not a wreck:
   But O the joy upon the shore
   To tell the voyage perils o'er!

3. No more the foe can harm;
   No more of leaguered camp,
   And cry of night-alarm,
   And need of ready lamp:
   And yet how nearly had he failed;
   How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4. The lamb is in the fold,
   In perfect safety penned;
   The lion once had hold,
   And thought to make an end:
   But One came by with wounded side,
   And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5. The exile is at home;
   O nights and days of tears!
   O longings not to roam!
   O sins and doubts and fears!
   What matters now grief's darkest day?
   The King has wiped those tears away.

Joseph of the Studium,
tr. J. M. Neale.
St. Chrysostom.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

St. Chrysostom. 8s., six lines. J. Barnby.

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460

1. All live unto Him.—Luke xx. 38.

mf 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.

2. Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3. Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4. Thy word is true, Thy will is just:
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5. O Giver unto man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener 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.

(417)
Them that are asleep.—1 Thess. iv. 13.

1.

$p$ Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

dim Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2.

$mf$ 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.

$p$ Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3.

$mf$ There the Shepherd, bringing home
Many a lamb forloru and strayed,
Shelters each, no more to roam,
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

$p$ Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
4.

mf There the penitents who turn
   To the cross their dying eyes,
   All the love of Jesus learn
   At His feet in Paradise.

p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5.

mf There no more the powers of hell
   Can prevail to mar their peace;
   Christ the Lord shall guard them weal,
   He who died for their release.

p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

6.

p 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
   Calmly now the words we say;
   Left behind, we wait in trust,
   For the Resurrection day.

dim Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton.
462

As is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.—1 Cor. xv. 48.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan, tr. G. W. Bethune.

463

Ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.—Heb. x. 34.

When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
Peace for evermore.

When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subsist,
Joy for evermore.

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Love for evermore.

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Life for evermore.

J. Ellerton.
Death of a Child.

Is it well with the child? ... It is well.—2 KINGS iv. 26.

p 1

SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care;
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His beloved sleep.

p 2

Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain:
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.

p 3

Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love:
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet.

Mrs. Henrietta O. Dobrée.
(15) FINAL BLESSEDNESS.

Redeemed from among men.—Rev. xiv. 4.

1 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.

2 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.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
   They, with united breath,
   Ascribe their victory to the Lamb,
   Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
   His zeal inspired their breast;
   And, following their incarnate God,
   Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
   For His own pattern given;
   While the long cloud of witnesses
   Show the same path to heaven.

I. Watts.
466 The good land that is beyond Jordan.—Deut. iii. 25.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

467 It doth not yet appear what we shall be.—1 John iii. 2.

1 There is a heaven of perfect peace,
The eternal throne is there;
But what that tearless region is,
It doth not yet appear.

2 And there are angels, strong and fair,
Who know not sin nor fear;
But what the robes of white they wear,
It doth not yet appear.

3 And there are ransomed spirits too,
Who once were pilgrims here;
But how the Saviour's face they view,
It doth not yet appear.

4 And there are sweet commingling thoughts,
And blest communion there;
But how they blend their heavenly notes,
It doth not yet appear.

5 And there is worship in the sky,
And songs of loftiest cheer;
But how they sweep their harps on high,
It doth not yet appear.

6 Then, O my soul, with patience wait;
The happy hour is near
When thou shalt pass the pearly gate,
Where it will all appear.

I. Watts.
What is your life? It is even a vapour.—Jas. iv. 14.

Brief life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there.  
O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!

And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;  
And He, whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.  
Yes, God our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We there shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God’s elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.
FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Isunction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced,
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Morlaix, tr. J. M. Neale.
471

A great multitude, which no man could number.—Rev. vii. 9.

HEARD a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him who sat thereon;

Salvation, glory, honour,
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,

I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him who died, and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

And there nor sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,—
The Lamb Himself the Light:
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour King,
They reign for evermore.

O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters,
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth,
Which now we see from far;
O worthy Judge Eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

Godfrey Thring.
The two bars of Introduction to be played before each verse.

* Upper notes for last verse only.

The glory which shall be revealed in us.—Rom viii. 18.

1 **TEN** thousand times ten thousand,
   In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
   Throng up the steeps of light:
   'Tis finished, all is finished,
   Their fight with death and sin;
   Fling open wide the golden gates,
   And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
   Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
   Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
   And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
   A thousandfold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
   On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
   Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
   That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
   Nor widows desolate.

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

H. Alford.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PRO OMNIBUS SANCTIS. 10.10.10.4. J. BARNBY.

(Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1.)

1 For all the saints who from their labours rest,
   Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
   Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Hallelujah!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
   Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
   Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Hallelujah!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
   Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
   And win, with them, the victor’s crown of gold. Hallelujah!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
   We feebly struggle, they in glory shine.
   Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
   Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
   And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Hallelujah!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
   Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
   Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Hallelujah!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
   The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
   The King of Glory passes on His way. Hallelujah!

8 From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s farthest coast,
   Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
   Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah!

W. W. How.
The things which are not seen.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

mf 1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
    That country so bright and so fair,
    And oft are its glories confessed;
    But what must it be to be there!

cr 2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
    From sorrow, temptation and care,
    From trials without and within;
    But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
    The robes which the glorified wear,
    The Church of the first born above;
    But what must it be to be there!

4 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
    For heaven our spirits prepare;
    And shortly we also shall know,
    And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. Elizabeth K. Mills.
Section 8.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Deerhurst. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7., eight lines. J. Langran.

(1) ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.

1 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 may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

( 430 )
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:

\[ \text{dim} \] Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;

\[ \text{cr} \] Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton.
The general assembly and church of the first-born.—Heb. xii. 23.

1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
   The tempest, fire, and smoke;
   Not to the thunder of that word
   Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
   The city of our God,
   Where milder words declare His will,
   And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
   Of angels clothed in light;
   Behold the spirits of the just,
   Whose faith is turned to sight;

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
   Whose names are writ in heaven;
   Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
   Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
   But one communion make;
   All join in Christ, their living Head,
   And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
   My weary soul would rest;
   For all who dwell where Jesus is,
   Must be for ever blest.

I. Watts.
ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

The Highest Himself shall establish her.—Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

1 UPON the holy mountains high
Are His foundations still,

2 Beyond earth's mists, its turrets stand
In the clear light of heaven;

p Though silent, sad, and desolate
Is Zion's ruined hill:

And there Jehovah dwells in power,

wuf God hath a lofty city, where
His standard is unfurled;

There is His Spirit given:

His one Church, reared on faithful hearts
That rise above the world.

Jehovah loves His children's homes,

wuf 3 The Highest shall establish thee
To glorify His name;

But more His own abode;

All nations soon shall flocking press.

All glorious is thy destiny,

In thee a place to claim:

Thou city of our God!

Within thy safe and beauteous walls,

The song shall never cease;

The song shall never cease;

In thee are all our springs of joy,

The fountains of our peace.

G. Rawson.
He is the Head of the body, the Church.—Col. i. 18.

**THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.**

**Burelia.**

7.6., eight lines.

S. S. Wesley.

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**He is the Head of the body, the Church.**

1. The Church's one foundation
   Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
   She is His new creation
   By water and the word;
   From heaven He came and sought her
   To be His holy bride;
   With His own blood He bought her,
   And for her life He died.

2. Elect from every nation,
   Yet one o'er all the earth,
   Her charter of salvation
   One Lord, one faith, one birth,
   One holy name she blesses,
   Partakes one holy food,
   And to one hope she presses,
   With every grace endued.

3. Though with a scornful wonder
   Men see her sore oppressed,
   By schisms rent asunder,
   By heresies distressed,
   Yet saints their watch are keeping,
   Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
   And soon the night of weeping
   Shall be the morn of song.

4. Mid toil and tribulation,
   And tumult of her war,
   She waits the consummation
   Of peace for evermore;
   Till with the vision glorious
   Her longing eyes are blest,
   And the great Church victorious
   Shall be the Church at rest.

5. Yet she on earth hath union
   With God the Three in One,
   And mystic sweet communion
   With those whose rest is won.
   O happy ones and holy!
   Lord, give us grace that we,
   Like them, the meek and lowly,
   On high may dwell with Thee.

S. J. Stone.

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(434)
ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Baca. [FIRST TUNE.] 6s., six lines. W. H. HAVERGAL.

Haverger. [SECOND TUNE.] 6s., six lines. J. W. ELLIOTT.

479 For behold, the kingdom of God is within you.—LUKE xvii. 21.

1 O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are,
He in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

F. T. Palgrave.
480

He is ... my father’s God, and I will exalt Him.—Ex. xv. 2.

f 1 We come unto our fathers’ God:
   Their Rock is our salvation:
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
   We make our habitation:
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
   In every generation.

2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
   Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
   Is still high holden o’er us:
dim The grace those sinners that subdued,
cr The strength those weaklings that renewed,
   Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

p 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
   Are still our souls oppressing;
The tears that from their eyes did flow
   Fall fast, our shame confessing;
cr As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
   So our strong prayer ascends on high,
   And bringeth down Thy blessing.

f 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
   Their song to us descendeth:
The Spirit who in them did sing
   To us His music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one;
cr We raise it high, we send it on,—
   The song that never endeth!

f 5 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!

T. H. Gill.
ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Franconia.

S.M.

German.

Bear ye one another's burdens.—GAL. vi. 2.

mf 1
BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2
Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

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

mf 5
This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6
From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.
Be of the same mind in the Lord.—Phil. iv. 2.

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
   Perfecting the Church below,
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee,
Love, the mystic union be:
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine;
Lead us through the paths of peace
On to perfect holiness.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide;
   Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill;
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Use the grace on each bestowed
Tempered by the art of God.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
   Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee:
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void:
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art All in all.

C. Wesley.
ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Tenterden.

10s., six lines. E. W. Bullinger.

That they all may be one.—John xvii. 21.

\[ \text{mf 1} \]

\text{ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round} \\
\text{Of circling planets singing on their way;} \\
\text{Guide of the nations from the night profound} \\
\text{Into the glory of the perfect day;} \\
\text{Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be} \\
\text{Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.} \\

2 \text{We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,} \\
\text{The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;} \\
\text{Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,} \\
\text{Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—} \\
\text{As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;} \\
\text{As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.} \\

3 \text{We would be one in hatred of all wrong,} \\
\text{One in our love of all things sweet and fair,} \\
\text{cr One with the joy that breaketh into song,} \\
\text{dim One with the grief that trembles into prayer,} \\
\text{cr One in the power that makes Thy children free} \\
\text{To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.} \\

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

J. W. Chadwick.
God is our refuge and strength.—Ps. xlvii. 1.

**1** God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

**2** Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

**3** There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode;—

**4** That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

**5** Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour,
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

I. Watts.
ITS UNITY, PRIVILEGES, AND CONFLICTS.

Lord, save us, we perish!—Matt. viii. 25.

1 Lo! the storms of life are breaking,
   Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
   For our succour undertaking,
   Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo! the world, from Thee rebelling,
   Round Thy Church in pride is swelling;
   With Thy word their madness quelling,
   Lord and Saviour, help us.

3 On Thine own command relying,
   We our onward task are plying,
   Unto Thee for safety sighing,
   Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
   In Thy secret presence hiding,
   In Thy love and grace confiding;
   Lord and Saviour, help us.

5 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
   By Thy tears of deep compassion,
   By Thy mighty intercession,
   Lord and Saviour, help us.

H. Alford.
Save us, O God of our salvation.—1 Chron. xvi. 35.

1.  
  \( f \) Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,  
  Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
  Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
  Lord God Almighty.

2.  
  \( mf \) See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;  
  See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
  \( f \) Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
  Thou canst preserve us.

3.  
  Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
  Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
  Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell prevaleth;  
  \( dim \) Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4.  
  \( mf \) Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
  Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
  \( p \) Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,  
  \( pp \) Peace in Thy heaven.

From the Latin, tr. P. Pusey.
487 Ye are come . . . to the spirits of just men made perfect.—Heb. xii. 22, 23.

f 1 Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

f 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the ford,
And part is crossing now.

mf 5 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

6 O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
cr Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

C. Wesley.

488 Fellow-citizens with the saints.—Eph. ii. 19.

f 1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace,—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. Wesley.
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.


(2) ITS ORDINANCES.—BAPTISM.

(See also Section VI. (1) 'Acceptance of the Divine Call.)

489 Baptized into His death.—Rom. vi. 3.

1 A MIGHTY mystery we set forth,
   A wondrous sign and seal;
   Lord, give our hearts to know its worth,
   And all its truth to feel.

2 Death to the world we thus avow,
   Death to each sinful lust;
   The risen life is our life now,
   The risen Christ our trust.

3 Baptized into the Father's name,
   We're children of our God;
   Baptized into the Son, we claim
   The ransom of His blood:

4 Baptized into the Holy Ghost
   In this accepted hour,
   Give us to own the Pentecost,
   And the descending power.

G. Rawson.

490 Hinder me not.—Gen. xxiv. 56.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
   My journey I'll pursue;
   Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
   For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames if Jesus lead,
   I'll follow where He goes;
   Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
   Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials too
   I'll go at His command;
   Hinder me not, for I am bound
   To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home
   Still this my cry shall be,
   Hinder me not; come, welcome death,
   I'll gladly go with thee.

John Ryland.
I am not ashamed.—2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
   Or to defend His cause;
   Maintain the honour of His word,
   The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know His name;
   His name is all my trust;
   Nor will He put my soul to shame,
   Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands;
   And He can well secure
   What I've committed to His hands
   Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
   Before His Father's face;
   And in the new Jerusalem
   Appoint my soul a place.

I. Watts.

I am Thine, save me, for I have sought Thy precepts.—Ps. cxix. 94.

1 My God, accept my heart this day,
   And make it always Thine,
   That I from Thee no more may stray,
   No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died
   Behold I prostrate fall;
   Let every sin be crucified,
   And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
   And seal me for Thine own,
   That I may see Thy glorious face,
   And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word
   To Thee be ever given;
   Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
   And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.
493 Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus. — Heb. xii. 1, 2.

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might;
   Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
   Lay hold on life, and it shall be
   Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
   Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
   Life with its path before us lies;
   Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside; upon thy Guide
   Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
   Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
   Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear; His arm is near;
   He changeth not, and thou art dear;
   Only believe, and thou shalt see
   That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell.
If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself.—Matt. xvi. 24.

1 Hast Thou said, exalted Jesus,
   'Take thy cross and follow Me'?
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee?
   Or    Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow Thee.

2 Sweet the sign that thus reminds me,
   Saviour, of Thy love for me:
Sweeter still the love that binds me
   In its deathless bonds to Thee:
   O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be.

3 Fellowship with Him possessing,
   Let me die to all around,
So I rise to enjoy the blessing,
   Kept for those in Jesus found
   When the archangel
Wakes the sleepers under ground.

4 Then, baptized in love and glory,
   Lamb of God, Thy praise I'll sing;
Loudly with the immortal story
   All the harps of heaven shall ring:
   Saints and seraphs
Sound it loud from every string.
   John E. Giles.
Buried with Him in baptism.—Col. ii. 12.

1 **mf** AROUND Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
   Thine open grave, we stand,
   With hearts all full of gladness,
   To keep Thy blest command:
   So Thee in faith we follow,
   And trace Thy path of love,
   Through the strange, solemn waters
   Up to Thy throne above.

2 **p** Lord Jesus, we remember
   The coldness of Thy tomb,
   The silence and the darkness,
   The grave-clothes in the gloom:
   After Thy cross and passion,
   The deep sleep came at last;
   O'er the eternal radiance
   The mortal shadow passed.
St. Anselm. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines. J. Barnby.

mf 3 But now Thou art arisen;
Thy travail all is o'er;
Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
And Thou wilt die no more:
Crowned with immortal honour,
Because of that dark bed,
Give us to share Thy triumph,
Thou first-born from the dead!

4 Into Thy death baptized,
O let us with Thee die:
And clothe us with Thy risen life,
And wholly sanctify:
So, freed from the old nature,
And ransomed by Thy blood,
May we pass on to glory,
Alive with Thee to God.

James G. Deck.
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

**Festus. [FIRST TUNE.]**

*L.M.*

**Rockingham. [SECOND TUNE.]**

*L.M.*

German.

Joseph Grigg.

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**Ashamed of Me.—Mark viii. 38.**

1 *mf* JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 *Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far*
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 *Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon*
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 *Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend*
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
That I no more revere His name.

5 *Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may*
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 *Till then—nor is my boasting vain—*
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

(450)
497 He went on his way rejoicing.—

1. 

f O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. 

O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 

'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on;
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4. 

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
\(\text{dim}\) Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

498 They first gave their own selves to the
Lord.—2 Cor. viii. 5.

1. 

G LORY to God, whose Spirit draws
Fresh soldiers to the Saviour's cause,
Who thus, baptized into His name,
His goodness and their faith proclaim.

2. 

For these now added to the host,
Who in their Lord and Saviour boast,
And consecrate to Him their days,
Accept, O God, our grateful praise.

3. 

Thus may Thy mighty Spirit draw
All here to love and keep His law;
Themselves His subjects to declare,
And place themselves beneath His care.

4. 

Lead them at once their Lord to own,
To glory in His cross alone;
And then, baptized, His truth to teach,
His love to share, His heaven to reach.

P. Doddridge.

Baptist W. Noel.
We have left all, and have followed Thee.—Mark x. 28.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I’ve sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.
3 Man may trouble and distress me,
    'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
    Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
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!

4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
    Rise o'er sin and fear and care:
Joy to find in every station
    Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
    What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
    Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

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

H. F. Lyte.
500 Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him.—Col. ii. 12.

1 DEAR Master, in Thy way
   Our willing feet shall tread;
What joy Thy mandate to obey,—
   Our great and glorious Head!

2 Thy all-abounding grace
   Has banished sin and night;
And in the glory of Thy face
   We see the eternal light.

3 By Thy direction led,
   With gladness we confess
That we to sin’s dark power are dead,
   And risen to righteousness.

4 The closing waters hide
   Our former world, and we,
Seeking through death our Saviour’s side,
   Rejoice to die with Thee.

5 And as we rise again,
   Be this confession given,
That we have risen with Christ to reign,—
   The Lord of earth and heaven.

6 So would we die to live,
   And live no more to die;
Our risen lives, O Christ, receive,
   And seal them in the sky.

J. Thomas.

501 And now, why tarriest thou? Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.—Acts xxii. 16.

mf 1 STAND, soldier of the cross,
   Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
   For thy Redeemer’s name.

2 Arise and be baptized,
   And wash thy sins away:
Thy league with God be solemnized,
   Thy faith avowed to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ’s,—
   With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
   And martyr throngs enrolled,—

f 4 In God's whole armour strong,
   Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
   The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror’s crown,
   The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
   At our great Captain’s feet!

E. H. Bickersteth.
During the Administration.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.—Col. iii. 1.

1 Buried with Christ! Our glad hearts say,
   Come see the place where once He lay.

2 Risen with Him! Allured by Love,
   Henceforth we seek the things above.

3 Walking with Him! A life how blest,
   Strengthened with might, girt round with rest!

4 In Him abiding! Living Vine,
   We too would bear the fruit divine.

5 For Him enduring! Pain and loss
   Are but the shadow of His cross.

6 By Him victorious! Smile or frown,
   We march right onward to a crown.

W. W. Sidey.
True-hearted.

11.10.11.10. (with refrain).

J. Booth.

503

Caleb. . . wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.—Josh. xiv. 14.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be:

Under Thy standard exalted and royal,

Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,

Song of our spirits rejoicing and free:

'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,

King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance

Yielding henceforth to our glorious King,

Valiant endeavour and loving obedience

Freely and joyously now would we bring,

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, etc.

mp 3 True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;

Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,

Sinful and treacherous, yet, for Thy glory,

Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, etc.

f 4 Whole-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious,

Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone

Over our wills and affections victorious,

Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never, etc.

Frances R. Havergal.
BAPTISM.

Ambrose.  

7.7.7.5.  

Plain-Song.

And immediately the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness.—Mark i. 12.

mp 1 THOU, whose great baptismal hour,
Glorious with the Spirit's dower,
Soon was gloomed by Satan's power,
In Thy mercy hear!

mf 2 By Thy triumph, then assured,
Keep Thy servants, Lord, secured
When by keen temptation lured:
In Thy mercy hear!

3 Be their wisdom day by day;
Hold them, lest their footsteps stray
From Thy high and holy way:
In Thy mercy hear!

4 May their will with Thine agree;
Ever may they faithful be
To their sacred vows and Thee:
In Thy mercy hear!

5 So that all may clearly read,
In their daily word and deed,
Faith's confession, love's pure creed:
In Thy mercy hear!

dim 6 When from earth they pass away,
Lord, confess them then, we pray,
Thine through heaven's eternal day:
In Thy mercy hear!

G. T. Coster.
These . . . follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.—Rev. xiv. 4.

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

O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

(458)
BAPTISM.

Jesu, Magister Bone. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines. J. B. Dykes.

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

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

mf 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
   And in them plant mine own;
   My hope to follow duly
   Is in Thy strength alone;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
   Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
   My Saviour and my Friend.

J. E. Bode.

( 459 )
1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

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

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

4 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

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

J. Langford.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HENRY SMART.

507 And when the hour was come, He sat down, and the twelve apostles with Him.—
LUKE xxii. 14.

v 1 When the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sat the apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and brake the bread—
'This when ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me.'

2 Years have passed: in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rocked by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
'Drink and eat; remember Me.'

3 When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deepening gloom;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, 'Remember Me.'

4 When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light;
Then, O Friend of human kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free:
Thus may we remember Thee.

A. P. Stanley.
1 **A**round a table, not a tomb,
He willed our gathering-place to be;
When, going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said—'Remember Me.'

2 We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay;
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.

3 Nay, sculptured stones are for the dead;
Thy three dark days of death are o'er;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore!

4 Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
O Master! are Thine own possessed;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

5 Nay, relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn;
'With you each day until the end!'

6 Thus round Thy table, not Thy tomb,
We keep Thy sacred feast with Thee;
Until within the Father's home,
Our endless gathering-place shall be.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.

509 **The table of the Lord.**—**Mal.** i. 12.

1 **M**y God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 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?

3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's grace alone can give.

P. Doddridge.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.


Constance. [Fourth Tune.]  L.M.  German.

510  **We would see Jesus.**—John xii. 21.

1 LORD, in this blest and hallowed hour
Reveal Thy presence and Thy power;
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,
My Lord and God, the Crucified.

2 Fain would I find a calm retreat
From vain distractions near Thy feet;
And, borne above all earthly care,
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.

3 Or let me through the opening skies
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise;
And realise, with raptured awe,
The vision dying Stephen saw.

4 But if unworthy of such joy,
Still shall Thy love my heart employ;
For of Thy favoured children's fare
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.

5 Yet never can my soul be fed
With less than Thee, the living Bread;
Thyself unto my soul impart,
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

Josiah Conder.

511  **They shall enter into the King's palace.**—Ps. xlv. 15.

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

2 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.

3 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.

4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day;
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
His Father's glory all His own.

I. Watts.
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Lacrymae. 7.7.7. A. SULLIVAN.

And in the evening He cometh with the twelve.—Mark xiv. 17.

512

mf 1 Jesus, to Thy table led,

Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr Turn our sadness into praise.

p 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Grant us, Lamb of God, Thy peace.

6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
cr Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes.

In Memoriam. 8.8.8.4. F. C. MAKER.

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 Cor. xi. 26.

513

mp 1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is seen, in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

G. Rawson.
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 dying Saviour cry!

2 'It is finished!'—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
'It is finished!'
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, 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 comfort draw.

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

Jonathan Evans.
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Waveney. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. R. REDHEAD.

Bedford. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. W. WHEALE.

515 The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—EPH. iii. 19.
mp1 How condescending and how kind
Was God’s eternal Son;
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 He sank beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne;
There’s ne’er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets His saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record;
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

I. Watts.

516 Not my feet only, but also my hands
and my head.—JOHN xiii. 9.

p 1 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 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.

4 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.
HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
Where everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While every heart and every tongue
Join to admire the feast,
We each exclaim with thankful song,
Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

J. P. Jewson.

517 Compel them to come in.—Luke xiv. 23.

518 Abide with us, for ... the day is far spent.—Luke xxiv. 23.

O JESUS Christ, the Holy One,
I long to be with Thee;
O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
Come and abide with me.

2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love
Before Thy saints are set,
And Thou, descending from above,
Their yearning hearts hast met,

3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power
This lonely heart of mine,
And feed me in this solemn hour
With Thine own bread and wine.

4 My meat indeed, my drink indeed,
Art Thou, my gracious Lord:
Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
On this Thy precious word;

5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
My glad and thankful heart
Forgets the things Thou hast denied,
In those Thou dost impart.
This do in remembrance of Me.—Luke xxii. 19.

1 According to Thy gracious word,
   In meek humility,
   This will I do, my dying Lord,
   I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
   My bread from heaven shall be;
   The testamental cup I take,
   And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
   Or there Thy conflict see,
   Thine agony and bloody sweat,
   And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
   And rest on Calvary,
   O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
   I must remember Thee,—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
   And all Thy love to me;
   Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
   Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
   And mind and memory flee,
   When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
   Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.
520 The bread of God is He... which giveth life unto the world.—John vi. 33.

p 1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
    Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
    By whom the words of life were spoken,
    And in whose death our sins are dead,

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
    Look on the tears by sinners shed;
    And be Thy feast to us the token
    That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

R. Heber.
St. Michael. [FIRST TUNE.]

1. Jesus, we thus obey
   Thy last and kindest word;
   Here in Thine own appointed way
   We come to meet our Lord.

2. Our hearts we open wide
   To make the Saviour room;
   And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
   The sinner’s Friend is come.

3. Thus we remember Thee,
   And take this bread and wine
   As Thine own dying legacy,
   And our redemption’s sign.

4. Thy presence makes the feast;
   Now let our spirits feel
   The glory not to be expressed,
   The joy unspeakable.

5. Now let our souls be fed
   With manna from above,
   And over us Thy banner spread
   Of everlasting love.

522 This do in remembrance of Me.—
1 Cor. xi. 24.

1. Sweet feast of love divine!
   ’Tis grace that makes us free
   To feed upon this bread and wine,
   In memory, Lord, of Thee.

2. Here every welcome guest
   Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn
   The secrets of Thy Father’s breast,
   And all Thy grace discern.

3. Here conscience ends its strife,
   And faith delights to prove
   The sweetness of the Bread of Life,
   The fulness of Thy love.

4. That blood that flowed for sin
   In symbol here we see,
   And feel the blessed pledge within
   That we are loved of Thee.

5. O if this glimpse of love
   Is so divinely sweet,
   What will it be, O Lord, above,
   Thy gladdening smile to meet?

6. To see Thee face to face,
   Thy perfect likeness wear,
   And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
   Through endless years declare?

C. Wesley.

E. Denny.
Thou preparest a table before me.—Psalm xxiii. 5.

1 No Gospel like this feast
   Spread for Thy Church by Thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
   Preach the glad news so free.

2 All our redemption cost,
   All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
   All it cost Thee, the Son.

3 Thine was the bitter price,
   Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
   Ours is the wine of heaven.

4 For Thee the burning thirst,
   The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the pierced side;
   To us the Bread of Life.

5 Here we would rest midway,
   As on a sacred height;
That darkest and that brightest day
   Meeting before our sight;

6 From that dark depth of woes
   Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of blest repose
   Thy love prepares with God;

7 Till, from self's chains released,
   One sight alone we see,
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
   Behold Thee, only Thee!

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.
524  Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.—Luke vii. 47.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
    Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
    From the sinner’s dying Friend.

2 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.

3 Truly blest is this station,
    Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
    Beaming from His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
    While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much? I’ve more forgiven;
    I’m a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
    With my tears His feet I’ll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
    Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
    In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
    And Himself more deeply know.

James Allen and Walter Shirley.
Jesus came and stood in the midst.—John xx. 19.

**PART I.**

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
   Here would I touch and handle things unseen,  
   Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,  
   And all my helplessness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,  
   Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;  
   Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
   Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;  
   This is the heavenly table spread for me;  
   Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong  
   The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

**PART II.**

4 Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;  
   The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;  
   The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,  
   Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need  
   Another arm save Thine to lean upon;  
   It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
   My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,  
   Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,  
   Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,  
   The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

*H. Bonar.*
Coena Domini. 10.10. A. Sullivan.

They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—Acts iv. 13.

1. CHRIST, our God, who with Thine own hast been,
   Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.

2. Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed
   May heed Thy love, and prize Thy gifts indeed.

3. Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place
   A watered garden filled with fruits of grace.

4. Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;
   Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

5. Illuminate our minds, that we may see
   In all around us holy signs of Thee;

6. And may such witness in our lives appear,
   That all may know Thou hast been with us here.

7. O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possessed
   Thy life within us we may manifest.

8. So shall we pass our days in holy fear,
   In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

9. So shalt Thou be for ever, loving Lord,
   Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.

G. H. Bourne.
YE DO SHOW THE LORD'S DEATH TILL HE COME.—1 COR. XI. 26.

1. '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.'

2. 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.

3. Clouds and conflicts round us press:
   Would we have one sorrow less?
   All the sharpness of the cross,
   All that tells the world is loss,
   Death, and darkness, and the tomb
   Only whisper, 'Till He come.'

4. 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 some,
   Severed only till He come.

E. H. Bickersteth.
Close of Communion Service.

Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily . . .

1 If any to the feast have come
    Who were not bidden, Lord, forgive;
They were not of our Father's home,
    Yet in Thy mercy let them live.

2 If any came in doubt or fear,
    O may they carry peace away;
Let heaven to them be calm and clear,
    Still brightening to the perfect day.

3 And who in Zion mourning were,
    O give them songs of praise to Thee;
And who were full of anxious care,
    O set them from their burden free.

4 All those who never sat before
    At this dear table of Thy grace,
O may they love Thee more and more,
    And serve Thee in Thy Holy Place.

5 And they who ne'er again shall see
    The day of our communion dawn,
Prepare them, Lord, to feast with Thee
    At tables which are never drawn.

6 Forgive us all our wandering thought,
    Our little love, our feeble faith;
And may we meet, our battle fought,
    Beyond the realms of sin and death.

W. C. Smith.
Where Thou art. [Second tune.] L.M.

J. Stainer.

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Where I am, there shall also My servant be.—John xii. 26.

1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
   My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
   Then only will this longing heart
   Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
   Thine unveiled glory to behold;
   Then only will this wayward heart
   Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
   Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
   Then only will this sinful heart
   Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
   Where none can die, whence none remove;
   Then only will this cleansed heart
   Reflect the fulness of Thy love.

Charlotte Elliott.

Tuam.

S.M.

W. Mason.

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Until I drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.—Matt. xxvi. 29.

1 Dear Lord, before we part
   From Thy sweet earthly feast,
   Give us the earnest in our heart
   Of Thine eternal rest.

2 Lift up our drooping eyes
   To the great banquet there;
   And ever for the crowning prize
   Our waiting souls prepare.

3 So each a glorious seat
   Shall in Thy kingdom claim;
   And there, in heavenly triumph, eat
   The Supper of the Lamb.

G. Rawson.
531 **Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me.**—Rom. xvi. 30.

1 **Father** of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 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.

3 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:

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed,
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 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.

582 **Lo, I am with you always.**—Matt. xxviii. 20.

1 **Head of the Church and Lord of all,**
Hear from Thy throne our suppliant call:
We come the promised grace to seek,
Of which aforetime Thou didst speak.

2 ‘Lo, I am with you’—that sweet word,
Lord Jesus, meekly be it heard,
And stamped with all-inspiring power
On our weak souls this favoured hour.

3 Without Thy presence, King of saints,
Our purpose fails, our spirit faints;
Thou must our wavering faith renew
Ere we can yield Thee service true.

4 Thy consecrating might we ask,
Or vain the toil, unblest the task,
And impotent of fruit will be
Love's holiest effort wrought for Thee.

5 ‘Lo, I am with you’; even so,
Thy joy our strength, we fearless go:
And praise shall crown the suppliant's call,
Head of the Church, and Lord of all!

Joseph Tritton.
Brethren, pray for us.—1 Thess. v. 25.

mf1 Spirit of Christ, Thy grace be given
To those who lead Thine host, that they
With might may wield the sword of heaven,
And feel Thee on their weary way.

2 Oft as at morn or soothing eve
Over the holy fount they lean,
Their fading garland freshly weave,
Or fan them with Thine airs serene.

3 Spirit of light and truth! to Thee
We trust them in that musing hour,
or
till they, with open heart and free,
Teach all Thy word in all its power.

mf4 When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

5 And O when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And, brooding o'er remembered sin,

6 The heart dies down,—O Mightiest then,
Come ever true, come ever near,
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear!

J. Keble.
How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!—Isa. lli. 7.

1 The light that morning bringeth
   Is fair to watching eyes,
The ray that evening flingeth
   In softened glory lies;
But, richer beauty wearing,
   We hail, as yet more dear,
His step who cometh, bringing
   Glad tidings to our ear,—

2 Glad tidings of the treasures
   In Thee, O Saviour, found,
The river of Thy pleasures,
   Thy guarded pasture-ground:
Of shade our Rock is spreading
   For fainting souls to seek,
Of dew Thy love is shedding,
   Thy servant's lips will speak;

3 And of a brighter morrow
   Within our Father's home,
A life where pain and sorrow
   And sighing cannot come:

And dear ones, sadly straying
   In paths of sin and woe,
Through him Thy voice obeying,
   Home to Thy fold shall go.

4 And back in service tender,
   In fervent love and prayer,
Our grateful hearts shall render
   The blessing of his care.
O be Thy presence ever
   Around his spirit thrown!
Sustain each high endeavour,
   Each faithful effort own.

5 Be near in hours of sadness,
   To cheer 'midst earth's annoy;
Be near in hours of gladness,
   To hallow every joy.
And Lord, at Thine appearing,
   May we with him arise,
Thy heavenly likeness wearing,
   To meet Thee in the skies.

Caroline Dent.
Blessed are your eyes, for they see.—Matt. xiii. 16.

1 How beautious are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongue,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
'Zion, behold thy Saviour-King;
He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Its Saviour and its God.

I. Watts.
And after the fire a still small voice.—1 Kings xix. 12.

1 Not always as the whirlwind's rush
   On Horeb's mount of fear,
   Not always as the burning bush
   To Midian's shepherd seer,
   Nor as the awful voice which came
   To Israel's prophet bards,
   Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
   Nor gift of fearful words,—

2 Not always thus, with outward sign
   Of fire or voice from heaven,
   The message of a truth divine,
   The call of God is given;
   Awaking in the human heart
   Love for the true and right,
   Zeal for the Christian's better part,
   Strength for the Christian's fight.

3 For gently, by a thousand things
   Which o'er our spirits pass,
   Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
   Or vapours e'er a glass,
   Leaving their token strange and new
   Of music or of shade,
   The summons to the right and true
   And merciful is made.

4 Though heralded with nought of fear,
   Or outward sign or show,
   Though only to the inward ear
   It whispers soft and low;
   Though dropping, as the manna fell,
   Unseen, yet from above,
   Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—
   Thy Father's call of love!

J. G. Whittier.
St. Peter. [FIRST TUNE.]  

C.M.  
A. R. Reinagle.

Farrant. [SECOND TUNE.]  

C.M.  
R. Farrant.

For Ministers' Meetings.

537 I have therefore wherein I may glory through Jesus Christ.—Rom. xv. 17.

1 We thank Thee, Lord, for using us For Thee to work and speak; However trembling is the hand, The voice however weak.

2 We thank Thee, Lord, that some true rays Of Thine from us have shone Into a world so dark as ours, However faint and wan.

3 We bless Thee for each seed of truth That we through Thee have sowed Upon this waste and barren earth,— The living seed of God.

4 For those to whom through us Thou hast Some heavenly guidance given; For some, it may be, saved from death; And some brought nearer heaven.

5 For every note of Christian song, However poorly sung; For lips that sought to speak but truth, And for a willing tongue.

H. Bonar.

538 Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord. —Isa. lxxxiii. 10.

1 We thank Thee, gracious God, for all Of witness there hath been From us, in any path of life, Though silent and unseen.

2 For solace ministered perchance In days of grief and pain; For peace to troubled, weary souls, Not spoken all in vain.

3 O honour higher, truer far Than earthly fame could bring, Thus to be used, in work like this, So long, by such a King!

4 Lord, keep us still the same as in Remembered days of old; O keep us fervent still in love, Mid many waxing cold.

5 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.

6 Thy Name to name, Thyself to own With voice unaltering, And face as bold and unashamed As in our Christian spring.

H. Bonar.
Association Meetings.

They asked each other of their welfare.—Ex. xviii. 7.

1 From distant places of our land,
   Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand;
   Our hearts engaged to Thee, we raise
   United prayer, united praise.

2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
   Has kept us to this present hour;
   Blest be the grace that bids us meet
   Before Thy throne, in union sweet.

3 Through toils and trials we have come,
   And grief has veiled the lot of some;
   But now, exulting in Thy care,
   We meet each others' joy to share.

4 We meet, O God, that through our land
   The churches planted by Thy hand,
   From error, weakness, discord free,
   May bloom, like gardens blest by Thee.

5 We meet, abroad the news to send
   Of Christ the Lord, the sinner's Friend,
   Till to the earth's remotest bound
   Has pealed the soul-reviving sound.

6 Smile on us, Lord, and in this place
   Display the glory of Thy face;
   Here to our gathered tribes be given
   A gladdening antepast of heaven.

W. L. Alexander.
On the Death of a Minister.

Well done, good and faithful servant.—Matt. xxv. 23.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
   Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

2 At midnight came the cry,
   'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
   Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
   His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
   Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

(485)
541

O Lord, revive Thy work.—Hab. iii. 2.

1.
Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Thy mighty arm make bare;  
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
And make Thy people hear.

2.
Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Disturb this sleep of death;  
Quicken the smouldering embers now  
By Thine Almighty breath.

3.
Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Create soul-thirst for Thee;  
And hungering for the bread of life  
O may our spirits be!

4.
Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Exalt Thy precious name;  
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5.
Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
Give Pentecostal showers;  
The glory shall be all Thine own,  
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane.
542

The church in the wilderness.—Acts vii. 38.

far down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won:
The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still,—
Old, and yet ever new!

'Tis the repeated tale
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,
Nor 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.

H. Bonar.
Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion.—Zech. ix. 9.

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

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

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

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

I. Watts.
544 Behold, I make all things new.—Rev. xxii. 5.

1. \(mf\) SPIRIT of power and might, behold
   A world by sin destroyed:
   Creator-Spirit, as of old,
   Move on the formless void.

2. Give Thou the word;—that healing sound
   Shall quell the deadly strife;
   And earth again, like Eden crowned,
   Produce the tree of life.

3. If sang the morning stars for joy,
   When Nature rose to view,
   \(cr\) What strains will angel-harps employ
   When Thou shalt all renew!

4. And if the sons of God rejoice
   To hear a Saviour’s name,
   \(cr\) How will the ransomed raise their voice,
   To whom that Saviour came!

5. \(f\) So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
   Assembling round the throne,
   Thy new creation shall ascribe
   To sovereign Love alone.

James Montgomery.

545 There shall come a star out of Jacob.—Num. xxiv. 17.

1. \(f\) LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim’s heart,
   Star of the coming day,
   Arise, and with Thy morning beams
   Chase all our griefs away.

2. Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore
   And answering island sing
   The praises of Thy royal name,
   And own Thee as their King.

3. Bid the whole earth, responsive now
   To the bright world above,
   Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
   In memory of Thy love.

4. Jesus, Thy fair creation groans,—
   The air, the earth, the sea,—
   In unison with all our hearts,
   And calls aloud for Thee.

5. \(mf\) Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
   Of grace and peace divine;
   \(f\) Be Thine the crown of glory now,
   The palm of victory Thine.

E. Denny.
546 They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful.—Rev. xvii. 14.

1 O God of Truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

4 We fight for truth, we fight for God,
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

6 Still smite! still burn! till nought is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

7 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes.

547 That they without us should not be made perfect.—Heb. xi. 40.

f1 O UR God! our God! Thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day:
To us Thy radiant steps appear;
We watch Thy glorious way.

2 Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and Thy word.

3 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

4 Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour,
And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power.

5 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing;
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

6 He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come, King of grace, Thy people cry.
And bring the glorious years.

T. H. Gill.
Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.—Matt. ix. 38.

1 O STILL in accents clear and strong
   Sounds forth the ancient word:
     'More reapers for white harvest-fields,
      More labourers for the Lord!'

2 We hear the call: in dreams no more
   In selfish ease we lie;
   But, girded for our Father's work,
   Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
   And prayers of saints were sown,
   We, to their labours entering in,
   Would reap where they have sown.

4 O Thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
   To do Thy will we come;
   Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
   And bear our harvest home.

   Samuel Longfellow.
549 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea.—Ps. lxxii. 8.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

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.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long 'Amen.'

I. Watts.

550 I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.—Joel ii. 28.

Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

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.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery.
I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Mal. 1. 14.

1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
   O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice;
   From world to world the joy shall ring:
   'The Lord Omnipotent is King'!

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
   Resist His will, distrust His care,
   Or murmur at His wise decrees,
   Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
   The Judge of all the earth is just;
   Holy and true are all His ways:
   Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
   Your God is King, your Father reigns;
   And He is at the Father's side,
   The Man of Love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
   He will present them at the throne;
   And angel-bands are waiting there
   His messages of love to bear.

O when His wisdom can mistake,
   His might decay, His love forsake,
   Then may His children cease to sing,
   'The Lord Omnipotent is King'!

Josiah Conder.

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,
   O gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
   And let them also share Thy heaven.

O 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.

J. Heermann, tr. C. Winkworth.
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.

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

Arabia’s desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see,
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O’er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle’s pinion
Or dove’s light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end;
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

O’er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.
They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom—Ps. cxlv. 11.

mf 1 LORD God of our salvation,
    Whose love has brought us nigh,
Through His humiliation
Who reigns with Thee on high,
Behold us as we gather
Adoring at Thy feet,
And with Thy smile, O Father,
Thy children deign to greet.

f 2 We give Thee thanks and blessing
    For Thy surpassing gift;
The heart, its Lord possessing,
    What lofty hopes uplift!
Since saved of every nation
And kindred, tongue and tribe;
A countless congregation,
    Shall grace to Him ascribe.

p 3 Yet are we sad before Thee
    For dying souls afar
Who have not seen the glory
    Of Jacob's royal Star,
Nor know His wealth of merit
Who did in death atone,
And, through the eternal Spirit,
    Hath made His life their own.

4 On, on the moments bear them
    Where deeper shades prevail;
Our God, wilt Thou prepare them
    The gospel's light to hail?
Thyself in Christ revealing,
Reclaim, renew, restore;
Spread wide the wings of healing,
    The balm divine outpour.

5 Hear Thou the loving voices
    That pray, 'Thy Kingdom come';
in Thee our faith rejoices,
    Let not our lips be dumb,
Nor slow to swell the gladness
    Of Thy salvation's day,
And tell a world of sadness
    Its curse is rolled away.

Joseph Tritton.

(495)
585

All flesh shall see the salvation of God.—Luke iii. 6.

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

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

(496)
THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

St. Theodulph. [second tune.] 7.6., eight lines. M. Teschner.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
   The lamp of life deny?

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

R. Heber.
Lymington. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines. R. JACKSON.

556 Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.—John iv. 35.

1 LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared Thy travail
And see Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, 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.

4 Be with us, God the Father,
Be with us, God the Son,
Be with us, God the Spirit,
O blessed Three in One!
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell.
Jubilate. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., eight lines. C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

557 As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.—Prov. xxv. 25.

1 O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise:
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of jubilee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes:
Faith is our battle token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 'Not unto us,' Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due:
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too:
'Not unto us,' in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore;
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore!
Still on in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

E. H. Bickersteth.
558 In Thy majesty ride prosperously.—Ps. xlv. 4.

\[ f \]
Let us sing the King Messiah,  
King of righteousness and peace;  
Hail Him, all His happy subjects,  
Never let His praises cease:  
Ever hail Him;  
Never let His praises cease.

2 How transcendent are Thy glories,  
Fairer than the sons of men,  
While Thy blessed meditation  
Brings us back to God again;  
Blest Redeemer,  
How we triumph in Thy reign!

3 Gird Thy sword on, mighty Hero,  
Make the word of truth Thy car;  
Prosper in Thy course majestic;  
All success attend Thy war:  
Gracious Victor,  
Let mankind before Thee bow.

4 Majesty combined with meekness,  
Righteousness and peace unite  
To ensure Thy blessed conquests;  
On, great Prince, assert Thy right:  
Ride triumphant  
All around the conquered globe.

5 Blest are all that touch Thy sceptre;  
Blest are all that own Thy reign,  
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
Rescued from its galling chain:  
Saints and angels,  
All who know Thee bless Thy reign.

John Ryland.

559 The people which sat in darkness saw a great light.—Matt. iv. 16.

\[ mf \]
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace:  
Blessed jubilee!  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

\[ mf \]
Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary:  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.

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

4 May the glorious day approaching,  
On their grossest darkness dawn;  
And the everlasting gospel  
Spread abroad Thy holy name  
O'er the borders  
Of the great Immanuel's land.

\[ f \]
Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominion  
Multiply and still increase:  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams.
Come over into Macedonia, and help us.—Acts xvi. 9.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,—
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, Christians, none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear,
Of the precious price that bought them,
Nail, and thorn, and cruel spear:
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Still the earth hath cruel places,
Wrath, and hate, and vengeance grim,
Still God looks on human faces
Heavenward turned, but not to Him;
Slaves in bondage
Worse than that of fettered limb.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings,
Let no shore be left untrod,
No lost brother's bitter chidings
Haunt us from the further sod;
Tell the heathen
All the precious truths of God.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
Sursum Voces. [First Tune.] 8.7., eight lines.  H. Elliot Button.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee:
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
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.

Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new-creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. C. Coxe.
563

What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.—Mark xiii. 37.

1.  mf Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
    When shall earth Thy rule obey?
    When shall end the night of weeping?
    When shall break the promised day?
    See the whitening harvest languish,
    Waiting still the labourers' toil;
    Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
    Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2.  Tidings, sent to every creature,
    Millions yet have never heard;
    Can they hear without a preacher?
    Lord Almighty, give the word.
    Give the word; in every nation
    Let the gospel trumpet sound,
    Witnessing a world's salvation,
    To the earth's remotest bound.

3.  f Then the end,—Thy Church completed,
    All Thy chosen gathered in,
    With their King in glory seated,
    Satan bound, and banished sin;
    Gone for ever parting, weeping,
    Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:
    Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
    Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

   H. Downton.
He hath put all things under His feet.—1 Cor. xv. 27.

1 O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled town and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky,
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

W. C. Bryant.
Let there be light.—Gen. i. 3.

1. **f** Thou whose almighty word
   Chaos and darkness heard
   And took their flight,
   Hear us, we humbly pray,
   And where the gospel day
   Sheds not its glorious ray,
   Let there be light.

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

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

4. **f** Blessèd and holy Three,
   Glorious Trinity,
   Wisdom, Love, Might,
   Boundless as ocean's tide
   Rolling in fullest pride,
   Through the world far and wide
   Let there be light.

John Marriott.
Sunbury. 7s., six lines. R. Jackson.

566

All the ends of the earth shall fear Him.—Ps. lxvii. 7.

1.
mf
God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face:
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth’s remotest end.

2.
f
Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay
And Thy holy will obey.

3.
f
Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

H. F. Lyte.
567
And they shall come from the east and west, and from the north and south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.—Luke xiii. 29.

1 From north and south and east and west,
When shall the peoples, long unblest,
All find their everlasting rest,
O Christ, in Thee?

2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in Thee?

3 When on each southern balmy coast
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,
O Christ, in Thee?

4 O when in all the orient lands,
From cities white and flaming sands
Shall men lift dedicated hands,
O Christ, to Thee?

5 O when shall heathen darkness roll
Away in light, from pole to pole,
And endless day by every soul
Be found in Thee?

6 Bring, Lord, the long predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their refuge, tower,
And home in Thee.

G. T. Coster.
568  We have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.—Matt. ii. 2.

mf 1 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.

mf 2 There their Lord and Saviour
    Meek and lowly lay,
    Wondrous Light that led them
    Onward on their way,
    Ever now to lighten
    Nations from afar,
    As they journey homeward
    By that guiding Star.

mf 3 Thou who in a manger
    Once hast lowly lain,
    Who dost now in glory
    O'er all kingdoms reign,
    Gather in the heathen,
    Who in lands afar
    Ne'er have seen the brightness
    Of Thy guiding Star.

mf 4 Gather in the outcasts,
    All who've gone astray;
    Throw Thy radiance o'er them;
    Guide them on their way.
    Those who never knew Thee,
    Those who've wandered far,
    Guide them by the brightness
    Of Thy guiding Star.

mf 5 Onward through the darkness
    Of the lonely night,
    Shining still before them
    With Thy kindly light,
    Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
    Homeward from afar,
    Young and old together,
    By Thy guiding Star.

G. Thring.
569 Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.—Eph. vi. 17.

1. \(f\) Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
   Gird you with your armour bright;
   Mighty are your enemies,
   Hard the battle ye must fight.

2. O'er a faithless, fallen world
   Raise your banner in the sky:
   Let it float there wide unfurled;
   Bear it onward; lift it high.

3. \(mf\) 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
   Strangers to the living word,
   Let the Saviour's herald go,
   Let the voice of hope be heard.

4. \(p\) To the weary and the worn
   Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
   To the outcast and forlorn
   Speak of mercy and of peace.

5. \(mf\) Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
   Comfort troubles; banish grief;
   \(cr\) In the might of God arrayed,
   Scatter sin and unbelief.

6. \(f\) Be the banner still unfurled,
   Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
   Till the kingdoms of the world
   Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How.
570

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.—Zech. ix. 9.

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky:
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

He comes the wide world's King,
He comes the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
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.
That the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.—2 Thes. iii. 1.

mf 1 See how great a flame aspires,
    Kindled by a spark of grace!
    Jesus' love the nations fires,
    Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
    Fire to bring on earth He came,
    Kindled in some hearts it is;
    O that all might catch the flame,
    All partake the glorious bliss!

mp 2 When He first the work begun,
    Small and feeble was His day;
    Now the word doth swiftly run,
    Now it wins its widening way;
    More and more it spreads and grows,
    Ever mighty to prevail,
    Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
    Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

mf 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
    He the door hath opened wide,
    He hath given the word of grace,
    Jesus' word is glorified;
    Jesus, mighty to redeem,
    He alone the work hath wrought;
    Worthy is the work of Him,
    Him who spake a world from nought.

mf 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
    Little as a human hand?
    Now it spreads along the skies,
    Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
    Lo! the promise of a shower
    Drops already from above;
    But the Lord will shortly pour
    All the spirit of His love.

C. Wesley.
Veni Emmanuel.

The glory of Thy people Israel.—LUKE ii. 32.

O COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe,
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Ancient Hymn, tr. J. M. Neale.
For the Jews.

O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!—Ps. xiv. 7.

1 That the Lord's salvation Were out of Zion come, To heal His ancient nation, To lead His outcasts home!
2 How long the holy city Shall heathen feet profane? Return, O Lord! in pity; Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror; Thy saving grace impart; Roll back the veil of error; Release the fettered heart.
4 Let Israel, home returning, Her lost Messiah see; Give oil of joy for mourning, And bind Thy Church to Thee.

H. F. Lyte.

St. Stephen.

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion.—Isa. li. 1.

1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust Exalt thy fallen head; Again in thy Redeemer trust, He calls thee from the dead.
2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength, Thy beautiful array; The day of freedom dawns at length, The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge, And send thy heralds forth: Say to the South—Give up thy charge, And keep not back, O North.
4 They come, they come: thine exiled bands, Where'er they rest or roam, Have heard thy voice in distant lands, And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn, And God His works destroy, With songs thy ransomed shall return, And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery.
The World's Jubilee.

He shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. xi. 15.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
   From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
   All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
   Are the kingdom of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
   With illimitable 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;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
   God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery.
576

1 A NOTHER six days' work is done,
   Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
   So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
   As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
   Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, Thy works we view
   In various scenes both old and new:
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
   In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

[Joseph Stennett]
577 It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.—Ps. xcii. 1.

1 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.

mf 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
   No mortal care shall seize my breast;
   O may my heart in tune be found,
   Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
   And bless His works and bless His word:
   Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
   How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Then shall I share a glorious part,
   When grace hath well refined my heart,
   And fresh supplies of joy are shed.
   Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
   Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
   My inward foes shall all be slain,
   Nor Satan break my peace again.

cr 6 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.

578 Unto you ... shall the Sun of righteousness arise.—Mal. iv. 2.

1 Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness,
   On this day risen to set no more,
   Shine on us now, to heal and bless,
   With brighter beams than e'er before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
   On each celestial blossom there;
   Destroy each bitter root of sin,
   And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure eternal word,
   Its mysteries to our souls reveal;
   And whether read, remembered, heard,
   O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace,
   In righteousness Thy priests be clad;
   Unveil the brightness of Thy face,
   And make Thy chosen people glad.

5 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
   The brooding cloud from every eye;
   Till every earthly dwelling place
   Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.

6 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
   Pour richer floods of life and light,
   Till that bright Sabbath be begun,
   That glorious day which knows no night.
579

Worship.

Lothian. [First Tune.] 7.6., eight lines. E. Bunnett.

At the rising of the sun.—Mark xvi. 2.

1 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.

2 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!

3 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.

4 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won!

5 So be it, Lord, for ever:
O may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence,
His blessed name adore:

p Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls;

f So that in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last;
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity!

Mrs. Ada C. Cross.

(518)
This is the day which the Lord hath made.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 Day of rest and gladness,
   O day of joy and light,
   O balm of care and sadness,
   Most beautiful, most bright!
   On thee the high and lowly,
   Through ages joined in tune,
   Sing, ‘Holy, Holy, Holy,’
   To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
   The light first had its birth;
   On thee, for our salvation,
   Christ rose from depths of earth;
   On thee our Lord victorious
   The Spirit sent from heaven;
   And thus on thee most glorious
   A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
   From storms that round us rise;
   A garden intersected
   With streams of Paradise;
   Thou art a cooling fountain
   In life’s dry, dreary sand;
   From thee, like Pisgah’s mountain,
   We view our promised land.

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

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

C. Wordsworth.
WORSHIP.


The first day of the week.—
Mark xvi. 2.

f 1 This is the day of light:
   Let there be light to-day;
   O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
   And chase its gloom away.

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

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

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

f 5 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.


Seek those things which are above.
—Col. iii. 1.

f 1 Rise, heart! thy Lord arose
   With the first morning ray;
   Leave far below thy cares and woes,
   It is the rising day.

2 Rise! with a spirit’s love
   Follow the Master’s way,
   And seek the things that are above;
   It is Ascension day!

3 Mount! in the holy light,—
   Up! to the calm serene;
   To heavenly places take thy flight,
   Where Christ the Lord is seen.

4 Soar thou where angels soar;
   Pray with them side by side,
   And with the white-robed Church adore
   Thy Saviour glorified.

G. Rawson.
Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.—Ps. cxlix. 2.

1 **Lord**, remove the veil away,
   Let us see Thyself to-day:
   Thou who camest from on high,
   For our sins to bleed and die,
   Help us now to cast aside
   All that would our hearts divide;
   With the Father and the Son
   Let Thy living Church be one.

2 Oh, from earthly cares set free,
   Let us find our rest in Thee;
   May our toils and conflicts cease
   In the calm of Sabbath peace;
   That Thy people, here below,
   Something of the bliss may know
   Something of the rest and love
   In the Sabbath home above.

3 Give my soul the spotless dress
   Of Thy perfect righteousness;
   Then at length, a welcome guest,
   I shall enter to the feast,
   Take the harp, and raise the song,
   All Thy ransomed ones among;
   Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
   Joys to last for evermore!

_F. J. Klopstock, tr. H. L. L._
WORSHIP.

St. Angelus.  C.M.  ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

584  This is the day which the Lord hath made.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,  3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
He calls the hours His own;      To David's only Son!
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,      Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
And praise surround the throne.      Salvation from Thy throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  4 Bless the Lord who comes to men
And Satan's empire fell;            With messages of grace;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,  Who comes, in God His Father's name,
And all His wonders tell.            To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains  5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;     The Church on earth can raise;
The higher heavens in which He reigns      The higher heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.      Shall give Him nobler praise.

Wrexford.  8.6.8.4.  E. S. CARTER.

585  The rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord.—Ex. xvi. 23.

1 Hail! sacred day of earthly rest,  4 On all I think or say or do
From toil and trouble free;      A ray of light divine
Hail! day of light that bringest light      Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
And joy to me.  For it is Thine.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  5 All earthly things appear to fade,
On all the world around,      As, rising high and higher,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,      The yearning voices strive to join
Where rest is found.      The heavenly choir.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,  6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
As weekly labours cease;      That Thou this day hast given,—
No voice but those that sweetly sing      Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Sweet songs of peace.      Of rest in heaven.

G. THRING.
I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.—Rev. i. 10.

1 SWEET day of worship, day of rest,
   Heaven's impress on our life!  
May weary heart and brain oppressed
   Now cease from care and strife,
And in communion still and sweet,
   Sit lowly at the Master's feet.

2 It comes, long looked for; weary eyes
   Have pined its light to see,
Have waited for this morn to rise,
   As prisoners to be free;
For thus by sign and shadow known
   Is God's eternal Sabbath shown.

3 We, gazing up through cloud and mist,
   The pearly gates behold,
The jasper and the amethyst,
   The streets of shining gold,
Until without we yet begin
   The thankful song they chant within.

4 May the fair blessing of the time
   Hold every heart in peace,
And echoes of the eternal chime
   Linger when songs must cease;
May God, who dwelleth everywhere,
   Make all the world our house of prayer;

5 Till we abide where perfectly
   God's love shall rule our days,
Where all our work a prayer shall be,
   And all our prayer be praise;
Till Sabbath light gleam far and wide,
   To set no more in eventide.

Mrs. Lucy F. Massey.
How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

1. How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
   From noise and trouble free!
   How beautiful the sweet accord
   Of souls that pray to Thee!

2. They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
   The dry and barren ground,
   As through a verdant, fruitful dale,
   Where springs and showers abound.

3. They journey on from strength to strength,
   With joy and gladsome cheer,
   Till all before our God at length
   In Zion do appear.

4. For God the Lord, both Sun and Shield,
   Gives grace and glory bright:
   No good from them shall be withheld,
   Whose ways are just and right.

   John Milton (alt.)
1 How honoured, how dear,
   That sacred abode,
   Where Christians draw near
   Their Father and God!
   'Mid worldly commotion,
   My wearied soul faints
   For the house of devotion,
   The home of Thy saints.

2 The birds have their home;
   They fix on their nest;
   Wherever they roam,
   They turn to their rest:
   From them fondly learning,
   My soul would take wing;
   To Thee so returning,
   My God and my King.

3 Oh happy the choirs
   Who praise Thee above!
   What joy tunes their lyres!
   Their worship is love.
   Yet safe in Thy keeping
   And happy they be
   In this world of weeping,
   Whose strength is in Thee.

4 Though rugged their way
   They drink, as they go,
   Of springs that convey
   New life as they flow:
   The God they rely on
   Their strength shall renew,
   Till each, brought to Zion,
   His glory shall view.

5 Thou Hearer of prayer,
   Still grant me a place
   Where Christians repair
   To the courts of Thy grace:
   More blest, beyond measure,
   One day so employed
   Than years of vain pleasure
   By worldlings enjoyed.

6 The Lord is a Sun,
   The Lord is a Shield;
   What grace has begun,
   With glory is sealed.
   He hears the distressed,
   He succours the just;
   And they shall be blesseed
   Who make Him their trust.

Josiah Conder.
589

Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.—Jas. iv. 8.

1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
   At Thy feet we humbly bow;
   O do not our suit disdain;
   Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend:
   In compassion now descend;
   Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
   Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
   Now we seek Thee; here we stay:
   Lord, from hence we would not go
   Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
   That may joy and peace afford;
   Let Thy Spirit now impart
   Full salvation to each heart.

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

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

W. Hammond.
590

I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.—Ex. xxv. 22.

mf 1 To Thy temple I repair;
    Lord, I love to worship there,
    When within the veil I meet
    Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled;
    I, through Him, become Thy child;
    Abba, Father! give me grace
    In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

f 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
    Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
    That my joyful soul may bless
    Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

p 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
    God of love, to mine attend;
    Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
    Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

mf 5 While I hearken to Thy law,
    Fill my soul with humble awe,
    Till Thy gospel bring to me
    Life and immortality.

6 While Thy ministers proclaim
    Peace and pardon in Thy name,
    Through their voice, by faith, may I
    Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From Thy house when I return,
    May my heart within me burn;
    And at evening let me say,—
    I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery.
WORSHIP.

Dunelm.  L.M.  CHARLES VINCENT.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute.—Ps. cxi. 17.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call;
   Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
   When the great water-floods prevail,
   Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
   Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
   Where but with Thee, whose open door
   Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
   And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?

   Does not the word still fixed remain,
   That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

   That were a grief I could not bear,
   Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer?

   Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
   I have an Advocate with Thee;
   And he is safe, and must succeed,
   For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

   Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
   Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
   Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
   And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

   The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
   Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
   Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
   And nature smiles, and owns her King.

   Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
   The moral waste within restore:
   O let Thy love our springtide be,
   And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

   How happy they who rest in Thee!

591  592

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We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house.—Ps. lix. 4.

PRAISE, Lord, for Thee, in Zion waits;
   Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
   All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
   And find, through Christ, salvation there.

Our spirits faint, our sins prevail;
   Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
   O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
   And still be found the sinner's Friend.

How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
   How surely kept! how richly fed!
   Saviour of all in earth and sea,
   How happy they who rest in Thee!
Hosanna. — John xii. 13.

1 Hosanna to the living Lord!
   Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
   To Christ—Creator, Saviour, King—
   Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing,
   Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 'Hosanna, Lord!' Thine angels cry;
   'Hosanna, Lord!' Thy saints reply;
   Above, beneath us, and around,
   The dead and living swell the sound,
   Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
   Return to this Thy house of prayer;
   Assembled in Thy sacred name,
   Here we Thy parting promise claim:
   Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But chiepest, in our cleansed breast,
   Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,
   And make our secret soul to be
   A temple pure, and worthy Thee:
   Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
   When earth and heaven shall melt away,
   Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
   Shall swell the sound of praise again,
   Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

R. Heber.
Wait for the promise of the Father.—Acts i. 4.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
   In this accepted hour,
   As on the day of Pentecost,
   Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
   In our appointed place,
   And wait the promise of our Lord,
   The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
   Upon the waves beneath,
   Move with one impulse every mind;
   One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
   With wisdom from above;
   And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
   To pray and praise and love.

5 Spirit of Light, explore
   And chase our gloom away,
   With lustre shining more and more
   Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
   In life and death, our guide:
   O Spirit of Adoption, now
   May we be sanctified.

   James Montgomery.
595

I went into the sanctuary of God.—Ps. lxxiii. 17.

1. COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
   Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel;
   Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
   Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2. Here dwells the Father; Love's waters are streaming
   Forth from the throne of God, plenteous and pure;
   Come to His temple for mercy redeeming;
   Earth has no sorrow that He cannot cure.

3. Here waits the Saviour, all gentle and loving,
   Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal;
   On Him cast the burden, trustfully coming;
   Earth has no sorrow that Christ cannot heal.

4. Here speaks the Comforter, Light of the straying,
   Hope of the penitent, Advocate sure,
   Joy of the desolate, tenderly saying,
   'Earth has no sorrow My grace cannot cure.'

Thomas Moore.
WORSHIP.

Dovedale. [First tune.] 75.75.75.75.88. C. E. Kettle.

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 from 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,
Now on higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

1 Kings viii. 22-53.
5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
   Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak and grey,
   Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
   Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
   All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

6 When creation, in her pangs,
   Heaves her heavy groan:
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
   Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
   Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,—
   'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

H. Bonar.
597

Peace be within thee.—Ps. cxxii. 8.

1 How pleased and blest 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 homage pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
3 There David's greater Son
Hath fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 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.

5 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.

I. Watts.
f 1 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.

2 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.

3 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!

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—Ps. lxxxiv. 4.

598
4 To spend one sacred day
   Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
   Than thousand days beside:
   Where God resorts,
   I love it more
   To keep the door
   Than shine in courts.

5 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.

6 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.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—Ps. ciii. 2.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven; To His feet thy tribute bring;

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Who like thee His praises should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the everlasting King.

2. 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:
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Glorious in His faithfulness.

Trebles only.
Slower.

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

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Wide-ly as His mercy flows.

Harmony.

4. Frail as summer's flower we flourish; Blows the wind, and it is gone;
WORSHIP.

But while mortals rise and perish, God endures unchanging on:

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the high eternal One.

Unison.

5. 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,

Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace. A-men.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.—Ps. ciii. 2.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
   To His feet thy tribute bring;
   Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
   Who like thee His praise should sing?
   Praise Him, praise Him,
   Praise the everlasting King.

2 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:
   Praise Him, praise Him,
   Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
   Well our feeble frame He knows;
   In His hands He gently bears us,
   Rescues us from all our foes:
   Praise Him, praise Him,
   Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
   Blows the wind, and it is gone;
   But while mortals rise and perish,
   God endures unchanging on:
   Praise Him, praise Him,
   Praise the high eternal One.

5 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,
   Praise Him, praise Him,
   Praise with us the God of grace.

H. F. Lyte.
How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts!—Ps. lxxxiv. 1.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe;

O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.
3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.
Sunday Evening.

At even, when the sun did set.—Mark i. 32.

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
   The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
   Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
   What if Thy form we cannot see?
   We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
   For some are sick, and some are sad,
   And some have never loved Thee well,
   And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some 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;

5 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.

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
   For none are wholly free from sin;
   And they who fain would serve Thee best
   Are conscious most of wrong within.

7 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;

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

H. Twells.
The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—Ps. cxli. 2.

1 Holy Father, whom we praise
   With imperfect accents here,
Ancient of eternal days,
   Lord of heaven and earth and air,
Stooping from amid the blaze
   Of the flaming seraphim,
Hear and help us while we raise
   This our Sabbath evening hymn.

2 We have trod Thy temple, Lord,
   We have joined the public praise,
We have heard Thy holy word,
   We have sought Thy heavenly grace:
All Thy goodness we record,
   All our powers to Thee we bring,
Keep us in Thy watch and ward
   'Neath the night's o'ershadowing.

3 We have seen Thy dying love,
   Jesus, once for sinners slain;
We would follow Thee above,
   We with Thee would rise and reign:
May each passing Sabbath prove
   Sweet with new delight in Thee;
Spirit, on our natures move,
   Fit us for eternity.

Thomas Binney.
603 In the night His song shall be with me.—Ps. xlii. 8.

mf 1 Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;  
But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light, that lightest all!

2 Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But O the strains, how full and clear,  
Of that eternal choir!

mf 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our daily life a psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.

604 Abide with us... the day is far spent.  

mp 1 Saviour, abide with us,  
The day is now far gone;  
We would obtain a blessing thus,  
By coming to Thy throne.

2 We have not reached that land,  
That happy land as yet,  
Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
Where suns can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
Shine on us evermore.

J. M. Neale.
605 O Lord, how great are Thy works, 
and Thy thoughts are very deep.—Ps. xci. 5.

mp 1 And now the wants are told, that brought 
Thy children to Thy knee; 
Here lingering still, we ask for nought, 
But simply worship Thee.

mf 3 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.

mf 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest, 
O'er thanks exalted far, 
Thy very greatness is a rest 
To weaklings as we are:

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee 
A task beyond our powers, 
We say, 'A perfect God is He, 
And He is fully ours.'

f 7 All glory to the Father be, 
All glory to the Son, 
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee, 
While endless ages run.

W. Bright.

606 I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.—Ps. lxxi. 4.

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

2 The Lord be with us as we walk 
Along our homeward road; 
In silent thought, or friendly talk, 
Our hearts be still with God.

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

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

J. Ellerton.
The shadows of the evening are stretched out.—JER. vi. 4.

1 ANOTHER Sabbath ended,
   Its peaceful hours all flown,
   We come to close its worship,
   O Lord, before Thy throne:
   We bless Thee for this earnest
   Of better rest above,
   This token of Thy kindness,
   This pledge of boundless love.

2 We would prolong its moments,
   And linger yet awhile
   Amid its closing shadows,
   Illumined by Thy smile:
   Our souls shall know no darkness
   While we may look to Thee;
   Our eyes shall ne'er grow weary
   While we Thy face can see.
In the temple praising and blessing God.—Luke xxiv. 53.

1 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
In waiting wait Thy word of peace.

mf 3 O Jesus, our dear Saviour,
To Thee our songs we raise;
Our hearts, by care untroubled,
Uplift themselves in praise:
For to God's truce with labour
More glory Thou hast given,
And Sabbaths now are sweeter
Since Christ the Lord has risen.

4 O Lord, again we bless Thee
For such a day as this,
So rich in ancient glories,
So bright with hopes of bliss:
O may we reach Thy perfect,
Thine endless, day of rest:
Then lay our earth-worn spirits
Upon our Father's breast.

T. Vincent Tymms.
The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.—Ex. xv. 18.

1 THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

J. Ellerton.
In the temple praising and blessing God.—Luke xxiv. 53.

f 1 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
   With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
   We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,

p  Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

mf 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
   With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
   Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
   That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
   Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
   From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
   For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

p 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
   Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
   Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,

dim Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,

pp Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton.
In the temple praising and blessing God.—Luke xxiv. 53

Ellers. [SECOND TUNE.] 10.10.10.10. E. J. Hopkins.

1. Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call’d upon Thy name.
Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;

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

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;

Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.
Jesus Himself stood in the midst, and saith, Peace be unto you.—Luke xxiv. 36.

1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life’s long day and death’s dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

2 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.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace,
Through life’s long day and death’s dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 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.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life’s long day and death’s dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life’s long day and death’s dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

F. W. Faber.
Benediction Hymn.

611

They went unto their tents joyful and glad of heart.—1 Kings viii. 66.

mf 1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
    Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
    Let us each, Thy love possessing,
    Triumph in redeeming grace:
    O refresh us,
    Travelling through this wilderness.

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

mp 3 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.

John Fawcett (†).
THE PRAYER MEETING.

See also Section VII. (4) 'Fellowship with God.'

Fellowship in Prayer.

612 Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son.—1 John i. 3.

1 Our heavenly Father calls,
   And Christ invites us near;
   With both our friendship shall be sweet,
   And our communion dear.

2 God pityes all our griefs,
   He pardons every day,
   Almighty to protect our souls,
   And wise to guide our way.

3 How large His bounties are!
   What various stores of good,
   Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
   And purchased with His blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
   We bless Thy faithful care,
   Our Advocate before the throne,
   And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart,
   Here wait, my warmest love,
   Till the communion be complete
   In nobler scenes above.

P. Doddridge.

613 Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

1 Behold the throne of grace,
   The promise calls us near;
   There Jesus shows a smiling face,
   And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
   Which sprinkled round we see,
   Provides for those who come to God
   An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond our utmost wants,
   His love and power can bless;
   To praying souls He always grants
   More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
   Thy presence and Thy love;
   We ask to serve Thee here below,
   And reign with Thee above.

5 Abiding in Thy faith,
   Our will conformed to Thine,
   Let us victorious be in death,
   And then in glory shine.

John Newton.
Sorrel Hill. [THIRD TUNE.]

S. M.

H. J. E. Holmes.

Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. xviii. 20.

1 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.

2 Thy name salvation is,
Which now we come to prove;
Thy name is life and joy and peace
And everlasting love.

3 We meet the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know Thou art,
But O Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove,
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love.

C. Wesley.

Stamford. [FOURTH TUNE.]

S. M.

Henry G. Trembath.

Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.—John xv. 16.

1 GREAT is Thy mercy, Lord,
Deep is Thy tenderness;
Keep now with us Thy friendly word;
The hearts that seek Thee bless.

2 We have not chosen Thee,
But us Thou deign'st to choose,—
Not servants, but Thy friends to be,
Whom Thou wilt never lose:

3 For never wilt Thou change,
Who art all change above:
Nor life nor death shall us estrange
From Thy most perfect love.

4 O for Thy loving heart!
O to be like Thee, Lord!
Come near us, Christ, Thy grace impart.
Thy spirit now afford.

5 To Thee we fain would live,
Content if Thou be nigh,
To Thee all powers and passions give,
And then to Thee would die.

G. B. Buhier.
WORSHIP.

616  God...spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.—Heb. i. 1.

1 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?

2 What though no answering voice is heard?
   Thine oracles, the written word,
   Counsel and guidance still impart,
   Responsive to the upright heart.

3 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.

4 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.

5 No need of prophets to inquire:
   The Sun is risen, the stars retire;
   The Comforter is come, and sheds
   His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire;
   Answer our sacrifice by fire;
   And by Thy mighty acts declare
   Thou art the God who hearest prayer.

Josiah Conder.
617 The cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy-seat.—Heb. ix. 5.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
   From every swelling tide of woes,
   There is a calm, a sure retreat,
   'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
   The oil of gladness o'er our heads,
   A place than all besides more sweet;
   It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
   Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
   Though sundered far, by faith they meet
   Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
   When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
   Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
   Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
   And time and sense seem all no more:
   And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
   And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O let my hands forget their skill,
   My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
   This bounding heart forget to beat,
   If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell.

618 They that feared the Lord spake often one to another.—Mal. iii. 16.

1 Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake
   A hearty welcome here receive;
   May we together now partake
   The joys which only He can give.

2 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.

3 May He by whose kind care we meet
   Send His good Spirit from above;
   Make our communications sweet,
   And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

John Newton.
619  Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.—Eph. vi. 18.

1. **Prayer** is the soul's sincere desire,
   Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
   That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
   When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
   That infant lips can try;
**cr** Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
   The Majesty on high.

4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
   Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
   And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

5. **mf** Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
   He enters heaven with prayer.

6. Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
   And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
   For sinners intercedes.

7. **O Thou by whom we come to God,**
   The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
   Lord, teach us how to pray!

*James Montgomery.*
Bless me, even me also, O my father.—Gen. xxvii. 34.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
   Thou art scattering, full and free,—
   Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
   Let some drops now fall on me,
   Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
   Sinful though my heart may be!
   Thou mightst spurn me, but the rather
   Let Thy mercy light on me,
   Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
   Let me love and cling to Thee;
   I am longing for Thy favour;
   When Thou comest call for me,
   Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit:
   Thou canst make the blind to see;
   Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
   Speak the word of power to me,
   Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
   Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
   Has the world my heart been keeping?
   O forgive and rescue me,
   Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
   Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
   Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
   Magnify them all in me,
   Even me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.
WORSHIP.

Battishill. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.7.7.7. J. Battishill.

Ask, and it shall be given you.—Matt. viii. 7.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
   Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
   Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such.
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
   Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
   Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 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.

6 Show me what I have to do;
   Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton.

621

Ulverston. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.7.7.7. R. B. Daniel.

A - men.
622

He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.—Eph. i. 6.

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear, 
   And make Thy faithful mercies known: 
   To Thee, through Jesus, we draw near,—
   Thy suffering, well-beloved Son, 
   In whom Thou art well pleased that we 
   Thy smiling face should ever see.

2 With solemn faith we offer up, 
   And spread before Thy glorious eyes, 
   That only ground of all our hope, 
   That precious, bleeding Sacrifice, 
   Which brings Thy grace on sinners down, 
   And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through His holy name, 
   Forgiveness in His blood, we have; 
   But more abundant life we claim 
   Through Him who died our souls to save, 
   To sanctify us by His blood, 
   And fill us with the life of God.

4 Father, behold Thy dying Son, 
   And hear the blood that speaks above: 
   On us be all Thy graces shown; 
   Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love—
   Thy kingdom—come to every heart, 
   And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

C. Wesley.
Then came Jesus and stood in the midst.—John xx. 19.

1 WHERESOEVER two or three
Meet, a Christian company,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

2 When with friends beloved we stray
Talking at the closing day,
Saviour, meet us in the way:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

3 When amid the gloom of night
Storms arise, and perils fright,
Let Thy voice our hearts delight:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

4 In the festive hour refine
Earthly love to joys divine;
Turn the water into wine:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

5 In the time of lonely grief,
Let Thy presence bring relief,
Then shall longest nights grow brief:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

6 When the world and life recede,
Saviour, in our hour of need,
Then be visible indeed:
Gracious Saviour, hear.

Josiah Conder.
Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.—Mark ix. 24.

1 When I come with troubled heart,
   Jesus bids me not depart
   Till He stills it;
When I come with empty urn,
   Jesus bids me not return
   Till He fills it.

2 Once I came in tattered dress,
   And the God of holiness
   Did not loathe me;
   Bringing nothing for the payment,
   When I came for change of raiment,
   He did clothe me.

3 When I dared not nearer draw,
   For the terrors of the law,
   He beheld me;
   When I could not enter in,
   For the burden of my sin,
   He compelled me.

4 Still He bids me to draw near,
   With my every grief or fear,
   And He stills it:
   All unworthy, still I learn
   Just to bring my empty urn,
   And He fills it.

June Crewdson.
WORSHIP.


Supplications.

625 Prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips.—Ps. xvii. 1. 

1 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne, And our confessions pour, Teach us to feel the sins we own, And shun what we deplore. Our contrite spirits pitying see, And penitence impart; Then let a healing ray from Thee Beam peace on every heart.

mf 3 When our responsive tongues essay Their grateful songs to raise, cr Grant that our souls may join the lay, And rise to Thee in praise.

mp 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer, May we our wills resign; Let not a thought our bosom share, Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill, And waft it to the skies; And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still That grants it, or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle.

626 Lord, increase our faith.—Luke xvii. 5. 

p 1 Thou who our faithless hearts canst read, And know'st each weakness there, Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we plead; O turn not from our prayer.

2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour The truths Thy gospel saith; cr Then aid us by Thy heavenly power, And so increase our faith,

mf 3 That we may trust Thy guardian care, When no kind hand we see; That we may lift our souls in prayer Undoubtedly to Thee.

4 Help us to gaze on things unseen By eyes of mortal sight; To pierce through earth's dark veil and glean Some beams of heavenly light.

cr 5 Thy glorious presence may we see, When earth's last tie is riven; In faith then trust our souls to Thee, Till we awake in heaven.

J. Baldwin Brown.
627 God; that giveth to all men liberally.—James i. 5.

mf 1 O FOUNT of grace that runneth o'er,
So full, so vast, so free!
Are none too worthless, none too poor,
To come and take of Thee?

2 We come, O Lord, with empty hand,
Yet turn us not away;
For grace hath nothing to demand,
And suppliants nought to pay.

3 'Tis ours to ask and to receive;
To take and not to buy;
'Or 'Tis Thine in sovereign grace to give,
Yea, give abundantly.

mp 4 And thus, in simple faith, we dare
Our empty urn to bring;
'Or O nerve the feeble hand of prayer
To dip it in the spring.

628 Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke xi. 1.

1 WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away,
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way;
We have no words unless Thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay;
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. S. B. Monsell.
629 The power of the Lord was present to heal them.—Luke v. 17.

1 Heal us, Immanuel! we are here,
Waiting to feel Thy touch;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
'Lord, I believe,' with tears he cried,
'0 help my unbelief!'

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

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

W. Cowper.

630 Seek the Lord and His strength; seek His face continually.—1 Chron. vii. 11.

1 There's not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy:
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
For He who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets the ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson.
Lord, help me!—Matt. xv. 25.

1 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.

2 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.

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

4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
   Imploring at Thy feet
   The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
   'Tis all we dare entreat;—

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
   So Thou wilt grant but this:
   The crumbs that from Thy table fall
   Are light and life and bliss.

6 O help us, Saviour, from on high;
   We know no help but Thee;
   O help us so to live and die
   As Thine in heaven to be.

II. H. Milman.
WORSHIP.

632

The Life was the light of men.—John 1, 4.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To Thy living temples come.

3 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will ask for nothing less;
Be Thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

C. Wesley.

Franconia.

S.M.

Special Occasions for Prayer.

633

633

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.—Ps. v. 3.

1 SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air;
Before the world with smoke is dim
We meet to offer prayer.

2 While flowers are wet with dew,
Dew of our souls, descend;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send.

3 Upon the battlefield,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.

4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

5 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.

6 O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

C. H. Spurgeon.
On Thee do I wait all the day.—Ps. xxv. 5.

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
   From daily tasks set free,
And met 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;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
   For Thee, and not Thy foe.

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.
Ye shall return every man unto his family.—Lev. xxv. 10.

1 Thou gracious Power, whose mercy lends
   The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
   As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
   In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
   In joyous flow of mirth and song?

3 For all the blessings life has brought,
   For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
   The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
   These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
   The twilight ray from holier spheres,

5 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
   Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
   Thy peace be with us evermore.

O. W. Holmes.
Parting Hymns.

636

Sorrowing most of all . . . that they should see his face no more.—Acts xx. 38.

1 With the sweet word of peace
   We bid our brethren go,—
   Peace, as a river to increase,
   And ceaseless flow.

2 With the good word of prayer
   We earnestly commend
   Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
   Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love
   We give our brief farewell;
   Our love below, and Thine above,
   With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
   We stay ourselves on Thee,
   That the sure promise of Thy truth
   Faithful shall be.

5 And the bright word of hope
   Shall on our parting shine,
   The shade of absent days light up
   With rays Divine.

6 Go then, with peace, and prayer,
   And love, and faith, and hope;
   His guardian angels everywhere
   Shall bear thee up.

G. Watson.
WORSHIP.

Raleigh. 6.6.6.6.8.8. E. Prout.

637 Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—Acts xx. 32.

mf 1 Father, who art alone
   Our helper and our stay,
   O hear us, as we plead
   For loved ones far away,
   And shield with Thine almighty hand
   Our wanderers by sea and land.

dim. For Thou, our Father God,
   Art present everywhere,
   And bendest low Thine ear
   To catch the faintest prayer,
   Waiting rich blessings to bestow
   On all Thy children here below.

mf 2 We all are travellers here
   Along life's various road,
   Meeting and parting oft
   Till we shall mount to God,—
   At home at last, with those we love,
   Within the fatherland above.

3 O compass with Thy love
   The daily path they tread;
   And may Thy light and truth
   Upon their hearts be shed,
   That, one in all things with Thy will,
   Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

mf 4 Guard them from every harm
   When dangers shall assail,
   And teach them that Thy power
   Can never, never fail;
   We cannot with our loved ones be,
   But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

Edith J.

(574)
638

**Farewell to Missionaries.**

(See also Hymn 561.)

*Deport, for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles.—Acts xxii. 21.*

1. SPEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them!
   Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
   They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
   Now they go to free the slaves:
   Be Thou with them!
   'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2. Friends and home and all forsaking,
   Lord, they go at Thy command;
   As their stay Thy promise taking,
   While they traverse sea and land:
   O be with them!
   Lead them safely by the hand.

3. When they reach the land of strangers,
   And the prospect dark appears,
   Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
   Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
   Be Thou with them!
   Hear their sighs and count their tears.

4. When they think of home, now dearer
   Than it ever seemed before,
   Bring the promised glory nearer;
   Let them see that peaceful shore,
   Where Thy people
   Rest from toil and weep no more.

5. Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
   And they seem to toil in vain,
   Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
   Thus supported,
   Let their zeal revive again.

6. In the midst of opposition,
   Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
   When success attends their mission,
   Never leave them,
   Till Thy face in heaven they see;

7. There to reap, in joy for ever,
   Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
   There to be with Him, who never
   Ceases to preserve His own,
   And with gladness
   Give the praise to Him alone!

T. Kelly.
639

Make you perfect in every good work to do His will.—Heb. xiii. 21.

mf 1 NOW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

f 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton.

640

He is our peace.—Eph. ii. 14.

p 1 PART in peace! Christ's life was peace;
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace! Christ's death was peace;
Let us die our death in Him.

2 Part in peace! Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease:
Holy brethren, part in peace!

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.
DEDICATION SERVICES.

Laying a Foundation Stone.

Strengthen, O God, that which Thou hast wrought for us.—Ps. lxviii. 28.

1 In the name which earth and heaven
   Ever worship, praise, and fear,—
   Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—
Shall a house be builded here;
Here with prayer its deep foundations
In the faith of Christ we lay,
Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession
   Stone on stone the workmen place,
   Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
   Jesus, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
   We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
   Strong and living stones are bound.

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
   Here the careless passer-by
   Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
   Of the holier house on high:
   Weary hearts and troubled spirits
   Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
   Here to the Absolver's feet.

4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
   Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
   Where Thy bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
   Robes her for her marriage morn;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
   Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
   Till she may behold His face.

5 Praise to Thee, O Master-Builder,
   Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
   Fitly framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
   Binding all that lives in one,—
Till our earthly praise be ended,
   And the eternal song begun.

J. Ellerton.
The Lord said unto him, ... I have hallowed this house ... to put My name there for ever, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually.—1 Kings ix. 3.

1 CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
   On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
   The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
   Our hopes we place
And joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
   These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
   The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
   In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
   For evermore draw nigh;
   Accept each faithful vow;
   In copious shower
   On all who pray
   Each holy day
   Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from Heaven
   The grace which we implore;
   And may that grace, once given,
   Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

From the Latin, tr. J. Chandler.
643 There am I in the midst of them.  
—Matt. xviii. 20.

1 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.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make our waiting hearts Thine own.

W. Cowper.

644 Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem.—John iv. 21.

1 O Thou to whom in ancient time  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,

2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
The favoured worshipper may dwell;  
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 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.

4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty bend the knee;  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 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.
To see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary.—Ps. lxiii. 2.

1 Our Father God, not face to face,
   May mortal sense commune with Thee,
   Nor lift the curtains of that place
   Where dwells Thy secret majesty;
   Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
   In reverent faith and humble prayer,
   Thy promised blessing will descend,
   And we shall find Thy Spirit there.

2 Lord, be the spot where now we meet
   An open gateway into heaven;
   Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
   And feel our many sins forgiven;
   Here may desponding care look up,
   And sorrow lay its burden down,
   Or learn of Him to drink the cup,
   To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
   To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
   Find better than Bethesda's pool,
   Or than Siloam's healing wave:
   And may we learn, while here apart
   From the world's passion and its strife,
   That Thy true shrine's a loving heart,
   And Thy best praise a holy life.

   Edwin H. Chapin.
THOU whose hand hath brought usreshed on this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray:
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

For this new house we praise Thee,
Reared by Thine own command;
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see;
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.

That thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day.—1 KINGS viii. 29.

And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above;
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love.

And as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this, its chief distinction,
Its glory ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee.

5 Lord God, our fathers' helper,
Our joy and hope and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day:
Our yearning hearts Thou knowest;
We wait before Thy throne;
O come, and by Thy presence
Make this new house Thine own.

F. W. Goadby.
WORSHIP.


647

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary.—Ps. lxxvii. 13.

1 Thou whose unmeasured temple stands
    Built over earth and sea,
    Accept the walls that human hands
    Have raised, O God, to Thee.

2 And let the Comforter and Friend;
    Thy Holy Spirit, meet
    With those who here in worship bend
    Before Thy mercy-seat.

3 May they who err be guided here
    To find the better way;
    And they who mourn, and they who fear,
    Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
    And hallowed wishes rise,
    While round these peaceful walls the storm
    Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant.
648 *Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou and the ark of Thy strength.*—Ps. cxviii. 8.

1 Light up this house with glory, Lord; Enter, and claim Thine own; Receive the homage of our souls, Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar—Thou hast died; We deck no priestly shrine; What need have we of creature-aid? The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud To glorify the place; Give, Lord, the substance of that sign— A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing mighty wind we ask, No tongues of flame desire; Grant us the Spirit’s quickening light, His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord,— The glory of that love Which forms and saves a Church below, And makes a heaven above.

*John Harris.*

649 *Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest.*—Ps. cxviii. 8.

1 *ARISE, O King of grace, arise And enter to Thy rest; Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes Thus to be owned and blest.*

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train, Thy Spirit and Thy word; All that the ark did once contain Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows, Here let Thy praise be spread; Bless the provisions of Thy house, And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign, Let God’s Anointed shine, Justice and truth His court maintain, With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne; And, as His kingdom grows, Fresh honours shall adorn His crown, And shame confound His foes.

*J. Watts.*
COME to bless Thy people, Lord,  
From the hills of peace afar;  
Come, and let Thy whispered word  
Greet the souls that weary are.  
Lo! Thy congregation waits  
One sweet look from Thee to win:

Lift your heads on high, ye gates;  
Christ, our King, will enter in.

COME, and let Thy glory dwell  
In this house for evermore,  
Great High Priest of Israel,  
Whom the saints in light adore.

He has heard our prayer, He waits  
To absolve us from all sin:

Lift your heads on high, ye gates;  
Christ, our Priest, will enter in.

Who are we, to entertain  
In the house our hands have made  
Him, the glory of whose train  
Makes the stainless heavens afraid?  
Yet He comes, and sweetly waits  
Entrance to our hearts to win:

Lift your heads on high, ye gates;  
Let the gentle Master in.

---

650 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, ... and the King of glory shall come in.—Ps. xxiv. 7.

Signs of sorrow never cease  
In a world so stained with guilt;  
And where'er a house of peace  
For the Prince of Peace is built,  
Lo! a congregation waits,  
Sorely pressed by toil and sin:

Lift your heads on high, ye gates;  
Let the mourners enter in.

We will bid the poor to meet  
In this house our promised Guest;  
We will lead them to the feet  
Where the weary are at rest;  
For them all His mercy waits,  
Smiles and blessings they shall win:

Lift your heads on high, ye gates,  
That Christ's poor may enter in.

B. M.
655 Ye are all the children of light, and of the day.—1 Thess. v. 5.

1 0 TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2. p Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
cr Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3. mf Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiance divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
cr More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley.

7 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret this of rest below.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Beccbourne. [FIRST TUNE.] 7s., six lines. R. JACKSON.

I pray Thee, send me good speed this day.—Gen. xxiv. 12.

1. 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,
   Christ, our King, will enter in.

2. Come, and let Thy glory dwell
   In this house for evermore,
   Great High Priest of Israel,
   Whom the saints in light adore.
   He has heard our prayer, He waits
   To absolve us from all sin:

3. 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.

4. We will bid the poor to meet
   In this house our promised Guest;
   We will lead them to the feet
   Where the weary are at rest;
   For them all His mercy waits,
   Smiles and blessings they shall win:

5. Who are we, to entertain
   In the house our hands have made
   Him, the glory of whose train
   Makes the stainless heavens afraid?
   Yet He comes, and sweetly waits
   Entrance to our hearts to win:
   Lift your heads on high, ye gates;
   Let the gentle Master in.

B. M.
The dayspring from on high.—Luke i. 78.

1. *f*  
CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
    Christ the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
    Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
    Day-star, in my heart appear.

2. *p*  
Dark and cheerless is the morn  
    Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
    Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
    Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3. *mf*  
Visit then this soul of mine;  
    Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy divine;  
    Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
    Shining to the perfect day.

*C. Wesley.*
In the morning shall my prayer come before Thee.—Ps. lxxxviii. 13.

1 BEGIN the day with God;
   He is the rising sun,
   His is the radiance of thy dawn,
   His the fresh day begun.

2 Sing a new song at morn;
   Join the glad woods and hills;
   Join the fresh winds and seas and plains;
   Join the bright flowers and rills.

3 Awake, cold lips, and sing;
   Arise, dull heart, and pray;
   Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
   Brush slothfulness away.

4 Cast every weight aside;
   Do battle with each sin;
   Fight with the faithless world without,
   The faithless heart within.

5 Look up beyond these clouds,
   Thither thy pathway lies;
   Mount up, away, and linger not,
   Thy goal is yonder skies!

H. Bonar.

The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.—Isa. lx. 19.

1 NOW that the sun is gleaming bright,
   Implore we, bending low,
   That He, the uncreated Light,
   May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
   Nor thoughts that idly rove,
   But simple truth be on our tongue,
   And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
   O Christ, securely fence
   Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
   The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
   Our daily toil may tend;
   That we begin it at Thy word,
   And in Thy favour end.

Ambrose, tr. J. H. Newman,
Morning or Evening.

Evening and morning . . . will I pray and cry aloud.—Ps. iv. 17.

1.

f To Thee, my God and Saviour,
    My soul exulting springs;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
    Almighty King of kings,
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
    With all the saints above,
And tell the pleasing story
    Of Thy redeeming love.

2.

mf Soon as the morn with roses
    Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
    Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication
    Well pleased Thou shalt hear;
O grant me Thy salvation,
    And to my soul draw near.

3.

cr By Thee through life supported,
    I'll pass the dangerous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted,
    Up to Thy bright abode;
*f There cast my crown before Thee,
    When all my woes are o'er,
And day and night adore Thee,
    Rejoicing evermore.

Thomas Haweis.
Times and Seasons.

Eastnor. S.M. A. King.

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Where Thou art. [Second Tune.] L.M. J. Stainer.

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662 Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. xcii. 4.

f 1 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.

mp 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

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

p 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

f 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

663 He giveth His beloved sleep.—Ps. cxvii. 2.

mp 1 The sun is gone:—like to the day
Depart not Thou, great God, away;
Nor let my sins, a deeper night,
Obscure the lustre of Thy light.

2 O Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
Over my slumbers sentry keep;
And guard me from those fearful foes
Whose eyes sleep not, though mine may close:

cr 3 That so I may, my full rest wrought,
Awake unto some holy thought;
And my glad soul, once more set free,
Rejoice that she is still with Thee.

p 4 Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And then as gently lay my head
Within my grave as on my bed.

Thomas Browne.
Abide with us.—Luke xxiv. 29.

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

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

_3_ When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour’s breast.

_4_ Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

_5_ If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

_6_ Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store,
Be every mourner’s sleep to-night
Like infant’s slumbers, pure and light.

_7_ Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*J. Keble.*
TIMES AND SEASONS.


665 The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.—Ps. xxxix. 12.

1 THE daylight wanes to eve again,
May sunshine on our souls remain;
Dear Saviour, whilst we feel Thee near,
No earthly darkness will we fear.

2 Blest be Thy love, that through the day
Brightens all changes by its ray;
Blest be Thy love, that through the night
Chases all terrors by its light.

3 The evening hymn of grateful praise
On earth Thy saints unceasing raise;
As through all lands the sunsets move,
Each carries on the song of love.

4 Night follows day the wide world round,
And changes everywhere are found;
But this we know, that where Thou art
Thou keepest sunshine in the heart.

5 Some hearts rejoice, and some must grieve,
'Tis there the morning, here the eve;
This self-same hour Thy glories shine
Thou Sun of Love without decline.

J. Hunt Cooke.

666 In Thy light shall we see light.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

1 O LIGHT of Life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear;
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.

2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.

3 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.

4 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.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

F. T. Palgrave.
667 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil.—Ps. cxxi. 7.

1 Each coming night, O Lord, we see
   Another closing stage;
   A few short journeys more, and we
   Shall rest from pilgrimage.

mf 2 As every day renew's its needs,
   Thy goodness fills our cup;
   From stage to stage Thy wisdom leads,
   And holds our goings up.

3 Thy hand supplies our daily bread,
   Our water, Lord, is sure;
   By night Thou compassest our bed,
   And bidst us sleep secure.

4 A Father's blessing give this night,
   And so shall we be blest;
   No evil will our hearts affright,
   No danger break our rest.

5 Within the everlasting arms
   Safe folded may we be;
   Our slumber shielded from alarms,
   Our souls at rest in Thee.

p 6 And as our sleep is like a death,
   So us Thy children keep,
   That when we breathe our parting breath
   Our death may be a sleep.

James D. Burns.

668 That maketh the day dark with night.—Amos vi. 8.

1 As darker, darker fall around
   The shadows of the night,
   We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
   To seek the eternal Light.

2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
   Our many hopes and fears,
   Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
   Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray Thee for all absent friends,
   Who have been with us here;
   And in our secret heart we name
   The distant and the dear.

4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
   And feet that from Thee rove,
   The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
   We pray Thee, God of love.

5 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
   And at Thy footstool lay;
   And, Father, Thou who lovest all
   Wilt hear us when we pray.
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Ps. xci. 10.

p 1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
   Ere repose our spirits seal:
   Sin and want we come confessing;
   Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
   Though destruction walk around us,
   Though the arrow past us fly,
   Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
   We are safe if Thou art nigh.

mp 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
   Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
   Thou art He, who, never weary,
   Watchest where Thy people be.

p Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
   And our couch become our tomb,
   May the morn in heaven awake us,
   Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.
670

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.—Matt. iv. 6.

1 H<sup>p</sup>EAR my prayer, O heavenly Father, 
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy 
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 None shall measure out Thy patience 
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies 
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

5 Pardon all my past transgressions; 
Give me strength for days to come; 
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing 
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr.
Deliver us from evil.—Luke xi. 4.

1 Father, in high heaven dwelling,
   May our evening song be telling
   Of Thy mercy large and free:
   Through the day Thy love hath fed us,
   Through the day Thy care hath led us,
   With divinest charity.

2 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!

3 From enticements of the devil,
   From the might of spirits evil,
   Be our shield and panoply:
   Let Thy power this night defend us,
   And a heavenly peace attend us,
   And angelic company.

4 Whilst the night dews are distilling,
   Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
   With Thine own serenity:
   Softly let our eyes be closing,
   Loving souls on Thee reposing,
   Ever blessed Trinity.

George Rawson.
The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.—Num. vi. 24.

1 

FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might:
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,
Bless us to-night.

2

Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite:
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

3

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every inward smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

George Rawson.
The Lord make His face shine upon thee.—Num. vi. 25.

1 GOD the Father, be Thou near,
   Save from every harm to-night,
   Make us all Thy children dear,
   In the darkness be our light.

2 God the Saviour, be our peace,
   Put away our sins to-night,
   Speak the word of full release,
   Turn our darkness into light.

3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,
   Sanctify us all to-night,
   In our hearts prepare Thy home,
   Then our darkness shall be light.

4 Holy Trinity, be nigh;
   Mystery of love adored,
   Help to live, and help to die;
   Lighten all our darkness, Lord.

George Rawson.
EVENING.

St. Asaph.

12.11.12.11. A. H. Mann.

(By permission of the Composer.)

674

The offering of the evening sacrifice.—1 Kings xviii. 36.

1.

\( p \) How calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer;
O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter befriending,
May we and our households continue to share!

2.

\( m_f \) The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open;
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of His love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3.

\( p \) We come to be soothed with His merciful healing,
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

4.

Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
\( c_r \) When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possessed.

T. T. Lynch.
TIMES AND SEASONS.


The morning cometh.—Isa. xx1.12.

p 1  THE day departeth;
   Our souls and hearts
   Long for that better morrow,
cr  When Christ shall set His people free
   From every care and sorrow.

p 2  The sunshine bright
   Is lost in night;
cr  O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
   Shine on our souls with beams of love,
   All darkness there dispelling.

3  Be Thou still nigh,
   With sleepless eye,
   While all around are sleeping;
And angel-guards, at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

mf 4  The land above,
   Of peace and love,
   No earthly beams need brighten;
cr  For all its borders Christ Himself
   Doth with His glory lighten.

f  5  May we be there,
   That joy to share,
   Glad Hallelujahs singing;
cr  With all the ransomed evermore
   Our joyful praises bringing.

mf 6  Lord Jesus, Thou
   Our Refuge now,
   Forsake Thy servants never;
Uphold and guide, that we may stand
Before Thy throne for ever.

J. A. Freylinghausen,  
tr. H. L. L.
God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.—1 John i. 5.

p 1 THE 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.

p 2 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.

mf 3 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.’

p 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
   Its glories wane, its pageants 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.

C. Wordsworth.
He that keepeth thee will not slumber. — Ps. cxxi. 3.

p 1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,
    And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
    Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
    Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
    Safe home at last.

f 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
    And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
    Art Lord of all.

J. Barnby.


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
At the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice... and gave up the ghost.

MARK xv. 34, 37.

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me,

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine!

Latin Hymn, tr. E. Caswall.

( 605 )
THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

O for the pearly gates of heaven,
For the golden floor,
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire:

O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
Timber and Seasons.

Selwyn. C.M. D. J. Tilleard.

At evening time it shall be light.—Zech. xiv. 7.

1 The shadows of the evening hours
   Fall from the darkening sky;
   Upon the fragrance of the flowers
   The dews of evening lie:
   Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
   We kneel at close of day;
   Look on Thy children from on high,
   And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
   O do not Thou despise,
   But let the incense of our prayers
   Before Thy mercy rise:
   The brightness of the coming night
   Upon the darkness rolls;
   With hopes of future glory chase
   The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
   So fade within our heart
   The hopes of earthly love and joy,
   That one by one depart:
   Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
   Within the heavens shine;
   Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
   And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord,—Thy peace, O God,—
   Upon our souls descend;
   From midnight fears and perils, Thou
   Our trembling hearts defend:
   Give as a respite from our toil;
   Calm and subdue our woes;
   Through the long day we labour, Lord,—
   O give us now repose.

   Adelaide A. Procter.
EVENING.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night.—Psalm civ. 20.

mp 1 God that madest earth and heaven,
    Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
    For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
    Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
    This livelong night.

mp 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
    And when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
    All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us,
    Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
    With Thee on high.

R. Heber and R. Whately.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Requiem. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.77. W. Schulthes.

Evensong. [SECOND TUNE.] 87.87.77. J. Summers.

682

And Thy faithfulness every night.—Ps. xcii. 2.

1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us; Now we lay us down to rest; Through the silent watches guard us, Let no foe our peace molest; Jesus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes, Us and ours preserve from dangers, In Thine arms may we repose; And, when life's brief day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last. T. Kelly.
Spain.

7s., six lines.

Saturday Evening.

The day of the preparation.—Matt. xxvii. 62.

1.
SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2.
When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes
When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

3.
May the gospel’s joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Sharon, [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. W. BOYCE.

Sardis, [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. BEETHOVEN.

684

To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath.—Ex. xvi. 23.

1 SOUL, thy week of toil is ended,
   And a voice that speaks from high
With the closing hours is blended,—
   'Rest is coming, rest is nigh.'

2 Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee!
   Let thy calmness fill my breast:
Let me even now possess thee,
   And anticipate thy rest.

3 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.

4 Clouds on clouds my way may darken,
   But thy rainbow beams above,
And the storms and wild winds hearken
   To thy still small voice of love.

5 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.'

6 Then the heavenly rest to enter,
   In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine;
Rest of God! the sun and centre
   Of the bliss that is divine.

George Rawson.
Close of Working-Days.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night.—Ps. xci. 5.

p 1 The twilight falls, the night is near;
   We fold our work away,
   And kneel to One who bends to hear
   The story of the day.

2 The old, old story; yet we kneel
   To tell it at Thy call;
   And cares grow lighter as we feel
   That Jesus knows them all.

3 Knows all; the morning and the night,
   The joy, the grief, the loss,
   The mountain track, the valley bright,
   The hourly thorn and cross;—

4 Thou knowest all: we lean our head,
   Our weariest eyelids close;
   Content and glad awhile to tread
   The path, since Jesus knows.

5 And He has loved us: all our heart
   With answering love is stirred,
   And every anguish, pain, and smart,
   Find healing in that word.

6 So here we lay us down to rest,
   As nightly shadows fall;
   And lean confiding on His breast
   Who knows and pities all.
The night also is Thine.—Ps. lxxiv. 16.

1 THE day is past and over:
   All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
   We pray Thee now that sinless
   The hours of dark may be.
   O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
   And guard us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over:
   We lift our hearts to Thee;
   And ask Thee that offenceless
   The hours of dark may be.
   O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
   And guard us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
   We raise the hymn to Thee;
   And ask that free from peril
   The hours of dark may be.
   O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
   And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be Thou our souls’ Preserver,
   O God, for Thou dost know
   How many are the perils
   Through which we have to go.
   Lover of men, O hear our call,
   And guard and save us from them all.

   Anatolius, tr. J. M. Neale.
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.—Ps. lxxv. 8.

1 O LORD, who by Thy presence hast made light
   The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
   Be with me also in the silent night,
   Be with me when the daylight fades away.

2 O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord;
   Thy blessing is endued with soothing power;
   On the poor heart worn out with toil, Thy word
   Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.

3 How sad and cold, if Thou be absent, Lord,
   The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead!
   But if Thy presence grace my humble board,
   I seem with heavenly manna to be fed;

4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing sweet repose,
   The calm of evening settles on my breast;
   If Thou be with me when my labours close,
   No more is needed to complete my rest.

5 Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be my Guest,
   After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
   O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
   To give salvation, and to pardon sin.

6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
   Left in my bosom from the day just past,
   And let me on a Father's loving heart
   Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. R. Massie.
At evening time it shall be light.—Zech. xiv. 7.

1 At evening time, when day is done,
   Life's little day is near its close,
   And all the glare and heat are gone,
   And gentle dews foretell repose;
   To crown my faith before the night,
   At evening time let there be light.

mf 3 God doth send light at evening time,
   And bid the fears, the doubtings flee;
   I trust His promises sublime;
   His glory now is risen on me;
   His full salvation is in sight;
   At evening time, there now is light.

2 At evening time, when labour's past,
   Though storms and toils have marred my day,
   Mercy has tempered every blast,
   And love and hope have cheered the way;
   Now let the parting hour be bright;
   At evening time let there be light.

James Montgomery and George Rawson.

Eventide. [First Tune.] 10.10.10.10. G. A. Pope.
Abide with us, for it is toward evening.—Luke xxiv. 29.

p 1 A BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
    The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide:
    When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
    Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
    Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
    Change and decay in all around I see:
    O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
    But as Thou dost with Thy disciples, Lord,
    Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
    Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
    But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
    Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
    Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
    What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
    Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
    Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

mf 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
    Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
    Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
    I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

p 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
    Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
    Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
    In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte.
(2) THE NEW YEAR.

New Year's Eve—'Watch Night.'

Ps. xc. 12.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

p 1 DAYS and moments quickly flying
 Blend the living with the dead:
 Soon will you and I be lying
 Each within our narrow bed!

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
 Will have sped their rapid flight;
 Able now by grace to save them,
 O that, while we can, we might!

mf 3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
 Maker of this mighty frame,
 Teach, O teach us to remember
 What we are, and whence we came,

p 4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
 So that by Thy mercy, we
 May at last, in life unending,
 Find our perfect rest with Thee.

mp 5 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
 Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;

mf Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
 Now to make the eternal choice.

p 6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
 We with all the dead shall stand;

cr Saviour, over death victorious,
 Place us then at Thy right hand.

p 7 Life passeth soon;

Death draweth near:
 Keep us, good Lord,
 Till Thou appear,—
 With Thee to live,

dim With Thee to die,

cr With Thee to reign through eternity.

E. Caswall.

(618)
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.—Ps. xc. 1.

1 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 entreating.

2 Before the cross subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeming Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 We gather up in this brief hour
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearsest;
For Thou hast been our strength and stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

4 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 around us.

5 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.
He thanked God, and took courage.—Acts xxviii. 15.

1 Come, let us anew
   Our journey pursue,
   Roll round with the year,
   And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
   Let us gladly fulfil,
   And our talents improve
   By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream;
   Our time as a stream
   Glides swiftly away,
   And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,
   The moment is gone;
   The millennial year
   Rushes on to our view, and eternity’s here.

5 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.’

6 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.
Beginning of the Year.

Ye have not passed this way heretofore.—Josh. iii. 4.

1 STILL on the homeward journey
   Across the desert plain,
   Beside another landmark,
   We pilgrims meet again;
   We meet in cloud and sunshine
   Beneath a changeful sky,
   With calm and storm before us,
   As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
   Fond wishes from the heart,
   As brothers often parted,
   And soon again to part:
   With tender recollections,
   With many a gentle tear
   We meet, for some are wanting;
   All loved ones are not here.

3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
   With Him for ever blest,
   How glorious is their portion,
   How undisturbed their rest!
   How gladly will they greet us,
   When, all our journey past,
   We reach the better country,
   The Father's house, at last!

4 Thus round the silent landmark,
   Here on the desert plain,
   We pilgrims meet together
   With loving hearts again:
   The storm may gather round us
   But Christ has gone before;
   We follow in His footsteps,
   And doubt and fear no more

   Jane Borthwick.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Laus Deo. 8.7.8.7.  R Redhead.

This God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide even unto death.—Psalm lxxviii. 14.

1 At Thy feet, our God and Father,
   Who hast blessed us all our days,
   We with grateful hearts would gather,
   To begin the year with praise,—

2 Praise for light so brightly shining
   On our steps from heaven above,
   Praise for mercies daily twining
   Round us golden cords of love.

3 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
   On the cross for sinners shown,
   We would praise Thee, and surrender
   All our hearts to be Thine own.

4 With so blest a Friend provided,
   We upon our way would go,
   Sure of being safely guided,
   Guarded well from every foe.

5 Every day will be the brighter
   When Thy gracious face we see;
   Every burden will be lighter
   When we know it comes from Thee.

6 Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
   Give us strength to serve and wait,
   Till the glory breaks before us,
   Through the City's open gate.

J. D. Burns.

Winchester. L.M. German.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts xxvi. 22.

1 GREAT God we sing that mighty hand
   By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
   That mercy crowns it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
   Still are we guarded by our God;
   By His incessant bounty fed,
   By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
   The future, all to us unknown,
   We to Thy guardian care commit,
   And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
   Thou art our joy and Thou our rest;
   Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
   Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
   And seal in silence mortal tongues,
   Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
   Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

P. Doddridge.
I will glorify Thy name.—Psalm lxxxvi. 12.

1 Father, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be;
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
‘Glorify Thy name.’

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father’s love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
cr Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim;
And what’er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
‘Glorify Thy name.’

L. Tutiétt.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

St. Saviour. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.  
F. G. Baker.

Allwright. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.  
J. T. Musgrave.

697  I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.—Josh. i. 5.

f1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break,  
Melodious voices move;  
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make  
The Father cease to love.

mf2 The parted year had winged feet;  
The Saviour still doth stay;  
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,  
Thou goest not away.

3 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.

4 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:

5 Then we may bless its precious things  
If earthly cheer should come,  
Or gladsome mount on angel wings  
If Thou shouldst take us home.

cr6 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.
698 Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare. 
ISA. xlii. 9.

THE New Year, Lord, we welcome make
With gladsome heart and tongue;
The newness of the gift doth wake
The gladness of the song.

2 We look for things unseen before; 
We hope for joys unknown;
But Thou canst on this New Year pour
A newness all Thine own.

3 Grant us new beams of Thine to see,
New steps of Thine to trace,
New visions of Thy majesty,
New visits of Thy grace.

4 Help us new peaks of truth to climb,
To win new realms of lore,
Each depth divine, each height sublime
More amply to explore.

5 Augment our skill this law divine
Without, within, to read,
And let this year in joy divine
Each earlier year exceed.

6 May grace those sweet surprises lend
That bring our God more near,
And novelties divine commend
The newness of the year.

T. H. Gill.

699 Lo, the star... went before them. 
MAT. ii. 9.

A S shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2 And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

3 Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4 O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

W. C. Bryant.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love.—
1 Thess. vi. 8.

THE old year’s long campaign is o’er;
Behold a new begun;
Not yet is closed the holy war,
Not yet the triumph won:
Out of its still and deep repose
We hear the old year say,

cried, ‘Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day.’

Go forth, firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o’erwhelm:
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way; Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day.’

So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior’s life,
His death we hope to die:
We slumber not, that charge in view,
‘Toil on, while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day.’

Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thrice own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
 Thy true light to the end,
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And never-ending triumph crown
The children of the day.

S. J. Stone.
The Journey of Life.

701  Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life.—Matt. vii. 14.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. There are soft and flowery glades
   Decked with golden-fruit ed trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
   Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:
Holy Jesus, day by day
   Lead us in the narrow way.

5. 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.
(3) SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

Spring.

Thou renewest the face of the earth.—Ps. civ. 30.

1 THE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad!

2 Divine Renower, Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.

3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new births more divine,

4 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true,

5 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!

6 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine;
Divine Renower, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

7 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

T. H. Gill.
Summer.

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.—CANTICLES ii. 12.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. Lord, upon our blindness
   Thy pure radiance pour;
   For Thy loving-kindness
   Make us love Thee more.
   And when clouds are drifting
   Dark across our sky.
   Then, the veil uplifting,
   Father, be Thou nigh.

4. We will never doubt Thee,
   Though Thou veil Thy light:
   Life is dark without Thee;
   Death with Thee is bright.
   Light of Light, shine o’er us
   On our pilgrim way;
   Go Thou still before us
   To the endless day.

W. W. How.
Flower Services.

The Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys.—CANTICLES ii. 1.

1.  

\[ mf \text{HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,} \]
\[ \text{Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,} \]
\[ \text{Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest} \]
\[ \text{More for the love than the wealth that we yield.} \]

2.  

\[ mp \text{Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,} \]
\[ \text{Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;} \]
\[ \text{Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,} \]
\[ \text{Grant the departing a gentle release.} \]

3.  

\[ mf \text{Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened;} \]
\[ \text{Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;} \]
\[ \text{Give, of Thy grace, to the souls Thou hast quickened} \]
\[ \text{Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.} \]

4.  

\[ mp \text{We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;} \]
\[ \text{We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;} \]
\[ cr \text{Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,} \]
\[ \text{Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.} \]

\[ A. G. W. Blunt. \]
God said, Let the earth bring forth.—Gen. i. 11.

1 God might have made the earth bring forth
   Enough for great and small,
   The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
   Without a flower at all.

2 He might have made enough,—enough
   For every want of ours,
   For medicine, luxury, and food,
   And yet have made no flowers.

3 Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
   All dyed in rainbow light,
   All fashioned with supremest grace,
   Upspringing day and night,—

4 Springing in valleys green and low,
   And on the mountains high,
   And in the secret wilderness,
   Where no man passeth by?

5 Our outward life requires them not:
   Then wherefore had they birth?
   To minister delight to man,
   And beautify the earth,

6 To comfort man, to whisper hope
   Whene'er his faith is dim;
   For He who careth for the flowers,
   Will care much more for him.

Mrs. Mary Howitt.

He hath made every thing beautiful in its time; ... no man can find out the work that God maketh.—Eccl. iii. 11.

1 Many things in life there are
   Past our understanding far;
   And the humblest flower that grows
   Hides a secret no one knows.

2 All unread by outer sense
   Lies the soul's experience;
   Mysteries around us rise;
   We the deeper mysteries.

3 While we may so little scan
   Of Thy vast creation's plan,
   Teach us, O our God, to be
   Humble in our walk with Thee.

4 May we trust, through ill and good,
   Thine unchanging Fatherhood;
   And our highest wisdom find
   In the reverent heart and mind.

5 Clearer vision shall be ours,
   Larger wisdom, ampler powers;
   And the meaning yet appear
   Of what passes knowledge here.

Frederick L. Hosmer.
Seedtime and Harvest.

Thou blessest the springing thereof.—Ps. lxxix. 10.

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
   The good seed on the land,
   But it is fed and watered
   By God's almighty hand;
   He sends the snow in winter,
   The warmth to swell the grain,
   The breezes 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.

2 He only is the Maker
   Of all things near and far;
   He paints the wayside flower,
   He lights the evening star;
   The wind 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.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
   For all things bright and good,
   The seed-time and the harvest,
   Our life, our health, our food:
   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.
Golden Sheaves.

8.7., eight lines (iambic).

A. Sullivan.

Harvest.

He... filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.—Ps. cxlvii. 14.

f 1 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.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Before Thee thankfully we lay
The first-fruit 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.

mf 3 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.

f 4 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.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Swanage. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.5.8.3. J. Stainer.

Smoothly.

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709 Who giveth food to all flesh; for His mercy endureth for ever.—Ps. cxxxvi. 25.

PRAISE, O praise the Lord of harvest,
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above!

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PRAISE, O praise the Lord of harvest,
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home,
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away,
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

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
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
Bring Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

H. Alford.
He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.—Psalm cii. 9.

1.

We come, our hearts with gladness glowing,
Thou, Lord of harvest, to adore,
For garnerers filled to overflowing
With treasured heaps and plenteous store;
To thank Thee that Thy Father-hand
Hath blest anew our happy land.

2.

Since Thou, on us compassion taking,
With daily bread our wants dost feed,
So, pity in our breasts awaking,
Make us to feel for others' need;
Thou rich and poor alike dost love;
Then let them both Thy bounty prove.

3.

Our praise for this abundant blessing,
With favour, gracious Father, hear,
More deeply on our minds impressing
Thy mercies, each successive year;
That so our truest praise may be
A life devoted all to Thee.

E. Liebich, tr. Frances E. Cox.
Studland. [FIRST TUNE.]  Irregular.  J. STAINER.

Irregular.

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Brathay. [SECOND TUNE.]  Irregular.  ROWLAND BRIANT.

712  Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it.—Ps. lxv. 9.

f 1  FOR the sunshine and the rain,
    For the dew and for the shower,
    For the yellow ripened grain,
    And the golden harvest hour,
    We bless Thee, O our God.

mf 3  For the hope and for the fear,
    For the storm and for the peace,
    For the trembling and the cheer,
    And for the glad increase,
    We bless Thee, O our God.

2  For the heat and for the shade,
    For the gladness and the grief,
    For the tender sprouting blade,
    And for the nodding sheaf,
    We bless Thee, O our God.

4  Our hands have tilled the sod,
    And the torpid seed have sown;
    But the quickening was of God,
    And the praise be His alone;
    We bless Thee, O our God.

f 5  For the sunshine and the shower,
    For the dew and for the rain,
    For the golden harvest hour,
    And for the garnered grain,
    We bless Thee, O our God.

Jane Credson.

( 637 )
The year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

W. W. How.
Winter.

He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who can stand before His cold?—Ps. cxlvii. 17.

1 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.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So the saints from slumber blest
Rising shall awake and sing,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Till there breaks the endless spring.

W. W. How.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Devotion. [First Tune.] L.M. J. Booth.

(4) HOSPITAL SERVICES.

Great multitudes followed Him, and He healed them all.—Matt. xii. 15.

1 Oh 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.

2 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.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
   The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
   For all who need, Physician great,
   Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 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.

5 O heal the bruised heart within;
   O save our souls all sick with sin;
   Give life and health in bounteous store,
   That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. How.
Requiem. [FIRST TUNE.] 87.87.77. W. SCHULTHES.

Stoneleigh. [SECOND TUNE.] 87.87.77. C. S. JERYLL.

Jesus... was moved with compassion toward them, and He healed their sick.—Matt. xiv. 14.

1 Thou to whom the sick and dying
   Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
   To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
   Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
   Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying
   May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
   Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

mf 3 May each child of Thine be willing,
   Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
   Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
   Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

cr 4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
   To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
   Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
   Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

G. THRING.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Petersham. C.M. D. C. W. Poole.

1 THINE arm, O Christ, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsyed, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame;

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light:

mf And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 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,
or That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre.

(642)
All things come of Thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 From Thee all skill and science flow,
   All pity, care, and love,
   All calm and courage, faith and hope;
   O pour them from above;

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
   As each and all shall need,
   To rise like incense, each to Thee,
   In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
   When pain and death shall cease,
   And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
   With health, and light, and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
   And ever green the sod;
   And man's rude work deface no more
   The Paradise of God.

C. Kingsley.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

Cruse of Comfort. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. ROWLAND BRIANT.
UNISON. HARMONY.

Solatium Caritatis. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. CHARLES VINCENT.

719 The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail.—1 Kings xvii. 16.

m 1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? haste its scanty drops to share,
And through all the years of famine, thou shalt still have drops to spare.

f 2 Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

mf 3 For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain:
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

p 4 Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearyly?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

f 5 Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and, together, both shall glow.

p 6 Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

m 7 Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

S Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Charles.
(5) MARRIAGE SERVICES.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—Ps. cxxvii. 1.

m 1 O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden
Looks up for life and light:

p O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest,
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down in rest,

f 2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise:

That Thou art the joy of gladness;
The Life of life Thou art;
The dew of gentle sadness,
That droppeth on the heart.

3 O Love divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love,

m A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

f 4 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unlighted
May they through life go on:

m Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright Home above;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where God is love.

J. S. B. Monsell.
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Marlborough. [FIRST TUNE.]

11.10.11.10.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacle of the righteous.—Ps. cxviii. 15.

m 1 O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
   Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
   And where among the guests there never cometh
   One who can hold such high and honoured place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
   In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
   Whom death a little while alone divideth,
   And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
   Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
   To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
   Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
   Whatever his appointed work may be,
   Till every common task seems great and holy,
   When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!

m 5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
   When joy is overflowing, full and free,

m 6 O happy home, where every wounded spirit
   Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—

mf 8 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
   All meet Thee in the blessed home above,
   From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
   Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

C. J. P. Spitta, tr. H. L. L.

(646)
Perfect Love. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10. J. Barnby.

As Christ also loved the Church.—EPH. v. 25.

1. 
O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2. 
O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity, and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3. 
Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Mrs. D. F. Gurney.
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Dona Lucem. 8.6.8.4.  JOHN Goss.

1 Eternal Love, whose law doth sway
   The worlds in ordered course,
   And works in human hearts its way
   With sacred force;

2 To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
   This solemn, joyful hour,
   And ask Thy Spirit's perfect gift
   For marriage dower.

3 Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
   That bind two souls in one;
   Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
   Thy heaven begun.

4 O hallow with Thy presence now
   This sacrament of love;
   Breathe in the trembling human vow
   Strength from above.

5 Then through what scenes the unknown road—
   Of outward life may roam,
   A flame that on Thine altar glowed
   Shall light the home.

Mrs. E. S. Armitage.

St. George. S.M.  H. J. Gauntlett.

724 Both Jesus was called, and His disciples to the marriage.—John ii. 2.

1 How welcome was the call,
   And sweet the festal lay,
   When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
   To bless the marriage-day!

2 And happy was the bride,
   And glad the bridegroom's heart.
   For He who tarried at their side
   Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power Divine
   The water vessels knew;
   And plenteous was the mystic wine
   The wondering servants drew.

4 O Lord of life and love,
   Come Thou again to-day,
   And bring a blessing from above
   That ne'er shall pass away.

5 O bless, as erst of old
   The bridegroom and the bride;
   Bless with the holier stream that flowed
   Forth from Thy pierced side.

6 Before thine altar-throne
   This mercy we implore:
   As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
   So bless them evermore.

H. W. Baker.
FOR THOSE AT SEA.

Thou rulest the raging of the sea.—Ps. lxxxix. 9.

1 Eternal Father, strong to save,
   Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
   Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
   Its own appointed limits keep,
   O hear us when we cry to Thee
   For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
   And hushed their raging at Thy word,
   Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
   And calm amid the storm didst sleep,
   O hear us when we cry to Thee
   For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
   Upon the chaos dark and rude,
   And bid its angry tumult cease,
   And give, for wild confusion, peace,
   O hear us when we cry to Thee
   For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
   Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
   From rock and tempest, fire and woe,
   Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
   Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
   Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting.
On Undertaking a Voyage.

So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Ps. evii. 30.

1 O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save,

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, 'Peace, be still!'

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman.
1 Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—Ps. cxliv. 15.

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?

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 fruitfulness and peace.

I. Watts.

2 Our help is in the name of the Lord.—Ps. cxxiv. 8.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

Guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend,
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. Wreford.
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

National Anthem.

First and last verses.

Arranged by Rowland Briant.

664 6664.

Unison.

Verse 2 of Hymn 729.

Verses 2 & 3 of Hymn 730.

FINE.

A - men.

(652)
And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king!—1 Sam. x. 21.

1 God save our gracious King,
    Long live our noble King,
    God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:

God save the King!

2 O Lord our God, arise,
    Scatter his enemies,
    Make wars to cease:
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
Let there be peace.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
    On him be pleased to pour;
    Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!

2nd verse alt. by S. R. Hole.

730

God be merciful unto us and bless us.—Ps. lxvii. 1.

1 God bless our native land!
    May His protecting hand
Still guard our shore:
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain’s rights depend
On war no more.

2 O Lord, our monarch bless
    With strength and righteousness;
    Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above
And in a nation’s love
    His throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
    Uphold the public cause,
    And bless our isle:
Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty,
May heaven ne’er cease on thee
With love to smile.

4 Nor on this land alone,
    But be God’s mercies known
From shore to shore:
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o’er.

W. E. Hickson.

( 653 )
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

731 Ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Mal. iii. 12.

PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,—
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong and free!

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

5 Praise to our God! though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

J. Ellerton.

732 Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.—Luke xiv. 23.

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.

2 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!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

4 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.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant.
St. Alphege. [FIRST TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

H. J. Gauntlett.

Bremen. [SECOND TUNE.]

7.6.7.6.

M. Vulpius.

733  Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.—Ps. cxxii. 7.

1 **NOW** pray we for our country,
That Britain long may be
The holy and the happy,
The gloriously free.

2 Who blesseth her is blessed;
Peace be within her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages, and halls.

3 For her we labour gladly,
For her we give our best,
Our strength, our thought, our treasure,
So she be truly blest.

4 And she shall be the giver
Of peace and liberty;
And all the world shall bless her,
The jewel of the sea.

A. C. Coxe.
He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.—Ps. cxv. 13.

When wilt Thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and 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:
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?

'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs:
God save the people!

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,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair:
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

Ebenzer Elliott

(656)
Section 11.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Leamington, [FIRST TUNE.] 7.4., eight lines. W. C. Filby.

West Dean. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.4., eight lines. J. Barnby.

(1) INTERCESSION FOR THE YOUNG.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, my Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth!—Jer. iii. 4.

1 Standing forth on life's rough way,
   Father, guide them;
   O 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.

2 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.

3 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. Bryant.
736  **(2) YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS AND RESOLVES.**

Thou hast the dew of Thy youth.—Ps. cx. 3.

1 LORD, in the fullness of my might
   I would for Thee be strong;
   While runneth o'er each dear delight,
   To Thee should soar my song.

2 I would not give the world my heart,
   And then profess Thy love;
   I would not feel my strength depart,
   And then Thy service prove.

3 I would not with swift-winged zeal
   On the world's errands go;
   And labour up the heavenly hill
   With weary feet and slow.

4 O not for Thee my weak desires,
   My poorer, baser part!
   O not for Thee my fading fires,
   The ashes of my heart!

5 O choose me in my golden time,
   In my dear joys have part;
   For Thee the glory of my prime,
   The fulness of my heart!

6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
   The covenant divine:
   O ne'er the happy heart may break
   Whose earliest love was Thine.

**Ceres.**

737  **In the day of the first fruits ... bring a new meat-offering unto the Lord.**—


1 FAIR waved the golden corn
   In Canaan's pleasant land,
   When, full of joy, some shining morn,
   Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God, so good and great,
   Their cheerful thanks they pour,
   Then carry to His temple-gate
   The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
   Spoken by Moses, ran:
   'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
   The rest He gives to man.'

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
   Our earliest fruits to Thee,
   And pray that, long as we shall live,
   We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
   And life and all its powers;
   Be with us in our morning time,
   And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
   As years and strength are given;
   f That we may serve Thy Church below,
   And join Thy saints in heaven.

**Henry Smart.**

J. Hampden Gurney.
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—John xiv. 6.

1 O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
   From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
   That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
   That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw
   near
To yon eternal home of peace,
   Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth’s vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
   Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
   Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
   Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
   Turn Thou our darkness into light.

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

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
   O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
   Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
   Lord of the living and the dead.

   E. H. Plumptre.
Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth.—Eccles. xi. 9.

mf 1 LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives;
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depths of human love.
cr 2 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
dim E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee;
But, above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

3 Teach us so our days to number
That we may be early wise;
Dreamy mist, or cloud, or slumber,
Never dull our heavenward eyes.

cr Hearty be our work and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men;
For we know our souls' fulfilling
Is in heaven, and not till then.

T. W. Jes-Blake.
In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and His children shall have a place of refuge.—Prov. xiv. 26.

1 Life and light and joy are found
   In the presence of the Lord;
   Life, with richest blessings crowned,
   Light, from many fountains poured:
   Life and light and holy joy
   None can darken or destroy.

2 Bring to Him life's brightest hours,
   He will make them still more bright;
   Give to Him your noblest powers,
   He will hallow all your might.
   Come to Him with eager quest,
   You shall hear His high behest.

3 All your questions large and deep,
   All the open thoughts of youth,
   Bring to Him, and you shall reap
   All the harvest of His truth;
   You shall find in that great store
   Largest love and wisest lore.

4 Then, when comes life's wider sphere
   And its busier enterprise,
   You shall find Him ever near,
   Looking with approving eyes
   On all honest work and true
   His dear servants' hands can do.

5 And if care should dim your eye,
   And life's shadows come apace,
   You shall find Him ever nigh
   In His all-abounding grace,
   Changing sorrow's darkest night
   Into morning clear and bright.

C. E. Mudie.
I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring.
—ISA. xlii. 3.

O 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.

Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrols:
O speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light.

Mrs. E. S. Armitage.
I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart.—Ps. cxix. 32.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
'Life is but an empty dream,'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Lives of good men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's fitful main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.
Every good gift and every perfect gift... cometh down from the Father of lights.—James 1. 17.

1 GIVE light, O Lord, that we may learn
The way that leads to Thee,
That where our hearts true joy discern
Our life may be.

2 Give light, O Lord, that we may know
Thy one unchanging Truth,
And follow, all our days below,
Our Guide in youth.

3 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
Where wisdom bids beware;
And turn our doubting minds to Thee
In faithful prayer.

4 Give light, O Lord, that we may look
Beneath, around, above,
And learn from nature's living book
Thy power and love.

5 Give light, O Lord, that we may read
All signs that Thou art near,
And, while we live, in word and deed
Thy name revere.

6 Give light, O Lord, that we may see
A home beyond the sky,
Where all who live in Christ with Thee
Shall never die.

L. Turtiet,
744  Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? ... He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness.—Ps. xv. 1, 2.

mf 1  HOW shall we worship Thee, O Lord?
     What shall we bring
     To Thee, our King,
     By children and by men adored?
More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
Are loyal deeds and patient days.

2  What can we give? Thou dost desire
     A steadfast will,
     Obedient still,
And faithful work that does not tire;
More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
Are loyal deeds and patient days.

f 3  How easy in the golden light
     Of summer hours,
     Among the flowers,
     To bless Thee for a world so bright!
More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
Are loyal deeds and patient days.

dim  When sorrow darkens all our sky,
     Life’s blossoms lost
     In sudden frost,
     And all our courage like to die,
O help us still Thy name to praise
By loyal deeds and patient days.

cr  In life, in death, in joy and pain,
     May we adore
     Thee more and more,
Till love turns all our loss to gain,
And tunes the years to perfect praise
In loyal deeds and patient days.

Annie Matheson.
Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.

1 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
   Look upon a little child;
   Pity my simplicity,
   Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
   Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
   Give a little child a place
   In the kingdom of Thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
   Thou shalt my example be;
   Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
   Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art;
   Give me Thy obedient heart;
   Thou art pitiful and kind,
   Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
   God my heavenly Father's will,
   Never His good Spirit grieve,
   Only to His glory live.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,
   Thou didst never seek Thine own,
   Thou Thyself didst never please,
   God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
   In Thy gracious hands I am;
   Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
   Live Thyself within my heart.

8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
   Serve Thee all my happy days;
   Then the world shall always see
   Christ, the Holy Child, in me.
(3) DELIGHT IN GOD'S WORKS.

746

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—Ps. cxlv. 10.

f 1 All things praise Thee, Lord most high,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness, thus displayed,
Should all worship bring to Thee:
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.

mp 2 All things praise Thee: night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light;

mf All things praise Thee: day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.

3 All things praise Thee, high and low,
Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
Rippling stream, and tempest loud,
Summer, winter,—all to Thee
Glory render: Lord, may we.

f 4 All things praise Thee: heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and archangel meet;
This their highest bliss, to be
Ever praising: Lord, may we.

5 All things praise Thee: gracious Lord,
Great Creator, powerful Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee: Lord, may we.

G. W. Conder.
He that built all things is God.—HEB. iii. 4.

1 SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Whose love is ever nigh?

I. Watts.
748

Happy is he... whose hope is in the Lord his God, which made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that therein is.—Ps. cxlv. 5, 6.

f 1 TWAS God that made the ocean, And laid its sandy bed; He gave the stars their motion, And built the mountain's head; He made the rolling thunder, The lightning's forked flame; His works are full of wonder, All glorious is His name.

p 2 And must it not surprise us That One so high and great Should see and not despise us, Poor sinners, at His feet? mf Yet day by day He gives us Our raiment and our food; In sickness He relieves us, And is in all things good.

cr 3 But things that are far greater His mighty hand hath done, And sent us blessings sweeter Through Christ, His only Son, Who, when He saw us dying In sin and sorrow's night, On wings of mercy flying, Came down with life and light.

4 He gives His word to teach us Our danger and our wants, And kindly doth beseech us To take the life He grants; His Holy Spirit frees us From Satan's deadly powers, Leads us by faith to Jesus, And makes His glory ours.
Behold the fowls of the air... Consider the lilies of the field.—Matt. vi. 26, 28.

1 How dearly God must love us
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers!
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells, in accents holy,
His kindness and His care.

2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed;
He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food;
His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame:
O may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers,
For O how He must love us
And this poor world of ours!

S. W. Partridge.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Ashness. [FIRST TUNE.]

Unison. 7.6., eight lines. Rowland Briant.

Harmony.

Slower.

'Suffer the little children, And let them come to Me.' Amen.
Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.

1 GOD who hath made the daisies,
   And every 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."

2 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."

3 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;
   But sees the heart's low breathings
   And says, well pleased to see,
   "Suffer the little children,
   And let them come to Me."

4 Therefore we will come near Him,
   And joyfully we'll sing;
   No cause to shrink or fear Him,
   We'll make our voices ring;
   For in our temple speaking,
   He says to you and me,
   "Suffer the little children,
   And let them come to Me."

E. Paxton Hood.
He hath made every thing beautiful in its time.—Eccles. iii. 11.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky;
4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

5 The tall trees in the Greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day,

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
I love to hear the story Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory Came down on earth to dwell. Amen.
(4) THE COMING OF JESUS.

752 Because the Lord loved you . . . hath the Lord . . . redeemed you.—DEUT. VII 8.

mf 1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell:

p I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,

cr The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

mf 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;

And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,

cr He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

f 3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;

For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Mrs. Emily H. Miller.
Born in Bethlehem.
(See also Section IV. (2.).)

Christmas, [FIRST TUNE.] Irregular. R. N. Matthews.

1. There came a little Child to earth... Long ago;
   And the angels of God proclaimed His birth, High and low.

2. Far away in a goodly land... Fair and bright,
   Children with crowns of glory stand, Robed in white,
   Out on the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard;
   And in mortal weakness, in want and pain, Came forth to die,
   For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.

3. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair A child was born,
   And, that they might a crown of glory wear, Wore a crown of thorn,
   In white more pure than the spotless snow; And their tongues unite,
   And for ever more, in their robes most fair And undeciled,
   In the psalm which the angels sang long ago On Christmas night.

4. He has put on His kingly apparel now, In that goodly land;
   And He leads to where fountains of water flow That chosen band;
   And in mortal weakness, in want and pain, Came forth to die,
   And for ever more, in their robes most fair And undeciled,
   That the children of earth might for ever reign With Him on high.

Those ransomed children His praise declare Who was once a child. Amen.

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THE COMING OF JESUS.

Lo! from the heaven above An angel leaned from the glory, And home to the souls of men, And the heav'n themselves had never heard A full of the angel lay: 'To you in the city of David A

go:

Sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet glad-der choir till then: For they sang that Christmas, The song that shall never cease, That never on earth shall cease, The carol on earth shall cease,

All voices in unison. Harmony.

'Glory to God in the highest, On earth, good-will and peace!' 'Glory to God in the highest, On earth, good-will and peace!' 'Glory to God in the highest, On earth, good-will and peace!' Amen.

E. W. Farrar.
And He came to Nazareth and was subject unto them.—Luke ii. 51.

1. **Once** in royal David's city
   Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
   Where a mother laid her baby
   In a manger for His bed.
   Mary was that mother mild,
   Jesus Christ her little Child.

2. He came down to earth from heaven,
   Who is God and Lord of all;
   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.

3. And through all His wondrous childhood
   He would honour and obey,
   Love, and watch the lowly mother
   In whose gentle arms He lay:
   Christian children all must be
   Mild, obedient, good as He.

4. For He is our childhood's pattern:
   Day by day like us He grew;
   He was little, weak, and helpless,
   Tears and smiles like us He knew;
   And He feeleth for our sadness,
   And He shareth in our gladness.

5. And our eyes at last shall see Him,
   Through His own redeeming love;
   For that Child so dear and gentle
   Is our Lord in heaven above;
   And He leads His children on
   To the place where He is gone.

6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
   With the oxen standing by,
   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.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander,
O Little Town of Bethlehem.  C.M. D.  J. Booth.

Bethlehem, in the land of Judah.—Matt. ii. 6.

1 O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
   How still we see thee lie!
   Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
   The silent stars go by:
   Yet in thy dark streets shineth
   The everlasting Light;
   The hopes and fears of all the years
   Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
   And, gathered all above,
   While mortals sleep, the angels keep
   Their watch of wondering love.
   O morning stars, together
   Proclaim the holy birth,
   And praises sing to God the King,
   And peace to men on earth.

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

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

Phillips Brooks.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

757


There was no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii. 7.

Slowly.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou
   cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - lehem's home there was
   found no room For Thy ho - ly na - ti - vi - ty;
   O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, There is room in my heart for Thee,

2. Hea - ven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -
   claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly birth cam'st Thou,
   Lord, on earth, And in great hu - mi - li - ty;
   O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, Thy cross is my on - ly plea,

3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the
   shade of the ce - dar tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
   Son of God, In the de - serts of Ga - li - lee:
   Thy crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry;

4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should
   set Thy chil - dren free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
   'Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee:'
   4 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, Thy cross is my on - ly plea,

5. When heav'n's arch - es ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy
   com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,
   And my heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est for me,
   And my heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou comest and calleth for me. A - men.

Emily E. S. Elliott.

(684)
There was no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii. 7.

mf 1 Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;

dim But in Bethlehem's home, there was found no room
For Thy holy nativity:

cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

f 2 Heaven's arches rang, when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;

mp But of lowly birth, cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:

cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf 3 The foxes found rest, and the birds their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;

p But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:

cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy children free;

p But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore Thee to Calvary:

cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

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

Emily E. S. Elliott.
He took them up in His arms... and blessed them.—Mark x. 16.

1  JESUS, when He left the sky,
   And for sinners came to die,
   In His mercy passed not by
   Little ones like me.

2  Mothers then the Saviour sought
   In the places where He taught,
   And to Him their children brought,—
   Little ones like me.

3  Did the Saviour say them nay?
   No, He kindly bid them stay,
   Suffered none to turn away
   Little ones like me.

4  'Twas for them His life He gave,
   To redeem them from the grave;
   Jesus able is to save
   Little ones like me.

5  Children then should love Him now,
   Strive His holy will to do,
   Pray to Him and praise Him too,—
   Little ones like me.

Mrs. M. Rumsey.
They returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth.—Luke ii. 39.

1 O HAPPY pair of Nazareth,
   Who saw the early light
   Of Him who dawned upon the world
   As dawns the day on night.

2 Within their home they saw the Child
   That lived the perfect love,
   A love like that which rules the heart
   Of the great God above.

3 His childish voice and kindly tone,
   His pure and patient face,
   His tender mercies, shown to all,
   With never-ceasing grace,

4 The way He bore His youthful cross,
   The reasons for His tears,
   The kind of things which gave Him joy—
   Unchanged through growing years—

5 At home and in the playground throng,
   They saw these heavenly ways,
   And grew increasingly to speak
   With words of reverent praise.

6 That simple, lovely, wondrous life
   Revealed itself from heaven;
   He was the Child that should be born.
   The Son that should be given.

   B. Waugh.

("Slaban."
C.M.
V. Novello.

Amen.)
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Clinton. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7.  
ARTHUR PAGE.

(5) LIFE OF JESUS ON EARTH.
(See also Section IV. (3.).)

760  Little children . . . your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake.—1 JOHN ii. 12.

1 Ever would I fain be reading
   In the ancient holy Book
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
   Truth in every word and look.

2 How when children came He blessed them,
   Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and pressed them
   To His heart with words of love.

3 How to all the sick and tearful
   Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
   Called them brothers, and His own.

4 Still I read the ancient story,
   And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
   How He still is kind and true;

5 How the flock He gently leadeth,
   Which His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
   To His heart to draw us near.

6 Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
   Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love, adore Thee,
   Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe.

Luise Hensel, tr. C. Winkworth.

( 088 )
761 And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke ii. 52.
1 I love to think, though I am young, My Saviour was a child; That Jesus walked this earth along, With feet all undefiled.
2 He kept His Father's word of truth, As I am taught to do; And while He walked the path of youth He walked in wisdom too.
3 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.
4 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.
5 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.

762 The Son of man.—John iii. 13.
1 O Son of man—Thy name by choice, Our hope, our joy, our life, Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice Was never heard in strife.
2 Holy and harmless, undefiled, On earth Thou wast alone, Come from the depths of heaven, a child, To make the lost Thine own,
3 To be a glory in our night, And bring us from above The way heaven's children live, all bright With self-forgetting love.
4 In all things like Thy brethren made, O teach us how to be With meekness, gentleness, arrayed, In all things like to Thee.

E. Paxton Hood.

George MacDonald.
And Jesus called a little child unto Him.—Matt. xviii. 2.

1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
   When Jesus was here among men,
   How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
   I should like to have been with them then;
   I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
   That His arms had been thrown around me,
   And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
   'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
   And ask for a share in His love;
   And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
   I shall see Him and hear Him above,
   In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
   For all who are washed and forgiven:
   'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
   Never heard of that heavenly home:
   I should like them to know there is room for them all
   And that Jesus has bid them to come.
   I long for the joy of that glorious time,
   The sweetest and brightest and best,
   When the dear little children of every clime
   Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Who went about doing good.—Acts x. 38.

1. When the Lord of love was here,
   Happy hearts to Him were dear,
   Though His heart was sad;
   Worn and lonely for our sake,
   Yet He turned aside to make
   All the weary glad.

2. Meek and lowly were His ways;
   From His loving grew His praise,
   From His giving, prayer:
   All the outcasts thronged to hear,
   All the sorrowful drew near
   To enjoy His care.

3. When He walked the fields, He drew
   From the flowers and birds and dew
   Parables of God;
   For within His heart of love
   All the soul of man did move,
   God had His abode.

4. Fill us with Thy deep desire
   All the sinful to inspire
   With the Father's life;
   Free us from the cares that press
   On the heart of worldliness,
   From the fret and strife.

5. Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
   In the very heart of grief,
   And in trial, love;
   In our meekness to be wise,
   And through sorrow to arise
   To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke.
Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners—1 Tim. i. 15.

1 JESUS, who lived above the sky,
    Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

2 He went about, He was so kind,
    To cure poor people who were blind;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

3 And more than that, He told them too
    The things that God would have them do;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

4 But such a cruel death He died!
    He was hung up and crucified;
And those kind hands, that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

5 And so He died! and this is why
    He came to be a man and die,
The Bible says, He came from heaven
That we might have our sins forgiven.

Mrs. Ann Gilbert.

( 693 )
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Exultation. 7.6., eight lines.  C. E. Kettle.

The Children's Hosanna.

766

Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord.—Ps. cxvii. 25.

1 When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth,
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
We'll bow before His throne,
And sing aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise:
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.—Matt. xxi. 16.

1 A CROWD fills the court of the temple,  
A sound as of praise stirs the air,  
Jerusalem stirs with emotion;  
The Lord of the temple is there!  
In vain is the priestly displeasure  
To silence the anthems that ring:  
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!  
The children all joyfully sing.

2 And if in this temple of worship,  
Where now we are met in His name,  
The Lord should appear in His beauty,  
Himself His own gospel proclaim,  
What anthems of grateful devotion  
Around Him would echo and ring:  
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!  
The children would joyfully sing.

3 Lord, make each young heart Thine own temple,  
Reveal Thy sweet presence within,  
Illumine our minds by Thy coming,  
Expel every longing for sin;  
And when in our souls we adore Thee,  
How pure the glad praise we shall bring!  
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!  
The children will joyfully sing.

4 And when in that temple of glory,  
Where falls never shadow of night,  
Where sorrow and sin never sadden,  
And Thou shalt Thyself be the Light;  
When round Thee the ransomed are thronging,  
High heaven with their praises will ring,  
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!  
Thy children for ever will sing.

F. W. Godby.
768 The children crying, ... Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matt. xxi. 15.

1 There was a time when children sang
   The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
   And all the hills of Judah rang
   With their exulting jubilee.

2 O to have joined their rapturous songs,
   And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
   And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,
   As He, the Man of grief, went by!

3 But Christ is now a glorious King,
   And angels in His presence bow:
   The humble songs that we can sing,
   O will He, can He, hear them now?

4 He can, He will, He loves to hear
   The notes which babes and sucklings raise:
   Jesus, we come with trembling fear;
   O teach our hearts and tongues Thy praise.

5 We join the hosts around Thy throne,
   Who once, like us, the desert trod;
   And thus we make their song our own—
   'Hosanna to the Son of God!'

T. Rawson Taylor.


769 Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matt. xxi. 9.

1 All glory, laud, and honour
   To Thee, Redeemer, King,
   To whom the lips of children
   Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
   Thou David's Royal Son,
   Who in the Lord's Name comest,
   The King and Blessed One.

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

4 The people of the Hebrews
   With palms before Thee went;
   Our praise and prayer and anthems
   Before Thee we present.

5 To Thee before Thy passion
   They sang their hymns of praise;
   To Thee now high exalted
   Our melody we raise.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
   Accept the prayers we bring,
   Who in all good delightest,
   Thou good and gracious King.

(6) CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

The place which is called Calvary.—Luke xxiii. 33.

1 There is a green hill far away,
   Without a city wall,
   Where the dear Lord was crucified,
   Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
   What pains He had to bear,
   But we believe it was for us
   —He hung and suffered there.

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

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

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

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

(698)
To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

1

mf It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

2.

And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor world below;
dim And wept, and toiled, and mourned and died,
Only because He loved us so.

3.

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.

4.

mf It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
p But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

5.

cr 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.
(7) CHRIST RISEN AND GLORIFIED.

God is gone up with a shout.—Ps. xlvii. 5.

1 GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing:
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high!
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing:
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing:
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

Frances R. Havergal.
THE HEART GIVEN TO CHRIST.

North Coates. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5.6.5.  T. R. MATTHEWS.

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Brandreth. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5.6.5.  E. J. STURGES.

(8) THE HEART GIVEN TO CHRIST.

Working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ.—
HEB. xiii. 21.

1 JESUS, high in glory,
   Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
   Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
   Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
   When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
   Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
   In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
   Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
   Take our sins away.

5 Strengthen us for duty,
   While on earth we live;
May we to Thy service
   Our best talents give.

6 Then, when Thou shalt call us
   To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
   Saviour, Lord, we come!
Hear my voice according unto Thy loving kindness.—Psalm cxix. 149.

p 1 JESUS, the children are calling;
    O draw near!
Fold the young lambs in Thy bosom,
Shepherd dear.

2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
   Oft we fall:
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!

3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow;
   Large is Thine;
   Faithful and stronger and tender;
   So be mine!

p 4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers;
   Weary they:
Bless all our sisters and brothers,
Night and day.

5 Fathers themselves are God's children;
   Teach them still:
   Let the good Spirit show all men
   God's wise will.

f 6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit,
   Three in one,
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done!
   Annie Matheson.

(702)
775 All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.—Isa. liv. 13.

   p1 CHILDHOOD'S years are passing o'er us,
       Soon our school-days will be done;
       Cares and sorrows lie before us,
       Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
   Trod Himself this vale of woe,
   Make us His, and make us holy,
   Guard and guide us while we go.

3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
   'Little children, follow Me;' 
   Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
   Teach us all to follow Thee.

4 Soon we part: it may be never,
   Never here to meet again;
   O to meet in heaven for ever!
   O the crown of life to gain!

   W. Dickson.
776 I will be a Father unto you.—2 Cor. vi. 18.

1 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!

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 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.

4 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.

5 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.

Mrs. Ann Gilbert.

777 Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.

1 We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus’ sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

2 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus’ sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus’ sake.

6 There’s not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus’ sake.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—Prov. iii. 6.

1 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
   Help me to remember Thee;
   Happy most of all to know
   That my Father loves me so.

5 When my work seems hard and dry,
   May I press on cheerily;
   Help me patiently to bear
   Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 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.

7 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.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Evening Prayer. 8.7.8.7. J. STAINER.

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779 Ye are not your own.—1 Cor. vi. 19.

m 1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love Divine.

mf 5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. Burton, Junr.

Excelsior. 7.6.7.6. J. Booth.

Reaching forth unto those things which are before.—Phil. iii. 13.

1 LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

5 Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity;
That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

Mary Butler.
THE HEART GIVEN TO CHRIST.

Goshen. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines.

Woodbrook. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., eight lines.

John Adcock.

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—ISA. XI. 11.

1 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.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone;
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

3 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.'

4 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

Hugh Stowell.

(707)
Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.—Isa. lxi. 3.

1 By cool Siloam’s shady rill
   How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
   Of Sharon’s dewy rose!
And such the child whose early feet
   The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
   Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam’s shady rill
   The lily must decay,
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
   Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
   Of man’s maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow’s power,
   And stormy passion’s rage.

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

R. Heber.
Hushed was the Evening Hymn. 66.66.88. A. SULLIVAN.

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,

When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. iii. 9.

p 1 Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim

Before the sacred ark,

or When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;

And what from Eli’s sense was sealed
Or The Lord to Hannah’s son revealed.

mf 3 O give me Samuel’s ear,

 Alive and quick to hear

Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all,

4 O give me Samuel’s heart,

 A lowly heart, that waits

Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates

By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel’s mind,

 A sweet, unmuttering faith,

Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,

That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

J. D. BURNS.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Conway. 5.6.5.6. Rowland Briant.

(9) SERVING CHRIST.

Un
1. God instructs to all
   Talents few or many;
   None so young and small
   That they have not any.

2. Though the great and wise
   Have a greater number,
   Yet my one I prize,
   And it must not slumber.

3. God will surely ask,
   Ere I enter heaven,
   Have I done the task
   Which to me was given?

4. Every little mite,
   Every little measure,
   Helps to spread the light,
   Helps to swell the treasure.

5. Little drops of rain
   Bring the springing flowers;
   And I may attain
   Much by little powers.

Sawley. C.M. J. Walch.

And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with

1. God make my life a little light,
   Within the world to glow;
   A little flame that burneth bright
   Wherever I may go.

2. God make my life a little flower,
   That giveth joy to all;
   Content to bloom in native bower,
   Although the place be small.

3. God make my life a little song,
   That comforteth the sad;
   That helpeth others to be strong,
   And makes the singer glad.

4. God make my life a little staff,
   Whereon the weak may rest;
   That so what health and strength I have
   May serve my neighbours best.

5. God make my life a little hymn
   Of tenderness and praise,
   Of faith that never waxeth dim,
   In all His wondrous ways.

M. Betham-Edwards.
Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal. vi. 2.

1. Dear Master, what can children do?  
The angels came from heaven above  
To comfort Thee; may children too  
Give Thee their love?

2. No more, as on that night of shame,  
Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,  
Where worshipping, an angel came  
To strengthen Thee.

3. But Thou hast taught us that Thou art  
Still present in the crowded street,  
In every lonely, suffering heart  
That there we meet.

4. And not one simple, loving deed,  
That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,  
Or answers some unspoken need,  
Is done in vain,—

5. Since every passing joy we make  
For men and women that we see,  
If it is offered for Thy sake,  
Is given to Thee.

6. O God, our Master, help us then  
To bless the weary and the sad,  
cr And, comforting the hearts of men,  
To make Thee glad.

Annie Matheson.
Grace. [FIRST TUNE.]
Verses 1 to 4.

Irregular.

Arthur Patton.

Verse 5.

mf Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of Heaven,

cr When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,

They are most precious in His sight:
Such grace to mine be given!

She hath done what she could.—MARK xiv. 8.

mf 1 O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?

Cr The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery:

P Such grace to mine be given!

mf 2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?

Cr The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:

P Such grace to mine be given!

( 712 )
SERVING CHRIST.

Child Service. [SECOND TUNE.] Irregular. H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

Verses 1 to 4.

m\f Though small is all that we can do To please the King of Heaven,
cr When hearts and hands and lips unite To serve the Saviour with delight, They
are most precious in His sight: Such grace to mine be given! A\m men.

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mf 3 O what can little eyes do
   To please the King of Heaven?
cr The little eyes can upward look,
   And learn to read God's holy Book:
p Such grace to mine be given!

mf 4 O what can little hearts do
   To please the King of Heaven?
cr Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
   Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend:
p Such grace to mine be given!

mf 5 Though small is all that we can do
   To please the King of Heaven,
cr When hearts and hands and lips unite
   To serve the Saviour with delight,
   They are most precious in His sight:
   Such grace to mine be given!
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.

Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first 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.

Jane E. Leeson.
789

The garden of the Lord.—Isa. ii. 3

mf 1 In our dear Lord's garden,
    Planted here below,
    Many tiny flowerets
    In sweet beauty grow.

mp 2 Christ, the loving Gardener,
    Tends these blossoms small;
    Loves the little lilies
    As the cedars tall.

mp 3 Nothing is too little
    For His gentle care;
    Nothing is too lowly
    In His love to share.

mf 4 Jesus loves the children,
    Children such as we,
    Blessed them when their mothers
    Brought them to His knee.

mf 5 Jesus calls the children,
    Bids them come and stand
    In His pleasant garden,
    Watered by His hand.

mp 6 Lord, Thy call we answer;
    Take us in Thy care,
    Train us in Thy garden,
    In Thy work to share.

Mrs. E. S. Armitage.
And the Lord went before them... in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way.—Ex. xiii. 21.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high:

Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!

Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.

Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

Brightly gleams our banner, etc.

Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.

In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, our Saviour,
Only unto Thee?

Brightly gleams our banner, etc.

All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

Brightly gleams our banner, 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 our banner, etc.

T. J. Potter and W. W. How.
791 Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord.—1 Chron. xxix. 5.

1 The wise may bring their learning,
   The rich may bring their wealth,
   And some may bring their greatness,
   And some bring strength and health;
   We too would bring our treasures
   To offer to the King;
   We have no wealth or learning—
   What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
   We'll bring Him thankful praise,
   And young souls meekly striving
   To walk in holy ways;
   And these shall be the treasures
   We offer to the King,
   And these are gifts that even
   The poorest child may bring.

3 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.
(10) MISSIONS.
(See also Section VIII. (5.).)

The fields... are white already to harvest.—John iv. 35.

1 THE fields are all white,
   And the reapers are few;
   We children are willing,
   But what can we do
   To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,
   And our words are so weak
   We cannot teach others;
   How then shall we seek
   To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
   By the pennies we bring,
   By small self-denials:
   The least little thing
   May work for our Lord in His harvest—

4 Until, by and by,
   As the years pass, at length
   We too may be reapers,
   And go forth in strength
   To work for our Lord in His harvest.

Book of Praise for Children.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.


Harmony.

For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright. (f) And

Unison.

Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of Love and Light. (cr) For the

Harmony.

darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, (f) And

rall.

Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of Love and Light. Amen.

(720)
The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.—Isa. ix. 2.

mf 1 W E'VE a story to tell to the nations,
That shall turn their hearts to the right,
A story of truth and sweetness,
A story of peace and light:

cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noon-day bright,

f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The kingdom of Love and Light.

mf 2 We've a song to be sung to the nations,
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord;
A song that shall conquer evil,
And shatter the spear and sword:

cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noon-day bright,

f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The kingdom of Love and Light.

mf 3 We've a message to give to the nations,
That the Lord who reigneth above
Hath sent us His Son to save us,
And show us that God is love:

cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noon-day bright,

f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The kingdom of Love and Light.

mp 4 We've a Saviour to show to the nations,
Who the path of sorrow has trod,
That all of the world's great peoples
Might come to the truth of God:

cr For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noon-day bright,

f And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The kingdom of Love and Light.

Colin Sterne.
Who hath despised the day of small things?—Zech. iv. 10.

1 Little drops of water,
   Little grains of sand,
   Made the mighty ocean
   And the pleasant land.

2 So the little moments,
   Humble though they be,
   Make the mighty ages
   Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
   Lead the soul away
   From the paths of virtue,
   Into sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
   Little words of love,
   Make our earth an Eden,
   Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
   Sown by youthful hands,
   Grow to bless the nations
   Far in heathen lands.

6 Little ones in glory
   Swell the angels' song:
   Make us meet, dear Saviour,
   For their holy throng.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney.
The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime.—Ps. xlii. 8.

1 The star of morn has risen;
   O Lord, to Thee we pray;
   O uncreated Light of Light,
   Guide Thou our way.

2 Sinless be tongue and hand,
   And innocent the mind;
   Let simple truth be on our lips,
   Our hearts be kind.

3 Let not the flesh prevail,
   But all be ruled by good;
   The gift of temperance bestow
   In drink and food.

4 As the swift day rolls on,
   Still, Lord, our Guardian be;
   And keep the portals of our hearts
   From evil free.

5 Grant that our daily toil
   May to Thy glory tend;
   And as our hours begin with Thee,
   So may they end.

   Ambrose, tr. G. Phillimore.
Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. xci. 4.

1 Now the day is over, 5 Comfort every sufferer
   Night is drawing nigh;  Watching late in pain;
   Shadows of the evening  Those who plan some evil
   Steal across the sky.  From their sin restrain.

2 Now the darkness gathers, 6 Through the long night-watches
   Stars begin to peep;  May Thine angels spread
   Birds, and beasts, and flowers  Their white wings above me,
   Soon will be asleep.  Watching round my bed.

3 Jesus, give the weary 7 When the morning wakens,
   Calm and sweet repose;  Then may I arise
   With Thy tenderest blessing  Pure, and fresh, and sinless
   May our eyelids close.  In Thy holy eyes.

4 Grant to little children 8 Glory to the Father,
   Visions bright of Thee;  Glory to the Son,
   Guard the sailors tossed  And to Thee, blest Spirit,
   On the deep blue sea.  Whilst all ages run.

8 S. Baring-Gould.
I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.—Ps. iv. 8.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day Thine hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan.
CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Londonderry. [First Tune.] 75.75.77. John Adcock.

Silksworth. [Second Tune.] 75.75.77. Charles Vincent.
(12) HEAVEN.

A better country, that is, an heavenly.—Heb. xi. 16.

mf 1 EVERY morning the red sun
    Rises warm and bright;
    But the evening cometh on,
    And the dark cold night:
    There's a bright land far away,
    Where 'tis never-ending day.

mf 2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
    Open fresh and gay;
    Till the chilly autumn hours
    Wither them away:
    There's a land we have not seen;
    Where the trees are always green.

mf 3 Little birds sing songs of praise
    All the summer long;
    But in colder, shorter days,
    They forget their song:
    There's a place where angels sing
    Ceaseless praises to their King.

mf 4 Christ our Lord is ever near
    Those who follow Him;
    But we cannot see Him here,
    For our eyes are dim:
    There's a happy glorious place,
    Where His people see His face.

p 5 Who shall go to that fair land?
    All who love the right;
    Holy children there shall stand,
    In their robes of white;
    For that heaven so bright and blest
    Is our everlasting rest.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.
He shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.—Isa. xl. 11.

1 There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
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.

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

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
Or no home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare;
For everyone is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

(728)
f 4 There's a crown for little children
   Above the bright blue sky;
   And all who look to Jesus
   Shall wear it by-and-by,—
   A crown of brightest glory,
   Which He will then bestow
   On all who found His favour
   And loved His name below.

f 5 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 6 There's a robe for little children
   Above the bright blue sky;
   And a harp of sweetest music,
   And palms of victory.
   All, all above is treasured,
   And found in Christ alone;
   O come, dear little children,
   That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane.
Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.

1 CHILDREN'S voices, high in heaven,
   Make sweet music round the throne;
   Them the King of kings hath given
   Glory lasting as His own:
   Lord, it was Thy mercy free
   Suffered them to come to Thee.

2 We would think of them to-day;
   And their everlasting song
   We would sing, as blest as they,
   In the spirit-land ere long:
   Lord, let us Thy children be,
   Suffer us to come to Thee.

3 Now to come with loving mind,
   Simple faith and earnest prayer,
   Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
   Full and free salvation there:
   Lamb of God, our Saviour be,
   Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 Lord, we come; be Thou our Guide
   Through life's dark and troubled way;
   And, when trained and sanctified,
   Raise us to the perfect day:
   Then in heaven Thy words will be,
   'Suffer them to come to Me.'

Glory. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M., with refrain.

And washed us from our sins in His own blood.—Rev. i. 5. 9

f 1 AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

mf 3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory?'

cr 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

mf 5 On earth they sought their 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!'

Mrs. Anne H. Shepherd.

( 731 )
A Farewell Hymn.

802 Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.—Acts xx. 32.

mf 1 GOD be with you till we meet again, 
By His counsels guide, uphold you, 
With His sheep securely fold you:

p God be with you till we meet again.

cr Till we meet, till we meet, 
Till we meet at Jesus' feet, 
Till we meet, till we meet, 

f God be with you till we meet again.

mf 2 God be with you till we meet again, 
'Neath His wings protecting hide you, 
Daily manna still provide you:

p God be with you till we meet again.

cr Till we meet, till we meet, 
Till we meet at Jesus' feet, 
Till we meet, till we meet, 

f God be with you till we meet again.

mf 3 God be with you till we meet again, 
When life's perils thick confound you, 
Put His arms unfailling round you:

cr God be with you till we meet again. 

p Till we meet, till we meet, 
Till we meet at Jesus' feet, 
Till we meet, till we meet, 

f Till we meet, till we meet, 
Till we meet at Jesus' feet, 
Till we meet, till we meet, 

mf 4 God be with you till we meet again, 
Keep love's banner floating o'er you, 
Smite death's threatening wave before 

p God be with you till we meet again. [you:

cr Till we meet, till we meet, 
Till we meet at Jesus' feet, 
Till we meet, till we meet, 

f God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin.
NOTES ON THE USE OF THE CHANT-BOOK.

The general purpose and arrangement of the Chants have been already described in the General Preface. A few practical suggestions as to their use may be added.

At the beginning of Service the Sanctus should be sung without any introduction beyond the key indication, the congregation rising.

In the Beatitudes, No. 10, two or three tunes may be employed, changing at verse 5; and at verse 13 either returning, or going on to a third tune.

The responses to the Commandments, Nos. 138 and 139, should, if possible, be sung without any preliminary playing over.

In the Baptismal Sentences, the first part of Nos. 140 and 141, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," is intended (as are also the other Baptismal Sentences) to be sung as each person passes from the baptistery; the concluding Doxology only after the last has been baptized.

Offertory Sentences. These settings are arranged in order of keys, so that wherever a commencement is made the music will follow on naturally. It is suggested that in use a short pause should come between the Sentences.

Benediction Hymns. These are intended to follow immediately after the Amen of the Benediction, the hymn not being announced. They should, of course, be sung very quietly and slowly. Where the Amen is sung after the Benediction, it will be easier to start the hymn. In such case, the key of the Amen, which should be quite simple, must be chosen so as to accord with the key of the hymn.
DIRECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

The form of pointing used in this Book is intended to show clearly where the strict time of the chant begins. All that comes before the accent is not accounted for, but should be sung to the first note of the chant, at a speed that is neither so slow as to be dull nor so fast as to be indistinct. An imaginary bar commences at the accent, taken out of the first note of the chant, the same note on which the recitation has been made.

O come, let us sing... unto the Lord

If the syllable on which the accent is placed stands alone, that syllable will be a whole bar in length, *e.g.*:

O'... love the Lord

If, after the accent, a second syllable occurs, time must be made for it out of that bar, *e.g.*:

Let us kneel... before

Two, or three syllables will be sung on the same principle, *e.g.*:

For... the... Lord is a great

Vow... and... pay unto the... Lord

In the examples given above, the syllables following the accent are separated from it by a space, and time should be taken for them at the latter end of the bar.

Where they are connected with the accent, they should come at the beginning, or divide the bar equally, *e.g.*:

In His hands are the deep... places... of the earth

or,

not

pláces

pláces
In several instances both these forms occur together, e.g.:—

Bring an \( \text{of-fer-ing} \) and \( \text{come} \)

I will \( \text{tri-umph} \) in the \( \text{works} \)

The sign * in the course of the recitation marks the place where a break should be made for taking breath. All stops should be observed exactly as in reading, but never used as breathing places unless accompanied by this sign.

The bars in the pointing of the words correspond with those in the music. In the middle of the chant there are two notes in the bar, and one syllable will fall on each note, e.g.:—

Sing unto the Lord \( \text{bless} \) His \( \text{name} \)

Where only one syllable occurs it is followed by dots or a dash; and the two notes have to be sung to it, e.g.:—

Sing unto the Lord \( \text{a new} \) \( \text{song} \)

Where more than two syllables occur, a dot or a hyphen, according to circumstances, shows the division, e.g.:—

Stréngth . . . and \( \text{beauty} \) are \( \text{in} \)

And . . . . the \( \text{peo-ple-ses} \) \( \text{with} \)

At the présence of . . . the \( \text{Lord} \) \( \text{of the} \) \( \text{whole} \)

Lët the \( \text{mul-ti-tude} \) \( \text{of} \) \( \text{isles} \)

Hé \( \text{is the} \) \( \text{King} \)

Except in a very few places, which are clearly indicated, all words are to be sung as they would be read—e.g., grieved as griev’d, not griev-ed.

The speed adopted in chanting should not be so great as to interfere with the clear enunciation of every word and syllable; but, on the average, it should not be slower than is absolutely needful to secure this clearness. A fair amount of movement makes the singing of even a long Psalm easy and enjoyable.
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144. *I. Let your light  
145. †II. He that soweth little  
146. †III. Let your light  
147. †IV. Whatsoever ye would  
148. ‡V. Freely ye have received  
149. *VI. Cast thy bread upon the waters  
150. †VII. Inasmuch as ye have done it  
151. ‡VIII. Blessed is he  

---

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Metrical Litanies.

TO GOD ALMIGHTY.

Hesse. 7.7.7.6. German.

1 **GOD**, on heaven's eternal throne,
    Earth and heaven are all Thine own,
    Thou art God, and Thou alone;
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

2 For the glory of Thy name,
    For the sake of Him who came
    Bearing toil and cross and shame,
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

3 By Thy love and holiness,
    By Thy care for man's distress,
    By Thy will to help and bless,
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

4 Make our spirits pure within,
    Wean us from the ways of sin,
    All our hearts' devotion win;
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

5 May our bodies hallowed be,
    From all evil passions free,
    As a sacrifice to Thee;
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

6 From all sinful lust of gain,
    Pride of life, and glory vain,
    From the love of joys that stain,
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

7 From the thought of calumny,
    From the hard and envious eye,
    From the tongue that speaks a lie,
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

8 From presumption and despair,
    From each soul-disturbing care,
    Unbelief, and doubt in prayer,
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

9 Bless the daily cross we bear;
    By our toil our souls prepare
    Holy rest in heaven to share;
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

10 Thine the kingdom evermore,
    Thine the power we bow before,
    Thine the glory we adore.
    Save us, we beseech Thee.

A* (1)

T. B. Pollock.
METRICAL LITANIES.

OF THE LOVE OF GOD.


1 GOD of Love, to Thee we owe
   All our good, on earth below,
   All the hope of heaven we know;
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

2 Poor, unworthy though we be,
   Thou dost deign to will that we
   Should be blest in loving Thee;
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

3 On our loveless nature shine,
   Come to us in power divine,
   Give us love and make it Thine;
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

4 More than every earthly gain,
   More than all that men obtain,
   Power, or joy, or honour vain,
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

5 More than friend, however near,
   More than all we hold most dear,
   More than all in heaven, or here,
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

6 Not from dread of wrath or woe,
   Not for all Thou wilt bestow,—
   For Thyself, whose love we know,
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

7 Though there were no heaven to gain,
   Though there were no place of pain,
   Still our love would not be vain;
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

8 If we feel Thy bounteous care,
   If our lot be poor and bare,
   If Thou smite, and if Thou spare,
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

9 If the world's applause we know,
   If despised and lying low,
   Still, in joy, or fear, or woe,
   Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

10 In our health, when sick we lie,
    While we live, and when we die,
    Now, and everlasting,
    Help us, Lord, to love Thee.

T. B. Pollock.
3 COMFORTER, to whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour’s work below.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Spirit, showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us, when we pray.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,
Who dost help us to believe.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, guarding us from ill,
Bending right our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Calming Spirit, always nigh,
Helping our infirmity
When in lonely doubt we lie.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Spirit, strength of all the weak,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

7 Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truths divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

8 Spirit, fount of faith and joy,
Giving peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

9 Source of love and light divine,
With that hallowing grace of Thine
More and more upon us shine.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

10 Holy, loving as Thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart.
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

T. B. Pollock.
1 Blessed Jesu, far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, O leave us not alone.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Thou our great example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward, earthbound heart.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 Foolish, weak, and sad we lie;
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

5 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow creatures' weal.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

10 Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing what we say.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

11 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

12 So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for may we see,
And for ever blessed be.
Lord, in mercy hear us.

T. B. Pollock.
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 we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
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 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Have neglected and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed.
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, come to be made pure.
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free;
Stained, we pray for sanctity.
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Hearing every contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die.
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Grant us Faith, to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgments fear,
And through trial persevere.
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 Grant us Hope, from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize.
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 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.

11 All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness.
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 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.
CHILDREN’S LITANY.

Infancy. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.6.  
A. E. S. Sugden.

Westholme. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.6.  
J. T. Musgrave.

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 shewn.  
   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.

5 What Thou willest may we will,  
   Nor our own desires fulfil,  
For we know not good from ill.  
   Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 Turn our eyes from what is vain,  
   Guide our tongues with careful rein.  
That we speak no word profane.  
   Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 May our lips our faith confess,  
   Teach us, when reviled, to bless,  
Conquering by gentleness.  
   Lord, in mercy hear us.

8 Make us wise to do the right,  
   Calm in trouble, brave in fight,  
Humble, when our path is bright.  
   Lord, in mercy hear us.

9 May we live that, free from fear,  
   We the angels' call may hear,  
And before Thy throne appear.  
   Lord, in mercy hear us.

T. B. Pollock.
METRICAL LITANIES.

Norwich. [THIRD TUNE.] 7.7.7.6. E. Bunnett.

Minister:
'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

People:
1 God, whose sheltering arms are thrown
    Tenderly around Thine own,
All whose cares to Thee are known,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

2 Life and help from day to day,
    At whose will on earth we stay,
At whose call we pass away,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

3 Chastening those whom Thou dost choose,
    Healing by the stripes that bruise,
Giving joys when joys we lose,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

4 Christ, we trust Thy tender care,
    Thou didst all our sorrows share,
Thou hast borne the griefs we bear;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

5 Body's weakness, spirit's woe,
    Life's hard struggle, death's fierce throe
Thou hast felt, and Thou dost know;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

6 When the sick before Thee lay,
    None were sent unhelped away,
Sin and death released their prey;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

7 At thy feet in faith we bow,
    Good Physician, sure that Thou
Art as kind as ever now;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

8 May the sorrows we endure
    Be the medicine for our cure,
Be the fire to make us pure;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

9 Living, may we live to Thee,
    May our dying set us free,
To be Thine eternally;
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

    Amen.

T. B. Pollock.

Mill Lane. [FOURTH TUNE.] 7.7.7.6. Minister:
'Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.'

People:
11 May Thy peace in us abound,
    And what we ourselves have found
May we seek to spread around.
    Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister:
'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

People:
12 May we fear no cold world's frown,
    Never weary, or lay down
Heavy cross, or thorny crown.

    Amen.
METRICAL LITANIES.

CHILDREN'S LITANY.

Infancy. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.6. A. E. S. Sugden.


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 us tenderly,
   And our careful Shepherd be.
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Little hearts may love Thee well,
   Little lips Thy love may tell,
   Little hymns Thy praises swell.
   Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Little lives may be divine,
   Little deeds of love may shine,
   Little ones be wholly Thine.
   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.

T. B. Pollock.
Norwich. [Third Tune.] 7.7.7.6. E. Bunnett.

Minister:
'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

People:
5 May we earthily joys resign,  
With a spirit like to Thine,  
Toiling for the wealth divine.  
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister:
'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.'

People:
6 May we mourn the sins that weigh  
On Thy heart, and day by day  
Turn us from Thy love away.  
Hear us, holy Jesu.  
When we lean, and when we pray.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 When we lie asleep at night,  
Ever may Thy angels bright  
Keep us safe till morning’s light.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Make us brave without a fear,  
Make us happy, full of cheer,  
Sure that Thou art always near.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 May we prize our Christian name,  
May we guard it free from blame,  
Fearing all that causes shame.  
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.

Mill Lane. [Fourth Tune.] 7.7.7.6.

Minister:
'Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.'

People:
11 May Thy peace in us abound,  
And what we ourselves have found  
May we seek to spread around.  
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister:
'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

People:
12 May we fear no cold world's frown,  
Never weary, or lay down  
Heavy cross, or thorny crown.  
Hear us, holy Jesu.  
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 May our thoughts be undefiled,  
May our words be true and mild,  
Make us each a holy child.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Jesu, Son of God most high,  
Who didst in a manger lie,  
Who upon the cross didst die.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 Jesu, from Thy heavenly throne,  
Watching o'er each little one,  
Till our life on earth is done.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Jesu, whom we hope to see,  
Calling us in heaven to be  
Happy evermore with Thee.  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.  
T. B. Pollock.
METRICAL LITANIES.

OF THE BEATITUDES.


Westholme. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.6.

Norwich. [THIRD TUNE.] 7.7.7.6. E. Bunnett.
1 HEAVENLY FATHER, Lord of all, 
Low before Thy throne we fall; 
Hear Thy children when they call. 
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Jesu, once for sinners slain, 
God, by whose atoning pain 
Sinful men salvation gain, 
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Spirit, from the fount of light 
Beaming on our error's night 
Truth and purity and might, 
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 God, from whom we all proceed, 
God, whose heart for man did bleed, 
God, who dost within us plead, 
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Minister: 
'Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

People: 
5 May we earthly joys resign, 
With a spirit like to Thine, 
Toiling for the wealth divine. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.'

People: 
6 May we mourn the sins that weigh 
On Thy heart, and day by day 
Turn us from Thy love away. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.'

People: 
7 May we suffer patiently, 
Waiting quietly for Thee, 
Sure that Thou wilt faithful be. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.'

People: 
8 May we know our true distress, 
Thirsting for Thy love to bless, 
Hungering for righteousness. 
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Minister: 
'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.'

People: 
9 May we all Thy mercy know, 
And be ever glad to show 
Mercy to our hardest foe. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'

People: 
10 Cleanse from stain our soilèd heart, 
Truth and purity impart, 
Make us holy as Thou art. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
'Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.'

People: 
11 May Thy peace in us abound, 
And what we ourselves have found 
May we seek to spread around. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

People: 
12 May we fear no cold world's frown, 
Never weary, or lay down 
Heavy cross, or thorny crown. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
13 Jesu, by Thy wondrous birth, 
By Thy weary life on earth, 
By Thy death of untold worth, 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

People: 
14 Form in us the life Divine, 
May we all our will resign, 
Wholly to be led by Thine. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

Minister: 
15 Train us as Thou knowest best, 
Till we come where all are blest, 
In the Father's home of rest. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

People: 
16 Bless our life of toil and care, 
Hear, from heaven, our lowly prayer, 
May we soon be blessed there. 
Hear us, holy Jesu.

T. B. Pollock.
Selections from the Book of Psalms.

11

PSALM I.

I. F. A. G. OUSELEY.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

II. E. J. HOPKINS.

III. F. A. J. HERVEY.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not
in the counsel . . . . . . of the | wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners.* nor sittest . . . . in the seat — | of the | scornful.

2 But his delight . . . . is in the | law | of the | Lord;
And in His law . . . . doth he | mediate | day | and | night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted | . . . . . . . by the | streams of | water,
That bringeth forth . . . . its | fruit — | in its | season,

4 Whose leaf also . . . . | doth not | wither;
And what . . . . . . so | ever | he | doeth | shall | prosper.

5 The wicked. . . . . . . | are not | so;
But are like the chaff . . . . . which the | wind — | driveth | a- | way.

6 Therefore the wicked shall not stand | in the | judgment,
Nor sinners in the con- . . . . gre- | ga- | tion | of the | righteous.

7 For the Lord knoweth . . . . the | way | of the | righteous:
But . . . . . . . the | way | of the | wicked | 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 | ev- | er | shall be,
World . . . . . . . without | end. — | A- | men.
When I consider Thy heavens, the
The moon and the stars,

What is man, that Thou art
And the son of man,

For Thou hast made him but little.
And crownest

Thou madest him to have dominion
over the works.

Thou hast put

1 Why.

And the peoples imagine a vain thing?
The kings of the earth set themselves,* and the rulers take counsel together,
Against the Lord, and against His anointed, saying,
Let us break their bands a-sunder,
And cast a-way their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:
The Lord shall have them in des-pairion.
Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath,
And vex them in His sore dis-pleasure.
Yet I have set my king upon my ho-ly hill of Zion.

I will tell of the de-cree:
The Lord said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I be-gotten Thee.
Ask of me, and I will give Thee the na-tions for Thine in-heritance,
And the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy pos-session.
Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a pot-ter's vessel.

Now therefore be wise,
Be instructed, ye judges
Serve the Lord with fear, and re-
Kiss the Son, lest He be angry,
For His wrath will soon be kindled.
Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.

O ye kings:
es of the earth.
with trembling.
in the way.
be kindled.

Amen.
PSALMS.

13

L. J. Turle.

Psalm Book of Psalms.

F. A. G. Ouseley.

1 Answer me when I call, O God of my righteousness; Thou hast set me at large when I was in distress; have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

2 O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into dishonour? How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood?

3 But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself; The Lord will hear when I call unto Him.

4 Stand in awe, and sin not; Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, And put your trust in the Lord.

6 Many there be that say, Who will show us good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.

7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart, More than they have when their corn and their wine are increased.

8 In peace will I both lay me down and sleep; For Thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM VIII.

I. J. Hindle.

II. G. J. Elvey.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

1 O Lord, How excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

2 Who hast set Thy glory up on the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou established strength,

3 Because of Thine adversaries, That Thou mightest still the enemy and the a- venger

(14)
4 When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; Thy handiwork.

5 What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that Thou visitest him? Thou hast made him but little, and crowned him with glory and honour.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; all things under his feet:

7 All love Thee, Lord my rock, and my fortress, my deliverer; I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised:

So shall I be saved from mine enemies. 

PSALM

I. CHARLES VINCENT.

1 LORD, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?

II. CHARLES VINCENT.

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart,

3 He that speaketh truth in his heart, Nor taketh up a reproach a-against his neighbour.

4 In whose eyes a reprobate is despised; But he honoureth them. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, Nor taketh reward a-against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall not be moved.

Gloria Patri.

Repeat Chant I.

(15)
Thou hast set me at large when I was in distress: * have mercy on me, and hear my prayer.

2 O ye sons of men, * how long shall my glory be turned into dishonour? How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood?

3 But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly (for Him- self): when I call unto Him.

1 Preserve me, God: For in Thee do I put my trust.

2 As for the saints, that are in the earth, They are the excellent in whom is all my delight.

3 Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, Nor take their names upon my lips.

4 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

5 I have set the Lord always before me: Because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

6 For Thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol; Neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption.

Gloria Patri.
Psalm XVIII. 1—19.

J. Turle.

1 I love Thee, O Lord, my strength.
And my fortress is my rock, liv-er.

2 My God, my strong rock, in Him will I trust;
My shield, the horn of my salvation, my high tower.
I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised:
So shall I be saved from mine enemies.

3 The cords of death passed me, of ungodliness made me afraid.
The cords of Sheol were round about me:
The snares of death came upon me.

4 In my distress I called.
And cried unto the Lord:
He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry entered into His ears.

5 Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations also of the mountains moved and were shaken, because there went up a smoke out of His nostrils, and fire out of His mouth devoured:
And fire out of His mouth devoured:

6 He bowed the heavens also, and came down; darkness was under His feet.
And He rode upon a cherub, and did fly:
Yea, He flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.

7 He made darkness His hiding place,* and round about Him clouds of the skies passed,
Darkness of waters, thick:
At the brightness before Him His thick clouds were.
Hail—stones and coals of fire.

3 The Lord also thundered in the heavens,* and the Most High uttered His voice; and scattered them:
Hail—stones and coals of fire.
And He sent out His arrows, and discomfited them:
Yea, lightnings manifold,

9 Then the channels of the world were pearced, bare,
And the foundations, of the Lord, of Thy nostrils.
At Thý—buke, O Lord, of the breath—
At the blast—

10 He sent from on high, He took me;
He drew me, out of many waters.
He brought me forth also into a large place;
He delivered me,* because He de-
GLORIA PATRI.
1 The heavens declare the glory of God; And the firmament sheweth His hand-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, And night unto night sheweth speech—knowledge.

2 There is no speech nor language; Their voice can not be heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, And their words to the end—of the world.

3 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 his course. 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.

4 The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul: The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

5 The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

6 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

7 More to be desired are they than gold, yea more than fine gold: Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.
Moreover by them is Thy servant warned:
In keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors? Clear Thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins: Let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable Lord my rock, and my Redeemer.

GLORIA PATRI.

**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: His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;

5 For Thou art with me:
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

6 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed 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.

GLORIA PATRI.

(19)
1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; The world, and they that dwell therein.
For He hath founded it up on the seas, And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in His holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity and hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after Him, That seek Thy face, O God of Jacob.

2. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors: And the King of glory shall come in.
Whó is the King of glory?
The Lord is strong and mighty,
The Lord of hosts, He.... is the King of glory.

3. The Lord, And the Lord of hosts, 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, O Lord of hosts, is the King of glory.

II.

Rowland Briant.

Gloria Patri.

Repeat Chant I.
Psalm XXV.

1 Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
   O my God, I have trusted in Thee.
   Let me not be ashamed.
   Let not mine enemies triumph over me.

2 Yea, none that wait on Thee shall be ashamed.
   They shall be ashamed that deal treacherously.
   Shew me Thy ways, O Lord;
   Teach me and make me to understand Thy paths.

3 Guide me in Thy truth, and teach me;
   For Thou art the God of my salvation, and of mine.
   Remember, O Lord, Thy tender mercies, and Thy kindnesses.
   Thy name, and Thy covenant, and Thy testimonies.

4 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:
   According to Thy lovingkindness remember Thou me:
   Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will He instruct me.
   And He will teach His way.

5 The meek shall He guide in judgment:
   And the meek shall He teach His way.
   All the paths of the Lord are lovingkindness and truth.
   Unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies.

6 For Thy name's sake, O Lord, for it is great.
   Pardon mine iniquity, and for Thy goodness sake, O Lord.
   Good and upright is the Lord:
   Therefore will He instruct me in the way that He shall choose.

7 His soul shall dwell at ease:
   And his seed shall inherit the land.
   The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him;
   And He will shew them His covenant.

8 Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord:
   For He shall pluck my feet out of the net.
   Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me;
   For I am desolate and afflicted.

9 The troubles of my heart are enlarged:
   O bring Thou me out of my distresses.
   Consider mine affliction, and my travail;
   And give me my trust in Thee.

10 Consider mine enemies, for they are many;
   And they hate me with cruel hatred.
   O keep my soul, and deliver me;
   Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in Thee.

11 Let integrity and uprightness preserve me:
   For I wait on Thee.
   Redeem Israel, O God, of all his troubles.

Gloria Patri.
Psalm XXVII.

I.

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?

2. When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh, Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, My heart shall not fear:

3. Though war should rise against me, Even then will I be confident. One thing have I asked of the Lord, 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 pavilion:

4. For in the day of trouble He shall keep me secretly in His tabernacle; In the covert of His tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall lift me up on a rock, And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

5. And I will offer in His tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
6 Hear, O Lord, when I cry . . . | with my | voice:
Have mercy also . . . . | up- | on me, and | an- | swer | me.

7 When Thou saidst, . . . . | Seek ye. My | face;
My heart said unto Thée, . . . Thy | face, | Lord | will | I | seek.

8 Hide not . . . . . . . . Thy | face — | from me;
Put not . . . . . . . . Thy | servant a- | way in | anger:

9 Thou . . . . . . . . hast | been my | help;
Cast me not off,* neither forsake | me, . . . . . . . . . . . O | God of | my sal- | vation.

10 When my father and my mother . for- | sake — | me,
The . . . . . . . . | Lord will | take me | up.

11 Teach me . . . . . . . Thy | way, | O | Lord;
And lead me in a plain path . be- | cause | of | mine | enemies.

12 Deliver me not over unto the will . . | or | mine | adversaries:
For false witnesses are risen up against | me, . . . . . . . . and | such as | breathe out | cruelty.

Repeat Chant I. or II.

13 I had fainted, unless I had believed | to see the goodness . . . . | of | the | Lord.
In . . . . . . . . . . the | land — | of | the | living.
Wait on the Lord *: be strong * and | heart | take | courage;
Yea, . . . . . . . . | wait thou | on the | Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 Give unto the Lord, O ye sons, of the mighty,
Give unto the Lord 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 God of glory thundereth, even the Lord upon many waters.

4 The voice of the Lord is powerful;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

5 Yea, the Lord breaketh in pieces the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them also to skip like a young wild-ox.

6 The voice of the Lord cleaveth the flames of fire.
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness;
The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

7 The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve,
And strippeth the forests bare.
And in His temple! everything saith, Glory.

Repeat Chant I.

8 The Lord sat as King at the Flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth as King for ever.

9 The Lord will give strength unto His people;
The Lord will bless His people with peace.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 I will extol thee, O Lord; * for Thou hast raised me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O Lord, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast healed me.

2 O Lord, Thou hast brought up my soul from Sheol: Thou hast kept me alive, * that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing praise unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks to His holy name.

3 For His anger is but for a moment; in the day of His favor standeth the strong; I was troubled. Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.

4 As for me, * I said in my prosperity, I shall never be moved. Thou, Lord, of Thy favor hadst made my mountain to stand strong; Thou didst hide Thy face; I was troubled.

5 I cried to Thee, O Lord; And unto the Lord I made supplication:

What profit is there in my blood, * when I go down to the pit?

Shall the dust praise Thee? shall it declare Thy truth?

6 Hear, O Lord, * and have mercy upon me; Lord, be Thou my helper, Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing;

Thou hast loosed my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness:

7 To the end that my glory may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent.

O Lord, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever.
1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.
And in whose spirit there is no guile.

2 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.
For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me:
My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

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 let everyone that is godly pray unto Thee in a time when Thou mayest be found:
Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.
Thou art my hiding place, * Thou wilt preserve me from trouble;
Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

5 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:
I will counsel thee with Mine eye up on thee.
Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, * whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in; * else they will not come near unto thee.

6 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked:
But he that trusteth in the Lord, * shall not pass him about.
Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, and ye righteous:
And shout for joy, all ye that are right in heart.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 REJOICE in the Lord. Praise is come-ly for the upright.
Give thanks unto the Lord with harp:
Sing praises unto Him with the psalter-y of ten strings.

2 Sing unto Him a new song; with a loud noise.
For the word of the Lord is right;
And all His work is done in faithfulness.

3 He loveth right-eousness and judgment:
The earth is full of the kindness of the Lord.
By the voice of the Lord were the heavens made;
And all the hosts of them by the breath of His mouth.

4 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap;
He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.
Let all the earth fear the Lord;
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him.

5 For He spake, and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.
The Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought:
He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of none effect.

6 The counsel of the Lord standeth fast for ever,
The thoughts of His heart to all generations.
Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord;
The people whom He hath chosen for His 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 habitants of the earth;

8 He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,
That con-scious they all their works.
Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him,
Upon them that hope in His mercy;

9 To deliver their souls from death,
And our soul hath waited for the Lord:
He is our help and our shield.

10 For our heart shall rejoice in Him.
Because we have trusted in His holy name.
Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us,
According as we have hoped in Thee.

GLORIA PATRI.
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 meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt His name together.
I sought the Lord, and He answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.

3 They looked unto Him, and were lightened:
And their faces shall never be con- founded.
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 delivereth them that love His saints:
O taste and see that the Lord is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

5 O fear the Lord, ye who fear Him,
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 good thing.

6 Come, ye children, hearken to me.
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
What man is he that despiseth life,
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;
Peace shall be unto them that sue it.

8 The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous,
And His ears are unto their cry.
The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

(28)
9 The righteous cried, ... and the Lord heard, ... and delivered them ... out of all their troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, ... as be of a contrite spirit.

10 Many are the afflictions of the righteous: But the Lord delivereth him out of all them all. He keepeth all his bones: one of them is broken.

11 Evil shall slay the wicked: And they that hate them shall be condemned. The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: And none of them that trust in Him shall be condemned.

GLORIA PATRI.

Psalm XXXVI. 5—10.

And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

it the wicked shall perish,

And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the excellence of the pasture.

In smoke shall they consume a way.

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II. J. HINDLE.

1 Thy lovingkindness, O Lord, is in the heavens;

Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.

2 Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God; Thy judgments are a great deep:

O Lord, Thou preservest man and beast.

3 How precious is Thy lovingkindness, O God!

And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings.

4 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.

6 O continue Thy lovingkindness unto them that know Thee; And Thy righteousness unto the upright in heart.

GLORIA PATRI.

( 29 )
1 Fret not thyself because . . . . of evil doers,
   Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.
   For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
   And wither . . . . . . . . as the green — herb.

2 Trust in the Lord, . . . . and do — good ;
   Dwell in the land, . . . . and follow after faithfulness.
   I sought the Lord, . . . . and he answered me,
   And delivered . . . . . . me from all my fears.

3 They looked unto Him, . . . . and were lightened ;
   And their faces shall never be concealed,
   His poor man cried, . . . . and the Lord heard him,
   And saved him . . . . . . out of all his troubles.

the angel of the Lord only — mercifully.

4 Rest . . . . . . . . in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him : 
   Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth . . . . in his way,
   Because of the man who bringeth . . . . wicked desires to pass.

5 Cease from anger, . . . . and forsake — wrath.
   Fret not thyself, * it tendeth only to evil doing.
   For evil-doers . . . . shall be cut off :
   But those that wait upon the Lord, . . . they shall inherit the land.

6 For yet a little while, * and the wicked shall not be:
   Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, . . . . and he shall not be.
   But the meek . . . . shall inherit the land ;
   And shall delight themselves . . . . in the abundance of peace.

II.

[7 The wicked plotteth . . . . against the just,
   And gnasheth . . . . up on him with his teeth.
   The Lord . . . . shall laugh at him :
   For He seeth . . . . that his day is coming.

( 30 )
8 The wicked have drawn out the sword, 
and have bent their bow;
To cast down the poor and needy,* to 
slay such. as be up-
Their sword shall enter into their own heart,
And their bows shall be broken.

9 Better is a little that the righteous hath 
Than the abundance of many wicked.
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken:
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

10 The Lord knoweth the days of the perfect:
And their inheritance shall be for ever.
They shall not be ashamed in the time of evil:
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

11 But the wicked shall perish,
And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the excellency of the pastures:
They shall consume:
In smoke shall they consume a way.

12 The wicked borroweth,* and payeth not again:
But the righteous dealeth graciously, and giveth.
For such as be blessed of Him shall inherit the land:
And they that be cursed of Him shall be cut off.

13 A man's goings are established of the Lord;
And He maketh his way straight:
Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:
For the Lord upholds him with His hand.

14 I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed;
All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.

15 Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.
For the Lord loveth judgment,
And for sakes not His saints;
16 They are preserved for ever:
But the sèd of the wicked shall be cut off.
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell there-in for ever.

17 The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom,
And his tongue speaketh judgment.
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.

18 The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.

19 Wait on the Lord, and keep His way, and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.

20 But one passed by, and lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
Mark the perfect man, and be hold the upright:
For the latter end of that man is peace.

21 As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together:
The latter end of the wicked shall be cut off.
But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord:
He is their strong hold in the time of trouble.

22 And the Lord helpeth them,
And rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them,
Because they have taken refuge in Him.

Gloria Patri.
Psalm XXXIX.

1. I said, * I will take heed to my ways, not with my tongue:
   1. I sin not with my tongue:

2. I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

3. I was dumb with silence, * I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

4. My heart was with hot row in me; while I was musing the fire kindled: * thine spake I with my tongue.

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Unison.

5. Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; let me know how frail I am.

6. Behold, Thou hast made my days as handbreadths; and mine age is as nothing, before Thee:
   Surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.

7. Surely every man walketh in a vain thing: surely they are disquieted and knoweth not who shall gather them.

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Rowland Biant.

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Harmony.

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Repeat Chant I.

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Unison.

8. And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee.

9. Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

10. I was dumb, * I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it.
11 Remove Thy stroke a way from me: I am consumed by the blow of Thine hand.

12 When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth surely every man is vanity.

13 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; Hold not Thy peace at my tears:

14 For I am a stranger with Thee, As all my fathers were.

15 O spare me, that I may recover strength, Before I go hence, and be no more. Amen.

1 I waited patiently for the Lord; And He inclined unto me and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the deep clay; And He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

2 And He hath put a song in my mouth. Even praise unto our God: Many shall see it, and fear, And shall trust in the Lord.
3 Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust,
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.
Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works
Which Thou hast — hast — done.

4 And Thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
They cannot be set in order unto Thee;
If I would declare and speak of them,
Thy are more than can be numbered.

5 Sacrifice and offering hast Thou opened:
Burnt offering and sin offering hast Thou not required.

6 Then said I, Ló, I am come;
In the roll of the boók it is written of me:
I delight to do Thy will, O my God;
Yea, Thy law is with- in my heart.

7 I have published righteousness, in the great congregation;
Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, Thou knowest.
I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart;
I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy sal- vation:

8 I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth
From the great congregation,
Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:
Let Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth continually magnify me.

9 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me:
Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad in Thee:
Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

10 But I am poor and need- y;
Yet the Lord thinketh up on me:
Thou art my help and my deliverer;
Make no tarrying, O my God.
1 As the hart pânteth ... | after the water brooks,
So panteth my sôn ... | after Thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, ... | living God:
When shall I cóme ... and appear be-fore | God?

3 My tears have been my méat ... | day and night,
While they continually say unto mé, | Where is thy God?

4 These things ... | I re-member,
And pour out ... | my soul with-in me,

5 How I went with the throng,* and léd them. ... | to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise,* a multitude ... | keep-ing holi-ty | day.

6 Why art thou cast dówn, ... | O my soul?
And why art thóu ... dis-qui-et-ed with-in me?

7 Hope thou in God: * for I. shall yet ... | praise Him,
Who is the health ... of my | counte-nance | and my God.

8 My soul is cást ... | down with-in me:
Therefore do I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hérmons, | from the hill Mizar.

9 Deep calleth unto dýep ... at the noise of. Thy waterspouts:
All Thy waves ... and Thy bil- lows are gone over me.

10 Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness ... | in the day-time,
And in the night His song shall be with me,* even a prayer ... | unto the God of my life.
11 I will say unto God my rock, * Why hast Thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

12 As with a sword in my bones, * mine adversaries reproach me; While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

13 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disserted with in me?

14 Hope thou in God: * for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

15 Judge me, O God, * and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

16 For Thou art the God of my strength; * why hast Thou cast me off? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

17 O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me: Let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles.

18 Then will I go unto the altar of God, * unto God my exceeding joy: And upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God, my God.

19 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disserted with in me?

20 Hope thou in God: * for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.
1 God is our refuge and strength,
   A very present help in trouble.
   Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
   And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
   Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
   Though the mountains shake, with the swelling thereof,
   The Lord of hosts is with us,
   The God of Jacob is our refuge.

2 There is a river,* the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
   The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
   God is in the midst of her;* she shall not be moved:
   God shall help her, and that right early.
   The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:
   He uttered His voice, the earth melted.
   The Lord of hosts is with us;
   The God of Jacob is our refuge.

3 Come, behold the works of the Lord,
   What desolations He hath made in the earth;
   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.
   Be still, and know that I am God:
   I will be exalted among the nations,* I will be exalted in the earth.
   The Lord of hosts is with us;
   The God of Jacob is our refuge.
1 O clap your hands, . . . . . | all ye | peoples; 
Shout unto God . . . . . . . | with the | voice of | triumph. 
For the Lord . . . . . . . | Most High is | terrible; 
He is a great King . . . . . | over all the | earth.

2 He shall subdue . . . . . . | the peoples | under us, 
Add . . . . . . . . | the nations | under our feet. 
He shall choose . . . . . . | our inheritance | for us, 
The excellency . . . . . . | of Jacob | whom He loved.

3 God is gone up . . . . . . | with a shout, 
The Lord . . . . . . . | with the sound | of a trumpet. 
Sing praises . . . . . . . | to God, sing praises: 
Sing praises . . . . . . . | unto our King, sing praises.

4 For God is the King . . . . . | of all the earth: 
Sing . . . . . . . ye praises | with understanding. 
God reigneth . . . . | over the nations: 
God sitteth . . . . | upon His holy throne.

5 The princes of the peoples . . | are gathered together 
To be the people . . . . | of God of Abraham: 
For the shields of the earth . | be long unto God; 
Hé . . . . . . . is greatly | exalted. 

Gloria Patri.
1 Great is the Lord, and highly praised in the city of our God, in His holy mountain.

2 Beautiful is Mount Zion, the sides of the north of the great King.

3 God hath made Himself known in her palaces for a refuge. For, lo, the kings assembled themselves, passed by together.

4 They saw it, then were they amazed, were dismayed, had tasted the way.

5 Troubling took hold of them there; Pain, as of a woman in travail. With the east wind, Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish.

6 As we have heard, so have we seen. In the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city will establish it for ever.

7 We have thought on Thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple.

8 As is Thy name, O God, so is Thy praise unto the ends, of the earth: Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

9 Let mount Zion be glad, let the daughters of Judah rejoice, cause of Thy judgments.

10 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: Tell the towers there — of.

11 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; That ye may tell it to the generation following.

12 For this God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death.

Gloria Patri.

(40)
1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness:
According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, cleanse me from my sins.

2 For I acknowledge and do not hate that which Thou mayest be justified,
Behold, I was shapen in mine inward parts:
And my mother conceived me.

3 That Thou mayest be justifie when Thou speakest, make me to know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts; Thou shalt make me to hear Thy voice:
And in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to understand:
I shall be upright, Whithersoever I go.

5 Make me to hear, and I shall sing of joy and gladness:
That the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

6 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast my soul away from Thy presence; and take not away Thy Holy Spirit.

7 Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; with a free spirit in Thy sight.
Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

8 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God; of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing a loud song of Thy righteousness.
O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

9 For Thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
The sacrifices of God are a broken and a contrite heart, O God;
Thou wilt not despise.

Amen.
1 Be merciful unto me, O God, * be merciful unto me;
For my soul taketh refuge in Thee:
Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I take refuge,
Until these calamities be over past.

2 I will cry unto God Most High;
Unto God that performeth all things for me.
He shall send from heaven, and save me,* when he that would swallow me*
up preacheth;
God shall send forth His mercy and His truth.

3 My soul is among them that are set on fire,
Even the sons of men,* whose teeth are spears and arrows,
And their tongue a sharp sword.

2nd. 4 Be Thou exalted, O God above the heavens;
Part. Let Thy glory be above all the earth.

5 They have prepared a net for my steps;
My soul is bowed down:
They have digged a pit before me;
They are fallen into the midst of themselves.

6 My heart is fixed,* O God, my heart is fixed:
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises,
Awake up, my glory;* awake,
I myself will awake right early.
7 I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the peoples: I will sing praises unto Thee among the nations. For Thy mercy is great unto the heavens, And Thy truth unto the skies.

2nd Part. (8) Be Thou exalted, O God above the heavens; Let Thy glory be above all the earth.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 O God, Thou art my God; Early I will seek Thee: My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee, In a dry and weary land, where no water is.

2 So have I looked upon Thee in the sanctuary, To see Thy power and Thy glory. For Thy lovingkindness is better than life; My lips shall praise Thee.

3 So 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. For Thou hast been my help, And in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.

5 My soul followeth hard after Thee: Thy right hand up-holdeth me. But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, Shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

6 They shall be given over to the sword of the king: But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by Him shall glory; For the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Gloria Patri.
PSALM LXV.

(1st Setting.) I. J. Hindle.

1 Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, Thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts.

5 We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, the holy place of Thy temple.

(2nd Setting.) II. J. Stainer.

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(3rd Setting.) III. G. Heathcote.

6 By terrible things Thou wilt answer us in righteousness, God of our salvation;

7 Thou that art the confidence of all the ends, of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

8 Which by His strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded about with might:

9 Which stilleth the roaring of the seas, of their waves, and the tumult of the peoples.

10 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid, at Thy tokens:

11 Thou makest the outgoings of the earth, evening to rejoice.

(45)
12 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, greatly enriching it.

13 The river of God is full of water: Thou providest them corn, when Thou hast so prepared the earth.

14 Thou waterest her furrows abundantly; Thou settlest the ridges thereof.

15 Thou makest it soft with showers; Thou blessest the springing thereof.

16 Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; And Thy paths drop fatness.

17 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: And the hills are girded with joy.

18 The pastures are clothed with flocks; The valleys also are covered with corn;

19 They shout for joy, also sing.

GLORIA PATRI.

PSALM LXVI. 1—12, 16—20.

1 Make a joyful noise unto God all the earth:
Sing forth the glory of His name:
Make His praise glorious.

2 Say unto God, How terrible are Thy works!
Through the greatness of Thy power shall Thine enemies submit themselves unto Thee.

3 All the earth shall worship Thee,
And shall sing unto Thee;
Thy shall sing to Thy name.
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 river on foot; 
There did we rejoice in Him.

He ruleth by His might for ever; 
His eyes observe the nations; 
Let not their铃sh exalt them selves.

(1st Setting.) III. Rowland Brownt. 
(2nd Setting.) IV. R. S. Barnicot.

O bless our God, ye peoples, 
And make the voice of His praise to be heard;

Which holdeth our soul in life, 
And suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried: 
Thou hast laid us a sore burden upon our loins.

Repeat Chant I. or II.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; 
We went through fire and through water; 
But Thou broughtest us out into a wealth y place.

(1st Setting.) V. J. Turle. 
(2nd Setting.) VI. G. J. Elvey.

Come, and hear all ye that fear God, 
And I will declare what He hath done for my soul.

I cried unto Him with my month, 
And He was ex toll ed with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, 
The Lord will not hear:

But verily God hath heard; 
He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, 
Which hath not turned away my prayer; 
Nor His mercy from me.

Gloria Patri. 

(47)
PSALMS.

PSALM LXVII.

I. W. TURNER.

II. W. RUSSELL.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us, And cause His face to shine upon us;

2 That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; Let all the peoples praise Thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: For Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, * and govern the nations, upon earth.

5 Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; Let all the peoples praise Thee.

6 The earth hath yielded her increase: God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM LXVIII. 1, 3—11, 17—20, 32—35.

O. GIBBONS.

1 Let God arise, * let His enemies be scattered; Let them also that hate Him flee before Him.

But let the righteous be glad; * let them exult before God:

Yea, let them rejoice with gladness.

2 Sing unto God, * praise Him; Cast up a highway for Him that raiseth, through the desert:

His name is JAH; ye be- fore Him.

(48)
3 A father of the fatherless, is God in His holy habitation.
God setteth the solitary in families:
He bringeth out the prisoners into prosperity:
But the rebellious dwell in a parched land.

4 O God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy people, when Thou didst march through the wilderness;
The earth trembled, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God:
Even yon Sinai trembled at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

5 Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, Thou didst confirm Thine inheritance, when it was weary:
Thy congregation dwelt there in:
Thou, O God, didst prepare of Thy goodness for the poor.

6 The Lord giveth the word:
The women that publish the tidings are a great host.
The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands, upon thousands:
The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the sanctuary.

7 Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led Thy captivity captive:
Thou hast received gifts among men,
Yea, among the rebellious also,
That the Lord, God of Israel, giveth strength and power unto His people.

8 Blessed be the Lord, who beareth our burden, Even the God who is our salvation.
God is unto us a God of deliverances;
And unto Jehovah the Lord, be long the issues from death.

9 Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;
O sing praises unto the Lord;
To Him that rideth upon the heavens, which are of old;
Lo, He uttereth His voice, and that a mighty voice.

10 Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the skies.
O God, Thou art terrible out of Thy holy places:
The God of Israel, He giveth strength and power unto His people.

Gloria Patri.
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 hills, in righteousness.
   He shall save the children of the needy,
   And shall break in pieces the oppressor.

3. They shall fear Thee while the sun endureth,
   And so long as the moon, throughout all generations.
   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, till the moon be no more.
   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 shall bow before Him;
   His enemies shall lick the dust.
   The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
   The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

6. Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him:
   All nations shall serve Him.
   For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth;
   And the poor, that hath no helper.

7. He shall have pity on the poor and needy,
   And the souls of the needy He shall save.
   He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence;
   And precious shall their blood be in His sight:

(50)
8 And shall live:
And to Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
And men shall pray for Him continually;
Thy shall bless Him all the day long.

9 There shall be abundance 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 endure for ever;
His name shall be continued as long as the sun:
And men shall be blessed in Him;
All nations shall call Him happy.

11 Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things:
And blessed be His glorious name for ever;
And let the whole earth be filled with His glory, * A men, and A men.

45

Psalm LXXIII. 1—20, 23—26.

J. Battishill.

1 Surely God is good to Israel,
Even to such as are pure in heart.
But as for me, my feet were almost gone;
My steps had well nigh slipped.

2 For I was envious at the arrogant,
When I saw the prosperity of the wicked.
For there are no bands in their death:
But their strength is firm.

3 They are not in trouble as other men;
Neither are they plagued like other men.
Therefore pride is as a chain about their neck;
Violence covereth them as a garment.

4 Their eyes stand out with fatness:
Thy have more than heart could wish.
They scoff, and in wickedness utter oppression:
Thy speak — lofi.
5 They have set their mouth in the heavens, And their tongue walketh through the earth. Therefore His people return hither: And waters of a full cup are wrung out by them.

6 And they say, How doth God know? And is there knowledge in the Most High? Behold, these are the wicked; and, being always at ease, they increase in riches.

7 Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart, and washed my hands in innocency; For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

8 If I had said, I will speak thus; Behold, I had dealt treacherously with the generation of Thy children. When I thought how I might know this, it was too painful for me;

9 Until I went into the sanctuary of God, considered their latter end. Surely Thou settest them in slippery places: Thou castest them down to destruction.

10 How are they become a desolation! in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh; So, O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou shalt despise their image.

11 Nevertheless I am continually with Thee: Thou hast holden my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

12 Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 In Judah is God known: * His name is great in Israel.
In Salem also is His tabernacle, and His dwelling place in Zion.
There He brake the arrows of the bow; the shield, and the sword, — and the battle.

2 Glorious art Thou and excellent, from the mounds tains of prey.
The stouthearted are spoiled, they have slept their sleep;
And none of the men of might have found their hands.

3 At Thy rebuke, O God of Jacob, both chariot and horse are cast into a dead — sleep.
Thou, * even Thou, art to be feared:
And who may stand in Thy sight when once — Thou art angry?

4 Thou didst cause sentence to be heard from heaven;
The earth feared, and was still,
When God arose to judgment,
To save all the meek of the earth.

5 Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee:
The residue of wrath shalt Thou girl up — on Thee.
Vow, * and pay unto the Lord your God:
Let all that be round about Him bring presents unto Him that ought to be feared.

6 He shall cut off the spirit of princes:
He is terrible to the kings of the earth.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 I will cry unto God with my voice; even unto God with my voice, and He will give ear unto me. In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my hand was stretched out in the night, and slackened not; my soul refused to be comforted.

2 I remember God, and am quieted: I complain, and my spirit is o-verwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes — watching: 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 made diligent search.

4 Will the Lord cast off forever? And will He be unfavourable for ever? Is His mercy clean gone forever? Doth His promise fail forever? Hath God forgotten? Hath He in anger shut up His tenderness and mercies? And I said, This is my infirmity; But I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

5 I will make mention of the deeds of the Lord; for I will remember Thy wonders of old. I will meditate also upon Thy work, and muse on Thy doings.
PSALMS.

(1st Setting.)

III.

E. DAVIDSON PALMER.

(2nd Setting.)

IV.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

7 Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary:
   Who is a great God like unto God?
Thou art the God that doest wonders:

8 Thou hast made known Thy strength among the peoples,
   Thou hast with Thine arm redeemed Thy people,
Thy sons of Jacob and Joseph.

9 The waters saw Thee, they were afraid:
   The waters saw Thee, they were afraid:
Thine arrows were broad.

10 The clouds poured out water;
   The skies sent out a sound:
Thine arrows went abroad.

11 The voice of Thy thunder was in the whirlwind;
   The lightnings lightened the world:
The earth trembled and shook.

12 Thy way was in the sea,
   And Thy paths in the great waters,
Thy footsteps were not known.

(1st Setting.)

V. E. DAVIDSON PALMER.

(2nd Setting.)

VI.

ROWLAND BRIANT.

13 Thou ledest Thy people like a flock,
   By the hand of Moses and Aaron.
GLORIA PATRI.

(55)
1 How amiable Thy tabernacles, Lord — of hosts!
My soul longeth yea, even flattereth for the courts of the
My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

2 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house,
And the swallow a nest for her—.
Even Thine altars doth Lord of hosts,
My King — and my God.

3 Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house:
Thy will be still praising Thee.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee;
In whose heart are the ways to Zion.

4 Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;
Yea, the early rain cover eth it with blessings.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

5 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.

6 Behold, O God our shield, And look upon the face of Thine anointed.

7 For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

8 For the Lord God is a sun and a shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory:

9 No good thing will He hold
From them that walk uprightly.

10 O Lord of hosts, Blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

GLORIA PATRI.
PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, Thou hast been favourable unto Thy land:
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy people, Thou hast covered all their sin.

3 Thou hast taken away all wrath:
Thou hast turned Thyself from the fierceness of Thine anger.

4 Turn us, O God of our salvation, And cause Thine indignation toward us to cease.
Wilt Thou be angry with us for ever?
Wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations?

5 Wilt Thou not quicken us again?
That Thy people may rejoice in Thee?
Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord,
And grant us Thy salvation.

6 I will hear what God the Lord will speak:
For He will speak peace unto His people,
And let them not turn to folly.

Repeat Chant I. or II.

7 Surely His salvation is nigh unto them that fear Him;
That glory may dwell in our land.

8 Mercy and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

9 Truth springeth out of the earth;
And righteousness looketh down from heaven.

10 Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good;
And shall make our land yield her increase.

11 Righteousness shall go before Him;
And shall make His footsteps a way to walk in.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and answer me;
For I am poor and needy. Preserve my soul; for I am godly:
O Thou my God, save Thy servant. That trusteth in Thee.

2 Be merciful unto me, O Lord; For unto Thee I cry. All the day I long.
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 forgive, And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee. Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.

4 In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee; There is none like unto Thee among the gods, 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 they shall glorify Thee, art great, and dost wonderous things: 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 my whole heart; And I will glorify Thy name for ever more. Teach me Thy way, O Lord, I will walk in Thy truth: Unite my heart to fear Thy name.

7 For great is Thy mercy toward me; And Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit. O God, the proud are risen up against me, And the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul, and have not set Thee before them. For great is Thy mercy toward me; And Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit. O God, the proud are risen up against me, and have not set Thee before them.

8 But Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, that I may see it, and be ashamed, and that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed.

9 Show me a token for good; That they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed, Because Thou hast holpen me, and comforted me.
1 I will sing of the mercies... of the Lord for ever:
   With my mouth will I make known
   Thy faithfulness to all — generations.
   For I have said,* Mercy shall be built up for ever;
   Thy faithfulness shalt Thou establish in the very heavens.

2 I have made a covenant... with My chosen,
   Thy seed will I establish... for ever.
   And build up thy throne... to all generations.

3 And the heavens shall praise... O Lord; Thy faithfulness also in the assembly of the holy ones.
   For who in the skies can be compared unto the Lord?
   Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto the Lord,

4 A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones,
   And to be feared above all them. O Lord God of hosts,* who is a mighty one, like unto Thee, O Jah?
   And Thy faithfulness is round about Him.

5 Thou rulest the pride of the sea:
   When the waves thereof arise, Thou still art about them.
   Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;
   Thou hast scattered Thine enemies with the arm of Thy strength.

6 The heavens are Thine,* the earth also is Thine.
   The world and the fulness thereof, Thou hast found-ed them.
   The north and the south, Thou hast created them:
   Tabor and Hermon rejoice — in Thy name.

7 Thou hast a mighty arm:
   Strong is Thy hand, and high is Thy right hand.
   Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of Thy throne:
   Mercy and truth go before Thy face.

8 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:
   They walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.
   In Thy name do they rejoice all the day:
   And in Thy righteousness are they ex-alted.

9 For Thou art the glory of their strength:
   And in Thy favour shall be our horn exalted.
   For our shield belongeth unto the Lord;
   Even to the Holy One of Israel our King.
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,
Even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.

2 Thou turnest man . . . . . . to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.

3 Thou carriest them away . . . . . . as with a flood;
Thy . . . . . . . . . are as a sleep:
In the morn ing they are like grass which grow eth up.
And in Thy wrath are we troubled.

4 In the morning it flourisheth, and grow eth up;
In the evening, it is cut down and withereth.
For we are consumed in Thy anger,
And in Thy wrath are we 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 bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.

6 The days of our years are threescore years and ten,
Or even by reason of strength four score years;
Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow;
For it is soon gone, and we fly away.

7 Who knoweth the power of Thine anger,
And Thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto Thee?
So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.
8 Return, O Lord; how long? And let it repent Thee concerning. Thy servants. O satisfy us in the morning 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, we have seen evil. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, Thy glory upon their children.

10 And let the beauty of the Lord our God on us be: And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; Yea, the work of our hands establish. Thou it.

GLORIA PATRI.

PSALMS.

PSALM XCI.

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 whom I trust.

2 For He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His pinions, and under His wings shalt thou take refuge: His truth is a shield, and a buckler.

3 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, for the arrow that flieth by day; For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

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 behold, And see the reward of the wicked.

5 For Thou, O Lord, art my refuge! Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation; Thence shall no evil befall thee, Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

GLORIA PATRI.
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 serpent shalt thou trample under feet.  
Because he hath set his love upon Me, I will deliver thee.  
I will set him on high, because he hath known My name.

8 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 shew him my salvation.

GLORIA PATRI.

54

PSALM XCII.

1 It is . . . . . . . . . . . . | a good thing  
To give . . . . . . . . . . . . | thanks unto the Lord,  
And to sing praises . . . . . . | unto Thy name,  
O . . . . . . . . . . . . | Most High.

2 To show forth Thy lovingkindness . . . | in the morning,  
And . . . . . . . . . . . . | Thy faithfulness every night  
With an instrument of ten strings, and with the psaltery;  
With a solemn sound upon the harp.

3 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.  
How great are Thy works, O Lord!  
Thy thoughts are very deep.

4 A brutish man . . . . . . . | knoweth not;  
Neither doth a fool understand;  
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:

(62)
5 But Thou, O Lord, art on high, for evermore. 
For lo, Thine enemies, O Lord, 
For, lo, Thine enemies shall perish; 
All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

6 The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; 
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. 
They that are planted in the courts of the Lord 
Shall flourish in our God.

7 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; 
They shall be full of sap and green: 
To shew that the Lord is upright; 
He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him.

GLORIA PATRI.

PSALM XCIII.

I. G. J. Elvey.

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II. W. Hayes.

1 The Lord reigneth; * He is apparelled with majesty; 
The Lord is apparelled, He hath girded Himself with strength:

2 The world also is established, that it cannot be moved. 
Thy throne is established of old: Thou art from everlasting:

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; 
The floods lift up their waves.

4 Above the voice of many waters, * the mighty breakers of the sea, 
The Lord is on high is mighty:

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: 
Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord for evermore.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 O come, let us sing. . . . . . | unto | the | Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise, . . . . . | to the | rock | of | our | salvation.

2 Let us come before His presence, with | thanks— | giving,
Let us make a joyful noise, . . . . | unto | Him | with | psalms.

3 For the Lord . . . . . is a | great | God,
And a great . . . . . . | King | a- | bove | all | gods.

4 In His hand are the deep places . . . | of | the | earth;
The heights . . . . . of the | mountains. are | His | also.

5 The sea is His . . . . . . | and | He | made it;
And His hands . . . . . . | 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 people of His pasture,
. . . . . . . and the | sheep | of | His | hand.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 O sing unto the Lord a new song: Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord, bless His name; Shew forth His salvation from day to day.

2 Declare His glory among the nations, His marvellous works among all the peoples.
For great is the Lord, and highly to be praised: His to be feared above all gods.

3 For all the gods of the peoples 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, ye kindreds. 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:
Trémble before Him, all the earth.
Say among the nations, The Lord reigneth:
The world also is established that it cannot be moved: * Hé shall judge the peoples, with equity

6 Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; Let the sea roar, and all that is there in;
Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy:

7 Before the Lord, for He cometh; He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with His truth.

GLORIA PATRI.

S. WESLEY.
1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad.

Clouds and darkness are round about Him:
Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of His throne.

2 A fire goeth before Him, and burneth up His adversaries round about. His lightnings lightened the world:
The earth saw, and trembled.

3 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the whole earth. The heavens declare His righteousness, and all the peoples have seen His glory.

4 Ashamed 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 most high above all the earth:
Thou art exalted far above all gods.
O 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.
Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous;
And give thanks to His holy name.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvel- lous things:
His right hand, and His holy arm hath wrought sal- va- tion for Him.

2 The Lord hath made known His sal- vation:
His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the nations.
He hath remembered His mercy and His faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the sal- va- tion of our God.

3 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea sing praises.
Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp;
With the hárpt and the voice of melody

4 With trum- pets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof:
The world, and they that dwell there- in:

5 Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy to- gether;
Before the Lord, * for He cometh, to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peo- ple with equity.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 The Lord reigneth; let the peoples tremble:
Hesitteth upon the cherubim; let the earth be moved.
The Lord is great in Zion on;
And He is high above all peoples.
Let them praise Thy great and terrible name:
Holy is He. Amen.

2 The king's strength also loveth judgment;
Thou dost establish the tabernacle of Jacob.
Exalt ye the Lord our God,
And worship at His footstool:
Holy is He. Amen.

v. 4. For the Lord our God is holy.
3 Moses and Aarón among His priests, and Samuel among them that called. They called upon the Lord, and He answered them.

He spake unto them in the pillar of cloud: They kept His testimonies, and the statute that He gave them.

4 Thou answerest them, O Lord our God: Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though Thou tookest vengeance of their doings.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at His holy hill; For the Lord our God is holy.

Amen.

PSALM C.

I.

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 is God:
It is He that hath made us, and we are His;
We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.

3 Enter into His gates with thanks: And into His courts with praise:
Give thanks unto Him, and bless His name.

4 For the Lord is good; His mercy endureth for ever; And His faithfulness unto all generations.

II.

Gloria Patri.

(69)
Hear my prayer, O Lord,
And let my cry come unto Thee.
Hide not Thy face from me
In the day of my distress;

Incline Thine ear unto me;
When I call answer me speedily.
For my days consume away like smoke,
And my bones are burned as a firebrand.

My heart is smitten like grass, and withered;
For I am wearied with groaning.
By reason of the voice of my cleave to my flesh.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness;
I am become as an owl of the waste places.
I watch, and am become like a sparrow
That is alone upon the honsetop.

Mine enemies reproach me all the day;
They that are mad against me do curse by me.
For I have eaten ashes like bread,
And mingled my drink with weeping.

Because of Thine indignation and Thy wrath:
For Thou hast taken me up, and cast me away.
My days are like a shadow that decayeth;
And I am withered like grass.

But Thou, O Lord, shalt hide for ever;
And Thy memorial unto all generations.
Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon her,* yea,
The set time is come.
8 For Thy servants take pleasure | in her | stones,
And | have | pity | up- | on her | dust.
So the nations shall fear | the | name | of the | Lord,
And all | the | kings | of the | earth | Thy | glory.

9 For the Lord | hath | built | up | Zion,
He | hath ap- | pear- | ed | in His | glory;
He hath regarded the prayer | of the | destitute,
And | hath | not | de- | spised | their | prayer.

10 This | shall | be | written
For | the | gen- | er- | ation | to | come:
And a people | which shall | be | cre- | ated
Shall | praise | the | Lord.

11 For He hath looked down from the height | of His | sanctuary;
From heaven | did the | Lord | hold | the | earth;
To hear the sighing | of the | prisoner;
To loose those | that | are | ap- | pointed | to | death;

12 That men may declare the name | of the | Lord | in | Zion,
And | His | praise | in | Je- | rusalem
When the peoples | are | gathered | to- | gether,
And | the | kingdoms, | to | serve | the | Lord.

Repeat Chant I.

13 He weakened my strength | in the | way;
Hé | short- | ened | my | days.
I said, O my God, * take me not away in the midst | of my | days:
Thy years are throughout | all | gen- | er- | ations.

14 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 like a garment; * as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they | shall | be | changed:

Repeat Chant II.

15 But Thou | art | the | same,
And | Thy | years | shall | have | no | end.
The children of Thy servants | shall | con- | tinue,
And their seed | shall | be | estab- | lished | be- | fore Thee.

Gloria Patri.
1 Bless the Lord, O my soul; And all that is within me, bless His holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul, And get not all His benefits:

2 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies:

3 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.
The Lord executeth righteousness and judgments for all that are oppressed.

4 He made known His ways unto Moses, His doings unto the children of Israel.
The Lord is full of compassion 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 after 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. 
För He knoweth our frame; 
Hé remembereth that we are dust.

8 As for man, his days are as grass; 
As a flower of the field, it is gone; 
And the place of shall know it, no more.

9 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting. 
And His righteousness unto children: 
To such as keep His covenant, 
And to those that remember His precepts to do them.

Repeat Chant I or II.

10 The Lord hath established His throne in the heavens; 
And His kingdom ruleth over all. 
Bless the Lord, ye angels of His: 
Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil His word, * hearkening unto the voice of His word.

11 Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts; 
Ye ministers of His doing His pleasure. 
Bless the Lord, * all ye His works, in all places. 
Bléss the Lord, the Lord. — O my soul.

GLORIA PATRI.

(73)
1 Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord my God, Thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
Who coverest Thy cliff with light as with a garment;

2 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 wings of the wind:

3 Who maketh the winds His messengers;
His ministers a flaming — — ing fire;
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved for ever:

4 Thou coverest it with the deep, as with a vesture;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At Thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of Thy thunder, they hastened a way;

5 They went up by the mountains, they went down
by the valleys.
Unto the place which Thou hadst found for them.
Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.

6 He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the mountains;
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild ass quenches their thirst.

7 By them the fowl of heaven habitation,
They have their singing among the branches.
He watereth the mountains from His chambers;
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of Thy works.

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,

9 And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth man's heart.
The trees of Lebanon, of which the Lord are satisfied:
(74)
10 Where the birds make their nests:
   As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high mountains are for the wild goats;
The rocks are refuge for the conies.

11 He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

12 The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.

13 Man goeth forth unto his work,
And to his labour until the evening.
O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all:
the earth is full of Thy riches.

III.

14 Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
   Wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.
   There is Leviathan, whom Thou hast formed to take his pastime, there in.

15 These wait, all upon Thee,
   That Thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
   That Thou givest unto them they gather;
   Thou openest Thine hand, they are satisfied with good.

16 Thou hidest Thy face, they are troubled;
   Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.
   Thou sendest forth Thy spirit; they are created;
   And Thou renewest the face of the ground.

17 Let the glory of the Lord endure for ever;
   Let the Lord rejoice in His works:
   Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth;
   He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.

18 I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live;
   I will sing praise to my God while I have being.
Let my meditation be sweet unto Him:
I will rejoice in the Lord.

Gloria Patri.
1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good:

For His mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so,

Whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;

2 And gathered them

Of the lands,

From the east and from the west,

From the north and from the south.

3 They wandered in the wilderness, in a desert way;

They found no city of habitation.

4 Hungry and thirsty,

Their soul fainting in them.

Repeat Chant I.

5 Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,

And He delivered them out of their displeasures.

He led them also by a straight way,

That they might go to a city of habitation.

Unison.

6 Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,

And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

Harmony.

For He satisfieth the longing soul,

And the hungry He filleth with good.
[7] Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death,
   Being bound in affliction and iron;

[8] Because they rebelled against the words of God,
   And contemned the counsel of the Most High:

[9] Therefore He brought down their heart with labour;
   They fell down, and there was none to help.

Repeat Chant I.

[10] Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,
   And He saved them out of their distresses.
   He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death,
   And brake their bands in sunder.

Unison.

[11] Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
   And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

Harmony.

For He hath broken the gates of brass,
   And cut the bars of iron in sunder.

IV.

[12] Fools because of their transgression,
   And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

[13] Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;
   And they draw near unto the gates of death.

Repeat Chant I.

[14] Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
   And He saveth them out of their distresses.
   He sendeth His word and healing them,
   And delivereth them from their destructions.

Unison.

[15] Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
   And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

Harmony.

And let them offer the sacrifices of thanks—giving,
   And declare His works with singing.
[16] They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;

[17] These see the works of the Lord,
And His wonders in the deep.

[18] For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

[19] They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths:
Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

[20] They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits end.

[21] Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And He bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.

[22] Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So He bringeth them unto the haven, where they would be.

Unison.
23 Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

Harmony.
Let them exalt Him also in the assembly of the people,
And praise Him in the seat of the elders.

(78)
He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
And watersprings into a thirsty ground;

A fruitful land into a salt—desert,
For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth a wilderness into a pool of water,
And a dry land into a watery spring.

And there He maketh the hungry to dwell,
That they may prepare a city of habitation;

And sow fields, and plant vineyards,
And get them fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly;
And He suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are diminished, and bowed down
Through oppression, trouble, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes,
And causeth them to wander in the waste,
where there is no way

Yet setteth He the needy on high from affliction,
And maketh him families like a flock.

The upright shall see it, and be glad;
And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise shall give heed to these things,
And they shall consider the mercies of the Lord.

Gloria Patri.

(79)
PRAISE ye the Lord. I will give thanks unto the Lord, with my whole heart, in the council 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 honour and majesty: 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, in giving them the heritage of the nations.

7 The works of His hands are truth and judgment; All His precepts are sure.

8 They are established for ever and ever, They are done in truth and uprightness.

9 He hath sent redemption unto His people He hath commanded His covenant for ever: *holy and reverend is His name.

10 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; A good understanding have all they that do thereafter: *His praise endureth for ever.

Gloria Patri.
PRAISE ye the Lord.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord,
That delighteth greatly in His commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth:
The generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches are in his house:
And his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:
He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

Well is it with the man that dealeth graciously and lendeth;
He shall maintain his cause in judgment.

För he shall never be moved;
The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:
His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid:
Until he see his desire upon his adversities.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the needy;
His righteousness endureth for ever:
His horn shall be exalted with honour.

The wicked shall see it, and be grieved;
He shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away:
The desire of the wicked shall perish.

Amen.
PSALMS.

PSALM CXI.

1 When Israel went forth out of Egypt, The house of Jacob from a people strange language;

2 Judah became his sanctuary, Israel his dominion.

3 The sea saw it and fled; Jordan was driven back.

4 The mountains skipped like rams, The little hills like young sheep.

5 What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleest? Thou Jordan, that thou turnest back?

6 Ye mountains, that ye skip like rams; Ye little hills, like young sheep?

7 Tremble thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, At the presence of the God of Jacob;

8 Which turneth the rock into a pool of water, The sibia into a fountain of waters.

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. Amen.

PSALM CXV.

1 Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name give For Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake.

2 Wherefore should the nations say, But our God is in the heavens; He hath done what was so ever He pleased.
3 Their idols are silver and gold, 
The work of men's hands,
They have mouths, but they speak not;
4 Eyes have they, but they see not;
They have ears, but they hear not;
Noses have they, but they smell not;
5 They have hands, but they handle not;
Feet have they, but they walk not;
Neither speak they through their throat.

II. Rowland Briant.

6 They that make them shall be like unto them;
Yea, everyone that trusteth in them.

III. E. J. Hopkins.

7 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord:
Hé is their help and their shield.
O house of Aaron, trust ye in the Lord:
Hé is their help and their shield.
8 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord:
Hé is their help and their shield.
The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us:
He will bless the house of Israel; *
Hé will bless the house of Aaron.

9 He will bless them that fear the Lord,
Both small and more, and your children.
The Lord increase you, and your children.
10 Blessed are ye of the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
The heavens are the heavens of the Lord;
But the earth hath He given to the children of men.
11 The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down to silence;
But we will bless the Lord from this time forth, and for evermore.
Gloria Patri.

(83)
I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice, and my supplications.

Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him, as long as I live.

The cords of death compassed me, and I the pains of Sheol; gat hold upon me:

I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O L<5rd, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; Yea, our God is merciful.

The L<5rd preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and He saved me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, Mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.
9 I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

10 I believe, for I will speak; I was greatly afflicted:

11 I said in my haste, All men are a lie.

(1st Setting.)

IV. W. Marsh.

(2nd or 3rd Setting.)

V. J. Turle.

12 What shall I render unto the Lord For all His benefits toward me?
I will take the cup of salvation, And call upon the name of the Lord.

13 I will pay my vows unto the Lord, Yea, in the presence of all His people.
Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

14 O Lord, truly I am Thy servant: I am Thy servant, the son of Thine handmaid; Thou hast loosed my bonds.
I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, And will call upon the name of the Lord.

15 I will pay my vows unto the Lord, Yea, in the presence of all His people:
In the courts of the Lord's house, In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good:
   For His mercy endureth for ever.

2 Let the house of Aaron now say,
   That His mercy endureth for ever.

3 Out of my distress I called upon the Lord:
   The Lord answered me and set me in His mercy.

4 The Lord is on my side; I will not fear:
   What can man do unto me?

5 It is better to trust in the Lord
   Than to put confidence in man.

6 All nations compassed me about;
   In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.

7 They compassed me about like bees;
   In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.

   Thou didst thrust sore at me.
   But the Lord helped me.

( 86 )
The Lord is my strength and song; And He is become my salvation. The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous: The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, And declare the works of the Lord.

But He hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord; The righteous shall enter into it. I will give thanks unto Thee, for Thou hast answered me, And art become my salvation.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; We will rejoice, and be glad in it. Save now, we beseech Thee, O Lord: O Lord, we beseech Thee, send now prosperity.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks. Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee. O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: For His mercy endureth for ever.

GLORIA PATRI.

(87)
Blessed are they that are perfect, in the way, of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, with the whole heart.

Yea, they do no unrighteousness; they walk in His ways.

Thou hast commanded us Thy precepts, that we should diligently serve them.

O that my ways were established! Thy statutes!

Thou hast shamed me, Thy commandments.

I will give thanks unto Thee, with uprightness of heart.

Whé shall I not? I have learned Thy righteous judgments.

I will observe Thy statutes: for the sake of me not utterly.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought Thee:

O let me not wander from Thy commandments.
11 Thy word have I laid up in mine heart,
That I might not sin against Thee.

12 Blessed art Thou, O Lord:
Teach me Thy statutes.

13 With my lips have I declared Thy judgments of Thee.
All much I rejoiced in the way of Thy testimonies,
As much as in all riches.

14 I have meditated in Thy precepts,
And have respect in Thy statutes;
I will not forget Thy word.

15 Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes;
And I shall keep it unto the end.

16 Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law;
Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

17 Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments;
For there I delight.

18 Incline my heart unto Thy precepts,
And not to covetousness.

19 Confirm Thy word unto Thy servant,
Which belongeth unto the fear of Thee.

20 Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity,
And quicken me in Thy ways.

21 Behold, I have longed after Thy precepts:
Quicken me in Thy righteousness.

Gloria Patri.
1 For ever, O Lord,
Thy word is settled in heaven.

2 Thy faithfulness is unto all generations;
Thou hast established the earth, and it abideth.

3 They abide this day according to Thine ordinances;
For all things are Thy servants.

4 Unless Thy law had been my delight,
I should then have perished in mine afflication.

5 I will never forget Thy precepts;
For with Thine hast quickened me.

6 I am Thine, save me;
For I have sought Thy precepts.

7 The wicked have waited for me to destroy me;
But I will consider Thy testimonies.

8 I have seen an end of all perfection;
But Thy commandment is exceeding broad.

9 Oh how love I Thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.

10 Thy commandments make me wiser than my enemies;
For they are ever with me.
11 I have more understanding than all my teachers; For Thy testimonies are my meditation.
12 I understand more than the aged, Because I have kept Thy precepts.
13 I have refrained my feet from every evil way, That I might serve Thy word.
14 I have not turned aside from Thy judgments; For Thou hast taught me.
15 How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!
16 Through Thy precepts I get understanding; Therefore I hate every false way.

III. W. CROTCH.

17 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, And a light unto my path.
18 I have sworn, and have confirmed it, That I will observe Thy righteous judgments.
19 I am afflicted; Quicken me, O Lord, according unto Thy word.
20 Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O Lord, And teach me Thy judgments.
21 My soul is continually in my hand; Yet do I not forgo Thy law.
22 The wicked have laid a snare for me; Yet went I not a stray from Thy precepts.
23 Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever; For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
24 I have inclined mine heart to perform Thy statutes, For ever, even unto the end.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth my soul keep them.

2 The opening of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

3 I opened wide my mouth, and panted; for I longed for Thy commandments.

4 Turn Thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, as Thou usest to do unto those that love Thy name.

5 Order my footsteps in Thy word; and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

6 Redeem me from the oppression of man: so will I observe Thy precepts.

7 Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant; and teach me Thy statutes.

8 Mine eyes run down with rivers of water, because they obey not Thy law.

9 Righteous art Thou, O Lord, and upright are Thy judgments.

10 Thou hast commanded Thy testimonies in righteousness exceedingly; and I obey Thy faithfulness.
11 My zeal hath consumed me, Because mine adversaries have for- gotten. Thy words.

12 Thy word is very pure; Therefore Thy servant loveth it.

13 I am small, and despised: Yet do not I forget Thy precepts.

14 Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, And Thy law is truth.

15 Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me: Yet Thy commandments are my delight.

16 Thy testimonies are righteous for ever: Give me understanding, and I shall live.

III. J. Stainer.

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17 I have called with my whole heart; * Answer me, O Lord:

18 I have called unto Thee; save me, And I shall observe Thy testimonies.

19 I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried:

20 Mine eyes prevented the night — watches, That I might meditate in Thy word.

21 Hear my voice according unto Thy loving-kindness: Quicken me, O Lord, according to Thy judgments.

22 They draw nigh that follow after me, far — from Thy law.

23 Thou art nigh, O Lord; And all Thy commandments are truth.

24 Of old have I known from Thy testimonies, That Thou hast found them for ever.

GLORIA PATRI.

(93)
PSALMS.

PSALM CXXI.

I. J. Jones.

II. J. Camidge.

1 I will lift up mine eyes . . . . unto the mountains:
   From whence . . . . shall my help come?
   My help cometh . . . . from the Lord,
   Which . . . . made heaven and earth.

2 He will not suffer thy foot . . . . to be moved:
   Hé . . . . that keepeth thee will not slumber.
   Behold, Hé . . . . that keepeth Israel
   Shall neither . . . . slumber nor sleep.

3 The Lord . . . . is thy keeper:
   The Lord is thy shade . . . . upon thy right hand.
   The sun shall not smite thee by day,
   Nor . . . . the moon by night.

4 The Lord shall keep thee from all evil;
   Hé . . . . shall keep thy soul.
   The Lord shall keep thy going out . . . .
   . . . . and thy coming in,
   From this time forth . . . . and for evermore.

Gloria Patri.

PSALM CXXII.

I. J. Travers.

II. A. G. Colborn.

1 I was glad when they said . . . . unto me,
   Let us go . . . . unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet are standing
   Within thy gates, — O Jerusalem;

( 94 )
3 Jerusalem, that art built
   As a city that is compact together:

4 Whither the tribes go up,* even the tribes of the Lord,
   For a testimony unto Israel,* to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones for judgment,
   Of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
    They shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be with thy walls,
    And prosperity with thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
    I will now say, Peace be with thee.

9 For the sake of the Lord our God
    Will I seek thy good.

Gloria Patri.

Psalm CXXIV.

I. W. Turner.

II. F. Gostelow.

1 If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
   Let Israel now say:

2 If it had not been the Lord who was on our side,
   When men rose up against us:

3 Then they had swallowed us up alive,
   When their wrath was kindled against us:

4 Then the waters had overwhelmed us,
   The stream had gone over our soul:

5 Then the proud waters over our soul,
   Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth:

6 Blessed is he that hath not given us over to the snare of the fowlers:
    The snare is broken, and we are escaped.

7 Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
    Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth:

8 Our help is in the name of the Lord,
    He made heaven and earth.

Gloria Patri.
1 They that trust in the Lord are as mount Zion,
Which cannot be moved.
But a- bid: Zion, for ever.

2 As the mountains are round about Je- rusalem,
So the Lord is round about His people,
From this time forth and for ev- er more.

3 For the sceptre of wicked- ness
That the righteous put not forth their hands unto in- quity.

4 Do good, O Lord,
Unto those that are up- right in their hearts.

5 But as for such as turn aside their crook- ed ways,
The Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of in- quity.
Peace be up- on Is- rael.

1 When the Lord turned again the captiv-
We were like unto them that dream.
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with sing- ing:
2 Then said they among the nations, The Lord hath done great things for them.
The Lord hath done great things for us; Wherefore we are glad.

3 Turn again our captivity, O Lord, the streams in the South. They that sow in tears Shall reap in joy.

4 Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed; He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

GLORIA PATRI.

80

PSALM CXXX.

(1st Setting.)

I. J. Turle.

(2nd Setting.)

II. W. Croft.

1 Of the depths Have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice: Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

2 If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, Lord, who shall stand? But there is for giveness, with Thee, Thou mayest be feared.

D* (97)
3 I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
And in His word do I hope.
My soul looketh for the Lord, more than watchmen look for the morning;
Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.

4 O Israel, I 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.

GLORIA PATRI.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 Praise ye the Lord. * Praise ye the name of the Lord;
Praise Him, O ye servants of the Lord;
Ye that stand in the house of our God.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
Sing praises unto His name;
For it is pleasant.
3 For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto Himself, and Israel for His peculiar treasure.
   For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods.

4 Whatsoever the Lord pleased, He hath done, in heaven and in earth, in the seas and in all deeps.

5 He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings for the rain; He bringeth forth the wind out of His treasuries, Who smote the first-born of Egypt, both of man and beast.

6 He sent signs and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt, upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants, who smote many nations, and slew mighty kings; Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og king of Bashan, and gave their land for an heritage unto Israel His people.

7 Thy name, O Lord, endureth for ever; Thy memorial, O Lord, through all generations.

8 The idols of the nations are silver and gold, the work of men's hands — hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; Eyes have they, but they see not; Ears have they, but they hear not; Neither is there any breath in their mouths.

9 The house of Israel, bless ye the Lord; O house of Aaron, bless ye the Lord; O house of Levi, bless ye the Lord; Ye that fear the Lord, bless ye the Lord.

10 Blessed be the Lord, out of Zion, Who dwelleth at Jerusalem, Praise ye the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good:
   For His mercy endureth for ever.
   O give thanks unto the God of gods:
   For His mercy endureth for ever.

2 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords:
   For His mercy endureth for ever.
   To Him who alone doeth great wonders:
   For His mercy endureth for ever.

3 To Him that by understanding made the heavens:
   For His mercy endureth for ever.
   To Him that spread forth the earth above the waters:
   For His mercy endureth for ever.

4 To Him that made great lights:
   For His mercy endureth for ever:
   The sun to rule by day:
   For His mercy endureth for ever:

   (100)
5 The moon and stars . . . . to rule day night:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
To Him that smote Egypt . . . . in their first-born:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

6 And brought out Israel . . . . from among them:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
With a strong hand, and with a stretched out arm:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

7 To Him which divided the Red Sea . . . . in sun:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
And made Israel to pass through the midst of it:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

8 But overthrew Pharaoh and his host . . in the Red Sea:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
To Him which led His people . . . . through the wilderness:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

9 To Him . . . . . . . . . . . which smote great kings:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
And slew famous kings:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

10 Sihon king of the Amorites:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
And Og, king of Bashan:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

11 And gave their land . . . . for an heritage:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
Even an heritage unto Israel . . . . ra-el His servant:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

12 Who remembered us . . . . in our estate:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
And hath delivered us . . . . from our adversaries:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

13 He giveth food . . . . to all flesh:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.
O give thanks . . . . unto the God of heaven:
  För . . . . . . . . . . . His mercy endureth ever.

GLORIA PATRI.

( 101 )
I. T. Purcell.

1. I will give Thee thanks, with my whole heart:

Before the gods will I sing praises unto Thee.

2. I will worship toward Thy holy temple,

And give thanks unto Thy name for Thy loving-kindness and for Thy truth:

3. For Thou hast made Thy word above all Thy name.

For Thou hast made Thy word above all Thy name.

4. In the day that I called, Thou answeredst me,

Thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.

5. All the kings of the earth shall give thanks, O Lord,

For they have heard the words of Thy mouth.

6. Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the Lord;

For great is the glory of the Lord.

7. For though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly:

But the haughty He knoweth from afar.

8. Though I walk in the midst of trouble,

Thou wilt revive me;

9. Thou shalt stretch forth Thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies,

And Thy right hand shall save me.

10. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me:

Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever;* forsake not the works of Thine own hands.

Gloria Patri.

(102)
O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me.
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought unsearchable.
Thou searchest out my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
For there is not a word in my tongue, But, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it all.
Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go, or whither shall I flee — from Thy spirit?
If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there:
If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, — Thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall ovewhelm me, and the light shall about me; Even the darkness hideth not from Thee, but the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both like to Thee.
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.
Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts:
And see if there be any way of wickedness in me, — in the way everlasting.

Amen.
1 I CRY with my voice unto the Lord;
With my voice unto the Lord do I make supplication.
I pour out my complaint before Him;
I shew be fore Him my trouble.

2 When my spirit was overwhelmed with in me,
Thou knewest my path.
In the way where I walk
Háve they hidden a snare for me.

3 Look on my right hand, and see;
For there is no man that knoweth me:
Réfuge hath failed me;
Nó man car eth for my soul.

4 I cried unto Thee, O Lord;
I said, Thou art my refuge,
My portion is the land of the living.

5 Attend unto my cry;
For I am brought very low:
Deliver me from my persecutors;
Fór they are stronger than I.

6 Bring my soul out of prison,
That I may give thanks unto Thy name:
The righteous shall compass me about;
For Thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

GLORIA PATRI.
Psalm CXLIII.

J. Barneby.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited)

1. Hear—my prayer, O Lord;  
   Give ear to my supplications;  
   In Thy faithfulness answer me,  
   And in Thy righteousness.

2. And enter not into judgment with Thy servant;  
   For in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.  
   For the enemy hath persecuted my soul;  
   He hath smitten my life down to the ground:

3. He hath made me to dwell in dark places,  
   As those that have been long dead.  
   Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed with in me;  
   My heart is dejected late.

4. I remember the days of old;  
   I meditate on all Thy doings: I muse on the work of Thy hands.  
   I spread forth my hands unto Thee:  
   My soul thirsteth after Thee, as a weary land.

5. Make haste to answer me, O Lord;  
   My spirit Failed from me;  
   Lest I become like them that go down into the pit.

6. Cause me to hear Thy lovingkindness in the morning;  
   For I know the way wherein I should walk;  
   Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk;  
   For I lift up my soul unto Thee.

7. 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:

8. Thy spirit is good;  
   Lead me in the land of uprightness.  
   Quicken me, O Lord, Thy name's sake:

9. In Thy righteousness bring my soul out of trouble.  
   And in Thy lovingkindness cut off mine enemies,  
   And destroy all them that afflict my soul;  
   For I am Thy servant. Amen.
1. **Blessed** be the Lord my rock, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:

2. My lovingkindness, and my fortress, my high tower, and my deliverer;

3. Who subduedth my people under me.

4. LORD, what is man, * that Thou takest knowledge of him? 
   Or the son of man, that Thou makest account of him?
   Man is like to vanity: His days are as a shadow that passeth away.

5. Bow Thy heavens, O Lord, and come down:
   Touch the mountains, and they shall cast forth lightning.
   Send out Thine arrows, and discomfit them.

6. Stretch forth Thine hand from above;
   Rescue me, and deliver me out of great waters,
   Whose mouth speaketh vanity, And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

Repeat Chant I. or II.

7. I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God:
   Upon a psaltery of ten strings will I sing praises unto Thee.

8. It is He that giveth salvation, Who resuceth David His servant from the hurtful sword.

Repeat Chant III.

9. Rescue me, and deliver me out of the hand of strangers, Whose mouth speaketh vanity, And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

(106)
Repeat Chant I. or II.

10 When our sons shall be as plants* grown up in their youth;
And our daughters as corner stones* hewn after the fashion of a palace;

11 When our garneries are full, *affording all manner of store;
And our sheep bring forth thousands* and ten thousands in our fields;

12 When our oxen are well laden;
When there is no breaking in, and no outcry in our streets;

13 Happy is the people, that is such a case: Yea, happy is the people, whose God is the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

PSALM CXLV.

(1st Setting.) I. R. Cooke.

(2nd Setting.) II. T. Norris.

1 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.

2 Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised;
And His greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall laud Thy works to another,
And shall declare Thy mighty acts.

3 Of the glorious majesty of Thine honour,
And of Thy wondrous works I will declare Thy terrible acts;
And I will declare Thy greatness.

2nd Part. 4 They shall utter the memory of Thy great goodness,
And shall sing of Thy righteousness.
5 The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.
The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works.
6 All Thy works shall give thanks unto Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee.
They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power;
7 To make known to the sons of men, His mighty acts, and the glory of the majesty of His kingdom.
And Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth through generations.
8 The Lord upholdeth all, and raiseth up those that fall, and the eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season.
9 Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfieth the desires of all things, and the Lord is righteous in all His ways,
And gracious in all His works.
10 The Lord is nigh unto all them that call on Him, to all them that call on Him in truth.
He will fulfil the desires of them that fear Him; and He will also hear their cry, and will save them.
11 The Lord preserveth all their wicked that love Him; but all the wicked will destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever.
GLORIA PATRI.

(108)
Praise ye the Lord.

1 Praise the Lord, O my soul.
While I live will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God.
While I have anciently said.

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 the heaven and earth,
The sea, and all that is therein is;

4 Which keepeth truth for ever:
Which executeth judgment for the oppressed;
Which giveth food to the hungry:
The Lord is our light and our salvation;

5 The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind;
The Lord raiseth up them that are bowed down;
The Lord loveth the righteous;
The Lord preserveth the strangers;
The Lord upholdeth the fatherless and widow;

6 But the way of the wicked
He turneth up side down.
The Lord shall reign for ever,
Thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.

Praise ye the Lord. Amen.
Harmony.

1 For it is good
To sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant to praise ye ly.

2 The Lord doth build up Je-ru-sa-lém;
He gathereth together the casts of Israel.
He healeth the broken in heart,
And bind eth up their wounds.

3 He telleth the number of the stars;
Great is our Lord, and mighty in power;
HIs standing, is infinite.

4 The Lord up holdeth the meek;
He bringeth the wick ed down to the ground.
Sing unto the Lord with thanks giving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God:

5 Who covereth the heaven, with clouds,
Who maketh grass to grow up on the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food,*
And to the young — ravens which cry.

6 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.
The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him,
In them that hope in His mercy.

7 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise God, of thy Gates;
He hath strengthened the bârs of thy children, with thee.
8 He maketh peace | in thy borders;
    He filleth thee | with the finest of the wheat.
He sendeth His commandment | up on earth;
    His word runneth very swiftly.

9 He giveth snow like wool;
    He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
He casteth forth | His ice like morsels:
    Who can stand before His cold?

10 Hesendeth | out His word,
    And melteth | — | — | them:
He causeth | His wind to blow,
    And the waters flow.

11 He sheweth His word | unto Jacob,
    His statutes and His judgments | unto Israel.
He hath not dealt so | with any nation,
And as for His judgments, | they have not known them.

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PSALM CXLVIII.

J. BARNEY.

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Harmony.

1 Praise ye the Lord | from the heavens:
    Praise | Him in the heights.
Praise ye Him | all His angels:
    Praise ye Him | all — His host.

(111)
2 Praise ye Him, 
   Praise Him, 
   Praise Him, ye heavens; 
And ye waters, 

3 Let them praise 
For He commanded, 
   He hath also established them for ever; 
   He hath made a decree, which shall not pass away.

4 Praise the Lord 
   Ye. 
   Fire and hail, 
   Stórmy 

5 Mountains 
   Fruitful 
   Beasts 
   Creeping 

6 Kings of the earth 
   Princes and all 
Both young men and maidens; 
Let them praise 

7 For His name alone is exalted: 
   His glory is above the earth and heaven. 
And He hath lifted up the horn of His people, * the praise of all His saints; 
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto Him.

Unison.
Praise ye the Lord. Amen.
Praise ye the Lord.

1 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 excellent greatness.

3 Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise Him with the timbrel and dance:
Praise Him with stringed instruments and the pipe.

5 Praise Him upon the loud cymbals:
Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6 Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Verse 2.

Verse 3.

Verse 4.

Verse 5.

Alternative Organ Harmonies.


A-men.
Selected Passages of Scripture.

Exodus XV. 1—13, 17, 18.

I. R. Woodward.

1 I will sing unto the Lord, 
For He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider 
Hath He thrown into the sea.

II. W. Turner.

2 The Lord is my strength and song, 
And He is become my salvation;
3 This is my God, and I will praise Him;
My father's God, and I will exalt Him.
4 The Lord is a man of war; 
The Lord is His name.
5 Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath 
He cast into the sea;
And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.
6 The deeps covered them; 
They went down into the depths like a stone.

Repeat Chant I.

7 I will sing unto the Lord, 
For He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider 
Hath He thrown into the sea.

III. H. Smart.

8 Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power, 
Thy right hand, O Lord, dasheth in pieces the enemy.
And in the greatness of Thine excellency 
 Thou overthrowest them that rise against Thee.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
9 Thou sendest forth Thy wrath, * it
consúmeth them as stubble.
And with the blast of Thy nóstrils
the waters were pil-ev ed up,
The floods stood upright as an heap;
The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.

10 The enemy said, I will pursue, * I will overtake, * I will divide the spoil:
My hand shall be sat-ed up on them;
I will draw my sword, and shall de-stroy them.

11 Thou didst blow with Thy wind,
Thé sea — covered them:
Théy sank as lead
In the mighty waters.

Repeat Chant I.

12 I will sing unto the Lord,
For Hé hath tri-unphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider
Háth He thrown — into the sea.

IV. G. J. Elvey.

13 Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods?
Who is like Thée, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises doing wonders?

14 Thou stretchest out Thy hand,
Thou in Thy mercy hast led the people which Thou hast redeemed:
Thou hast guided them in Thy strength to Thy holy habitation.

15 Thou shalt bring them in, * and plant
them in the mountain of Thine inheritance,
The place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in.
The sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.
The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

Repeat Chant I.

16 I will sing unto the Lord,
For Hé hath tri-unphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider
Háth He thrown — into the sea.

Amen.
Give ear, ye heavens, and I will speak; And let the earth hear the words of my mouth:

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, My speech shall distil as the dew;

As the small rain upon the tender grass, And as the showers upon the herb:

For I will proclaim the name of the Lord: Ascribe ye greatness unto our God.

The Rock, His work is perfect; For all His ways are judgment:

A God of faithfulness and without iniquity, Just and right is He.

Gloria Patri.

My heart exulteth in the Lord, Mine horn is exalted in the Lord: My mouth is enlarged over mine enemies; Because I rejoice in Thy salvation.
2 There is none holy . . . . . | as the Lord;
For . . . . . . there is none beside | Thee:
Neither . . . . . . is there any rock
Like . . . . . . . . | our God.

3 Talk no more . . . . . so exceedingly | proudly;
Let not arrogancy come out of your mouth:
For the Lord is a God of knowledge,
And by Him actions are weighed.

4 The bows of the mighty men are broken,
And they that stumbled are girded with strength.
The Lord killeth, and maketh alive:
He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up.

5 The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich:
He bringeth low, He also lifteth up.
For the pillars of the earth are the Lord's,
And He hath set the world up on them.

6 He will keep the feet of His holy ones,
But the wicked shall be put to silence in darkness;
For . . . . . . . . by strength
Shall no man prevail.

7 They that strive with the Lord shall be broken to pieces;
Against them shall He thunder in heaven:
The Lord shall judge the ends of the earth;
And He shall give strength unto His king, * and exalt the horn of His anointed

Gloria Patri.
1 O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name; make known His doings among the peoples.
Sings unto Him, praiseth to Him;

2 Talk ye of all His marvellous works; glory ye in His holy name: let the heart seek joy in the Lord.

3 Seek ye the Lord and His strength; seek His face and the judgments of His mouth; remember His marvellous works, that He hath done; His wonders and the judgments of His mouth;

4 O ye seed of Israel—ant, serveth—of Jacob, chosen ones. Ye children of the Lord our God: His judgments are in all the earth.

5 Remember His covenant for ever—er, the word which He commanded to a thousand generations; The covenant which He made with Abraham, Anc't His oath unto Isaac;

6 And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a statute, To Israel. for an everlasting covenant: Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan, The lot of your inheritance:

7 When ye were but a few—men in number; Yea, very few, and sojourners in it; And they went about from nation to nation, And from one kingdom to another—other people.
8 He suffered no man, . . . . to do them wrong;
Yea, He reproved. . . . . . . kings — for their sake;
Saying, Touch not Mine anointed ones,
And . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . do My prophets no harm.

9 Sing unto the Lord, all the earth;
Shew forth His salvation from day to day.
Declare His glory among the nations,
His marvellous works among — all the peoples.

10 For great is the Lord,
And highly to be praised;
He also is to be feared above — all — gods.

11 For all the gods of the peoples are idols:
But the Lord — made the heavens.
Honour and majesty are before Him:
Strength and gladness are in His place.

GLORIA PATRI.

1 Chron. XXIX. 10—13.

I. W. RUSSELL.

II. G. HEATHCOTE.

1 Blessed be Thou, O Lord, our father, for ever and ever.

2 Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power,
And the glory, and the victory, and the majesty:

3 For all that is in the heaven and earth is Thine;
Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, * and Thou art exalted as head above — all.

4 Both riches and honour come of Thee, Thou reignest over all;

5 And in Thine hand is power and might; * and in Thine hand it is to make great,
And to give strength unto all.

6 Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, praise Thy glorious name.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 Whence shall wisdom be found?
   And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
   Neither is it found in the land of the living.

2 The deep 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 It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
   With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and glass canst not equal it:
   Neither shall the exchange thereof be valued for the price of fine — gold.

4 No mention shall be made of coral or crystal:
   Yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
   Neither shall the exchange thereof be valued with pure — gold.

5 Whence then is wisdom?
   And where is the place of understanding?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all — living,
   And kept close from the fowls of the air.

6 Destruction and Death say, We have heard a rumour thereof with our ears.
   God understandeth the way thereof,
   And He knoweth the place thereof.

7 For He looketh to the ends of the earth,
   And sitteth under the whole — heaven;
To make a weight for the wind;
   Yea, He meteth out the waters by measure.

8 When He made a decree for the lighting of the thunder:
   Then did He see it, and declare it;
He established it, yea, and searched it out.

9 And unto man He said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
   And to depart from evil under standing — ingr.
1 WHERE wast thou when I laid the
foundations of the earth?
Decláre, if thou hast under standing.
Who determined the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
Or who stretched the line up on it?

2 Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the corner stone thereof of;
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

3 Or who shut up the sea with doors,
When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb;
When I made the cloud the garment thereof of,
And thick darkness a swaddling band for it,

4 And prescribed for it. My decree,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come,
And here shall thy pride waves be stayed ed?

5 Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days began,
And caused the day spring to know its place;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
And the wicked be shaven out of it?

6 It is changed as clay under the seal;
And all things stand forth as a garment:
And from the wicked their light is with holden,
And said, I will not shew thee.

7 Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the recesses of the deep?
Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee?
Or hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death?

8 Hast thou comprehended the breadth of the earth?
Decláre, if thou knowest. it all.
Doubtless, thou knowest for thou
. . . . . . wast then born,
And the number of thy days is great!

GLORIA PATRI.

( 121 )
1 Where is the way ... to the | dwelling | of | light,
    And as for darkness, ... | where | is the | place | there- | of?
By what way ... is the | light | — | parted,
    Or the east wind ... | scattered | up- | on | the | earth?

2 Who hath cleft a channel ... for the | wa- | ter- | flood,
    Or a way ... for the | light- | ning | of | the | thunder;
To cause it to rain on a land | where | no | man | is;
    On the wilderness, ... where- | in | there | is | no | man;

3 To satisfy the waste ... and | deso- | late | ground:
    And to cause the tender ... | grass | to | spring | — | forth?
Hath ... the | rain | a | father?
    Or whó hath ... be- | gotten | the | drops of | dew?

4 Out of whose womb ... | came | the | ice?
    And the hoary frost of heaven ... who hath | gen- | dered | it?
The waters are hidden ... | as | with | stone,
    And ... the | face | of the | deep is | frozen.

5 Canst thou lift up thy voice ... | to | the | clouds,
    That abundance ... of | waters | may | cov- | er | thee?
Canst thou send forth lightnings, that | they | may | go,
    And say ... unto | thee — | Here | we | are?

6 Wilt thou even ... disan- | nul | My | judgment?
    Wilt thou condemn Me, ... that | thou | — | mayest | be | justified?
Or hast thou ... an | arm | like | God?
    And canst thou thunder ... | with | a | voice | like | Him?

Gloria Patri.
Proverbs III. 5—7, 9, 11—20.

I.

G. J. Elvey.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,
And lean not upon thine own understanding:
In all thy ways acknowledge Him,
And He shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes;
Fear the Lord and depart from evil:
Honour the Lord with thy substance,
And with the firstfruits of all thine increase.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord;
Neither be weary of His reproof:
For whom the Lord loveth He proveth;
Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding:
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than gold.

She is more precious than rubies:
And none of the things thou canst desire are to be prepared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand;
Her | left hand | are riches and honour.

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.

The Lord by wisdom founded the earth:
By understanding He established the heavens.
By His knowledge the depths were broken up,
And the skies drop down the dew.

GLORIA PATRI.
1. Doth not wisdom cry, And understanding put forth her voice? Hear, for I will speak excellent things; And the opening of my lips shall be right things.

2. For my mouth shall utter truth; And wickedness is an abomination to my lips. All the words of my mouth are righteous; There is nothing crooked or perverse in them.

3. They are all plain to him that understandeth, And right to them that find knowledge. Receive my instruction, and not silver; And knowledge rather than choice gold.

4. For wisdom is better than rubies; And all the things that may be desired are not to be compared unto her. I wisdom have made subtlety my dwelling, And find out knowledge and discretion.

5. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil; Pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the forward mouth, do I hate. Counsel is mine, and sound knowledge: I am understanding; I have might.

6. By me kings reign, and princes rule, And nobles, even all, the judges of the earth.

7. I love them that love me; And those that seek me diligently shall find me. Riches and honour are with me; Yea, durable riches and righteousness.

8. My fruit is better than gold. Yea, than fine gold. And my revenue is choice silver.

9. I walk in the way of righteousness, In the midst of the paths of judgment: That I may cause those that love me to inherit it substance, And that I may fill their treasuries.

Gloria Patri.
1 Loth . . . . . . . . . not | wisdom | cry,
And dun- . . . . . . der- | standing. put | forth | her | voice?
The Lord possessed me in the beginning | of | His | way,
B. . . . . . . . . . fore | His | works | of | old.

2 I was set up from everlasting, . . | from | the | beginning,
Or . . . . . . . . . . ever | the | earth — | was.
When there were no depths . . . . | was | brought | forth;
When there were no fountains . . | bound- | ing | with | water.

3 Before . . . . . . the | mountains were | settled,
Before . . . . . . the | hills was | I brought | forth:
While as yet He had not made the earth, | nor | the | fields,
Nor the beginning . . . . | dust — | of | the | world.

4 When He established the heavens, | I was | there:
When He set a circle . . up- | on | the | face | of | the | deep:
When He made firm . . . . | the | skies as- | love:
When the fountains . . . . | of | the | deep | came — | strong:

5 When He gave . . . . . to | the | sea | bound,
That the waters should not | trans- | gress. His com- | mand.
When He marked out the foundations | of | the | earth:
Then I was by Him, . . . . | as | a | master | workman:

6 And I was daily . . . . . . His | beloved,
Rejoicing . . . . . . al- | ways | fore Him;
Rejoicing . . . . . in His | habit- | able | earth;
And my delight . . . . . . was | with | the | sons of | men.

7 Now therefore, my sons, hearken . . un- | to | me:
For blessed . . . . . . are | they | keep | my | ways.
Hear instruction, . . . . . | and | be | wise,
And . . . . . . . . . . . re- | fuse | it | not.

8 Blessed . . . . . . is | the | man
That . . . . . . hear- | eth | me,
Watching daily . . . . . | at | my | gates,
Waiting . . . . . . . at | the | posts | of | man.

9 For whoso findeth me . . . . . . find- | eth | life,
And shall obtain . . . . . . favour | of | the | Lord.
But he that sinneth against me wrongeth | his | own — | soul:
All they . . . . . . that | hate | me | love — | death.

GLORIA PATRI.
1 And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse, 
And a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit: 
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 understanding of the Lord; 
And His delight shall be 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 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, 
And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, 
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid; 

5 And the calf and the young lion shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; 
And the little child shall lead them, 

6 And the sucking child shall play on the housetop, 
And the weaned child shall put his hand on the vipers' lair. 
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.
And it shall come to pass, in that day, that the root of Jesse, which standeth for an ensign of the peoples, unto Him shall the nations seek; and His resting place shall be glorious.

Gloria Patri.

I. J. Battishill.

II. J. Alcock.

And in that day thou shalt say, I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord; for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away and Thou comfortest me.

Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust, and will not be afraid.

For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; and He is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water of the wells of salvation.

And in that day shall ye say, Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name.

Declare His doings among the peoples, Make mention that His name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things: Let this be known in all the earth.

Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: For great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

Gloria Patri.
ISAIAH XXV. 1—5, 8, 9.

I. J. Goss.

1 O Lórd, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . | Thou art. my | God;  
I will exalt Thee, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . | I will | praise Thy | name;  
For Thou hast done . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . | wonderful | things,  
Even counsels of old, . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . | in faithfulness and | truth.

II. R. Langdon.

2 For Thou hast made . . . . . . . . of a | city, an | heap;  
Of . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . a de- | fended | city, a | ruin;  
A palace of strangers . . . . . . . . . . . . . . to be no | city;  
It . . . . . . . . . . shall never | er be | built.

3 Therefore shall the strong people . . . . | glory | Thee,  
The city of the terrible . . . . . . . . . . . . | nations shall | fear | Thee.  
For Thou hast been a strong hold . . . . . . | to the poor,  
A strong hold . . . . . . . . to the needy in | his distress,

4 A refuge from the storm, * a shadow | from the heat,  
When the blast of the terrible ones is as . . . . . . . . a storm against the wall,  
As the heat in a dry place shall Thou bring down . . . . the noise of strangers;  
As the heat by the shadow of a cloud, * the song of the terrible ones shall be brought low.

5 He hath swallowed up . . . . . . . . . . . . . . death for ever;  
And the Lord God will wipe away | tears from off all faces;  
And the reproach of His people shall He take away from off . . . . all the earth;  
För . . . . . . the Lord hath spoken it.

6 And it shall be said in that day, * Ló, this is our God;  
We have waited for Him, . . . . and He will save us;  
This is the Lórd; . . . . we have waited for Him,  
We will be glad . . . . . . and rejoicing in His salvation.

Gloria Patri.

(128)
ISAIAH XXXV.

1 The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;
   And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.
   It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing:

2 The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it,
   The excellency of Carmel and Sharon:
   They shall see the glory of the Lord, 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:
   Behold, your God will come with vengeance, with the recompense of God;
   He will come and save you.

4 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:

5 For in the wilderness shall waters break out,
   And the wilderness and the desert shall be a pool, a spring of water:

6 In the habitation of jackals, where they lay,
   And an high way 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, yea fools shall not err there:
   No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up there:
   They shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

8 And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion,
   And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:
   They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow shall flee away.

GLORIA PATRIS.

E *
1 Comfort ye,* comfort ye My people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, And cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished,* that her iniquity is pardoned; That she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

2 The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness, the way of the Lord, Make straight in the desert A high way for our God.

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 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.

(1st Setting.)

(2nd Setting.)
5 The voice of one crying, | Cry.
   And one 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 breath 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.

9 And they made His grave, with the wicked,
   And with the rich — in His death;
   Although He had done no violence,
   Neither was any deceit — in His mouth.

10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him;
   Hath put Him to grief:

7 O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,
   Get thee up into the high — mountain;
   O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem,
   Lift up thy voice with strength;

8 Lift it up, be not afraid;
   Say unto the cities of Judah, Be hold your God!
   Behold, the Lord God will come as a Mighty One, and His arm shall rule — for Him:
   Behold, His reward is with Him, and His reward before Him.

9 He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,
   He shall gather the lambs — in His arm,
   And carry them in His bosom,
   And shall gently lead those that are with young.

GLORIA PATRI.
109

ISAIAH LII. 7—10.

J. Robinson.

1 How beautiful up on 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 The voice of thy watchmen!* they lift up the voice,

Together do they sing;

For they shall see eye to eye,

Whân the Lord returneth to Zion.

3 Break forth into joy, sing together,

Ye waste places of Jerusalem:

For the Lord hath com­ ed His people, re­ deemed Je­ rusalem.

4 The Lord hath made bare His arm

The eyes of all the nations;

And shall see the salvation of our God.

GLORIA PATRI.

110

ISAIAH LIII.

Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord,

Make straight in the desert a high way for our God,

3 Every valley shall be ex­ alted,

And every mountain and hill shall be made low:

And the crooked shall be straight.

J. STAINER.

(Way permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

1 Who hath believed our re­ port? And to whom hath the Arm of the Lord been vealed?

For He grew up before Him as a tender plant,

And as a root out of a dry ground;

2 He hath no form nor come­ li­ ness;

And when we see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.

He was despised, rejected of men;

A Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:
And as one from whom men hide their face,
He was despised;
we esteemed Him not.

Surely He hath borne our griefs,
And carried our sorrows:
Yet we did esteem Him stricken,
of God and afflicted.

But He was wounded for our transgressions,
was bruised for our iniquities:
The chaste also shall inherit the land,
shall be numbered among the living.

All the sorrow of My planting,
the work of My hands,
I may be glo-ri-fied aye,
And I shall be come a thousand, ill.

He was oppressed, and He ope ned not His mouth;
As a lamb that is led to the slaughter,
and as a sheep that before her shearsers is dumb;
Yea, He ope ned not His mouth.

By oppression and judgment. He was taken away;
And as for His generation, who among them considered that He was cut off out of the land of the living?
For the transgression of My people was He stricken.

And they made His grave with the wicked, with the rich — in His death;
Although He had done no violence,
Neither was any de- ceit in His mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him;
When Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin,
He shall see His seed, * He shall prosper long His days,
And the pleasure of the Lord shall be sa-tis-fied:
11 By His knowledge shall My righteous Servant justify many:
And He shall bear their iniquities.
Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great,
And He shall divide the spoil — with the strong.

Because He poured out His soul unto death,
And was numbered among the transgressors:
And made intercession for the transgressors. Amen.
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.

Wherefore do ye spend money for | that | which is not | bread?
And your labour for that | which | satisfies | itself | not.

Hearken diligently unto Me,* and | eat ye that | which is | good,
And let your soul | delights | self in | fatness.

Incline your ear, | and | come unto | Me;
Hear, | and your soul shall | live:

And I will make an everlasting | covenant | with you,
Even | the | sure — | mercies of | David.

Behold, I have given Him for a witness, | to the | peoples,
A leader | and commander | to the | peoples.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation, | that thou | knowest | not,
And a nation that knew not thee | shall | run | unto thee,

Because of the Lord thy God,* and | for the Holy | One of | Israel;
For | He hath glorified thee.

GLORIA PATRI.
10 Thy people also shall be all righteous,
Thy shall inherit the land for ever;
The branch of My planting, the work of My hands,
That I may be glorified.

11 The little one shall become a thousand,

1 Seek ye the Lord while He may be found,
Call ye up on Him while He is near:
Let the wicked for sake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts:

2 And let him return unto the Lord,
And He will have mercy on him;
And For Him will abundantly pardon.

3 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, and My thoughts than your thoughts.

4 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven,
And returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,
And maketh it bring forth and bud,
And giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

5 So shall My word be that goeth forth, out of My mouth:
It shall not return unto Me void,
But it shall accomplish that which I please,
And it shall prosper in the thing where to I sent it.

6 For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

7 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,
And instead of the briar 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.

Gloria Patri.
I. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen up on thee.
And the watchmen shall say: "Yea, yea;" they shall see with their eyes.
Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be carried on them.
And the abundance of the sea shall be turned unto thee, the wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.
The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine, and the box shall come to beautify the place of My sanctuary, the place of My feet shall be glorious.

For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for brass I will bring brass, and for thy officers peace, and for thy captains righteousness.

But thou shalt call the walls Salvation, and the gates Praise.

(136)
8 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 ever-lasting light,
   And thy God thy glory.

9 Thy sun... shall no more go down,
   Neither for brightness... shall thy moon wither and draw itself:
   For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light,
   And the days... of thy mourning shall be ended.

10 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.

11 The little one... shall become a thousand,
   And the small... one a strong nation:
   I... the Lord will hasten it in its time.

Gloria Patri.

114

Micah IV. 1-4.

I.

W. Crotch.

II.

K. J. Pye.

1 In the latter days... it shall come to pass,
   That the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains,
   And it shall be exalted above the hills;
   And peoples shall flow unto it.

2 And many nations... shall go and say,
   Come, ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of Jacob;
   And He will teach us... of His ways;
   And we... will walk in His paths:
3 For out of Zion shall go forth the law,
And the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.
And He shall judge between many peoples,
And shall reprove strong nations afar off.

4 And they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
And their spears into pruning-hooks.
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.

5 But they shall sit every man under his vine and fig tree,
And none shall make them afraid:
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Gloria Patri.

115

Habakkuk III. 1—6, 17, 18.

1 O Lord, I have heard the report of Thee, and am afraid:
O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst — of the years,
In the midst of the years make it known;
In wrath remember mercy.
And the eternal mountains were scattered, 
And the everlasting hills did bow; 
His goings were as of old.

5 For though the fig tree shall not blossom, 
Neither shall fruit be in the vines; 
The labour of the olive shall fail, 
And the fields shall yield no meat; 
The flock shall be cut off from the fold, 
And there shall be no herd in the stalls; 
Yet I will rejoice in the God of my salvation.

GLORIA PATRI.

116

1 Cor. V. 7; Rom. VI. 9; 1 Cor. XV. 20.

2 Thou art worthy to take the book, 
And to open the seals thereof:

3 For Thou wast slain, * and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, 
Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;

4 And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: 
And we shall reign on the earth.

5 Worthy is the Lamb that was slain 
To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

6 Blessing, honour, glory, and power * be unto Him that sitteth up on the throne, 
And unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

(141)
1 Behold, I shew you a mystery: * We shall not all sleep
But we shall all be changed,

2 In a moment, * in the twinkling of an eye,
At the last trump:

3 For the trumpet shall sound, * and the dead shall be raised incorruptible
And we shall be changed.

And none shall make them afraid:
For the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it.

Gloria Patri.

Habakkuk III. 1—6, 17, 18.

1 O Lord, I have heard the report of Thee, and am afraid:
O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years,
In the midst of the years make it known;
In wrath remember mercy.

(138)
1. Who is worthy to open the book,
And to loose the seals thereof?

2. Thou art worthy to take the book,
And to open the seals thereof:

3. For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood,
Out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;

4. And hast made us unto our God kings and priests:
And we shall reign on the earth.

5. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain
To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

6. Blessing, honour, glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth on the throne,
And unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Amen.
Canticles.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

(1st Setting.) For use throughout.

I. Herbert S. Oakeley.

Unison.

1 We praise... | Thee, O God, to be the Lord.
   We acknowledge... | Thee to worship Thee,
   All the earth... | Father ever lasting.

Harmony.

2 To Thee all Angels... | cry aloud, Powers, there
   The Heavens... | all the
   To Thee Cherubim... | Seraphim
   Con... | thine

3 Holy Lord... | Holy, God of Sabaoth;
   Heaven and earth are full... of the Majesty
   Of... | Thy Glory ry.

4 The glorious company... | of the Apostles
   Praise... | —— | —— | —— | Thee,
   The goodly fellowship... | of the Prophets
   Praise... | —— | —— | —— | Thee.

5 The noble... | army of Martyrs
   Praise... | —— | —— | —— | Thee.
   The Holy Church... throughout all the world
   Døth... | acknowledge ledge Thee:

6 The... | Father, infinite Majesty;
   Of... | an infinite Son;
   Thine honourable, true... and only Son;
   Also the Holy Ghost... the Comforter.

W. Hawes.
CANTICLES.

(2nd Setting.)

III.

J. JONES.

Unison.

(2nd Setting.)

VI.

J. GOSS.

Harmony.

When Thou hadst triumphant seat
Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

9 Thou sittest at the right
In the hand of God, Our Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

10 We therefore pray Thee,
Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood,
Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting.

11 O Lord,
And bless Thou Thine heritage for ever.

(2nd Setting.)

IV.

W. RUSSELL.

Unison.

12 Day,
We worship Thee;
And ever.

13 Vouch.
To keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us.

Harmony.

14 O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us.
As our trust is in Thee.

(143)
1 We praise
We acknowledge
All the earth
Thy
Harmony.
2 To Thee all Angels
The Heavens, and all the Powers, there-in.
To Thee Chérubim and Seraphim
Cônn-
3 Holy, Lord
Heaven and earth are full of the Holy, God of Sa-ba-oth;
Of
4 The glorious company of the Apostles
Praise of the Prophets
The goodly fellowship of the Thee.
Praise
5 The noble army of the Martyrs
Praise
The Holy Church throughout the world
Dôth
6 Thy Father
Of
Things honourable, true, and lovely
Also the Holy Ghost, the Com-
(1st Setting.)
(2nd Setting.)

Unison.
7 Thou art
Of.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Fort-
Of
(144)
[1st Setting.]

V.

E. J. Hopkins.

Harmony.

8 When Thou tookest upon Thee, to de- li-ver
Thou didst not ab-hor the Vir-gin's wom-b.
When Thou hadst over-come the sharpness of death, all be-lievers.
Thou didst open the King-dom of Heaven to God, be- of the Fa-ther.
9 Thou sittest at the right hand of the Glo-ry come our — Judge.
We believe that Thou shalt be —

10 We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants,
Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy pre-cious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints ev-er-lasting.

11 O Lord, save Thy people, bless Thine her-age.
And lift them up for ever.

(2nd Setting.)

VI.

J. Goss.

VII.

J. Turle.

VIII.

W. H. Havergal.

Unison.

12 Day by — day, | Thee.
We mag-nifi-fy —
And we wor-ship Thy Name, | end.
Ever | world without —

Harmony.

13 Vouch- safe, O Lord, out — sin.
To keep us this day with- out us, on us, on us.
O Lord, have mercy up- mer- cy up- | on us.
Hâve — Our trust — is in | Thee.
14 O Lord, let Thy mercy light-en up- on us, is | Thee.
As our trust in Thé the- er — trusted.
O Lord, in Thé have | be con-
Lét me nev- er — founded.

(145)
1 O all ye Works of the Lord, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lord, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

3 O ye . . . . | Heavens, | bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, | bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lord, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

6 O ye Sun and Moon, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

7 O ye Stars of Heaven, | bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

8 O ye Showers and Dew, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

9 O ye Winds of God, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

10 O ye Fire and Heat, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

11 O ye Winter and Summer, | bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frost, — bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, . . . . and magnify Him — for ever.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
13 O ye Frost and Cold, — bless ye the Lord:
    Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snow, — bless ye the Lord:
    Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

15 O ye Nights and Days, — bless ye the Lord:
    Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

16 O ye Light and Darkness, — bless ye the Lord:
    Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clouds, — bless ye the Lord:
    Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

(1st Setting.)

(2nd Setting.)

18. O let the Earth bless the Lord: yea, let it praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

(1st Setting.)

(2nd Setting.)

19 O ye Mountains and Hills, — bless ye the Lord:
    Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, — bless ye the Lord:
    Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
CANTICLES.

(1st Setting.)

V. W. Winn.

(2nd Setting.)

VI. J. H. Maundery.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

21 O ye ... Wells, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

22 O ye Seas and ... Flóods, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the ... Wáters, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the ... Aír, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and ... Cattle, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

(1st Setting.)

VII. F. Walker.

A-men.

(2nd Setting.)

VIII. J. H. Maundery.

A-men.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

26 O ye Children of ... Men, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

27 O ye Servants of the ... Lord, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

28 O ye holy and humble ... heart, — bless ye the Lord:
Práise Him, ... and magni-fy Him — for ever.

A-men.

(148)
3 Thou didst save Thy disciples, when 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 appeare 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 of 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:
Hāl-le-lu-jah! Amen.
21 O ye Wells, — bless ye the Lord:
   Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

22 O ye Seas and Floods, — bless ye the Lord:
   Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters, — bless ye the Lord:
   Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the Air, — bless ye the Lord:
   Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cattle, — bless ye the Lord:
   Praise Him, and magnify Him — for ever.

(1st Setting.)

(2nd Setting.)
3 Thou didst save Thy disciples when 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 of 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: 
Hallelujah! Amen.
NUNC DIMITTIS.

(1st Setting.)

I. J. Goss.

23 O ye Whales, and all
that move in the Waters,—bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, and magnify Him—forever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the Air,—bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, and magnify Him—forever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cattle,—bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, and magnify Him—forever.

(2nd Setting.)

II. J. BARNBY.

(3rd Setting.)

VII. F. WALKER.

(4th Setting.)

VIII. J. H. MAUNDER.

26 O ye Children of Men,—bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, and magnify Him—forever.

27 O ye Servants of the Lord,—bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, and magnify Him—forever.

28 O ye holy and humble Men of heart,—bless ye the Lord:
Praise Him, and magnify Him—forever.

Amen.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Unison.
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 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 of 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:
Hallelujah! Amen.
Unison.
1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Hallelujah!
   To the glory of their King shall the ransomed people sing,
   Hallelujah!
   Hallelujah!

Harmony.
2 And the choirs that dwell on high
   Shall re-echo through the sky,
   Hallelujah!
   Hallelujah!

3 They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
   The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
   Hallelujah!
   Hallelujah!

4 The planets, glittering on their heavenly way,
   The shining constellations, join and say,
   Hallelujah!
   Hallelujah!

5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on pinions light,
   Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings, wildly bright,
   In sweet consent you sing
   Your Hallelujah!

6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms of snow,
   Ye days of cloudless beauty, ye hoar frost of glow,
   Ye groves that wave in spring, ye and glorious forests sing
   Hallelujah!
CANTICLES.
Unison. Soprano and Alto.
7 First let the birds, with painted | plum-age | gay,
Exalt their great Creator's | praise, | say
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!

Unison. Tenor and Bass.
8 Then let the beasts of earth, | with | vary-ing | strain,
Join in creation's hymn, | and | cry | gain
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!

T.B.
9 Here let the mountains thunder forth | so-nor- | ous,
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
S.A.
There let the valleys sing in gentler | cho- | rus,
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
T.B.
10 Thou jubilant abyss | of | o-cean, | cry
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
S.A.
Ye tracts of earth and cont- | ti- nents, | ply
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
S.A.T.B.
11 To God, who all | cre-a-tion | made,
The frequent hymn | be | du-ly | paid:
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!

Harmony.
12 This is the strain, * the eternal strain, * the Lord | of | all | things | loves:
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
This is the song, * the heavenly song, * that Christ | the | King | ap-proves:
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!

13 Wherefore we sing, * both heart and voice. | a-wak-ing | ing,
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
And children's voices echo, * answer. | mak-ing | ing,
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!

14 Now from all men | be | out-poured
Hâl-le-lujah | to the | Lord;
With Hâl-le-lujah | ev-er-more
The Son and Spirit | we | adore.

15 Praise be done | to the | Three in | One,
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!
Hâl- | le- lu- | jah!

AMEN.
Unison.

1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, Halle- lu- jah! To the glory of their King shall the ransomed peo- ple sing, Hál- le- lu- jah! Hál- le- lu- jah!

Harmony.

2. And the choirs that dwell on high, Shall re-echo through the sky, Hál- le- lu- jah! Hál- le- lu- jah!

3. They in the rest of Paradise who dwell, The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell, Hál- le- lu- jah! Hál- le- lu- jah!

4. The planets, glittering on their heaven- ly way, The shining constellations, join and say, Hál- le- lu- jah! Hál- le- lu- jah!

5. Ye clouds that onward sweep,* ye winds on pin- ions light, Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,* ye lightnings, wild- ly bright, In sweet con- sent u- nite Your Hál- le- lu- jah!

6. Ye floods and ocean billows,* ye storms and winter snow, Ye days of cloudless beauty,* hoar fröst and summer glow, Ye groves that wave in spring,* and glorious for- ests, sing Hál- le- lu- jah!

II.

Unison. Soprano and Alto.

7. First let the birds, with painted plum- age gay, Exalt their great Créator's praise, and say, Hál- le- lu- jah! Hál- le- lu- jah!
Unison. Tenor and Bass.

8 Then let the beasts of earth,
   with varying strain,
   Hal-
   and cry gain
   Hal-
   — jah!
   — jah!
   — jah!

T.B.
9 Here let the mountains thunder forth
   so nous
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!

S.A.
There let the valleys sing in gentler
   cho-
   Hal-
   — jah!

T.B.
10 Thou jubilant abyss
   of ocean, cry
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!

S.A.
Ye tracts of earth and continent,
   ti- nents, re-
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!

S.A.T.B
11 To God, who all
   creation made,
   The frequent hymn
   be duly paid:
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!
   — jah!

12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
   of all things loves:
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
   the King proves:
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!

13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
   a- wak-
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!
   — jah!
And children’s voices echo, answer
   mak-
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!

14 Now from all men
   be out-
   Hal-lelujah
   to the Lord;
   With Hal-lelujah
   ev-
   The Son and Spirit
   we a-

15 Praise be done
   to the Three in One,
   Hal-
   le- lu-
   — jah!
   — jah!
   — jah!
   Amen.
GLORIA PATRI.

For use also as an alternative to the Doxology.

J. Robinson.

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.

OR,

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.

S. Wesley.
The Sanctus.

I.

Sanctus.

Voice and Organ.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. Amen.

II.

Sanctus.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high, glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. Amen.
Sanctus.

III. Sanctus.

132

**Slowly.**

Holy, Holy, Holy is God our Lord, the Almighty One, He that is, and He that was, and is to come, Holy,

Holy is God our Lord, the Almighty One.

IV. Sanctus.

133

**Andante.**

Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord our God, Glorious in His high abode. Angels praise the

(160)
SANCTUS.

heav'n-ly King, Men on earth His glo-ry sing. Hol-ly,

cres. dim.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly is. the Lord our God, An-gels praise the

cres. dim.

heav'n-ly King, Men on earth His glo-ry sing, An-gels

cres.

praise the heav'n-ly King, Men on earth His glo-ry sing,

cres. dim.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly is the Lord our God.

cres. dim.

(161)
Slowly.

Sanctus.

E. Prout.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts,

Lord of hosts, heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory, are full of Thy glory:

Glory be to Thee, O Lord, O Lord most high.

Lord.
VI.

Sanctus.

S. L. FORBES.

Voices.

Slowly.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts...

Organ.

Slowly. \( \frac{d}{=} = 96. \)

Gl. Diaps. with Sw. coupé.

Ped.

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty, the majesty...

Thy glory:

Earth are full

Glory be to Thee, glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. Amen.
SANCTUS.

VII.

Sanctus.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

Voices.

Adagio.

Adagio. = 80.

ORGAN.

Sw. mp

Ped.

cres.

f

Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth, heaven and earth,

cres.

cres.

Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high.

(164)
Sanctus.

Amen, Amen, Amen.

C. E. Smith.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,

heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory:

Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high... Amen.
I. The Commandments.

WITH NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTS.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me: but thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image: for God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: but shalt serve Him acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy: and forsake not the assembling of yourselves together; for the Sabbath was made for man.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother: and be kindly affectioned one to another, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

VI. Thou shalt not kill: and be not angry with thy brother without a cause; but overcome evil with good.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery: but glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal: but provide things honest in the sight of all men, and render to every man his due.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour: for love thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

X. Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbour's: but do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you; and love thy neighbour as thyself; for love is the fulfilling of the law.

   Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.
Baptismal Sentences.

I.

The Lord bless thee.

Numbers vi. 24—26.

Moderato.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord be gracious unto thee. . .

Rowland Briant.

After the 10th.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

S. Arnold.

Kyrie II.

After the 10th.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

Rall. p

Sydney Blakiston.

Kyrie III.

After the 10th.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

P p Lento.
I.
The Commandments.
WITH NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTS.

I.
Thou shalt have no other gods before Me: but thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

II.
Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image: for God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

III.
Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: but shalt serve Him acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

After the last.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

I.
Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

II.
Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

III.
Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.
Baptismal Sentences.

I.

The Lord bless thee.

Numbers vi. 24—26. 

Moderato.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord be gracious un-to thee: The

Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Allegro.

Blessing, honour, glory and power, be un-to Him that

sit-teth on the throne, and un-to the Lamb, for

ever and ever, for ever. 

* See Notes on the use of the Chant Book, p. v.
The Lord bless thee.

Numbers vi. 24—26.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Blessing, honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.
III.

142

Dying with Thee.

C. M. Hardy.

F. Gostelow.

Dying with Thee, Buried with Thee.

Now they are rising and living with Thee. Amen.

IV.

143

Dying with Thee.

C. M. Hardy.

P. Gordon.

Dying with Thee, Buried with Thee, Now they are rising and living with Thee. Amen.
Let your light so shine.

Let your light so shine, so shine before men, that they may see your good works, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven, and glorify your Father which is in heaven, which is in heaven.
II.

He that soweth little.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

He that soweth little, shall reap little; and he that soweth plentifully shall reap plentifully.

Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart, not
OFFERTORY SENTENCES.

Voices and Organ.

grudging-ly, or of ne-ces-si-ty, not grudging-ly, or of ne-ces-si-ty; for

for God

God loveth, God loveth a cheerful giver.

III.

146

Let your light, J. T. Musgrave.

Let your light so shine be-fore men, that they may

see. your good works, and glo-ri-fy your Fa-ther which

is in heaven, your Fa-ther which is in heaven.

(174)
IV.

Whatsoever ye would.

R. H. Briscoe.

Moderato.

What-so-ever ye would that men should do to you, what-so-

ev-er ye would that men should do to you,..

even so, even so do ye to

doe ye to

them:... for this is the law and the pro-

phets.

V.

Freely ye have received.

R. H. Briscoe.

Largo.

Freely ye have received, freely give.
VI.

Cast thy bread upon the waters.

Rowland Brant.

 Voices.

\[ \text{Andante tranquillo.} \]

\[ \text{Cast thy bread upon the waters.} \]

 Organ.

\[ \text{Andante tranquillo.} \]

 and thou shalt find it after many days, cast thy

 bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it,
OFFERTORY SENTENCES.

thou shalt find it after many days, after

dim.

many days,  ..........................  

dim.  

Slower.

cast thy bread up on the waters.

Slower.
OFFERTORY SENTENCES.

VII.

150

Inasmuch as ye have done it.

J. A. Capern.

Andante.

In-as-much as ye have done it un-to one of the least of

cres.

these My bre-thren, ye have done it un-to Me, ye have done it un-to

cres.

Me, in-as-much as ye have done it un-to one of the least of

cres.

these, ye have done it un-to Me, ye have done it un-to Me.

rall.

VIII.

151

Blessed is he.

R. H. Briscoe.

Moderato.

Bless-ed is he that con-sid-er-eth the poor,.. bless-ed is

(178)
OFFERTORY SENTENCES.

he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him, the

Lord will deliver him in the day... of evil.

IX.

152

Lay not up for yourselves.

L. MEADOWS WHITE.

Moderato. $d=84$.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth cor-

rupt, and where thieves break thro' and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in

heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break thro' nor steal.

(179)
OFFERTORY SENTENCES.

X.

153

How much owest thou?

Ethel Earle.

Andante.

As we have opportunity.

J. T. Musgrave.

As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them that are of the household of faith.
XII.

155

To do good.

J. T. Musgrave.

To do good, and to communicate, forget...

not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

XIII.

156

Give alms of thy goods.

H. Elliot Button.

Lento, about 72.

mf

Give alms of thy goods, give alms of thy goods, and

never turn thy face from any poor man, give alms of thy goods, give
OFFERTORY SENTENCES.

alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man; and

then, and then... the face of the Lord, the face of the Lord shall not be turned away, shall not be turned away, the face of the Lord shall not be turned away,

dim in away, the face of the Lord shall not be away from thee,

shall not,

(182)
XIV.

With what measure ye mete.

J. A. Capern.

Andante con moto.

With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again...

it shall be measured to you again, be measured to you again.

XV.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

J. A. Capern.

Quasi recit.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: It is more

blessed, it is more blessed to give than to receive, to

give than to receive, to give than to receive, to give than to receive.

(183)
XVI.

Ye know the grace of our Lord.

**Moderato.**

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, tho' He was rich, for your sakes He became poor, that ye thro' His poverty might be rich, that ye thro' His poverty might be rich.

**Lento.**

Every good gift.

**Lento.**

Ev'ry good gift and ev'ry perfect cometh down, cometh down from above, ev'ry good gift and ev'ry perfect cometh...
stringendo.

down, cometh down from above; from the Father of lights, from the Father of

lights, every good gift and every perfect cometh

per-fect com-eth down from a-bove, com-eth

down from the Fa-ther of lights, from the Fa-

ther of lights.
XVIII.

Cast thy bread upon the waters.

Andante espressivo.

TENOR SOLO (OR TENORS IN UNISON).

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.

Cast thy bread upon the waters.

Andante.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it, and thou shalt find it after many days.

motto cantabile.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it, and thou shalt

find it after many days, thou shalt find it after many days.
Benediction Hymns.

I.

162

Lord, keep us safe this night.

Slowly.

Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; May

angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears. Amen.

II.

163

Lord, keep us safe this night.

Slowly, with expression.

Lord, keep us safe this night... Secure from all our fears; May angels guard us

while we sleep, Till morning light appears. Amen, Amen.
III.

Lord, keep us safe this night.

A. L. VINGOE.

Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears; May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears. Amen, Amen, Amen.

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IV.

Lord, keep us safe this night.

R. S. BARNICOTT.

Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears, May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears. Amen.
V.

166

Father, forgive my sins.

Rowland Briant.

Slowly.

Father, forgive my sins, That I may sleep this night In safety and in peace, Until the morning light. Amen, Amen.

VI.

167

Father, forgive my sins.

E. Davidson Palmer.

Father, forgive my sins, That I may sleep this night In safety and in peace, Until the morning light. Amen.
VII.

O Saviour, ere we part.

J. T. Musgrave.

O Saviour, ere we part, Thy blessing we implore, O guard us, shield us, be our stay This night and ever more. Amen.

VIII.

Now, Father, we commend.

Rowland Briant.

Now, Father, we commend Our-selves to Thee this night; O watch us, keep us, and de-fend, Till break of morn-ing light. Amen.
IX.

170  Before Thy throne, O God of heaven.

THOMAS ADAMS.

Before Thy throne, O God of heaven, We kneel at close of day: Look
on Thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men, A-men.

X.

171  Within the everlasting arms.

THOMAS ADAMS.

Within the everlasting arms, Safe fold-ed
may we be; Our slum-ber shield-ed from a-
larms, Our souls at rest, at rest in Thee. A-men.
XI.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray.

CHARLES VINCENT.

72

Make but one fold, below, a

above.

And when we go the last lone way, O give the welcome of Thy

O give the welcome of Thy

love.

love. Amen.

Amen.

Ere I sleep.

Rowland Briant.

173

Very slowly.

Ere I sleep, for every favour This day shewed By my God,

I will bless my Saviour. Amen.

Amen.
XIII.

Lord, grant this holy evening.

Lord, grant this holy evening May see us on the way. Which leads to life eternal, And to the endless day. Amen, Amen.

XIV.

When our life's last day is closing.

When our life's last day is closing, When around us falls the night, May we in Thine arms repose Waken in eternal light. Amen.

175

COLIN STERNE.

H. ERNEST NICOL.
XV.

176

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father.

Thomas Adams.

Slowly.

Hear my prayer, O heav'nly Father, Ere I lay me down to sleep; Bid Thine angels


XVI.

177

Though the night be dark and dreary.

H. Elliot Button.

Slowly.

Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot

hide from Thee; Thou art He, who, never weary,

Watchest where Thy people be. A-men.

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Amens.

I. Amen.

II. Amen.

III. Amen.

IV. Amen.

V. Amen.

VI. Amen.

VII. Thomas Adams.

Amen, Amen.

VIII. A. L. Vingoe.

Amen, Amen, Amen.

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IX.

The Sevenfold Amen.

(J. Stainer)

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(197)
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THE ANTHEM BOOK.
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* denotes a composition by a modern composer.
Section 1.

PRAISE.

All ye nations, praise the Lord!

With spirit.

Lord!... W. F. Müller.

Voices and Organ.

All ye nations, praise the Lord, praise the Lord!

With spirit.

Lord!... Lord!

All ye lands, your voices raise!

Heav'n and earth, with one accord, praise the Lord, praise the

voices raise!

Lord, praise the Lord, for ever praise!

All ye nations, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, for ever, 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!
Heav'n and earth with loud accord, heav'n and earth, Heav'n and earth with loud accord, praise the Lord, for ever, ever praise, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord! All ye lands, praise the Lord, praise the Lord! For His truth and mercy stand, Past and
Anthem No. 1.

PRAISE.

present, and to be, Like the years of His right hand, Like His own e-ter-ni-

-ty; For His truth and mercy stand, Past and present, and to be, Like the

years of His right hand, Like His own e-ter-ni-ty. All ye

nations, praise the Lord! All ye lands, your voices raise! Heav'n and earth with loud ac-

cord, praise the Lord, for ev-er praise, for ev-er praise, for ev-er praise!
2

O praise the Lord, all ye nations.

Psalm cxvii.

With spirit.

E. J. Hopkins.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, praise Him,

all ye people. O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him,

A little slower.

praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great to

ward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. For His merciful

kindness is great toward us: and the truth, and the truth, and the

(4)
Anthem No. 2.]  PRAISE.

truth of the Lord endur-eth for ev-er, and the truth, . . . and the

endur-eth, and the truth of the Lord endur-eth for ev-er.

endur-eth,

With spirit.

O praise the Lord, all . . ye na-tions: praise Him, praise Him, all . . ye

O praise the Lord, all . . ye na-tions: praise Him, praise Him,

all . . ye peo-ple, O praise the Lord, all . . ye na-tions: praise Him, praise Him,

all . . ye peo-ple. Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord...
PRAISE.

3

Angels holy, high and lowly.

J. S. BLACKIE.

Moderato.

HENRY SMART.

SOPRANO.

Moderato.

ORGAN.

An-gels ho-ly, High and low-ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord!

Earth and sky, all liv-ing na-ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre-a-tor, Praise ye, praise ye,

God the Lord! Earth and sky, all liv-ing na-ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre-a-tor,
Anthem No. 3.

Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Soprano.
Sun and moon bright, Night and noon-light, Starry temples azure-floor'd,

Alto.
Sun and moon bright, Night and noon-light, Starry temples azure-floor'd,

Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness, Sons of God that shout for gladness,

Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness, Sons of God that shout for gladness,

(7)
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 3.

Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness, Sons of God that

shout for gladness, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

VERSE.

Rolling river, Praise Him ever, From the mountain's deep vein pour'd;
Anthem No. 3.

PRAISE.

Silver fountain, clearly gushing, Troubled torrent, madly rushing,

Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! Silver fountain, clearly gushing, Troubled torrent,

madly rushing, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel.

Luke i. 68-70.

Blessed be the Lord, the Lord God of Israel:

for He hath visited, visited and redeemed His people;

Blessed be the Lord, the Lord God of Israel: for He hath visited

and redeemed His people; And hath raised up a mighty saviour.
mighty salvation, hath rais'd a mighty salvation for us: in the
man.

David, in the

house of His servant David, in the house of His servant Da-

David in the

He spake by the

As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets:

mouth of His holy prophets; which have been

mouth of His holy prophets; which have been since the world be-
gan,
which have been since the world began;

Blessed be the Lord, the

Voices and Organ.

Lord God of Israel: for He hath visited, visited and redeemed His

people; He hath visited and redeemed, redeemed His

people, He hath visited... and redeemed His

people, redeemed His people, hath visited... and redeemed His

people, redeemed His people, hath visited... and redeemed His

people; Blessed be the Lord, blessed be the Lord.

(12)
Break forth into joy.

Isaiah lii. 9, 10.

Allegro vivace.

Break forth, Break forth, break forth into

joy, break forth into joy, sing together, sing together, ye waste

places, ye waste places, sing together, sing together, ye waste
The Lord hath made bare His holy arm, . . .

places of Jerusalem, of Jerusalem.

The Lord hath made bare His holy arm, . . .

the Lord hath made bare His
Anthem No. 5.

PRAISE.

holy arm... in the eyes of all the nations, in the eyes of

all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall

see the salvation of God.
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 5.]

a tempo.

Break forth into joy, break forth into joy,

God.

a tempo.

p cres.

sing together, sing together, ye waste places, ye waste places,

sing together, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem, of Je-
Anthem No. 5.

PRAISE.

And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God.
Sanctus.*

Lord God of hosts,

Lord God of hosts,

* From an Anglican Service in B♭.
PRAISE.

Heav’n and earth are full of Thy glory,
Heav’n and earth are full of Thy glory,

Lord God of hosts, Lord God of hosts,

Earth... are full of Thy glory, heav’n and earth... are full

St. Diap. Solo.
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 6.

full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most
of Thy glory: Glory be to
of Thy glory:

High, to Thee, O Lord most High,
High, to Thee, O Lord most High, O Lord most .

dim.

High, O Lord most High.

dim. to soft Reed.

(20)
PRAISE.

Now unto Him.

Jude, 24, 25.

E. DAVIDSON PALMER.

Andante con moto. \( \text{d} = 112. \)

Organ:

Voices and Organ.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, now 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, both now and for ever and ever. Amen.
PRAISE.

ever, both now and ever,

be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and
dim.

be glory and majesty, and power,
dim.

Ped.


(23)
Lift up your Heads.

Psalm xxiv. 7—10.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever-

last-ing doors; and the King of glory shall come in, and the

King, the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of

BASS.

glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in

bat-tle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, lift up your heads,
lift up your heads, ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever-

King of glory shall come in, and the King, . . . the

Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory, of

( 25 )
My song shall be of mercy.

Psalm cx. 1-3.

My song shall be of mercy and judgment: unto Thee, O Lord, unto Thee will I sing, unto Thee, O Lord, unto Thee will I sing. O let me have understanding in the way, the way of godliness.
Anthem No. 9.

VERSE.

I will walk in my house with a perfect heart, I will walk in my house with a perfect heart.

FULL.

dim.

rit.

heart, will walk in my house with a perfect heart.

(27)
O praise the Lord, all ye Nations.

Psalm cxvii. Earl of Wilton.

With spirit.

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, all ye nations:

praise Him, all ye people, praise Him, all ye people, praise Him, all ye people.

Slower.

For His merciful kindness is ever more and more toward us: and the truth, the truth of the Lord endureth for cress.

( 28 )
PRAISE.

ever, endur-eth for ev-er: His mer-ci-ful kind-ness is

and the truth of the

ever more and more to-ward us,

Lord . . . en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for ev-er,

and the truth of the Lord . . . en-dur-eth, the

and the truth of the Lord, the

truth of the Lord endur-eth, endur-eth for ev-
er.

truth of the Lord endur-eth for ev-
er.

With spirit.

O praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, all . ye
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 10.

na - tions: praise Him, all ye peo - ple, praise Him, all ye

peo - ple, praise Him, O praise... Him, all ye

peo - ple, praise Him, O praise... Him, all ye

peo - ple, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

peo - ple, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O praise the Lord. A - men.

(30)
O praise the Lord, all ye Nations.

Psalm cxvii.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations, O praise the Lord, all ye nations:

praise Him, praise Him, all ye people, praise Him, praise Him, all ye people.

For His merciful kindness is great toward us, His merciful kindness is great toward us:

and the truth of the Lord endur-eth for ev-er, the truth of the Lord endur-eth for ev-er.

Praise ye the Lord.
PRAISE.

12  **O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.**

Ps. cxlvii. 7—9.  

*Allegro.* $\frac{3}{4} = 96.$  

**Ferris Tozer.**

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(32)
PRAISE.

-giving, *sing with thanksgiving,*

with *thanksgiving,* O sing *unto the Lord with thanksgiving.*

-giving, O sing *unto the Lord with thanksgiving:* *sing* [with *thanksgiving,* *sing*]

-giving, with thanksgiving, *sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving:* *sing*

-giving, with thanksgiving, *sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving:* *sing* [with *thanksgiving,* *sing*]

-sing praises, *sing praises up on the* *praises,*
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 12.

Harp unto our God, sing praises upon the harp unto our God, sing praises upon the harp, sing praises upon the harp, upon the harp unto our God; Who cov'rette the heaven, the
heaven with clouds, and prepar eth, prepar eth rain for the earth: and

maketh grass to grow, to grow upon the mountains, and herb for the use, the

use of men; Who giv eth fodder unto the cattle; and feedeth the young
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 12.

ra - vens that call up - on Him, and feed - eth the young ra - vens that call up - on Him.

sing un-to the Lord with thanks-giv - ing, sing un-to the Lord,
sing with thanks-giving, sing with thanks-giving, sing with thanks-giving, sing with thanks-giving.

sing un-to the Lord, sing un-to the Lord, sing un-to the Lord, sing un-to the Lord.

sing with thanks, sing with thanks, sing with thanks-giving, thanks-giving.

O sing un-to the Lord with thanks-giving, O sing un-to the Lord with thanks-giving, with thanks-giving, with thanks-giving.

sing un-to the Lord with thanks-giving.
Praise the Lord, O my soul.

Psalm ciii. 1, 4.

Moderate.

W. Smallwood.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name, praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His holy Name. Who saveth thy life, thy life from destruction: and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness, who

(By permission of Patey and Willis.)
PRAISE.

Anthem No. 13.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name, praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His holy Name. 

Adagio.

Sing, O daughter of Zion.

Zeph. iii. 14, 15.

H. Elliot Button.

Sing, sing, O daughter of Zion; shout,

shout, O Israel; sing, sing, O daughter of Zion; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, be glad and rejoice, be glad and rejoice, O daughter, O daughter of Jerusalem, be glad, rejoice

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Anthem No. 14.

PRAISE.

all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem.

O daughter of

VERSE. Andante moderato.

The Lord is in... the midst of thee... thou shalt not see evil any more... the Lord is in... the midst of thee, thou shalt not see evil, thou shalt not see evil, thou shalt not see evil.

* If possible, this Movement should be sung unaccompanied.
any more, the Lord, the Lord, the Lord is in the midst, in the midst of thee.

Sing, sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, shout, O Israel; sing, sing, O daughter of Zion; be glad and rejoice, be glad and rejoice with all the heart, be glad and rejoice, be glad, rejoice, be
glad and rejoice with all the heart,

be glad and rejoice, O daughter,

glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem,

be glad, rejoice, with all the heart, O daughter.

of Jerusalem.
Psalm cl. Allegro moderato.

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 dances,

Praise Him upon the strings and pipe. Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord, Amen.
Ten thousand times ten thousand.

In sparkling raiment

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling bright,

raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: "Tis finished, all is finished, Their fight with death and
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 16.

sin; Fling open wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.

What rush of hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky! What ring-ing of a thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh! O day, for which cre-

Sw. or Ch. 4 & 2 ft. Gt. 8 & 4 ft. con Ped. a tempo.
Anthem No. 16.

PRAISE.

And all its tribes were made!

joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

then, what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!

Unaccompanied if possible.
PRAISE.

[Anthem No. 16.

knit-ting severed friendships up Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall

spar-kle That brimmed with tears of late; Or-phans no long-er fa-ther-less, Nor

widows de-so-late.

Sw. cres. ed accel.

Tempo 1mo.

Bring near Thy great sal-va-tion, Thou

Tempo 1mo.
Lamb for sinners slain; Fill up the roll of Thine elect, Then take Thy power, and

reign:

Appear, Desire of nations, Thine exiles long for home;

Show in the heavens Thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
The Redeemed of the Lord.

Isaiah li. 11.

J. BENNETT.

Organ.

Voices and Organ.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion, and come with singing, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall...
be up-on their head, and ever-lasting joy shall be up-on their head:

Rather slower.

they shall obtain gladness and joy, they shall obtain gladness and

joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away, and

sorrow and mourning shall flee away, sorrow and

mourning shall flee away, sorrow and mourning shall flee away.
Thine, O Lord, is the greatness.

18

1 Chron. xxix. 11.

Moderato. \( \frac{d}{88} \)

J. Kent.

Voices

and

Organ.

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
Anthem No. 18.

PRAISE.

great-ness, and the power, is the great-ness, and the power, and the
glo-ry, and the vic-to-ry, and the ma-jes-ty, the ma-jes-ty; for
all that is in the heaven, . . . in the heaven and the
earth are Thine; Thine is the king-dom, Thine is the
king-dom, O . . . Lord, and Thou art ex-alt-ed as Head o-ver
all, as Head o-ver all, as Head, as Head o-ver all.

(53)
Section 2.

WORSHIP.

As the hart panteth.

Psalm xlii. 1, 2.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth, my soul thirsteth, 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?
Come unto Me.

Matt. xi. 28.

Andante.

Voices AND ORGAN.

Come unto Me, Come unto Me, all

ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you

rest, will rall. FINE. Più moto.

rest, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden light. My burden is... light. P rall. D.S.

G. C. T. Parsons.
Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling.

Matth. xxv. 1.

Con moto.

Voices.

Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling.

Con moto. \( \frac{d}{=} 69 \)

Organ.

It is the watchman on the walls, the walls,

mf Diaps. 8 ft. \( f \) Reeds.

Thou city of Jerusalem.

Ped.
Lo, the Bridegroom comes! A-rise, and take your lamps. Hal-le-lu-jah! A-wake! His kingdom is at hand. Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord, go ye forth to meet your Lord.
WORSHIP.

22 Comfort the soul of Thy servant.
Psalm lxxxvi. 4. W. Crotch.

Andante. $d=72.$

Comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant: for unto Thee do I lift up my soul, comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant:

Verse.

for unto Thee do I lift up my soul. Comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant: for unto Thee do I lift up my soul, do I lift up my soul.

Full.

lift up my soul. Comfort, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant: for unto Thee do I lift up my soul, do I lift up my soul.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,
neither have entered into the heart of man,

the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him,
WORSHIP.

[Anthem No. 23.

into the heart of man,

heart, the heart of man, the things which

the things which God hath prepared for them that love, that love... Him,

ed for them that love... Him,

Eye hath not seen, nor ear... heard,... neither have

the things which God hath prepared for them that love... Him.

entered into the heart... of man.
The Lord is gracious.

Psalm cxlv. 8, 9.

Slowly.

The Lord. is gracious, and full of compassion, is gracious, and

slow to anger, and of

full of compassion; slow to anger, slow to anger, and of

cres.

The Lord is good, is
great mercy, of great mercy. The Lord is good, is good.
cres.

The Lord is good, is good.

good to all:

to all: and His tender mercies are over all His works, good to all:

over all: His works.

are over all, over all His works, are over all, over all. His works.

are over all, over all His works, are over all. His works.
Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.

Proverbs iii. 13—17.

Moderato.

Rowland Briant.
WORSHIP.

She is more precious than rubies, more precious, more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
WORSHIP.

Anthem No. 25.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of Jerusalem.

[Music notation]
-dise of sil-ver, and the gain there-of than fine gold.

Her ways are ways of pleas-ant-ness and

all her paths are peace.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

and all her paths are peace.

Amen.
I will lift up mine eyes.

Psalm cxxi.

J. CLARKE-WHITFELD.

Moderato. \( \approx 96 \)

I will lift up mine eyes un-to the hills, from whence com-eth my help, I will lift up mine eyes un-to the hills, from whence com-eth my help, My help cometh e-ven from the Lord, my help cometh e-ven from the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth, who hath made heaven and earth.

* Bass Solo.

Andante.

The Lord Him-self is thy keep-er, the Lord Him-

\* The section of this Anthem from \* to \* can be omitted.
WORSHIP.

[Anthem No. 26.]

self is thy keeper; the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand, the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

DUET. SOPRANO.

Tempo 1mo.

so that the sun shall not smite thee by day, neither the

ALTO.

so that the sun shall not smite thee by day, neither the

Tempo 1mo. \(= \text{96.}\)

moon by night, so that the sun shall not smite thee by day,

moon by night, so that the sun shall not smite thee by day,
neither the moon by night, neither the moon by night.
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 from this time forth for

In My Father's house.

John xiv. 2; 1 Cor. ii. 9;
Rev. xxi. 23; Hymn, tr. J. M. Neale.

Adagio.

In My Father's house are many mansions. I

go to prepare a place for you.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the

things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.
Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.
WORSHIP.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the things which God hath pre-

There shall be no night there,

par'd for them that love Him.

they need no

there shall be no night there;

candle, neither light of the sun;

( 72 )
Lord God, the Lord God giveth them light, and the Lamb is the light thereof, the Lamb is the light thereof.

The Lord God, the Lord God, the Lord God, the Lord God giveth them light.

Lord God, the Lord God, the Lord God giveth them.
WORSHIP.

[Anthem No. 27.

light, . . giv-eth them light,

light, giv-eth them light, and the Lamb is the light there-

light, giv-eth them light,

and the Lamb is the light there-of, and the Lamb is the

of, the light there-of, . . the. . light, the

light there-of.

(74)
Anthem No. 27.

WORSHIP.

CHORALE.
Slowly.

O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect! O

(Unaccompanied, if possible.)

sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect! Je-

sus in mercy bring us, To that dear land of rest; Who

art, with God the Father And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.
Let Thy merciful kindness.

Psalm xxxiii. 22.

Andante.

Voices.

Let Thy merci-

Organ.

kind-ness, O Lord, be up-on us, as we do put our trust in Thee,

kind-ness be up-on us, as we do put our trust in Thee, let Thy merci-

our trust in Thee, let Thy merci-

trust, our trust in Thee, in Thee, let Thy merci-

put our trust in Thee, in Thee, let Thy kind-

put our trust in Thee, in Thee, let Thy kind-

By permission of Boosey and Co.

( 76 )
Anthem No. 28.] WORSHIP.

... upon us, like as we do put our trust, put our trust in
be upon us, like as we do put our trust, in
... upon us, as we do put our trust in

Thee, ... like as we do put our trust, ... our trust in Thee, as we do
Thee, ... as we do put our trust, our trust in Thee, Lord,
Thee, as we do put ... our trust,

put our trust in Thee, in Thee, ...
we do trust in Thee, as we do trust in Thee. Amen, Amen.
Like as the hart.

Verse.

Like as the hart desireth 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,
O love the Lord.

Psalm xxxi. 23, 24.

All. moderate.

Voices
AND
ORGAN.

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, all ye that hope, that hope in the Lord. Amen.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

Psalm cxvii. 6.

Matthew Clemens.

Moderato e con espressione.

Soprano or Tenor Solo.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper, shall prosper, shall prosper that love thee, pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee.

Voices and Organ.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper, shall prosper, shall prosper that

love thee, O pray for the peace, for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall

O pray for the

Peace, peace be within thy walls,

pros-per that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and pros-

Peace peace be within thy walls,
Anthem No. 31.

WORSHIP.

peace be within thy walls,

- per-i-ty within thy pa-la-ces, peace, peace be within thy walls,

peace, peace be within thy walls,

and pros-per-i-ty within thy pa-la-ces; O pray for the peace of Je-ru-sa-

lem, they shall pros-per, shall pros-per, shall pros-per that love thee, O pray for the

peace of Je-ru-sa-lem, love . . .

peace, for the peace of Je-ru-sa-lem, they shall pros-per that love, that love love . . .

pray love thee.

thee, they shall pros-per that love thee, that love, that love love . . .

thee, they shall pros-per, shall pros-per that love thee, that love thee. . .

( 81 )
WORSHIP.

32

Say, Watchman, what of the Night?
Isaiah xxi. 11.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Say, watchman, what of the night? Do the dews of the morning fall?

Have the orient skies a border of light, Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

The night is fast waning on high, And soon shall the darkness flee;

And the morn shall spread o’er the blushing sky, And bright shall its

* This is intended to be sung in F
d, half a tone higher, but is printed in this key for greater convenience in reading. — Composer’s note.

(By permission of Boosey and Co.)
SOPRANO AND ALTO.

and bright . . . shall its glo-ries be.

glo-ries be, and bright shall its glo-ries, its glo-ries be.

TENOR.

glo-ries be, and bright, and bright shall its glo-ries be.

and bright, . . and bright shall its glo-ries be.

BASS.

glo-ries be, and bright . . shall its glo-ries be.

WORSHIP.

\[\text{Andante.}\]

But watchman, what of the night,
When sor-row and pain are mine,

\[\text{Andante.}\]

And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No long-er around me shine?
That night of sorrow thy soul, May surely prepare to meet;

But awa \- \-\- day shall the clouds of thy heav i- ness roll, And the morn i- ng of

joy be sweet, the morn - ing of joy be sweet.

joy be sweet, the morn - ing of joy, is of joy be sweet.

joy be sweet, the morn, the morn - ing of joy be sweet.

joy be sweet, the morn - ing of joy be sweet.
But watchman, what of the night, When the arrow of death is sped, And the grave, which no glimmering star can light, Shall be my sleeping bed?

That night is near, and the cheerless tomb Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom, And night shall be no more,
Till the morn of eternity, eternity
be no more, no more, Till eternity
Till the morn of eternity, eternity
be no more, no more, Till eternity
be no more, no more, Till eternity
be no more, no more, Till eternity

And night shall be no more.
And night, night shall be no more.
And night shall be no more.
Set your affection on things above.

Colossians iii. 2, 3.

Andante. \( \text{J} = 88 \).

John E. West.

Voices and Organ.

Set your affection on things above, on things above, not on things on the earth, set...your affection on things above, on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, for ye are dead, and your life is hid...with Christ in God, your life is hid with Christ in God. Set your affection on things above, on
WORSHIP.

Matthew xi. 29.

**Take My yoke upon you.**

*With much expression.*

**Voices and Organ.**

For ye are dead, and your life is hid... with Christ in God, your life is hid... with Christ, with Christ in God.

Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for

(88)
I am meek and lowly of heart, for

ye shall find rest, find rest unto your souls. For My<ref>Slower.</ref>

ye shall find rest unto your souls,

and ye shall find rest, find rest unto your souls,

shall find... rest unto your souls,

yoke is easy,

and My burden is light.
WORSHIP.

35

A Hymn of the Homeland.

H. R. HAWKES.

Verse (ad lib.)

Moderato.

The Homeland! the Homeland! The land of the free-born; There's

no night in the Homeland, But aye the fade-less morn. I'm sigh-ing for the

Homeland, My heart is aching here; There's no pain in the Homeland To
cres.
dim.

cres.
dim.

which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland, With

Full.

an-gels bright and fair; There's no sin in the Homeland, And no tempt-a-tion

(By permission of Boosey and Co.)

(90)
there. The music of the Homeland Is ringing in my ears, And

when I think of the Homeland, My eyes gush out with tears;

VERSE.

For those I love in the Homeland Are calling me away, To the rest and peace of the Homeland, And the life beyond decay,

cres.

cres.

For there's no death in the Homeland, There's no sorrow above; Christ, bring us all to the Homeland Of His eternal love!

(91)
36

**The Lord is full of compassion.**

Psalm ciii. 8–10.

Reginald S. Barnicott.

**Voices.**

The Lord is full of compassion and mercy, full of compassion and mercy, the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and of great...
good-ness, of great good-ness, long-suf-fer-ing, and of great good-
ness.

He will not al-way be chil-ling, He will not
WORSHIP.

[Anthem No. 36.

al-way be chid-ing; nei-ther keep-eth He His an-ger for

ev-er, neither keep-eth He His an-ger for ev-er. He hath not

dealt with us af-ter our sins; nor re-ward-ed us ac-
WORSHIP.

Lord is full of compassion and mercy, full of compassion and mercy, long-
suffering, long-suffering, and of great goodness,
The Lord will be a Refuge.

Psalm ix. 9, 10. - J. G. Webb.

The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble; and they that know, that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee...

For Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee, for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them, for they that seek Thee. The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble; and they that know, that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee.
WORSHIP.

The Lord is thy keeper.

Psalm cxxi. 5-8.

Psalm cxxi. 5-8.

The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy keeper: the

Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not

smite thee by day, nor the moon by night, nor the moon by

night, the sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by

night, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall keep thee, shall

THOMAS ADAMS.
**Anthem No. 38.**

WORSHIP.

**Tempo I m o.**

keep thee from all evil: He shall keep thy soul, He shall keep thy soul. The

A little slower.

Lord shall keep thy going out, and thy coming in, the

Lord shall keep thy going out, and thy coming in, from

this time forth, and for evermore, from this time forth, and for evermore, from this time

Maestoso e marcato. **rit.**

forth, and for evermore, from this time forth, and for evermore.

(99)
The Lord is my Shepherd.

Psalm xiii.

Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want, the Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters, He leadeth me beside the still waters.
Anthem No. 39.

WORSHIP.

He restoreth my soul: He restoreth my soul,
leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for . . . His name's . . .

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want, The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
WORSHIP.

[Anthem No. 39.

FULL.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

. . .

yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear, will fear no evil, will fear . . . no evil:

I will fear, will
for Thou art with me;

Thy rod and Thy

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

Thy rod and Thy staff...

The Lord is my Shep-herd; I shall... not
want, the Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want, the Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
Thou prepar'est a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Andante, a tempo.

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over,

Andante.

Surely, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will and I will

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever,

dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, for ever, surely,

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever,
WORSHIP.

[Anthem No. 39]

and I will 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, for ever,
dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, for ever, for ever, for ever.
ev - er, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ev - er...
40 There is joy in the presence of the Angels of God.

Luke xv. 7; Psalm li. 17.

ARThUR SULLIVAN.

There is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth,

There is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth,

one sinner that repenteth, there is joy in the presence of the

God over one sinner that repenteth,
WORSHIP.

[Anthem No. 40.]

there is joy o-ve r one sin-ner that re-pent-eth.

there is joy o-ver one sin-ner that re-pent-eth.

an-gels of God o-ver one sin-ner that re-pent-eth.

there is joy o-ver one sin-ner that re-pent-eth.

SOPRANO.

The sa-cri-fi ces of God are a bro-ken spi-rit: a bro-ken and

Man.

con-trite heart, O God, Thou wilt not de-spise.

ALTO.

Thou wilt not de-spise.

Ped.
A broken and contrite heart,
O God, Thou wilt not despise.

O God, Thou wilt not despise.
There is a river.

Psalm xlvi. 4, 5.

Vincent Novello.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city, the city of God, in the holy place, in the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved.
42 Thy mercy, O Lord, reacheth unto the heavens.

Psalm xxxvi. 5, 6. J. Barnby.

Thy mer-cy, O Lord, . . . reacheth un-to the

Andante.

Thy mer-cy, O Lord, reacheth un-to the

Thy mer-cy, Lord, reacheth un-to the

Thy mer-cy reach-eth un-to the

heav'ns; and Thy faith-ful-ness un-to the clouds, un-to the

heav'ns; and Thy faith-ful-ness un-to, un-to the clouds, un-to the

heav'ns; and Thy faith-ful-ness un-to the clouds, un-to the

heav'ns; and Thy faith-ful-ness un-to the clouds, un-to the

Thy mer-cy, O Lord, . . . reach-eth un-to the

clouds, . . . Thy mer-cy, Thy mer-cy, O Lord, reach-eth un-to the

clouds, Thy mer-cy, Thy mer-cy, O Lord, reach-eth un-to the

clouds, . . . Thy mer-cy reach-eth un-to the

(By permission of Boosey and Co.)

(111)
WORSHIP.

and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds, unto the

heav'ns; and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds, unto the

heav'ns; and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds, unto the

heav'ns; and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds, unto the

clouds, Thy righteousness standeth like the strong mountains; Thy judgments are

like the great deep; Thy righteousness standeth like the strong

mountains; Thy judgments are like the great deep:
Thy mercy, O Lord, ... reacheth unto the heav'ns; and Thy faith-ful-ness unto the clouds...

Thy mercy, O Lord, ... reacheth unto the heav'ns; and Thy faith-ful-ness unto the clouds, Thy

and Thy faith-ful-ness, and Thy faith-ful-ness unto the clouds, ... Thy

faith-ful-ness, and Thy faith-ful-ness reacheth, reacheth unto the clouds, ... Thy

and Thy faith-ful-ness, and Thy faith-ful-ness unto the clouds, reach-eth, Thy

faith-ful-ness unto the clouds, and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds, reach-eth

clouds, the clouds.

faith-ful-ness unto the clouds, and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds. ... unto the clouds.

unto the clouds... unto the clouds.

unto the clouds... unto the clouds.
The way is long and dreary.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Andante non troppo lento. $d = 72.$

Arthur Sullivan.

Voices and Organ.

The way is long and dreary, The path is bleak and bare; Our

feet are worn and weary, But we will not despair; More heavy was

O Lamb of God, Thy burden, More desolate Thy way,

O Lamb of God, who takest The sin of the Lamb of God, who takest The sin of the world away, Have

world away, Have mercy upon us.

mercy on us, mercy on us, up on us.

(By permission of Boosey and Co.)
Anthem No. 43.]

WORSHIP.

The snows lie thick around us, In the dark and gloomy night; And the

tempest wails above us, And the stars have hid their light; But blacker was the

O Lamb of God,

darkness Round Calvary's Cross that day, O

O Lamb of God, who taketh The sin of the

O Lamb of God, who taketh The sin of the world away, Have

world away, Have mercy upon us.

mercy on us, mercy on us, Have mercy on us.
Our hearts are faint with sorrow, heavy and sad to bear; For we dread the bitter
mor-row, But we will not despair; Thou know-est all our anguish, And

O Lamb of God, 
Thou wilt bid it cease; 
O Lamb of God, who tak-est The

God, who tak-est a-way . . . the sin of the world, . . . O Lamb of God, who
sin of the world a-way, the sin of the world, O Lamb of God, who

tak-est a-way the sin of the world, Give us Thy peace, O Lamb of

O Lamb of God, peace, . . .

O God, Lamb of God, Give us Thy peace.

O Lamb of God, 

(116)
Section 3.
PRAYER.

Enter not into judgment.

Psalm cxxiii. 2. Lento.

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.
Fierce raged the Tempest.

G. Thring.

G. C. E. Ryley.

Con moto.

Mzzo cres.

dim.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anxious servants keep, But Thou wast
PRAYER.

I am calm and still.

Calm and still.

Save, Lord, we per-ish,
PRAYER.

[Anthem No. 45.

was their cry, 'O save us, save us, save us in our

Marcato.

Thy word a-go-ny.'

Thy word a-bove the

Thy word a-bove, a-bove the storm rose

Marcato.

Thy word a-bove the storm rose high,

above, a-bove the storm rose high, 'Peace, be still.'

high,
The wild winds, the

Ch. Clarabella.

wild, winds hushed;

angry, the angry deep . . .

Sank, . . . sank,
like a little child, to sleep;

The sul-len bil-lows ceased to leap, ceased to

leap,

At Thy
Anthem No. 45.]

PRAYER.

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.

Unaccompanied if possible.

Amen.

(123)
Incline Thine ear to me.

Psalm xxxi. 2.

Andante.

Himmel.

Incline Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me: incline Thine ear.

* The section from * to * can be omitted.

(124)
PRAYER.

ear, in-cline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste, make haste to de-liv-er, me: O save me for Thy mer-cies' sake, O save me, save me for Thy mer-cies' sake.
Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me, O Lord, make haste to deliver me:

Inclined Thine ear, incline Thine ear to me,
PRAYER.

me, O Lord, make haste, make haste to deliver me: me, O Lord, make haste, make haste to deliver me:

save me for Thy mercies' sake, O save, O save me for Thy mercies' sake.

a tempo.

sake.

mf a tempo.
Let Thy merciful ear, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants, the prayers of Thy humble servants.

Let Thy merciful ear, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants. And

(By permission of Messrs. Patey and Willis.)
PRAYER.

that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee. And that they may obtain their petitions, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee, make them to ask such things as shall please Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.
PRAYER.

48 Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake.

Moderato.

Voices and Organ.

Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake, lay not 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 with a

that we may walk with a perfect heart, with a perfect

perfect heart.

(130)
hearth before Thee now and ever more, that we may walk with a

that we may walk with a perfect heart, ...

we may walk with a perfect heart,

we may walk with a perfect heart before Thee now and ever more.

\[49\]

O Lord, our strength.

Adagio.

O Lord, our strength, to Thee we pray; Turn not

Thou Thine ear away... O Lord, our strength, to
Thee we pray; Turn not Thou...Thine ear a-way.

Hear...the supplication which to Thee we render; Grant...us,

Lord, Thy love so pure and tender, Thou...our rock and fortress,

shalt...from harm defend us, Thou...in danger's hour Thy help shalt

lend us, O Lord, our strength, to Thee...we pray...
O Lord, my God.

2 Chron. vi. 21.

Adagio.

O Lord, my God, O Lord, my God, hear Thou the prayer Thy servant prayeth: have Thou respect unto his prayer, have Thou respect unto his prayer.

Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive, hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

Lord, forgive, O Lord, forgive, O Lord, forgive.
O Root of Jesse.

Isaiah xi. 6.  

Andante religioso.  

Myles B. Foster.

VOICES.

Andante religioso. $d = 78.$

ORGAN.

ensign of the peoples, 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!


Preserve me, O God.

Psalm xvi. 1—3. (Bob. 57)

Moderato.

Reginald S. Barnicott.

Preserve me, O God; for in Thee have I put my trust, preserve me, O God; for in Thee have I put my trust,
trust, preserve

trust, for in Thee have I put my trust, preserve. me, O God, for in

Thee have I put my trust, for in Thee have I put my trust, for in Thee have I put my

Gt. Diops. & 4 ft.
PRAYER.

[Anthem No. 52]

Oh, my soul, thou hast said un-to the Lord,

Thou art my Lord, ... Thou art my Lord; ... I ... have no good be-

yon-d Thee, no good ... be-yond Thee. All my de-

S-lower.

138
light is upon the saints that are in the earth, and such as excel in virtue, in virtue, in virtue. Preserve me, O God; for in I have put my trust, preserve me, O God, preserve me, O
God:.. for in Thee have I put my trust, for in Thee have I put my trust, preserve me, preserve me, for in Thee have I put my trust, in Thee have I put my trust.
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.

in Thy truth, I... will walk in Thy truth... Amen.
Psalm xxxi. 16, 17.

Moderato. $d=112.$

Shew Thy servant the light of Thy countenance; and save me,

save me, save me

light of Thy countenance; and save me, save me for Thy mercy's sake.

Let me not be confounded, O Lord, let me not be confounded, O Lord; for I have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have called upon Thee, have 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PRAYER.

Thee. Let the ungodly be put to confusion,

and be put to silence in the grave. Shew Thy servant the light of Thy

servant the light of Thy countenance; and save me, save me for Thy mercy's sake, shew Thy

mercy's sake, save me for Thy mercy's sake.

(143)
PBAYEB.

Ueacb me,

55
Psalm

cxix. 33.

T. ATTWOOD.


teach me, O Lord, 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.
56

**Turn Thee again, O Lord,**

Psalm xc. 13. T. ATTWOOD.

**Verse.**

Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last, turn Thee, turn Thee, turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto Thy servants.

**Voices and Organ.**

Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last, turn Thee, turn Thee, O Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto Thy servants.

**Larghetto.**
gracious, be gracious unto Thy servants, be gracious, be

gracious unto Thy servants, Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last,

O Lord, at the last, and be gracious, be

turn Thee, turn Thee, O Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto Thy

O Lord, at the last, and be gracious unto Thy servants, unto Thy servants, be gracious, be gracious unto Thy

servants, Thy servants, be gracious, be gracious unto Thy

servants, be gracious, be gracious unto Thy servants,

- to Thy servants. Amen, Amen.

- to Thy servants. Amen, Amen.
Within the hallowed stillness of this place.

Colin Sterne.

Adagio.

Voices and Organ.

With-in the hallowed stillness of this place, O liv-ing God, O liv-ing God, all chance and change a-

above.

Draw near our spi-rits as we seek Thy face,

In si- lent rever-ence and low-ly love, In si- lent rever-ence and low-ly love. Amen.
Section 4.

PENITENTIAL.

I will arise.

Luke xv. 18, 19.

Moderato. $d=84.$

Voices AND ORGAN.

I will arise, I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned, I 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.
Behold the Lamb of God.

John i. 29; Lam. i. 12.

Adagio.

Voices and Organ.

Behold the Lamb of God, behold the Lamb of God, behold the Lamb of God,

God, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. All ye that pass by, come see, all ye that pass by, come see, see if ever sorrow was like unto Mine, come see, come see.

Behold the Lamb of God, behold the Lamb of God, behold the Lamb of God,
PENITENTIAL.

God, . . .

God, the Lamb of God, be-hold the Lamb, the Lamb of God, that tak-eth a-

- way . . . the sin of the world. All ye that pass by, all ye that pass . . .

CHORALE.

by, come see, come see, come see. O . . Lamb of God, be-fore Thee, We

bow with a-dor-a-tion; We bless Thee and adore Thee; For Thy humili-a-

To Thee for mer-cy cry-ing, On Thy rich grace re-ly-ing, O Lamb of

God we bow be-fore Thee, And ev-er glad-ly we a-dore Thee. A-men.
PENITENTIAL.

60

Come, let us return.

Hosea vi. 1; Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 36; Lam. iii.

H. J. GAUNTLett.

Moderato.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord, unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; for He hath smitten, and will bind us up. Come,

Largo.

let us return unto the Lord, let us return unto the Lord. I, the Lord, have spoken, and I . . . will do it. I will sprinkle clean water, clean water, up-

Lento.

on you, and ye shall be clean, and ye shall be clean. Turn Thou us unto

Thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned. Look down, O Lord, and behold from

( 152 )
Anthem No. 60.

PENITENTIAL.

Andante.

cres.

heaven. Turn Thou us, and we shall be turned.

The Lord will not fail not; new ev'ry morn-ing. Great is His faith-ful-ness. Hope thou, and wait

quietly; wait, for He will have mer-cy, will a-bun-dant-ly par-don.

Seek ye the Lord; O call ye up-on Him; and great, O great shall be thy peace, and great, O great shall be thy peace. A-men, A-men.

(153)
Ps. li. 9—11.

**Turn Thy face from my sins.**

Thomas Attwood.

_Voice._

Larghetto.

Turn Thy face from my sins, and put out all my mis-deeds. Make me a clean heart, O God; and re-

new a right spirit within me, re-new, re-new, re-new, re-

new a right spirit within me, re-new a right spirit within me.
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, a right spirit, a right spirit, a right spirit.

Cast me not away, away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, and
PENITENTIAL.

[Anthem No. 61.

take not Thy Holy Spirit from me, Thy Holy Spirit from me.

VOICES AND ORGAN.

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.

(156)
Seek ye the Lord.

Moderato.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him

while He is near, seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him

righteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and

He will have mercy, and He will have mercy, and to our God,

and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

ISAIAH IV. 6, 7.

SEYMOUR SMITH.
Seek ye the Lord.

Isaiah lv. 6, 7.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.

He is near, call ye upon Him while He is near.
PENITENTIAL

wick-ed for-sake his way, his way, and th'un-right-eous way,
let the wick-ed for-sake his way, for-
man his thoughts; and let him re-turn un-
sake his way,
to the Lord, 

to the Lord, and He will have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-
on him, and to our God, for He will, for He will a-
let him re-turn un-to the Lord, let
bun-dant-ly par-don, let him re-turn un-to the...

(159)
PENITENTIAL.

[Anthem No. 63.]

Lord, let him return unto the Lord, for He will abundantly pardon.

He will pardon. Seek ye the Lord, seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near, seek ye the Lord.

He is near, seek ye the Lord, found, call ye upon Him while He is near.
How precious are Thy thoughts, O. God!

How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O. God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, if I should count them, they are more in number, more in number than the sand. How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O. God!

precious, how precious, precious, how precious are Thy thoughts, O God! how great is the precious, how precious to me, O God!

sum of them, how great is the sum of them! When I a-

how great (161)
When the bird breaketh, When the bird wak-eth, and the sha-dows flee; Fair-er than morn- ing, love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet con-sciousness

'I am with Thee.' Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,

Still with Thee, still with Thee,
Anthem No. 64.

MORNING.

bird wak-eth, when the bird wak-eth,

When the bird wak-eth, when the bird wak-eth, and the

shadows flee, the shadows flee; Fairer than morn-ing, love-lier than the

daylight, Dawns the sweet con-sciousness, dawns the sweet con-sciousness, 'I

'I, . . .

am with Thee, I . . . am . . . with Thee.'

. . . I am with Thee, . . . am . . . with Thee.' Still, still . . . with

Still with Thee, still with Thee, . . . still with Thee.

Thee, . . . still, still with Thee, . . .
65

My voice shalt Thou hear.

Psalm v. 3, 7.

Andante.

VOICES.

My voice shalt Thou hear

hear in the morning, O Lord;
in the morning will I direct my pray'run-to Thee, and will look up.

ORGAN.

(164)
I will come, will come into Thy house, I will come to Thy house, I...

in the multitude of Thy mercy, of Thy mercy;

and in Thy fear will I worship toward Thy holy temple,
and in Thy fear will I worship, worship toward Thy holy temple.

voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord, in the morning will I direct my voice.
MORNING.

rect my pray'r un-to Thee, and will look up, and will look up.

And in Thy fear will I worship, will I worship toward Thy holy temple, toward Thy holy temple.
Swiss Morning Hymn.

Andante.

Morn a-wakes in si-lence; Still in the vault-ed...sky,

Stars with fad-ing lus- tre, Gem its can-o-py. Hail, then, hail, fairmorning's gleam!

Praise to Him who kind- leth ev'-ry sun- ny beam. Swell your grate-ful voi-ces,

Bend in a-dor-a-tion, Praise the Lord of light, Bend in a-dor-a-

-a-tion, Praise the Lord of light, Lord of ev'-ry land and na-

Thron'd in bound-less might, thron'd in bound-less might, in bound-less might.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spirits seal;

Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re-pose our spirits seal;
EVENING.

Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal,

Though canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us, Though the

Più animato.

Più animato.

(170)
Anthem No. 67.]

**EVENING.**

ar-row past us fly, Though destruction walk a-

round us, Though the arrow past us... fly,

Angel guards from Thee surround us; We are
EVENING.

[Anthem No. 67.

safe if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot

Molto legato.

hide from Thee; Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be, Thou art He who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be, Who watchest.

where Thy people be, Who watchest where Thy people be.

(dim.)

(dim.)

(dim.)

(dim.)
EVENING.

Lento.

Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch become our

Poco animato.

tomb, May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in light and death-less

poco accel.

bloom, May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in light and

(174)
deathless bloom, May the morn in heaven a-

awake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Amen.
EVENING.

Sun of my Soul.

J. Keble.

Edmund Turner.

Andante con moto. $d = 96.$

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

O may no earth-born cloud arise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near.

(By permission of Ambrose, Abbott and Co.)
EVENING.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest forever on my Saviour's breast!

Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest forever, for ever...
EVENING.

[Anthem No. 63]

on my Saviour's breast! Org. mf

SOPRANO OR BARITONE.

A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I cannot live: A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

VOICES AND ORGAN.

A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wan'd'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin: Let him no more lie down in sin.
EVENING.

[Anthem No. 68.]

Moderato maestoso.  \( \text{f} \)

Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take; Till in the ocean of Thy love,

Till in the ocean of Thy
EVENING.

We lose ourselves in heaven above,
Till in the love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above, In the ocean of Thy love...
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Through the day Thy love hath spared us; Now we lay us down to rest;

Through the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest;

Through the day Thy love hath spared us; Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watch-ers guard us, Let no foe our peace molest;

Jesus, Jesus,

Jesus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust, to

trust in Thee.
EVENING.

[Anthem No. 69.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes,

Us and ours preserve from dangers, In Thine arms may we repose; And, when

cres.

dim.

life's brief day is over, when life's brief day is over,

cres.

dim.

May we rest with

life's brief day is over, when life's brief day is over,
Anthem No. 69.

EVENING.

Thee, . Rest with Thee in hea ven, in hea ven... at last.

Je su, Je su, Thou our Guardian be, . Sweet it is to

trust, to trust in Thee. A men.
EVENING.

After the daylight.

E. J.

Voices and Organ.

Adagio. $\frac{3}{4}$ 58

After the daylight cometh the night, Cometh the darkness, to rest our tired sight,

After the whirl and rush cometh the calm, The sleep of refreshment, sweet healing and balm.

Soprano.

After the toiling, the wear and the strife, Cometh cessation, renewing our life,

After the toiling, the wear and the strife,
EVENING.

Cometh cessation, renewing our life.

Voices and Organ.

With feeling. $\text{\textcopyright} 54.$

God's benediction thro' Nature's 'Be still,' The day and the night-time fulfilling His will,

Slower.

day and the night-time fulfilling His will, the day and the

night-time fulfilling His will. Amen, Amen.

(187)
EVENING.

71

After the daylight.

E. J.  Andante con moto.  R. H. Briscoe.

Organ.

After the daylight cometh the night,

Man.  Ped.

Cometh the darkness, to rest our tired sight,

(188)
After the whirl and rush cometh the calm, the sleep of refreshment, sweet healing and balm, sweet healing, sweet healing and balm, a tempo.

healing and balm.  

healing and balm.

healing and balm.
EVENING.

After the toil of the night, the wear and the strife,
Cometh cessation, renewing our life,
God's benediction through Nature's Be

(190)
The day and the night-time fulfilling His will; Amen, Amen.
'Tis the Birthday of our Saviour.

Florence Hoare.

Andante.

'Tis the birthday of our Saviour.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ is born, our glorious King!

As of old the Heav'n grew brighter, For the Babe that helpless
Anthem No. 72.]

CHRISTMAS.

lay, So our hearts from sorrow lighter, Would their grateful homage

pay, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Christ the Lord is born to-day.

Frost and cold and winter sunshine, Holly bright and yew and
CHRISTMAS.

\[ Anthem \text{ No. 72.} \]

bay, Swell the glory of the story, Christ is born, is born to-

\textbf{Tenor and Bass.}

'Twas an
day.

When the snow all pure and shining, Cloth'd the val-leys when He came.

em-blem of the white-ness That should hide our sin and shame: Fields and
mountains giving glory, To the greatness of His name.

Very softly and slowly.

Once again that angel message From the heavens whispers

'Peace,' In each dwelling ever telling, Of the love that shall not
cease. Then a-wake for night is over, Earth no longer lies forlorn, For the

angel host is singing Of the blessed Christmas morn, O awake, awake, and

hear them, Hallelujah! Christ is born, Hallelujah!
Hark, the glad sound.

P. Doddridge.

Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes! The Saviour promised long; Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne, And ev'ry voice a song.

F. C. Maker.

F. C. Maker.

Soprano.

Full Sw.
Every heart prepare a throne, And every voice a song.

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

Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes! The Saviour promised long; Let
ev'ry heart prepare a throne, And ev'ry voice a song. He

comes from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray; And

on the eyeballs of the blind To pour celestial day.

Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes! The Saviour promised long; Let

(199)
ev'ry heart prepare a throne, And ev'ry voice a song. He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure; And with the riches of His grace To enrich the humble poor. a tempo.

Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes! The Saviour promised long; Let ev'ry heart pra-
 pare a throne, And ev'ry voice a song. Our glad hosannas, Thou

Prince of Peace! Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heav'n's eternal

arches ring, With Thy beloved name.
Arise, shine; for thy light is come.

Isaiah lx. 1.

F. C. Maker.
come, arise, arise, shine; for thy light is come.

Ped. 

come, arise... and... shine, for thy light... is...

...and the glory of the Lord... is risen up...

...on thee, arise, arise, shine; for thy light is come.

rit.

( 203 )
CHRISTMAS.

75

Behold, I bring you good tidings.


SOPRANO SOLO. Quasi declamando.  

MYLES B. FOSTER.

Voice:

Allegretto pastorale.

Soprano Solo. Quasi declamando.

Organ:

Allegretto pastorale.

Sw. with Oboe.

Soft Ped.

Be- hold, I bring you good tid- ings,

tid- ings of great joy, which shall be to all people, to

all people. . . . Be- hold, I bring you good tid- ings,

(By permission of Messrs. Weekes and Co.)

(204)
tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, to

Soprano Solo.

all people. For unto you is born this day,

Soft Ped. uncoupled.

marcato e cres.

born in the city of David, a Saviour, a Saviour, which is

Full Sw. closed.

(205)
Christ the Lord. For unto you is born this day,
born in the city of David, a Saviour, a Saviour, which is

rall. al fine.

Christ the Lord.

rall. al fine.
Anthem No. 75]

SOPRANO SOLO.

* * *

Be - hold, I bring you good tid - ings.

Allegro con maestà.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, glo - ry to God in the
Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry,
Glo - ry, glo - ry to God in the high - est,
Glo - ry in the high - est, in the high - est,

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, in the high - est,
Glo - ry to God . . . in the high - est, glo - ry to God in the
Glo - ry to God in the high - est,
CHRISTMAS.
[Anthem No. 75.

"Glory, glory, glory to God, in the highest, glory..."

"Meno mosso."

"And peace, and peace on..."

(208)
Anthem No. 75.

CHRISTMAS.

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,

good-will, good-will toward men,
CHRISTMAS.

[Anthem No. 75.

Highest, glory to God in the highest,

Highest, in the highest, glory to God in the

Highest, glory to God in the highest, glory to God in the

Highest, in the highest, glory to God, to God in the

Highest, in the highest, glory to God, to God in the

Highest, glory to God in the highest, to God in the

Highest, glory to God, glorifying God in the

Piu animato.

Highest, in the highest.

Piu animato.

Amen.
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen,

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen,

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen,

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen,
76

Ye earthly choirs.

E. M. White.

L. Meadows White.

1. Ye earthly choirs to heav'n's ethereal plain,
2. Ye Christian folk, this happy day of days,

Lift high one
Join heart and

1. Ye earthly choirs to heav'n's ethereal plain,
2. Ye Christian folk, this happy day of days,
Anthem No. 76.]

CHRISTMAS.

1. Lift high one voice in one triumphant strain.
2. Join heart and voice, a glorious anthem raise.

1. Sing ye, rejoice!
2. Ye come to pray;

-joice! rejoice and sing again, Hosanna! Hal-le-lu-jah!
pray; ye also come to praise. Hosanna! Hal-le-lu-jah!

3. Ye deep-toned organs harmonies broadcast, Sound the loud trumpet

ff Trumpets.

f Gt. with 16 ft.

Sw. Reeds.

(213)
CHRISTMAS.

[Anthem No. 76.

in a joy-ful blast; The Christ is born, Sal-va-tion comes at last! Ho-

-san-na! Hal-le-lu-jah!

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

4. Ye bells ring high, in wild de-scent ring out, Ring in the
day, ring down the night of doubt;

day, ring down the night of doubt; A-wake the na-

Sw. Reed.

(214)
bid them rise and shout, Hosanna! Hallelujah!

5. Praise we the Babe, let praises rend the sky,
Ye nations, nations join a universal

(215)
And angel choirs from highest heav'n's reply, Ho-
y, sanna! Hallelujah!

A men, Amen, Amen, Amen.
Sing unto the Lord a new song.

Voices and Organ.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto, unto the Lord,

and His praise from the end of the earth, and His praise from the end, from the end, from the end of the earth, and His praise from the end of the earth, and His praise from the end, from the end of the earth,

earth, and His praise from the end, from the end of the earth.

(217)
Andante. $= 92.$
1st & 2nd SOPRANO.

For, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of

David, a Saviour, which is Christ, is Christ the Lord.

FULL. (S.A.T.B.)
Tempo l'no.

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth, and His praise from the end of the earth, and His praise from the end of the earth,
Anthem No. 77.

CHRI\STMAS.

end, from the end Full.

praise from the end, from the end of the earth, and His praise from the end, from the end of the earth. Glory to God in the high-
est, peace on earth, . . good - will . . towards men,

peace on earth, . . good - will . . towards men, good -

will . . towards men, peace on earth, . . peace on earth...

(219)
Section 8.
NEW YEAR OR ANNIVERSARY.

The Lord is good to all.  

Thomas Adams.

Voices and Organ.

The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies, His tender mercies, His tender mercies.

The Lord is good to all His works, His tender mercies over all His works.

The Lord hath done great things, done great things for
Anthem No. 78.

NEW YEAR.

Voices Alone.

us, ff Organ.
done great things for us, the

Lord hath done great things, great things for us... where of we re...

a tempo Slowly.

- joice. f Organ.

Voices and Organ.
Moderato.
cres.

For Thy mercy and Thy grace, Faithful, through an o ther year, Hear our song of

cres.

thank ful ness, Fa ther and Redeem er, Redeem er... hear!

(221)
A voice upon the midnight air.

J. Martineau, Solo or Unison. Charles Vincent, Organ.

Slowly and with much pathos.

A voice upon the midnight air, Where Kedron's

moon-lit waters stray, Weeps forth in agony of prayer, weeps

forth in agony of prayer:

"O Father, take this

cup away, O Father, take this cup away."

FULL.

f ad lib.

p

f colla voce.
Anthem No. 79.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Voices and Organ.

Father, take this cup away,' A voice, in agony of prayer, weeps forth... 'O Father, Father, take this cup away.'

Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death, We conquer in Thy mortal fray; and Earth for all her children saith, and Earth for all her children saith: O God, take not this
GOOD FRIDAY.

[Anthem No. 79]

cup a-way, O God, take not . . . this cup a-way.

FULL.

'O God, . . .

God, . . take not this cup a-way, . . . The Earth, the Earth for

Voices AND Organ.

cres.

all her chil-dren saith: 'O God, . . O God, take not this cup . . . a-
cres.

way.' A-

men, A-men.

way.' . . A-

men,

(224)
GOOD FRIDAY.

There is a green hill.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Lento.

Rowland Biant.

Voices.

Organ.

There is a green hill

far away, Without a city wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who

died to save us all. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains He had to

H †
GOOD FRIDAY.

Anthem No. 80.

bear; we may not know, we cannot tell what pains He had to bear; but

we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

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

There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin; He only could un-
GOOD FRIDAY.

[Anthem No. 80.

- lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.

- expressivo.

O dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, O

- expressivo. p p

O dear-ly, dear-ly

- expressivo. p p

dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved,

has He loved, And we must love Him

(228)
Anthem No. 80.

Poco cresc.

too, And trust in His redeeming blood,

Poco cresc.

trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do,

accel.

and try His works to do, And
GOOD FRIDAY.

molto cres.

trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to molto cres.

Molto più lento.

do. O dear-ly, O dear-ly has He molto cres.

Molto più lento.

loved And we ... must love Him too.

Solo.

Man. Ped.

(230)
Section 10.

EASTER.

Latin Hymn.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

CHARLES VINCENT.

Allegro moderato.

VOICES

Organ.

f maestoso.

Hal- le- lu- jah! The strife is o'er, the bat- tle done: The vic- to-

- ry of Life is won: The song of tri-umph has be- gun, Hal- le- lu -
The powers of death have done their worst, But

Christ their legions hath dispersed: Let shouts of holy joy out-

-burst, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
The three sad days have quickly sped: He rises.

Glorious from the dead; All glory to our risen Head! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
age-bound chains of hell; The bars from heaven's high portals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumph tell; Hallelujah!

Slower.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded

(234)
Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That
we may live, and sing to Thee. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen, Amen.
Since by man came death.

1 Cor. xv. 21, 22.

G. F. Handel.

Since by man came death, since by man came death.

By Man came also the resurrection of the dead, by Man came also the resurrection of the
dead, by Man also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, for as in Adam all die.

Even so in Christ shall all be made alive, even so in
Christ shall all be made alive, e'en so in Christ shall all, so in Christ shall all.
If we believe that Jesus died.

1 Thess. iv. 14, 18.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, if

Slowly.

If we believe that Jesus died, if we believe that Jesus died and

Slowly, $\text{J}_{84}$.

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, if we believe that Jesus died and

¥òì³£î³ñ

If we believe that Jesus died

Jesus died and rose again, if we believe that Jesus died

¥òì³£î³ñ

rose again, if we believe that Jesus
EASTER.

Anthem No. 83.

also which sleep in Jesus, rose again, ev'n so them also which sleep in Jesus, also which sleep in Jesus, which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, will which sleep in Jesus will God bring with sleep in Jesus will God bring with sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, will

1st & 2nd Soprano.

God, will God bring with Him, will God bring, will God bring with Him, will

Alto.

Him, will God, will God bring, will God bring, will God bring with Him, will God bring with Him, will God bring with Him, will

(240)
God will bring with Him, if we believe that Jesus died, if we believe that Jesus died, that Jesus died, if we believe that Jesus died, that Jesus died, and rose, and that Jesus died and rose, and if we believe that Jesus rose.

(241)
rose again, ev'n so them also which

gain, rose again, ev'n so them also which

gain, rose again, ev'n so them also which

sleep in Jesus, which sleep in Jesus, sleep in Jesus, sleep in Jesus, sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, will God, will God bring with Him, will God

sus will God, susp will God sus will God bring with Him, will God bring with Him, will God

sus will God, sus will God will God

Anthem No. 83.]

God bring with Him, will God bring

bring with Him, will God bring

with Him, will God bring

with Him, will God bring

Him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words,

with these

Slowly. \( \text{C} = 56 \)
Section II.

WHITSUNTIDE.

Come, Holy Ghost.

Latin Hymn.

SOPRANO.

Larghetto, dolce.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And light en with celestial fire;

Organ.

p dolce.

dolce.

Thou the anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above Is comfort, life, and fire of love, is

comfort, life, and fire of love.
VERSE (unaccompanied, if possible).

En-a-ble with per-pe-tual light The dul-ness of our

blind-ed sight: Anoint and cheer our soil-ed face With the ab-

bun-dance of Thy grace; Keep far our foes; give peace at

home; Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come, where Thou art

Guide, no ill can come!
WHITSUNTIDE.

Voices and Organ.

FULL.

Teach us to know the Father, Son, and Thee, of both, to be but One; That, through the ages all along, This may be our endless song; Praise to Thy eternal merit,

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Father, Son, and

Holy Spirit, Org. mf
When the day of Pentecost was fully come.

Acts ii. 1—4; Romans x. 15, 18.

Quasi Recitativo.

Voices.

Quasi Recitativo.

Organ.

Ped.

Pen-te-cost was ful-ly come, the dis-ci-ples were all with one ac-cord

in one place.

When sud-den-ly there

came a sound from heaven, as of a rush-ing might-y

Copyright, 1896, by Charles Vincent.
wind, and it fill'd all the house where they were sitting. And there ap-
peared un-to them cloven tongues, as of fire, and it sat up-on each of them.

And they were all fill'd with the Ho-ly Ghost, and be-gan to

speak with o-ther tongues, as the Spi-rit gave them ut-ter-ance.
How beautiful are the feet of them that
preach the gospel of peace,
how beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful are the
feet, how beautiful, how beautiful the feet of them that
peopled.

(249)
WHITSUNTIDE.

[Anthem No. 85.]

preach the gospel of peace.

Gl. coupl. to Sw.

sound went into all the earth, their sound went into all the earth,

cres.

their words unto the ends of the world, their words unto the ends of the world, their

dim.

Man.

(250)
Anthem No. 85.]

WHITSUNTIDE.

world, their words un-to the ends of the world, the
cres.

words un-to the ends of the world, the ends, the ends of the world, the
cres.

words, their words un-to the ends of the world,

ends

world, ends of the world, their sound went into all the earth, and their

world, ends of the world, their sound went into all the earth, and their

Ped.

words un-to the ends of the world, their words un-to the ends of the

words un-to the ends of the world, their words un-to the ends of the

Sw.

(251)
WHITSUNTIDE.

the ends . . . of the world.

world,

How

How bea- ti- ful are the feet of them that preach the

beau- ti- ful are the feet of them that preach the gos- pel of peace, how

gos - pel of peace, the gos - pel of peace, how

feet of them, how beau - ti- ful are the feet, how

beau - ti- ful are the feet of them that preach the gos - pel of peace, of

how beau - ti- ful are the feet, how beau - ti -
beauti ful the feet
peace,

of them that preach the gospel of peace,

that

ful the feet

preach the gospel of peace,

the gospel of

peace.
Section 12.
FLOWER SERVICES.

Consider the Lilies.

Matthew vi. 28—30.
Andante grazioso.

Voices and Organ.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, how they grow, how they grow:

Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they toil not, neither do they spin, they toil not, they toil not, neither do they spin:

Spin: and yet... I say to you, That even Solomon, even
Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these, was not arrayed like one of these.

Consider the lilies of the field. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and to-morrow, to-morrow is...
FLOWER SERVICES.

Voices and Organ.

f a tempo.  
cres.

cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, 

f a tempo.  
cres.

you, O ye of little faith? shall He not much more clothe you, O

dim. e rall.  
a tempo.

ye of little faith? Consider, consider the lilies of the

Tempo lmo.  

Consider, consider the lilies of the

field, how they grow, how they grow,

how they grow,

Consider the lilies, how they grow.

Sw. pp  
dim.

(256)
He watereth the hills.

He watereth the hills, the hills from above; the earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works. He watereth the hills, the hills from above; the earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works.

He bringeth forth grass for the
grass for the cattle, green herb for the service of man.
cattle, and green herb for the service, the service of man.

VERSE. Unaccompanied, if possible.

He water-eth the hills, the hills from above; the earth is
filled with the fruit of Thy works. He water-eth the hills, the
hills from above; the earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works.
O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full, the earth is full, is full of Thy riches.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! O Lord, how manifold
are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all, in wisdom hast Thou
made them all: the earth, the earth is full, is full of Thy
riches. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou
made them all: the earth is full, the earth is full, is

full of Thy riches.

Amen.
Praise the Lord, O my soul.  

Psalm civ. 1, 13, 14.  

Allegro moderato.  

By permission of Patey and Willis.)
ceed-ing glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my
The Lord, my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious. Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, O my soul, He watereth the hills from above: the earth is from above:
filled with the fruit of Thy works. He water-eth the hills, the hills from above: the earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works. He bring-eth forth grass, grass for the cat-tle, and green herb for the ser-vice of
man. He watereth the hills, the hills from above, He watereth the hills, the hills from above: the earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works.
Praise the Lord, O my soul. O Lord, my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour.

Praise the Lord, my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour, Thou art clothed with majesty, with majesty and honour.
Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

Lord, my God, Thou art becoming exceedingly glorious. Praise the

Lord, O my soul. Praise, praise the Lord.
Praise the Lord, O my soul.

Psalm ciii. 1, 2; lxvi. 5; lxv. 13.

Allegro con spirito. $\frac{d}{108}$

Roland Smart.

(By permission of Ambrose Abbott and Co.)
Harvest.

[Anthem No. 89.]

Moderate.

in me, all that is within me, praise... His holy name,

Moderate.

O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord,
Anthem No. 89.

HARVEST.

O come hither, and behold the works of the Lord:

how wonderful, how wonderful, how wonderful He is in His doing toward the children of men, how wonderful He is in His doing toward the children of men.
The valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing, the valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing, they...
Anthem No. 89.

HARVEST.

laugh, they laugh, and sing, they laugh, and sing.

laugh, they sing, Praise the Lord.

valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing, the
valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing, they laugh and they

laugh, they laugh, they laugh, they laugh, they

sing. Praise the Lord; Praise the Lord; The valleys stand so

sing.
Anthem No. 89.

thick with corn, the valleys stand so thick with corn, they laugh, they sing, Praise the

Maestoso e grandioso.

Lord, Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord, praise the

Maestoso e grandioso.

praise,

Lord, and all that is within me, praise His

(275)
Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the
name, praise His holy name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the
name, praise His holy name.

Lord, O my soul, and forget not all, His benefits, Amen.
Heap on His sacred altar.*

J. S. B. Monsell.

Tenor (or Soprano and Alto),
smooth and sustained.

Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave:

The golden sheaves of harvest;
The souls He died to save,

The souls, the souls He

[Musical notation and text]

(* Part of an Anthem, 'Sing to the Lord of Harvest.')

(By permission of Patey and Willis.)
died to save. Your hearts lay down before Him, When at His feet ye
died to save.

Your hearts lay down before Him, When at His feet ye

And with your lives adore. Him, Who gave His life for
And with your lives adore Him, Who gave His life for all, for all. Heap on His sacred altar The gifts His goodness gave: The golden
HARVEST.

The gifts His goodness gave: The golden sheaves of harvest;

The gifts He gave, The golden sheaves of harvest;

The souls He died, He died to.

The souls He died, He died to.

save.

mf crescendo.

Sw. p

(280)
Sing to the Lord of Harvest.


Con spirito.  \( J = 108 \).

Sing to the Lord of Harvest, Sing songs of love and praise; With joy-ful hearts and voices Your Halle-lu-jahs raise. By Him the roll-ing

(Copyright, 1886, by Novello, Ewer & Co.)
The image contains a musical notation for a piece titled "Harvest," which is an anthem from "Anthem No. 91." The text in the image is as follows:

Sea-sons in fruitful order move; Sing to the Lord of Harvest, a song of happy love.

Sing to the Lord of Harvest, Sing songs of love and praise, With joyful hearts and voices Your Hallelujahs raise.
By Him the clouds drop fat-ness, The de-serts bloom and spring, The hills leap up in glad-ness, The val-leys laugh and sing, the val-leys laugh and sing, He fill-eth with His
fulness All things with large increase; He crowns the year with goodness, With plenty,
HARVEST.

SOPRANO, BARITONE, OR TENOR SOLO.

*Andante espressivo*.

Heap on His sacred altar The gifts His goodness gave: The golden sheaves of harvest; The souls He died to save. Your hearts lay down before Him, When at His feet ye fall, . And with your lives adore Him, Who gave His life for all.

Sing, sing to the Lord, sing, sing to the Lord,
Anthem No. 91.

Sing to the Lord of Harvest, Sing songs of love and praise, With joyful hearts and voices Your Hallelujahs raise. Sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord of
HARVEST.

Harvest, sing to the Lord, sing to the Lord, sing, sing to the

Lord, to the Lord, Songs of love and praise. Halle-

Lord, sing to the Lord,

The eyes of all wait upon Thee.

Psalm cxlv. 15, 16, 19; cxxxvi. 25, 26.

CHARLES VINCENT.

SOPRANO. cantabile.

wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat, their meat in due season, the eyes of all wait, wait upon Thee, O Lord, O Lord, up upon Thee.
HARVEST.

Thou o-penest Thine hand, and sat- is-fi-est the de-sire of

FULL.

ev'-ry living thing, of ev'-ry living thing. The Lord will ful-

the de-sire of

the de-sire of them that fear Him, the Lord will ful-

Lord... will ful- fil the de-

k† (289)
them, of them that fear Him. The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O

sire of them that fear Him.

sire of them that fear Him. The eyes of all wait on Thee, O

Lord; and Thou givest them their meat, their meat in due season,

Lord; Thou givest them their meat in due season,

Thou givest them their meat, their meat in due season, the

Lord; and Thou

the eyes of all wait, wait upon Thee, O

eyes of all wait, on Thee, O Lord, on Thee, O

wait upon Thee, O Lord, upon Thee, O
Lord, upon Thee; and Thou giv-est them their meat, their
Lord, upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou giv-est them their meat, their

Lord, upon Thee; and Thou giv-est them their

O give thanks un-to the God of heaven,
thanks unto the God of heaven, for His mercy endurth, endurth for ever, for ever.

Who giveth food, food to all flesh, His mercy endurth, His mercy endurth, His mercy, His mercy, His mercy endurth.
Anthem No. 92.

His mercy endures for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven.
HARVEST.

Anthem No. 92.

dur-eth for ev-er, for ev-er,
givethanks, give

thanks un-to the God of heaven, for His mer-cy en dur-eth for

molto rall.  ff


molto rall.  ff

molto rall.  ff

(294)
While the earth remaineth.

Gen. viii. 22; Ps. civ. 24; exlv. 16; lxv. 9, 11, 13.

J. H. MAUNDER.

Adagio sostenuto. \( \frac{3}{4} \) 72.

Soft Reed or Voix Celeste.

Slowly and solemnly, with a gradual crescendo to the double bar.

While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and
cold and

cres.

Accomp. ad lib. cres.

heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

cres.

Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Maunder.)

(295)
HARVEST.

With brightness.
O Lord, how

O Lord, how man-i-fold, how man-i-fold are Thy

Allegro.

works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all, in wisdom hast Thou made them all,

Allegro. $\text{q}=120$.

O Lord, how man-i-fold, how man-i-fold are Thy works, in wis-dom, in

Gt. $f$

man-i-fold, how man-i-fold are Thy works,
wis-dom hast Thou made. them all. Thou o - pen-est Thine hand, . Thou

 Solo (ad lib.),

 o - pen-est Thine hand, and fill-est all things liv - ing with plen - teous -

 Solo (ad lib.),

- ness. Thou vis - it - est the earth, and bless - est. it; Thou
O Lord, how manifold, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all, in manifold, how manifold the year with Thy goodness.

O Lord, how manifold, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all, in
works, in wisdom, in wisdom hast Thou made them all.

manifold are Thy works,

Andante pastorale. \( \cdot \) \(-\) 80.

p Soft Sw. with 8 ft. Reed.

grazioso.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys are
HARVEST.

[Anthem No. 93.

cover'd with corn; they shout . . for joy, . . they also sing, . . they

cover'd with corn; they shout . . for joy, . . they also sing, . . the

pastes are clothed with flocks; the val'leys are cover'd with corn; they shout . . for

pastes are clothed with flocks; the val'leys are cover'd with corn; they shout . . for

joy, . . they also sing, . . the pastures are clothed with flocks, they

joy, . . they also sing, . . the pastures are clothed with flocks, they

(300)
they sing, . . .

shout, . . . . the val - leys are cover'd with corn, the val - leys are 
pas - tures are clothed with flocks, they shout, . . . .

covered with corn; they shout for joy, . . . they al - so sing. O

poco accel.

Lord, . . how man - i - fold, how man-i-fold are Thy works, O

poco accel.

Slightly faster than \( \frac{4}{3} \) of previous movement.
Harvest.

Maestoso grandioso.

Lord, how manifold, how manifold are Thy works, in wisdom.

Maestoso grandioso. \( \text{d} = 92 \)

in wisdom hast Thou made them all.

Let every thing hast Thou made them all.

rall.

ad lib.

Largo.

fff

* Largo. \( \text{d} = 78 \)

that hath breath, praise the Lord.

* Humphrey's Chant.

(302)
Section 14.
HOSPITAL.

Blessed is the man.

E. DAVIDSON PALMER.

Voices and Organ.

Blessed is the man that provideth for the sick, and needeth for the needy; the Lord shall deliver him, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of 
HOSPITAL.

trouble. Blessed, blessed, blessed is the man that provideth for the sick, blessed is the man that provideth for the sick; the Lord shall deliver him, the Lord shall deliver him, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble. Amen.

(804)
While we have time.

Organ.

Voices and Organ.

While we have time, while we have time, let us do good unto all men, while we have time, while we have time, let us do good unto all men, and specially to them, and specially to them that are of the household of faith.

(305)
Blessed, blessed, blessed is the man that provideth, the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.
Section 15.
MISSIONS.

How lovely are the Messengers.

Andante con moto.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Voices.</th>
<th>Organ.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How love-ly are the mes-sengers that preach us the gos-pel of peace, how love-ly are the mes-sengers that preach us the gos-pel of peace, the gos-pel of peace, the mes-sengers that preach us the gos-pel of peace, how love-ly are the mes-sengers that preach us the gos-pel of peace.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mendelssohn.
are they that preach us the gospel of peace. To all

To all

to all...the nations is

gone forth the sound of their words, to all...the nations

gone forth the sound of their words, is gone forth the sound of their words, their

gone...the
How love-ly are the mes-sen-gers that preach us the gos-pel of peace.

To peace, the gos-pel of peace, that preach us the gos-pel of peace.
all the nations is gone forth the sound of their words,

To all the nations, To

(310)
Anthem No. 96.]

MISSIONS.

gone forth the sound of their words, to all the nations is

gone forth the sound of their words: throughout all the lands their glad tidings. How lovely are are messengers that
How love\-ly they that preach us the gos\-pel of peace,

How love\-ly are the mes\-sen\-gers that preach us the gos\-pel of peace,

How love\-ly they that preach us the gos\-pel of peace,
Ye are the light of the world.

Matt. v. 11, 12, 14; Mark xvi. 15.

Arthur Berridge.

Missions.

Voices.

Organ.

Ye are the light of the world, ye are the light of the world.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every
creature, go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to ev'ry creature.

Ye are the light of the world, ye are the light of the world, ye are the light of the world.
Anthem No. 97.

Voices and Organ.

Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are ye, when men shall re-vile you, and shall say all man-ner of e-vil a-gainst you false-ly, for My sake.

Bless-ed, bless-ed,

bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are ye, when men shall re-vile you, and shall say all man-ner of e-vil a-gainst you false-ly, for My sake.

Animato. Tempo lmo.

Re-joice, re-joice, and be ex-

(315)
MISSIONS.

You. Ye are the light of the world, ye are the light of the world, ye are the light of the world.

re-joice, re-joice, for great is your reward in heav’n; for which were before.
Section 16.

BAPTISM.

98 If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

BAPTISM.

[Anthem No. 98.]

Fa- ther, and I . . will pray the Fa- ther, He shall give . . .

you an - o - ther Com - fort - er, that He may a - bide . . . with you for
give you an - o - ther Com - fort - er, that He may a - bide with you for
ev - er, a - bide with you for ev - er; e - ven the Spi - rit, the Spi - rit of truth.
ev - er, He may a - bide for ev - er; e - ven the Spi - rit of truth.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

Numbers vi. 24—26.

Arthur Berridge.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, the Lord
bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee,
and be gracious unto thee: the Lord bless thee, and keep thee, the Lord
bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, the Lord
lift up His countenance upon thee, the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and
and give thee peace, give thee peace.
give thee peace, and give thee peace, give thee peace. . . Org. p  pp
give thee peace, give thee peace, give thee peace. . .
Section 17.

COMMUNION.

O saving Victim.

J. STAINER.
Anthem No. 100.

COMMUNION.

Fierce foes are nigh, and wars as - sail, Grant suc - cour, give us vic - to - ry!

Fierce foes are nigh, and wars as - sail, Grant suc - cour, give us vic - to - ry!

O sav-ing Vic - tim, O saving Vic-tim, slaine for us!

O sav-ing Vic - tim, slaine for us!

O sav-ing Vic - tim, slaine for us, for us!
O saving Victim, slain for us! The gates of heav'n to us unfold!

O saving Victim, slammed for us!

O saving Victim, Amen.

Victim, saving Victim.
Jesu, Word of God incarnate.

(AVE VERUM.)

Adagio.

pp sotto voce.

MOZART.

Voices

Organ.

carnate, Of the Virgin Mother born;

On the cross Thy sacred body For us men with

For us men with

(323)
nails... was torn.

Cleanse us by the blood and water streaming from Thy pierced side; Feed us with Thy...
Anthem No. 101

COMMUNION.

bo-

- dy

bro-

ty

bo-

dy

bro-ken.

Now,

and

in

deoth's

\( ^{325} \)
Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.

1 Cor. v. 7, 8.

Moderato. $\frac{d}{4}=66$.

Christ our pass-o-ver is sac-rif-iced for us;

Moderato & -$

there-fore let us keep the feast, there-fore let us keep the feast,

Sol-o. Rather slower.

not with the old lea-ven, nor with the lea-ven of

Rather slower.

mal-ice and wick-ed-ness; but with th'un-lea-vened bread of sin-

JOHN GOSS.
Now, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened bread of sincerity, but with th'un-leavened 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COMMUNION.

[Anthem No. 102.]

mal - ice and wick - ed - ness; but . with th'un - lea - vened

bread, th'un - lea - vened bread of sin - ce - ri - ty and truth, let us

us keep the feast, let us keep the feast,

keep the feast, let us keep the feast, with th'un-lea -

vened bread of sin - ce - ri - ty and truth, with th'un-

vened bread of sin - ce - ri - ty and truth, with th'un-

Rather slower.

with th'un-lea - ven'd bread

lea - vened bread, the bread of sin - ce - ri - ty and truth.

lea - vened bread .

(328)
Jesu, Word of God incarnate.

Andante non troppo.

C. GOUNOD.

Je - su, Word of God in - car - nate, Of the Vir - gin Mo - ther born;

For us men and our sal - va - tion Thou as Son . . . wast

cruci - fied. Thou didst know the shame and an - guish, All the aw - ful

lone - li - ness, . . Thou wast wound - ed for our trans-gres - sions, Thou wast

(By permission of Weekes and Co.)
COMMUNION.

Anthem No. 103.

bruised for our iniquities. Thou who tasted death for all men,

Grant us in Thy death to find our life, to find our life for

man, Son of God, Thou King victorious, Save, we beseech Thee.

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.
Section 18.
MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Weep not for me.

Thomas Dale.

Not slowly.

1. When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me;
2. When the pangs of death assail me, Weep not for me;

When the languid eye is straining, Weep not for me;

Christ is mine, He cannot fail me, Weep not for me;

When the feeble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift decreasing,

Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour From His love my soul to sever,

'Tis the fettered soul's releasing; Weep not for me.

Jesus is my strength for ever: Weep not for me. Amen.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Evening and Morning.

'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

Canon Gregory Smith.  
Sir Herbert Oakeley.

Organ.

Double Quartet, or Semi-Chorus.

Comes, at times, a still-ness as of even,

Steeping the soul in memories of love, of love, As when the glow is

(Copyright by H. S. Oakeley.)
Anthem No. 105.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

sink-ing out of hea - ven, as when the twi - light deep - ens in the grove.

Comes, at length, a sound of ma - ny voi - ces, as when the waves break

light - ly on the shore, break lightly, as when at dawn the feather'd choir re - joic - es, 

(333)
MEMORIAL SERVICES.

[Anthem No. 105.

Sing-ing a-loud, be-cause the night is o'cr.

DOUBLE QUARTET, or SEMI-CHORUS

Comes, at times, a voice of days departed, On the dy-ing

breath of eve-ning borne, dy-ing breath of evening borne, Sinks then the tra-v’ler, faint and wea-ry-heart-ed. 'Long is the way,' it
Anthem No. 105.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Borne on the breezes of the rising day; Saying, saying, 'The Lord shall make an end of sadness,' Saying, 'The Lord shall wipe all tears away.' Amen.

whispers, 'and forlorn.' Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,

full. Animato.

poco rall.

p p rall.

(335)
Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON.
(By permission of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

J. FREDERICK BRIDGE.

Andante tranquillo.

Voices and Organ (ad lib.).

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for

moaning of the bar, cres.

I put out to sea; But such a tide as moving

seems... asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When

a-sleep, Too full for sound and foam,

that which drew from out the bound-less deep Turns again home.

(336)
MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And

sadness of farewell, When I em-

may there be no sadness of farewell. When I em-

sadness, When I em-

bark, For though from out our bourne of Time and

Place, The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my

Place, The flood may bear me far,

Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar.
107  Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED, Lord TENNYSON.
(By permission of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)

ROWLAND BRIANT.

Voices.

Organ.

Lento.

Lento.

Sun-set and
cres.

eve-ning star, And one clear call for me!... And may there be no moaning of the bar, When
cres.

I put out to sea; But such a tide as moving seems a - sleep, Too
cres.

(338)
Anthem No. 107.]

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

cres. molto.

full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep
cres. molto.

dim.

Twilight and evening bell, And

dim.

Turns again home.

(dim.)

Più lento.

a tempo.

Piu lento.

a tempo.

cres.

af-ter that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I.

em.

a tempo.

cres.

a tempo.

cres.

( 339 )
MEMORIAL SERVICES.

[Anthem No. 107]

bark. For tho' from our bourne of Time and Place, The flood may

I hope to see my Pilot face to face, When

I have crossed the bar, when I have crossed the bar.

(340)
Sleep thy last sleep.

(REQUIEM.)

E. A. DAYMAN.

Slowly.

J. Barnby.

Voices and Organ.

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sorrow;
2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sadness;
3. Though we may mourn Those in life the dearest,

Rest where none weep, Till the eternal morrow.
Brightly at last Dawns a day of gladness;
They shall return, Christ, when Thou appearest;

Though dark waves roll O'er the silent river,
Under thy sod Earth, receive our treasure,
Soon shall Thy voice Comfort those now weeping,

Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.
To rest in God, Waiting all His pleasure.
Bid ding rejoice All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

(341)
MEMORIAL SERVICES.

109 The Lord God will wipe away tears.

Isaiah xxv. 8.

Andante.

J. Varley Roberts.

Voices.

The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces, the Lord God will

Andante. \( \text{d}=108. \)

Organ.

wipe away tears from off all faces, the Lord God will wipe away

add Oboe.

tears, wipe away tears from off all faces;

sensa Org.

Org.

Ped.
and the rebuke of His people shall He take away; for the Lord hath spoken it, the Lord hath spoken it.
MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces, the Lord God will

wipe away tears from off all faces, the Lord God, the Lord God will wipe away
Section 19.
CHILDREN.

It is a thing most wonderful.

W. W. How.

J. H. Maundell.

*If necessary, the Sopranos of the Choir may sing with the Children.

(By permission of Ambrose Abbott and Co.)
CHILDREN.

Choir. Soprano.

And yet I know that it is true: He came to this poor world below, And

Molto espressivo, poco rall.

wept, and toil'd, and mourn'd, and died, Only because He lov'd us so.

colla voce.

It is a thing most wonderful, most wonderful!

a tempo.

Children.

I cannot tell how He could love A child so weak and full of sin; His

(346)
love must be most wonderful. If He... could die, my love to win.

It is a thing most wonderful, most wonderful!

I sometimes think about the Cross, And shut my eyes, and try to see The cruel nails, and

crown of thorns, And Jesus crucified, crucified for me:— But
CHILDREN.

[Anthem No. 110.]

Even could I see Him die, I could but see a little part of that great love, which, like a fire, is always, is always burning in His heart.

It is a thing most wonderful, most wonderful!
Anthem No. 110.

ALL THE VOICES IN UNISON.

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. 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, until I see Thee as Thou art. Amen.
As helpless as a child.

1. 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; So I, my Father, cling to Thee, And thus I every hour. Would link my earthly feebleness To Thine almighty vine. Can read the love that will sustain As weak a faith as mine.

2. As trustful as a child who looks Up in his mother's face, And all his little griefs and fears Forgets in her embrace; So I to Thee, my Saviour, look, And in Thy face divine Can read the love that will sustain As weak a faith as mine; As trustful as a child, So would I look to Thee.
3. As loving as a child who sits Close to his parent's knee, And

knows no want while he can have That sweet society; So,

Would all its love out-pour,

sitting at Thy feet, my heart Would all its love out-pour,

And

pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more; As

loving as a child, So would I come to Thee.
CHILDREN.

112

Every morning the red sun.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

Rowland Briant.

Soprano and Alto (Children).*

Voices.

1. Ev'ry morning the red sun
2. Ev'ry spring the sweet young flowers

Organ.

Rises warm and bright; But the evening cometh on, And the dark cold
Open fresh and gay, Till the chily autumn hours Wither them a

Full.

night: There's a bright land far away, Where 'tis never ending day...
way: There's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are always green...

* When possible, the early part of the first four verses should be sung by Children alone, the Congregation and Choir joining in at the parts marked Full.
3. Little birds sing songs of praise All the summer
4. Christ our Lord is ever near Those who follow

There's a place where angels sing Ceaseless praises to their King,
There's a happy, glorious place, Where His people see His face,

Ceaseless praises to their King.
Where His people see His face.
5. Who shall go to that fair land? All who love the right;

Holy children there shall stand, In their robes of white:

For that heaven so bright and blest... Is our
Anthem No. 112.

CHILDREN.

For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest.
CHILDREN.

One there is above all others.

MARIANNE NUNN.

CHARLES VINCENT.

Voices.

One there is above all others; O how He loves, how He loves!

Organ.

Andante.

O how He loves!

His love beyond a brother's; O how He loves, how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us, earthly friends may fail or leave us,

(English Copyright, 1886, by Charles Vincent.)
Anthem No. 113.

CHILDREN.

earth - ly friends may fail, or leave us,

One day soothe,

one day soothe,

the next day

soothe...

us,

The next day grieve us, one day soothe,

(357)
CHILDREN.

[Anthem No. 113.]

next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er deceive us, ne'er de-

O how He loves, O how He loves!
Anthem No. 113.

CHILDREN.

SOPRANO OR TENOR SOLO.

'Tis eternal life to know Him;

Think, O think how much we owe Him; With His precious blood He bought us,

In the wilderness He sought us, To His fold He safely brought us,

O how He loves, O how He loves,

Full.

O how He

colla voce.

(359)
He loves!

loves! O how He loves!

Through His name we are forgiven; O how He loves,

O how He loves!

how He loves! Backward shall our foes be driven;
Anthem No. 113.

CHILDREN.

O how He loves!

O how He loves, how He loves! Best of blessings He'll provide us,

Best of blessings

He'll provide us,

He'll provide us, best of blessings He'll provide us,

Nought but good shall e'er betide us, Best of blessings -vide us, He'll provide us, He'll provide us, best of blessings He'll provide us,

Nought but good shall e'er betide us, Safe to glory He will guide us,
Safe, nought but good shall e'er be-tide us,
Safe, nought but good shall e'er be-tide us,
Safe, nought but good shall e'er be-tide us,
Safe, nought but good shall e'er be-tide us,

Safe, safe, to glory He will guide us,
Safe, safe, to glory He will guide us,
Safe, safe to glory He will guide us,
Safe, safe to glory He will guide us,

O how He loves, O how He loves!
O how He loves, O how He loves!
O how He loves, He loves!
Section 20.
CANTICLES.

I.
Te Deum Laudamus.

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 cherubim and seraphim 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 thro'out 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 took'st 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 to all believers. Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to judge the living and the dead. 

(365)
be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast re-deem-ed

with Thy pre-cious blood. Make them to be num-bered with Thy saints in glo-ry

ev-er-last-ing. O Lord, save Thy peo-ple, and

bless Thine he-rit-age. Go-vern them, and lift them up for

Tempo 1mo.

ev-er. Day by day we mag-ni-fy Thee, and we

(366)
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, our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee, in Thee have I trusted,

- ed, let me never, let me never be confounded.

(367)
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 there-in.
Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full, 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; al

 so the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Thou art the King of glory,
O Christ, Thou art the ever-lasting 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 to all believers. Thou sittest at the right hand, the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We be...
dim.

believe that Thou shalt come... to be our Judge...

We

dim.

therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast re

Sw.

Ch.

dim.

redeemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered
with Thy saints, in glory everlast -

- ing. O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage. Govern

(Unaccompanied, if possible.)

Tempo 1mo.

them, and lift them up for ever. Day by day, day by
cres.

Tempo 1mo.

cres.  

Gt. to 15th.

Ped.

( 375 )
CANTICLES.

I

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, have mercy upon us. O
Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is
in Thee, O Lord, in Thee, in Thee have I
trusted, let me never be confounded.
III.

Te Deum Laudamus.

HAMiLTON ROBINSON.

Voices.

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

Organ.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father ever-lasting. To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers there-in. To Thee cherubim and
Lord God of Sabaoth; a tempo. cres.
Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy
glory. The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee; the
good-ly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee; the no-ble

army of martyrs praise. Thee; the ho-ly Church throughout

all the world. doth ac-know-ledge Thee; the. Fa-ther
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 up on 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 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
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...
CANTICLES.

[116, Te Deum, III.

light-en up-on us, as our trust is in Thee. O

Lord, in Thee, in. Thee have I trust-ed; let me

never be confound-ed.

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IV.

Te Deum Laudamus.

Voices.

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 cherubim and

Organ.

(Canticles.)

(By permission of Ambrose Abbott and Co.)
CANTICLES.

Se-ra-phim con-tin-u-al-ly do cry, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,

Lord God of Sa-ba-oth! Heaven and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of Thy
glo-ry. The glo-ri-ous com-pa-ny of the a-pos-tles praise
Thee; the good-ly fellowship of the prophets praise. Thee; the

no-ble ar-my of mar-tyrs praise. Thee; the ho-ly Church thro'-out

all the world doth ac-know-ledge Thee; the Fa-ther of an in-fi-nite
Ma-jes-ty; Thine hon-our-a-ble, true. and on-ly.
Son; al-so the Ho-ly Ghost, the Com-fort-er.
Thou art the King of. glo-ry, O Christ. Thou art the
everlasting Son of the Father. When Thou tookest up

- on Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's

womb. When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
CANTICLES.

[117, Te Deum, IV.

Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Thou

sit-test 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,
117, Te Deum, IV.

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 forever. 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.
on 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 confused.
CANTICLES.

Te Deum Laudamus.

V.

EDMUND TURNER.

Moderato.

Voices and Organ.

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 cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

This setting may be sung either in Harmony or in Unison.

(By permission of Ambrose Abbott and Co.)

(396)
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 die, liveth 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
118. TE DEUM, V.

CANTICLES.

Unison. Tenor and Bass (ad lib.).

glory of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to

be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast re-

deemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in

Full.

glory everlasting. O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine

heritage. Govern them, and lift them up for ever. Day by day we

(399)
magnify. Thee, and we worship Thy name, everworld 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.

SOPRANO ONLY (ad lib.).

on us, as our trust is in Thee. O... Lord, in a tempo.

Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.
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, and the sheep of His pasture. O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him.
and speak good of His name. For the Lord is gracious, His mercy is everlasting;

and His truth endureth from generation to generation.

Glory, glory, 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, Amen, Amen.
My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the lowliness ... For He that is mighty hath

(By permission of the Composer.)

(403)
MAGNIFICAT, I.

Magnified me; and holy, holy is His name.

Harmony.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.

(Unaccompanied, if possible.)

Unison.

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 hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.

Harmony.

He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel; as He
promised to our fore-fathers, 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.
CANTICLES.

121

Magnificat.

J. H. MAUNDER.

Voices in Unison.

ORGAN. Gt. Diaps. with Sw. Reeds.

Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God. For He hath regarded the lowliness, the lowliness of His handmaid.

Soprano and Alto (ad lib.).

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, 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 i
MAGNIFICAT, II.

CANTICLES.

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.

Harmony.

He, remembering His mercy, hath holpen His servant Israel, as He

Sw. B (Unaccompanied, if possible.)

(409)
promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Unison.

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, Amen.
My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid.

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

(By permission of Ambrose Abbott and Co.)
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 hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the
hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.

Harmony.

He, remembering His mercy, hath helped His servant Israel, as...
promised to our... fore-fathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

UNISON.

Glo-ry be to the Fa- ther, and to... the Son, and

Or this-

to the Ho-ly Ghost; as it was in the be-gin-ning, is

Cantate Domino.

Allegro moderato.

O sing, sing, sing un-to the Lord a new song; O sing, sing, for He hath done mar-vel-lous things. With His own right hand, and with His ho-ly arm, hath He got-ten Him-

(Copyright, Charles Vincent, 1899.)
(415)
Himself the victory. The Lord declared His salvation self: the victory.

His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remember'd His mercy and
CANTICIES.

cy to ward the house of Is ra-
el; and all the ends of the earth have seen, have seen the sal va tion 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 your-selves joy - ful be - fore the Lord, the King. Let the

sea make a noise, and all that there-in is; the

sea, the round world, and they that dwell there-in. Let the

floods clap their
hands, and let the hills be joy-ful to-ge-ther be-fore the Lord;

for He cometh to judge the earth, to judge the earth.

With right-eous-ness shall He judge the world, shall He judge the

(420)
world, and the people with equity, judge the world, shall He judge the world, with righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people, the people with equity.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy

(421)
Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever

shall be, world without end. Amen,

Amen, Amen, Amen.
Nunc dimittis.

VOICES IN UNISON.

Slowly.

Lord, now let-test 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

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(423)
CANTICLES.

NUNC DIMITTIS, I.

light-en the Gen-tiles, and to be the glo-ry of Thy peo-ple Is-ra-el.

a tempo.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son... and
to the Ho-ly Ghost; as it was in the be-gin-ning, is

now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; to be a light to lighten the

(425)
CANTICLES.

[125, Nunc dimittis, II.

Gen-tiles, and to be the glo-ry of Thy peo-ple Is-ra-el.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, ... and to the Ho-ly

Ghost; ... as it was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er

III.

Nunc dimittis.

EDMUND TURNER.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; to be a

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(427)
light to light-en the Gen-tiles, and to be the glo-ry of Thy peo-ple Is-ra-el.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly

Ghost; as it was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men, A-men.
Deus misereatur.

Softly and slowly.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and shew us the light, the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us, and bless Tenor and Bass.

That Thy way may be known, be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

Copyright, Charles Vincent, 1899.

(429)
Let the people praise Thee, praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the nations rejoice and be glad; for Thou shalt judge, O let the nations rejoice and be glad, for Thou shalt judge the folk.
righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise Thee, praise Thee, O God; yea, let all the

Slower and softer.

peop - ple praise Thee. Then shall the earth . bring forth . her

Slower and softer. $d=130$. 

(431)
in - crease; and God, e-ven our own God, shall give us His bless - ing.
in - crease; and God shall give us His bless - ing.

God shall bless us, God . . . shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him. And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

Glory be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly

Allegro. 

Allegro. \( \text{or} \) 116.
Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen, Amen.
null
## PRICE LIST.
### WORDS ONLY EDITIONS.

### 'O' EDITION. Crown 8vo, Single Cols., Pica Type.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Hymns</th>
<th>s.  d.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O 1</td>
<td>Cloth boards, gold lettered, red edges</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O 2</td>
<td>Paste grain, gold lettered, gilt edges</td>
<td>5 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O 3</td>
<td>Calf limp, gold lettered, red under gold edges</td>
<td>8 6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Chants and Anthems.

| O 8 | Cloth boards, gold lettered, red edges | 1 9   |
| O 9 | Paste grain, gold lettered, gilt edges | 4 0   |
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| P 11 | Cloth boards, gold lettered, red edges | 1 3   |
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| Q 14 | Paste grain, round corners, gilt edges | 1 8   |

### Hymns, Chants, and Anthems.

These Volumes are about 2½ inches in thickness.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Hymns</th>
<th>s.  d.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O 15</td>
<td>Cloth boards, gold lettered, red edges</td>
<td>4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O 16</td>
<td>Paste grain, gold lettered, gilt edges</td>
<td>6 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O 17</td>
<td>Calf limp, gold lettered, red under gold edges</td>
<td>10 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O 18</td>
<td>Best Turkey morocco, gold lettered, red under gold edges, gold roll</td>
<td>12 6</td>
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| P 21 | Cloth boards, white edges | 2 0   |
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| P 26 | Calf limp, gold lettered, gilt edges | 7 6   |
| P 27 | Rutland morocco, gold lettered, round corners, red under gold edges, gold roll | 8 6   |
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O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Psalm xcvi. 9.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.
O sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Psalm xcvi. 1.

Benedictions.

And now may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, rest upon you and remain with you now and for evermore. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.