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Presented by
Joseph L. Shaw, D.D., D.D.

A.D. 1893.

3440

HYMNALS

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~~Ms. J. 16.~~

Pro. Julian

03440. b. 7

Southwell
Church

H Y M N S.

This book contains the following number of hymns in common with

1. Murray's Hymnal. 50.
2. Cooke & Denton. 38.
3. S.P. C. K 1853. . . . 30.
4. H. for Christian S. 33.
5. Hymnal &c. 19.

1851. 16.



There are also

- 5 new Hs by the compiler
- 2 new hymns by Sir A. W. T.
- 1 " " by W. P. P.
- 1 " " by H. H. & B. W.

H Y M N S.

Morning.

"I myself will awake right early."

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

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

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

Amen.

2 NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we need to ask,
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us this, and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

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

Amen.

- 3** Now that the daylight fills the sky,
 We lift our hearts to God on high,
 That He in all we do or say
 Would keep us free from harm to-day.
 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
 And shield from anger's din our life ;
 And guard with watchful care our eyes
 From earth's absorbing vanities.
 Oh ! may our inmost hearts be pure,
 From sinful folly kept secure ;
 And pride of flesh be all subdued
 By sparing use of drink and food.

So, when another day is gone
 And night in turn is drawing on,
 We, by the world unstained, may raise
 To God our thankful songs of praise.

Almighty FATHER hear our cry,
 Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most high,
 Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee
 Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Evening.

4

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.

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed .

And may sweet sleep mine eyes close,
 Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

When 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.

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

5 SUN of my soul ! Thou SAVIOUR dear,
 It is not night, if Thou be near :
 Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

6 BEFORE the ending of the day,
 Creator of the world, we pray
 That Thou with wonted love would'st keep
 Thy watch around us while we sleep.

O let no evil dreams be near,
 Nor phantoms of the night appear ;
 Our ghostly enemy restrain,
 Lest aught of sin our bodies stain.

Almighty FATHER hear our cry,
 Through JESUS CHRIST our Lord most high,
 Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee
 Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

Advent.

7 CREATOR of the starry height,
 Thy people's Everlasting Light,
 O CHRIST, REDEEMER ! bow Thine ear ;
 In mercy our petitions hear.


Thou, Who, for grief that all mankind
 In death their hopeless doom should find,
 Didst save a lost and guilty race
 By healing gifts of heavenly grace ;

Who didst, in love's redeeming power,
 When earth was near its evening hour,
 Like bridegroom from his chamber, come
 Forth from a Virgin-mother's womb ;

At Whose great Name of glory now
 All knees in lowly homage bow ;
 Whom things in heaven and earth adore,
 Their mighty King for evermore ;

To Thee, O Holy One! we pray,
 Our Judge in that tremendous day;
 Ward off, while yet we dwell below,
 The weapons of our crafty foe.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
 Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
 From age to age eternally. Amen.

8 O HEAVENLY Word! Eternal Light! 
 Begotten of the FATHER'S Might!
 Who in these latter days art born
 For succour to a world outworn;
 Our hearts enlighten from above,
 And kindle with Thine own true love;
 That we who hear Thy call to-day
 May cast earth's vanities away;
 That so, when Thou as Judge art nigh,
 The secrets of all hearts to try,
 In justice giving sins their due,
 A kingdom to Thy faithful few;
 We may not, for transgressions past,
 Be driven from Thy Face at last;
 But with the blessed evermore
 Behold and love Thee and adore.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
 Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
 From age to age eternally. Amen.

9 HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
 "CHRIST is nigh," it seems to say;
 "Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 O ye children of the day!"

Wakened by the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
 CHRIST, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.
 Lo ! the LAMB, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heaven :
 Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
 One and all to be forgiven.
 That when next He comes with glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 With His mercy He may shield us,
 And with words of love draw near.
 Honour, glory, might, and blessing
 To the FATHER and the SON,
 With the Everlasting SPIRIT,
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

m
 10

THE Advent of our King !
 For this now let us pray ;
 And hymns of joyous welcome sing,
 To greet the coming day.
 The Everlasting SON
 Incarnate deigns to be ;
 Himself a servant's form puts on
 To set us servants free.
 He comes with glad release ;
 To meet Him, Sion, haste ;
 Nor close thine heart against the peace
 He freely bids thee taste.
 As Judge, on clouds of light,
 He soon will come again ;
 And all His chosen saints unite
 With Him in heaven to reign.

Before the dawning day
 Let sin's dark deeds be gone ;
 The old man all be put away,
 The new man all put on.

All glory to the SON,
 Who comes to set us free,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever One,
 Through all eternity. Amen.

- 11** ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
 Announces that the LORD is nigh :
 Awake, and hearken, for He brings
 Glad tidings from the King of kings.
 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
 And furnished for so great a Guest :
 Yea, let us each our hearts prepare,
 That CHRIST may deign to enter there.
 For Thou art our salvation, LORD,
 Our Refuge and our great Reward ;
 Without Thy grace we waste away,
 Like flowers that wither and decay.
 To heal the sick stretch out Thine Hand,
 And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
 Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
 Earth's own true loveliness once more.
 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
 Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
 From age to age eternally. Amen.

(For a late Evening Service.)

12 WHEN shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to Thee.

O true Desire of nations hear!
Thou Word of God! Thou Saviour dear!
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

All praise to Him Who cometh down
To make lost man again His own;
With Whom the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

13 O COME! O come! Emmanuel!
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the SON of GOD appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for 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! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

O come! Thou Day-Spring! 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! Emmanuel
 Shall be born for 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! Emmanuel
 Shall be born for 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! Emmanuel
 Shall be born for thee, O Israel! Amen.

- 14** GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear? G
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of all men doth appear R
 On clouds of glory seated: e
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
 The dead in CHRIST are first to rise
 At that 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.

The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 In woe they rise, but all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before His throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

GREAT 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 faithful hearts Thy word obey,
 And thus prepare to meet Thee. Amen.

15 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou, O CHRIST ! the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Amen.

- 16** Lo! He comes in clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Alleluia!

Christ appears on earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 They who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of His Passion
 Still His dazzling Body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars.

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 SAVIOUR, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
 O come quickly!
 Alleluia! Amen.

-
- 17** HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

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

He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
 The bleeding souls to cure,
 And with the treasures of His grace
 To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thine Advent shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

To CHRIST Who left His throne on high,
 Mankind from death to raise,
 To FATHER, and to HOLY GHOST,
 Be everlasting praise. Amen.

*The hymn, Day of wrath, O Day of mourning, may
 also be used at this Season.*

Christmas.

18 O COME, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant;
 O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
 COME AND BEHOLD HIM,
 BORN THE KING OF ANGELS:
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

GOD OF GOD,
 LIGHT OF LIGHT,
 Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
 VERY GOD,
 BEGOTTEN, NOT CREATED ;
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.
 Sing, choirs of angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
 GLORY TO GOD
 IN THE HIGHEST ;
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.
 Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
 Born this happy morning ;
 JESU, to Thee be glory given ;
 WORD OF THE FATHER,
 NOW IN FLESH APPEARING ;
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.
 Amen.

19

HARK ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born KING,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;

With the angelic host proclaim
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem !

Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING.

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see !

Hail, the Incarnate Deity !

Pleased as Man with man to dwell,

JESUS, our EMMANUEL.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born KING.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !

Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !

Light and life to all He brings,

Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,

Born that man no more may die,

Born to raise the sons of earth,

Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing

Glory to the new-born KING. Amen.

20 WHILE Shepherds watched their flock
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he ; for mighty dread

Had seized their troubled mind :

“Glad tidings of great joy I bring

To you and all mankind.

“ To you in David’s town this day
 Is born of David’s line,
 A 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 wrapp’d in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song :

“ All glory be to God on high,
 And in the earth be peace ;
 Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
 Begin and never cease !” Amen.

21 O CHRIST ! REDEEMER of our race ! *Father*
 The Brightness of the FATHER’S Face !
 Of Him and with Him ever One,
 Ere times and seasons had begun ;
 Thou that art very Light of Light !
 Unfailing Hope in sin’s dark night !
 Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pray,
 The wide world o’er, this blessed day.
 Remember, LORD of life and grace !
 How once, to save a ruined race,
 Thou didst our very flesh assume
 In Mary’s undefiled womb.
 To-day, as year by year its light
 Sheds o’er the world its radiance bright,
 One precious truth is echoed on,
 “ ’Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone.”

Thou from the FATHER'S throne didst come
 To call His banished children home ;
 And heaven, and earth, and sea, and shore,
 His love who sent Thee here adore.

And gladsome too are we to-day
 Whose guilt Thy Blood has washed away ;
 Redeemed, the new-made song we sing ;
 It is the birthday of our KING !

O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
 Eternal praise and glory be ;
 With Whom the FATHER we adore,
 And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

- 22** OF the FATHER'S Will begotten
 Ere the worlds began to be,
 He is 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 !
- At His word the worlds were framèd ;
 He commanded ; it was done :
 Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
 In their threefold order one ;
 All that grows beneath the shining
 Of the moon and burning sun,
 Evermore and evermore !

He is found in human fashion,
 Death and sorrow here to know,
 That the race of Adam's children,
 Doomed by Law to endless woe,
 May not henceforth die and perish
 In the dreadful gulf below,
 Evermore and evermore !

O that Birth for ever blessed !
 When the Virgin full of grace,
 By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,
 Bare the SAVIOUR of our race ;
 And the Babe, the world's REDEEMER,
 First revealed His sacred Face,
 Evermore and evermore !

This is He Whom seers in old time
 Chanted of with one accord ;
 Whom the voices of the Prophets
 Promised in their faithful word ;
 Now He shines, the long Expected :
 Let creation praise its LORD !
 Evermore and evermore !

Praise Him, O ye Heavens of Heavens !
 Praise Him, Angels in the height !
 All dominions bow before Him !
 Sing the praise of GOD aright.
 Let no tongue on earth be silent,
 Every heart and voice unite,
 Evermore and evermore !

Righteous Judge of souls departed !
 Righteous King of them that live !
 On the FATHER'S throne exalted
 None in might with Thee may strive ;
 Who at last in vengeance coming
 Sinners from Thy Face shalt drive,
 Evermore and evermore !

Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
 Thee let boys in chorus sing ;
 Thee the matrons and the virgins,
 Little maidens answering ;
 Let their guileless songs re-echo,
 And the heart its praises bring,
 Evermore and evermore !

CHRIST ! to Thee, with GOD the FATHER,
 And, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee !
 Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
 And unwearied praise shall be,
 Honour, glory, and dominion,
 And eternal victory,
 Evermore and evermore ! Amen,

- 23** God from on high has heard, *Heard*
 Let sighs and sorrows cease ;
 The skies unfold, and lo ! to man
 Descends the promised Peace. *Peace*
 Hark through the silent night
 Angelic voices swell ;
 Their joyful songs proclaim that " God
 " Is born on earth to dwell."
 See how the shepherd-band
 Speed on with eager feet !
 Come to the hallowed cave with them
 The holy Babe to greet.
 But oh ! what sight unfolds
 Within that lowly door !
 A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes,
 A Child and Mother poor !

Art Thou the CHRIST? the SON?
 The FATHER's Image bright?
 And see we Him Whose arm upholds
 Earth and the starry height?
 Yea! faith can pierce the cloud
 Which veils Thy glory now;
 We hail Thee GOD, before Whose Throne
 The angels prostrate bow.
 A silent Teacher, LORD,
 Thou bid'st us not refuse
 To bear what flesh would have us shun,
 To shun what flesh would choose.
 Our swelling pride to cure
 With that pure love of Thine,
 O be Thou born within our hearts
 Most holy Child Divine! Amen.

(For a late Evening Service.)

24 O SAVIOUR of the world forlorn
 Who man to save as Man wast born;
 Protect us through this coming night,
 And ever save us by Thy might.
 Now, LORD, be Thou in mercy nigh,
 And spare Thy servants when they cry;
 Our sins blot out, our prayers receive,
 Thy light throughout our darkness give.
 O let not sleep the soul oppress,
 Nor secret foe the heart possess;
 Our flesh keep chaste, that it may be
 An holy temple unto Thee.
 To Thee Who makest souls anew
 With heartfelt prayers we humbly sue;
 That pure in heart, and free from stain,
 We from our beds may rise again.

O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
 Eternal praise and glory be ;
 With Whom the FATHER we adore,
 And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

St. Stephen's Day.

25

FIRST of Martyrs, thou whose name
 Doth itself thy crown proclaim ;
 Not of flowers that fade away
 Weave we this thy wreath to-day.

Bright the stones, which bruise thee, gleam,
 Sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream ;
 Stars around thy sainted head
 Never could such radiance shed.

Every wound thy forehead shows
 With a ray of glory glows ;
 Like an angel's is thy face
 Beaming with celestial grace.

Oh ! how blessed first to be
 Slain for Him Who bled for thee ;
 First like Him in dying hour
 Witness to Almighty power ;

First to follow where He trod
 Through the deep Red Sea of blood ;
 First ! but in thy footsteps press
 Saints and martyrs numberless.

Glory to the FATHER be ;
 Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to Thee ;
 Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
 Praised by men and heavenly host. Amen.

26 TRUE charity itself displays
 To foes around in wondrous ways ;
 Whene'er it soothes, whene'er it chides,
 The same pure love it still abides.
 So Stephen witnessed firm and bold
 When pleading for himself of old :
 But, bruised and fallen, then he cries
 For mercy on his enemies.
 And God upon His throne on high
 Vouchsafed to hear the martyr's cry ;
 And Saul, consenting to his death,
 Was granted to that parting breath,
 O see him bruised and wounded lie,
 And yet the more rejoiced to die !
 While thus he prays : " My foes forgive ;
 " Lord JESUS, 'Thou my soul receive."
 Then peaceful death drew gently nigh,
 And closed in sleep his wearied eye ;
 And life's eternal morning shone
 Upon the free triumphant One.
 Ah ! once it was thy lot to feed,
 In serving tables, saints in need ;
 But now thyself a welcome guest
 At God's own board art ever blest.
 In garments by thy blood bestained
 The marriage banquet thou hast gained ;
 And CHRIST, the Lamb once slain, shall be
 Thy portion through eternity.
 O God, if Thou art nigh to aid
 How strong is human weakness made !
 Like this Thy martyr may it be
 Our joy to live and die for Thee. Amen.

M
St. John the Evangelist's Day.

27 THE life which God's Incarnate Word
 Lived here below with men,
 Three blest Evangelists record,
 With heaven-inspired pen :
 John soars on high, beyond the three,
 To GOD the Father's throne ;
 And shews in what deep mystery
 The Word with God is One.
 Upon the Saviour's loving breast
 Invited to recline,
 'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,
 His knowledge all divine.
 There too with that angelic love,
 Did he his bosom fill,
 Which, once enkindled from above,
 Breathes in his pages still.
 Oh, dear to CHRIST ! to thee upon
 His Cross, of all bereft,
 Thou virgin-saint, the Virgin-Son
 His virgin-mother left.
 JESU ! the virgin's Holy Son
 To Thee all glory be ;
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 Through all eternity. Amen.

28 AN exile for the Faith
 Of thy Incarnate LORD,
 Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
 Thy soul in vision soared :
 There saw in glory Him
 Who liveth, and was dead ;
 There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb,
 That for our ransom bled ;

There of the Kingdom learnt
 The mysteries sublime ;
 How, sown in martyr's blood, the Faith'
 Should spread from clime to clime.
 There the new City, bathed
 In her dear Spouse's light,
 Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
 And gloried in the sight.
 Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
 To drink of life their fill,
 Thou callest all ;—O LORD, in me,
 This blessed thirst instil.
 To JESUS, Virgin-born,
 Praise with the FATHER be ;
 Praise to the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE
 Through all eternity. Amen.

The Innocents' Day.

29 ALL hail, ye infant martyr-flowers,
 Cut off in life's first dawning hours,
 As rosebuds, swept by storms away,
 When Herod sought your Lord to slay.
 The first who for your Saviour bled,
 A tender flock to slaughter led ;
 Beneath the Altar's heavenly ray,
 With martyr palms and crowns ye play.
 For their redemption glory be,
 O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee,
 With FATHER and with HOLY GHOST,
 For ever from the martyr host. Amen.

30

GLORY to Thee, O LORD !
 Who, from this world of sin,
 By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
 Those precious ones didst win !
 Glory to Thee, O LORD !
 For now, all grief unknown,
 They reap on high a free reward,
 The martyr's heavenly crown !
 Baptized in their own blood,
 Earth's untried perils o'er,
 They passed unconsciously the flood,
 And safely gained the shore.
 Glory to Thee, for all
 The ransomed infant band,
 Who since that hour have heard thy call,
 And reached the quiet land !
 Oh ! that our hearts within,
 Like theirs, were pure and bright ;
 Oh ! that as free from stain of sin
 We shrank not from thy sight !
 LORD ! help us every hour
 Thy cleansing grace to claim ;
 In life to glorify Thy power,
 In death to praise Thy name ! Amen.

Circumcision.

31

THE ancient law departs
 And all its terrors cease ;
 For JESUS makes with faithful hearts
 A covenant of peace.

The Light of Light Divine,
 True Brightness undefiled,
 He bears for us the shame of sin,
 An Holy Spotless Child.

His Infant Body now
 Begins our pain to feel ;
 Those precious drops of Blood that flow
 For death the victim seal.

To-day the Name is Thine,
 At which we bend the knee ;
 They call Thee JESUS, Child Divine !
 Our JESUS deign to be.

All praise, Eternal SON,
 For Thy redeeming love,
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever ONE,
 In glorious might above. Amen.

32 O BLESSED DAY, when first was poured
 The Blood of our Redeeming Lord !
 O Blessed Day, when first began
 His sufferings borne for sinful man !
 Scarce entered on this life of woe,
 His Infant Blood begins to flow ;
 The earnest of His love for men,
 The foretaste of death's bitter pain.
 From heaven descending to fulfil
 The bidding of His FATHER's will,
 A victim even now He lies
 Before the day of sacrifice.
 For love of us His woes begin ;
 The Sinless suffers for our sin ;
 The Law's great Maker for our aid,
 Obedient to the Law is made.

The wound He through the Law endures,
 Our freedom from that Law secures ;
 Henceforth a holier law prevails,
 The law of love which never fails.

LORD, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
 And take what is not Thine away ;
 Write Thine own Name within our hearts,
 Thy law upon our inmost parts.

O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
 Eternal praise and glory be ;
 With whom the FATHER we adore,
 And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

33 THE Word, Who dwelt above the skies.

The hymn No. 111 may also be used at this Season.

Epiphany.

34 WHY, wicked Herod, why such fear,
 When told that CHRIST the King is near ?
 He takes not earthly realms away,
 Whose gifts are realms that ne'er decay.

The eastern sages saw from far
 And followed on His guiding star ;
 By light their way to Light they trod,
 And by their gifts confessed their God.

Beside the Jordan's sacred flood
 The heavenly Lamb in meekness stood ;
 And hallowed water by His grace
 To cleanse from sin the human race.

And oh ! what miracle divine,
 When water reddened into wine ;
 He spake the word, and forth it flowed
 In streams that nature ne'er bestowed.

All glory, JESU, be to Thee
 For this Thy glad Epiphany :
 All glory to the FATHER, SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE. Amen.

35 WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
 More beauteous than the noonday light ?
 It shines to herald forth the KING,
 And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

See now fulfilled what GOD decreed,
 " From Jacob shall a star proceed ;"
 The sign in ancient days foretold,
 The wondering sages now behold.

The star above is shining bright,
 And with it comes an inner light,
 Which leads them on, with force benign,
 To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no long delay ;
 Nor toil nor dangers stop their way :
 Their land, and home, and kindred, all
 They leave at their Creator's call.

O JESU ! while the star of grace
 Invites us now to seek Thy face,
 Let not our slothful hearts refuse
 The guidance of that light to use.

All glory, JESU ! be to Thee
 For this Thy glad Epiphany ;
 All glory to the FATHER, SON,
 And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE. Amen.

36 NONE of all the noblest cities.

37 IN stature grows the heavenly Child,
 With death before His eyes ;
 A Lamb unblemished, meek, and mild,
 Prepared for sacrifice.

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

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

He Whom the choirs of angels praise,
 At whose command they fly,
 His earthly parents now obeys,
 And lays His glory by.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,
 Thee, JESU ! we adore ;
 And praise to GOD the FATHER yield,
 And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

38 THROUGH Judah's land the SAVIOUR walks,
 The word of life to teach ;
 He seeks His own—His own refuse
 To hearken to His speech.

And yet the miracles He works
 Proclaim the GOD of Might ;
 The lame can walk, the dumb can speak,
 The blind receive their sight.

But oh! that stiffnecked people turn
 Their heart and ears away ;
 They love the night of sin too well,
 And shun the light of day.

O JESU ! we Thy light desire,
 That shines so bright, so fair ;
 Guard Thou our hearts, that there may be
 No love of darkness there.

To CHRIST, the Virgin's Holy SON,
 All praise and glory be ;
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE in ONE ;
 Through all Eternity. Amen.

- 39** O LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high! *h*
 It fills the heart with ecstasy!
 That GOD, the SON of GOD, should take
 Our mortal form for mortals' sake!
 He sent no angel to our race,
 Of higher or of lower place ;
 Himself He wore our human frame ;
 Himself to this our world He came.
 Nor willed He only to appear ;
 His pleasure was to tarry here ;
 And GOD-and-Man with man would be
 The space of thirty years and three.
 For us baptised, for us He bore
 His holy fast, and hungered sore,
 For us temptations sharp He knew,
 For us the tempter overthrew.
 For us He preaches and He prays,
 Would do all things, would try all ways ;
 By words, and signs, and actions, thus
 Still seeking not Himself, but us.

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed;
For us He bore the Cross and death,
For us at length gave up His breath.

For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His SPIRIT here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To Him whose boundless Love has won
Salvation for us through His SON,
To GOD the FATHER, glory be,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

- 40** JESU! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet:
But oh! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His Presence are.
No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than JESUS, Son of God most high.
JESU! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?
No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of JESUS! what thou art.
O JESU! King of wondrous might!
O Victor glorious from the fight!
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest!

Abide with us, O LORD, we pray ;
 The fulness of Thy grace display ;
 And with Thine own true sweetness feed
 Our souls from sin and darkness freed.
 O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
 Eternal praise and glory be ;
 With whom the FATHER we adore,
 And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

41 THE people that in darkness sat
 A glorious Light have seen ;
 The Light has shined on them who long
 In shades of death have been.
 To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
 The gathering nations come ;
 They joy as when the reapers bear
 Their harvest treasures home.
 For Thou their burden dost remove,
 And break the tyrant's rod,
 As in the day when Midian fell
 Before the sword of GOD.
 For unto us a Child is born,
 To us a Son is given,
 And on His Shoulder ever rests
 All power in earth and heaven.
 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 The Everlasting LORD,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The God by all adored.
 His righteous government and power
 Shall over all extend ;
 On judgment and on justice based,
 His reign shall have no end.

O JESUS! reign in us we pray,
 And make us Thine alone;
 Who with the FATHER ever art
 And HOLY SPIRIT One. Amen.

42

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

As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed;
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.

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

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

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

43. HAIL to the LORD's Anointed, K
 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 joy and 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.

Kings shall bow down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing :
 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blessed :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand for ever,
 His great best Name of Love. Amen,

44 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.

Let the people praise Thee, LORD ;
 Let Thy Love on all be poured ;
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King ;
 At Thy Feet their tribute pay,
 And Thy holy Will obey.

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. Amen.

The hymn No. 118 may also be used at this Season.

For the Week before Septuagesima.

45 ALLELUIA ! song of sweetness !
 Voice of joy that cannot die !
 ALLELUIA is the anthem
 Ever dear to choirs on high ;
 In the House of GOD abiding,
 This they sing eternally.

ALLELUIA, Joyful Mother,
 True Jerusalem and free!
 ALLELUIA in their gladness
 All thy children sing in thee:
 But by Babylon's sad waters
 Mourning exiles now are we.
 ALLELUIA cannot always
 Be our song while here below;
 ALLELUIA our transgressions
 Make us for awhile forego;
 For the solemn time is coming
 When our tears for sin must flow.
 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee
 Grant us, Blessed TRINITY!
 At the last to keep Thine Easter
 In our Home beyond the sky:
 There to Thee for ever singing
 ALLELUIA joyfully. Amen.

Septuagesima.

46 CREATOR of the world! to Thee
 One ceaseless rest of joy belongs;
 And heavenly choirs are ever free
 To sing on high their festal songs.
 But we are fallen creatures here,
 Where pain and sorrow daily come;
 And how can we in exile drear
 Sing out like them the songs of Home?
 O FATHER! Who dost promise still
 That they who mourn shall blessed be;
 Grant us to weep for deeds of ill
 That banish us so long from Thee:

But weeping, grant us faith to rest
 In hope upon Thy loving care ;
 Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
 Their songs of praise in heaven to share.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore ;
 From men and from the angel-host,
 Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

47 O LORD ! in perfect bliss above
 Thou couldst not need created love ;
 And yet Thou didst thy power display,
 And earth's foundations firmly lay.
 The things that were not now are made ;
 At Thy command in order laid ;
 And all to their Creator raise
 A wondrous harmony of praise.
 But even while the world came forth
 In all the beauty of its birth,
 In Thy deep thought Thou didst behold
 Another world of nobler mould.
 For Thou didst will that CHRIST should
 A new creation by His Name ; [frame
 Its seed, the living word of grace
 He scatters wide in every place ;
 Its home, when time shall be no more,
 In Heaven with Thee for evermore ;
 Accepted in Thy boundless love
 To share His throne and joy alone.
 O FATHER, bless, for they are Thine,
 O SON, direct in love divine,
 O HOLY GHOST, with grace endue
 The old creation and the new. Amen.

- 48** How blest were they who walked in love
 With CHRIST, while yet He dwelt above;
 A righteous band, sustained by grace;
 The fathers of the faithful race!
 O who can tell as should be told
 The praises of those men of old;
 Their patient faith, their longing sighs
 Of hope uplifted to the skies?
 Strangers and pilgrims here below
 They deemed the world an empty show:
 To purer joys their hearts were given,
 The better land they sought was Heaven.
 The soul that truly cleaves to God
 Still longs to gain that blest abode:
 O CHRIST! forbid our souls to roam,
 And fix them on our own true Home.
 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE;
 All glory be for ever given
 By all on earth, and all in heaven. Amen.
- 49** THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and christian hearts.
 The works of GOD, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book to show
 How GOD Himself is found.
 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.

The moon above, the church below,
 A wondrous race they run ;
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
 That crown His holy hill ;
 The saints, like stars, around His seat
 Perform their courses still.

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

Lent.

50 ONCE more the solemn season calls
 An holy fast to keep ;
 And now within the temple walls
 Both priest and people weep.
 But vain all outward sign of grief,
 And vain the form of prayer,
 Unless the heart implore relief,
 And penitence be there.
 We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
 In vain in ashes mourn,
 Unless with penitential pain
 The smitten soul be torn.
 In sorrow true then let us pray
 To our offended God,
 From us to turn His wrath away
 And stay the uplifted rod.
 O Righteous JUDGE! O FATHER! deign
 To grant us what we need ;
 We pray for time to turn again,
 For grace to turn indeed.

Blest **THREE IN ONE**, to Thee we bow ;
 Vouchsafe us in Thy love,
 To gather from these fasts below
 Immortal fruit above. Amen.

- 51** By precepts taught of ages past,
 Now let us keep again the fast
 Which, year by year, in order meet
 Of forty days is made complete.
 The Law and Prophets first, we know,
 Did this our Lenten fast foreshow ;
 Which **CHRIST** Himself, the **LORD** and Guide
 Of every season, sanctified.
 More sparing therefore let us make
 The words we speak, the food we take,
 Deny ourselves in mirth and sleep,
 In stricter watch our senses keep.
 And chiefly let us put away
 Whatever leads the heart astray ;
 The sin that most besets us shun ;
 Nor yield unto the wicked one.
 In prayer together let us fall,
 And cry for mercy, one and all ;
 And weep before the Judge, and say,
 Oh! turn from us Thy wrath away.
 Thy grace have we offended sore
 By sins, O **LORD**, which we deplore ;
 Pour down upon us from above
 The riches of Thy pardoning love.
 Remember, **LORD**, though frail we be,
 That yet Thine handiwork are we :
 Nor let the honour of Thy Name
 Be by another put to shame.

Forgive the sin that we have wrought,
 Increase the good that we have sought;
 That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
 May please Thee here and evermore.

Blest THREE IN ONE! and ONE IN THREE!
 Almighty GOD! we pray to Thee;
 That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
 Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

52 O CHRIST! our only Hope below.

53 O MERCIFUL CREATOR! hear;
 To us in pity bow Thine ear:
 Accept the tearful prayer we raise
 In this our fast of forty days.
 Each heart is manifest to Thee;
 Thou knowest our infirmity:
 Repentant now we seek Thy Face;
 Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.
 Our sins are manifold and sore,
 But spare us who our sins deplore;
 And for Thine own Name's sake make whole
 The fainting and the weary soul.
 Grant us to mortify each sense
 By means of outward abstinence,
 That so from every stain of sin
 The soul may keep her fast within.
 Blest THREE in ONE! and ONE in THREE!
 Almighty GOD! we pray to Thee;
 That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
 Our fast with fruits of Righteousness.
 Amen.

54 Lo! now is our accepted day,
 The time for purging sins away,
 The sins of thought and deed and word
 That we have done against the LORD.
 For He the Merciful and True
 Has spared His people hitherto;
 Not willing that the soul should die
 Though great its past iniquity.
 Then let us all with earnest care
 And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
 And works of mercy and of love,
 Entreat for pardon from above;
 That He may all our sins efface,
 Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
 And join us to the angel band
 For ever in the Heavenly Land.
 Blest THREE IN ONE! and ONE IN THREE!
 Almighty God! we pray to Thee;
 That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
 Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

(For a late Evening Service.)

55 O CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day,
 Thy beams chase night's dark shades away;
 The very Light of Light Thou art,
 Who dost Thy blessed Light impart.
 All holy LORD to Thee we bend,
 Thy servants through this night defend;
 O grant us calm repose in Thee,
 A quiet night from perils free.
 Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,
 Nor secret foe the heart possess,
 Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure
 And make us in Thy sight impure.

Light slumber let our eyelids take,
 The heart to Thee be still awake;
 And Thy Right Hand protection be
 To those who love and trust in Thee.

O LORD, our strong defence be nigh;
 Bid all the powers of darkness fly;
 Preserve and watch o'er us for good
 Whom Thou hast purchased with Thy Blood.

Remember us, dear LORD, we pray,
 Whilst burthened in the flesh we stay;
 Thou only canst the soul defend,
 Be with us, SAVIOUR, to the end.

Blest THREE IN ONE! and ONE IN THREE!
 Almighty GOD! we pray to Thee,
 That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
 Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

56

FORTY days and forty nights
 Thou wast fasting in the wild;
 Forty days and forty nights
 Tempted, and yet Undefiled.
 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
 Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
 Prowling beasts about Thy way;
 Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.
 Shall not we some penance bear?
 And from earthly joys abstain?
 Fasting, with unceasing prayer;
 Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
 And if Satan, vexing sore,
 Flesh or spirit should assail,
 Thou, his Vanquisher before,
 Grant we may not faint nor fail.

So shall we have peace divine ;
 Holier gladness ours shall be ;
 Round us, too, shall angels shine,
 Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, SAVIOUR dear !
 Ever constant by Thy side ;
 That with Thee we may appear
 At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.

57

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day
 Ere it pass for aye away,
 On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy JESU, grant us tears,
 Fill us with heart-searching fears
 Ere that awful doom appears.

LORD, on us Thy Spirit pour,
 Kneeling lowly at the door
 Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
 By Thy supplicating cry,
 By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
 For Jerusalem below,
 Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
 Lest we lose this day of grace
 Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

The Hymns, Nos. 112, 117, and 132, may also used at this Season.

The Fifth Sunday in Lent,

COMMONLY CALLED PASSION SUNDAY.

58 THE Royal Banners forward go ;
 The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
 Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There, wounded in His sacred Side
 By spear of soldier opened wide,
 He poured for us the cleansing flood
 Of water mingled with His Blood.

Fulfilled is now what David told,
 In true prophetic song of old,
 How God the heathens' King should be ;
 For God is reigning from the Tree.

How glorious was that Tree ! how fair !
 Those Holy Limbs designed to bear :
 How bright in purple robe it stood ;
 The purple of a SAVIOUR'S Blood !

Upon its arms, like balance true,
 He weighed the price for sinners due ;
 That price which none but He could pay ;
 And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, Eternal THREE IN ONE,
 Let homage meet by all be done :
 As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
 So rule and guide us evermore. Amen.

The Sunday next before Easter,COMMONLY CALLED PALM SUNDAY. 62**59**

ALL glory, praise, and honour
 To Thee Redeemer, King!
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet H o sannasring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's Royal Son,
 Who in the LORD's Name comest,
 The King and Blessed One.

The company of Angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply.

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

To Thee before Thy Passion
 They sung their hymns of praise;
 To Thee now high exalted
 Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest
 Thou good and gracious King.

All glory, praise, and honour,
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring. Amen.

60 RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
 Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
 O SAVIOUR meek, pursue Thy road,
 With palms and scattered garments strew

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

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

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The FATHER on His sapphire Throne
 Awaits His own anointed SON.

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

Hymns on the Passion.*

61 LORD, I would love Thee, not because
 I hope for heaven thereby ;
 Nor yet because who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.

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

And griefs, and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony ;
 Yea, death itself ; and all for me,
 Who was Thine enemy.

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

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

So would I love Thee, dearest LORD,
 And in Thy praise will sing ;
 Solely because Thou art my GOD,
 And my Eternal KING. Amen.

* Many of these Hymns may be sung from Septuagesima to Easter, and some of them throughout the year.

- 62** HE Who once in righteous vengeance
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With His own most precious Blood ;
 Coming from His throne on high
 On the painful Cross to die.
 O the wisdom of the Eternal !
 O the depth of love divine !
 O the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in JESUS CHRIST did shine !
 We were sinners doomed to die ;
 JESUS paid the penalty.
 When before the Judge we tremble,
 Conscious of His broken laws,
 May the Blood of His atonement
 Cry aloud, and plead our cause ;
 Bid our guilty terrors cease,
 Be our pardon and our peace.
 Prince and Author of salvation !
 Lord of majesty supreme !
 JESU ! praise to Thee be given
 By the world Thou didst redeem ;
 Glory to the FATHER be,
 And the SPIRIT, One with Thee. Amen.

- 63** SION'S Daughter ! weep no more,
 Though thy troubled heart be sore :
 He of Whom the Psalmist sung,
 He Who woke the Prophet's tongue,
 CHRIST, the Mediator Blest,
 Brings thee everlasting rest.

In a garden man became
 Heir of sin and death and shame ;
 JESUS in a garden wins
 Life, and pardon for our sins ;
 Through His hour of agony
 Praying in Gethsemane.
 There for us He intercedes ;
 There with GOD the FATHER pleads ;
 Willing there for us to drain
 To the dregs the cup of pain
 That in everlasting Day
 He may wipe our tears away.
 Therefore to His Name be given
 Glory both in earth and Heaven ;
 To the FATHER, and the SON,
 And the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,
 Honour, praise, and glory be,
 Now and through eternity. Amen.

- 64** O SINNERS ! lift your eyes and see
 What awful condemnation *is wrought*
 Is wrought by man's iniquity !
 What wrath ! what visitation !
 Behold the Crucified and mourn,
 And from this sight of suffering learn
 The cost of man's salvation.
 Behold the Brow ! that heavenly Brow
 Which tangled thorns are tearing :
 Those Hands and Feet, which, pierced with
 The Body's weight are bearing ; [nails,
 Those Limbs which marks of scourging wear ;
 That Side run through with ruthless spear,
 God's holy image marring.

'Tis not alone those limbs are racked,
 But friends too are forsaking ;
 And more than all, for thankless man
 The SAVIOUR'S heart is aching ;
 O fearful was the pain and scorn
 By JESUS, Son of Mary, borne,
 Their peace for sinners making.

And was there ever grief like His,
 Such infinite affliction ?
 And could there be a sight more sad
 Than JESU'S Crucifixion ?
 For man He bare those bitter throes,
 For man those agonizing woes,
 To save him from destruction.

O learn from this the strength of sin,
 The curse of all transgression,
 Which such a sacrifice requires
 To purchase its remission :
 Such untold sufferings it cost,
 Or man for ever had been lost
 In torments of perdition.

O sinners, haste and flee from sin,
 And Satan's base ensnaring ;
 And flee from everlasting death
 For sinful souls preparing :
 Give thanks to JESUS, and entreat
 To rest for ever at His feet,
 His heavenly glory sharing. Amen.

65

SAVING Health of all creation !
 JESU, hail, the world's salvation !

66

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
 Upon the tree of scorn,
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
 With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those Hands
 And Feet so tender rend;
 See! down His Face, and Neck, and
 His sacred Blood descend. [Breast

Oh! hear that awful cry
 Which pierced His mother's heart,
 As into GOD the FATHER'S Hands
 He bade His soul depart.

Earth hears, and trembling quakes
 Around that tree of pain;
 The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;
 The veil is rent in twain.

The sun withdraws his light;
 The mid-day heavens grow pale;
 The moon, the stars, the universe,
 Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
 Have we no griefs, or fears?
 Come, old and young, come, all mankind,
 And bathe those Feet in tears.

Come! fall before His Cross,
 Who shed for us His Blood;
 Who died, the Victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of God.

JESU! all praise to Thee,
 Our joy and endless rest!
 Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
 Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

67 A WONDROUS mystery to-day.

68 Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Tell in sweet and mournful strain,
How the Crucified, enduring
Grief and wounds and dying pain,
Freely of His love was offered ;
Sinless was for sinners slain.

Scourged, with unrelenting fury,
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid Stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more ;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

See ! His Hands and Feet are fastened ;
So He makes His people free :
Not a wound whence Blood is flowing
But a Fount of Grace shall be ;
Yea the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the Tree.

Through His Heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die ;
Blood and Water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery ;
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood for crowns of victory.

JESU, may those precious Fountains
 Drink to thirsting souls afford ;
 Let them be our Cup and Medicine,
 And at length our full Reward ;
 So a ransomed world shall ever
 Praise Thee, its Redeeming Lord. Amen.

69 His trial o'er, see how beneath.

70 At the Cross her station keeping,
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,
 Where He hung, the dying LORD ;
 For her soul of joy bereavèd
 Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh ! how sad and sore distressèd
 Now was she, that mother blessèd

Of the Sole-begotten One ;
 Deep the woe of her affliction
 When she saw the Crucifixion
 Of her ever-glorious Son.

Who on CHRIST's fond mother gazing,
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,

Born of woman, would not weep ?
 Who on CHRIST's fond mother thinking,
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
 Would not share her sorrows deep ?

For His people's sins chastisèd
 She beheld her Son despisèd, [twined ;
 Scourged, and crowned with thorns en-
 Saw Him then from judgment taken,
 And in death by all forsaken,
 Till His Spirit He resigned.

JESU ! may such deep devotion
 Stir in me the same emotion,
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind !
 That my heart, fresh ardour gaining
 And a purer love attaining,
 May with Thee acceptance find. Amen.

71

SEE the destined day arise ;
 See, a willing Sacrifice,
 JESUS, to redeem our loss,
 Hangs upon the shameful Cross.
 JESU ! who but Thou had borne,
 Lifted on that tree of scorn,
 Every pang and bitter throe,
 Finishing Thy life of woe ?
 Who but Thou had dared to drain,
 Steeped in gall, the cup of pain ;
 And with tender body bear
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear ?
 Thence the cleansing Water flowed,
 Mingled from Thy Side with Blood ;
 Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finished Sacrifice.
 Holy JESU ! grant us grace
 In that Sacrifice to place
 All our trust for life renewed,
 Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.

When this Hymn is sung on Good Friday, the following words may be introduced between each verse.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

72 JESU, who didst set us free.

73 GLORY be to JESUS, *Barrett*
 Who in bitter pains
 Poured for me the life-blood
 From His sacred veins !
 Grace and life eternal
 In that Blood I find ;
 Blest be His compassion
 Infinitely kind !
 Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious stream,
 Which from endless torments
 Did the world redeem !
 Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies ;
 But the Blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries.
 Oft as it is sprinkled
 On our guilty hearts,
 Satan in confusion
 Terror-struck departs ;
 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Hell with terror trembles ;
 Heaven is filled with joy.
 Lift ye then your voices ;
 Swell the mighty flood ;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

74 O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
 O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
 O come, together let us mourn ;
 JESUS, our Lord, is crucified.

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.

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed ;
 His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied ;
 His failing Eyes are dimmed with blood ;
 JESUS, our Lord, is crucified.

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.

Come, let us stand beneath the Cross ;
 So may the Blood from out His Side
 Fall gently on us drop by drop :
 JESUS, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
 Ask, and they will not be denied ;
 LORD JESUS ! may we love and weep,
 Since Thou for us art crucified. Amen.

75 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.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the Cross of CHRIST my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most
 I sacrifice them to His Blood.

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 ?

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

To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace
 By bitter grief and anguish sore,
 Be praise from all the ransomed race
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

76

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

By Thy helpless infant years ;
 By Thy life of want and tears ;
 By Thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness ;
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power ;
 JESU ! look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany !

By the sacred grief that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
 By the gracious tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode ;
 By the mournful word that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
 JESU, look with pitying eye ;
 Hear our solemn litany !

By Thine agony of grief ;
 By Thy pleading for relief ;
 By the purple robe of scorn :
 By Thy Wounds, Thy crown of thorn ;
 By Thy Cross, and prayerful cries ;
 By Thy perfect Sacrifice ;
 JESU, look with pitying eye !
 Hear our solemn litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
 By the sealed sepulchral stone ;
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
 By Thy power from death to save ;
 Mighty GOD, ascended LORD,
 To Thy Throne in Heaven restored,
 Prince and SAVIOUR, heed our cry :
 Hear our solemn litany ! Amen.

Easter.

78

YE choirs of new Jerusalem !
 Your sweetest notes employ ;
 The Paschal victory to hymn
 Anew in songs of joy.

For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
 Crushing the serpent's head ;
 And cries aloud, through death's domain,
 To wake the imprisoned dead.

Devouring depths of hell their prey
 At His command restore ;
 His ransomed hosts pursue their way
 Where JESUS goes before.

Triumphant in His glory now
 To Him all power is given ;
 To Him in one communion bow
 All saints in earth and heaven.

While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
 His mercy we implore,
 Into His palace bright to bring
 And keep us evermore.

All glory to the FATHER be :
 All glory to the SON ;
 All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

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

 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing,
 Alleluia !
 Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,
 Alleluia !
 Who endured the Cross and Grave,
 Alleluia !
 Sinners to redeem and save.
 Alleluia !

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

80 ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !
 O sons and daughters, let us sing !
 The King of heaven, the glorious King,
 O'er death to-day rose triumphing !
 Alleluia !

That Sunday morn at break of day,
 The faithful women went their way
 To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.
 Alleluia!

An Angel clad in white they see,
 Who sat and spake unto the three,
 "Your LORD doth go to Galilee."
 Alleluia!

That night the Apostles met in fear;
 Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
 And said, "My peace be on all here."
 Alleluia!

When Didymus the tidings heard
 He doubted if it were the Lord,
 Until He came and spake this word:
 Alleluia!

"My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see;
 My Hands, my Feet, I show to thee;
 Nor faithless but believing be."
 Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
 He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side;
 "Thou art my LORD and God," he cried.
 Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen
 And yet whose faith hath constant been;
 For they eternal life shall win.
 Alleluia!

On this most holy day of days,
 To GOD your hearts and voices raise
 In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
 Alleluia! Amen.

81 THE dawn is brightening o'er the sky ;
The Heavens resound with anthems high ;
The earth's exulting songs reply ;
Hell wails a great and bitter cry :

While He, the King, the mighty King,
Despoiling death of all its sting,
And trampling down the powers of night,
Brings forth His ransomed saints to light.

His tomb of late the threefold guard
Of watch and stone and seal had barred ;
But now, in pomp and triumph high,
He comes from death to victory.

The pains of hell are loosed at last ;
The days of mourning now are past ;
An Angel robed in light hath said,
"The LORD is risen from the dead."

O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide ;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

Parts 2 and 3 of this hymn will also be given.

82 Now at the Feast the Lamb has made,
 In shining robes of white arrayed,
 The Red Sea's channel past, we sing
 To JESUS our triumphant King.

Upon the Altar of the Cross
 His Body has redeemed our loss ;
 And, tasting of His crimson Blood,
 Our life is hid with Him in God.

Protected in the Paschal night
 From the destroying angel's might,
 In triumph went the ransomed free
 From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.

Now CHRIST our Passover is slain,
 The Lamb of God Who knew no stain ;
 His Flesh, the true unleavened Bread,
 Was freely offered in our stead.

O true and worthy Sacrifice !
 Beneath Thee hell defeated lies :
 Thy captive people are set free,
 Life's full reward restored by Thee.

Behold Him rising from the grave !
 From death returning, strong to save !
 His Own Right Arm the tyrant chains,
 And Paradise for man regains.

All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
 From death to endless life restored :
 All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
 And HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

83 O CHRIST! the heavens' Eternal King!
 Creator! unto Thee we sing;
 With GOD the FATHER ever One,
 Co-equal, co-eternal, SON!
 Thy Hand, when first the world began,
 Made in Thine own pure Image man;
 And linked to fleshly form of earth
 A living soul of heavenly birth.
 And when the envious, crafty, foe
 Had marred Thy noblest work below,
 Thou didst our ruined state repair
 By deigning flesh Thyself to wear.
 Once of a Virgin born to save,
 And now new-born from death's dark grave,
 O CHRIST! Thou bid'st us rise with Thee
 From death to immortality.
 Eternal Shepherd! Thou art wont
 To cleanse Thy sheep within the font;
 That mystic bath, that grave of sin,
 Where ransomed souls new life begin:
 Divine Redeemer! Thou didst deign
 To bear for us the Cross of pain;
 And freely pay the precious price
 Of all Thy Blood in sacrifice:
 O JESU! Thou to every heart
 Unceasing Paschal joy impart:
 From death of sin, and guilty strife,
 Set free the new-born sons of life.
 All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
 From death to endless life restored:
 All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
 And HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

(For a late Evening Service.)

84 JESU ! the world's Redeeming LORD ;
The FATHER's Co-eternal Word ;
Of Light invisible true Light,
Thine Israel's keeper day and night :

Our great Creator and our Guide ;
Who times and seasons dost divide ;
Refresh at night with quiet rest
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed.

That, in this weary house of clay
While we a little longer stay,
Our bodies may so gently sleep
That watch with CHRIST our souls may keep.

We pray Thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe :
Nor let his wiles victorious be
O'er them that are redeemed by Thee.

O LORD of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide ;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,
From death to endless life restored :
All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
And HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

85 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day :
 Christians, haste your vows to pay ;
 Offer ye your praises meet
 At the Paschal Victim's feet.

For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
 Sinless in the sinner's stead ;
 "CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry :
 Now He lives no more to die.

CHRIST, the victim undefiled,
 Man to God hath reconciled ;
 Whilst in strange and awful strife
 Met together Death and Life.

Christians, on this happy day
 Haste with joy your vows to pay ;
 "CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry :
 Now He lives no more to die.

Say, O wondering Mary, say,
 What thou sawest on thy way.
 "I beheld, where CHRIST had lain,
 Empty tomb and angels twain ;
 I beheld the glory bright
 Of the rising LORD of light :
 CHRIST my hope is risen again,
 Now He lives, and lives to reign."

CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,
 Now the firstborn from the dead,
 Throned in endless might and power,
 Lives and reigns for evermore.

Hail, eternal Hope on high !
 Hail, thou King of victory !
 Hail, thou Prince of life adored !
 Help and save us, gracious Lord !

Amen

86 ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !

The strife is o'er, the battle done !
 The triumph of the LORD is won !
 O let the song of praise be sung !
 Alleluia !

The powers of death have done their worst,
 And JESUS has His foes dispersed ;
 Let shouts of praise and joy outburst !
 Alleluia !

On that third morn He rose again
 In glorious Majesty to reign ;
 O let us swell the joyful strain !
 Alleluia !

He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
 Let songs of joy His triumphs tell !
 Alleluia !

LORD, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free ;
 That we may live, and sing to Thee
 Alleluia ! Amen.

87 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
 Praise to our victorious King,
 Who has washed us in the tide
 Flowing from His piercèd side ;
 Praise we Him, Whose love divine
 Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
 Gives His Body for the feast ;
 CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured,
 Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
 Israel's hosts triumphant go
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 Praise we CHRIST, Whose blood was shed,
 Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
 With sincerity and love
 Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
 Thou hast conquered in the fight ;
 Thou hast brought us life and light :
 Now no more can death appal,
 Now no more the grave enthal ;
 Thou hast opened paradise,
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
 Sin alone can this destroy ;
 From sin's power do Thou set free
 Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.
 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 FATHER, unto Thee we raise ;
 Risen LORD, all praise to Thee,
 With the SPIRIT, ever be. Amen.

88 JESUS lives ! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
 JESUS lives ! by this we know
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthal us.
 Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! henceforth is death
 But the gate of Life immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! for us He died :
 Then, alone to JESUS living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.

Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His Love shall sever :
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Tear us from His keeping ever.

Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! to Him the Throne
 Over all the world is given :
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

Alleluia !

Praise the FATHER ; praise the SON,
 Who to us new life hath given ;
 Praise the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
 All in earth, and all in Heaven.

Alleluia ! Amen.

The Ascension.

89 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
 Alleluia !
 To His Throne above the skies ;
 Alleluia !
 CHRIST, the Lamb for sinners given,
 Alleluia !
 Enters now the highest heaven.
 Alleluia !
 There for Him high triumph waits,
 Alleluia !
 Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
 Alleluia !
 He has conquered death and sin,
 Alleluia !
 Take the King of Glory in.
 Alleluia !

Lo the heaven its Lord receives,
 Alleluia!
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
 Alleluia!
 Though returning to His Throne
 Alleluia!
 Still He calls mankind His own.
 Alleluia!
 See! He lifts His Hands above;
 Alleluia!
 See! He shows the prints of love;
 Alleluia!
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Alleluia!
 Blessings on His Church below.
 Alleluia!
 Still for us He intercedes,
 Alleluia!
 His prevailing death He pleads,
 Alleluia!
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 Alleluia!
 He the first-fruits of our race.
 Alleluia!
 LORD, though parted from our sight,
 Alleluia!
 Far above the starry height,
 Alleluia!
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Alleluia!
 Seeking Thee above the skies.
 Alleluia!

- 90** O LORD most High, Eternal King,
 By Thee redeemed Thy praise we sing;
 The bonds of death are burst by Thee,
 And Grace has won the victory.
 Ascending to the FATHER's throne
 Thou claim'st the kingdom as Thine own;
 Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,
 All power is Thine for evermore.
 To Thee the whole creation now
 Shall, in its threefold order, bow,
 Of things on earth, and things on high,
 And things that underneath us lie.
 In awe and wonder angels see
 How changed is man's estate by Thee;
 How Flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,
 And Thou, True God, in Flesh dost reign.
 Be Thou our Joy, O mighty LORD,
 As Thou wilt be our great Reward;
 Let all our glory be in Thee
 Both now and through eternity.
 JESU! all praise to Thee be given,
 Ascending to the highest heaven;
 All praise to GOD the FATHER be,
 And HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.
- 91** JESU! our Hope, our heart's Desire,
 Redemption's only spring!
 Creator of the world art Thou,
 Its SAVIOUR and its KING.
 How vast the mercy and the love,
 Which laid our sins on Thee,
 And led Thee to a cruel death,
 To set Thy people free!

But now the bonds of death are burst,
 The ransom has been paid :
 And Thou art on Thy Father's Throne,
 In glorious robes arrayed.
 Oh! may Thy mighty Love prevail
 Our sinful souls to spare!
 Oh! may we stand around Thy Throne,
 And see Thy glory there!
 JESU! our only Joy be Thou,
 As Thou our Prize wilt be ;
 In Thee be all our glory now
 And through eternity.
 All praise to Thee who dost ascend
 Triumphantly to heaven ;
 All praise to GOD the FATHER'S Name,
 And HOLY GHOST, be given. Amen.

92 O BLESSED Day to mortals given.

Whitsun-Even.

93 RULER of the hosts of light!
 Death hath yielded to Thy might ;
 And Thy Blood hath marked a road
 Which will lead us back to God.
 From Thy dwelling place above,
 From Thy FATHER'S throne of love,
 With Thy look of mercy bless
 Those without Thee comfortless.
 Bitter were Thy throes on earth,
 Giving to the Church her birth
 From the spear-wound opening wide
 In Thine Own life-giving Side.

o

Now in glory Thou dost reign,
 Won by all Thy toil and pain ;
 Thence the promised Spirit send,
 While our prayers this hour ascend.

JESU ! praise to Thee be given,
 With the FATHER high in heaven ;
 Holy SPIRIT ! praise to Thee
 Now and through eternity. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

ABOVE the starry spheres,
 To where He was before,
 CHRIST had gone up, the FATHER'S gift
 Upon the Church to pour.

At length had fully come,
 On mystic circle borne
 Of seven times seven revolving days,
 The Pentecostal morn :

When as the Apostles knelt
 At the third hour in prayer,
 A sudden rushing sound proclaimed
 The God of glory there.

Forthwith a tongue of fire
 Is seen on every brow ;
 Each heart receives the FATHER'S light,
 The Word's enkindling glow :

The HOLY GHOST on all
 Is mightily outpoured,
 Who straight in divers tongues declare
 The wonders of the LORD.

While strangers of all climes
 Flock round from far and near,
 And their own tongue, wherever born,
 Each with amazement, hear.
 But Judah, faithless still,
 Denies the Hand Divine ;
 And mocking says the saints of CHRIST
 Are full of new-made wine.
 Till Peter, in the midst,
 By Joel's ancient word,
 Rebukes their unbelief, and wins
 Three thousand to the LORD.
 The FATHER and the SON
 And SPIRIT we adore ;
 Oh ! may the SPIRIT'S gifts be poured
 On us for evermore. Amen.

95 COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire ;
 Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
 Who dost Thy sevenfold Gifts impart ;
 Thy blessed Unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight ;
 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
 With the abundance of Thy Grace :
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
 Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
 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. Amen.

96 HERALDS of your GOD!
 Haste where every nation.

97 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 :
 But when He came the second time,
 He came in power and love ;
 Softer than gale at morning prime
 Hovered His holy Dove.
 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light, a glorious crown,
 On every sainted head.
 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
 The voice exceeding loud,
 The trump, that angels quake to hear
 Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;
 So, when the SPIRIT of our God
 Came down His flock to find,
 A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
 A rushing, mighty wind.
 It fills the Church of God ; It fills
 The sinful world around ;
 Only in stubborn hearts and wills
 No place for It is found.
 Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 Open our ears to hear ;
 Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
 Save, LORD, by love or fear. Amen.

98 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung :
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our SAVIOUR wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove ;
SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love.

O Holy FATHER, Holy SON,
And Holy SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE !
Thy grace devoutly we implore ;
Thy Name be praised for evermore. Amen.

Trinity Sunday.

99 BLEST TRINITY ! from mortal sight
Veiled in Thine own eternal Light ;
We Thee confess, in Thee believe,
To Thee with loving hearts we cleave.
O FATHER ! Thou most Holy One !
O GOD of GOD, Eternal SON !
O HOLY GHOST, Thou Love divine,
To join them Both is ever Thine !
The FATHER is in GOD the SON,
And with the FATHER He is One :
In Both the SPIRIT doth abide,
And with them Both is glorified.

Such as the FATHER, such the SON,
 And such the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE :
 The Three one perfect Verity,
 The Three one perfect Charity.

Eternal FATHER, Thee we praise :
 To Thee, O SON, our hymns we raise :
 O HOLY GHOST, we Thee adore ;
 One mighty GOD for evermore. Amen.

100

O FATHER ! unto Thee we raise *omitted*
 The grateful tribute of our praise,
 Who for our twofold life hast given
 Bread from the earth, and Bread from Heaven.

Thou too, O JESU ! be adored,
 The only SON, th' ALMIGHTY LORD,
 Who, to save sinners from their doom,
 Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

And Thou, by Whose Almighty aid
 The pure and highly favoured maid
 Brought forth Incarnate Deity,
 Eternal SPIRIT ! praise to Thee.

THREE PERSONS, but ONE GOD ! Whose grace
 Redeemed and saves our human race,
 With joyful hearts upraised to Thee
 We hymn this mighty Mystery. Amen.

101 BE present, Holy TRINITY. *h*

102

HOLY, holy, holy ! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY ! *6 2*

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee :

Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty ! *2*

GOD in THREE PERSONS, blessed TRINITY !

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

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

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 !

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 !

Amen.

For Festivals of Apostles, &c.

103 THE eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
The Apostles' glory, let us sing ;
And all, with hearts of gladness, raise
Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

For they the Churches' princes are,
Triumphant leaders in the war,
In heavenly courts a warrior band,
True lights to lighten every land.

Theirs is the steadfast faith of saints,
And hope that never yields nor faints,
And love of CHRIST in perfect love
That lays the prince of this world low.

In them the FATHER'S glory shone,
In them the will of GOD the SON,
In them exults the HOLY GHOST,
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.

To Thee, Redeemer, now we cry,
 That Thou wouldst join to them on high
 Thy servants, who this grace implore,
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

- 104** How bright those glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their bright array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?
 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
 Who came to realms of light:
 And in the Blood of CHRIST have washed
 Those robes which shine so bright.
 Now with triumphant palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the GOD they love amidst
 The glories of the sky.
 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor sun with scorching ray;
 GOD is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.
 The Lamb, Who reigns upon the throne,
 Shall o'er them still preside,
 Feed them with nourishment Divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
 'Mid pastures green He'll lead His Flock,
 Where living streams appear;
 And GOD the LORD from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.
 The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom they adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

105 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 :
 Oh God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train. Amen.

Hymns 126, 127, are also suitable for these days.

General Hymns.

106 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.

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.

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.

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.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

107 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our GOD :
The secret of the LORD is theirs ;
Their soul is CHRIST'S abode.
The LORD, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern, and their King ;

He to the lowly soul
 Doth still Himself impart ;
 And for His dwelling and His throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

LORD, we Thy Presence seek ;
 May ours this blessing be !
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,
 A Temple meet for Thee !

All glory to the FATHER be ;
 All glory to the SON ;
 All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee ;
 While endless ages run. Amen.

- 108** 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 now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Sion in her anguish
 With Babylon must cope ;
 But 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.

There JESUS shall embrace us ;
 There JESUS be embraced ;
 That spirit's Food and Sunshine
 Whence earthly love is chased.
 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day :
 There GOD, our KING and PORTION,
 In fulness of His Grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.

PART II.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country !

PART III.

JERUSALEM the golden !
 With milk and honey blest :
 Beneath the contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh ! I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.
 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng :
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;
 And they who with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white !

The following may be sung at the end of each Part :—

O sweet and blessed country,
 When shall I see thy face ?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 When shall I win thy grace ?

JESU ! in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest :
 Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
 And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

109 CHRIST is gone up : yet ere He passed
 From earth, in heaven to reign,
 He formed one Holy Church to last
 Till He should come again.
 His twelve Apostles first He made
 His ministers of grace :
 And they their hands on others laid,
 To fill in turn their place.
 So age by age, and year by year,
 His grace was handed on ;
 And still the Holy Church is here,
 Although her LORD is gone.

Let those find pardon, LORD, from Thee,
 Whose love to her is cold ;
 Bring wanderers in, and let there be
 One Shepherd, and one Fold.
 All glory to the FATHER be,
 All glory to the SON,
 All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

110 COME, Thou Holy SPIRIT ! come ;
 And, from Thine eternal home,
 Shed the ray of light divine :
 Come, Thou FATHER of the poor !
 Come, Thou source of all our store !
 Come, within our bosom shine.
 Thou of Comforters the best !
 Thou the soul's most welcome Guest !
 Sweet Refreshment here below !
 In our labour rest most sweet,
 Grateful shadow from the heat,
 Solace in the midst of woe !
 O most Blessed Light Divine !
 Shine within these hearts of Thine,
 And our inmost being fill.
 If Thou take Thy grace away,
 Nothing pure in man will stay,
 All our good is turned to ill.
 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
 On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away :
 Bend the stubborn heart and will,
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
 Guide the steps that go astray.

Cassell

On the faithful, who adore
 And confess Thee, evermore
 In Thy sevenfold gifts descend ;
 Give them virtue's sure reward,
 Give eternal life, O LORD,
 Give them joys that never end. Amen.

111 CONQUERING kings their titles take
 From the foes they captive make ;
 JESUS, by a nobler deed,
 From the thousands He has freed.
 Yes ; none other Name is given
 Unto mortals under Heaven,
 Which can make the dead arise,
 And exalt them to the skies.
 That which CHRIST so hardly wrought,
 That which He so dearly bought,
 That Salvation, mortals, say,
 Will ye madly cast away ?
 Rather gladly for that Name
 Bear the cross, endure the shame :
 Joyfully for Him to die
 Is not death, but victory.
 JESU ! Who dost condescend
 To be called the sinner's Friend !
 Hear us as to Thee we pray,
 Glorifying in Thy Name to-day.
 Glory to the FATHER be ;
 Glory, Holy SON, to Thee :
 Glory to the HOLY GHOST ;
 From the saints and angel-host. Amen.

112 FATHER of all, Whose wondrous grace 6
 Moved Thee to save our guilty race ;
 Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
 To us Thy pard'ning Love extend.

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

Eternal SPIRIT, by Whose breath
 Mankind are raised from sin and death ;
 Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
 To us Thy quick'ning Power extend.

Thrice Holy ! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON ;
 MYSTERIOUS GODHEAD, THREE in ONE !
 Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
 Grace, pardon, life, to all extend. Amen.

113

FATHER of mercies, GOD of Love, 6
 Whose gifts all creatures share !
 The rolling seasons as they move
 Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, LORD, was Thine,
 The seasons knew Thy call ;
 Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
 The summer dews to fall.

The Hand unseen that works above
 Matured the swelling grain ;
 And now the harvest crowns Thy Love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook Thy bounteous care ;
 But what our FATHER'S Hand imparts
 Still own in praise and prayer.
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

- 114** 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 !
 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.
 Can we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

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 ! Amen.

115

JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
 When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
 Around my SAVIOUR stand ;
 And all I love in CHRIST below
 Will join the glorious band.
 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my labours have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
 O CHRIST ! my soul prepare
 For that bright home of love ;
 That I may see Thee and adore,
 With all Thy saints above. Amen.

116

JESU, Lover of my soul !
 Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
 While the gathering waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
 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.
 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

117

JESU ! meek and lowly !
SAVIOUR, pure and holy !
 On Thy love relying,
 Hear me humbly crying.
 Prince of life and power !
 My salvation's Tower !
 On the Cross I view Thee
 Calling sinners to Thee.

There behold me gazing
 At the sight amazing ;
 Bending low before Thee,
 Helpless I adore Thee.

By Thy red wounds streaming,
 With Thy life-blood gleaming,
 Blood for sinners flowing,
 Pardon free bestowing :

By that Fount of blessing,
 Thy dear love expressing ;
 All my aching sadness
 Turn Thou into gladness.

LORD in mercy guide me,
 Be Thou e'er beside me ;
 In Thy ways direct me,
 'Neath Thy wings protect me. Amen.

- 118** JESU ! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills the breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
 And in Thy Presence rest.
 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than JESU'S Name,
 The SAVIOUR of mankind.
 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 !
 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
 No tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of JESUS, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.

JESU ! our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

PART II.

O JESU ! King most wonderful !
Thou Conqueror renowned !
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found !
When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then kindles love divine.

O JESU ! Light of all below !
Thou Fount of living fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire !

JESU ! may all confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore ;
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee, JESU, may our voices bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own.

PART III.

O JESU ! Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above ;
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
 Who eat Thee, hunger still ;
 Who drink of Thee still feel a void
 Which nought but Thou can fill.
 O most sweet JESU ! hear the sighs
 Which unto Thee we send ;
 To Thee our inmost spirit cries ;
 To Thee our prayers ascend.
 Abide with us, and let Thy Light
 Shine, LORD, on every heart :
 Dispel the darkness of our night,
 And joy to all impart.
 JESU ! the Virgin's Spotless Flower !
 Our Love and Joy ! to Thee
 Be praise, beatitude, and power,
 Through all eternity. Amen.

119 JESU ! Thy mercies are untold *Chorus*
 Through each returning day ;
 Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
 Whatever we can say :
 That love which in Thy Passion drained
 For us Thy precious Blood :
 That love whereby the saints have gained
 The vision of their God.
 'Tis Thou hast loved us from the womb :
 Pure source of all our bliss ;
 Our only hope of life to come ;
 Our happiness in this.
 LORD, grant us while on earth we stay
 Thy love to feel and know ;
 And when from hence we pass away
 To us Thy glory show. Amen.

- 120** JESU ! my LORD, my GOD, my all,
 Hear me, blest SAVIOUR, when I call ;
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace ;
 JESU ! my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
 JESU ! too late I Thee have sought,
 How can I love Thee as I ought ;
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name ?
 JESU ! my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
 JESU ! what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 Oh ! far exceeding hope or thought ;
 JESU ! my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
 JESU ! of Thee shall be my song ;
 To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
 All that I have or am is Thine,
 And Thou, blest SAVIOUR, Thou art mine.
 JESU ! my LORD, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
Amen.
-
- 121** LET Saints on earth in concert sing
 With those whose work is done ;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.
 One Family, we dwell in Him,
 One Church, above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

One Army of the Living God,
 To His command we bow :
 Part of the Host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
 E'en now to their eternal Home
 There pass some spirits blest !
 While others to the margin come,
 Waiting their call to rest.
 JESU ! be 'Thou our constant Guide ;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And bring us safe to Heaven. Amen.

122 LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
 And plead to be forgiven,
 So let Thy life our pattern be,
 And form our souls for heaven.
 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.
 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine ;
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.
 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
 And grief's dark day come on,
 We in our turn would meekly cry,
 " FATHER, Thy will be done."
 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven ;
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to Heaven ! Amen.

123 MY GOD, and is Thy table spread,
 And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all Thy sweetness know.
 Hail, sacred Feast, which JESUS makes,
 Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
 'Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
 Why are its dainties all in vain,
 Before unwilling hearts displayed?
 Was not for them the Victim slain?
 Are they forbid the children's bread?
 O! let Thy table honoured be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests;
 And may each soul salvation see
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,
 From men and from the angel-host
 Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

124 OFT in danger, oft in woe,
 Onward Christians, onward go;
 Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry;
 Let not fear your course impede,
 Great your strength, if great your need.
 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
 March in heavenly armour clad;
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move ;
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers ! onward go !
 Praise to Him Who gives the crown ;
 Praise to Him Whose Name we own ;
 Praise to Him Whose might sustains,
 Through the battle's toil and pains. Amen.

- 125** O HELP us, LORD ; each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give :
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth to live.
 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.
 O help us through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
 O help us, JESU, from on high ;
 We know no help but Thee ;
 O help us so to live and die
 As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

- 126** OH ! what if we are CHRIST'S,
 Is earthly shame or loss ?
 Bright shall the crown of glory be
 When we have borne the Cross.
 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
 CHRIST'S sufferings shared below.

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

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

Enough if Thou at last
 The word of blessing give,
 And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
 Where saints and angels live.

All glory, LORD, to Thee,
 Whom heaven and earth adore ;
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 One GOD for evermore. Amen.

127

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
 Of everlasting halls !
 Thrice blessed are the people
 Thou storest in thy walls ;
 Thou art the golden mansion,
 Where saints for ever sing ;
 The seat of GOD'S own chosen,
 The palace of the King.
 There GOD for ever sitteth,
 Himself of all the Crown ;
 The Lamb the Light that shineth,
 And never goeth down.
 Nought to this seat approacheth
 Their sweet peace to molest ;
 They sing their GOD for ever,
 Nor day nor night they rest.

Sure Hope doth thither lead us ;
 Our longings thither tend :
 May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
 For joys that cannot end.

To CHRIST the Sun that lightens
 His Church above, below ;
 To FATHER and to SPIRIT
 All things created bow. Amen.

128 O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows !

I lift my soul to Thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good LORD, remember me.

If on my aching burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart :
 Good LORD, remember me.

If trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 Then let my strength be as my day ;
 Good LORD, remember me.

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

And oh ! when in the hour of death
 I bow to Thy decree,
 JESU ! receive my parting breath :
 Good LORD, remember me. Amen.

129

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious, willing Guest,
 While He can find one humble heart,
 Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace !

Our weakness, pitying, see :
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

O praise the FATHER ; praise the SON ;
 Blest SPIRIT, praise to Thee ;

All praise to GOD, the THREE IN ONE,
 The ONE IN THREE. Amen.

130

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

O tell of His might !
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy, space !
 His chariots of wrath
 The thunder clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.
 Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail.
 Thy mercies how tender !
 How firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer and Friend.
 O measureless Might !
 Ineffable Love,
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 Thy ransomed creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

- 131** PRAISE the LORD ! ye Heavens, adore Him, E
 Praise Him, Angels, in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him, K
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light : y
 Praise the LORD ! for He hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the LORD ! for He is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail ;
 GOD hath made His Saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the GOD of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name ! Amen.

132 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,
 Save from wrath and make me pure.
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and Thou Alone ;
 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling.
 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyelids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

133 Songs of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with Alleluias rang,
 When creation's work begun,
 When God spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.

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

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

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

Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
 FATHER, unto Thee we raise ;
 JESU ! glory unto Thee,
 With the SPIRIT, ever be. Amen.

134 THREE IN ONE, and ONE IN THREE,
 Ruler of the earth and sea,
 Hear us, while we lift to Thee
 Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights ! with morning, shine ;
 Lift on us Thy Light divine ;
 And let charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights ! when falls the even,
 Let it close on sin forgiven ;
 Fold us in the peace of Heaven,
 Shed a vesper calm.

THREE IN ONE and ONE IN THREE,
Dimly here we worship Thee :
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

- 135** WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
It is the House of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet ;
And Thou, O LORD, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.
We love the sacred Font ;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.
We love Thine Altar, LORD ;
Oh what on earth so dear ?
For there, in faith adored,
We find Thy Presence near.
We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.
We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But oh ! we long to know
The triumph-song of Heaven.
LORD JESUS ! give us grace
On earth to love Thee more :
In heaven to see Thy Face,
And with Thy Saints adore. Amen.

136 WHEN JESUS came, no outward pomp
 Bespoke His presence nigh,
No earthly beauty shone in Him
 To draw the carnal eye.

Rejected and despised of men,
 Behold a Man of woe !
Grief was His heavy burden here,
 Through all His life below.

Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
 And ours the woes He bore ;
Pangs, not His own, His spotless Soul
 With bitter anguish tore.

His sacred Blood has washed our souls
 From sin's polluting stain ;
His stripes have healed us, and His Death
 Revived our souls again.

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

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

To GOD the SON, Who lowly came
 Lost sinners to restore,
With FATHER and with HOLY GHOST,
 Be glory evermore. Amen.

137 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear :
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls ;
When our final doom is near,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
JESU, SON of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
JESU, SON of Mary, hear. Amen.

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

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

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

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

CHRIST shall the banquet spread
With His own Royal Hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid His angel band.

All glory, LORD, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

J. ALFRED NOVELLO,
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*The following errata occur in a portion of the
copies :—*

The last verse of Hymn 107 ought to stand thus :—

All glory, LORD, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

And in the last verse of Hymn 115,

for O CHRIST ! my soul prepare.

read O CHRIST ! do Thou my soul prepare.

THESE hymns are printed for temporary use, and as a specimen, still open to revision, of the Hymn Book now in course of preparation by a committee of Clergymen, the publication of which has been postponed to Advent, 1860. Some of these hymns, such as Bishop Ken's morning and evening hymns, will ultimately be given more fully; and of some only the first lines are now inserted for want of space. The Book will probably contain about 300 hymns; ample provision being made for Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion, Saints' Days, Harvest Festivals, School Feasts, Funerals, Fast and Thanksgiving Days, Missions, &c. A Sixpenny edition will be published in good type. Any suggestions will be gladly received by the secretary of the committee, the Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart., Monkland Vicarage, near Leominster.



