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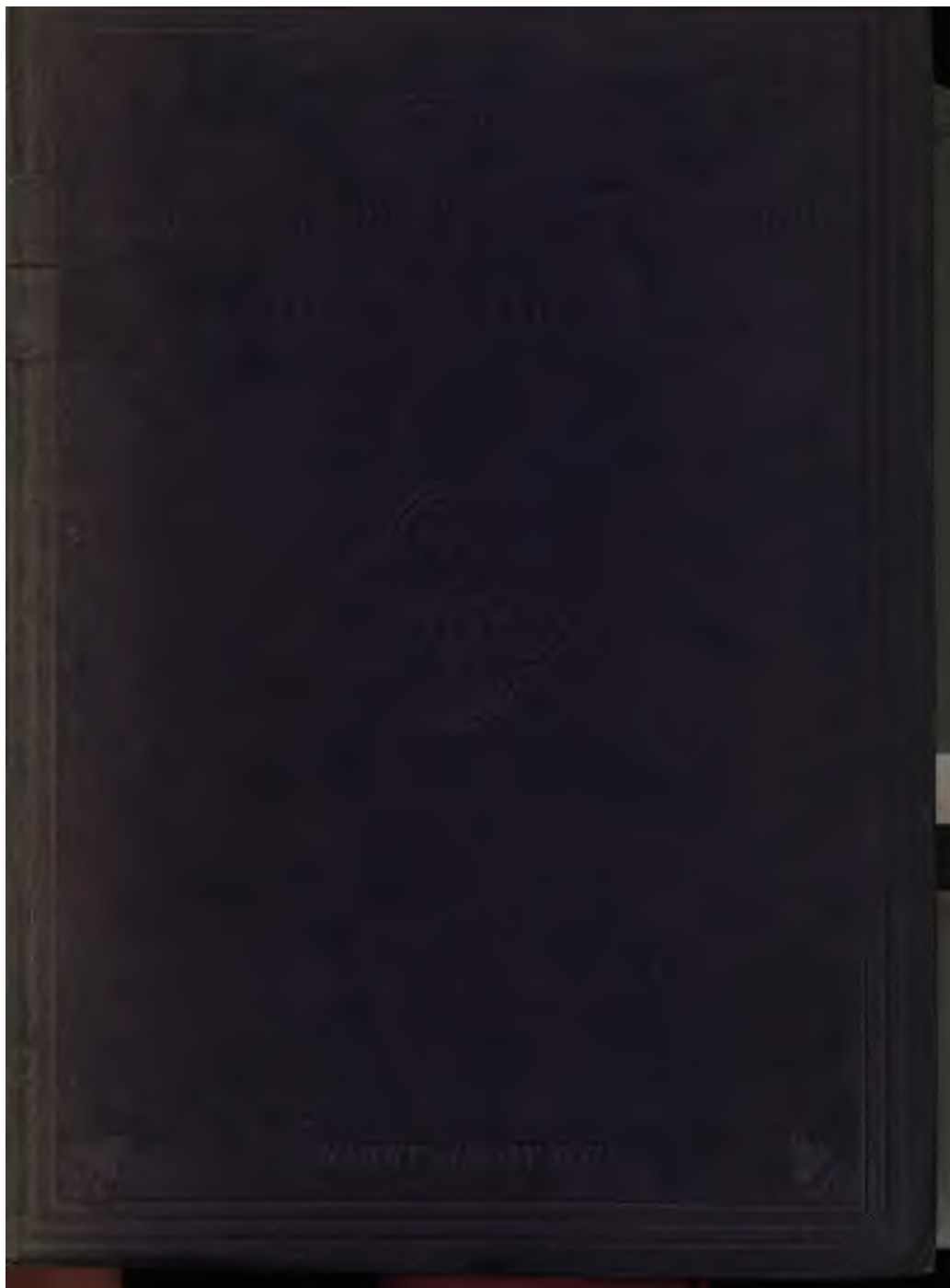
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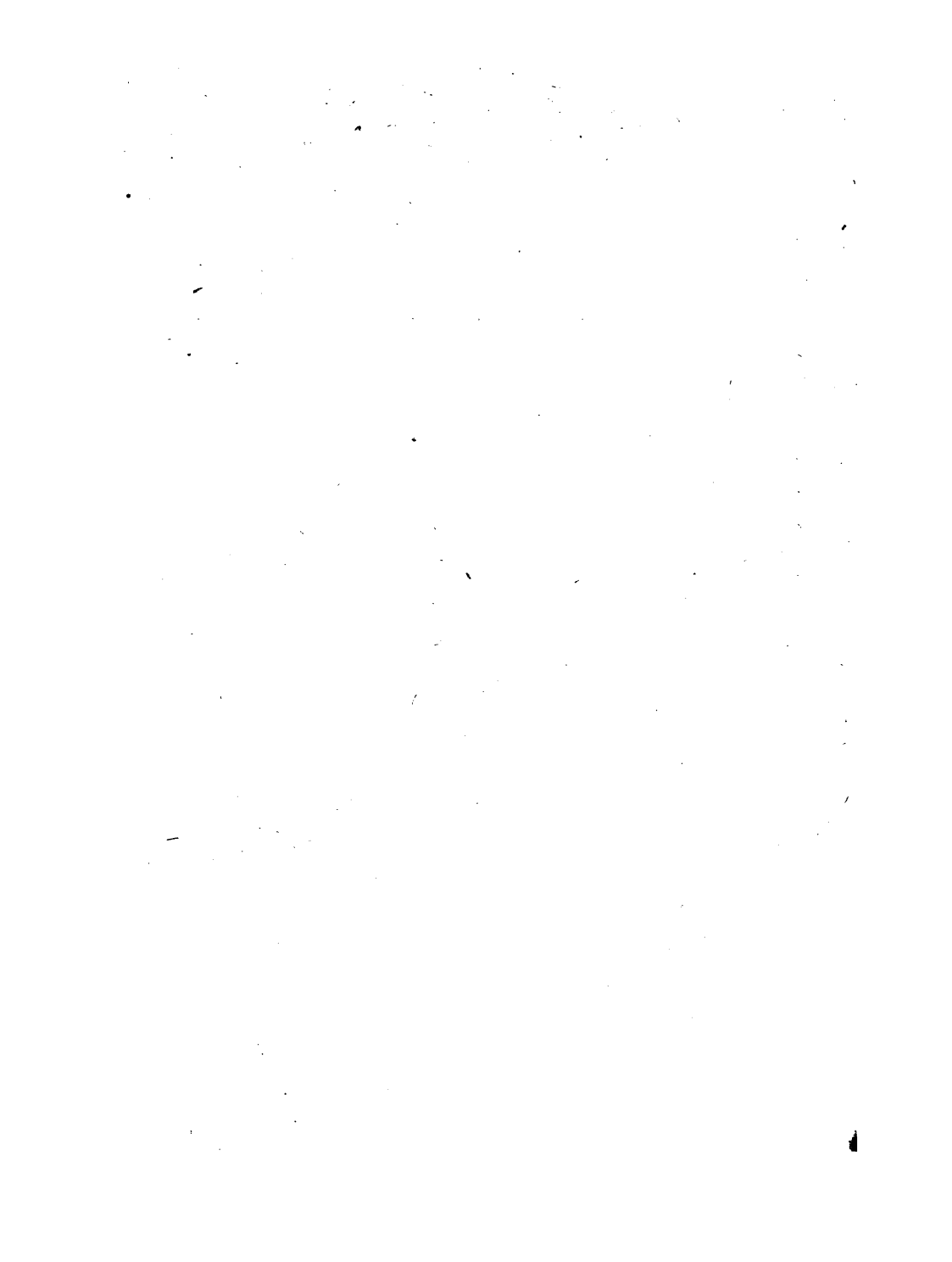
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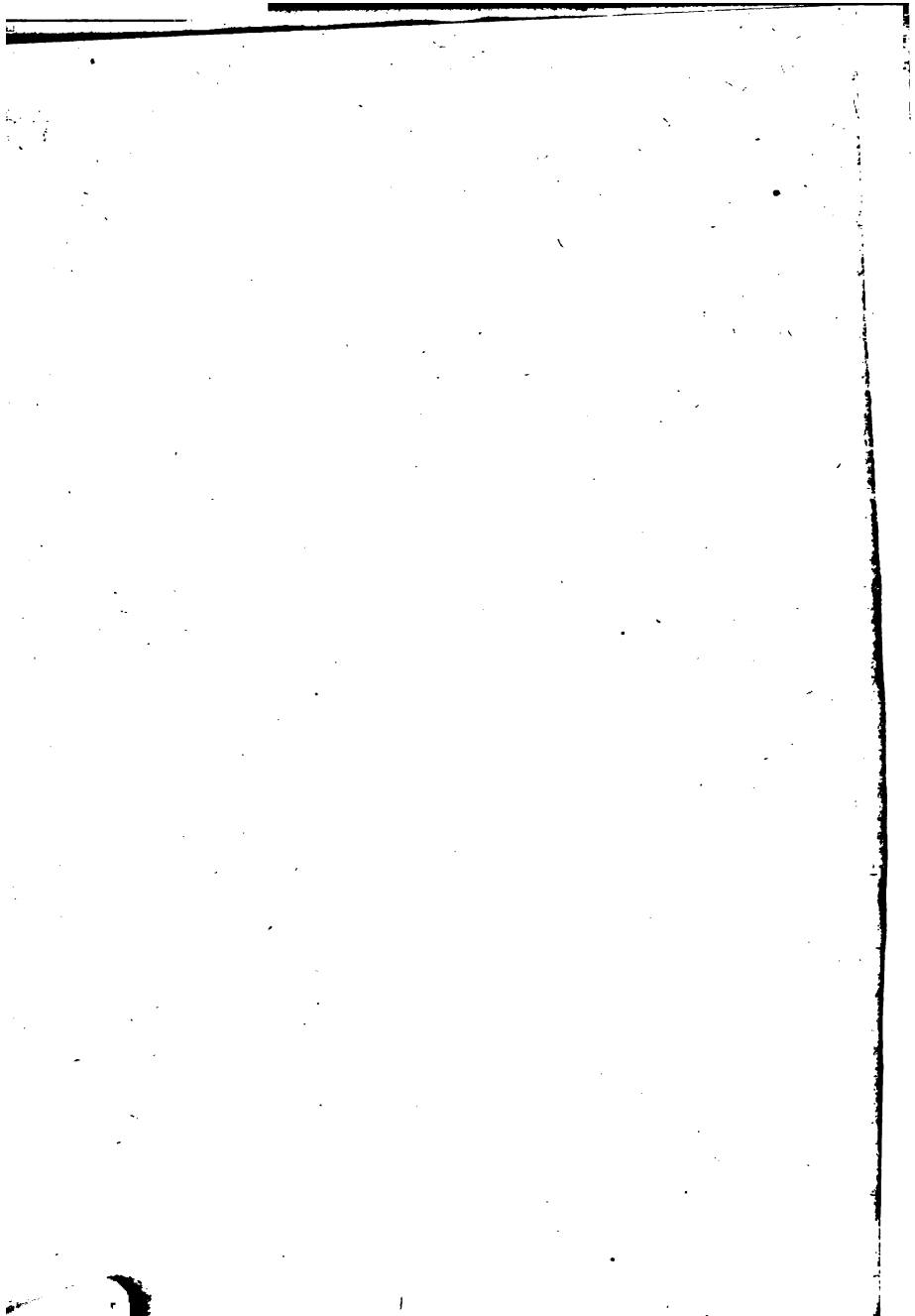
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THE
Congregational Psalmist Hymnal.

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THE

Congregational Psalmist

HYMNÆL

EDITED BY

HENRY ALLON, D.D.

THE MUSIC (FIRST EDITION) EDITED BY

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

THE WHOLE REVISED BY

PROF. WILLIAM HENRY MONK, Mus. Doc.

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"SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG;
HIS PRAISE IN THE CONGREGATION."

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PREFACE.

THE first edition of the "Congregational Psalmist" was published in 1858, its companion Hymn Book—"Supplemental Hymns for Public Worship,"—in 1868. It was therefore one of the pioneers of the great and gratifying development of Congregational worship, which this generation has seen, and a not uninfluential contributor to it. Subsequently to its publication, the combination in one volume of hymns with music has become common. This is a great convenience, and it has the advantage of identifying each hymn with its distinctive tune. The preparation of an edition of the "Congregational Psalmist with Hymns" was commenced some eighteen years ago, but the completion and publication of it were hindered by considerations that no longer exist. The present volume, therefore, is the fruit of many years' labour and familiarity with Hymnology.

The amazing advance of Congregational singing in English speaking churches can be fully realized only by those who can personally remember what, in Parish Church and Nonconformist Chapel alike, it was forty years ago. In the Anglican Church the neglected Hymn has become prominent in Congregational worship, in the Puritan Churches worship has developed in aesthetic forms. The art-music of ritual worship has deepened and broadened into Congregational song, while the rude fervour of Evangelical Hymn singing has developed into a higher art-expression. Both tendencies have thus combined to produce what is perhaps a more consentaneous and extended culture of the worship of the congregation than the Church of Christ has ever known. One effect has been fresh contributions to the Hymnology of the Church of a very rich and precious character. It is impossible to exaggerate the contributions to worship-song of the Evangelical Revival of the

Eighteenth Century—of Watts and Wesley, Toplady and Doddridge, Cowper and John Newton ; but the deeper and broader spiritual life of our own age has produced contributions of equal and more diversified excellence. James Montgomery and Josiah Conder, Keble and Lyte, Newman and Faber, C. Elliott and Monsell, Bishop Wordsworth and Bishop Walsham How, George Rawson and Horatius Bonar, John Ellerton and Godfrey Thring, Ray Palmer and Bishop Bickersteth, Frances Havergal and Mrs. Alexander, with many others, have raised our Church Hymnody, to a very high level indeed, and have supplied congregations with exhaustless stores of worshipping inspiration. It is given to no one man or generation to furnish adequate and permanent expression for the manifold devotional life of the Christian Church. To this all ages, all Churches, all individualities, must contribute. The transitions in religious thought, experience, tone, circumstance, and work, which are continually going on, necessitate fresh modes of devotional expression—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

There are Hymns, the glorious possession of all the Christian ages, which in their fitness and fulness as expressions of common Christian life, no changing forms can affect ; and there are also individualities of religious inspiration and expression that are born of each generation and address themselves to it. It is in the latter that the mutations of Hymnody are seen and felt. Old leaves drop from the Hymnological tree, and fresh and more affluent foliage forms. The large proportion in this selection of Hymns by contemporary writers—nearly one half—will surprise many.

Transcendent, therefore, as were the excellencies of Watts and Wesley as Hymn writers, many of their compositions have necessarily become obsolete. The forms have changed in which theological idea embodied itself, and in which religious life was realized. New fields and modes of Christian work have become imperative ; new embodiments of social, family, and church life, have been generated ; conceptions of Christian habit and relationship have been modified : even the suggestive metaphor of one generation becomes obsolete or ludicrous, in the generation following it. All these things, while they do not affect the radical elements of Christian life, necessarily change its modes of expression.

This Hymnal is an attempt to meet these changing circumstances. It reverently maintains the cardinal elements of Evangelical Christian life and worship. In the expression of scriptural idea and sentiment concerning the Divine Lord and His redeeming work, it does not shrink from New

Testament phrases and metaphors which rarely lead even the most ignorant into serious misconceptions, and which are objected to chiefly by those who reject the doctrines that they embody. We need not emasculate metaphors which have the sanction even of the Divine Master himself in order to remove possibilities of misconception. There is a robust common sense of men that may safely be trusted. At the same time, the lyrical embodiment of the larger theological thought, and the broader, more humane, more diversified, and more enterprising religious life of our own day, is gladly recognized.

A Hymn is the inspiration of piety and poetry—both; and the piety is more than the poetry. It is not too much to say that, were it an alternative, the devotional purposes of Hymnody would be better accomplished by the rudest forms of devotional fervour than by the most perfect embodiments of poetical genius. Few great poets have contributed to our Hymnody; while some of the Hymns that have taken an inflexible hold of the heart of the Church have been written by men concerning whom almost all we know is that they wrote them.

It is to be remembered also that the Hymn Book of the Church is the manual not of the literary and the cultured only, but also of the uncultured and the ignorant. It must therefore address itself to their modes of apprehension, unless artistic and literary selfishness is to leave them uncared for. Not that either good taste or refined feeling need be violated in the compositions of such an appeal. We need not have recourse to what is vulgar in order to secure what is popular and inspiring: but this aim puts a limit upon over fastidiousness. If the common people are to be the care of the Church, its Hymnal must be an embodiment for their use. The Hymns of the Church, like the Ballads of the nation, are for popular lyrical use, and are to be tested not by mere literary Canons, but by their power of devotional inspiration. That is the best Hymn which has in it the most potent spiritual inspiration for the greatest number of worshipping men and women.

The same principles apply to Tunes. Many Tunes that tested solely by Canons of Musical Art would be pronounced inferior, have in them—like many ballad tunes—a power of popular inspiration that would cause their excision to be a devotional loss. While, therefore, ever seeking, both in the Hymns and in the Tunes, to avoid what is incongruous, and to elevate both poetical and musical taste, it has been felt that the admission of a Hymn, or of a Tune, was not to be determined by Art-Canons alone, but rather by its practical power of popular inspiration.

Such Hymns have been selected as seemed best calculated to bring men directly into spiritual communion with God in Christ, not so much through Theologies, or Sacraments, or Churches, as through the deep sense of spiritual realities—the affinities and necessities of their spiritual nature. This is helped by the spiritual as distinguished from the ecclesiastical and ritual traditions of past ages. The problem of a devotional manual is neither unduly to relax nor to overstrain the associations of the religious life, but to make all things, past and present, minister to its highest development.

The classification of Hymns for the convenient use of Congregations has necessitated a rearrangement of the Tunes, and occasion has been taken to embody in a revision of the music the result of twenty-eight years' experience in its use. The first book of three hundred and thirty Tunes was edited by the late Dr. Gauntlett, whose contributions to the music of the Church were of a very high order: additions to the work were subsequently made. The whole has now been revised by Professor W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., whose high qualifications as a writer and harmonizer of music for Congregational use are universally acknowledged. Occasion has also been taken to remove from the collection such Tunes as were practically found to be ineffective, and to substitute for them such as have come to be popularly associated with individual Hymns, or such as commend themselves by special fitness and excellence. The nomenclature of the Tunes has also been revised, and, as far as possible, brought into accord with popular use.

I have sought to provide a Hymnal distinctively for Church use. The Hymn Book is the liturgy of Nonconformist worship, and must therefore supply a large and diversified worship-song. To attempt to comprise in one book a manual for Private Devotion, a selection for the Home Sanctuary, and a Hymnal for the Sunday School, together with a Hymnal for the Church, is simply impracticable: each demands a much larger and more diversified provision than is possible in such combination.

After careful observation of attempts to combine in one volume an adequate number and diversity of Hymns, with an adequate number and diversity of Chants and Anthems, I have come to the conclusion that this also is impracticable. In almost every instance where it has been attempted, Supplements have had to be speedily provided. Churches using in their regular services, say nine or ten Hymns every week, soon become conscious of lack, not only of many excluded Hymns familiar and excellent in themselves, but also of general sufficiency and variety. While if two or three Chants, and two or three Anthems are used every week (and where used at all few Churches use less,

a larger and more varied supply than can be provided in a combined volume soon becomes imperative.

The truest economy, therefore, seems to be to provide adequately for each section of worship-forms. The present Hymnal has sought to include all Hymns that, from old associations or intrinsic excellence, churches may reasonably desire to use, so as permanently to satisfy the necessities and the feeling of worshippers. Chants and Anthems are left for separate provision.

My grateful acknowledgments for contributions of original compositions, and for permission to use copyright Hymns and Tunes, must include contributors to former editions of the work. With scarcely an exception, men the most diverse in theological thought and ecclesiastical position, have generously and heartily permitted the use of their Hymns. Beneath all differences of form, lie the common life and heart of religious men. This has enabled a Catholic devotional feeling and use which to me is a great joy, and which, in the perhaps inevitable conflicts of creeds and churches, must be an inestimable benefit. It is much to have, in common worship, religious feeling inspired and sanctified and made more tender by common Hymns. Asperities are subdued towards those who have helped us in drawing near to God.

It is almost startling to think, how many who thus generously contributed to the earlier work have "fallen asleep." Their memory is blessed in the worship they still inspire.

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HENRY ALLON.

CANONBURY, LONDON.

February 15th, 1886.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	HYMNS.
GOD AND HIS WORSHIP	1— 20
CREATION AND PROVIDENCE	21— 35
GRACE	36— 62
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—	
HIS DIVINE CHARACTER AND GLORY	63— 68
HIS MEDIATORIAL CHARACTER	69— 99
HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT	100—114
HIS HUMAN LIFE AND EXAMPLE	115—127
HIS PASSION AND DEATH	128—152
HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION	153—169
HIS INTERCESSION AND REIGN	170—183
HIS SECOND COMING	184—203
THE HOLY SPIRIT	204—230
DOXOLOGIES	231—239
HUMAN LIFE: ITS FRAILTY AND SIN	240—243
THE GOSPEL—	
ITS RECORD, THE SCRIPTURES	244—255
ITS MISSION AND ITS INVITATIONS	256—277
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—	
ITS BEGINNINGS—REPENTANCE AND FAITH	278—322
ITS CONSECRATION AND TRUST	323—371
ITS GROWTH AND SATISFACTION	372—466
ITS STRUGGLES AND SORROWS	457—548
ITS PRIVILEGES AND HOPES	549—577
DEATH AND THE GRAVE	578—592
DEATH OF A MINISTER	593—595
DEATH OF A CHILD	596—598
THE LIFE HEREAFTER	599—617

	No. of Hymn.
CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS—	
THE CHURCH AND ITS FELLOWSHIP	618—641
PRAYER FOR MINISTERS	642
PRAYER FOR THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES	643
ORDINATION OF MINISTERS	644—649
SEEKING A PASTOR	650
WELCOMING A PASTOR	651
MEETINGS OF MINISTERS	652—655
THE LORD'S DAY AND ITS SERVICES	656—687
THE LORD'S DAY EVENING	688—700
WEEK DAY SERVICES	701—704
BAPTISM	705—710
THE LORD'S SUPPER	711—742
SPECIAL OCCASIONS—	
NEW PLACES OF WORSHIP	743—756
CHURCH RESTORATION	757—758
CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES	759—761
ORGAN OPENING	762
CHRISTIAN MISSIONS	763—798
TIMES AND SEASONS—	
MORNING AND EVENING	799—842
SATURDAY EVENING	843—844
THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD	845—856
MIDNIGHT SERVICES	857—858
THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR—	
SPRING	859—861
SUMMER	862
AUTUMN	863
WINTER	864
HARVEST	865—871
FLOWER SERVICE	872
BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS	873—876
MARRIAGE	877—879
FOR THOSE AT SEA	880—883
NATIONAL HYMNS	884—886
DAYS OF HUMILIATION	887
IN TIME OF WAR	888—889
IN TIME OF PESTILENCE	890—891
NATIONAL THANKSGIVING	892—893
CHURCH SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG	894—918
FAMILY RELIGION	919
FAMILY GATHERINGS	920
NEW HABITATIONS	921

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO HYMNS.

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FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
A broken heart, my God, my King	278	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
A charge to keep I have	241	Charles Wesley (1706-1788)
A few more years shall roll	565	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1806-)
* A fortress sure is God our King	518	M. Luther (1483-1546) tr. G. Thring (1823-)
" A little while,"—our Lord shall come	186	
* Abide among us with Thy grace	813	Stegman, tr. by C. Winkworth (1627-1678)
* Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	820	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
Above the clear blue sky	902	John Chandler (1806-1876)
According to Thy gracious word	711	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Across the sky the shades of night	858	James Hamilton (1819-)
Again, as evening shadow falls... ..	689	Samuel Longfellow (1819-)
Again returns the day of holy rest	656	William Mason (1725-1787)
* Again the morn of gladness	896	John Ellerton (1826-)
All hail the power of Jesus' name	179	Edward Ferronet (1726-1792)
* All my heart this night rejoices	111	P. Gerhardt (1696-1676) tr. by C. Winkworth
All nature's works His praise declare... ..	762	Henry Ware, jun. (1794-1849)
All people that on earth do dwell	2	William Kethe (1561)
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	814	Thomas Ken, D.D., Bp. (1687-1711)
* All that I was, my sin, my guilt	349	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1802-)
* All things praise Thee, Lord most high	7	George William Conder (1821-1874)
All ye nations, praise the Lord... ..	20	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
All ye that pass by... ..	136	Charles Wesley (1706-1788)
* Almighty Father, hear our cry... ..	882	Edward H. Bickersteth, D.D., Bp. (1825-)
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	691	John Cawood (1775-1822)
Almighty King, whose wondrous hand	22	William Cowper (1731-1800)
Always with us, always with us	395	Edwin H. Newin, D.D. (1814-)
And is there, Lord, a cross for me	474	Henry Addiscot (1806-1860)
And will the great eternal God... ..	749	Phillip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
Angels from the realms of glory	113	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
* Another day begun	809	John Ellerton (1826-)
* Another six days' work is done... ..	684	Joseph Stennett, D.D. (1663-1713)
* Another year is dawning... ..	852	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat	315	John Newton (1725-1807)
Arise, O King of grace, arise	750	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
* Art thou weary, art thou languid	497	Stephen the Babaitte (726-794) J. M. Neale, D.D.
* As helpless as a child who clings	344	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
* As much have I of worldly good	126	Josiah Conder (1789-1856)
As pants the hart for cooling streams	359	Tate and Brady (1696)
* As Thou didst rest, O Father	665	Alfred Barry, D.D., Bp. (1826-)
* As with gladness, men of old	114	William Chatterton Dix (1837-)
* At even, ere the sun was set	688	Henry Twells (1823-)
* At the name of Jesus	182	Caroline M. Noel
* At Thy feet, our God and Father	864	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
Author of faith, eternal word	306	Charles Wesley (1706-1788)
Awake, and sing the song	89	W. Hammond (1719-83) M. Madan (1726-90)
* Awake, awake, O Zion	779	Benjamin Gough (1805-)
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	799	Thomas Ken, D.D., Bp. (1687-1711)
Awake our souls, away our fears	552	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Awake, ye saints, awake	683	Elizabeth Scott (1674-1776) T. Cotterill (1776-1823)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
Baptized into Thy name most holy	710	Rambuch (1723)
* Bear Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st my sin	512	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Before Jehovah's awful throne	3	I. Watts, D.D. (1674-1748), <i>alt.</i> by John Wesley
Begone unbelief	580	John Newton (1725-1807)
Behold, a Stranger at the door	269	Joseph Grigg (-1768)
Behold, how glorious is yon sky	611	
Behold the glories of the Lamb	84	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
* Behold the Lamb of God	138	Matthew Bridges (1800-)
Behold the Saviour of mankind	136	Samuel Wesley, sen. (1662-1735)
Behold the throne of grace	535	John Newton (1725-1807)
* Behold us, Lord, a little space	702	John Ellerton (1826-)
Behold what wondrous grace	365	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Beneath the shadow of the cross	630	Samuel Longfellow (1819-)
* Beneath Thy wing, O God, I rest	369	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
* Beyond, beyond that boundless sea	10	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
* Birds have their quiet nest	115	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
Blessed Jesus, at Thy word	678	T. Clausnitzer (1619-1694), <i>tr.</i> C. Winkworth
Blessed Lord, Thy servants see	705	Benjamin Schmolck (1672-1737)
Blessing, honour, thanks and praise	589	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
* Bless'd are the pure in heart	439	John Keble (1792-1866) and W. J. Hall
Blest are the souls that hear and know	245	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Blest be the dear uniting love	641	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Blest be the everlasting God	608	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Blest be the Father and His love	234	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	348	John Austin (1613-1669)
Blest is the tie that binds	624	John Fawcett (1739-1817)
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	262	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
* Bound upon the accursed tree	140	H. Hart Milman, D.D., Dean (1791-1868)
* Bread of heaven, O Thee I feed	729	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
Bread of the world in mercy broken	726	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826)
* Break new born year, on glad eyes break	857	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-)
Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest	482	Joseph Stammers (1801-)
* Breathe on me, breath of God	220	Edwin Hatch, D.D.
Brethren, let us join to bless	81	John Cennick (1718-1755)
* Brief life is here our portion	604	Bernard of Cluny (c. 1145), <i>tr.</i> J. M. Neale, D.D.
* Bright Thy presence when it breaketh	684	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-)
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	106	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1723-1826)
* Brightly gleams our banner	881	T. J. Potter (1875) and W. W. How, D.D.,
* By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	725	George Rawson (1807-)
		[Bp., (1823-)]
* Call them in, the poor and wretched	796	Anna Shipton (1862)
* Calm me, my God, and keep me calm	428	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
* Captain and Saviour of the host	583	George Rawson (1807-)
Captain of Israel's host and Guide	98	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Captain of our salvation take	643	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Chief Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep	644	John Newton (1725-1807)
Childhood's years are passing o'er us	906	William Dickson (1817-)
Children of the heavenly King	550	John Cennick (1717-1755)
Christ, above all glory seated	171	Latin (7th Cent.), Mozley's Hymnal (1852)
* Christ is coming, let creation	203	John Robert Macduff, D.D.
* Christ is made the sure Foundation	755	Latin (8th Cent.), <i>tr.</i> by J. M. Neale, D.D.
* Christ is our Corner-Stone	743	Latin (8th Cent.), <i>tr.</i> by J. Chandler (1806-1876)
* Christ is risen, Hallelujah	158	J. S. Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
* Christ is the Foundation	752	J. S. Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
Christ, of all my hopes the ground	451	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. (1779-1853)
* Christ, the Lord, is risen again	154	M. Welse (-1540), <i>tr.</i> by C. Winkworth
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day	153	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	804	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
* Christian, dost thou see them	499	Andrew of Crete (660-732), <i>tr.</i> J. M. Neale, D.D.
* Christian, seek not yet repose	465	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
Christians awake, salute the happy morn	112	John Byrom (1691-1763)
Come and let us sweetly join	737	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	429	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove	223	Simon Browne (1680-1732)
Come, Holy Ghost, in love	229	Robert II. of France (? (972-1031), <i>tr.</i> by R. Pal-
Come, Holy Ghost, oh hearts inspire	210	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Come, Holy Ghost, oh souls inspire	206	Gregory the Great? (540-604) <i>tr.</i> Cossin's Devo-
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind	221	John Stewart (1803)
Come, Holy Spirit, come	219	Joseph Hart (1712-1768)
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	211	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO HYMNS.

xvii

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord	629	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Come, kingdom of our God	763	John Johns (1801-1847)
*Come, labour on	782	Jane Borthwick (1813-)
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	72	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Come, let us join our friends above	563	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Come, Lord, and carry not	200	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1806-)
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	808	Baron von Canitz (-1698), tr. by H. J. Buckoll
Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord	537	John Newton (1725-1807) (1803-1871)
Come, O thou traveller unknown	280	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Come, praise your Lord and Saviour	317	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Come, sing with holy gladness	898	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
Come, Thou almighty King	895	J. L. Daniel
Come, Thou everlasting Spirit	687	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	742	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	547	Robert Robinson (1735-1790)
*Come to our poor nature's night	103	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Come to the house of prayer	217	George Rawson (1809-)
*Come unto Me, and rest	685	Emily Taylor (1795-1872)
*Come unto Me, ye weary	264	Eliza Fanny Morris (1821-)
Come, we that love the Lord	287	William Chatterton Dix (1837-)
*Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	441	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	180	J. Hupton (1762-1849), and J. M. Neale, D.D.
*Come, ye thankful people, come	671	Joseph Hart (1712-1768)
Command Thy blessing from above	865	Henry Alford, D.D. Dean (1810-1871)
Creator, Spirit, by whose aid	671	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*Crown Him with many crowns	209	Gregory the Great (?) (540-604) tr. J. Dryden
Darkly rose the guilty morning	178	Matthew Bridges (1800-)
Daughter of Zion, from the dust	182	Joseph Anstice (1808-1836)
*Day by day the manna fell	791	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*Day by day we magnify Thee	418	Josiah Conder (1759-1855)
*Day of wrath! O day of mourning	894	John Ellerton (1826-)
*Days and moments swiftly flying	201	Thos. of Celano, 13th Ct., tr. by W. J. Irons, D.D.
Deal gently with us, Lord	586	Edward Caswall (1814-1878) [(1812-1883)]
Dear Friend, whose presence in the house	465	William Everett (1839-)
*Dear Jesus, ever at my side	589	James Freeman Clarke, D.D. (1810-)
*Dear Lord and Master mine	961	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1815-1863)
*Dear Saviour of a dying world	409	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-)
*Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	409	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
Dropping, dropping, dropping	790	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
Dwell in me richly, blessed Word	848	
	247	
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord	207	Thomas Haweis, LL.B., M.D. (1734-1820)
Ere another Sabbath's close	698	Gerard Thomas Noel (1782-1851)
Ere I sleep, for every favour	831	John Cennick (1717-1756)
*Eternal Father, strong to save	881	William Whitting (1825-)
Eternal God, we look to Thee	31	James Merrick (1720-1769)
*Eternal Light! Eternal Light!	12	Thomas Binney, LL.D. (1798-1874)
Eternal Power, whose high abode	4	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Eternal Shepherd, God most high	650	Richard Frederick Littledale, D.D., LL.D. (1833-)
Eternal source of every joy	846	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
Eternal Spirit! by whose power	204	William Hiley Bathurst (1796-1877)
Eternal Spirit! we confess	222	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Evening and morning	841	Paul Gerhardt (1606-1676) tr. R. Massie (1800-)
*Eye hath not seen Thy glory: Thou alone	175	Edward Wilton Eddis
*Fair waved the golden corn	908	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)
*Faith of our fathers, living still	761	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1815-1863)
Far as Thy name is known	625	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Far from my heavenly home	463	Henry Francis Lyte (1798-1847)
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	414	William Cowper (1731-1800)
*Father, again in Jesus' name we meet	693	Harriett Whittemore (1831-)
Father, behold with gracious eyes	638	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing	339	William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871)
Father, by Thy love and power	842	Joseph Anstice (1808-1836)
Father, hear the prayer we offer	394	
*Father, here we dedicate	851	Laurence Tuttiott (1825-)
Father, how wide Thy glory shines	44	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
*Father, I know that all my life	494	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
*Father in high heaven dwelling	837	George Rawson (1807-)
*Father, my cup is full	464	Anna Shipton
*Father of all, whose wondrous power... ..	341	William Tidd Matson (1833-)
Father of eternal grace	122	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Father of heaven, whose love profound	231	Edward Cooper (1770-1833)
*Father of love and power	834	George Rawson (1807-)
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear	648	Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795)
Father, throned on high	228	Nyberg and Christian Ignatius Latrobe (1758-1855)
*Father, to Thy sinful child	290	Josiah Conder (1789-1855) [1836]
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	492	Anne Steele (1716-1778)
Feeble, helpless, how shall I	528	William Henry Furness, D.D. (1802-)
*Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	476	Godfrey Thring, B.A. (1823-)
*For all the saints who from their labours rest	616	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
For ever here, my rest shall be	860	Mrs. Douglas
*For ever will I bless the Lord	718	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
For ever with the Lord	58	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
For mercies countless as the sands	566	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
For the beauty of the earth	32	John Newton (1725-1807)
For these, O dear, dear country... ..	65	Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835-)
*For Thy mercy and Thy grace... ..	606	Bernard of Cluny (1145-), <i>tr.</i> by J. M. Neale, D.D.
Forth from the dark and stormy sky... ..	849	Henry Downton (1818-1835) [(1818-1866)]
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go	722	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826)
*Forward be our watchword	812	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	378	Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871)
Fountain of mercy, God of love	875	Philip Doddridge, D.D., <i>alt.</i> (1702-1751)
From all that dwell below the skies	869	Allice Flowerdew (1739-1830)
From Egypt's bondage come	233	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
From every stormy wind that blows... ..	374	Thomas Kelly (1789-1855)
From Greenland's icy mountains	623	Hugh Stowell (1799-1865)
*From the recesses of a lowly spirit	778	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826)
Full of trembling expectation	548	Sir John Bowring (1792-1872)
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us	800	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Give me the faith which can remove	446	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc. (1784-1872)
Give me the wings of faith to rise	654	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Give to the winds Thy fears	575	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Glorious things of these are spoken	511	Paul Gerhardt (1606-1676), <i>tr.</i> by John Wesley
*Glory be to Him, who loved us	621	John Newton (1725-1807) [(1703-1791)]
*Glory be to Jesus	181	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-) adapted
*Glory, glory to God in the Highest	147	Italian (17th Cent.), <i>tr.</i> by Ed. Caswall (1814)
Glory to God on high	59	William Tidd Matson (1833-) [-1878.]
*Go labour on; spend and be spent	69	James Allen (1734-1804)
*Go not far from me, O my strength	775	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Go to dark Gethsemane	495	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
God bless our native land	130	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*God bless our Sunday school	884	W. E. Hickson
God is gone up on high	817	Albert Midlane
*God is in His temple	164	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
God moves in a mysterious way	667	William Tidd Matson (1833-)
*God of mercy, God of grace	26	William Cowper (1731-1800)
God of my life, to Thee I call	789	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
God of my life, through all its days	517	William Cowper (1731-1800)
God of my life, whose gracious power	50	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
*God of pity, God of grace	523	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*God of the living, in whose eyes	501	Eliza Fanny Morris (1821-)
God save our gracious Queen	590	John Ellerton (1526-)
God that madest earth and heaven	885	H. Carey? (-1743) [D.D. Archbp. (1787-1863)]
*God the All-terrible! King who ordaineth	839	R. Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826) and R. Whately,
*God the Lord has heard our prayer	888	Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872)
God who dost the increase grant	898	H. H. Wyatt
*Golden harps are sounding	760	
*Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd	167	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
*Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	707	Jane Elizabeth Leeson (1842-)
*Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	225	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
*Grant us Thy light, that we may know	212	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-85)
Great Father of each perfect gift	400	Laurence Tuttle (1825-)
*Great giver of all good, to Thee again	208	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
Great God as seasons disappear	866	S. Childs Clarke
	870	Edmund Butcher (1757-1822)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
Great God how infinite art Thou !	11	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
Great God of wonders, all Thy ways	48	Samuel Davies, d.d. (1724-1761)
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	847	Philip Doddridge, d.d. (1702-1751)
Great God, what do I see and hear	188	B. Ringwald (1580-1598) and W. B. Collyer
Great is the Lord our God	627	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748) (1782-1854)
*Great King of nations, hear our prayer	887	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)
Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear	754	John Newton (1725-1807)
Great the joy when Christians meet	632	George Burder (1752-1832).
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	397	P. Williams (1771) and Wm. Williams (1717-91)
Hail the day that sees Him rise	159	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	176	John Bakewell (1721-1819)
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	177	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!	573	Chris. Wordsworth, d.d., Bp. (1807-1885)
*Hallelujah, song of gladness	577	Latin (13th Cent.) <i>tr.</i> by J. M. Neale, d.d.
*Happy the home when God is there	919	
Happy the souls to Jesus joined	639	Charles Wesley, d.d. (1708-1788)
*Hark, hark my soul, angelic songs are swelling	609	Frederick William Faber, d.d. (1814-1863)
Hark my soul, it is the Lord	363	William Cowper (1731-1800)
Hark the glad sound the Saviour comes	104	Philip Doddridge, d.d. (1702-1751)
Hark the herald angels sing	109	C. Wesley (1708-88), <i>alt.</i> by J. Wesley (1702-91)
Hark the song of Jubilee...	784	James Montgomery (1771-1856)
*Hark the sound of holy voices	603	Chris. Wordsworth, d.d., Bp. (1807-1885)
Hark the voice of love and mercy	152	Jonathan Evans (1748-1809)
Hark 'tis the watchman's cry	274	From "The Revival" (1859)
*Harp awake! tell out the story	856	Henry Downton (1818-1885)
Head of the Church triumphant	91	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Heal me, O my Saviour heal	449	Godfrey Thring (1823-)
Heal us, Immanuel; hear our prayer	316	William Cowper (1731-1800)
*Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father	838	Harriet Farr (1828-)
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims	581	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
Heavenly Father, all creation	235	
Heavenly Father, by whose care	690	Thomas Hincks, B.A. (1818-)
*Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	911	Chris. Wordsworth, d.d., Bp. (1807-1885)
*Heavenly Father, to whose eye	471	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
He dies; the Friend of sinners dies	145	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748), <i>alt.</i> by J. Wesley
*He is gone, a cloud of light	162	J. Beathyn Stanley, d.d., Dean (1815-1881)
*He is risen! He is risen	155	Cecil Francis Alexander (1823-)
*Help me, my God, to speak	433	Horatius Bonar, d.d. (1806-)
*Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest	872	Abel Gerald Wilson Blunt (1827-)
*Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	724	Horatius Bonar, d.d. (1808-)
High in the heavens, eternal God	25	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
Holy Bible, book Divine	253	John Burton (1773-1822)
*Holy Father, cheer our way	570	Richard Hayes Robinson (1842-)
*Holy Father, hear my cry	239	Horatius Bonar, d.d. (1808-)
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	228	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	1	Reginald Heber, d.d., Bp. (1783-1826)
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts	54	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive	324	Anna Dober (1713-1739), <i>tr.</i> by J. Wesley
Holy Spirit, Truth Divine	227	Samuel Longfellow (1819-), <i>tr.</i> by J. Wesley
Hosanna to the living Lord	675	Reginald Heber, d.d. Bp. (1783-1826)
Hosanna we sing, like the children dear	897	George Samuel Hodges
House of our God, with hymns of gladness ring	850	P. Doddridge, d.d. (1702-51) J. Ellerton (1826-)
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord	880	Joseph Addison (1672-1719)
How beauteous are their feet	261	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
How beauteous were the marks divine	120	Arthur Cleveland Coxe, d.d., Bp. (1818-)
*How blessed from the bonds of sin	781	Spitta <i>tr.</i> by Jane Borthwick (1813-)
How blest is life if lived for Thee	431	
How blest the righteous when he dies	580	Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743-1825)
How bright these glorious spirits shine	613	I. Watts, d.d. (1674-1748) <i>alt.</i> by W. Cameron
*How calmly the evening once more is descending	829	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871) [1751-1811]
How condescending and how kind	717	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
How dare we pray Thee dwell within	224	John Keble (1792-1866)
How do Thy mercies close me round	522	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
How pleased and blest was I	677	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
How precious is the book Divine	249	John Fawcett, d.d. (1789-1817)
How sad our state by nature is...	243	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
*How shall I follow Him I serve	121	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
How shall the young secure their hearts	252	Isaac Watts, d.d. (1674-1748)
*How softly on the western hills	824	George Rawson (1831-)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	73	John Newton (1725-1807)
*How welcome was the call	878	Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
*Hushed was the evening hymn	912	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
*I bring my sins to Thee	304	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
*I could not do without Thee	322	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
*I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	457	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864)
*I give my heart to Thee	337	Latin Hymn, <i>tr.</i> by Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-)
*I give myself to prayer	440	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
*I have no comfort but Thy love	398	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-75)
*I heard the voice of Jesus say	283	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
*I hunger and I thirst	728	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-75)
*I lay my sins on Jesus	302	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
*I lift my heart to Thee	371	Charles Edward Mudie (1812-)
I love the Lord, He lent an ear	489	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	620	Timothy Dwight, S.T.D., LL.D. (1752-1817)
*I love to hear the story	903	Emily Huntington Miller (1833-)
*I love to tell the story	904	Kate Hankey
*I need Thee, precious Jesus	301	Frederick Whitfield (1829-)
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	51	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*I think of Thee, my God, by night	541	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-75)
I thirst, Thou wondrous Lamb of God	296	Dessler <i>P tr.</i> by J. Wesley
*I was a wandering sheep	303	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
*I would commune with Thee, my God	542	George Burden Bubier (1823-1869)
*If thou but suffer God to guide thee...	514	Geo. Neumark (1821-81) <i>tr.</i> by C. Winkworth
I'm but a stranger here	576	Thomas Rawson Taylor (1807-1835)
*I'm kneeling at the threshold	561	William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. (1808-1834)
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	310	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord	890	William Bullock, D.D., Dean (-1874)
*In heavenly love abiding	448	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
*In the cross of Christ I glory	150	Sir John Bowring, LL.D. (1792-1872)
*In the dark and cloudy day	490	George Rawson (1807-)
In the hour of my distress	216	Robert Herrick (1691-1674)
In the hour of trial	479	J. Montgomery (1771-1854) and F. A. Hutton
In this glad hour, when children meet	920	Henry Ware, Jun. (1794-1843)
In time of tribulation	490	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*In whom shall I find comfort	513	William Tidd Matson (1833-)
It came upon the midnight clear	107	Edmund Hamilton Sears, D.D. (1810-1876)
It is not death to die	573	George Washington Bethune, D.D. (1805-1862)
*It is Thy hand, my God	472	James George Deck (1845)
It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine	96	Mary Shekelton
Jerusalem, my happy home	606	F. B. P. (16th century)
Jerusalem, on high...	602	Samuel Crossman (1624-1683)
*Jerusalem the golden	607	Bernard of Cluny (c1145) <i>tr.</i> by J. M. Neale, D.D.
Jesus, and shall it ever be	307	Joseph Grigg (-1768)
*Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	271	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
*Jesus came—the Leavens adoring	185	Godfrey Thring (1823-)
Jesus Emmanuel	403	Thomas Rawson Taylor (1807-1835)
Jesus, full of all compassion	239	Daniel Turner (1710-1798)
*Jesus, great Redeemer	741	Ada Cross (<i>née</i> Cambridge) (1844-)
Jesus, high in glory	900	F. W. Harris (1814-1872)
Jesus, I live to Thee	345	Henry Harbaugh (1830)
*Jesus, I my cross have taken	323	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
*Jesus is our Shepherd	905	Hugh Stowell (1793-1865)
Jesus lives! no longer now	169	C. F. Gellert (1715-1769) <i>tr.</i> by F. E. Cox (1841)
*Jesus, Lord, and Saviour	453	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
*Jesus, Lord of life and glory	450	James John Cummins (1867)
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee	634	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Jesus, lover of my soul	256	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Jesus, Master of the feast	733	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Jesus, meek and gentle	454	George Rundle Fyenne (1818-)
*Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone	338	John Cennick (1717-1755)
*Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	300	Henry Collins
*Jesus, my Saviour, look on me...	509	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
Jesus, my Strength, my Hope	360	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Jesus, our best-beloved Friend...	237	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	767	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Jesus, still lead on...	390	Count N. L. Zinzendorf (1700-1760) <i>tr.</i> by Jane Borthwick

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
*Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou	740	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-) [Borthwick
*Jesus, Sun of Righteousness	805	C. Knorr von Rosenroth (1636-1689) tr. by J.
Jesus, the name to sinners dear	183	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Jesus, the very thought of Thee	92	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) tr. by E. Cas-
Jesus, these eyes have never seen	82	Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-) [wall
*Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	715	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) tr. by Ray
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	88	Palmer, D.D.
Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness	75	P. Gerhardt (1606-76) tr. by J. Wesley (1703-91)
Jesus, Thy sovereign grace we bless	636	Count N. L. Zinzendorf (1700-60) tr. by J. Wesley
*Jesus, to Thy table led	727	William Hiley Bathurst (1796-1877)
Jesus, we look to Thee	626	Robert Hall Baynes (1831-)
Jesus, we Thy promise claim	633	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	747	William Cowper (1731-1800)
Join all the glorious names	77	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	105	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Just as I am—without one plea	298	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
Kindred in Christ for His dear sake	635	John Newton (1725-1807)
*Labouring and heavy-laden	407	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, Lt. D. (1811-75)
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love	736	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace	250	Bernard Barton (1734-1849)
*Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom	383	John Henry Newman, D.D., Card. (1801-)
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	396	James Edmeston (1791-1867)
Lead us, O Father! in the paths of peace	390	William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871)
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide	373	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Let all assembled here	915	
*Let all men praise the Lord	61	M. Binckart (1586-1649) tr. by W. Bartholomew
Let everlasting glories crown	248	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748) [(1793-1867)
*Let every heart exulting beat	78	Latin, tr. by John David Chambers
Let every mortal ear attend	259	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Let me be with Thee, where Thou art	555	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
Let plenteous Grace descend on those	628	James Newton (1733-1790)
Let us, with a gladsome mind	53	John Milton (1608-1674)
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	646	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
*Lift the strain of high thanksgiving	758	John Ellerton (1825-)
Lift up to God the voice of praise	40	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. (1779-1853)
*Light hath arisen, we walk in its brightness	402	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Light of life, seraphic fire	680	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart	792	Sir Edward Denny (1796-)
*Light of the world! whose kind and gentle care	382	Henry Bateman
Light of those, whose dreary dwelling	70	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Light up this house with glory, Lord	751	John Harris, D.D. (1802-1856)
Like mist on the mountains, like ships on the sea	918	Robert Murray McCheyne (1812-1843)
Lo, God is here, let us adore	686	G. Tersteegen (1697-1769) tr. by John Wesley
Lo, He comes with clouds descending	190	C. Wesley, vv. 1, 2, 5; John Cennick vv. 3 & 4.
*Lo, on the inglorious tree	134	Latin Hymn, tr. by William John Blew
*Lo, the storms of life are breaking	475	Henry Alford, D.D., Dean (1810-1871)
*Long did I toil, and know no earthly rest	831	Henry Francis Lyte (1783-1847)
Look from Thy sphere of endless day	786	William Cullen Bryant (1794-1873)
*Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	127	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)
Lord, behold us few and weak	637	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	639	Walter Shirley (1725-1786)
*Lord, give me light to do Thy work	769	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1806-)
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	213	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*Lord, have mercy when we pray	533	Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean (1791-1868)
Lord, I have made Thy word my choice	251	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	311	Elizabeth Codner (1800-)
*Lord, I was blind, I could not see	320	William Tidd Matoon (1823-)
Lord, if Thou the grace impart	424	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	285	Isaac Williams, B.D. (1802-1865)
Lord, it belongs not to my care	587	Richard Baxter, D.D. (1615-1691)
*Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee	720	James George Deck (1827-)
Lord Jesus, think on me	462	Synesius (c. 375-430) tr. by A. W. Chatfield
*Lord Jesus, when we stand afar	143	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
Lord, look on all assembled here	831	Joseph Hart (1712-1768)
Lord of all being! throned afar	803	Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-)
Lord of hosts to Thee we raise	748	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Lord of mercy and of might	94	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1833)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation ...	505	M. A. Von Loewenstern (1594-1648) <i>tr. by P.</i>
Lord of the harvest, hear ...	642	C. Wesley (1706-1788) (Pusey (1799-1856)
*Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail ...	868	John Hampden Gurney (1802-1862)
*Lord of the living harvest ...	773	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows ...	673	Philip Doddridge, d. n. (1702-1751)
Lord of the worlds above ...	669	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
*Lord, speak to me, that I may speak ...	774	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Lord, teach us how to pray aright ...	682	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Lord, Thine ancient people see ...	787	"Hymns for Church and Home"
*Lord, this day Thy children meet ...	916	William Walsham How, d. n. Bp. (1823-)
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through ...	6	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
*Lord, Thy children guide and keep ...	392	William Walsham How, d. n. Bp. (1823-)
*Lord, Thy Word abideth ...	254	Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
Lord, we come before Thee now ...	681	William Hammond (1719-1733)
*Lord, when in silent hours I muse ...	415	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne	536	Joseph Daore Carlyle (1758-1804)
Love divine, all love excelling ...	87	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep ...	405	Jane Elizabeth Leeson (1842-)
*Low in Thine agony ...	131	Henry Allon, d. n. (1818-)
Lowly and solemn be ...	584	Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1794-1835)
Man of sorrows, and acquainted ...	137	Ernest Christopher Homberg (1605-1681)
*Master, where abidest Thou ...	312	Elizabeth Charles, <i>née</i> Rundell
May the grace of Christ our Saviour ...	700	John Newton (1725-1807)
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee ...	66	Robert Robinson (1735-1790)
*Mighty Quickener, Spirit blest ...	226	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-)
More love to Thee, O Christ ...	362	Elizabeth Pavson Prentiss (1818-1878)
Much in sorrow, oft in woe ...	467	H. K. White (1785-1806), and F. S. Fuller-Mait-
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	117	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748) [land (1809-77)
My faith looks up to Thee ...	321	Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-)
*My Father, it is good for me ...	491	George Rawson (1807-)
*My God, accept my heart this day	305	Matthew Bridges (1800-)
My God, and is Thy table spread	716	Philip Doddridge, d. n. (1702-1751)
My God, how endless is Thy love	800	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
*My God, how wonderful Thou art	13	Frederick William Faber, d. n. (1815-1863)
My God! I know, I feel Thee mine	332	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*My God, I love Thee for Thyself	333	George Burden Procter (1823-1869)
*My God, I thank Thee, who hast made	461	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864)
*My God, my Father, while I stray	466	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
My God, permit my tongue ...	438	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
My God the spring of all my joys	422	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right	327	Philip Doddridge, d. n. (1702-1751)
*My heart is resting, O my God ...	503	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
*My Jesus, as Thou wilt ...	506	B. Schmolck (1672-1739) <i>tr. by</i> Jane Borthwick
My life's a shade, my days ...	549	Samuel Crossman (1624-1683)
*My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene	460	Mrs. Godwin
My Shepherd will supply my need	30	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
My soul, repeat His praise ...	41	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
My spirit longs for Thee ...	437	John Byrom (1691-1763)
*My spirit on Thy care ...	434	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
*My times are in Thy hand ...	458	William Freeman Lloyd (1791-1853)
Nature with open volume stands ...	128	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
Nearer, my God, to Thee ...	545	Sarah Adams, <i>née</i> Flower (1805-1848)
*Never further than Thy cross ...	425	Elizabeth Charles, <i>née</i> Rundell
*No Gospel like this Feast ...	732	Elizabeth Charles, <i>née</i> Rundell
No more, my God, I boast no more	294	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
*No! not despairingly ...	314	Horatius Bonar, d. n. (1808-)
*No shadows yonder ...	615	Horatius Bonar, d. n. (1808-)
Not all the blood of beasts ...	143	Isaac Watts, d. n. (1674-1748)
*Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art	329	Horatius Bonar, d. n. (1808-)
*Not what these hands have done ...	286	Horatius Bonar, d. n. (1808-)
*Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs	723	Edward Henry Bickersteth, Bp. (1825-)
Now begin the heavenly theme	79	Madam's Coll. 1760
Now from the altar of our hearts ...	827	John Mason (1694)
*Now God be with us, for the night is closing	819	Peter Herbert (-1571), <i>tr. by</i> C. Winkworth
Now I have found the ground whereto	319	J. A. Rothe (1688-1758), <i>tr. by</i> J. Wesley
Now let the feeble all be strong ...	521	Philip Doddridge, d. n. (1702-1751)
Now may He who from the dead	696	John Newton (1725-1807)
<i>Now thank we all our God</i> ...	60	M. Rinckart (1586-1649), <i>tr. by</i> C. Winkworth

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
*Now that the daylight fills the sky	802	Ambrose (340-397), <i>tr. by</i> J. M. Neale, D.D.
*Now the day is over	880	Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-)
*Now the labourer's task is o'er... ..	591	John Ellerton (1826-)
O bless the Lord, my soul	42	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
O blessed life, the heart at rest... ..	426	William Tidd Matson (1833-)
O bread to pilgrims given	735	T. Aquinas (1224-1274), <i>tr. by</i> Ray Palmer, D.D.
*O Christ our hope—our heart's desire	168	Latin Hymn, <i>tr. by</i> John Chandler (1806-1876)
O Christ, with all Thy members one	631	R. A. Bertram
O come, all ye faithful	110	Bonaventura (P) (1221-74), <i>tr. F. Oakley</i> (1802-80)
*O come and mourn with me awhile	139	F. W. Faber, D.D. (1815-1863)
*O come, O come, Emmanuel	187	Latin Hymn, <i>tr. by</i> J. M. Neale, D.D. (1818-1866)
*O come to the merciful Saviour who calls you	257	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1815-1863)
*O day of rest and gladness	659	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1803-85)
*O do not let the Word depart	265	Elizabeth Reed
*O everlasting Light	386	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
O for a closer walk with God	342	William Cowper (1731-1800)
O for a heart to praise my God... ..	340	Charles Wesley (1708-1868)
O for a humbler walk with God	330	Edward Harland
O for a thousand tongues to sing	86	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*O for the peace which floweth as a river	551	Jane Fox Crewdson (1809-1863)
O God, my strength and fortitude	34	Thomas Sternhold (-1549)
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	28	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
*O God of life, whose power benign	237	Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874)
*O God of love! O King of Peace	889	Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
*O God of mercy, God of might... ..	714	John Keble (1792-1866)
*O God, the Rock of Ages... ..	18	Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., Bp. (1825-)
O God, Thou art my God alone	367	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*O God unseen, yet ever near	712	Edward Osler, M.D. (1798-1863)
*O God, who know'st how frail we are	543	William Gaskell, (1806-1884)
*O gracious Jesus, hear our humble crying	336	Arthur Tozer Russell, M.A. (1806-1874)
*O happy band of pilgrims	389	Joseph of the Studium, 9th Cent., adapted by J. M. Neale, D.D. (1818-1866)
O happy day that fixed my choice	309	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
*O help us, Lord, each hour of need	488	Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean (1791-1868)
*O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen	352	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me	411	J. C. Lavater (1741-1801), <i>tr. by</i> H. B. Smith
*O Jesus Christ, the Holy One	718	Jane Euphemia Saxby, <i>née</i> Browne (1811-)
*O Jesus, ever present	318	Laurence Tuttielt (1825-)
*O Jesus, I have promised	243	John E. Bode (1716-1874)
*O Jesus, King most wonderful... ..	74	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), <i>tr. by</i> E. Cas-
*O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	801	Ambrose (340-397), <i>tr. J. Chandler</i> (1806-1876)
*O Jesu, Thou art standing	268	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
*O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high	388	Thomas Rawson Birks (1810-)
*O Lamb of God, still keep me	527	James George Deck
*O let him whose sorrow	478	H. S. Oswald (1751-1834), <i>tr. by</i> F. E. Cox
*O Light of life, O Saviour dear... ..	817	Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-)
*O Light, whose beams illumine all	90	Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D., Dean (1821-)
O Lord, another day is flown	826	Henry Kirke White, <i>alt.</i> (1785-1806)
*O Lord, be with us when we sail	883	Edward Arthur Dayman (1807-)
O Lord, how happy should we be	520	Joseph Anstice (1808-1836)
*O Lord, I look to Thee	435	C. T. Astley
O Lord, I would delight in Thee	417	John Ryland, D.D. (1753-1825)
*O Lord, it is a blessed thing	704	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
*O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	873	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-84)
*O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills	746	John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866)
O Lord our God, arise	770	Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. (1779-1863)
O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart	351	J. F. Oberlin (1740-1826), <i>tr. by</i> Mrs. Wilson
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	293	John Marckant (1562-), <i>alt. by</i> Bp. Heber
*O Lord, who by Thy presence hast made light	821	C. J. P. Spitta (1801-1859) R. Massie (1800-)
*O Love, divine and golden	879	J. S. Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
O Love divine, how sweet Thou art	445	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*O Love that casts out fear	436	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
*O Love, who formed'st me to wear	353	J. Scheffer, D.D. (1624-1677), <i>tr. C. Winkworth</i>
*O Master, at Thy feet	452	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
*O Master, it is good to be	118	Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. (1815-1881)
*O mean may seem this house of clay	116	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819-)
*O Paradise, O Paradise	601	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863)
*O quickly come, dread Judge of all	202	L. Tuttielt (1825-)(<i>by</i>) W. Alexander, D.D., Bp.
O sacred Head, once wounded	151	Bernard of Clairvaux, <i>tr. fr. m. Gerhardt's vers.</i>

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
O Saviour, may we never rest	410	W. H. Bathurst (1796-1877)
*O Saviour, precious Saviour	540	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
*Oh, show me not my Saviour dying	160	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
O Spirit of the living God	765	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*O Strength and stay upholding all creation	807	John Ellerton (1826-)
O take away this evil heart	279	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
O that the Lord would guide my ways	246	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
O Thou by long experience tried	524	Jeanne Marie B. de la Mothe Guion (1648-1717)
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	487	Thomas Haweis, LL.B., M.D. (1734-1820)
O Thou, in whom alone is found	744	Henry Ware, jun. (1794-1843)
*O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend... ..	174	Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871)
*O Thou, the true and only Light	763	J. Hermann, tr. W. Bartholomew (1793-1867)
O Thou, to whom in ancient times	672	John Pierpont (1785-1866)
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight	366	Count N. L. Zinzendorf (1700-90), tr. J. Wesley
*O Thou true life of all that live	818	tr. by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)
O Thou, who camest from above	334	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*O Thou, who didst with love untold	68	Emma Toke (1812-1878)
O Thou, whose own vast temple stands	756	William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878)
*O timely happy, timely wise	811	John Keble (1792-1866)
*Oh! what, if we are Christ's	442	Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
O what shall I do, my Saviour to praise	372	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*O where is He that trod the sea	124	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
O worship the King	9	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838)
*O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness	35	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
Object of my first desire	546	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	797	William Williams (1717-1791)
*On our way rejoicing	379	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
On this the holiest and best	686	Anon. from W. H. Aiken's Appendix (1872)
*One sole baptismal sign	622	George Robinson (1842-)
*Onward, Christian soldiers	377	Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-)
*Open now thy gates of beauty... ..	676	B. Schmolck (1672-1737), tr. by C. Winkworth
Oppressed with sin and woe	473	Ann Brontë (1820-1849)
*Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	205	Harriett Auber (1773-1862)
*Our day of praise is done	697	John Ellerton (1826-)
*Our Father, hear our longing prayer	412	George Macdonald, LL.D. (1824-)
*Our fathers' Friend and God	757	Frederick W. Goadby
Our God, our help in ages past	240	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Our Heavenly Father calls	455	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
Our Helper, God, we bless His name... ..	845	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
*Our life is hid with Christ	443	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Our Lord is risen from the dead	161	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Out of the deep I call	283	Sir Henry Williams Baker 1821-1877)
Out of the depths I cry to Thee	496	Martin Luther, tr. (1483-1546)
Peace be to this habitation	921	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am	529	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin	456	Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., Bp. (1825-)
*Pleasant are Thy courts above	670	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high	652	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*Praise Jehovah, bow before Him	45	William Bartholomew (1793-1867)
*Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	57	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1867)
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him	56	Richard Mant, D.D., Bp. (1776-1848)
Praise to God, immortal praise... ..	871	Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743-1825)
*Praise to the Holiest in the height	46	John Henry Newman, D.D., Card. (1801-)
Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator	55	John Fawcett (1739-1817)
*Praise to our God! whose bounteous hand	886	John Ellerton (1826-)
*Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy	62	Lady Margaret Cockburn Campbell
Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise... ..	23	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	538	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart... ..	531	John Newton (1725-1807)
*Reaper! behold the fields are white	776	George Rawson (1807-)
*Redeemed from guilt, redeemed from sin	430	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
*Rejoice, all ye believers	198	Laurentius Laurenti (1660-1772), tr. by Jane
Rejoice, the Lord is King	177	Charles Wesley (1708-1788) [Borthwick
*Rejoice to-day, with one accord	892	Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
Rest from thy labour, rest	594	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*Rest of the weary, joy of the sad	93	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
Return, O wanderer, to thy home	258	Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc. (1784-1872)
Revive Thy work, O Lord	764	L. C. W.
* Ride on, ride on in majesty	125	Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean (1791-1868)
Rise, gracious God, and shine	794	William Hurn (1754-1829)
Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings... ..	563	Robert Seagrave (1698-)
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	297	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)
Round the Lord in glory seated	16	Richard Mant, D.D., Bp. (1776-1848)
* Safe across the waters	375	Horatius Bonar D.D. (1808-)
* Safe home, safe home in port	617	Joseph of the Studium, 9th Ct. tr. by J. Mason
Safe in the arms of Jesus	350	F. Jane Van Alstyne Crosby [Neale, D.D.]
* Safely, safely gathered in	598	Henrietta Octavia Dobree (1831-)
* Safely through another week	843	John Newton (1725-1807)
Salvation! O the joyful sound... ..	256	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
* Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	695	John Ellerton (1826-)
* Saviour, blessed Saviour	554	Godfrey Thring (1823-)
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing... ..	836	James Edmeston (1791-1867)
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	910	Dorothy Ann Thrupp (1779-1847)
Saviour, now receive him	598	Felicia D. Hemans (1794-1835)
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	772	Arthur Cleveland Cox, D.D., Bp. (1818-)
Saviour, when in dust to Thee... ..	287	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838)
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding	708	W. Augustus Muhlenberg D.D. (1796-1877)
* Say not, my soul, from whence	468	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
See how great a flame aspires	783	Charles Wesley (1708-1789)
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands	706	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
* See the Conqueror mounts in triumph	163	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-85)
Servant of all, to toil for man... ..	123	Charles Wesley (1708-1789)
Servant of God, well done	595	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
* Show pity, Lord! for we are frail and faint	282	David Thomas, D.D. (1813-)
Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive	289	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
* Sinful sighing to be blest	284	J. Samuel Bewley Monse, LL.D. (1811-1874)
* Sing Alleluia forth in deuteous praise... ..	610	Mosarabic Breviary, 5th Ct. tr. by J. Ellerton
Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory	739	Thomas Aquinas (1224-1274) (1826)
* Sing to the Lord a joyful song... ..	27	J. Samuel Bewley Monse, LL.D. (1811-1875)
* Sing to the Lord of Harvest	867	J. Samuel Bewley Monse, LL.D. (1811-1875)
Sinners, turn! Why will ye die	266	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
* Sleep thy last sleep	588	Edward Arthur Dayman, B.D. (1807-)
* So rest my rest	142	Solomon Frank tr. by R. Massie (1800-)
Soldiers of Christ, arise	519	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Sometimes a light surprises	526	William Cowper (1731-1800)
Son of God, Thy blessing grant	423	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Son of Man, to Thee I cry	95	Richard Mant, D.D., Bp. (1776-1848)
Songs of praise the angels sang	52	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Sovereign Ruler of the skies	469	John Ryland, D.D. (1753-1825)
Sow in the morn thy seed	793	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them	798	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
* Spirit Divine, attend our prayers	214	Andrew Reed, D.D. (1787-1862)
* Spirit of God! descend upon my heart	391	George Croly, LL.D. (1780-1860)
* Spirit of Light and Truth, to Thee	647	John Keble (1792-1866)
Spirit of Truth, come down	218	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Spirit of Wisdom, guide Thine own	215	J. H. Butterworth
* Spread, O spread, thou mighty word... ..	788	J. F. Bahmeier (1774-1841), tr. O. Winkworth
Stand up and bless the Lord	39	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	525	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	665	George Duffield, D.D. (1818-)
Standing forth on life's rough way	909	William Cullen Bryant (1794-1879)
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay	291	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh	806	Harriet Beecher Stowe (1814-)
Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary	498	William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871)
* Still with Thee, O my God	544	James Drummond Burns (1827-1864)
* Strangers and pilgrims here below	516	George Wade Robinson (1838-1877)
* Summer suns are glowing	862	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1822-)
* Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	815	John Keble (1792-1866)
Surely Christ thy griefs has borne	141	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)
* Sweet feast of love divine	733	Sir Edward Denny (1798-)
* Sweet is the solace of Thy love	493	Anna Letitia Waring (1820-)
Sweet is the work my God, my King	674	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
* Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	840	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1815-1888)
* Sweetly the holy hymn	701	Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834-)
Sweet the moments rich in blessing	734	J. Allen (1734-1806) adp. by Hon. W. Shirley

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO HYMNS.

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
ny life, and let it be	325	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
ip thy cross the Saviour said	432	Charles William Everest (1814-1877)
with us, Lord, Thyself reveal	421	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
me, O Lord, Thy holy way	601	William Tidd Matson (1833-)
ousand times ten thousand	614	Henry Alford, D.D., Dean (1810-1871) [(1823-78)
r Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	597	J. W. Meinhold (1797-1851) <i>tr.</i> by C. Winkworth
lay of wrath, that dreadful day	197	Thomas of Celano (13 Ct.) <i>tr.</i> by Sir W. Scott
ystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord	387	Harriet Beecher Stowe (1814-) [(1771-1832)
ridegroom comes	196	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
hurch has waited long	199	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
hurch of God below	619	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
hurch's one foundation	618	Samuel John Stone (1839-)
wn of God's dear Sabbath	657	Ada Cross, <i>née</i> Cambridge (1844-)
ly is gently sinking to a close	822	Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Bp. (1807-85)
ly is past and over... ..	832	Anatolius (-458) <i>tr.</i> by J. M. Neale, D.D.
ly, O Lord, is spent	828	John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866)
ly of Resurrection	156	J. Damascenus (-756) <i>tr.</i> J. M. Neale, D.D.
ly Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	694	John Ellerton (1826-)
stal morn, my God, is come	658	James Merrick (1720-1769)
allean fishers toil	795	Chris. Wordsworth, D.D. Bp. (1807-1885)
od of Abraham praise	14	Thomas Olivers (1725-1799)
lden gates are lifted up	165	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
avens declare Thy glory, Lord... ..	49	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
urs of evening close	844	Eliza Conder (1833)
ing of Love my Shepherd is	406	Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
velong night we've toiled in vain	653	John Keble (1792-1866)
rd be with us as we bend	692	John Ellerton (1826-)
rd is rich and merciful	37	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818-1871)
rd my pasture shall prepare	408	Joseph Addison (1672-1719)
rd my Shepherd is	404	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
rd of might from Sinai's brow	184	R. Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826) [Hymnal v. 4.5.
rd will come, the earth shall quake	189	R. Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826) v. 1, 2, 3; Chope's
ercies of my God and King	38	Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)
diant morn hath passed away	833	Godfrey Thring (1823-)
seate hues of early dawn	568	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
ints of God, their conflicts past	599	W. D. MacLagan, D.D., Bp. (1826-)]
nds of time are sinking	660	Anne Ross Cousin (1857)
adows of the evening hours	825	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864)
in of God goes forth to war	502	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826)
scious firmament on high	8	Joseph Addison (1672-1719)
irit breathes upon the word	244	William Cowper (1731-1800)
pirit to our hearts	260	Henry Ustick Onderdonk, D.D. (-1858)
ring-tide hour	861	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-75)
rain upraise, of joy and praise	17	Godeschalvus (1050), <i>tr.</i> by J. M. Neale, D.D.
m is sinking fast	823	Latin Hymn (8th cent.), <i>tr.</i> by E. Caswall
rice that breathed o'er Eden	877	John Keble (1792-1866)
ay is long and dreary	483	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864)
ar is gone beyond recall	863	Mcaux Breviary, <i>tr.</i> by Francis Pott (1832-)
ar is swiftly wanting	863	William Washam How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
we adore, Eternal name	242	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
will I love, my Strength, my Tower	356	John Scheffer (1624-1677), <i>tr.</i> by J. Wesley
is a blessed home	574	Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821-1877)
is a book, who runs may read	15	John Keble (1792-1866)
is a fountain filled with blood	149	William Cowper (1731-1800)
is a green hill far away	907	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)
is a land of pure delight... ..	558	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
is an everlasting home	292	Matthew Bridges (1800-)
is no love like the love of Jesus	99	W. E. Littlewood, <i>alt.</i>
is no night in heaven	572	Francis Minden Knollis (1815-1863)
is no sorrow, Lord, too light	486	Jane Crewdson, <i>née</i> Fox (1809-1863)
s a Friend for little children	899	Albert Midlane (1825-)
were ninety and nine within the fold	276	Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane (1820-1869)
arm, O Lord, in days of old	876	Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. Dean (1824-)
for ever, God of love	247	M. F. Maule, <i>née</i> Hoper (1848)
ay at Thy creating word	663	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
My body, which is given for you	719	Charles Lawrence Ford (Lyra Anglicana)
the day of light	660	John Ellerton (1826-)
the day the Lord hath made	662	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
one to Thee in faith we lay	745	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
et coming, O my Saviour	194	Frances Ridley Havergal (1835-1879)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee	587	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826)
*Thou art gone up on high	166	Emma Toke, <i>née</i> Leslie (1812-1878)
*Thou art the everlasting Word	6	Josiah Conder (1789-1856)
*Thou art the way: to Three alone	8	George W. Doane, D.D., bp. (1799-1859)
Thou boundless source of every good	21	Job's Well Heginbotham (1744-1768)
*Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown	102	Elizabeth Steele Elliott
Thou God of glorious majesty	193	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Thou God of love! beneath Thy sheltering wings	583	Jane Euphemia Saxby, <i>née</i> Browne (1811-)
*Thou grace divine! encircling all	47	Eliza Scudder (1821-)
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	354	G. Tersteegen (1697-1769), <i>tr.</i> by J. Wesley
Thou hidden source of calm repose	97	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Thou Judge of quick and dead	191	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
*Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow	515	Jane Borthwick (1813-)
*Thou Lord, art Love, and everywhere	43	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
Thou very present aid	510	Paul Gerhardt (1606-1676), <i>tr.</i> by J. Wesley
*Thou who didst on Calvary bleed	500	James Drummond Burns (1823-1864)
Thou who didst stoop below	508	Marah Elizabeth Miles, <i>née</i> Appleton (1807-)
*Thou who hast known the careworn heart	816	George Rawson (1807-)
*Thou who our faithless hearts canst read	335	James Baldwin Brown (1821-1884)
*Thou who Thyself didst sanctify	645	George Rawson (1807-)
Thou whose, almighty word	771	John Marriott (1780-1825)
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way	384	John Nelson Darby (-1882)
*Three in One, and One in Three	236	Gilbert Rolison, LL.D. (1821-1869)
Thrice happy souls, who, born from heaven	810	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
*Throned upon the awful tree	133	John Ellerton (1826-)
Through all the changing scenes of life	484	Tate and Brady (1696)
*Through good report and evil, Lord	376	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Through the day Thy love has spared us	835	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
Through the love of God our Saviour	393	Mary Peters (1813-1855)
*Through the night of doubt and sorrow	385	B. S. Ingemann (1789-1862), <i>tr.</i> by S. Baring-
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love	36	Charles Wesley (1708-1788) (Gould)
*Thy home is with the humble, Lord	419	Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1815-1863)
*Thy life was given for me	368	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
Thy name, Almighty Lord	766	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	507	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
"Till He come!" O let the words	730	Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., Bp. (1825-)
'Tis the church triumphant singing	71	John Kent (-1843)
Time is earnest passing by	277	Sidney Dyer? Bible Class Mag. (1851)
*To God on high be thanks and praise	29	N. von W. Decus (1519-30), <i>tr.</i> W. Bartholomew
*To Thee, O Comforter divine	230	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)
*To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	447	J. Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875)
*To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit	585	G. Neumark (1621-81), <i>tr.</i> by W. Bartholomew
To Thee, O God, in heaven	709	James Freeman Clarke, D.D. (1810-)
To Thee, O Lord, we bring	913	
To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, to Thee	313	Elliott's Coll. (1840)
To Thy temple I repair	679	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
To-day the Saviour calls	272	S. Smith, D.D. (1808- and T. Hastings, Mus.
*True Bread of Life in pitying mercy given	721	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
Try us, O God, and search the ground	420	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb	579	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Uplift the banner: let it float	785	Geo. Washgtn. Doane, D.D., Bp. (1799-1859)
*Wake, awake, for night is flying	195	P. Nicolai (1556-1608), <i>tr.</i> by Cath. Winkworth
*Walk in the light! so shalt thou know	413	Bernard Barton (1784-1843)
We ask not that our path be always bright	459	William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871)
We bid Thee welcome in the name	651	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God	416	
*We cannot always trace the way	399	Sir John Bowring, LL.D. (1792-1872)
We cannot praise Thee now, Lord	19	
We give Thee but Thyself own	874	W. Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1823-)
We in the lower parts	731	Charles Wesley (<i>alt.</i>) (1708-1788)
We love the venerable house	759	Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)
We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone	38	Julia Ann Elliott, <i>née</i> Marshall (-1841)
We may not climb the heavenly steeps	80	John Greenleaf Whittier (1808-)
*We plough the fields, and scatter	859	M. Claudius (1740-1815), <i>tr.</i> by J. M. Campbell
*We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord	368	C. J. P. Spitta (1801-59), <i>tr.</i> by Jane Borthwick
*We praise, we bless Thee	232	Arthur Tozer Russell (1806-1874) (1862)
*We saw Thee not when Thou didst come	101	H. J. Buckoll (1803-71) and J. H. Gurney (1832-)

FIRST LINE.	NO.	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR.
We sing His love who once was slain...	600	Rowland Hill (?) (1744-1833)
We sing the praise of Him who died...	144	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
We sing to Thee Thou son of God...	63	John Cennick (1717-1755)
We speak of the realms of the blest...	564	Elizabeth Mills, <i>née</i> King (1805-1829)
We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen	562	Anon. (1838)
*Weary of earth and laden with my sin	281	Samuel John Stone (1839-)
Welcome sweet day of rest	661	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Welcome, welcome, sinner, hear	273	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
We've no abiding city here	553	Thomas Kelly (1769-1855)
What equal honour shall we bring	76	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	119	Sir Edward Denny (1796-)
*What means this eager, anxious throng	275	Miss Campbell
What shall I render to my God	683	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
What various hindrances we meet	532	William Cowper (1731-1800)
When all Thy mercies, O my God	24	Joseph Addison (1672-1719)
*When cold our hearts, and far from Thee	534	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-75)
When gathering clouds around I view	172	Sir Robert Grant (1785-1838)
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be	427	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
When I can read my title clear	556	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*When I had wandered from His fold...	326	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-75)
When I survey the wondrous cross	146	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
When languor and disease invade	504	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)
*When morning gilds the skies	370	From the German, by Edward Caswall
When on Sinai's top I see	129	James Montgomery (1771-1854)
*When our heads are bowed with woe	470	Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean (1791-1868)
When quiet in my house I sit	255	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
When sins and fears prevailing rise	444	Anne Steele (1716-1778)
*When the dark waves round us roll	477	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1822-)
*When the day of toil is done	571	John Ellerton (1826-)
*When the weary, seeking rest	753	Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-)
When this passing world is done	346	Robert Murray McCheyne (1813-1843)
When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come	192	Selina, Countess of Huntingdon (1707-91)
When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming	481	Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. (1783-1826)
*When wounded sore the stricken soul	83	Cecil Frances Alexander (1822-)
Where high the heavenly temple stands	170	Michael Bruce (1746-1767)
*Wheresoever two or three	703	Josiah Conder (1789-1855)
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	108	Nahum Tate (1652-1715)
While Thee I seek, protecting Power	364	Helen Maria Williams (1762-1827)
While with ceaseless course the sun	855	John Newton (1725-1807)
Who are these like stars appearing	612	Heinrich Theobald Schenck (-1727) <i>tr.</i> by F.
*Who is on the Lord's side	780	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-79) [E. Cox.
*Who is this so weak and helpless	100	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1822-)
Why do we mourn departing friends	582	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
Why should we start and fear to die	578	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
*Winter reigneth o'er the land	864	William Walsham How, D.D., Bp. (1822-)
With broken heart and contrite sigh	288	Cornelius Elven (1797-1873)
With glory clad, with strength arrayed	5	Tate and Brady (1696)
With heavenly power, O Lord, defend	649	Rowland Hill (?) (1744-1833)
With humble heart and tongue	914	John Fawcett (1739-1817)
With joy we meditate the grace	173	Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674-1748)
With the sweet word of peace	640	George Watson (1816-)
Witness, ye men and angels, now	308	Benjamin Beddome (1717-1795)
*Ye principalities and powers	592	George Rawson (1807-)
Ye servants of God	64	Charles Wesley (1708-1788)
Ye servants of the Lord	559	Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702-1751)
*Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine	328	John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-75)
Your harps, ye trembling saints	557	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778)

Note to Hymn 226.—This is a fragment of a longer composition on "The Eternal Love." In this form it has been included in some selections without the Author's sanction, and has been inadvertently copied here.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

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TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
Abbotsford ...	L. M.		197
† Abends ...	L. M.	Sir H. S. Oakley, Mus. D. (1830-)	815, 920
* Abinger ...	664.6664.	Henry Erskine Allon, B.A. (1864-)	131
Abride ...	C. M.	Isaac Smith (Psalm Tunes, 1770)	826
Aceste Fidelis ...	11.11.11.11.	John Reading (1677-1764)	110
† Adoration ...	567.557.10.10.	Charles Hancock, Mus. Bac.	232
† Advent ...	46.46.64.64.	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)	196
Advent Evng. Hymn ...	L. M.	Latin Melody, 4th. Cent.	818
* Amance ...	104.104.	Charles Hancock, Mus. Bac.	457
† Ajalon ...	77.77.77.	Richard Redhead (1830-)	237
Abion ...	664.6664.	Henry Carey (1692-1743)	884, 885
† Aldersgate ...	S. M.	Sir G. P. Merrick, M.A., Mus. Bac.	440, 465, 594
† Alford ...	76.86.76.86.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876)	614
Alla Trinita Beata ...	87.87.87.87.	Laudi Spirituali (1336)	700
All Saints ...	87.87.77.	Darmstädter Gesangbuch (1636)	612
† Almsgiving ...	886.4.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-1876)	873
Alsace ...	L. M.	L. von Beethoven (1770-1827)	121, 296
Altort ...	8336.8336.	Johann G. Ebeling (1620-1676)	111
† Ambrose ...	777.5.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	84, 500
* Amor Jesu ...	10.6.10.6. (Irregular)	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1823-)	99
Amsterdam ...	77.77.77.	Fred Slicher Ph. Doc. (1789-1860)	581
Anastasis ...	77.77.4.	Latin Melody, 13th Cent.	154
† Anstolius ...	76.76.88.	Arthur Henry Brown (1830-)	682
† Ancient of Days ...	87.87.87.87.	W. S. Bainbridge, Mus. Bac.	163
Angels ...	L. M.	O. Gibbons, Mus. Doc. (1583-1625)	4, 231
Angelus ...	L. M.	Johann G. W. Scheffer (-1677)	380, 369, 474, 523, 649, 688, 786
* Angel Voices ...	76. (12 lines)	F. G. Huntley	803
Aradelt ...	76.76.76.76.	Jacob Aradelt (1557)	922, 527
Arimathæa ...	77.77.77.77.	Melody 140 (Resonet in laudibus)	159
Armageddon ...	65.65.65.65.65.65.		783
Arnheim ...	C. M.	Adam Krieger (1634-1666)	82, 717, 825
Arnsberg ...	887.887.	J. A. Freylinghausen (1670-1739)	45
Ascilon ...	663.663.	Crusader's Melody...	677
† Ascension ...	S. M. D.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	166
* Asacton ...	87.87.47.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	113
† Aspiration ...	64.64.664.	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-)	545
Atomement ...	76.76.76.76.	Bohemian Brethren (1506)	736
† Andite audientes me ...	C. M. D.	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-)	263
† Aurelia ...	76.76.76.76.	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-1876)	448, 618, 657, 773
Austria ...	87.87.87.87.	Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)	55, 56, 621, 758
† Autumn ...	76.76.	Frederick Hiffe, Mus. Doc. (1847-)	863
* Autumnus ...	10.10.7.	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc. (1823-)	866
Aynhoe ...	S. M.	James Nares, Mus. Doc. (1715-33)	213, 642, 770
Babylon ...	L. M.	Thomas Campion, M.D. (-1619)	291, 339
Baden ...	88.88.7.	Johann Pachelbel (1653-1706)	675
Bangor ...	C. M.	Old Welsh Melody	682
† Banias ...	L.M.D.	Wilhelm Meyer Lutz (1829-)	118, 724

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
Barnabas ...	76.76.77.78.	Christoph. Damantius (1567-1643)	563, 738
Bartholomew	10.10.10.10.	Claude Goudimel (1510-1572)	656, 850
Barton ...	76.76.	Justin H. Knecht (1752-1817)	389
Battishill ...	77.77.	Jonathan Battishill (1738-1801)	253, 632, 748
Bavaria ...	L.M.	J. C. Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-91)	426, 427
Baveno ...	87.87.87.	Domenica Cimarosa (1749-1801)	707
Bedford ...	C.M.	W. Wheall (-1745), Wilkins' Book of Psalmody (1649)	11, 646
Beersheba ...	12.11.12.11.	J. Augustus Störl (1744)	829
†Belgrave ...	C.M.	W. Horsley, Mus. Doc. (1774-1258)	683
Belmont ...	C.M.	Att. to S. Webbe, sen. (1740-1816)	305, 542
Bernerton ...	65.65.	Fredk. Filitz, Ph. D. (1804-1860)	875
*Benediction	664.6664.	Mrs. Watts Hughes	917
Benevento ...	77.77.77.77.	Samuel Webbe, sen. (1740-1817)	596
*Benison ...	66.97.	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1822-)	848
†Ben Rhyddin	S.M.	A. R. Reinagle (1799-1877)	572
†Bentley ...	76.76.76.76.	John Hullah, LL.D. (1812-1884)	526
†Bergen (St. Bernard)	C.M.	...	30, 119, 335, 582
*Bethabara ...	6610.6610.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	508
†Bethany ...	87.87.87.87.	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	157, 323
Bethlehem ...	87.87.	Latin Melody of 14th Century	407, 836
*Bethsaida ...	6.10.6.10.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	115, 264
Beulah ...	64.64.6664.	L. Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872)	576
*Beverley Minster	87.87.77.77.	Henry Erskine Allon, B.A. (1864-)	194
Biberach ...	77.77.	Justin H. Knecht (1752-1817)	81, 406
Bingen ...	77.77.	...	637
†Blandina ...	98.98.96.96.	F. C. Chattock	726
Bluntisham ...	4.10.10.10.4.	...	762
Bohemia ...	L.M.	G. Rhau's Gesangbuch (1544)	524
†Bona ...	S.M.D.	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc. (1826-)	159
Boniface ...	888-6	Darmstädter Gesangbuch (1698)	475
Bozrah ...	11.10.11.6.	Johann Crüger (1598-1652)	498
†Bradford ...	887.887.	William Jackson (1818-1835)	837
Bradfords ...	L.M.	J. A. P. Schultz (1747-1800)	247
Braun ...	L.M.	Braun (1676)	221
Breslau ...	L.M.	L. Clauderus, Psalmia Nova (1630)	432, 578, 579, 650, 651, 714, 768
Broadlands ...	66.66.66.66.	Lausanne Choral Book (c. 1850)	506, 507
*Brookfield ...	76.76.76.76.	H. Erskine Allon, B.A. (1864-)	267, 659
Bucer ...	S.M.	R. Schumann, Ph. Doc. (1810-1856)	455, 733, 768
†Budleigh ...	64.64.10.10.	T. Molleson Mudie (1809-1876)	371
†Bullinger ...	85.83.	H. W. Bullinger, D.D.	497
Burford ...	C.M.	Henry Purcell (1658-1695)	243, 536
Burnah ...	C.M.	...	26, 491, 492
Burwell ...	88.88.44.8.	...	868
Byzantium ...	C.M.	William Jackson (1730-1803)	251, 750
Calm ...	888.4.	...	725
†Camden ...	86.86.86.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-)	493
Canitz ...	84.78.47.	Marot and Beza's Psalms (1645)	808
*Cannons ...	L.M.	Geo. Fredk. Handel (1685-1759)	189
Canon ...	L.M.	T. Tallis (1520-1585), Archbp. Parker's Psalter (1561)	814
Canonbury ...	L.M.	R. Schumann, Ph. D. (1810-1856)	120
†Capernaum ...	77.77.	Richard Redhead (1820-)	141, 470
Cape Town ...	777.5.	Fredk. Filitz, Ph. D. (1804-1860)	236, 703
Carey ...	88.88.88.	Henry Carey (1692?-1743)	209, 408
Carinthia ...	77.77.	Freylinghausen's Geistreiches Gesangbuch (1704)	20, 550, 788
*Carrow ...	84.84.84.	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	461
Cassell ...	77.77.77.77.	Brüder-Choralbuch (1544)	54
†Castle Rising ...	C.M.D.	Fredk. Alfred John Hervey, M.A.	568
†Chalvey ...	S.M.D.	J. G. Hayne, Mus. D. (1826-33)	565
Cherth ...	C.M.	Louise Spöhr, Mus. D. (1784-1859)	326, 359
Cheshire ...	C.M.	Este's Psalter (1592)	410
Cheshunt ...	44.77.6.	Christoph Peter (c. 1655)	142
*Cheshunt College	88.88.88.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	355, 356, 643
†Chichester ...	87.87.87.87.	Samuel Wesley (1766-1837)	66
†Children's Voices	66.66.44.44.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. (1818-)	902
†Christchurch ...	66.66.88.	Chas. Steggall, Mus. D. (1826-)	602

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
Christmas Chorale L.M. ...	M.Luther, Klug's Geangbh. (1543)	525, 543
+Christus Consolator 85.83.	497
+Church Triumphant L.M. ...	James William Elliott (1816-)	663, 886
+Clarence 77.77. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	864
+Clarewood S.M.D. ...	Sir John Goss, Mus. D. (1800-80)	303
Clevedon ...	87.87.77.77.	...	235
Clewer 65.65.	598
+Clifton 888.4. ...	W. L. Reynolds	376, 725
Coburg ...	87.87.887.	Martin Luther (1483-1546)	496
+Coldrey ...	76.76.76.76.	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	740
+“Come unto Me” ...	76.76.76.76.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876)	267
Commandments L.M. ...	Genevieve French Psalter (1543-)	23, 749, 800
*Compassion 97.97.99. ...	Fountain Meen	276
+Compline 88.88.88. ...	L. G. Hayne, Mus. D. (1836-1883)	654
*Consecration ...	C.M. (12 lines.)	C. Hancock, Mus. D.	326
Constance L.M. ...	Gothaischen Cantional (1651)	306, 307
Conway 664.664. ...	J. A. Freylinghausen (1670-1739)	584
*Cords of Love ...	64.64.10.10.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	371
Corinth ...	87.87.87.87.	Samuel Webbe (1740-1817)	70, 856, 921
+Corona S.M.D. ...	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	178
Corsica 77.77. ...	C. W. von Gluck (1714-1787)	79
Corton ...	11.11.11.11.	Carl Maria Weber (1786-1826)	918
+Credo 88.88.88. ...	Alfred R. Gaul, Mus. Bac. (1837-)	101
+Crepusculum 888.4. ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-76)	833
+Croyland 888.6. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	174
Crüger ...	76.76.76.76.	Johann Crüger (1598-1662)	735, 777
Culbach 77.77. ...	C. H. Dretzell (?)	633, 849, 871
Culross C.M. ...	Scotch Psalter (1636)	810, 875
+Cuthbert 77.77.77. ...	J. H. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1807-76)	297
+Dalehurst C.M. ...	Arthur Cottman	82
+Dalkeith ...	10.10.10.10.	Thos. Hewlett, Mus. Bac. 1845-74	261, 390, 512
Damascus 888.	237
Darmstadt ...	87.87.87. ...	Attrib. to J. Neander (1610-1680)	577
Darwell 66.66.88. ...	John Darwell (1731-1782)	164
+Day of Grace 777. ...	James William Elliott (1816-)	449
+Day of Praise S.M. ...	C. H. Steggall, Mus. Doc. (1826-)	697, 874
+Day of Rest ...	76.76.76.76.	James William Elliott (1816-)	343
+Deerhurst ...	87.87.87.87.	James Langran (1835-)	603
+Delhi 888. ...	E. F. Bimbault, LL.D. (1816-1876)	704
*Deston ...	65.65.65.65.65.65.	Henry Erskine Allon, B.A. (1864-)	134
+Dettingen ...	87.87.887.	Luther's Eight Spiritual Sigs. (1584)	204, 252
Devonshire C.M. ...	Johann George Frech (1790-1864)	201
+Dies Ire 888.8. ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	321
+Dighton 664.6664. ...	John S. B. Hodges, n.d. (1830-)	911
Dismissal ...	87.87.87.87.	...	360, 361, 386
+Doncaster S.M. ...	Samuel Wesley (1768-1837)	417, 630, 857
Donington C.M.	428
+Downton ...	C.M.	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76)	841
Dresden ...	55.55.10.55.55.	Johann G. Ebeling (1620-1676)	825
Dretzel ...	87.87.77.	741
+Dublin ...	65.65.65.65.	G. W. Torrance, Mus. Doc. (1835-)	24, 86
Dunfermline ...	C.M.	Scotch Psalter (1615)	413
+Durdham (Clifton) ...	C.M.	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76)	501
Dusseldorf 777.5. ...	Johann Crüger (1598-1662)	...
+Earith ...	76.76.76.76.	Franz Weber	867
+Easter Hymn ...	77.77. (1st Tune)	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1823-)	153
Easter Hymn ...	77.77. (2nd Tune)	Henry Carey (1696-1743)	203
Eaton ...	88.88.88.	Zerubbabel Wyvill (1762-1837)	152
+Ecce Agnus ...	6664.884.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	138
*Ecce Homo ...	77.77.77.77.77.	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1823-)	140
+Ecclesia S.M.D. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	357
Eckington 87.87.47. ...	Giovanni B. Martini (1708-1784)	397, 910
+Eden ...	76.76.76.76.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	561
+Edgbaston C.M.D. ...	Alfred R. Gaul, Mus. Bac. (1837-)	38
+Edina ...	65.65.65.65.	Sir H. S. Oakley, Mus. D. (1830-)	182, 554

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
Ein feste Burg	87.87.66.67.	Martin Luther (1483-1546)	518, 892
Eisenach	... L.M.	J. Hermann Schein (1586-1630)	25, 294, 846
Blah	65.65.65.65.65.	Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)	377
Elbe	98.98.88.	Johann B. König, Harmonischer Liederschatz (1738)	514
Elberfeldt	87.87.87.87.	Johann Crüger (1598-1662)	299, 300
+Elm	... C.M.D.	Wm. Hutchins Calcott (1807-82)	503
Ellacombe	... C.M.D.	...	502, 895
Ellerker	... 87.87.	J.B. König, Har. Liedersatz, (1738)	834, 395, 734
+Ellers	10.10.10.10.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-)	387, 695
+Elvet	... C.M.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876)	249, 250, 919
+Ely	... L.M.	T. Turton, D.D., Bp. (1780-1864)	144, 170
Emmanuel	... C.M.	L. von Beethoven (1770-1827)	46, 558
Emmaus	... C.M.	...	245, 246, 421
Ems	... S.M.	...	462, 764
Endsleigh	76.76.76.76.	S. Salvatori (1774) ad. by J. Turle	659
+Enon	... 65.65.	John Fielden	478, 830
+Epiphany	11.10.11.10.	F. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-)	106
Erin	... C.M.	Melody of Ancient Irish Church	240
Ernan	... L.M.	L. Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872)	616
+Etheldreda	... C.M.	T. Turton D.D., Bp. (1780-1864)	489, 824
*Eton	87.87.47.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	270
+Eucharistica	10.10.10.10.	Sir H. P. Stewart Mus. D. (1825-)	724
+Evan	... C.M.	W. H. Havergal, M.A. (1793-1870)	420, 706, 718
+Evangel	87.87.47.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-)	738
+Evening	10.10.10.10.10.	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1823-)	822
+Evensong	84.84.88.84.	T. B. Southgate	393
+Eventide	10.10.10.10.	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1823-)	820
+Ewing	76.76.76.76.	Major Alex. Ewing (1830-)	607
Exemplar	77.77.77.	Latin Melody	130
Exultans	87.87.87.87.	H. H. Rung...	16
Fairfield	... S.M.D.	J. A. La Trobe, M.A. (1792-1878)	218
Fairford	76.76.76.76	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	18, 19
Faith	87.87.887	Old Melody (1650)	858
Farrant	... C.M.	Richard Farrant (1530-1580), adp. by Dr. B. Hodges	123, 488, 641, 658
Felix	... C.M.	F. B. Mendelssohn (1809-1847)	308
Fidelitas	88.88.88.	Konrad Kocher (1786-)	761
+Fides	... C.M.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	901
+Fiducia	... 77.77.	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76)	477
+Filius Del	... C.M.	A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac. (1837-)	37
*Finchley	887.887.	James Douglas Macey (1881-)	837
Flavian	... C.M.	Barber's Psalter Tunes (1886)	15, 68, 411, 487
Flemming	11.11.11.5.	F. F. Flemming, "Integer Vitæ"	336, 505
Flensburg	86.86.88.	Louis Spohr (1784-1859)	67
Florence	87.87.87.87.	Italian Melody	836
+Forgiveness	... 77.77.	G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc. (1834-)	290, 528
Franconia	... S.M.	Johann Georg Ebeling (-1876)	41, 219, 260, 433, 439
Frankfort	... 87.87.	Peter von Winter (1754-1825)	906
French	... C.M.	Scotch Psalter (1564)	31, 645, 883
Friburg	98.98.88.	Fried. Silcher, Ph.D. (1788-1860)	710
Fulda	... L.M.	L. von Beethoven (1770-1827)	337, 338, 400, 401, 776
+Gabriel	... C.M.D.	...	108
Geneva	... 65.65.	... (1825-)	147, 453, 454
+Gethsemane	... 77.77.77.	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bt., Mus. Doc.	133
+Gibraltar	... L.M.	Clement W. Poole	265, 689
+Gilbert	77.77.77.77.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac. (1829-)	784
Gildas	... S.M.	Attrib. to P. Abelard (1079-1142)	89, 519, 625
Gilead	10.10.10.10.	Geo. Fried. Handel (1685-1759)	23, 724
Gospel	... 66.66.88.	Geo. Fried. Handel (1685-1759)	177, 669
Goshen	65.65.65.65.	...	905
Gotha	... 77.77.77.	...	95
Gottingen	... 77.77.77.	Michael Weiss (-1540)	7
+Gounod	... C.M.D.	Charles F. Gounod (1818-)	795
+Gräfrath	... 77.77.	Telemann's Choral Book (1730-)	679
Greenland	76.76.76.76.	Lausanne Psalter (c. 1860)	193

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

xxxiii

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
Gregory L.M.	6, 146, 289, 517
†Gretton C.M.D. ...	Robt. Brown-Borthwick (1840-)	702
†Grimsby 77.77. ...	T. E. Matthews, B.A. (1826-)	696
†Haddo ...	64.64.664	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-)	314
Halle ...	87.87.887	Hans Kugelmann (c. 1540)	29
Hamburg ...	87.87.88.77.	Johann Schop (c. 1640)	137
*Hampstead	10.10.10.10	James Douglas Macey (1860-)	321
Hampton 8.8.	768
†Hanford 88.4 ...	Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-)	878
Hanover ...	10.10.11.11.	W. Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1927)	64, 372, 530
†Harewood 66.68.88... ..	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76)	745
†Havergal C.M. ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A. (1798-1870)	504
†Heathlands	... 77.77.77. ...	Henry Smart (1812-1879)	680, 789
Hebron ...	65.65.65.65	...	479
Heidelberg...	... 76.76 ...	Melchior Vulpius (1560-1616)	352
Heinlein 77.77 ...	Paul Heinlein (1626-1636)	129, 425
Hemingford	... 104.104	457
†Hermas ...	65.65.65.65.65.65	Frances R. Havergal (1836-1879)	167, 379
Hernon 664.6664 ...	G. Braun (c. 1675)	223, 334
†Hesperus L.M. ...	Henry Baker, Mus. Bac. (1837-)	117, 565, 775
Hexham ...	11.10.11.10	F. B. Mendelssohn (1808-1847)	106
*Highbury 66.86.47 ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	374
Hispania 10.10	388
*Holderness...	10.10.10.10.6	Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-)	459
Holley L.M. ...	George Hews (1835-)	222, 580, 715, 774
†Hollingside	... 77.77.77.77. ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1822-76)	296
Holstein S.M.D. ...	Johann S. Bach (1685-1750)	443, 510
†Holy City ...	76.76.76.76	Alfred R. Gaul, Mus. Bac. (1837-)	606
†Holy Cross...	... 68.64 ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	134
†Holy Trinity	... C.M. ...	James Watson (1880)	348, 544, 624, 685, 757
†Hondeur ...	64.64.67.64.	Joseph Barnby (1832-)	21, 80, 486
†Horeb 64.66 ...	H. Erskine Allon, B.A. (1864-)	274
†Horsley C.M. ...	Henry Smart (1812-1879)	823
Hosanna L.M. ...	W. Horsley, Mus. D. (1774-1858)	414, 415, 416, 907
†Hosanna, we sing...	10.10.10.10. Irregular.	Johann Georg Nageli (1763-1836)	125
*Houghton ...	10.10.11.11	J. B. Dykes; Mus. D. (1822-1876)	897
Hull 886.886 ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	9
Hursley L.M.	658
*Hurst L.M.D. ...	Paul Ritter (P) (1792)	815
		William H. Monk, Mus. D. (1823)	8
Ilaia... ..	10.10.10.10.	From La Feuillée (1745) ...	328
Ifracombe ...	88.88.88.	...	256, 819
Incarnation	L.M. 8 lines	L. Von Beethoven (1770-1827)	233
†Inglewhite	66.86.10.12.	A. S. M. Bartholomew (1811-)	452
Innocents 77.77. ...	Old Litany of the 13th century	53
Innsbruck 886.886 ...	Heinrich Isaak (1450-1520?)	445, 520
Invocation...	77.77.77.77.	L. Von Beethoven (1770-1827)	287, 855
†Intercession	75.75.75.75.88.	William H. Callcott (1807-1882)	753
†Irons (Southwell)	... C.M. ...	Herbert S. Irons (1824-)	44, 606
*Iseldon 77.77.77. ...	H. Erskine Allon, B.A. (1864-)	730
Jam Lucis L.M. ...	E. Directoris Guidetti, 7th cen.	78, 802
†Jenner ...	76.76.76.76.	Henry Lascelles Jenner, Bp. (1820-)	604
†Jerusalem ...	88.86.86.	Johann Crüger (1598-1682)	68, 790
†Jeu Magister Bone	76.76.76.76.	J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D. (1822-76)	447
Kedron 886.886 ...	George F. Handel (1685-1759)	445
Kent L.M. ...	Johann F. Lampe (1708-1751)	664
*Kelso ...	10.10.10.10.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	329, 381
Kettering 77.77. ...	W. Boyce, Mus. Doc. (1710-1773)	122, 213
Kiel 77.77. ...	Andreas Remberg (1781-1821)	221, 521, 680

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
† Lachrymæ	... 777. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-)	285, 727
Lair Gate	... L.M.	430
† Lambeth	... 13.11.13.11. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	587
† Lancashire	... 76.76.76.76. ...	Henry Smart (1812-1879)	156
Lancaster	... C.M. ...	S. Howard, Mus. Doc. (1710-1782)	588, 631
Langdon	... 106.106 ...	Rd. Langdon, Mus. Bac. (-1808)	175
Laudatio	... L.M.D.	27
† Laudes Dominî	... 66.66.66. ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	370
† Laybach	... 10.6.10.6. ...	Dolomite Chant ...	175
Leicester	... 1888.6. ...	K. Kocher's Zionsharfe (c.1838)	516
Leipao	... 77.77.77. ...	Johann Schop (c. 1640) ...	65
Leominster	... S.M.D. ...	Ar. by Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. ...	565
Leoni	... 66.84.66.84.	4
Lincoln	... C.M. ...	Allison's Psalter (1599) ...	104, 105
† Litany	... 777.6. ...	John Liphot Hutton (1809-) ...	216, 480
* Lochbie	... 76.76.76.76. ...	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc. (1823-)	388
London New	... C.M. ...	Scoth Psalter (1635) ...	280
Lucerne	... 888.888. ...	Strasburg Gesangbuch (1595) ...	51
Lucia Creator	... L.M. ...	Latin Church, 7th or 8th Cent. ...	320, 672, 817
Ludwig	... 66.66. ...	Sigillus Goth. Cantionale (1657)	426, 437
Lüneberg	... 78.78.77. ...	Att. to Johann S. Bach (1685-1750)	705
Luther	... 87.87.887. ...	Adp. Luther, Klug's Gesangb. (1543)	188
Lutzen	... 77.77.77.	843
† Lux Benigna	... 10.4.10.4.10.10. ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	383
† Lux Crucis	... 87.87.87.87. ...	Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc. (1800-80)	446
† Lux Eol	... 87.87.87.87. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	87, 772
† Lux Prima	... 84.78.47. ...	John Stainer, Mus. Doc. (1840-)	808
Lyons	... 87.87.87.87. ...	Claude Goudimel (1510-1572)	854
† Lyte...	... S.M. ...	John B. Wilkes	463, 464
† Maldstone	... 77.77.77.77. ...	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac. (1829-)	670
Mainzer	... L.M. ...	J. Mainzer, Mus. D. (1801-1851)	224, 306, 341
* Maldon	... 888.6. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-1876)	475
Manger	... 10.8.10.8.88. ...	Carl Reinecke (1827-) ...	102
Mannheim	... 87.87. { 4 } 7. ...	German Chorale, Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason (1792-1822)	185, 396
† Manningtree	... L.M. ...	L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc. (1826-1883)	801
† Mar Saba (Hebron)	... 77.77.88. ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	591
Martyrdom	... C.M. ...	Hugh Wilson (1764-1810) ...	28
Martyrs	... C.M. ...	Andro Hart's Psalter (1611) ...	887
† Mary Magdalene	... 65.65.65.65. ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-1876)	479, 752
Mashury	... C.M. ...	Joseph Grigg (1768) ...	869
Matins	... L.M. ...	Latin Melody ...	799
Mear	... C.M. ...	Aaron Williams (1731-1776)	853
Meaux Abbey	... C.M. ...	Johann Crüger (1602-1662)	63, 72
Mecklenburg	... L.M. ...	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)	49, 76
Melningen	... S.M. ...	Melchior Frank (1639) ...	626
Melanchon	... 88.88.88. ...	M. Luther, eight Spiritual Songs	97, 98, 686
* Melanesia	... L.M. ...	Samuel Smith ... (1624)	785
Melcombe	... L.M. ...	Samuel Webbe, sen. (1740-1816)	648, 746, 747
† Melita	... 88.88.88. ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-1876)	881
† Melton	... 77.77. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	277
Mendelssohn	... 77.77.77.77. ...	J. L. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809-1847)	109
Mentone	... 87.87.87.87. ...	Caesar Malan, D.D. (1787-1864)	796
† Merril	... 65.65. ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	830
Merton	... 11.11.11.5 ...	Johann Crüger (1598-1662)	548
† Metrical Chant	... 97.97.99. ...	C. B. Cuff ...	276
Midian	... 65.65.65.65. ...	John A. P. Schultz (1747-1800)	499
Milan	... 77.77. ...	Old Stabat Mater	418
Miles Lane	... C.M. ...	William Shrubsole (1758-1806)	179
Minden	... 87.87. ...	Heinrich Albert (1604-1657)	742
Missionary	... 76.76.76.76. ...	L. Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872)	778
† Mistley	... 64.64.664. ...	L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc. (1826-1883)	362
Moldau	... L.M.	532
Montgomery	... L.M. ...	Samuel Stanley (1797-1822)	429, 674
† Morgonned	... 87.87.87.87.87.87. ...	F. C. Maker ...	158
* Moriah	... 55.11.55.11. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	136

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
Morning Hymn L.M. ...	F. H. Barthelemon (1741-1808)	799
Morning Star	887.887.4.12.3.	Heinrich Scheidemann (-1694)	611
Moscow	664.666.4.	F. Giardini (1716-96), Lock Col. 1765	69, 687, 771
Mount of Olives	664.666.4.	L. Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872)	321
†Mount Zion 77.77.77 ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. Doc. (1842-)	346, 392
Mulhausen 77.77. ...	Johann Rudolph Ahle (1625-1878)	469, 678
Munich	76.76.76.76.	Johann Hermann (1620) ...	606, 899
†Nachtlied	10.10.10.10.10.10.	Henry Smart (1813-1879) ...	331, 822
Nain 64.64. ...	L. Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872)	272
Narenza S.M. ...	Cologne Choralbuch ...	345
Nares C.M. ...	James Nares, Mus. Doc. (1715-83)	629
Nassau 77.77.77. ...	Johann Rosenmüller (1615-86) ...	893
Navarre	98.98.98.98.	Claude Goudimel (1510-1572) ...	726
Neander	668.668.38.66.	Joachim Neander (1610-1680) ...	667
Nearer Home S.M.D. ...	J. B. Woodbury (1819-1868) ...	566
Neumark	98.98.88. ...	G. C. Neumark (1621-1681) ...	585
*Newland S.M. ...	H. J. Gauntlett Mus. D. (1806-76)	365, 441, 442, 619, 661, 732
†Newton Ferns 87.87 ...	Samuel Smith ...	171
New York	76.76.76.76	G. J. Webb (1803-) ...	655
†Nicea	11.12.12.10.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-1876)	1
†Nissi	65. (12 lines)	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	381
†Nocturn	7s. (10 lines)	Sir Michael Costa (1810-1884) ...	842
†Noel C.M.D.	107
†Norman	76. (12 lines)	904
†North Coates 65.65. ...	T. R. Matthews, B.A. (1826-) ...	900
Northampton C.M. ...	W. Croft, Mus. Doc. (1677-1727)	827
†Northumberland C.M.D. ...	Henry Smart (1813-1879) ...	344
Norwich C.M.D. ...	Day's Psalter, 1563, (Old 137)	368, 569
†Nox Præcessit C.M. ...	John Baptiste Calkin (1827-) ...	183, 214, 215, 413
Nuremberg 886.886. ...	Hans Sachs (1494-1576) ...	192, 198
Oberlin 8888.6. ...	Magdeburg Choralbuch (1640)	351, 666
Oldenburg	11.11.11.11.	Thomas Selle (1599-1663)	384
Old 100th (Savoy) L.M. ...	Att. G. Franc, Genevan Psaltr (1562)	2, 3
†Old Sarum... ..	76.76.76.76.	Theodore Edward Aylward ...	318
Olmütz 86.84.	292
†Ombersley L.M. ...	W. H. Gladstone ...	673, 847
Oriel... ..	87.87.87.	Ancient "Tantum Brgo" ...	694, 755
Otterbourne L.M. ...	Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) ...	811, 812
*Paraclete	11.10.11.10.	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835-) ...	551
†Paradise (No. I.)	86.86.66.66.	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	601
†Paradise (No. II.)	86.86.66.66.	John Gill ...	601
†Paran	87.87. ⁸ / ₄ } 7.	Joachim Neander (1610-1680) ...	155, 180, 181, 727
†Paston C.M. ...	Attributed to Luther ...	412, 541
†Pastor Bonus	66.66.88.	Samuel Smith ...	304
†Passion Chorale	76.76.76.76.	Hans Leo Haasler (1564-1612)	151
†Pax Dei	10.10.10.10.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	695
†Pax Tecum 10.10. ...	G. F. Caldeck ...	456
†Pearsall	76.76.76.76.	St. Gall Kathol. Gesangbuch ...	665, 879
†Penitence	C.M., with Refrain	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1823-)	258
†Pentecost L.M. ...	Ancient Plain Song, Harmony from G. V. Duval ...	222
†Petersham C.M.D. ...	Clement W. Poole ...	124, 762
†Pietas	886.	230
†Pilgrims	11.10.11.10.9.11.	Henry Smart (1812-1879) ...	609
†Plenteous Redemp- tion	10.10.10.10.	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	723
†Pleyel 77.77. ...	Ignaz Joseph Pleyel (1757-1831)	325, 347, 916
†Pöten 77.77. ...	G. C. Stratiner (1650-1705) ...	52
†Podam S.M. ...	Johann S. Bach (1685-1750) ...	433, 535, 620
†Prentest	10.10.10.10.	Giovanni Palestrina (1524-1594)	232, 357
†Prætorium 887.887. ...	Zinck (-1801) ...	132
†Prætorius C.M. ...	Musæ Sionis (1609-) ...	592, 598
†Prægue S.M. ...	Lewis Renatus West (1753-1828)	650
†Pyreneæ	77.77.77.77.	Old Provençal Melody ...	287

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
†Quam Dilecta	66.66.	Henry L. Jenner, D.D. Bp. (1820-)	728
†Quid Retribuam	66.66.66.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876)	358
Ramoth	65 (10 lines)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	554
Ratibon	77.77.77.	Werner's Choral Book (1815)	729, 804
*Ravensworth	777.5.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	217
Refuge	77.77.77.77.	Johann Crüger (1598-1662)	533
†Redhead	C.M.	Richard Redhead (1820-)	720
†Regent's Square	87.87.77.	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	676
Rephidim	11.10.11.10.	Alexis Lvoff (1799-1870)	888
†Requiem	46.46.46.46	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	588
†Reet	88.88.88.	John Stainer, Mus. D. (1840-)	313, 529, 599
*Resurgam	88.88.88.	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1822-)	600
†Resurrection	66.66.88. or 66.66.44.44.	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1822-)	549
†Rimbault	66.66. (Trochaic)	E. F. Rimbault, L.L.D. (1816-1876)	254
Rochester	L.M.	Day's Psalter (1562)	870
Rockingham	L.M.	E. Miller, Mus. Doc. (1731-1807)	22, 145, 186, 647, 716, 882, 88
*Rogation	777.777.777.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	285
†Roseneath	666.4.	E. Minshall	403
Rosenthal	87.87.87.87.	J. L. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809-1847)	228, 708
Rostock	74.74.74.74.	J. Anastasius Freylinghausen, Geistesreiches Gesangbuch (1704)	909
Roumania	S.M.		425, 701, 709
†Ruth	65.65.65.65.	Samuel Smith	862
Rutherford	76.76.76.76.	D'Uhran, arr. by Dr. Rimbault	560
†St. Aélred	888.3.	J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D. (1823-76)	476
†St. Agnes	C.M.	J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. D. (1823-76)	92, 127, 575, 682
†St. Alban	S.M.		458
†St. Albinus	78.78.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	169
†St. Alphege	76.76.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	604, 877
†St. Andrew	77.87.77.87.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	91
†St. Andrew	87.87.	Edward Henry Thorne (1834-)	271
St. Andrew of Crete	65.65.65.65.		499
St. Ann	C.M.	W. Croft, Mus. D. (1677-1727), asc. to Mr. Denby in Barber's Psalm Tunes (1688)	756
†St. Ann	C.M.	W. Croft, Mus. D. (1677-1727), arr. by Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc.	502
†St. Anselm	76.76.76.76.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	607
St. Austin	77.77.77.77.	Brüder-Choralbuch (1784)	266
†St. Bees	77.77.	J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D. (1823-76)	284, 363
†St. Bernard	86.888.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	12
†St. Boniface	65. (12 lines)	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	378
St. Bride	S.M.	S. Howard, Mus. Doc. (1710-82)	573
†St. Catherine	76.76.76.76.	Reginald F. Dale, Mus. Doc.	268, 778
†St. Chrysoptom	88.88.88.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	88, 275, 590, 722
†St. Cross	L.M.	J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D. (1823-76)	139, 238
†St. Cuthbert	86.84.	J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D. (1823-76)	205
†St. Cyprian	54.54.54.	Alfred R. Gaul, Mus. Bac. (1837-)	615
St. David	C.M.	Havenscroft's Wh. Bk. of Ps. (1621) melody alt. by Playford, (1671)	207, 208, 310
†St. Drostan	L.M.	J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D. (1823-76)	125
†St. Fabian	77.77.77.77.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	286
†St. Fulbert	C.M.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	32, 33, 608, 623, 662
†St. George	S.M.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	42, 261, 731, 878
†St. Gertrude	66 (12 lines)	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	377
†St. Godric	66.66.88.	J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. D. (1823-76)	622, 913
St. Helena	S.M.		200, 808, 914, 915
†St. Hilda	87.87.87.87.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	176
†St. Hugh	C.M.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1813-)	567
†St. Ignatius	75.75.75.75.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	851
†St. John	66.66.88.	W. H. Havergal, M.A. (1798-1870)	77, 668, 794
†St. John's College	C.M.	G. M. Garrett, Mus. Doc. (1834-)	165
†St. John, W'minster	C.M.	James Turle (1802-1832)	116, 332, 333, 534, 711
St. James	C.M.	Raphael Courteville (-1735)	85, 754
†St. Keverne	10.10.10.10.4.	Arthur Henry Browne (1830-)	96

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
†St. Leonard	... C.M. ...	Henry Smart (1812-1879)...	556, 639, 751
St. Luke L.M. ...	Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707)	143
St. Magnus	... C.M. ...	Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707)	40, 259, 791
St. Mark 98.98. ...	Konrad Kocher (1786-) ...	694
St. Mary C.M. ...	Archd. Fry's Bk. of Psalms (1621)	240, 293
St. Matthew	... C.M.D. ...	Wm. Croft, Mus. D. (1677-1727)	781, 876
†St. Matthias	... 98.98.98. ...	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1828-)	353, 354, 898, 840
St. Maur 10.10.10.10. ...	Felix Alexandre Gullmant(1837-)	721
St. Michael	... S.M. ...	Day's Psalter (1562) ...	89, 559, 627
†St. Nicholas	... 11.10.11.10.10. ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	515
†St. Oswald 87.87. ...	J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus. D. (1823-76)	325
†St. Pancras	... 87.87.87. ...	Henry Smart (1812-1879)	739
†St. Patrick 77.77.77.77. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	182
†St. Peter	... C.M. ...	A. R. Rehnagle (1792-1877)	47, 73, 74
†St. Peter, W'minstr.	... 87.87.47. ...	James Turlie (1802-1832) ...	130
†St. Philip 77.7. ...	Wm. Hy. Monk, Mus. D. (1822-)	285
†St. Philip 10.10.10.4. ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-) ...	616
†St. Raphael	... 87.87.47. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. (1818-)...	450
†St. Saviour C.M. ...	F. G. Baker ...	168, 613, 813
St. Stephen	... C.M. ...	William Jones (1726-1800) ...	691
St. Theodolph	... 76.76.76.76. ...	Melchior Teschner (1613) ...	779
*St. Thomas	... 888.6. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	298
†St. Vincent	... 86.86.88. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	126
†St. Werberg	... 88.88.88. ...	J. B. Dykes, M.A. Mus. D. (1823-76)	90, 172
Sabbath	... 76. (12 lines) ...	W. H. Doane ...	350
†Safe Home...	... 66.66.88. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	617
Salisbury	... C.M. ...	Ravencroft's "Whole Book of Psalms" (1621)	244, 256, 890, 891
Salvator	... 88.88.88. ...	Melchior Vulpus (1560-1618)	48
Salzburg	... 87.87.87.87. ...	J. C. W. A. Mozart (1756-1791) ...	176
Samarita	... 88.88.88. ...	L. van Beethoven (1770-1827)	101, 317
Samson	... L.M. ...	Arr. fr. G. F. Handel (1683-1759)	161
†Samuel	... 66.66.88. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	912
Sanctuary	... 77.77.77.77. (Trochaic)	Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)	513
†Sandon	... 10.4.10.4.10.10. ...	Charles H. Purday (1798-1896) ...	382
†Santa Trinità	... L.M. ...	Emilio Pieraccini (1858)	75, 269, 553
Sardis	... 87.87. ...	L. van Beethoven (1770-1827)	150
†Sarum	... 888.4. ...	John Hullah (1812-1834) ...	466
Savoy (Old 100th.)	... L.M. ...	Genevan Psalter (1562) ...	2, 3
Scheffer	... 77.77. ...	Johann G. W. Scheffer (-1677)	451
*Scopus	... 87.87.87.87. ...	Charles Hancock, Mus. Bac. ...	100
†Security	... 10.6.10.4. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	583
Seraphim	... 10.9.10.9.10.10.8.10.10.8. ...	Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)	59
Shalford	... 76.76.76.76.66.84. ...	J. A. P. Schultz (1747-1800) ...	859, 896
†Shalom	... 777.5. ...	C. C. Scholefield ...	212, 571
†Shanklin	... 87.87. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-) ...	838
†Sharon (St. George)	... 77.77.77.77. ...	Sir G. J. Hives, Mus. Doc. (1816-) ...	154, 737, 865
Shawmut	... 66.84.	640
Sheba	... 11.10.11.10. ...	J. Srenson ...	62
Shechern	... 87.87. (Trochaic)	...	406
*Sherwood	... 86.86.86. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	10, 494, 495
Shore	... 77.77. ...	From C.M. von Weber (1786-1826)	423, 424
†Showers of Blessing	... 87.87.3. ...	W. D. MacLagan, D.D., Bp. (1826-)	811
Sicilian Mariners	... 87.87. ...	Sicilian Melody ...	838
Sigismund...	... 87.87. ...	Christian Fried. Witt (1771-) ...	103
Silesia	... 76.76.76.76. ...	Hans Sachs (1494-1576)	490
*Silloe	... 66.66.88. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	262
Sleepers Wake	... 898.898.664.88. ...	Philip Nicolai (1566-1608)	195
†Slingsby	... 87.87. ...	Edmund Sardinson Carter, M.A. ...	894
Smyrna	... L.M. ...	Latin, 'Jesu Redemptor omnium'	803
Soldau	... L.M. ...	Ger. 13th ct., adp. by Luther (1525)	5, 248, 552, 635, 636, 845
*Sonning	... S.M. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	148, 241, 434
Southwell	... S.M. ...	Denham's Psalter (1588) ...	191, 233
†Southwold...	... C.M. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	149, 342, 364, 581
Spire	... 55.88.55. ...	Adam Drese (1630-1718) ...	228, 330
†Springfield...	... 12.11.12.11. or 11.10.11.10. ...	Rev. Peter Maurice, D.D. ...	35, 257, 872
†Springtime	... Irregular	...	860
†Stephanos	... 86.88. ...	Sir Henry W. Baker (1821-1877)	437
†Stepney	... 87.87.77. ...	William Bayley (1810-1858)	825
Strasburg	... 11.10.11.10. ...	Johann B. Ahle (1625-1873)	402

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
Stukeley	C.M.	J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847)	34, 792
Stuttgart	87.87.87.87.	Joh. Rosenmuller (1615-1686)	547
Styria 446.446....	L. Vopelius (c. 1682)	861
Suabia S.M.D....	Elzevier'schen Psalmbuch (1646)	511
Subiaco 77.77. ...	Ancient Litany	324
Submission 888.4. ...	K. Kocher's Zionsharpe (c. 1838)	399
†Suocour 12.12.12.12.	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	481
†Sudeley C.M. ...	John Stainer, Mus. Doc. (1840-)	178, 316, 340, 759, 769
†Sunderland S.M. ...	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	468, 557, 793
*Swanland 76.76.76.76.	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	540
†Sylvester 87.87-88.88.	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	586
Tabar 76.76.76.76.	Hans Kugelmann (-1601)	301, 302
Tallis C.M. ...	Thos. Tallis (1523-1585), Parker's Psalter (c. 1561)	210, 211, 638, 644, 712, 713, 880
Tarsus 77.77.	471
†Temple 84.84.888.4.	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-)	71, 839
†Temple Bar S.M. ...	E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc. (1818-)	844
†Tenbury 55.55.65.65.	Sir F.A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc. (1825-)	482
Thanet 866. ...	J. Jowett, Musæ Solitariae (1823)	831
*Thaxted 78.78. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	169
†The Blessed Home 66.66.66.66.	W. H. Havergal, M.A. (1798-1870)	574
†The Endless Alleluia Irregular	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	610
†The Long Home 78.78.77. ...	Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. (1842-)	597
*Theodora 99.99. ...	Alfred Legge	93
†The Strain Upraise Irregular	Wm. Hayes, Mus. D. (1707-1777), ad. by A. H. D. Troyte (1811-57)	17
Tiberias 77.77.77. ...	Konrad Kocher (1786-)	114, 225
Tichfield 77.77.77.77.	589
Tottenham 10.10.10.10.	James Langran (1835-)	693, 821
†Triumph 87.87.47. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	57
†Troyte Irregular	A. H. Dyke Troyte (1811-1857)	466, 616, 719, 820
†Trust 888.6. ...	G. W. Torrance, Mus. D. (1835-)	352
†Twilight 11.11.11.5. ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	819
†University College 77.77. ...	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	467, 698
Velindra L.M.	278, 279, 327, 671
Veni Creator 88.88.88... ..	Thomas Attwood (1767-1838)	206
Veni Emmanuel 88.88.88... ..	Latin Melody of 12th Century	187
Verdun 7777 ...	J. A. Freylinghausen's Geistesreiches Gesangbuch (1704)	239, 681, 806
†Vesper! Lux 777.5 ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1822-76)	570
†Vexillum 65 (12 lines)	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	381
†Via Crucis 76 (9 lines irregular)	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	483
†Via Recte 66.66 ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	506, 507
Victory 77.77.77.77. ...	J. F. Christmann (1752-1817)	169
†Vigilæ 777.3 ...	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc. (1823-)	485
†Visio Domini 11.10.11.10	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	462
†Vox Angelica 10.11.11.10.9.11	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	609
†Vox Dilecti C.M.D. ...	J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. (1823-76)	263
*Vox Salutis 87.87.47... ..	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	152
Waldeck L.M. ...	J. C. Heinrich Rinck (1770-1846)	431, 623
†Walkington S.M. ...	Joseph Barnby (1838-)	595, 828
†Waltham 87.87.47... ..	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	203, 699
†Walthamstow S.M. ...	S. H. Filby	660
Wareham L.M. ...	William Knapp (1698-1768)	366, 367, 521, 652, 744
Warrington L.M. ...	Ralph Harrison (1748-1810)	128
Watford 96.96.96.96.	160
Wearmouth C.M.D. ...	Daye's Psalter (1562)	409
Weimar 77.77.77.77. ...	Melchior Vulpius (c. 1560-1616)	312, 546, 760, 733
Wells L.M. ...	Israel Holdroyd (1740)	787
*Wilton 88.88. (Anapestic)	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806-76)	564

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

xxxix

TUNE.	METRE.	COMPOSER.	NUMBERS.
*Westenhanger	... S.M. ...	Clement W. Poole ...	220, 286, 404
†Westerham...	10.10.10.10.	W. C. Filby (1836-)	281
†Westminster	... C.M. ...	James Turle (1802-1882)	13, 43
*Willerby	84.84.888.	Ebenezer Prout, B.A. (1835-)	460
Willingham	11.10.11.10.	Franz Abt (1819-)	806, 807
†Wiltshire	... C.M. ...	Sir George T. Smart (1776-1867)	349, 422, 484
†Wimbledon	... 888.4. ...	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810-76)	509
Wimbourne	76.76.77.76.	C. Barnekvo...	226
Winchester	... L.M. ...	B. Crasselius (1667-1724) (P) Frey- linghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704	234, 522, 745, 765
Winchester (Old)	... C.M. ...	Este's Psalter (1592)	36, 84, 108
Windsor	... C.M. ...	Este's Psalter (1592)	136, 242
†Winterslow	... 888.6. ...	Alfred E. Gaul, Mus. Bac. 1837-	298
†Wirksworth	... S.M. ...	M. Greene, Mus. Doc. (1696-1755)	472, 473
Wittenburg	67.67.66.66.	Johann Crüger (1598-1662)	60, 61
†Wix C.M. ...	L. G. Hayne, Mus. D. (1836-1883)	539
Wotton	... L.M. ...	L. Mason, Mus. Doc. (1792-1872)	50, 444
Wycliffe	...88.88.88....	Johann Schop (17th Cent.)	373
York	... C.M. ...	Andro Hart's Psalter (1615)	315
Yorkshire	10.10.10.10.10.10.	J. Wainwright, Mus. Doc. (-1768)	112
Zion	... 77.77.	787

METRICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	C.M.	No.	TUNE.	No.
SHORT METRE.						
Aldersgate	440, 465, 594	Abridge		828	Prætorius	592, 598
Aynhoe	213, 642, 770	Arnheim	83, 717,	825	Redhead	723
Bucer	455, 733, 768	Bangor		682	St. Agnes	92, 127, 575, 692
Ben Rhydding	572	Bedford	11,	646	St. Ann	503, 756
Doncaster	360, 361, 386	Belgrave		683	St. David	207, 208, 310
Day of Praise	637, 674	Belmont	305,	542	St. Fulbert... 22, 33, 606,	628, 662
Ems	482, 764	Bergen (St. Bernard) 30,	119, 335,	582	St. Hugh	567
Franconia..... 41, 219, 260,	438, 439	Burford	243,	536	St. James	85, 754
Gildas	89, 519, 625	Burmah	26, 491,	492	St. John (Westminster) 116,	382, 333, 534, 711
Hampton	768	Byzantium	251,	750	St. John's College	165
Holyrood 348, 544, 624, 685,	757, 908	Cherith	326,	359	St. Leonard..... 556,	639, 751
Lyte	463, 464	Cheshire	410		St. Magnus	40, 259, 791
Meiningen	626	Culross	810,	875	St. Mary	240, 293
Narenza	345	Dalehurst		82	St. Peter..... 47, 73, 74	
Newland 365, 441, 442, 619,	651, 732	Devonshire	204,	252	St. Saviour	168, 613, 813
Potsdam	433, 535, 520	Donington	417,	630, 857	St. Stephen	691
Prague	660	Downton		428	Salisbury	244, 256, 890
Roumania	435, 701, 709	Dunfermline	24, 86		Southwold	149, 342, 364, 581
St. Alban	573	Durdham (Clifton)	419		Stukely	34, 792
St. Bride	573	Elvet	249, 250,	919	Sudeley..... 173, 316, 340,	759, 769
St. George..... 42, 261,	721, 878	Emmanuel... .. 46,	558		Tallis 210, 211, 638, 644,	712, 713, 880
St. Helena..... 200, 309,	914, 915	Emmaus	245, 246,	421	Westminster	13, 43
St. Michael	89, 559, 627	Erin	240		Wiltshire	349, 422, 484
Sonning	148, 241, 434	Etheldreda	489,	824	Winchester (Old)	36, 84, 108
Southwell	191, 283	Evan	420,	706, 718	Windsor	136, 242
Sunderland	468, 557, 793	Farrant	123, 488, 641,	853	Wix	539
Temple Bar	844	Felix		208	York	315
Wallington	828	Fides		901		
Walthamstow	595, 624	Flavian	15, 68, 411,	487	C.M. (eight lines.)	
Westenhanger	220, 286, 404	French	31, 645,	383	Audite audientes me..... 263	
Wirksworth	472, 473	Haveral		504	Castle Rising	668
		Holy Trinity	21, 80,	488	Rdgbaston	38
		Horsley	414, 415, 416,	907	Rilm	503
		Irons (Scutwell)	44,	606	Ellacombe	502
		Lancaster..... 538,	631		Filius Dei	37
		Lincoln	104, 105		Gabriel	108
		London New	280		Gounod	795
		Martyrdom	28		Gretton	702
		Martyrs	387		Noel	107
		Maabury	369		Northumberland	344
		Meaux Abbey	63, 72		Norwich	368, 569
		Miles' Lane	179		Petersham	124, 762
		Nares	629		St. Matthew	781, 876
		Northampton	327		Vox Dilecti	263
		Nox Precessit 133, 214, 215,	413		Wearmouth	409
		Pastron	412, 641			
		Penitence (with Refrain)	258		C.M. (12 lines.)	
					Consecration	228
S.M. (eight lines.)						
Ascension	166					
Bonar	199					
Chalvey	565					
Clarewood..... 203						
Coronae	178					
Ecclesia	357					
Fairfield	218					
Holstein	443, 510					
Leominster	565					
Nearer Home	568					
Subdia	511					

METRICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.
Abends	815, 920	Styria	446.446.	65 (12 lines.)	780
Abbotsford	197			Armageddon	780
Advent Evening Hymn	818			Beaton	881
Aisace	121, 295	Cheshunt	44.77.6.	Blah	377
Angels	4, 231			Bermas	167, 379
Angelus	830, 369, 474, 523, 649			Biasi	881
	688, 786	Requiem	45.46.46.46.	St. Boniface	378
Babylon	291, 339			St. Gertrude	377
Bavaria	426, 427	Advent	46.64.64.64.		
Bohemia	524			Conway	584
Braffords	247				
Braus	221			664.664.	
Breslau	432, 573, 579, 650, 714	Bluntisham	4.10.10.10.4.	664.6664.	
	763			Abinger	131
Cannons	189	St. Cyprian	54.54.54.	Albion	884, 885
Canon	814			Benediction	917
Canonbury	120	Tenbury	55.55.65.65	Dighton	321
Christmas Chorale	528, 543			Hermon	229, 334
Church Triumphant	653, 686	Dresden	55.55.10.56.56.	Moscow	69, 687, 771
Commandments	23, 749, 800			Mount of Olives	321
Constance	305, 307	Adoration	557.557.10.10.		
Eisenach	25, 294, 346			6684.	
Ely	144, 170	Spire	55.83.55.	Roseneath	403
Ernar	816				
Foids	387, 388, 400, 401, 776	Moriah	55.11.55.11.	Ecce Agnus	6684.834.
Gibraltar	285, 689				
Gregory	6, 46, 289, 517	Nain	64.64.	66.66.	
Hesperus	117, 556, 779			Ludwig	436, 437
Holley	223, 580, 715, 774	Aspiration	64.64.664.	Quam Delicta	723
Hosanna	125			Rimbault (Trochaic)	254
Hursley	815	Mistley	382	Vis Recte	506, 507
Jam Lucia	78, 302				
Kent	684	Honfleur	64.64.67.64.	6666.4444.	
Lair Gate	430			Children's Voices	902
Lucia Creator	320, 672, 817	Budleigh	64.64.10.10.	Resurrection	549
Mainzer	284, 309, 341				
Manningtree (St. Anselm)	801	Cords of Love	64.66	666.666.	
Matins	799			Laudes Domini	370
Mecklenburg	49, 76	Howeb	65.65.	Quid Retribuam	358
Melanesia	736				
Melcombe	643, 746, 747	Bemerton	375	66.66.66.66.	
Moldau	523			Broadlands	506, 507
Montgomery	429, 674	Clewor	598	The Blessed Home	574
Morning Hymn	793				
Ombersley	673, 847	Geneva	147, 453, 454	66.66.88.	
Ottarbourne	811, 812			Christchurch	602
Pentecost	222	Enon	478, 830	Darwell	164
Rochester	870	North Coates	900	Gopaal	177, 689
Rockingham	22, 146, 186, 647, 716, 832, 883	Merrial	830	Pastor Bonus	304
				Resurrection	549
St. Cross	139, 288	Dublin	65.65.65.65.	Safe Home	617
St. Drostane	125			Samuel	912
St. Luke	143	Edna	182, 554	St. Godric	622, 913
Samson	161	Goshen	906	St. John	77, 668, 794
Santa Trinita	75, 269, 563	Hebron	479	Silsoe	282
Savoy (Old Hundredth)	2, 3	Mary Magdalene	479, 752		
Smyrna	803	Midian	489	66.84.	
Soldau	5, 243, 552, 635, 636, 845	Ramoth (10 lines)	554	Shawmut	640
Velindra (Intercession)	273, 279, 287, 671	Ruth	862		
		St. Andrew of Crete	499	66.84.66.84.	
Waldeck	431, 623			Leoni	14
Wareham	366, 367, 521, 652, 744				
Warrington	123			66.86.47.	
Wells	767			Highbury	374
Winchester	334, 522, 745, 765				
Wotton	50, 444			663.668.	
				Ascalon	677
L. M. (eight lines.)					
Banias	118, 224			668.668.33.66.	
Hurst	8			Neander	667
Incarnation	233				
Laudatio	27			66.86.10.12.	
				Inglewhite	452

TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.
Benison 66.97.	848	Barnabas 76.76.7 ⁶ ₇ } 76.	563, 738	Ajalon 77.77.77.	297
Bethabara 6610.6610.	508	Wimbourne (trochaic) 226	738	Amsterdam 531	
Wittenburg 67.67.66.66.	60, 61	Coldrey 76.76.77.	740	Cuthbert 297	
Holy Cross 68.64.	134	Atonement 76.76.78.76.	736	Exemplar 139	
Bethsaida 610 610.	115, 264	Anatolius 76.76.88.	832	Gethsemane 133	
Rostock* 74.74.74.74.	909	Alford 76.86.76.86.	614	Gotha 95	
St. Ignatius 75.75.75.75.	851	Day of Grace 7.7.7.	449	Göttingen 7	
Intercession 75.75.75.75.88.	753	Lachrymæ 285, 727	727	Heathlands 690, 789	
Autumn 76.76.	863	St. Philip 285	285	Iseldon 730	
Barton 389	389	Hogaton (nine lines) 285	285	Leipsc 65	
Heidelberg 852	852	Vigilate 777.3.	435	Lutzen 843	
St. Alphege 604, 877	877	Ambrose 777.5.	94, 500	Mount Zion 346, 392	
Alford 76.76.76.76.	614	Cape Town 236, 703	703	Nassau 893	
Angel Voices (12 lines) 303	303	Dusseldorf 501	501	Ratiebon 729, 804	
Arcadelt 322, 527	527	Ravensworth 217	217	Tiberias 114, 225	
Aurelia 448, 618, 657, 778	778	Shalom 212, 571	571		
Bentley 626	626	Vesper Lux 670	670		
Brookfield 267, 659	659	Litany 777.6.	216, 480		
Come unto Me 287	287	Battishill 7777.	253, 632, 748		
Crüger 735, 777	777	Biberach 81, 405	405	Rogation 777.777.777.	
Day of Rest 343	343	Bingen 637	637	Roce Homo 77.77.77.77.77.	
Barth 367	367	Capernaum 141, 470	470	Nocturn 140	
Eden 561	561	Carinthia 20, 550, 788	788	Nocturn 842	
Billacombe 836	836	Clarence 984	984		
Endsleigh 659	659	Corsica 79	79	Mar Saba 77.77.88.	
Ewing 607	607	Oulbach 633, 634, 849, 871	871	St. Andrew 77.87.77.87.	
Fairford 18, 19	18, 19	Easter Hymn No. 1 (Monk) 153	153	St. Albinus 78.78.	
Greenland 198	198	Easter Hymn No. 2 (Henry Carey) 153	153	Thaxted 169	
Holy City 605	605	Fiducia 477	477	Lüneberg 78.78.77.	
Jenner 634	634	Forgiveness 290, 528	528	The Long Home 705	
Jesu, Magister Bone 447	447	Grimsby 696	696	Mulhausen 78.78.88.	
Lancashire 156	156	Griffath 679	679	Mulhausen 678	
Lockble 838	838	Heinlein 129, 425	425	Altorf 8336.8336.	
Missionary 778	778	Innocents 53	53	St. Albinus 84.78.47.	
Munich 605, 899	899	Kettering 122, 273	273	Canitz 808	
New York 655	655	Kiel 227, 537, 680	680	Lux Prima 808	
Norman (12 lines) 904	904	Melton 277	277		
Old Sarum 313	313	Milan 418	418		
Passion Chorale 151	151	Mülhausen 469	469		
Pearsall 655, 879	879	Pleyel 325, 347, 916	916		
Rutherford 580	580	Posen 52	52		
Sabbath (12 lines) 350	350	St. Bees 284, 363	363		
St. Anselm 307	307	Shore 451	451		
St. Catherine 238, 778	778	Shore 423, 424	424		
St. Theodulph 779	779	Subiaco 324	324		
Silesia 490	490	Tarusus 471	471		
Swanland 540	540	University College 467, 698	698		
Tabor 301, 302	301, 302	Verdun 239, 681, 805	805		
Via Crucis (Irregular) 483	483	Zion 787	787	Carrow 84.84.84.	
Shaflord 75.76.76.76.66.64.	859, 896	Anastasis 77.77.4.	164	Wilkerby 84.84.888.	

METRICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

xliii

TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.
84.888.4.		87.87.77.77.		8883.	
Evensong	393	Clevedon	235	St. Aðlred	476
Temple	71, 839				
		87.887.77.77.		8884.	
65.83.		Beverley Minster	194	Almsgiving	873
Bullinger	497			Calm	725
Christus Consolator	497	87.87.87.		Clifton	376, 725
Stephanos	497	Bayeno	707	Crepusculum	833
		Darmstadt	577	Hanford	873
866.		Oriel	755	Submission	399
Thanet	831	St. Pancras	739	Sarum	466
		Paran	180, 181	Troyte	466, 616
86.84.		Mannheim	396	Wimbledon	509
Olmultz	292				
St. Cuthbert	205	87.87.87.87.		8886.	
		Alla Trinita Beata	700	Boniface (Trochaic)	475
86.86.66.66.		Ancient of Days	163	Croyland	174
Paradise No. 1 (Barnby)	601	Austria	55, 56, 621, 758	Leicester	516
Paradise No. 2 (Gill)	601	Bethany	157, 323	Maldon (Trochaic)	475
		Chichester	66	St. Thomas	298
86.86.86.		Corinth	70, 856, 921	Trust	352
Camden	493	Dearhurst	608	Winterslow	286
Jerusalem	58, 790	Diarmisun	911		
Sherwood	10, 494, 495	Elberfeldt	299, 300		
		Exsultans	16	88.88 (Anapæstic.)	
86.86.88.		Florence	836	Welton	564
Flensburg	67	Lux Crucis	446		
St. Vincent	126	Lux Eol	87, 772	8888.6.	
		Lyona	854	Oberlin	351, 666
86.886.		Mentone	796		
St. Bernard	12	Morgenlied (12 lines)	158	8888.7.	
		Rosenthal	228, 708	Baden	675
87.87.		St. Hilda	176		
Bethlehem	407, 836	Salzburg	176	88.88.88.	
Ellerker	394, 395, 734	Scopus	100	Burwell	858
Frankfort	906	Stuttgart	547	Carey	209, 408
Minden	742			Cheshunt College	355, 356, 643
Newton Ferns	171	87.87.887.		Compline	654
St. Andrew	271	Coburg	496	Credo	101
St. Oswald	385	Dettingen	194	Eaton	202
Sardis	150	Faith	858	Fidelitas	761
Shanklin	838	Halle	29	Iffracombe (St. Catherine)	255, 319
Slingsby	894	Luther	188	Lucerne (Triplets)	51
Sicilian Mariners	838			Melancthon	97, 98, 686
Sigismund	103	Hamburg	137	Melita	881
Shechem (Trochaic)	406			Rest	313, 529, 599
		87.87—88.88.		Reurgam	600
87.87.3.		Sylvester	586	St. Chrysostom	88, 275, 590, 722
Showers of Blessing	311			St. Matthias	353, 354, 398, 840
		886.		St. Werburg	90, 172
87.87.47.		Pietas	220	Salvator	48
Aslacton	113			Samaris	101, 317
Eckington	397, 910	886.886.		Vani Creator	206
Eton	270	Hull	658	Vani Emmanuel	187
Evangel	798	Innsbruck	445, 520	Wycliffe	373
Mannheim	185	Kedron	445		
Oriel	694	Nuremburg	192, 193	898.898.664.88.	
Paran	797			Sleepers, Wake	195
St. Peter's, Westminster	190	887.887.			
St. Raphael	450	Arnsberg	45	96.96.96.96.	
Triumph	57	Bradford	837	Watford	160
Vox Salutis	152	Finchley	837		
Waltham (Braylesford)	203, 699	Prætorium	132	97.97.99.	
				Compassion	276
87.87.66.66.7.		887.887.4.12.8.		Metrical Chant	276
Ein feste Burg	518, 892	Morning Star	611		
		888.		99.99.	
87.87.77.		Damascus	237	St. Mark	694
All Saints	612	Delhi	704		
Dretzel	835	Dies Irae	201		
Paran	155				
Regent's Square	678				
Stepney	835				

METRICAL INDEX TO TUNES.

TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.	TUNE.	No.
Elbe	514	St. Philip	616	Epiphany	106
Friburg	710	Troyte	616	Hexham	106
Neumark	585			Paraclete	551
				Rephidim	888
		10.10.10.10.		Sheba	62
Blandina	726	Bartholomew	656, 850	Springfield	35, 872
Navarre	726	Dalketh	281, 390, 512	Strasburg	402
St. Mark (4 lines)	694	Ellers	387, 695	Visio Domini	582
		Eucharistica	724	Willingham	806, 807
		Eventide	820		
Theodora	9999	Gilead	329, 724	11.10.11.10.9.11.	
		Hampstead	821	Pilgrims	609
		Hosanna we sing	897	Vox Angelica	609
		Ihala	328		
		Kelso	329, 391	11.10.11.10.10.10.	
Affiance	457	Pax Dei	695	St. Nicholas	515
Hemingford	457	Plenteous Redemption	723		
		Præneste	282, 387	11.11.11.5.	
		St. Maur	721	Flemming	386, 506
Lux Benigna	383	Troyte	719, 820	Merton	548
Sandon	382	Westerham	281	Twilight	819
		Tottenham	698, 821		
				11.11.11.11.	
Security	583			Adeste Fideles	110
		10.10.10.10.4.		Corton	918
		St. Keverne	96	Oldenburg	384
		10.10.10.10.6.		11.12.12.10.	
Amor Jesu	99	Holderness	459	Nicea	1
Langdon	175				
Laybach	175			1211.1211.	
				Beersheba	829
Manger	102	10.10.10.10.10.10.		Springfield	257
		Evening	822		
		Nachtlied	331, 822	12.12.12.12.	
Seraphim	59	Yorkshire	113	Succour	431
		10.10.11.11.		13.11.13.12.	
Hispania	388	Hanover	64, 372, 530	Lambeth	587
Pax Tecum	456	Houghton	9		
				Irregular.	
		11.10.11.6.		Manger	102
Autumnus	886	Bozrah	498	The Endless Alleluia	610
				The Strain Upraise	17
				Springtime	860

GOD AND HIS WORSHIP.

Nicea. 11.12.12.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a major key with a 3/4 time signature. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody. The third system also continues. The fourth system concludes with a final cadence and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.—Rev. iv. 8.

mp 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our song shall rise to Thee.
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
cr God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

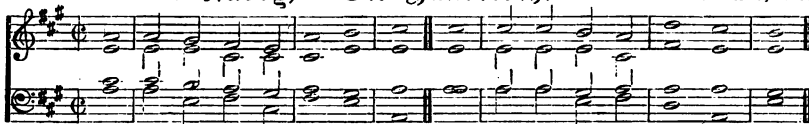
f 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

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

ff 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

HEBER

ORIGINAL FORM. **Saboy, OR Old Hundredth.** L.M. GUIL. FRANC, 1545.



MODERN FORM.



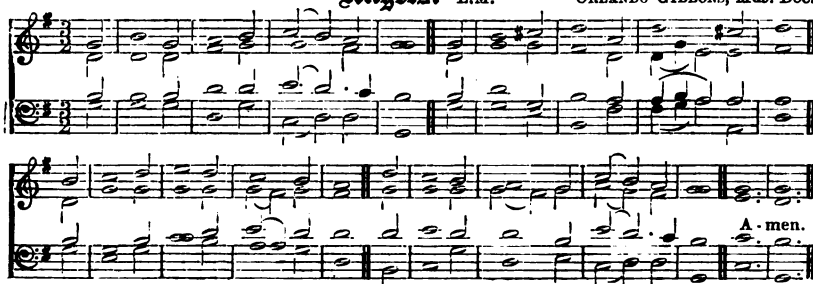
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.—Psa. c. 1.

- f* 2 ALL people that on earth do dwell, *f* 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful Approach with joy His courts unto ;
voice ; [tell ; Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth- For it is seemly so to do.
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- mf* 2 Know ye, the Lord 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.
- f* 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
ff His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen. W. KETHE, 1561.

Serve the Lord with gladness ; come before His presence with singing.—Psa. c. 2.

- mf* 3 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.
- dim* 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- cr* 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
- What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- f* 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise :
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- f* 5 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Amen. WATTS.

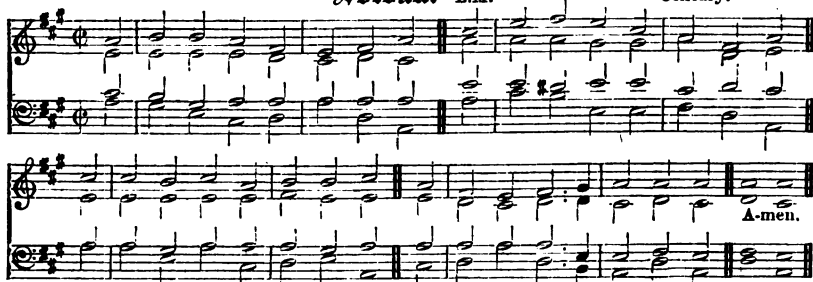
Angels. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc.



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

- mf* 4 **E**TERNAL Power — whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 Infinite space beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their finite rounds:—
- dim* 2 Lord, how can earth and ashes raise
 A tribute equal to Thy praise?
 From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 3 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
 And men have learnt to lisp Thy name;
cr But, O! the glories of Thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 4 God is in heaven, and men below:
 Be short our tunes, our words be few;
dim A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.
 Amen. WATTS.

Soldan. L.M. GERMAN MELODY of the 13th Century.



Thy throne is established of old; Thou art from everlasting.—Psa. xciii. 2.

- f* 5 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundations strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely established is Thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see!
 For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss their troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
 And they that in Thy house would
 That happy station to secure, (dwell,
 Must still in holiness excel. Amen.
 TATE AND BRADY.

Gregory. L.M.

Gregorian.

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit.—Psa. cxxxix. 7.

- mp* **6** LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through ; [view
Thine eye commands with piercing
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2** My thoughts, before they are mine own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from mine opening lips they break.
- 3** Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand :
- Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4** Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5** O may these thoughts possess my
breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest :
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.
- Amen. WATTS.

Göttingen. 77.77.77.

MICHAEL WEISS, 1531.

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

- f* **7** ALL things praise Thee, Lord most high,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee ;
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.
- 2** All things praise Thee—night to night
dim Sings in silent hymns of light ;
f All things praise Thee—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray,
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee:—Lord, may we.

- 3 All things praise Thee—round her zones
 Earth, with her ten thousand tones,
 Rolls a ceaseless choral strain,
 Roaring wind, and deep-voiced main,
 Rustling leaf, and humming bee,
 All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.
- 4 All things praise Thee—high and low,
 Rain, and dew, and seven-hued bow,
 Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,
 Rippling stream, and tempest loud ;
 Summer, winter, all to Thee
 Glory render :—Lord, may we.
- 5 All things praise Thee—Heaven's high shrine
 Rings with melody divine ;
dim Lowly bending at Thy feet,
 Seraph and archangel meet ;
cr This their highest bliss to be
 Ever praising :—Lord, may we.
- 6 All things praise Thee—gracious Lord,
 Great Creator, Powerful Word,
 Omnipresent Spirit, now
 At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
 Lift our hearts in praise to Thee ;
 All things praise Thee :—Lord, may we.
 Amen. G. W. CONDER.

Hurst. L.M.D.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork.—Psa. xlv. 1.

- mf* 8 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens,—a shining
 frame,—
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day, *dim* 3
 Doth his Creator's power display,
f And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- mp* 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
- cr* Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though nor real voice nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
- cr* In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
f For ever singing as they shine,—
 The hand that made us is Divine.
 Amen. ADDISON.

Boughton. 10.10.11.11.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.—Psa. civ. 1.

mf 9 **O** WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love:
cr Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

f 2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
Whose chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

mf 3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
cr Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

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

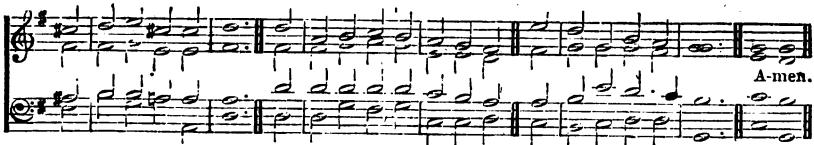
p 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
cr In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
mf Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

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

SIR R. GRANT.

Sherwood. 86.86.86.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

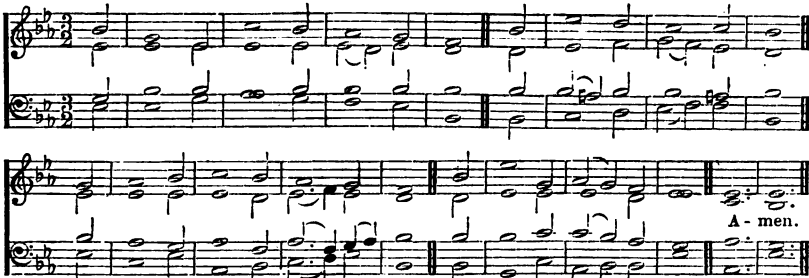


Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.—Jer. xxiii. 24.

- mf* 10 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless *dim* But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
 Above that dome of sky, [sea,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high; *mf* 4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air :
 The waves obey Thy dread control ;
dim Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That Thou, My God, art nigh :—
 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after Thee in vain,
 Thee in these works of power to find,
 Or to Thy seat attain ;
f Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;
 Thy path, the trackless main :—
 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim :
 They thunder forth Thy praise,
 The glorious honour of Thy name,
 The wonders of Thy ways :
mf 4 Yet still Thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?
 5 O ! not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from
 sight,
 There doth His Spirit rest.
f O come, Thou Presence Infinite !
 And make Thy creature blest. Amen.
 J. CONDER.

Bedford. C.M.

W. WHEALL.



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

- mp* 11 **G**REAT God, how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we !
cr Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.
 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view ;
 To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
 Great God, there's nothing new.
mp 5 Our lives through various scenes are
 drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares ;
cr While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
mp 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
f Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee. Amen.
 WATTS.

St. Bernard. 86.886.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

God is light, and in Him is no darkness.—1 John i. 5.

mf 12 **E**TERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
 How pure the soul must be,
 When, placed within Thy searching
 sight
 It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
 Can live, and look on Thee!

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

3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
 Is dark, whose mind is dim,

Before the Ineffable appear,
 And on my naked spirit bear
 That uncreated beam?

cr 4 There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode:—
 An offering and a sacrifice,
 A Holy Spirit's energies,
 An Advocate with God:—

f 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of Holiness above:
 The sons of ignorance and night
 May dwell in the Eternal Light,
 Through the Eternal Love! Amen.

T. BINNEY.

Westminster. C.M.

J. TURLER.

Who would not fear Thee, O King of nations?—Jer. x. 7.

mf 13 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou
 Thy majesty how bright! [*art*]
 How radiant Thy mercy-seat,
 In depths of burning light!

dim 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord!
 By prostrate spirits, day and night,
 Incessantly adored.

- mf* 3 Thou glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be ;—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- p* 4 O how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with humble hope,
And penitential tears.
- cr* 5 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- f* 6 Father of Jesus, God of love,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee! Amen.

FABER.

Leoni. 66.84.66.84.

Hebrew Melody.

The God of Abraham.—Gen. xxxi. 42

- f* 14 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed:
cim We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blest.
- f* 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness
To see His face.
- He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end
Through Jesus' blood.
- mf* 4 He, by Himself, hath sworn;
We on His oath depend,
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
- cr* We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
f And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.
- ff* 5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays,
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise. Amen.

OLIVERS.

Flabian. C.M.

Barber's Psalm Tunes.

Their line is gone out through all the earth.—Psa. xix. 4.

- mf* 15 **T**HERE is a book who runs may read, *f* 4 One name, above all glorious names,
Which heavenly truth imparts; With its ten thousand tongues
And all the lore its scholars need, — The everlasting sea proclaims,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts. Echoing angelic songs.
- dim* 2 The works of God above, below, 5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Within us, and around, Thy boundless power display:
Are pages in that book, to show *dim* But in the gentler breeze we find
How God Himself is found. Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- mf* 3 The glorious sky, embracing all, *mf* 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
Is like the Maker's love, And love this sight so fair,
Wherewith encompassed, **great and** Give me a heart to find out Thee,
In peace and order move. [small And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

J. KEBLE.

Exultans. 87.87.87.87.

H. RUNG.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts.—Isa. vi. 3.

- mf* 16 **R**OUND the Lord in glory seated, **or** "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Cherubim and Seraphim Earth is with its fulness stored;
Filled His temple, and repeated Unto Thee be glory given,
Each to each the alternate hymn: — *dim* Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

- f* 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing, *mf* 3 With His seraph-train before Him,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry, With His holy church below,
dim "Holy, Holy, Holy," singing, Thus unite we to adore Him,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high." And we thus our anthem flow:—
f "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven, *f* "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored, Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given, Unto Thee be glory given,
dim Holy, holy, holy Lord!" *dim* Holy, holy, holy Lord!" Amen.

R. MANT.

The Strain Upraise.

Dr. W. HAYES.
 Adapted by TROYTE.



All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—Psa. cxlv. 10.

- f* 17 THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- | lu- | ia. ||
 To the glory of their King,
 Shall the ransomed | peo...ple | sing, || Alle- | lu- | ia; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
 2 And the choirs that | dwell on | high, ||
 Shall re-echo | through the | sky, || Alle- | lu- | ia; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
mf 3 They in the rest of | Paradise who | dwell, ||
 The blessed ones, with joy the | cho...rus | swell, || Alle- | lu- | ia; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
 4 The planets beaming on their | heaven...ly | way, ||
 The shining constellations | join, and | say, || Alle- | lu- | ia; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on | pin...ions | light, ||
f Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings, | wild...ly | bright, ||
 In sweet con- | sent u- | nite || Your Alle- | lu- | ia.
dim 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and | win...ter | snow, ||
 Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and | sum...mer | glow, ||
 Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious | fo...rests, | sing; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
mf 7 First let the birds, with painted | plu...mage | gay, ||
 Exalt their great Creator's | praise, and | say, || Alle- | lu- | ia; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
cr 8 Then let the beasts of earth, with va...rying | strain, ||
 Join in creation's hymn, and | cry a- | gain || Alle- | lu- | ia; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
f 9 Here let the mountains thunder | forth so- | norous, || Alle- | lu- | ia. ||
dim There let the valleys sing in | gen...tler | chorus, || Alle- | lu- | ia.
mf 10 Thou jubilant abyss of | o...cean | cry, || Alle- | lu- | ia. ||
 Ye tracts of earth and conti- | nents, re- | ply, || Alle- | lu- | ia.
f 11 To God, who all cre- | a...tion | made, ||
 The frequent hymn be | du...ly | paid : || Alle- | lu- | ia; || Alle- | lu- | ia.
mf 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | migh...ty | loves : || Alle- | lu- | ia.
 This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the | King ap- | proves : || Alle- | lu- | ia.
 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and | voice a- | waking, || Alle- | lu- | ia. ||
dim And children's voices echo, | an...swer | making, || Alle- | lu- | ia.
f 14 Now from all men | be out- | poured, || Alleluia | to the | Lord; ||
 With Alleluia | ev...er- | more, || The Son and Spirit | we a- | dore.
 15 Praise be done to the | Three in | One, ||
 Alle- | lu- | ia! || Alle- | lu- | ia! || Alle- | lu- | ia! || A-men.

GODESCHALCUS, A.D. 1050. Tr. by J. M. SEALE.

Fairford. 76.76.76.76.

SCHUBERT.

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

mf 18 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene ;
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

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

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

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

E. BICKERSTETH.

Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion.—Psa. lxxv. 1.

mp 19 WE cannot praise Thee now, Lord,
As spirits perfect made,
Who walk in white before Thee,
With Christ the Living Head ;
cr But praise is waiting for Thee,
In that glad future time,
When we shall read life's story,
And reach our spirits' prime.

mp 2 We cannot praise Thee here, Lord,
As those around Thy throne,
Who sing the song of glory,
And know as they are known ;

cr But praise is waiting for Thee
When Zion's hill we gain ;
And here we would be singing
A prelude to the strain.

3 Our praise is waiting for Thee ;
Bend Thou a gracious ear
To its low faint rehearsal,
Its faltering accents here.
f Glory to Thee, O Father,
Glory to Thee, O Son,
Glory to Thee, O Spirit :
Glory to God alone. Amen.

Carinthia. 77.77. Freylinghausen's *Gesangbuch*, 1704.



O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people.—Psa. cxvii. 1.

<p>1 20 A LL ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands your voices raise: Heaven and earth with loud accord, Praise the Lord, for ever praise: 2 For His truth and mercy stand, Past, and present, and to be;</p>	<p>Like the years of His right hand, Like His own eternity. f 3 Praise Him, ye who know His love; Praise Him from the depths beneath; Praise Him in the heights above; Praise your Maker, all that breathe. Amen.</p>
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MONTGOMERY.



CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

Holy Trinity. C.M.

J. BARNBY.



I have not done without cause all that I have done, saith the Lord.—Ezek. xiv. 23.

<p>mf 21 THOU boundless source of every <i>dim</i> 3 Our best desires fulfil; [good, And help us to adore Thy grace, And mark Thy sovereign will. 2 In all Thy mercies may our souls Thy bounteous goodness see; Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts Estrange our hearts from Thee.</p>	<p>3 In every changing scene of life, Whate'er that scene may be, Give us a meek and humble mind, A mind at peace with Thee. mf 4 Do Thou direct our steps aright; Help us Thy name to fear, And give us grace to watch and pray, And strength to persevere. Amen.</p>
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OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM.

Rockingham. L.M.

Dr. MILLER, 1787.

*All things come of Thee.*—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

- mf* 22 **A**LMIGHTY King, whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart in vain shall sigh for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by Thy word:
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this earthly frame:
- Whate'er I need, His bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- dim* 4 Either His hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I suffer, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or overrules it for the best.
- mf* 5 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It means Thy praise, however poor:
An angel's song can do no more. Amen.
- COWPER.

Commandments. L.M. *Genevan French Psalter, 1543.**It is good to sing praises unto our God.*—Psa. clixvii. 1.

- f* 23 **P**RAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise;
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

mf 3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are

f 4 Great is our Lord, and great His might;
And all His glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high, [sky;
Who spreads His clouds all round the

There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

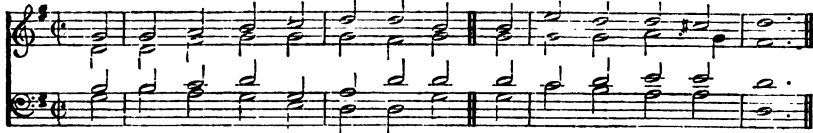
7 But saints are precious in His sight:
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,

And looks, and loves His image there.
Amen.

WATTS.

Dunfermline. C.M.

Old Scotch Tune.
(Attributed to R. BRENNER).



Remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.—Deut. viii. 2.

f 24 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my
My rising soul surveys, [God,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

mf 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

dim 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,

Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

p 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

f 7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

8 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

ff 9 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Amen.
ADDISON.

Eizenach. L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.

Musical score for 'Eizenach' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.—Psa. xxxvi. 5.

- f** 25 **H**IGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
- The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope, our comfort
The sons of Adam in distress [springs!
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.
- Amen. WATTS.

Burmah. C.M.

Musical score for 'Burmah' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

Thy footsteps are not known.—Psa. lxxvii. 19.

- mf** 26 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way **cr** 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
His wonders to perform : The clouds ye so much dread
He plants His footsteps in the sea, Are big with mercy, and shall break
And rides upon the storm. In blessings on your head.
- di.n** 2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.
- mf** 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

Laudatio. L.M.D.

Old Tune.

Sing praises to God, sing praises.—Psa. xlvii. 6.

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

ff For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
 Whom angels serve and saints adore,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To Whom be praise for evermore.

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

mf 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
 His truth to prove, His will to do,

Praise ye our God, for He is great,
 Trust in His name, for it is true.

ff For He is Lord, &c.

mf 4 For joys untold that daily move
 Round those who love His blest em-
 ploy,

Sing to our God, for He is Love,
 Exalt His name, for It is Joy.
ff For He is Lord, &c.

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

ff For He is Lord, &c. Amen.

J. S. D. MORSELL.

Martyrdom. C.M.

HUGH WILSON.

I am the God of Bethel.—Gen. xxxi. 13.

- mf* 28 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before Thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
- dim* 3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide :
- Give us, each day, our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
- cr* 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode,
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore ;
 And Thou shalt be our chosen God
 And portion, evermore. Amen.

DODDRIDGE.

Halle. 87.87.887.

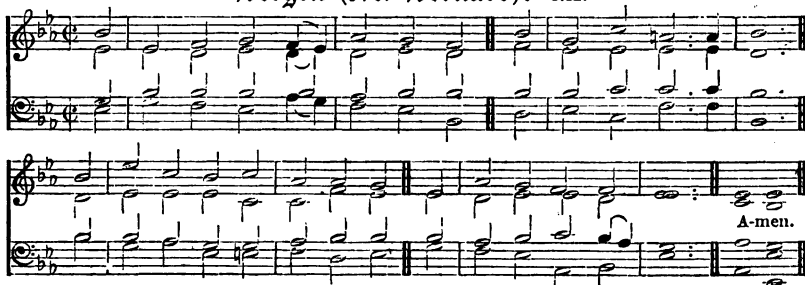
HANS KUGLMAN, 1540.

Casting all your care upon Him.—1 Pet. v. 7.

- f* 29 TO God on high be thanks and praise, *ff* On Him we rest with faith assured,
 Who deigns our bonds to sever ; Of all that live, the mighty Lord,
 His cares our drooping souls upraise, For ever and for ever! Amen.
 And harm shall reach us never.

DECIUS.

Bergen (St. Bernard). C.M.



The Lord is my Shepherd.—Psa. xxiii. 1.

- mf* 30 **MY** Shepherd will supply my *cr* 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Jehovah is His name; [need, Doth still my table spread;
 In pastures fresh He makes me feed My cup with blessings overflows,
 Beside the living stream. Thine oil anoints my head.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back *mf* 5 The sure provisions of my God,
 When I forsake His ways; Attend me all my days:
 And leads me for His mercy's sake O may Thy house be mine abode,
 In paths of truth and grace. And all my work be praise.
- dim* 3 When I walk through the shades of 6 There would I find a settled rest,
 Thy presence is my stay; [death, While others go and come;
 A word of Thy supporting breath No more a stranger and a guest,
 Drives all my fears away. But like a child at home. Amen.

WATTS.

French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



My God shall supply all your need.—Phil. iv. 19.

- mf* 31 **ETERNAL GOD!** we look to Thee; That love will all vain love expel;
 To Thee for help we fly; That fear, all fear beside.
- Thine eye alone our wants can see; 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Thy hand alone supply. O let Thy grace supply;
 The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
- 2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell, The ill, though asked, deny. Amen.

MERRICK.

St. Fulbert. C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

What shall I render unto the Lord?—Psa. cxvi. 12.

- mf* 32 FOR mercies countless as the
Which daily I receive [sands,
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- dim* 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.
- cr* 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;
- Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- mf* 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve Him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most. Amen.

NEWTON.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord.—Psa. lxxxix. 1.

- mf* 33 THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
O happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.
- 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy truth shall run,
And chance and change defy.
- 3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
- Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
- f* 4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will:
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.
- 5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee?
O spread the Gospel of Thy love,
Till all, Thy glories see. Amen.

LYTE.

Stukeley. C.M.

MENDELSSOHN.

I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.—Psa. xviii. 1.

- mf* 34 O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee ;
Thou art my castle and defence,
In my necessity.
- f* 2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth ;
My strong deliverer, and my trust,
My spirit's only health.
- dim* 3 In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face ;
My cry before Him came ; He heard
Out of His holy place.
- mf* 4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high ;
- And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
- cr* 5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- f* 6 The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen ;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.
- 7 And so delivered He my soul :
Who is a rock but He ?
f He liveth—Blessed be my rock !
My God exalted be ! Amen.

STERNHOLD.

Springfield. 11.10.11.10.

REV. P. MAURICE, D. D.



Small notes for verses 1 and 5.



O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—Psa. xcvi. 9.

- mf* 35 O WORSHIP the Lord in the
beauty of holiness ! [claim,
Bow down before Him, His glory pro-
With gold of obedience, and incense of
lowliness, [His Name !
- dim* Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is
- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of
carefulness, [thee,
High on His heart He will bear it for
- cr* Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy
prayerfulness, [thee be.
- Guiding thy steps as may best for
- mf* 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the
slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst
reckon as thine :
- Truth in its beauty, and love in its
tenderness, [shrine.
These are the offerings to lay on His
- 4 These, though we bring them in trem-
bling and fearfulness, [dear ;
He will accept for the Name that is
- cr* Mornings of joy give for evenings of
tearfulness, [our fear.
Trust for our trembling, and hope for
- f* 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of
holiness ! [proclaim,
Bow down before Him, His glory
With gold of obedience, and incense of
lowliness, [His Name !
- Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is
Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

GRACE.

Winchester (Old). C.M.

Este's Psalter, 1592.



God is able to make all grace abound toward you.—2 Cor. ix. 8.

- mf* 36 **THY** ceaseless, unexhausted love, Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still :
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- f* 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me, *ff* 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains
His goodness must endure. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Filius Dei. C.M.D.

ALFRED R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.



Who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord?—Psa. lxxxix. 6.

- mf* 37 THE Lord is rich and merciful,
 The Lord is very kind;
 O come to Him, come now to Him,
 With a believing mind.
 His comforts they shall strengthen thee
 Like flowing waters cool;
 And He shall for thy spirit be
 A fountain ever full.
- f* 2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
 Our God is very high;
 O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
 And have security.
- He shall be to thee like the sea,
 And thou shalt surely feel
 His wind, that bloweth healthily,
 Thy sicknesses to heal.
- mf* 3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
 As all the ages tell;
 O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
 Then with thee 'twill be well.
 And with His light thou shalt be blest,
 Herein to work and live;
dim And He shall be to thee a rest
 When evening hours arrive. Amen.
- T. T. LYNCH.

Edgbaston. C.M.D.

A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much.—Luke vii. 47.

- mf* 38 WE love Thee, Lord; yet not alone,
 Because Thy bounteous hand
 Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts
 On ocean and on land;
 We praise Thee, gracious Lord, for these
 Yet not for these alone,
 The incense of Thy children's love
 Arises to Thy throne.
- When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
 In sin and sorrow's night;
 A guiding star was granted us
 From Thy pure fount of light.
- mf* 3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
 With everlasting love,
 And sentest forth Thy Son to die
 That we might live above;
 Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
 Thou gavest hopes of heaven;
 We love because we much have sinned,
 And much have been forgiven. Amen.
- dim* 2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we
 Had erred and gone astray,
 Thou didst recall our wandering souls
 Into the heavenward way.
- J. A. ELLIOTT.

St. Michael. S.M.

Day's Psalter, 1562.

A-men.

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

- f** 39 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
- mf** 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessings high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?
- cr** 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- f** 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear :
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.
- f** 5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- ff** 6 Stand up and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore :
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

MONTGOMERY.

St. Magnus. C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE.

A-men.

Lift up thy voice with strength.—Isa. xl. 9.

- f** 40 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired ;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
- Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows :
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray, [death
That lights through darkest shades of
To realms of endless day. Amen.

R. WARDLAW.

Franconia. S.M.

Lutheran Melody.



Forget not all His benefits.—Psa. ciii. 2.

- | | | | | | |
|------------|-----------|--|-----------|--|--|
| <i>mf</i> | 41 | <p>MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.</p> | | <p>Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;</p> | |
| <i>cr</i> | 2 | <p>High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.</p> | <i>p</i> | 5 | <p>His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.</p> |
| | 3 | <p>His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.</p> | | 6 | <p>Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower :
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.</p> |
| <i>dim</i> | 4 | <p>The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His name,</p> | <i>cr</i> | 7 | <p>But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure. Amen.</p> |

St. George. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Psa. ciii. 1.

- | | | | | | |
|------------|-----------|--|-----------|----------|---|
| <i>f</i> | 42 | <p>O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.</p> | <i>cr</i> | 4 | <p>He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.</p> |
| <i>mf</i> | 2 | <p>O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.</p> | <i>mf</i> | 5 | <p>He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.</p> |
| <i>dim</i> | 3 | <p>'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.</p> | <i>f</i> | 6 | <p>His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son. Amen. WATTS.</p> |

Westminster. C.M.

J. TURLE.

God is Love.—1 John iv. 8.

- mf* 43 **T**HOU, Lord, art Love, and every-
where
Thy name is brightly shown;
Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven—Thy throne.
- 2 Thy word is Love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace:
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The Gospel shows Thy face.
- 3 Thy ways are Love—though they tran-
Our feeble range of sight, [scend
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.
- 4 Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is
The loving voice they find;
- 5 His Love lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.
- dim* 5 Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine;
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- cr* 6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love!
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's dim shades
remove,
Be gathered home to Thee!
- f* 7 Then with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne,
When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one. Amen.
- J. D. BURNS.

Irons (Southwell). C.M.

H. S. IRONS.

The exceeding riches of His grace.—Eph. ii. 7.

- mf* 44 **F**ATHER, how wide Thy glory
shines!
How high Thy wonders rise! [signs,
Known through the earth by thousand
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill,
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.

- cr-3 But when we view Thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where justice and compassion join
 In their divinest forms ;
- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe,
 We love and we adore ;
 The highest angel never saw
 So much of God before.
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
- Which of the glories brighter shone,
 The justice or the grace.
- f 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains,
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song ;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.
- Amen.
- WATTS.

Arnsberg. 887.887.

FREYLINGMAUSEN.

O sing unto the Lord a new song.—Psa. xviii. 1.

- f 45 PRAISE Jehovah! bow before Him; p Sinners, when He draweth near,
 O be joyful! saints adore Him, Will in darkness disappear,
 Evermore His deeds proclaim. Heaven and earth shall flee away.
- He is mighty in creation,
 He is good in His salvation,
 Ever magnify His name.
- cr 4 But the righteous who revere Him,
 Shall remain for ever near Him,
 Evermore before His face ;
 They that, through much tribulation,
 Waited here His great salvation,
 Heaven shall be their dwelling-place.
- dim 2 By His providence directed,
 We are guided and protected,
 We receive our daily bread:
- cr He sustaineth each that liveth,
 All that we enjoy He giveth,
 From His hand we all are fed.
- f 5 There, with saints and angels blnding
 Hallelujahs never ending,
 All their griefs shall turn to joy ;
 Joy that shall be never-ceasing,
 Everlasting, still increasing,
 Happiness without alloy. Amen.
- dim 3 Ye, who from His ways have turned,
 Ye, who His commands have spurned,
 Come, and His commands obey :

W. BARTHOLOMEW.

Emmanuel. C.M.

LEETHOVEN.

Jesus Christ . . . the faithful Witness, the first begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth.—Rev. i. 5.

- f* 46 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!
- mf* 2 Oh, loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.
- 3 Oh, wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive, and should prevail!
- 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
- God's presence, and His very Self,
And essence all-Divine!
- 5 Oh, generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
dim The double agony in man
For man should undergo;
- 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die!
- f* 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!
- Amen. J. H. NEWMAN.

St. Peter. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

God is love.—1 John iv. 16.

mf 47 **THOU** Grace divine, encircling all, *mp* 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
 A shoreless, soundless sea, The toil-worn frame and mind,
 Wherein at last our souls must fall; Alike confess Thy sweet control,
 O Love of God most free. O Love of God most kind.

dim 2 When over dizzy heights we go, 5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
 A soft hand blinds our eyes; Our wayward steps to win;
 And we are guided safe and slow; We know Thee by a dearer name;
 O Love of God most wise. O Love of God within.

3 And though we turn us from Thy face, *f* 6 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
 And wander wide and long, Our souls are strong and free,
cr Thou hold'st us still in kind embrace; To rise o'er sin and fear and death;
 O Love of God most strong. O Love of God! to Thee. Amen.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

Salvator. 88.88.88.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



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

mf 48 **G**REAT God of wonders! all Thy *p* 3 Pardon—from an offended God:
 ways Pardon—for sins of deepest dye:
 Are worthy of Thyself,—divine:— *cr* Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood:
cr But the bright glories of Thy grace, Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
 Beyond Thine other wonders shine. *f* Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?
 Or who has grace so rich and free? *ff* 4 O may this glorious, matchless love,
dim 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive, This wondrous miracle of grace,
 Such guilty, daring worms to spare,— Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
cr This is Thy grand prerogative, To raise this song of lofty praise:—
 And in the honour none may share, Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
f Who is a pardoning God like Thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?
 Or who has grace so rich and free? Amen, PRES. DAVIES.

Mecklenburg. L.M.

J. S. BACH, 1766.

There is no speech nor language ; their voice cannot be heard.—Psa. xix. 3.

- mf* 49 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory,
 Lord,
 In every star Thy wisdom shines;
cr But when our eyes behold Thy word,
 We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days Thy power confess;
 But the blest volume Thou hast writ
 Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand:
 So when Thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
 Till through the world Thy truth has
 Till Christ has all the nations blest [run;
 That see the light, or feel the sun.
- f* 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly
 light;
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make Thy word my guide to heaven.
 Amen.
- WATTS.

Wotton. L.M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

While I live will I praise the Lord.—Psa. cxlvi. 2.

- mf* 50 **G**OD of my life, through all its *dim* 2
 days, [praise ; rest, [breast,
 My grateful powers shall sound Thy
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And *echo* to the silent night.
- And griefs would tear my throbbing
 Thy tuneful praises raised on high
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
cr Joy through my swimming eyes shall
break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies.
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.
- f* 6 My cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.
Amen. DODDRIDGE.

Lucerne. 888.888.

STRASBURG GESANGBUCH, 1525.



While I live will I praise the Lord.—Psa. cxlvi. 2.

- mf* 51 I'LL praise my Maker with my
breath,
dim And when my voice is lost in death,
cr Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
f My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- mf* 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth, and seas, with all their
His truth for ever stands secure; [train:
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the
poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; *ff*
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience
peace;
- He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 He loves His saints, He knows them
well,
p But turns the wicked down to hell;
cr Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
f Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.
- 5 I'll praise Him while He lends me
breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures. Amen.

WATTS.

Dozen. 77.77.

C. G. STRATTNER, 1651.

Praise our God, all ye His servants.—Rev. xix. 5.

- mf* **52** SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun;
When He spake, and it was done.
- mf* **4** Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 2** Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- dim* **3** Heaven and earth must pass away;
cr Songs of praise shall crown that day:
- f* **5** Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
Amen. MONTGOMERY.

Innocents. 77.77.

Old Litany, 13th Century.

For His mercy endureth for ever.—Psa. cxxxvi. 1.

- mf* **53** L ET us, with a gladsome mind, *mf* **2** Let us sound His name abroad,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind; For of gods He is the God:
f For His mercies shall endure, *f* For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Ever faithful, ever sure.

- mf* 3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- mf* 4 He the golden-tressed sun,
Caused all day his course to run:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- mf* 5 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- mf* 6 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- mf* 7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- mf* 8 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
f For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

MILTON.

Cassell. 77.77.77.77. *Choral Book of the Bohemian Brethren.*

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts.—Isa. vi. 3.

- p* 54 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord
God of Hosts! When heaven and *cr* Earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
cr All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good;
dim While they sang, with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- mf* 3 Holy, holy, holy, all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing:
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King;
ff Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,—
Holy, holy, holy Lord. Amen.

D

MONTGOMERY.

Austria. 87.87.87.87.

HAYDN.

A-men.

Thou hast created all things.—Rev. iv 11.

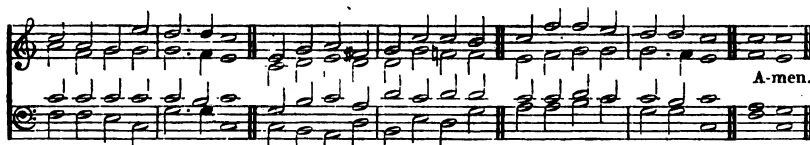
- f** 55 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine
Hail! the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high:
Joyfully, on earth, adore Him,
Till, in heaven, our song we raise;
ff There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Amen.
- FAWCETT.

Praise ye the Lord.—Psa. cx'viii. 1.

- f** 56 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him:
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
ff Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify His name.
Amen.
- B. MANT.

Triumph. 87.87.47.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Psa. ciii. 22.

- f** 57 PRAISE, my soul, the King of *dim* 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Heaven, Well our feeble frames He knows ;
 To His feet thy tribute bring : In His hands He gently bears us,
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Rescues us from all our foes.
 Who like thee His praise should sing? *cr* Praise Him, praise Him,
ff Praise Him, praise Him, Widely as His mercy flows.
 Praise the everlasting King
- mf* 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour *f* 4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
 To our fathers in distress ; Ye behold Him face to face ;
 Praise Him, still the same as ever, All His works bow down before Him,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless. *ff* Through the boundless realms of space.
ff Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him,
 Glorious in His faithfulness. Praise with us the God of grace.
 Amen. H. F. LYTE.

Jerusalem. 88.86.88.

JOHANN CRÜGER.



I will bless the Lord at all times.—Psa. xxxiv. 1.

- mf* 58 F^OR ever will I bless the Lord, *cr* Then try His love, and trust His care ;
 Nor cease His praise to speak : Blessed are they who trust.
 My song His goodness shall record,
 That the oppressed and weak 4 God on His saints looks watchful down,
 May trust in Him, who will reward His ear attends their cry.
 The humble and the meek. *p* The wicked sink beneath His frown,
 Their very name shall die ;
 2 O magnify the Lord with me ; *cr* But He, at length, the just will crown
 Come, join His name to bless : With victory and joy.
dim To Him did I in trouble flee ;
 He saved me from distress. 5 The broken heart His grace shall heal :
 His hand the contrite raise :
cr O let Him then your refuge be, Many the woes the righteous feel,
 Nor shall you fail success. Yet still, in all their ways
 3 He is a God who heareth prayer : *mf* Kept by His power, they bear the seal
 He raised me from the dust ; Of His redeeming grace. Amen.
 His angel-bands keep station where
 Dangers would harm the just. J. CONDER.

Seraphim. 10.9.10.9.10.10.8.10.10.8.

SCHUBERT.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a piano part (treble clef) and an organ part (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is characterized by flowing sixteenth-note patterns in the piano part and steady eighth-note accompaniment in the organ part. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the marking 'A-men.' in the organ part.

Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

- f* 59 **G** LORY, glory to God in the *dim* Warbles the woodland, and whispers
Highest! the breeze,
Angels in chorus joyfully cry; *f* Roar out the torrents and tempest-toss'd
Glory, glory to God in the Highest! Glory to God in the Highest! [seas,
dim Trembling and weak our voices reply. Loud His creation still ceaseless pro-
Fain would we echo their anthem above, longs, [songs;
Fain would we sing to the Fountain of Praise to her Maker in all her glad
love; Glory to God in the Highest! Glory to God in the Highest!
- cr* Glory to God in the Highest!
aim What though but feebly our accents
arise,
cr Deigning to hearken, He bends from the
skies;
f Glory to God in the Highest!
- mf* 2 Glory, glory to God in the Highest!
Bright-beaming stars of midnight pro-
claim;
cr Glory, glory to God in the Highest!
f All nature peals forth in praise to His
name,
3 Glory, glory to God in the Highest!
Joining the choir, our tribute we bring;
Glory, glory to God in the Highest!
Mortals break silence, gratefully sing;
Reigning in majesty, throned above,
Yours is the royal gift of His love,
Glory to God in the Highest!
Spread through creation, His grandeur
we trace,
Only in man He revealeth His grace,
Glory to God in the Highest!
Amen. W. TIDD MATSON.

Wittenburg. 67. 67. 66. 66. JOHANN CRÜGER. 1653.

Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.—Psa. xlvii. 1.

- f** 60 **N**OW thank we all our God,
 With heart, and hands, and
 voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who from our mothers' arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.
- mf** 2 Oh may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
- Praise ye the name of the Lord.—Psa. cxxxv. 1.*
- f** 61 **L**ET all men praise the Lord,
 In worship lowly bending;
 On His most holy word,
 Redeemed from woe, depending.
- dim* He gracious is and just,
 From childhood us doth lead;
cr On Him we place our trust
 And hope, in time of need.
- And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplex'd,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.
- f** 3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With Them in highest heaven,
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.
- BINCKART, *tr.* by C. WINKWORTH.
- f** 2 Glory and praise to God,—
 To Father, Son, be given,
 And to the Holy Ghost,—
 On high enthroned in Heaven:
f Praise to the Triune God;
 With powerful arm and strong,
 He changeth night to day:
 Praise Him with grateful song.
 Amen.
- BINCKART.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Sheba. 11.10.11.10.

I. SÖRENSEN.

Make His praise glorious.—Psa. lxxvi. 2.

- mf* 62 PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.
2. Praise ye Jehovah! for His loving-kindness, [shown];
And all the tender mercy He hath
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness, [His own].
And calls us sons, and takes us for
- 3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of all our blessing, [are dim];
Before His gifts earth's richest boons
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing, [in Him].
All things are ours, for we have all
- f* 4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son! who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One! Amen.

M. C. CAMPBELL.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

I.—HIS DIVINE CHARACTER AND GLORY.

Meaux Abbey. O.M.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1658.

To Him be dominion and glory.—Rev. i. 6.

- f** 63 WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
 Fountain of life and grace ;
 We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose
 Redeemed our fallen race. [blood
- 2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
 The Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Who art by heaven and earth adored,
 Worthy o'er both to reign.
- 3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
 Through heaven's extended coasts : —
 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord
 Of glory and of hosts.
- 4 The cherubim and seraphim
 Incessant sing to Thee ;
 The worlds and all the powers therein
 Adore Thy majesty.
- 5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
 In radiant garments dressed,
 Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
 The fulness of Thy rest.
- 6 The apostles' glorious company
 Thy righteous praise proclaim :
 The martyred army glorify
 Thine everlasting name.
- 7 Through all the world, Thy churches
 To call on Thee their Head, [join
 Brightness of majesty Divine,
 Who every power hast made.
- 8 Among their number, Lord, we love
 To sing Thy precious blood.
- f** Reign here, and in the worlds above,
 Thou Holy Lamb of God !
 Amen. JOHN CENNICK.

Manobet. 10.10.11.11.

Dr. CROFT.



Salvation to God and the Lamb.—Rev. vii. 10.

- f** 64 YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name ;
 The name all-victorious
 Of Jesus extol ;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules o'er all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save ;
 And still He is nigh,
 His presence we have ;
f The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To Jesus our King.
- f** 3 Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the throne,—
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son ;
 The praises of Jesus
 The angels proclaim,
dim Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the Lamb.
- f** 4 Then let us adore,
 And give Him His right,—
 All glory and power,
 All wisdom and might,
 All honour and blessing,
 With angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing,
 For infinite love. Amen.
 C. WESLEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Reipzic. 77.77.77. JOHANN SCHOP, 1642. Harm. by BACH.

By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.—Heb. xiii. 15.

- mf* 65 FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies :
f Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- mf* 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light ;
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- mf* 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above ;
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
- f* Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- mf* 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces, human and Divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of Heaven :
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- mf* 5 For Thy church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love :
f Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.
- Amen. F. PIERPOINT.

Chichester. 87.87.87.

S. WESLEY.

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

- mf* 66 **MIGHTY** God! while angels bless Thee,
 May a mortal sing Thy name?
cr Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme;
 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days;
f Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and endless praise.
- mf* 2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;—
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;
cr For Thy providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
 Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
 Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression;
 Who can sing that wondrous song?
 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
 Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe,
 Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;—
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow:—
cr Re-ascend, Immortal Saviour!
 Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the kingdom all Thine own.
 Amen. ROBINSON.

Flensburg. 86.88.88.

SPOHR.

That . . . every knee should bow.—Phil. ii. 10.

- mf* 67 **THOU** art the everlasting Word, *dim* 4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
 The Father's only Son; An angel's grasp transcend:
 God, manifestly seen and heard, The Father only—glorious claim—
 And Heaven's beloved One, The Son can comprehend.
- f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, *f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow. That every knee to Thee should bow.
- mf* 2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed, *mf* 5 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
 The Father's glories shine: Ineffable doth rest,
 Of the full Deity possessed, Thy glorious worshippers above,
 Eternally divine. As one with Thee, are blest.
- f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, *f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow. That every knee to Thee should bow.
- mf* 3 True Image of the Infinite, 6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
 Whose essence is concealed; The centre Thou, and sun.
 Brightness of uncreated light; The eternal theme of praise is this,
 The heart of God revealed. To Heaven's beloved One:—
- f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou, *ff* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow. That every knee to Thee should bow.
 Amen. J. CONDER.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Flabian. C.M.

BARBER'S Psalm Tunes.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John xx. 29.

- mf* 68 O THOU, who didst with love untold 3 And while that wondrous record now
 Thy doubting servant chide, Of unbelief we hear,
 And badd'st the eye of sense behold *dim* Oh! let us only lowlier bow,
 Thy wounded hands and side; In self-distrusting fear.
- 2 Grant us, like him, with heart-felt awe, 4 And grant that we may never dare
 To own Thee God and Lord; Thy Spirit so to grieve;
 And from His hour of darkness draw *cr* But at the last their blessing share
 A fuller faith's reward! Who see not, yet believe! Amen.

E. TOKE.

II.—HIS MEDIATORIAL CHARACTER.

Mozzoni. 664,666A.

GIARDINI, 1565.

Worthy is the Lamb.—Rev. v. 12.

- f* 69 GLORY to God on high! *mf* 2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Let earth to heaven reply; Bore sin's tremendous load;
 Praise ye His name: *cr* Praise ye His name:
 His love and grace adore, *f* Tell what His arm hath done,
 Who all our sorrows bore; What spoils from death He won;
 And praise Him evermore; Sing His great name alone;
 Worthy the Lamb! *ff* Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name :
dim We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
cr Sound His high praise abroad ;
ff Worthy the Lamb !

f 4 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name !
In Him we will rejoice
Making a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
ff Worthy the Lamb !

f 5 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name :
To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
ff Worthy the Lamb !

6 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name ;
To Him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity ;
Worthy the Lamb ! Amen.

J. ALLEN.

Corinth. 87.87 87.87.

S. WEBBE.

The true light.—John i. 9.

mf 70 LIGHT of those, whose dreary
dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise ;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing :
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

Come and manifest the favour
God hath to our ransomed race :
Come, Thou Advocate and Saviour,
Manifest Thy wondrous grace.

cr 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou Prince of peace and love ;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Raise our hearts to things above.
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release :
By the teaching of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Temple. 84.84.8884.

E. J. HOPKINS, MUS. DOC.

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

- f* 71 'TIS the Church triumphant sing, *f* 3 Harps and songs for ever sounding
 Worthy the Lamb, [ing, Worthy the Lamb;
 Heaven throughout with praises ringing, Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
 Worthy the Lamb; Worthy the Lamb;
 Thrones and powers before Him bending, *dim* By His blood He dearly bought us,
 Odours sweet with voice ascending, Wandering from the fold He sought us,
cr Swell the chorus never ending, *cr* And to glory safely brought us,
 Worthy the Lamb. *f* Worthy the Lamb.
 2 Every kindred, tongue, and nation, 4 Sing with blest anticipation,
 Worthy the Lamb; Worthy the Lamb;
 Join to sing the great salvation, Through the vale of tribulation,
 Worthy the Lamb; Worthy the Lamb;
f Loud as mighty thunder roaring, Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
 Floods of mighty water pouring, On the theme for ever dwelling,
 Prostrate at His feet adoring, *f* Still untold, though ever telling,
 Worthy the Lamb. Worthy the Lamb. Amen.

KENT.

Meaux Abbey. C.M.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1658.

Glory be to the Lamb for ever.—Rev. v. 13.

- mf* 72 COME, let us join our cheerful *cr* And blessings more than we can give,
 songs
 With angels round the throne; Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
cr Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, *f* 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 But all their joys are one. And air and earth and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
f 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died,"—they cry,—
 "To be exalted thus:" And speak Thine endless praise.
 "Worthy the Lamb,"—our lips reply,— *ff* 5 The whole creation join in one,
 "For He was slain for us." To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
mf 3 Jesus is worthy to receive And to adore the Lamb.
 Honour and power divine; Amen. WATTS.

St. Peter. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



And thou shalt call His name Jesus.—Matt. 1. 21.

- mf* 73 HOW sweet the name of Jesus *f* 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend;
 In a believer's ear! [sounds My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
 And drives away his fear. Accept the praise I bring.
dim 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, *dim.* 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And calms the troubled breast: And cold my warmest thought;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, *cr* But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
 And to the weary, rest. I'll praise Thee as I ought:
cr 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build: *f* 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
 My shield and hiding-place, With every fleeting breath;
 My never-failing treasury, filled And may the music of Thy name
 With boundless stores of grace. *dim* Refresh my soul in death. Amen.
 NEWTON.

His name shall be called Wonderful.—Isa. ix. 6.

- f* 74 O JESUS, King most wonderful, Surpassing all the joys we know,
 Thou Conqueror renowned; All that we can desire;—
 Thou sweetness most ineffable, *mf* 4 May every heart confess Thy name,
 In whom all joys are found,— And ever Thee adore;
mf 2 When once Thou visitest the heart, And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 Then truth begins to shine, To seek Thee more and more.
 Then earthly vanities depart, *f* 5 These may our tongues for ever bless;
 Then kindles love divine. Thee, may we love alone;
f 3 O Jesus, light of all below, And ever in our lives express
 Thou fount of life and fire, The image of Thine own. Amen.
 BERNARD, tr. by E. CASWALL.

Santa Trinità. L.M.

PIERACCINI.

The Lord our righteousness.—Jer. xxiii. 6.

- mf* 75 JESUS, Thy robe of righteousness *mf* 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
My beauty is, my glorious dress; When ruined nature sinks in years;
'Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed, No age can change its lovely hue;
With joy shall I lift up my head. Its glory is for ever new.
- dim* 2 When from the dust of death I rise *cr* 5 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
To claim my mansion in the skies, Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
Even then, shall this be all my plea, Now let Thy word o'er all prevail,
Jesus hath lived and died for me. Now take the spoils of death and hell.
- f* 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day, *f* 6 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
For who ought to my charge shall lay? Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Fully, by Thee, absolved I am Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame. Jesus the Lord, our Righteousness.
Amen. ZINZENDORF.

Mecklenburg. L.M.

J. S. BACH, 1736.

To Him be glory and dominion for ever.—Rev. i. 6.

- mf* 76 WHAT equal honour shall we *f* 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
bring The Prince of Peace that groaned and
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb, died;
When all the notes that angels sing Worthy to rise and live and reign
Are far inferior to Thy name? At His Almighty Father's side.

- 3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,
dim Though He was charged with madness
here.
- f* 4 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- ff* 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.
Amén.
- WATTS.

St. John. 6666.88.

W. H. HAVFRGAL, M.A.

A-men.

In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—Col. ii. 3.

- mf* 77 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
f All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- dim* 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace:
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.
- mf* 3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He, like an angel, stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.
- cr* 4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- mf* 5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side:
- O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 7 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- f* 8 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King;
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.
- ff* 9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
Amén.
- WATTS.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Jam Lucis. L.M.

E. DIRECTORIS GUIDETTI.
"Jam lucis orto sidere." 7th Cent.

A name which is above every name.—Phil. ii. 9.

- mf* 78 **L**ET every heart exulting beat
With joy at Jesu's Name of
With every pure delight replete, [bliss; *mf* 4
And passing sweet its music is.
- 2 Jesus the comfortless consoles, *dim*
Jesus each sinful fever quells;
Jesus the power of hell controls,
Jesus each deadly foe repels.
- f* 3 O speak His glorious Name abroad!
Jesus let every tongue confess;
- Let every heart and voice accord
The Healer of our souls to bless.
Jesus! the sinner's Friend, abide
With us, and hearken to our prayer;
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide,
In mercy us transgressors spare.
- f* 5 O Christ, all glory be to Thee
Refulgent with this Name Divine;
f All honour, worship, majesty,
Jesus, for evermore be Thine. Amen.
- LATIN, tr. by J. D. CHAMBERS.

Corfica. 77.77.

Melody by GLÜCK.

Unto Him that loved us.—Rev. 1. 5.

- mf* 79 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme:
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, who long, alas! have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Listen to redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppressed:
Welcome to His sacred rest:
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- f* 6 Hither, then, your tribute bring:
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love. Amen.
- LANGFORD.

Holy Trinity. C.M.

J. BARNBY.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.—John xiv. 6.

- mf 80** **W**E may not climb the heavenly steps
 To bring the Lord Christ down,
 In vain we search the lowest deeps
 For Him who fills heaven's throne.
cr 2 But to the contrite spirit yet
 A present help is He;
 And faith has yet its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.
3 The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.
- 4** Through Him the first fond prayers are
 Our lips of childhood frame; [said
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are tender with His name.
mf 5 O Lord and Saviour of us all!
 Whate'er our name or sign;
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 And form our lives by Thine.
6 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray;
cr But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.
 Amen. J. G. WHITTIER.

Biberach. 77.77.

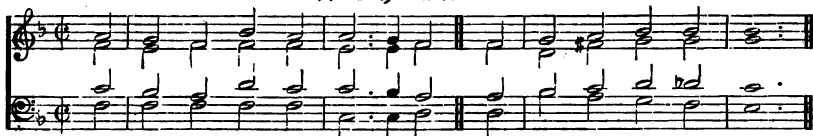
J. H. KNECHT, 1797.

Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.—Phil. ii. 11.

- mf 81** **B**RETHREN, let us join to bless
 Christ, our Peace and Right-
 eousness:
 Let our praise to Him be given,
 High at God's right hand in heaven.
f 2 Son of God, to Thee we bow:
 Thou art Lord, and only Thou:
 Thou the woman's promised Seed;
 Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.
3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing:
 Thee, we praise, our Priest and King,
- Worthy is Thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace.
4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
 Of salvation by Thee wrought:
 Wrought to set Thy people free,
 Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.
5 Thee, our Lord, whom we adore,
 May we follow more and more.
 Guide and bless us with Thy love,
 Till we join Thy saints above. Amen.
 CENNICK.

Dalehurst. C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

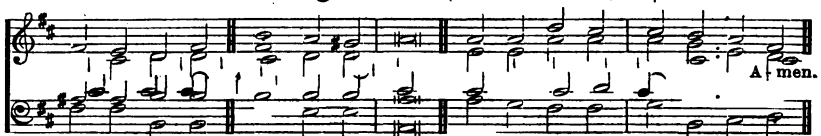
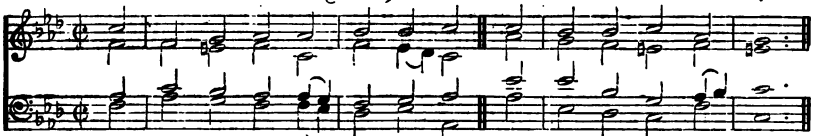
*Whom having not seen we love.*—1 Pet. i. 8.

- mf* 82 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
cr Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes
unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
- Thy image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall
And still this throbbing heart, [seal,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art. Amen.

RAY PALMER.

Arnheim. C.M.

ADAM KRIEGER, 1666.

*He hath anointed me...to bind up the broken-hearted.*—Isa. lxi. 1.

- mp* 83 WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken- *cr* One only stream, a stream of blood,
en soul,
Can wash away the blot.
- cr* One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can save the sinner's wound.
- mf* 4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief; [joys,
His heart that's touched with all our
And feels for all our grief.
- mp* 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
cr One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
- mp* 3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
dim We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side: Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Winchester (Old). C.M. ESTE'S Psalter, 1582.

And they sung a new song.—Rev. v. 9.

- f** 84 **B**EHOOLD the glories of the Lamb **f** 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
 Amidst His Father's throne ; Be endless blessings paid ;
 Prepare new honours for His name, Salvation, glory, joy remain
 And songs before unknown. For ever on Thy head.
- 2 Let elders worship at His feet, 5 Thou hast redeemed our lives with blood,
 The church adore around, Hast set the prisoners free ;
 With vials full of odours sweet, Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And harps of sweetest sound :— And we shall reign with Thee.
- mf** 3 Those are the prayers of the saints, **f** 6 The worlds of nature and of grace
 And these the hymns they raise,— Are put beneath Thy power ;
 Jesus is kind to our complaints, Then shorten these delaying days,
 He loves to hear our praise. And bring the promised hour. Amen.

WATTS.

St. James. C.M. R. COURTEVILLE.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—John xiv. 6.

- mf** 85 **T**HOU art the Way ; to Thee alone 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
 From sin and death we flee ; Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
 And he who would the Father seek, And those who put their trust in Thee
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone **f** 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
 True wisdom can impart : Grant us that Way to know,
 Thou only canst inform the mind, That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 And purify the heart. Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

G. W. DONNE.

Dunfermline. C.M.Old Scotch Tune.
Attributed to R. BREMNER.

To Him that loved us be glory for ever.—Rev. i. 6.

- f** 86 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing His blood can make the foulest clean;
My great Redeemer's praise, His blood avails for me.
The glories of my God and King, **f** 5 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
The triumphs of His grace. New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- mf** 2 My gracious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad **cr** 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
The honours of Thy name. Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- cr** 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace. **ff** 7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved by faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin:
He sets the prisoner free;
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Lux Gai. 87.87.87.87.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

- mf* 87 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
 Visit us with Thy salvation:
 Enter every longing heart.
- cr* 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
- These we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
 Glory in Thy precious love.
- f* 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
 Pure, unspotted may we be:
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee:
cr Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
f Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
 Amen. C. WESLEY.

St. Chrysostom. 88.88.88.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.

- mf* 88 **J**ESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue
 declare;
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there:
cr Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am:
 Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame:
- mf* 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
 O may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
cr All coldness from my heart remove,
 May every act, word, thought, be love.
- mf* 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
 All pain before Thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
 Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
cr O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.
- mf* 4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
 In weakness, be Thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
cr In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.
 Amen. GERHARD, tr. by J. WESLEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Gildas. S.M.Attributed to PETER ABELARD, A.D. 1120.
"Mittet ad Virginem."*The song of Moses and of the Lamb.—Rev. xv. 3.*

- mf* 89 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear Him say,—
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.
- f* 6 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim:
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.

HAMMOND.

St. Werburg. 88.88.88.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men.—John i. 4.

- mf* 90 **O** LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn till perfect
Shine Thou before the shadows fall [day,
That lead our wandering feet astray :
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.
- 2 **O** Way, through whom our souls draw
To yon eternal home of peace, [near
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease; *f* 5
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path; **O** Lord, thro' Thee. *dim*
- 3 **O** Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek, *f*
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.
- 4 **O** Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.
- O** Light, **O** Way, **O** Truth, **O** Life,
O Jesu, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

St. Andrew. 77.87.77.87.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

The Head over all to the Church.—Eph. i. 22.

- f* 91 **H** EAD of the Church triumphant! *mf* 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
We joyfully adore Thee,
Through torrents of temptation ;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
Shall sing like those before Thee.
The fire of tribulation.
We lift our hands and voices
The world, with sin and Satan,
In blest anticipation,
In vain our march opposes ;
And cry aloud, and give to God
cr By Thee we shall break through them all,
The praise of our salvation.
And sing the song of Moses.
- mp* 2 While in affliction's furnace,
cr Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise that knows our days,
The cross despise for that high prize
And ever brings us nigher ;
Which Thou hast set before us :
f We lift our hands, exulting
And, if Thou count us worthy,
In Thine almighty favour :
We each, as dying Stephen,
The love Divine which made us Thine
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

St. Agnes. C.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc.

Thy name is as ointment poured forth.—Sol. Song, 1. 3.

- mp* 92 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- cr* 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind!
- mf* 3 O hope of every contrite heart!
 O joy of all the meek!
- To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus—what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.
- f* 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our crown wilt be;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity. Amen.

BERNARD.

Theodora. 9.9.9.9. ALFRED LEGGE.

Christ is all, and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

- mf* 93 REST of the weary, Joy of the p 3
 sad;
 Hope of the dreary, Light of the glad;
 Home of the stranger, Strength to the end;
 Refuge from danger, Saviour and Friend.
- dim* 2 Pillow where lying, love rests its head;
 Peace of the dying, Life of the dead:
 Path of the lowly, Prize at the end;
 Breath of the holy, Saviour and Friend.
- When my feet stumble, to Thee I'll cry,
 Crown of the humble, Cross of the high;
 When my steps wander, over me bend,
 Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.
- f* 4 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
 Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
 All my endeavour, world without end,
 Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.
 Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Ambrose. 771.5.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Jesus, have mercy on me.—Mark x. 47.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 94 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;
<i>mp</i> Jesus, hear and save!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
<i>dim</i> Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
<i>mp</i> Jesus, hear and save!</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
<i>mp</i> Jesus, hear and save!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men;
Hear us now, and hear us then,
<i>mp</i> Jesus, hear and save! Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

HEBER.

Gatha. 77.77.71.

German Choral.

I will manifest Myself to him.—John xiv. 21.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 95 SON of Man, to Thee I cry:
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
<i>cr</i> Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
<i>cr</i> Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
MEEK to suffer, strong to save,
<i>cr</i> Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.</p> <p><i>f</i> 4 Lord of glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
<i>cr</i> Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.
Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

MANT.

St. Neberne. 10.10.10.4.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

- mf* 96 IT passeth knowledge, | that dear | love of Thine, || [mine ||
 My Saviour, Jesus; | yet this | soul of | Would of Thy love, in | all its | breadth and | length, ||
 Its height and depth, and | everlast- | ing strength, ||
 Know more and more.
- 2 It passeth telling, | that dear | love of Thine, || [mine ||
 My Saviour, Jesus; | yet these | lips of | Would fain proclaim to | sinners | far and | near ||
 A love which can re- | move all | guilty | And love beget. [fear, ||
- 3 It passeth praises, | that dear | love of Thine, || [mine ||
 My Saviour, Jesus; | yet this | heart of |
- 4 Oh, fill me, Saviour, | Jesus, | with Thy | love, ||
 Lead, lead me to the | living | fount a- | bove, || [nigh, ||
 Thither may I, in | simple | faith draw | And never to a- | nother | fountain | fly, ||
 But unto Thee.
- 5 And then, when Jesus | face to | face I | see, || [knee, ||
 When at His lofty | throne I | bow the | Then of His love, in | all its | breadth and | length, || [strength, ||
 Its height and depth, its | ever- | lasting | My soul shall sing. Amen.

MARY SHEKELTON.

Melancthon. 88.88.88.

LUTHER.
Eight Spiritual Songs, 1524.

Christ is all and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

- mf* 97 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose ;
 Thou all-sufficient Love divine ;
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if Thou art mine ;
 From sin and grief, from guilt and
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name. [shame:
- 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
 My rest in toil, mine ease in pain ;
 The medicine of my broken heart ;
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown :
- f* 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
 And joy and everlasting love :
 To me, with Thy dear name, are given
 Pardon and holiness and heaven.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, mine almighty power :
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour ;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
 My life in death ; my heaven ; my all.
 Amen. C. WESLEY.

As Captain of the Lord's host am I now come.—Josh. v. 14.

- mf* 98 **C**APTAIN of Israel's host, and *mf* 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
 guide We shall not in the desert stray :
 Of all who seek the land above ; We shall not full direction need ;
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide, Nor miss our providential way ;
 The cloud of Thy protecting love ; As far from danger as from fear,
cr Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy *f* While love, almighty love, is near.
 Our end the glory of the Lord. [word; Amen. C. WESLEY.

Amor Jesu. 10.6.10.6. (Irregular). W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

A-men.

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

- mf* 99 **T**HERE is no love like the love of
 Never to fade or fall, [Jesus,
 Till into the fold of the peace of God
 He has gathered us all.
- 2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
 Touched with our human woe :
- dim* Not a throb nor throe that we can know, *f* 5 Might we hear that sweet voice of Jesus,
 But He suffered it too. So should we never roam,
 Till our souls shall rest in peace on
 His breast,
 In the heavenly home. Amen.
- mf* 3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
 Following us far away ;
- 4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
 Tender and sweet its spell ;
 As it calls us to prove His unspeakable
 And its fulness to tell. [love,

III.—HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

Stanzas. 87.87.87.87.

C. HANCOCK, Mus. Bac.

Plaintive.

Bold.

A-men.

And the Word was God.—John 1. 1.

- p* 100 WHO is this, so weak and *pp*3 Who is this—in anguish praying,
 helpless,
 Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
 Rudely in a stable sheltered,
 Coldly in a manger laid? *f* 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
 Mooked, insulted, beaten, bound?
 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
 Who this wondrous path hath trod,
 He is God from everlasting,
 And to everlasting, God.
- p* 2 Who is this—a man of sorrows,
 Walking sadly life's hard way,
 Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
 Over sin and Satan's sway? *f* 'Tis the God who ever liveth [thorns?
 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
 Who above the starry sky
 Now for us a place prepareth,
 Where no tear can dim the eye.
- pp* 4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
 Whom the world reviles and scorns,
 Numbered with the malefactors,
 Torn with nails and crowned with
 'Tis the God who ever liveth [thorns?
 'Mid the shining ones on high,
 In the glorious golden city,
 Reigning everlastingly. Amen.
- W. WALSHAM HOW.

FIRST TUNE.

Samaria. 88.88.88.

BERTHOVEN.

SECOND TUNE.

Credo. 88.88.88.

A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John xx. 29.

<p><i>mf</i> 101 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death, Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home In that despised Nazareth, <i>f</i> But we believe Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 We did not see Thee lifted high, Amid that wild and savage crew; <i>dim</i> Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry, "Forgive, they know not what they do!" <i>mf</i> Yet we believe the deed was done, Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.</p> <p><i>dim</i> 3 We stood not by the empty tomb, Wherein Thy sacred body lay; Nor sat within that upper room, Nor met Thee in the open way;</p>	<p><i>f</i> But we believe that angels said, "Why seek the living with the dead?" <i>mf</i> 4 We did not mark the chosen few, When Thou didst through the clouds <i>ascend</i>, <i>cr</i> First, lift to heaven their wondering view, Then to the earth all prostrate bend; <i>f</i> Yet we believe that mortal eyes Beheld Thee taken to the skies.</p> <p><i>f</i> 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high, And thence Thy waiting people bless, No ray of glory from the sky Doth shine upon our wilderness; <i>f</i> But we believe Thy faithful word, And trust in our redeeming Lord. Amen.</p>
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J. R. GURNEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Manger. 10.8.10.8.88.

CARL REINECKE.

O come, There is room in my heart for Thee.

Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor.—2 Cor. viii. 9.

- mf* 102 THOU didst leave Thy throne
and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me;
dim But in Bethlehem's home was there
found no room
For Thy holy nativity.
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- f* 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels
Proclaiming Thy royal degree; [*sang*]
dim But in lowly birth Thou didst come to
And in great humility: [*earth*,
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- mf* 3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had
their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
dim But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
In the deserts of Galilee. [*Son of God*,
- cr* O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- dim* But with mocking scorn, and with
crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary;
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- f* 5 When heaven's arches shall ring and
its choir shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying,
"Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!"
cr O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.
Amen. E. S. ELLIOTT.

Sigismund. 87.87.

C. F. WITT.
Psalmodia Sacra, 1715.



Waiting for the consolation of Israel.—Luke II. 25.

- mf* 103 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus, *f* 3 Born Thy people to deliver;
 Born to set Thy people free: Born a child, and yet a king;
 From our fears and sins release us: Born to reign in us for ever;
 Let us find our rest in Thee. Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- cr* 2 Israel's strength and consolation, 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
 Hope of all the earth Thou art: Rule in all our hearts alone:
 Blest desire of every nation, By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Joy of every longing heart. Raise us to Thy glorious throne.
 Amen. C. WESLEY.

Lincoln.

C.M.

ALLISON'S Psalter, 1599.



I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke II. 10.

- mf* 104 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour And on the eye-balls of the blind
 comes, To pour celestial day.
 The Saviour promised long: *dim* 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 Let every heart prepare a throne, The bleeding soul to cure,
 And every voice a song. *cr* And with the treasures of His grace
 To enrich the humble poor.
- cr* 2 He comes the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield. *f* 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved name. Amen. DODDRIDGE.
- mf* 3 He comes from thickest flocks of vice To clear the mental ray,

With righteousness shall He judge the world.—Psa. xcvi. 9.

- f* 105 JOY to the world, the Lord is come! 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Let earth receive her King; Nor thorns infest the ground;
 Let every heart prepare Him room, He comes to make His blessings flow
 And heaven and nature sing. Far as the curse is found.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! *ff* 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 Let men their songs employ, And makes the nations prove
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and The glories of His righteousness,
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains, And wonders of His love. Amen.

WATTS.

FIRST TUNE.

Epiphany. 11.10.11.10.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

SECOND TUNE.

Hexham. 11.10.11.10.

From MENDELSSOHN.

We have seen His star in the East.—Matt. II. 2.

- mf* 106 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the
sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid!
- dim* 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are
shining
Low lies His head with the beasts of
the stall;
cr Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour
of all!
- mf* 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly de-
votion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
- Gems of the mountain, and pearls of
the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from
the mine?
- dim* 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour
secure:
cr Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.
- f* 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid! Amen. HEBER.

A-m-e-n. C.M.D. Arranged by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

I heard the voice of many angels.—Rev. v. 11.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 107 IT came upon the midnight
clear,—
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :</p> <p><i>dim</i> "Peace on the earth; good-will to men" <i>er</i> 4
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"—</p> <p><i>p</i> The world in solemn stillness lay
<i>pp</i> To hear the angels sing.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled; ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
<i>dim</i> Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
<i>p</i> And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
<i>pp</i> The blessed angels sing.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;</p> | <p>And men, at war with men, hear not
The words of peace they bring :—
<i>p</i> Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
<i>pp</i> And hear the angels sing !</p> <p>And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
<i>mp</i> Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
<i>pp</i> And hear the angels sing.</p> <p><i>f</i> 5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
<i>ff</i> And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.</p> |
|--|--|

E. H. SMARS.

* Except last verse.

FIRST TUNE.

Gabriel. C.M.D.

Arranged by Sir A. SULLIVAN,
Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Gabriel' in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' at the end of the third system.

SECOND TUNE.

Winchester (Old). C.M.

ESTE'S Psalter, 1592.

Musical score for 'Winchester (Old)' in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' at the end of the second system.

And there were . . . shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.—Luke ii. 8.

- mf* 108 WHILE shepherds watched
 their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,—
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 "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:—
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall
 To human view displayed, [find
 All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
cr Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song:
- f* 6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And on the earth be peace; [men
 Good will henceforth from heaven to
 Begin and never cease." Amen.
- NAHUM TATE.

Mendelssohn. 71.71.71. MENDELSSOHN'S Fest Gesang.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first three systems are in a common time signature. The fourth system is marked 'Harmony' and 'Unison' and ends with 'A-men.'

To be sung in Unison, except the 9th line.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.—Luke ii. 14.

<p><i>mf</i> 109 HARK! the herald angelssing, — <i>f</i> 3 Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild : God and sinners reconciled. <i>f</i> Joyful all ye nations rise : Join the triumph of the skies : With the angelic host proclaim, — Christ is born in Bethlehem. <i>ff</i> Hark! the herald angels sing, — Glory to the new-born King.</p>	<p>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. Lo! 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. <i>ff</i> Hark! the herald angels sing, — Glory to the new-born King.</p>
<p><i>mf</i> 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord ; Late in time, behold Him come, Offspring of a virgin's womb. <i>dim</i> Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ; Hail the incarnate Deity ; <i>cr</i> Pleased as Man with men to dwell, Jesus our Immanuel. <i>ff</i> Hark! the herald angels sing, — Glory to the new-born King.</p>	<p><i>f</i> 4 Come, Desire of Nations, come ; Fix in us Thy humble home ; Rise, the woman's conquering Seed ; Bruise in us the serpent's head. <i>cr</i> Sing we, then, with angels sing, — Glory to the new-born King! Glory in the highest heaven, Peace on earth, and man forgiven. <i>ff</i> Hark! the herald angels sing, — Glory to the new-born King. Amen.</p>

110

Adexte Fideles. 11.11.11.11.

JOHN READING, 1760.
"Adexte Fideles."

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. True God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal, Lo! He ab - hors not the
3. Raise, choirs of an - gels, Songs of ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing in loud an - thems His
4. A - men, Lord, we greet Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion, O Je - sus, for e - ver be Thy

Beth - le - hem; Come and behold Him, Born, the King of An - gels;
Vir - gin's womb; Son of the Fa - ther, Lo, He comes to save us;
glo - rious praise, Now to our God be Glo - ry in the high - est; } O come, let us a -
name a - dored; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing; }

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men.

Altorf. 8336.8336.

JOHANN GEO. EBELING, 1666.

A - men.

Unto us a child is born.—Isa. ix. 6.

mf 111 ALL my heart this night rejoices, *mf* 2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
As I hear, far and near, Of His birth, who the earth
Sweetest angel voices; Rescues from her sorrow.
cr "Christ is born!" their choirs are singing, God to wear our form descendeth;
Till the air, everywhere Of His grace to our race,
Now with joy is ringing. Here His Son He lendeth.

mp 3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger, *mf* 4 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
 Soft and sweet, doth entreat— Here let all, great and small,
 "Flee from woe and danger: Kneel in awe and wonder.
 Brethren, come; from all that grieves you Love Him who with love is yearning;
 You are freed; all you need Hail the Star, that from far
 Here your Saviour gives you." Bright with hope is burning. Amen.
 GERHARDT, tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

Yorkshire. 10.10.10.10.10.10. Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

I bring you good tidings.—Luke ii. 10.

mf 112 CHRISTIANS awake, salute the *mf* 4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened
 happy morn, shepherds ran,
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was To see the wonder God had wrought for
 Rise to adore the mystery of love, [born; man,
 Which hosts of angels chanted from To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
 above: The first apostles of the Saviour's name.
 With them the joyful tidings first begun, Then to their flocks, still praising God,
 Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son, return, [burn.
 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was And their glad hearts with holy rapture
 told, ["Behold, 5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind,
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice, God's wondrous love in saving lost
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth mankind; [our loss,
 To you and all the nations upon earth: Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised word, [Lord." From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial Till man's first heavenly state again
 choir [pire: takes place.
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, f 6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts
 The praises of redeeming love they sang, among,
 And heaven's whole orb with hallelu- To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
 jahs rang; He that was born upon this joyful day,
 God's highest glory was their anthem Around us all His glory shall display;
 "Peace upon earth, and unto men good ff Saved by His love, incessant yeshallsing,
 will." Eternal praise to heaven's almighty
 King. Amen. J. BYRON.

Aslacton. 87.87.47.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Let the angels of God worship Him.—Heb. i. 6.

- mf* 113 ANGELS from the realms of glory, *cr* Come and worship;
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth; *f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.
 Ye who sang creation's story
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth; *mf* 4 Saints before the altar bending,
cr Come and worship; Watching long in hope and fear,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King. Suddenly, the Lord descending,
 In His temple shall appear;
cr Come and worship;
mf 2 Shepherds in the field abiding, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing, Yonder shines the infant light;
cr Come and worship; *mp* 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
f Worship Christ, the new-born King. Doomed, for guilt, to woful pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—break your chains;
cr Come and worship;
mf 3 Sages, leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of Nations; *f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.
 Ye have seen His natal-star; Amen. MONTGOMERY.

Tiberiaz. 77.77.77. CONRAD KOCHER. Zionsharfe, 1855.

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

- mf* 114 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.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped *dim* 4 Holy Jesus, every day
 To that lowly manger-bed; Keep us in the narrow way;
 There to bend the knee before And, when earthly things are past,
 Him whom heaven and earth adore; Bring our ransomed souls at last
 So may we with willing feet *cr* Where they need no star to guide,
 Ever seek the mercy-seat. Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare *f* 5 In the heavenly country bright
 At that manger rude and bare; Need they no created light;
 So may we with holy joy, *cr* Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy, Thou, its Sun which goes not down;
 All our costliest treasures bring, *f* There, for ever, may we sing
 Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King. Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

W. C. DIX.



IV.—HIS HUMAN LIFE AND EXAMPLE.



Bethsaida. 6.10.6.10.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

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

- mf* 115 BIRDS have their quiet nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man
 his peaceful bed;
 All creatures have their rest,—
dim But Jesus had not where to lay His head.
- 2 And yet He came to give
 The weary and the heavy-laden rest;
 To bid the sinner live, [*mf* 6
 And soothe my griefs to slumber on His
- p* 3 I—who once made Him grieve,
 I—who once bade His gentle spirit mourn;
 Whose hand essayed to weave
 For His meek brow the cruel crown of
 thorn:—
- 4 O why should I have peace? [*love*
cr Why! but for that unchanged, undying
- Which would not, could not cease,
 Until it made me heir of joys above!
- 5 Yes!—but for pardoning grace,
 I feel I never should in glory see
 The brightness of that face,
 That once was pale and agonized for me.
- 6 Let the birds seek their nest, [*bed*;
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
 Come, Saviour! in my breast
 Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.
- 7 On earth Thou lovest best
 To dwell in humble souls that mourn
 for sin;
- dim* O come and take Thy rest, [*within*.
 This broken, bleeding, contrite heart
 Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

St. John, Westminster. C.M.

J. TURLER.

Himself likewise took part of the same.—Heb. ii. 14.

- mf* 116 O H! mean may seem this house
of clay,—
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
dim These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.
- cr* 3 This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die;
mf O vanquished world! O glorious shame!
O hallowed agony!
- 4 O vale of tears, no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
- O holy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel!
- 5 Our earthly garments Thou hast worn,
And we Thy robes shall wear!
Our mortal burdens Thou hast borne,
And we Thy bliss may share!
- f* 6 O mighty grace! our life to live,
To make our earth divine;
O mighty grace! Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine.
- 7 O strange the gifts, and marvellous.
By Thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death from us,
And we receive Thy heaven.
Amen. T. H. GILL.

Hesperus. L.M.

H. BAKER.

- mf* 117 M Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

dim 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air *mf* 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
 Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer: More of Thy gracious image here;
 The desert Thy temptations knew, Then God, the Judge shall own my name
 Thy conflict and Thy victory too, Amongst the followers of the Lamb.
 Amen. WATTS

Banias. 88.88.88.

MEYER LUTZ.

And when they were awake they saw His glory.—Luke ix. 32.

mf 118 O MASTER! it is good to be *dim* 3 O Master! it is good to be
 High on the mountain here Entranced, enwrap, alone with Thee;
 with Thee; And watch Thy glistening raiment
 glow,
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
 Those glorious saints of other days; The human lineaments that shine
 Who once received on Horeb's height Irradiant with a light divine:
 Th' eternal laws of truth and right; Till we too change from grace to grace,
dim Or caught the still small whisper, higher Gazing on that transfigured face.
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than
 [fire.]

mf 2 O Master! it is good to be *mf* 4 O Master! it is good to be
 With Thee and with Thy faithful three; Here on the Holy Mount with Thee;
 Here, where th' apostle's heart of rock *dim* When darkling in the depths of night,
 Is nerved against temptation's shock; When dazzled with excess of light,
 Here, where the Son of Thunder learns We bow before the heavenly voice
 The thought that breathes, the word That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
 that burns; Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move *cr* "This is My Son—O hear ye Him!"
 With Him whose last best creed is love. Amen. A. P. STANLEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Bergen (St. Bernard). C.M.

A-men.

Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again.—1 Pet. ii. 23.

- mf* 119 **W**HAT grace, O Lord, and beauty
shone
Around Thy steps below !
dim What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe !
p 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung ;
cr Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove ;
- Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
mf 4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.
5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace which spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.
Amen. E. DENNY.

Canonbury. L.M.

R. SCHUMANN.

A-men.

Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth.—1 Peter ii. 22.

- mf* 120 **H**OW beauteous were the marks
divine
That in Thy meekness used to shine :
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !
2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of Light
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?
dim 3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
- So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high ;
So glorious in humility !
4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pain, and scoff, and scorn to Thee ;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed !
mf 5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go !
Illumine all my way of woe !
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God !
Amen, A. C. COKE.

Alzace. L.M.

BEETHOVEN.

A-men.

That ye should follow His steps.—1 Pet. ii. 21.

- mf* 121 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve ?
 How shall I copy Him I love?
 Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
 Which lead me to His seat above ?
- dim* 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
 The life of toil, the mean abode,
 The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
 Are these the consecrated road ?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
 Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
 Until the perfect work was done,
 And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- cr* 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
 Forbid it I should e'er repine :
- 5 Still let me turn to Calvary,
 Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.
 O let me think how Thou didst leave
 Untasted every pure delight,
 To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve
 The toilsome day, the homeless night:—
- 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me !
 Thou camest not Thyself to please :
 And dear as earthly comforts be,
 Shall I not love Thee more than these ?
- cr* 7 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
 To gain the notice of Thine eye:
 Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
 But Thou canst give the victory.
- Amen.
- J. CONDER.

Nettering. 77.77.

DR. BOYCE.

A-men.

Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.

- f* 122 **F**ATHER of eternal grace, *dim* 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
 Glorify Thyself in me;
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
 Fix my thoughts on things above;
 Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- cr* 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod;
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee, my God. Amen.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Farrant. C.M.

RICHARD FARRANT, 1585.
Adapted by Dr. EDWARD HODGERS.

Behold my servant.—Matt. xii. 18.

- mf* 123 **S**ERVANT of all, to toil for man 3 Care-less, through outward cares I go,
 Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ; From all distraction free ;
 Thy majesty did not disdain My hands are but engaged below,
 To be employed for us. My heart is still with Thee.
- 2 Thy bright example I pursue,
 To Thee in all things rise ;
 Let all I think, or speak, or do,
 Be one great sacrifice.
- cr* 4 As done for Thee, do Thou receive
 Each humble work of mine ;
 Worth to my meanest labour give,
 By joining it to Thine. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Petersham. C.M.D.

C. W. POOLE.

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

- mf* 124 **O**H, where is He that trod the sea ? The palsied rise in freedom strong,
 Oh, where is He that spake, — The dumb men talk and sing,
 And demons from their victims flee, And from blind eyes, benighted long,
 The dead from slumber wake ? Bright beams of morning spring.

2 Oh, where is He that trod the sea? 'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave:
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their plenteous food they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
or My soul! the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,
And leap, and look, and hear.
Thy utmost needs He'll satisfy:
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
Behold thy Helper come! Amen.

T. T. LYNCH.

FIRST TUNE.

St. Dorothea. L.M.

J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

SECOND TUNE.

Hosanna. L.M.

H. G. NAGELL.

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.
Matt. xxi. 9.

mf 125 **RIDE** on! ride on in majesty! *dim* Look down with sad and wondering eyes
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna To see the approaching Sacrifice.
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road, [cry; *cr* 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
With palms and scattered garments Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
f *Hosanna in the highest! [strowed, The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

mf 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
cr O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin *mf* 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
O'er captive death and conquered sin. In lowly pomp ride on to die:
mf 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty! Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
The angel armies of the sky f Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.
Amen.

H. H. MILLMAN.

* Refrain for the second tune only.

St. Vincent. 86.86.88.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

The musical score for 'St. Vincent' consists of two systems. The first system has two staves: the top staff is for the voice in G major, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The second system also has two staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The piece concludes with the word 'Amen' written above the final notes of the vocal line.

The disciple is not above his Master.—Luke vi. 40.

- mf* 126 **A** S much have I of worldly good *mf* 8 As much the world's good-will I share,
 As e'er my Master had : Its favour and applause,
 I diet on as dainty food, As He whose blessed name I bear,—
 And am as richly clad, [board, Hated without a cause,
 Though plain my garb, though scant my *dim* Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
 As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord. Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.
- dim* 2 The manger was His infant-bed : *mf* 4 Why should I court my Master's foe ?
 His home, the mountain-cave : Why should I fear its frown ?
 He had not where to lay His head ; Why should I seek for rest below,
 He borrowed e'en His grave : Or sigh for brief renown ?—
 Earth yielded Him no resting spot,— A pilgrim to a better land,
 Her Maker, but she knew Him not. An heir of joys at God's right hand.
 Amen. J. CONDER.

St. Agnes. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc.

The musical score for 'St. Agnes' consists of two systems. The first system has two staves: the top staff is for the voice in C major, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The second system also has two staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The piece concludes with the word 'Amen' written above the final notes of the vocal line.

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

- mp* 127 **L** ORD, as to Thy dear cross we 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 flee, Our earthliness refine,
 And plead to be forgiven, And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
cr So let Thy life our pattern be, As free and true as Thine.
 And form our souls for heaven.
- mf* 2 Help us, through good report and ill, 4 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Our daily cross to bear ; Forgiving and forgiven,
cr Like Thee to do our Father's will, O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 Our brethren's griefs to share. And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.
 J. H. GURNEY.

V.—HIS PASSION AND DEATH.

Warrington. L.M.

R. HARRISON.

Christ crucified.—1 Cor. i. 23.

- mf* 128 **NATURE** with open volume 3 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
 stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad; Where Christ my Saviour loved and died!
 And every labour of His hands Her noblest life my spirit draws
 Shows something worthy of a God. From His dear wounds and bleeding side.
- cr* 2 But in the grace that rescued man, *f* 4 I would for ever speak His name,
 His brightest form of glory shines; In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 In precious blood, and crimson lines. And worship at His Father's throne.
 Amen. ISAAC WATTS.

Heinlein. 77.77.

PAUL HEINLEIN, 1677.

The place called Calvary.—Luke xxiii. 33.

- mp* 129 **WHEN** on Sinai's top I see 3 When on Calvary I rest,
 God descend in majesty, God, in flesh made manifest,
 To proclaim His holy law, Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 All my spirit sinks with awe. Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- cr* 2 When, in ecstasy sublime, *mp* 4 Here I would for ever stay,
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb, Weep and gaze my soul away:
 At the too transporting light, Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight. Lovely, mournful Calvary. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Exemplar. 77.77.77.

Old Latin Melody.

(May also be sung in Common time).

A place called Gethsemane...—Matt. xxvi. 36.

- mp* 130 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 power; Ye that feel the tempter's
 Your Redeemer's conflict see:
 Watch with Him one bitter hour:
 Turn not from His griefs away;
cr Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- mp* 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
 View the Lord of life arraigned.
p O the wormwood and the gall!
 O the pangs His soul sustained!
cr Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- p* 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,—
 God's own sacrifice complete.
 "It is finished!" hear Him cry:
cr Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- mp* 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid His breathless clay.
 All is solitude and gloom:—
 Who hath taken Him away?
f Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies.
 Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.
 J. MONTGOMERY.

Abinger. 684.6664.

ERSKINE ALLON.

Being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly.—Luke xxii. 44.

- mp* 131 **L**OW in Thine agony
 Bearing Thy cross for me,
 Saviour Divine!
 In the dark tempter's hour,
 Quailing beneath his power,
 Sorrowing yet more and more,
 Thou dost incline.
- cr* 2 O Lord of heaven and earth,
 What sorrow unto death
 Dost Thou sustain?
p Thou dost in anguish bow:
 Thou art forsaken now:
 For me this cup of woe
 Thou dost now drain.

pp 3 In deep and trembling fears,
With crying strong and tears,
Now Thou dost pray :
" If it be possible
This cup so terrible,
Father most merciful,
Take it away."

cr 4 " Yet, Lord, Thy will be done ;
Lo, I, Thy only Son,
This cup will drink."
O wondrous love of Thine ;
Unspeakable, divine ;
To save this soul of mine
Thou wilt not shrink.

5 Saviour, give me to share
Thy lowly will and prayer
In all my woe ;
In my soul's agony
Let me resemble Thee ;
An angel strengthening me,
Let me, too, know.

mf 6 Thy soul its travail saw,
And in its heavy woe
Was satisfied.
So let my sorrow, Lord,
Fulness of joy afford,
To life and God restored,
Through Him who died. Amen.

H. ALLON.

Prætorium. 837.837.

Zwck.

He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.—Isa. liii. 4.

mp 132 **D**ARKLY rose the guilty *p* 3
morning,
When, the King of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem :
See the Christ His cross up-bearing,
See Him stricken, mocked, and wearing
The thorn-plaited diadem.

2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,
Slew Him on the cursed tree ; [Him, *cr*
Ours the sin from heaven that called
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
In the sad Gethsemane.

3 For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary ;
Yet He for His murderers pleaded ;
Lord, by us that prayer is needed ;
We have pierced, yet lean on Thee.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,
By Thy precious Cross and passion,
By Thy blood and agony,
By Thy glorious resurrection,
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us Thine eternally. Amen.

Gethsemane.

77.77.77.

Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.

My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!—Mark xv. 34.

- mp 133** **T**HRONED upon the awful Tree, *cr 3* Hark that cry that peals aloud
 King of grief, I watch with
 Thee; Thou, the Father's only Son,
 Thou His own Anointed One,
 Thou dost ask Him—"can it be?—
 "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
- dim* Darkness veils Thine anguished face,
 None its lines of woe can trace, *pp*
 None can tell what pangs unknown
- p* Hold Thee silent and alone. *cr 4* Lord, should fear and anguish roll
 Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
 Thou, Who once wast thus bereft
 That Thine own might ne'er be left,
 Teach me by that bitter cry
mf In the gloom to know Thee nigh.
- pp* Till the Lamb of God may die. Amen. *J. ELLERTON.*

Holy Cross.

68.64.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Whom they slew and hanged on a tree.—Acts i. 29.

- mp 134** **L**O! on the inglorious tree *4* O come, my soul, and gaze
 The Lord, the Lord of glory
 On that great grief, that crown of thorn;
 Forsaken now is He, [hangs: In deep and dread amaze
 And pierced with pangs. There look and mourn.
- 2* A shameful death He dies, *cr 5* For thee He shed His blood,
 Uplifted with transgressors twain: Weep, till with woe thine eyes grow dim;
 A Lamb for sacrifice, To that accursed wood
 By sinners slain. Thou hast nailed Him.
- p 3* Full is His cup of woe; *f 6* To Thee the mighty Lord,
 In death His drooping head declines; Who washed in blood our sins away,
 'Tis done! He cries; and now Our boundless gratitude
 His soul resigns. Its thanks would pay. Amen.

ANCIENT HYMN.

Moriah. 55.11.55.11.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

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

<p><i>mp</i> 135 ALL ye that pass by, To Jesus draw nigh! To you is it nothing your Saviour should <i>cr</i> Your ransom and peace, [die? Your surety He is ; <i>p</i> Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His. <i>mp</i> 2 For what you have done, His blood must atone ; [Son ; <i>cr</i> The Father hath given for you His dear The Lord, in the day Of His pity, did lay [away. Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them</p>	<p>3 He answered for all ; O come at His call, And low at His feet in astonishment fall : For you and for me He prayed on the tree ; The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free. 4 O lift up your eyes, <i>dim</i> "'Tis finished !" He cries : Impassive, He suffers ; immortal, He dies. <i>cr</i> My pardon I claim ; A sinner I am, A sinner believing in Jesus' great name. Amen.</p>
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C. WESLEY.

Windsor. C.M.

ESSEY'S PSALTER, 1592.

He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.—Isa. liii. 4.

<p><i>mp</i> 136 BEHOOLD the Saviour of man- kind, Nailed to the shameful tree ! How vast the love that Him inclined To bleed and die for me ! <i>dim</i> 2 My God ! He cries. All nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend ; The temple's veil asunder breaks ; The solid marbles rend.</p>	<p><i>p</i> 3 'Tis finished ! now the ransom's paid ; Receive my soul, He cries. See where He bows His sacred head ;— He bows His head, and dies. <i>f</i> 4 But soon He'll break death's iron chain, And in full glory shine, O Lamb of God, was ever pain, Was ever love like Thine? Amen.</p>
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S. WESLEY, SEN.

Hamburg. 87.87.88.87.

JOHANN SCHOP, 1640.

A man of sorrows.—Isa. liii. 3.

mp 137 **M**AN of sorrows, and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall
we say?

Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on Thee lay.
Had I seen Thee clothed in weakness,
Bearing our reproach with meekness,
To attend Thee day and night,
Would have been my heart's delight.

cr 2 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then movèd,
When ye felt His kind embrace?
O disciple! once more blessèd,
As a bosom friend caressèd,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?

mp 3 Oft to prayer, by night, retreated,
See Him from all search withdrawn;
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
Witnessed still the morning dawn.
There, where He made intercession,
I had poured forth my confession,
And where for my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

4 Should I thus to Thee have cleavèd,
'Midst Thy poverty and woes?
On Thee, as my Lord, believèd?
Or, perhaps have joined Thy foes?
Ah! Thy mercy I had spurnèd;
But Thyself my heart has turnèd:
f Now Thou knowest, beneath, above,
Nought compared with Thee I love.
Amen. HOMBURG.

Ecce Agnus. 6684.884.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



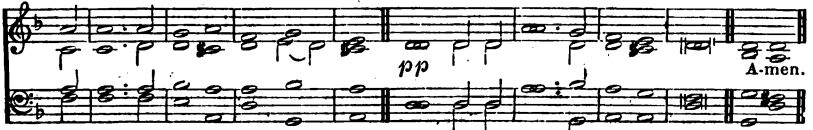
Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.—John i. 29.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>mp 138 BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
 <i>dim</i> O Thou for sinners slain,
 Let it not be in vain
 That Thou hast died.
 cr Thee for my Saviour let me take,
 My only refuge let me make,
 Thy piercèd side.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 3 Behold the Lamb of God!
 All hail, Incarnate Word,
 Thou everlasting Lord,
 Saviour most blest:
 Fill us with love that never faints,
 Grant us with all Thy blessed saints
 <i>p</i> Eternal rest.</p> |
| <p><i>mp</i> 2 Behold the Lamb of God!
 Into the sacred flood
 Of Thy most precious blood
 My soul I cast:
 Wash me and make me clean within, <i>f</i>
 And keep me pure from every sin
 <i>p</i> Till life be past.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 4 Behold the Lamb of God!
 Worthy is He alone,
 That sitteth on the throne
 Of God above;
 One with the Ancient of all days,
 One with the Comforter in praise,
 All Light and Love. Amen.</p> |

M. BRIDGES.

St. Cross. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn.—Zech. xii. 10.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>p 139 O COME and mourn with me
 awhile;
 O come ye to the Saviour's side;
 O come, together let us mourn;
 <i>pp</i> Jesus, our Lord is crucified.</p> | <p><i>cr</i> 4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
 And all three hours His silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men;
 <i>pp</i> Jesus, our Lord is crucified.</p> |
| <p><i>p</i> 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
 Ah! look how patiently He hangs!
 <i>pp</i> Jesus, our Lord is crucified.</p> | <p><i>cr</i> 5 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;
 The fountain opened in His side
 Shall purge our deepest stains away;
 <i>pp</i> Jesus, our Lord is crucified.</p> |
| <p><i>p</i> 3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
 His throat with parching thirst is dried,
 His failing eyes are dimmed with woe;
 <i>pp</i> Jesus, our Lord is crucified.</p> | <p><i>cr</i> 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
 Ask, and they will not be denied;
 <i>mf</i> The broken heart He heals and saves;
 For us our Lord was crucified. Amen.</p> |

F. W. FABER.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

“Ecce Homo.” 7s., 10 lines. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for "Ecce Homo." The score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamic markings *f*, *p*, and *pp*. The second system includes *pp*. The third system is divided into "Vers. 1 and 3." and "Vers. 2 and 4." with dynamic markings *f*, *f*, *ff*, and *A. men.*

Truly this was the Son of God.—Matt. xxvii. 54.

<p>f 140 BOUND upon the accursed tree, <i>p</i> Faint and bleeding, who is He? By the eyes so pale and dim, Streaming blood, and writhing limb; By the flesh with scourges torn; <i>cr</i> By the crown of twisted thorn; By the side so deeply pierced; By the baffled burning thirst; By the drooping death-dewed brow: Son of man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!</p> <p>f 2 Bound upon the accursed tree, <i>p</i> Dread and awful, who is He? By the sun at noon-day pale, Shivering rocks, and rending veil; <i>cr</i> Earth that trembles at His doom, Yonder saints who burst their tomb; Eden, promised ere He died To the felon at His side; <i>mf</i> Lord! our suppliant knee we bow: <i>f</i> Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!</p>	<p>f 3 Bound upon the accursed tree, <i>p</i> Sad and dying, who is He? By the last and bitter cry, By the dying agony; By the lifeless body laid In the chamber of the dead: By the mourners come to weep, Where the bones of Jesus sleep: <i>pp</i> Crucified! we know Thee now; <i>cr</i> Son of man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!</p> <p>f 4 Bound upon the accursed tree, <i>p</i> Dread and awful, who is He? <i>cr</i> By the prayer for them that slew, "Lord, they know not what they do!" By the spoiled and empty grave; By the souls He died to save; <i>f</i> By the conquest He hath won; By the saints before His throne; By the rainbow round His brow: <i>ff</i> Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou.</p>
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HENRY HART MILMAN.

Capernaum. 71.71.

R. REDHEAD.

Musical score for "Capernaum." The score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.



Surely He hath borne our griefs.—Isa. liii. 4.

mf 141 **S**URELY Christ thy griefs
has borne;
Weeping soul no longer mourn;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eye
On the atoning sacrifice;
There the Incarnate Deity,
Numbered with transgressors see.

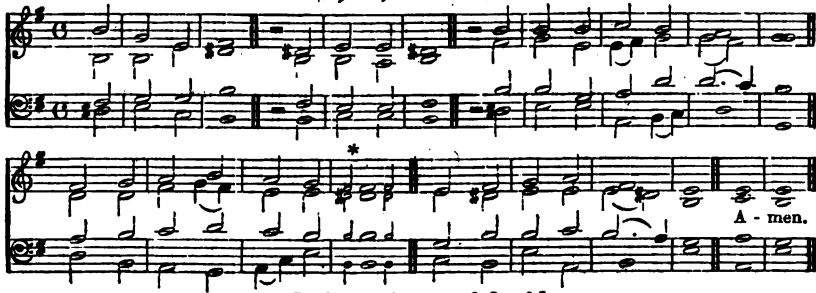
3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away.

4 Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious look on me. Amen.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

Cheshunt. 44.77.6.

CHRISTOPH PETER.



* Small notes for verses 2, 3 and 5.

We who have believed do enter into rest.—Heb. iv. 3.

mp 142 **S**O rest, my Rest,
Thou ever blest,
Thy grave with sinners making:
cr By Thy power of life through death
My dead soul awaking.

p 2 Here in the tomb,
In silent gloom,
Fast in Thy rock-bound prison.

mf Vain the rock, the seal, the watch,
The Lord of life is risen.

3 Breath of all breath,
From sleeping death,
My dust Thou wilt awaken;
Life of life, in Thee I rest,
In hope of life unshaken.

4 The dead are blest
In Thee who rest,
Their toil and care now ended;
All their works do follow them,
To Thy rest ascended

5 Even now may we
Find rest in Thee,
In toil and care, and sadness;
Thou, from these, caust pluck the sting,
And fill our hearts with gladness.

f 6 Thou risen Lord,
At Thy great word
The graves their dead deliver;
And with Thee in life and joy
We shall rest for ever. Amen.

SOLOMON FRANK, tr. by R. MASSIE.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

St. Luke. L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—Gal. vi. 14.

- mp* 143 **L** ORD Jesus, when we stand afar, *cr* 3 O holy Lord! uplifted high,
 And gaze upon Thy holy cross, With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
 In love of Thee and scorn of self, Embracing in Thy wondrous love
 Oh may we count the world as loss. The sinful world that lies below:
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds, *f* 4 Give us an ever-living faith
 And the rough way that Thou hast trod, To gaze beyond the things we see;
 Make us to hate the load of sin And in the mystery of Thy death
 That lay so heavy on our God. Draw us and all men unto Thee.
 Amen. W. WALSHAM HOW.

Gly. L.M.

BISHOP TURTON.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.—Gal. vi. 14.

- mf* 144 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, "God is Love;"
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.
- cr* 3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love;
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.
 Amen. T. KELLY.

Rockingham. L.M.

Dr. MILLER, 1787.



Christ died . . . and rose again.—1 Cor. xv. 3, 4.

- p** 145 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners *f* 4 The Prince of life forsakes the tomb ;
 dies : Up to His Father's court He flies :
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around : Cherubic legions guard Him home,
 A solemn darkness veils the skies : And shout Him welcome to the skies.
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground. 5 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two How high your great Deliverer reigns :
 For him who groaned beneath your load : Sing, how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
 He shed a thousand drops for you, And led the tyrant Death in chains.
 A thousand drops of richer blood. *f* 6 Say,—Live for ever, wondrous King,
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ; Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
 The Lord of glory dies for man. Then ask of Death,—O, where's thy staving?
cr But, lo! what sudden joys we see, And where thy victory, boasting Grave?
 Jesus, the dead, revives again. Amen. Amen. WATTS.

Gregory. L.M.

Gregorian.



The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

- mp** 146 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous *p* 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 cross Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
 On which the Prince of glory died, Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 My richest gain I count but loss, Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
 And pour contempt on all my pride. *cr* 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
cr 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, That were a present far too small ;
 Save in the cross of Christ my God ; Love so amazing, so divine,
 All the vain things that charm me most, Demands my soul, my life, my all !
 I sacrifice them to His blood. Amen. WATTS.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Geneva. 65.65.

Latin.

The precious blood of Christ.—1 Pet. 1. 19.

- mf* 147 **G**LORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins !
- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find ;
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind !
- dim* 3 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
cr But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- mf* 4 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan, in confusion
Terror-struck departs.
- 5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.
- f* 6 Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
ff Louder still and louder
Praise His precious blood. Amen.

ITALIAN *tr.* by E. CASWALL.

Sonning. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.—Heb. x. iv.

- mp* 148 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain :
- cr* 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- mf* 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
- While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- dim* 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- f* 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love. Amen.

WATTS.

Southwold. C.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



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

- mf* 149 **T**HERE is a fountain filled Till all the ransomed Church of God
with blood Be saved to sin no more.
- Drawn from Immanuel's veins; 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Thy flowing wounds supply,
Lose all their guilty stains. Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day; *f* 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
And there may I, though vile as he, I'll sing Thy power to save,
Wash all my sins away. *dim* When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. Amen.
- cr* 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, COWPER.

Sardis. 87.87.

BETHOVEN.



The cross of Christ.—Gal. vi. 12.

- mf* 150 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory; From the cross the radiance streaming
Towering o'er the wrecks of time; Adds more lustre to the day.
- All the light of sacred story [time, 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
Gathers round its head sublime. By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.
- dim* 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
cr Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy. *f* 5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
Amen. SIR J. BOWRING.
- mf* 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

Passion Chorale. 76.76.76. HANS LEO HASLER'S "Lustgarten," 1601.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The music is in a 4/4 time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece concludes with a double bar line and the marking 'A. men.'.

They platted a crown of thorns, and put it on His head.—Matt. xxvii. 29.

mp 151 **O SACRED** Head, once wounded, *mf* 3 What language shall I borrow
 With grief and pain weighed down, To praise Thee, Heavenly Friend ;
 How scornfully surrounded For this Thy dying sorrow,
 With thorns, Thine only crown ! Thy pity without end ?
dim How pale art Thou with anguish, Lord, make me Thine for ever,
 With sore abuse and scorn ! Nor let me faithless prove ;
 How does that visage languish, *cr* O let me never, never
 Which once was bright as morn ! Abuse such dying love !

cr 2 O Lord of life and glory, *dim* 4 Be near me, Lord, when dying ;
 What bliss till now was Thine ! O show Thy cross to me ;
 I read the wondrous story, And, for my succour flying,
 I joy to call Thee mine, Come, Lord, to set me free :
 Thy grief and Thy compassion *cr* These eyes, new faith receiving,
 Were all for sinners' gain ; From Jesus shall not move ;
dim Mine, mine was the transgression, *mf* For He who dies believing,
 But Thine the deadly pain. Dies safely through Thy love.

Amen. GERHARD.

152

Vox Salutaris. 87.87.47. *mf*

J. BARNBY, 1884.

FIRST THREE VERSES.

The musical score for the first three verses of 'Vox Salutaris' consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The music is in a 4/4 time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry.

HIS PASSION AND DEATH.

cres.

See, it rends the rocks a - sund - er, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;

p "It is fin - ish'd!" *mf* Hear the dy - ing Sa - viour cry.

No Ped. *Ped.*

mp 2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
p It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

cr 3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
p It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

FOURTH VERSE.

Tune your harps a - new; ye ser - aphs; Join to sing the glo - rious theme,
All on earth, and all in hea - ven, Join to praise Em - man - uel's Name.

f VOICES.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb! A - men.

ACCOMP.

f

No Ped. *Ped.*

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

VI.—HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

FIRST TUNE. **Easter Hymn.** 77.77. W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

SECOND TUNE. **Easter Hymn.** 77.77. From "Lyra Davidica."

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

The first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

- 153** CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day, 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Sons of men, and angels, say: Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Raise your songs and triumphs high: Death, in vain, forbids Him rise;
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply. Christ hath opened Paradise.
- f 2 Love's redeeming work is done; 4 Lives again our glorious King!
 Fought the fight, the battle won. Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er: Once He died our souls to save;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more. Where's thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led, *f* 6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven:
 Following our exalted Head; Praise to Thee by both be given,
 Made like Him, like Him to rise: Thee we greet triumphant now:
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Hail: the resurrection, Thou! Amen.
 C. WESLEY.

FIRST TUNE. Sharon (St. George). 77.77.77.77. Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

SECOND TUNE. Anastasis. 77.77.4. "Proper Tune," 13th Century.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.—Rev. xix. 6.
 Hal - e - lu - ia!

f 154 **C**HRIST the Lord is risen again! 4 He who slumbered in the grave,
 Christ hath broken every chain! Is exalted now to save;
 Hark, angelic voices cry, *f* Now through all the world it rings;
 Singing evermore on high. He, the Lamb, is King of Kings!

mf 2 He who gave for us His life, *mf* 5 Now He bids us tell abroad
 Who for us endured the strife, How the lost may be restored,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day; How the penitent forgiven,
 Now we sing our joyous lay. How we, too, may enter heaven.

3 He who bore all pain and loss 6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
 Comfortless upon the cross, Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
 Lives in glory now on high, Take our sins and guilt away,
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry. *f* Thee we sing by night and day. Amen.

BOHEMIAN BROTHERS, tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Paran. 87.87.77.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.

He is risen.—Mark xvi. 6.

- 155 **H**E is risen! He is risen!
 Tell it with a joyful voice;
 He hath burst His three days' prison!
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
 Death is conquered, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory.
- 2 Come with high and holy gladness,
 Chant our Lord's triumphal lay;
 Not one touch of twilight sadness
 Dims the glorious morning ray,
- 3 He is risen! He is risen!
 He hath opened heaven's gate;
 We are free from sin's dark prison—
 Risen to a holier state;
 Soon a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.
 Amen. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Lancashire. 76.76.76.76.

HENRY SMART.

This is the day which the Lord hath made.—Psa. cxviii. 24.

f 156 **T**HE day of resurrection :
 Earth ! tell it out abroad ;
 The passover of gladness !
 The passover of God !
 From death to life eternal—
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

mf 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection light :

And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
cr His own *All Hail!*—and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain !

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

J. DAMASCENUS, *tr.* by NEALE.

Bethany. 87.87.87.

HENRY SMART.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

f 157 **H**ALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
 Hearts to heaven and voices
 raise ;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
dim He, Who on the cross a victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
f Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

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

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

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

C. WORDSWORTH.

Morgentied. 87., 12 Hnes.

F. C. MAKER.

He is not here, for He is risen as He said.—Matt. xxviii. 6.

f 158 **C**HRISt is risen ! hallelujah !
 Risen our victorious Head !
 Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
f Christ is risen from the dead !
f Gratefully our hearts adore Him,
 As His light once more appears,
 Bowing down in joy before Him,
 Rising up from grief and tears.
ff Christ is risen ! hallelujah !
 Risen our victorious head.
 Sing His praises ! hallelujah !
 Christ is risen from the dead !
f 2 Christ is risen ! all the sadness
 Of His earthly life is o'er,
 Through the open gates of gladness
 He returns to life once more ;

Death and hell before Him bending,
 He doth rise, the Victor now,
 Angels on His steps attending ;
 Glory round His wounded brow.
ff Christ is risen, &c.

f 3 Christ is risen ! henceforth never
 Death or hell shall us enthrall,
 We are Christ's, in Him for ever
 We have triumphed over all ;
mf All the doubting and dejection
 Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
 'Tis His day of resurrection !
 Let us rise and keep the feast.
ff Christ is risen, &c. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

FIRST TUNE.

Arimathea. 77.77.77.77.

Melody of the 14th Century.
Resonet in laudibus.

Victory. 77.77.77.

J. P. CHRISTMANN.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. — Psa. xxiv. 7.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>f 159 HAIL the day that sees Him
 <small>rise</small>
 To His throne above the skies!
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Reascends His native heaven.</p> <p>cr 2 There for Him high triumph waits;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates;
 Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 Take the King of Glory in.</p> <p>f 3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives,
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves:
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.</p> <p>dim 4 See, He lifts His hands above;
 See, He shows the prints of love;</p> <p>cr Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on His Church below.</p> | <p>5 Still for us He intercedes;
 His prevailing death He pleads:
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 He, the first-fruits of our race.</p> <p>mf 6 Master, will we ever say,
 Taken from our head to-day,
 See, Thy faithful servants see,
 Ever gazing up to Thee.</p> <p>7 Lord, though parted from our sight,
 Far above the starry height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking Thee above the skies.</p> <p>8 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 f Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Hastening to our glorious home. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

C. WESLEY.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Watford. 98.96.96.96.

German Chorale.
Arr. by the Rev. PETER MAURICE, D.D.

Who was dead, and is alive.—Rev. ii. 8.

mp 160 **O**H, show me not my Saviour *mp* 3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,
dying, Where His dear blood was spilt ;
As on the cross He bled ; His shameful cross, set forth before me,
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying, Hath cancelled all my guilt.
cr For He has left the dead. *cr* Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Then bid me not that form suspended Shall strength and succour give ?
For my Redeemer own, *f* He lives, the Captain of Salvation ;
f Who, to the highest heavens ascended, Therefore His servants live.In glory fills the throne. 4 By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave :
mp 2 Weep not for Him on Calvary dying ; *cr* Rising, the triumph He completed ;
Weep only for thy sins. He lives, He reigns to save.
Come, see the place where He was lying : Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him :
'Tis there our hope begins. He comes, the Judge of men ;
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding, These eyes shall see Him and adore Him ;
Amid the scenes He trod : *dim* Lord Jesus ! own me then. Amen.
cr Look up and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God. J. CONDER.

Samson. L.M.

Arranged from HANDEL.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, . . . and the King of Glory shall come in.—Psa. xxiv. 9.

- mf 161** **O** UR Lord is risen from the dead: *mf 4* Who is the King of Glory, who?
 Our Jesus is gone up on high: *cr* The Lord that all our foes o'ercame:
 The powers of hell are captive led, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
 Dragged to the portals of the sky. And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- f 2* There His triumphant chariot waits, *f 5* Lo! His triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:— And angels chant the solemn lay:—
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates; Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way. Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3* Loose all your bars of massy light, *mf 6* Who is the King of Glory, who?
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene: *cr* The Lord, of boundless power possessed:
 He claims these mansions as His right; *f* The King of saints and angels too;
 Receive the King of glory in. God over all for ever blest. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

St. Patrick. 77.77.77.77.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple, hymn-like melody. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody. The third system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

A cloud received Him out of their sight.—Acts 1. 9.

- mf 162** **H**E is gone—a cloud of light
 Has received Him from our sight:
 High in heaven, where eyes of men
 Follows not, nor angels' ken;
 Through the veils of time and space,
 Passed into the holiest place;
cr All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.
- mf 2* He is gone—towards their goal
 World and Church must onward roll: *cr*
 Far behind we leave the past;
 Forward are our glances cast:
 Still His words before us range
 Through the ages, as they change:
 Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.
- 3* He is gone—but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before;
 In the heaven of heavens the same,
 As on earth He went and came!
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us He will prepare:
 In that world; unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.
- 4* He is gone—but not in vain,
 Wait, until He comes again;
cr He is risen, He is not here,
 Far above this earthly sphere;
 Evermore in heart and mind
 Where our peace in Him we find:
f To our own Eternal Friend,
 Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

Ancient of Days. 87.87.87.87.

W. S. BALMERIDGE.

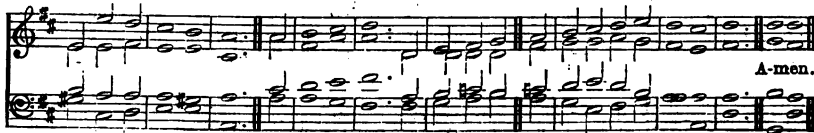
Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men.—Psa. lxxviii. 18.

- f** 163 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
 See the King in royal state
 Riding on the clouds His chariot
 To His heavenly palace gate;
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful hallelujahs sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their Heavenly King.
- mf** 2 Who is this that comes in glory
 With the trump of jubilee?
f Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory;
 He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.
- dim** 3 While He lifts His hands in blessing,
 He is parted from His friends;
 While their eager eyes behold Him,
 He upon the clouds ascends;
- He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 cr Christ our Enoch, is translated
 To His everlasting home.
- mf** 4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
 With His blood, within the veil;
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail;
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
 Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.
- f** 5 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand;
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
 We by faith behold our own. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

Bartwell. 6666.83.

REV. J. DARWELL.



Who is this King of glory?—Psa. xxiv. 10.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>164 GOD is gone up on high,
 With a triumphant noise :
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim the angelic joys.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.</p> <p>2 God in the flesh below,
 For us He reigns above :
 Let all the nations know
 Our Jesus' conquering love.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.</p> <p>3 All power to our great Lord
 Is by the Father given :
 By angel-hosts adored,
 He reigns supreme in heaven.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.</p> | <p>4 High on His holy seat,
 He bears the righteous sway ;
 His foes beneath His feet
 Shall sink and die away :
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.</p> <p>5 His foes and ours are one,
 Satan, the world, and sin ;
 But He shall tread them down,
 And bring His kingdom in.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.</p> <p>6 Till all the earth, renewed
 In righteousness divine,
 With all the hosts of God
 In one great chorus join.
 Join, all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

C. WESLEY.

St. John's College. C.M. G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.



I go to prepare a place for you.—John xiv. 2.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>f165 THE golden gates are lifted up,
 The doors are opened wide,
 The King of glory is gone in
 Unto His Father's side.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
 To make for us a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon Thy face.</p> <p>3 And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,</p> | <p>A light still breaks behind the cloud,
 That veiled Thee from our eyes.</p> <p><i>cr</i> 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds :
 Let Thy dear grace be given,
 That while we wander here below,
 Our treasure be in heaven.</p> <p>5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love may be ;
 Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee. Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Ascension. S.M.D.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

They looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up.—Acts i. 10.

- f 166** **THOU** art gone up on high;
 To mansions in the skies;
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise:
dim. But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed;
cr Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.
- mf 2* Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou didst first come down,
dim Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto Thy crown:
- And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
cr But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.
- f 3** Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky,
 Attendant in Thy train.
- dim* Oh! by Thy saving power
 So make us live and die,
cr That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high! Amen.

E. TOKE.

Hymn. 65.65.65.65.65.

F. R. HAVERGAL.



He ascended up on high.—Eph. iv. 8.

- mf* 167 GOLDEN harps are sounding, Never more to suffer ;
 Angel voices ring, Never more to die ;
 Pearly gates are opened,— Jesus, King of glory,
 Opened for the King. Is gone up on high,
cr Christ the King of glory. *f* All His work is ended, &c.
 Jesus, King of Love,
 Is gone up in triumph
 To His throne above.
 f. All His work is ended,
 Joyfully we sing,
 Jesus hath ascended !
 Glory to our King.
- mf* 2 Praying for His children,
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them His grace ;
 His bright home preparing,
 Faithful ones for you ;
cr Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.
 f All His work is ended, &c.
- mp* 2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
cr Now is crowned with glory
 At His Father's side :

F. R. HAVERGAL.

St. Saviour. O.M.

F. G. BAKER.



Christ . . . over all, God blessed for ever.—Rom. ix. 5.

- mf* 168 O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
 desire, In glorious robes arrayed.
- Redemption's only spring ;
 Creator of the world art Thou,
 Its Saviour and its King.
- dim* 2 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 !
- cr* 3! But now the bonds of death are burst ;
 The ransom has been paid ;
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail,
 Our sinful souls to spare ;
 O may we come before Thy throne,
 And find acceptance there.
- mf* 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
 Our future, great reward ;
 Our only glory may it be
 To glory in the Lord. Amen.

LATIN HYMN, tr. by J. CHANDLER.

FIRST TUNE. **Chanted.** 78.78. Dr. GAUNTLETT.

A-men.

SECOND TUNE. **St. Albans.** 78.78. Dr. GAUNTLETT.

A-men.

Hal - le - lu - jah!
Why seek ye the living among the dead!—Luke xxiv. 5.

<p>f 169 JESUS lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, Death, appal us: Jesus lives! and this we know, Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.</p> <p>2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life immortal: <i>dim</i> This shall calm our trembling breath, <i>f</i> When we pass its gloomy portal.</p> <p><i>f</i> 3 Jesus lives! for us He died; Then alone to Jesus living,</p>	<p>Pure in heart may we abide, Glory to our Saviour giving.</p> <p><i>f</i> 4 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.</p> <p><i>f</i> 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne Far above all power is given; We shall go where He has gone, Rest and reign with Him in heaven. Amen.</p>	<p>C. F. GELLETT, <i>tr.</i> by F. E. COX.</p>
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VI.—HIS INTERCESSION AND REIGN.

Gly. L.M. T. TURTON.



A great High Priest, passed into the heavens.—Heb. iv. 14.

- mf* 170 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who, for men, their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan;—
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- mf* 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part:
He sympathises with our grief,
And, to the sufferer sends relief.
- mf* 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen.
- MICHAEL BRUCE.

Newton Ferns. 87.87.

SAMUEL SMITH.



Jesus Christ; Who is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God.—1 Pet. iii. 21, 22.

- f* 171 **C**HRISt, above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
- mf* 4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
dim Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;—
- 2 Thou art gone, where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.
- cr* 5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee
Owned for evermore as Thine.
- 3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.
- f* 6 Hail! all hail! in Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore. Amen.
- LATIN HYMN OF 7TH CENTURY.

St. Werburg. 88.88.88. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

A-men.

Able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18.

- mp* **172** **W**HEN gathering clouds around *p* 4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
I view, And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies:
 And days are dark and friends are few, *cr* Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
 On Him I lean, who not in vain The sickening anguish of despair,
 Experienced every human pain. Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
cr He sees my wants, allays my fears, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye,
 And counts and treasures up my tears. *p* 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
p 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray, Which covers what was once a friend,
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
 To flee the good I would pursue, Divides me for a little while;
 Or do the sin I would not do; *cr* Thou, Saviour, mark 'st the tears I shed;
cr Still He, who felt temptation's power, For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour. *mp* 6 And oh! when I have safely passed
p 3 If wounded love my bosom swell, Through every conflict but the last:
 Deceived by those I prized too well, *cr* Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 He shall His pitying aid bestow, My dying bed—for Thou hast died;
 Who felt on earth severer woe, *f* Then point to realms of cloudless day,
dim At once betrayed, denied, or fled, And wipe the latest tear away. Amen.
 By those who shared His daily bread.

SIR B. GRANT.

Sudeley. O.M.

DR. STAINER.



But was in all points tempted as we are.—Heb. iv. 15.

- mf* 173 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace *p* 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Of our High Priest above; Poured out His cries and tears :
His heart is made of tenderness, And in His measure feels afresh
And overflows with love. What every member bears.
- p* 2 Touched with a sympathy within, *mf* 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
He knows our feeble frame ; But raise it to a flame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean, The bruised reed He never breaks,
For He has felt the same. Nor scorns the meanest name.
- cr* 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure *f* 6 Then let our humble faith address
The great Redeemer stood, His mercy and His power ;
While Satan's fiery darts He bore, We shall obtain delivering grace
And did resist to blood. In the distressing hour. Amen.

WATTS.

Croyland. 888.6.

DR. GAUNTELET.



An Advocate with the Father.—1 John ii. 1.

- mf* 174 **O** THOU, the contrite sinners' 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Friend, Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end, *cr* Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
On this alone my hopes depend— And plead, oh, plead for me.
dim That Thou wilt plead for me.
- mf* 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
dim Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- p* 3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
cr Oh, say, Thou plead'st for me. Amen.
- pp* 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say, Thou hast washed them all away:
cr Oh, say, Thou plead'st for me. Amen.

CHARLOTTE MILBURN.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

FIRST TUNE.

Kaphbach. 10.6.10.8.

Dolomite Chant.

Musical score for 'Kaphbach' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Langdon. 10.6.10.8.

R. LANGDON, M.B.

Musical score for 'Langdon' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the staff.

Yet a little while, and the world hath Me no more; but ye see Me.—John xiv. 19.

- mf* 175 EYE hath not seen Thy glory: 3 Thou livest in us: from the tomb of
 Thou alone earth
 The path of light hast trod; To heaven with Thee we rise,
 And in Thy kingdom, on the Father's throne And through the portals of our second
 throne Attain the eternal prize. [birth
 Thou reignest, Son of God.
- f* 4 The door in heaven is opened: Jesus,
 Lord,
 2 Yet Thou abidest with us, King of kings; The crown is on Thy brow;
 Thy loveliness we see; Amid the immortal hosts of light adored,
 And through the hallowed veil of earthly things In glory dwellest Thou. Amen.
 Hold communing with Thee. E. W. EDDIS.

FIRST TUNE.

Salzburg. 87.87.87.87.

MOZART.

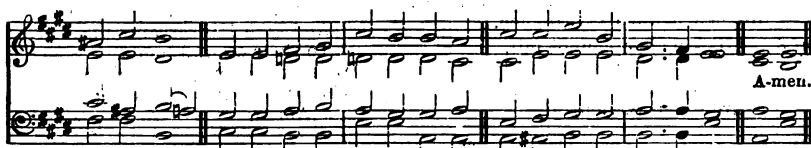
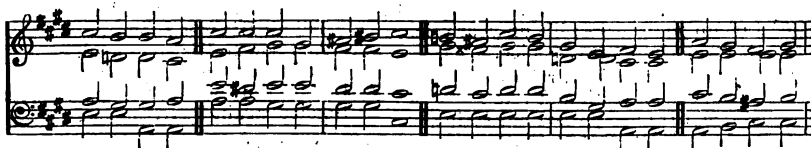
Musical score for 'Salzburg' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system concludes with a double bar line.



SECOND TUNE.

St. Hilda. 87.87.87.87.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



Christ our Passover.—1 Cor. v. 7.

mf 176 HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus, *f* 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 Hail! Thou Galilean King; There for ever to abide;
 Thou didst suffer to release us; All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
 Thou didst free salvation bring. Seated at Thy Father's side;
dim Hail! Thou agonising Saviour, There for sinners Thou art pleading;
 Bearer of our sin and shame, There Thou dost our place prepare;
 By Thy merits we find favour; Ever for us interceding,
 Life is given through Thy name. Till in glory we appear.

mf 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, *ff* 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 All our sins on Thee were laid: Thou art worthy to receive:
 By Almighty love anointed, Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Thou hast full atonement made. Meet it is for us to give:
 All Thy people are forgiven, Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Through the virtue of Thy blood; Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Opened is the gate of heaven, Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God. Help to chant Immanuel's praise.
 Amen.

JOHN BAKWELL.

Gospel. 6666.88.

HANDEL.

Musical score for Handel's 'Gospel'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A-men.' written below the bass line.

Org.
Zion, behold thy King cometh to thee.—Zech. ix. 9.

- mf* 177 REJOICE, the Lord is King: *f* Lift up your hearts; lift up your voice;
Your Lord and King adore: Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
Mortals, give thanks and sing, *mf* 4 He sits at God's right hand
And triumph evermore. Till all His foes submit,
Lift up your hearts; lift up your voice; And bow to His command,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. And fall beneath His feet.
- mf* 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns, *f* Lift up your hearts; lift up your voice;
The God of truth and love; Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
When He had purged our stains, He took His seat above.
- f* Lift up your hearts; lift up your voice: *mf* 5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
- mf* 8 His kingdom cannot fail, *f* We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
He rules o'er earth and heaven: The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given. Amen. C. WESLEY.

Corona. S.M.D.

HENRY SMART.

Musical score for Henry Smart's 'Corona'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with the text 'A-men.' written below the bass line.

And on His head, were many crowns.—Rev. xix. 12.

- 178** **C**ROWN Him with many crowns, *mf* & Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
 The Lamb upon His throne; Whose power a sceptre sways
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns From pole to pole, that war may cease
 All music but its own. And all be love and praise.
 Awake my soul and sing *f* His reign shall know no end;
 Of Him who died for thee, And round His piercéd feet
 And hail Him as thy glorious King, Fair flowers of Paradise extend
 Through all eternity. Their fragrance ever sweet.
- 2** Crown Him the Son of God
 Before the worlds began,
 And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
 Crown Him the Son of Man,
dim Who every grief hath known
 That wrings the human breast,
 And takes and bears them for His own,
 That all in Him may rest.
- f* **3** Crown Him the Lord of Life!
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,
 And rose victorious in the strife
 For those He came to save;
 His glories now we sing,
 Who died, and rose on high;
 Who died—eternal life to bring,
 And lives, that death may die.
- ff* **6** Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above,
 Crown Him, the King to whom is given
 The wondrous name of Love.
 Crown Him with many crowns
 As thrones before Him fall,
 Crown Him ye powers of earth and heaven,
 For He is God of all. Amen.

M. BRIDGES AND G. THRING.

Miles' Lane. C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.

He is Lord of all.—Acts x. 36.

- 179** **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' *dim* **4** Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
 name! The wormwood and the gall,
 Let angels prostrate fall. Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
- mf* **2** Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call:
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3** Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- f* **5** Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- ff* **6** O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

E. FERRONETT.

Haran. 87.87.87.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.

The four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.—Rev. v. 8.

- f** 180 COME, ye faithful, raise the 4 High on yon celestial mountains
 anthem, Stands His sapphire throne, all bright,
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise; Midst unending hallelujahs
 Sing to Him Who found the ransom, Bursting from the sons of light;
 Ancient of eternal days, Sion's people tell His praises,
 God of God, the Word Incarnate, Victor after hard-won fight.
 Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.
- mf** 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains, **mf** 5 Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
 Formed the seas, or built the sky, Sweep the string and pour the lay;
 Love eternal, free, and boundless, Let the earth proclaim His wonders
dim Moved the Lord of life to die. King of that celestial day;
 Fore-ordained the Prince of princes, He the Lamb once slain is worthy,
 For the throne of Calvary. Who was dead, and lives for aye.
- 8 There, for us and our redemption, **f** 6 Trust Him, then, ye fainting pilgrims;
 See Him all His life-blood pour: Who shall pluck you from His hand?
cr There He wins our full salvation, Pledged He stands for your salvation,
 Dies that we may die no more; Pledged to give the promised land;—
f Then, arising, lives for ever, O that we among the ransomed,
 Reigning where He was before. Round His throne may one day stand.
 Amen.

J. HUPTON, *alt.* by J. M. NEALE.

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

- f** 181 GLORY be to Him Who loved us, 3 Glory to the King of angels,
 Washed us from each sinful Glory to the Church's King,
 stain; Glory to the King of nations,
 Glory be to Him Who made us Heaven and earth His praises sing:
 Priests and kings with Him to reign; Glory ever and for ever
 Glory, worship, laud and blessing To the King of Glory bring.
- ff** 2 "Glory, worship, laud and blessing,"— 4 Glory be to Thee, O Father,
 Thus the choir triumphant sings; Glory be to Thee, O Son,
 "Honour, riches, power, dominion," Glory be to Thee, O Spirit:
 Thus its praise creation brings; Glory be to God alone,
 Thou art worthy, Thou art worthy, As it was, is now, and shall be
 Lord of lords, and King of kings. While the endless ages run. Amen.

Adapted from H. BONAR.

Edina. 65.65.65.65. Sir HERBERT S. OAKLEY,
Mus. Doc.,

FIRST TUNE.

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow.—Phil. ii. 10.

mf **182** **A** ^T the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
cr Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now:
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the Mighty Word.

f **2** At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the Angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and Dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly Orders,
In their great array.

dim **3** Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
cr Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed :

f **4** Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height ;

To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

5 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
Strong your love as death,
dim But with awe and wonder,
And with 'bated breath ;
cr He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

mf **6** In your hearts enthrone Him ;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true ;
cr Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let His will unfold you
In its light and power.

f **7** Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His Angel train ;
ff For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now. Amen.

The Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven.—Matt. xxiv. 30.

- 184** THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder;
dim And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretched in fear and wonder;
cr Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And at His left hand, and His right,
 The rocks were rent asunder.
- mp* 2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
 In nature's hour of danger;
- f* 3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated;
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.
 Amen. HEBER.

Mannheim. 87.87.47.

German Chorale.

I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you.—John xiv. 18.

- mf* **185** JESUS came—the heavens adoring— Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Came with peace from realms on Now the gate of death is riven.
 Jesus came for man's redemption, [high;
 Lowly came on earth to die; *mf* 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
 Came in deep humility. Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Cheering e'en our failing years.
- dim* 2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
 When our hearts are bowed with care; *f* Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Jesus comes again in answer To an earnest heart-felt prayer;
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Comes to save us from despair.
- f* 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
 Bringing news of sins forgiven;
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
 Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
- f* 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the heavens shall pass away;
 Jesus comes again in glory;
 Let us then our homage pay;
 Hallelujah! ever singing,
 Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.
 GODFREY THRING.

Rockingham. L.M.

Dr. MILLER, 1787.

Musical score for 'Rockingham' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

A little while and ye shall see Me.—John xvi. 16.

- mp* 186 "A LITTLE while—" our Lord 8 "A little while,"—'twill soon be past;
 shall come, Why should we shun the needful cross?
 And we shall wander here no more; O let us in His footsteps haste,
 He'll take us to our Father's home, Counting for Him all else but loss.
 Where He for us has gone before.
- cr* 2 "A little while,"—He'll come again, *mf* 4 "A little while,"—come, Saviour, come!
 Let us the precious hours redeem, For Thee Thy Church has tarried long,
 Our only grief to give Him pain, Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
 Our only joy to follow Him. To sing the new eternal song. Amen.

Veni Emmanuel. 88.88 88.

Melody of the 12th Century.

Musical score for 'Veni Emmanuel' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

To be sung in unison, melody only.

The Redeemer shall come to Zion.—Isa. lx. 20.

- mf* 187 **O COME, O come, Emmanuel,** *ff* Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
 . And ransom captive Israel, Shall come to thee, O Israel!
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear. *mf* 4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
 And open wide our heavenly home;
ff Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel Make safe the way that leads on high,
 Shall come to thee, O Israel! And close the path to misery.
mf 2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free *ff* Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny; Shall come to thee, O Israel!
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave. *mf* 5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
ff Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel In ancient times didst give the law,
 Shall come to thee, O Israel! In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
mf 3 O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer *ff* Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
 Our spirits by Thine advent here; Shall come to Thee, O Israel! Amen.
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight. *Tr. from LATIN by J. M. NEALE.*

Luther. 87.87.887.

Klug's Gesangbuch, 1543.
 Adapted by LUTHER.

And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it.—Rev. xx. 11.

- mf* 188 **GREAT God, what do I see and** No gloomy fears their souls dismay:
 hear? His presence sheds eternal day
 The end of things created! On those prepared to meet Him.
cr Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated! 3 Great God, what do I see and hear?
ff The trumpet sounds; the graves restore The end of things created!
 The dead which they contained before: *cr* Behold the Judge of man appear,
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him. On clouds of glory seated!
mf 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise, *dim* Beneath His cross I view the day
 At the last trumpet's sounding; When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies, And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.
 With joy their Lord surrounding: RINGWALD AND COLLYER.

Cannons. L.M.

HANDEL.

When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven.—2 Thess. i. 7.

f 189 THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake:

The hills their fixed seats forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

dim 2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,—

p A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

f 3 The Lord will come! a glorious form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,

On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of all mankind.

dim 4 Can this be He, once wont to stray,
A Pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene,—the Crucified?

5 While sinners, in despair, shall call,—
Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!

f The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing,—The Lord is come!
Amen.

HEBER.

St. Peter's, Westminster. 87.87.47.

J. TURLE.

Behold, He cometh with clouds.—Rev. i. 7.

- mf* 190 **L**O! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train:
 Hallelujah!
 God appears on earth to reign.
- dim* 2 Every eye shall then behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold
 Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
pp Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- mp* 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away:
- All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day:—
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment, come away!
- mf* 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See, in solemn pomp appear;
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.
- f* 5 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
 O come quickly,
ff Thou shalt reign and Thou alone.
 Amen. C. WESLEY and J. OBENICK.

Southwell. S.M.

DENHAM'S Psalter, 1588.



Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is.—Mark xiii. 33.

- mp* 191 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead, *dim* 5 To sober earthly joys,
 Before whose bar severe
 To quicken holy fears,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 For ever let the Archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears;
 We all shall soon appear;
- cr* 2 Our wakened souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care
 And stir us up to pray:
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,
 The awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down.
- mf* 4 The immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train;
 With all Thy glorious grace.
- 6 The solemn midnight cry,
cr "Ye dead, the Judge is come!
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"
- mp* 7 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to His word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord.
- mf* 8 O may we thus insure
 Our lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment, to secure
 An everlasting rest. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Nuremberg. 886.886.

HANS SACHS, 1552.

The sheep on His right hand.—Matt. xxv. 33.

- mp* 192 **W**HEN Thou, my righteous or 3 Prevent it, Saviour, by Thy grace :
 Judge, shalt come Be Thou my only hiding-place,
 To fetch Thy ransomed people home, In this the accepted day,
 Shall I among them stand? Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 Shall such a worthless worm as I, To still my unbelieving fear ;
 Who sometimes am afraid to die, Nor let me fall, I pray.
- mf* 4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
 And see Thy smiling face : [sound,
f Then with what rapture shall I sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace. Amen.
- cr* 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all :
dim But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What! if my name should be left out,
 When Thou for them shalt call?
- SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

The Son of Man coming in the clouds.—Matt. xxiii. 26.

- mp* 193 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty! *cr* 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 To Thee, against myself, to And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 A worm of earth, I cry ; [Thee, Eternal things impress ;
 A half-awakened child of man, Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain, And tremble on the brink of fate,
 A sinner, born to die. And wake to righteousness.
- p* 2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Secure, insensible ;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- mp* 4 Before me place, in dread array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When Thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great business here, With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure :
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- f* 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above :
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Beberley Minster. 87.887.77.77.

ERSKINE ALLON.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is written in a common time signature. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the marking 'A-men.'.

swavey & come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.

- 194** THOU art coming, O my Saviour, *cr* Showing not Thy death alone,
Thou art coming, O my King, And Thy love exceeding great,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent, But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
In Thy glory all-transcendent ; All for which we long and wait.
- dim* Well may we rejoice and sing ;
dim Coming! In the opening east *mf* 4 Thou art coming ; we are waiting
Herald brightness slowly swells With a hope that cannot fail,
Coming! O my glorious Priest, Asking not the day or hour,
Hear we not Thy golden bells, Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
- mf* 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming ; *dim* Time appointed may be long,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way, But the vision must be sure ;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, *cr* Certainty shall make us strong,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee, Joyful patience can endure.
- All our hearts could never say ;
What an anthem that will be
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feat.
- mf* 3 Thou art coming ; at Thy table *f* 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
We are witnessing for this : Thee, my own beloved Lord !
While remembering hearts Thou meetest Every tongue Thy name confessing,
In communion clearest, sweetest, Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Earnest of our coming bliss ; Unto earth's remotest end Brought to Thee with one accord ;
Glorified, adored, and owned !
Amen. F. R. HAVERGAL.

Sleepers Wake. 898.898.664.88.

PHILIP NICOLAI, d. 1668.
Harm. by MENDELSSOHN.

Go ye out to meet Him.—Matt. xxv. 6.

mf 195 "WAKE, awake! for night is flying,"

The watchmen on the heights are crying;

f Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:

Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take:
Hallelujah!

And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

mf 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;

cr She wakes, she rises from her gloom.
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her star is risen, her light is come!

Ah, come, Thou blessèd Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,

Hallelujah!

We follow till the halls we see,
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

f 3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;

Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear

What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally. Amen.

NICOLAI, *tr.* by C. WINKWORTH.

Advent. 46.64.64.64.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.—Matt. xxv. 6.

<p>f 196 THE Bridegroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep forsake. The marriage day has come; Lift up thy head: Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.</p>	<p>f 2 Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; Arise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet. Sing the new song, Thy triumph has begun; Thy tears are washed away, Thy night is done. Amen.</p>
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H. BONAR.

Abbotsford. L.M.

The day of wrath.—Rom. ii. 5.

<p>mf 197 THAT day of wrath, that dread- ful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away, What power shall be the sinner's stay? <i>dim</i> How shall he meet that dreadful day?</p>	<p>ff When louder yet, and yet more dread, Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;</p>
<p>cr 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll, The flaming heavens together roll:</p>	<p>p 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, <i>dim</i> Though heaven and earth shall pass away, Amen.</p>

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Greenland. 76.76.76.76.

Lausanne Psalter.
Alt. by Dr. RIMBAULT.

Musical score for 'Greenland' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system ends with 'A-men.' and a final cadence.

He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe.—2 Thess. i. 10.

- mf* 198 **R**EJOICE, all ye believers, *mf* 3 Ye saints, who here in patience
 And let your lights appear; Your cross and sufferings bore,
 The evening is advancing, Shall live and reign for ever,
 And darker night is near. When sorrow is no more.
 The Bridegroom is arising, Around the throne of glory,
 And soon He will draw nigh; The Lamb ye shall behold,
f Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle, In triumph cast before Him
 At midnight comes the cry! Your diadems of gold.
- mf* 2 See that your lamps are burning, *mf* 4 Our hope and expectation,
 Replenish them with oil, O Jesus! now appear;
 And wait for your salvation, *cr* Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
 The end of earthly toil. O'er this benighted sphere!
 The watchers on the mountain *f* With hearts and hands uplifted,
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near, We plead, O Lord, to see
f Go, meet Him as He cometh The day of earth's redemption,
 With hallelujahs clear. That brings us unto Thee! Amen.
- LAURENTI, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.

Bonar. S.M.D.

C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Bonar' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system also has a repeat sign.



Come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.

mp 199 THE Church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see
 And still in loneliness she waits
 A friendless stranger she,
 Age after age has gone,
 Sun after sun has set,
 And still in weeds of widowhood,
 She weeps, a mourner yet.
cr Come, then, Lord Jesus, come.

mp 2 Saint after saint on earth,
 Has lived, and loved, and died;
 And as they left us, one by one,
 We laid them side by side,
 We laid them down to sleep,

cr But not in hope forlorn,
 We laid them but to ripen there,
 Till the last glorious morn.
 Come, then, Lord Jesus, come.

mp 3 The whole creation groans,
 And waits to hear the voice
 That shall restore her comeliness,
 And make her wastes rejoice.
mf Come, Lord, and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain,
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.

cr Come, then, Lord Jesus, come.
 Amen. H. BONAR.

St. Helena. s.m.



Why is His chariot so long in coming?—Judges v. 23.

mf 200 COME, Lord, and tarry not;
 Bring the long-looked-for day!
 Oh! why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
 Daily ascends their sigh:
 The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
 Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for the corn is ripe,
 Put in Thy sickle now;
 Reap the great harvest of the earth,
 Sower and reaper Thou!

f 4 Come in Thy glorious might,
 Come with the iron rod,
 Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
 Most mighty Son of God!

mf 5 Come, and make all things new,
 Build up this ruined earth;
 Restore our faded Paradise,—
 Creation's second birth.

f 6 Come, and begin Thy reign
 Of everlasting peace;
 Come take the kingdom to Thyself,
 Great King of Righteousness.

Amen. H. BONAR.

Gravely.
Vers. 1 to 14.

Diex Træ. 888. D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day.—2 Tim. i. 18.

- mp* 201 DAY of wrath! O day of mourning! *f* 8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
See! once more the cross returning— *dim* Fount of pity! then befriend us.
Heaven and earth in ashes burning! *mf* 9 Think, kind Jesu—my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
f 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from heaven the Judge descendeth, *dim* Leave me not to reprobation!
On whose sentence all dependeth! *p* 10 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth, On the cross of suffering bought me;—
All before the throne it bringeth! Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- f* 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking— *mf* 11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
All creation is awaking, Grant Thy gift of absolution,
To its Judge an answer making! Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion!
- mf* 5 Lo! the book exactly worded, *p* 12 Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,
Wherein all hath been recorded;— All my shame with anguish owning;
Thence shall judgment be awarded. Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth, *cr* 13 Thou the sinful woman savest—
And each hidden deed arraigneth, Thou the dying thief forgavest—
Nothing unavenged remaineth. And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- p* 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading? *p* 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Who for me be interceding, Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
When the just are mercy needing? *cr* Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy fa-voured sheep O place me! Nor a - mong the goats a - base me;

HIS SECOND COMING.

rall. *f*

But to Thy right hand up - raise me. While the wick - ed are con-found-ed,

ff *pp* *ritard.*

Doomed to flames of woe un - bound-ed, Call me! with Thy saints sur-round - ed.

p

Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion; See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion-

p *f* *p*

Help me in my last con - di-tion! Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing!

cres. *f* *ff*

From the dust of earth re-tur-n-ing, Man for judg-ment must pre-pare him;-

dim. *pp*

Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him! Lord, all pity-ing

cres. *dim.* *pp*

Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - - - nal rest. A - men.

Caton. 88.88.88.

Z. WYVILL.

Surely I come quickly.—Rev. xxii. 20.

- mf* 202 **O QUICKLY** come, dread Judge *mf* 3 **O** quickly come, true Life of all ;
of all : *p* For death is mighty all around ;
For, awful though Thine advent be, On every homie his shadows fall,
All shadows from the truth will fall, On every heart his mark is found ;
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee. *cr* **O** quickly come ; for grief and pain
O quickly come ! for doubt and fear Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.
- f* 4 **O** quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
Reign all around us, and within ;
And weakly souls begin to fall
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
With weary watching for the day ;
Let pain and sorrow die with sin ; *cr* **O** quickly come : for round Thy throne
O quickly come : for Thou alone No eye is blind, no night is known
Canst make Thy scattered people one. Amen. L. TUTTIETT.

Waltham (Braylesford). 87.87.47.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



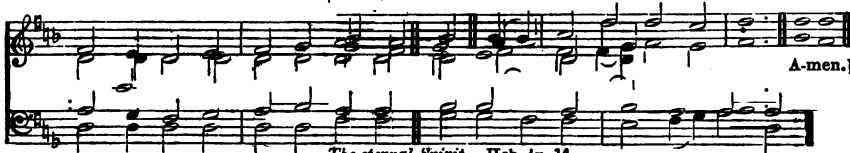
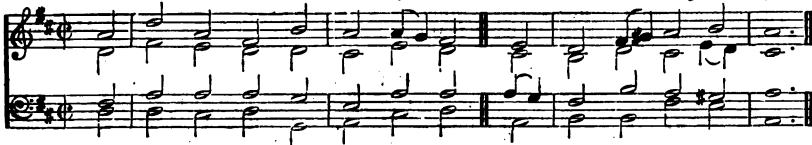
Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time, without sin unto salvation. — Heb. ix. 28.

- mf* 203 CHRIST is coming! let creation
 FROM her groans and travail
 Let the glorious proclamation [cease; *cr* But, in heavenly vestures shining,
 Hope restore, and faith increase; Soon they shall Thy glory see;
 Christ is coming! Christ is coming;
 Come! Thou blessed Prince of Peace. Haste the joyous jubilee.
- mp* 2 Earth can now but tell the story *f* 4 With that blessed hope before us,
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain; Let no harp remain unstrung;
cr We shall yet behold Thy glory, Let the mighty advent-chorus
 When Thou comest back to reign; Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
 Christ is coming! Christ is coming!
 Let each heart repeat the strain. Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
 Amen. R. MACDUFF.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Devonshire. C.M.

JOHANN G. FRECH.
 Württemberger Gesangbuch



The eternal Spirit. — Heb. ix. 14.

- mf* 204 ETERNAL Spirit! by whose
 power
 Are burst the bands of death,
 On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower
 Revive them with Thy breath.
- 2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
 Each rising fear control,
 And, with a warm, enlivening ray,
 To melt the icy soul;
- 3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distressed,
 To raise us when we fall;
- To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
 And aid when sinners call:
- 4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,
 And write it in each heart;
 There its reviving truths record,
 And there its peace impart.
- f* 5 Almighty Spirit! visit thus
 Our hearts, and guide our ways:
 Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
 And tune our lips to praise. Amen.
 BATHURST.

St. Guthbert. 86.84.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

A - men.

If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.—John xvi. 7.

- mp* 205 O UR blest Redeemer, ere He cr 4 And every virtue we possess,
 breathed
 His tender, last farewell, And every conquest won,
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed, And every thought of holiness,
 With us to dwell. Are His alone.
- cr* 2 He came sweet influence to impart, *mp* 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 A gracious, willing Guest, Our weakness, pitying, see:
 While He can find one humble heart *cr* O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 Wherein to rest. And worthier Thee.
- mp* 3 And His that gentle voice we hear, *f* 6 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
 Soft as the breath of even, Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
 That checks each thought, that calms All praise to God, the Three in One,
 And speaks of heaven. [each fear, The One in Three. Amen.
- H. AUERER.

Veni Creator. 88.88.88.

T. ATWOOD.

A - men.

* Dotted slurs for last two lines of last verse only.

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.—John xiv. 26.

- mf* 206 **C**OME, 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;
 2 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight:
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of Thy grace;
- Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can
 come.
 3 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 unending song:
f Praise be to Thy eternal merit,
 Thou Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
 Amen.
Tr., COSINS' DEVOTIONS, 1627.

St. David. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Whole Book of Psalms*,
 1621; modified by PLAYFORD, 1671.

The promise of the Father.—Acts i. 4.

- mf* 207 **E**NTHRONED on high, Almighty
 Lord,
 The Holy Ghost send down;
 Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
 And all Thy mercies crown.
 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
 Their wondrous powers impart,
 Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
 Thy Spirit in our heart.
 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
 Thy heavenly influence give;
- Quicken our souls, born from above,
 In Christ that we may live.
 4 To our benighted minds reveal
 The glories of His grace:
 And bring us where no clouds conceal
 The brightness of His face.
 5 His love within us shed abroad,
 Life's ever-springing well;
f Till God in us, and we in God,
 In love eternal dwell. Amen.
 HAWEIS.

The Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the Word.—Acts x. 44.

- mf* 208 **G**REAT Father of each perfect
 gift,
 Behold Thy servants wait!
 With longing eyes and lifted hands,
 We flock around Thy gate.
 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To bless our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
 3 With speedy flight may He descend,
 And solid comfort bring,
- And o'er our languid souls extend
 His all-reviving wing.
 4 Blast earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven,
 And bear with energy divine
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
 5 Diffuse, O God, those copious showers,
 That earth its fruit may yield,
 And change this barren wilderness
 To Carmel's flowery field. Amen.
 DODDRIDGE.

Carey. 88.88.88.

H. CAREY, 1730.

Ye are sanctified . . . by the Spirit.—1 Cor. vi. 11.

- mf* 209 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first
were laid,
- dim* Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- f* 2 Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth
command,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.
- ff* 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.
- CHARLEMAGNE, *tr.* by DRYDEN.

Tallis. C.M.

T. TALLIS.

They spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 Pet. i. 21.

- f** 210 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts *mp* 8 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
 inspire ;
 Let us Thine influence prove,
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of light and love.
- mf* 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee.
 The prophets wrote and spoke ;
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
 Unseal the sacred book.
- f* 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
 If Thou within us shine,
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,
 The depths of love divine. Amen.
- C. WESLEY.

The Spirit like a dove descending.—Mark i. 10.

- mp* 211 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly
 Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- dim* 2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys :
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
- Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- cr* 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great ?
- mf* 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.
- Amen. WATTS.

Shalom. 777.5.

C. C. SCHOLFIELD.

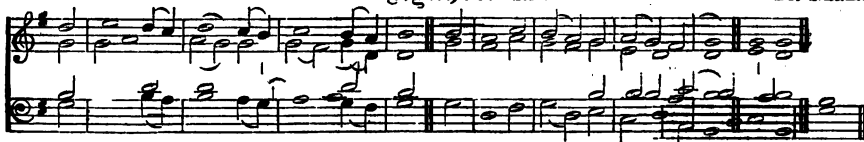


The greatest of these is charity —1 Cor. xiii. 13.

- mf* 212 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost ;
 Taught by Thee, we covet most
 Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
 Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Love is kind and suffers long,
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
 Love than death itself more strong :
 Therefore give us love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day ;
 Love will ever with us stay :
 Therefore give us love.
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight ;
 Hope be emptied in delight ;
 Love in heaven will shine more bright :
 Therefore give us love.
- 5 Faith and hope and love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree ;
cr But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is love.
- mp* 6 From the overshadowing
 Of Thy gold and silver wing,
 Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
 Holy, heavenly love. Amen.
- C. WORDSWORTH.

Agnus. S.M.

Dr. NARES.



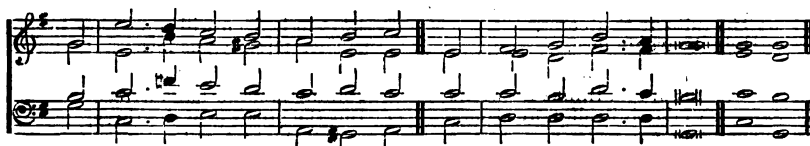
They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts ii. 4.

- | | | | |
|--------------|--|-------------|--|
| f 213 | L ORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power. | 4 | T he young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love. |
| mf 2 | We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace. | mp 5 | S pirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day. |
| f 3 | L ike mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind ;
One soul, one feeling breathe. | mf 6 | S pirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide.
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified. Amen. |

MONTGOMERY.

Ave Precessit. C.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—Rom. viii. 9.

- | | | | |
|---------------|--|---|--|
| mf 214 | S PIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
<i>O Come—Great Spirit—Come!</i> | 2 | C ome as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go. |
|---------------|--|---|--|

- 3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts And let Thy church on earth become
 Like sacrificial flame ; Blest as the church above.
- Let our whole soul an offering be *f* 6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
 To our Redeemer's name. And Pentecostal grace ;
- mp* 4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless That all of woman born may see
 This consecrated hour ; The glory of Thy face.
- May barrenness rejoice to own *mf* 7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
 Thy fertilizing power. Make a lost world Thy home ;
- 5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings, *f* Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
 The wings of peaceful love ; O come—Great Spirit—come! Amen.
- A. REED.

The Spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.—2 Tim. i. 7.

- mf* 215 SPIRIT of Wisdom ! guide Temptation let them put to flight,
 Thine own, And banish hell's alarms.
- Who make Thee now their choice, *mf* 5 Spirit of Knowledge! whose deep things
 That they may never walk alone, Are now but darkly shown !
 But hear Thy heavenly voice. Lead them on resurrection wings,
 To know as they are known.
- 2 Spirit of Understanding ! Light 6 Spirit of Godliness ! unfold
 That this world never saw ! The joys of heavenly grace ;
 Open their eyes to see aright Give peace on earth—the bliss untold
 The wonders of Thy law. Of saints who see Thy face.
- 3 Spirit of Counsel ! 'neath the cloud 7 Spirit of Holy Fear ! inspire
 Of sorrow and dismay, Dread reverence of Thy name ;
 Cheer Thou their souls with anguish That we, with the celestial choir,
 And chase all doubt away. [*bowed*, May praise Thee without blame.
- f* 4 Spirit of Strength ! infuse Thy might, Amen. J. H. BUTTERWORTH.
- Nerve Thy young soldiers' arms ;

Hymn. 777.8.

JOHN HATTON.



He shall give you another Comforter.—John xiv. 16.

- mp* 216 IN the hour of my distress, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 When temptations me oppress, Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- And when I my sins confess, *mp* 4 When the tempter me pursueth
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me. With the sins of all my youth,
 And reproves me for untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- 2 When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart and sick in head,
 And with doubts discomforted,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
- mf* 5 When the judgment is revealed,
 And that opened which was sealed ;
 When to Thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me. Amen.
- 3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
- B. HERRICK.

Rabensworth. 777.5.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

He shall give you another Comforter.—John xiv. 16.

- mf* 217 COME to our poornature's night,
 With Thy blessed inward
 Holy Ghost, the Infinite; [light,
p Comforter Divine.
- 2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
 Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
 Lost,—until by Thee restored,
p Comforter Divine.
- 3 Orphans are our souls, and poor;
 Give us from Thy heavenly store,
 Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
p Comforter Divine.
- mf* 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,
 Things of Christ unfolding still,
p Comforter Divine.
- 5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
 Make Thy temple in each breast—
- There Thy presence be confessed;
 Comforter Divine.
- 6 In us, for us, intercede,
 And with voiceless groanings plead
 Our unutterable need,
 Comforter Divine.
- mf* 7 Dwell in us as in the Son,
 With His Father ever one
 In adoring union;
p Comforter Divine.
- cr* 8 In us, Abba, Father, cry;
 Earnest of our bliss on high;
 Seal of immortality;
p Comforter Divine.
- mf* 9 Search for us the depths of God;
 Upwards, by the starry road
f Bear us to Thy high abode;
 Comforter Divine. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

Fairfield. S.M.D.

P. LA TROBE.



The Spirit of Truth.—John xiv. 17.

- mf* **218** SPIRIT of Truth, come down ;
 Reveal the things of God ;
 And make to us the Saviour known ; *f*
 Apply His precious blood.
 His merits glorify,
 That each may clearly see,
 Jesus, who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.
- mf* 3 O that the world might know
 The sin-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of His name :
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart ;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart. Amen.
- 2 No man can truly say,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless Thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word :
- C. WESLEY.

Franconia. S.M.

Lutheran Melody.



The Spirit of Wisdom and Revelation in the knowledge of Him.—Eph. i. 17.

- mf* **219** COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
 Let Thy bright beams arise ;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open all our eyes.
- p* 2 Convince us of our sin :
 Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
- cr* And to our wondering view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- mf* 3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
- And kindle in our breast the flame
 Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life through every part,
 And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 Then shall we know and praise and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.
- HART.

Westenhanger. S.M.

C. W. POOLE.

He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.—John xx. 22.

- mf* **220** BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
 Fill me with life anew,
 That I may love what Thou dost love,
 And do what Thou wouldst do.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Till I am wholly Thine,
 Till all this earthly part of me
 Glows with Thy fire divine.
- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 Until my heart is pure,
 Until with Thee I will one will,
 To do or to endure.
- 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
 So shall I never die,
 But live with Thee the perfect life
 Of Thine eternity. Amen.

EDWIN HATCH.

Braun. L.M.

BRAUN, 1875.

I will put my Holy Spirit within you.—Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

- p* **221** COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God;
 Remove each vain, and worldly thought,
 And lead me to Thy blessed abode.
- 3 Impress upon my wandering mind
 The love that Christ for sinners bore;
 And give a new, a contrite heart,
 A heart the Saviour to adore.
- cr* *mf* 2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of heavenly fire?
 Oh! kindle now the sacred flame, *dim*
 And make me burn with pure desire.
- 4 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now Thy glory see,
 O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
 And let my spirit rest in Thee. Amen.

JOHN STEWART, 1803.

Pentecost. L.M.

Ancient Plain Song.
Harmony from DUVAL.

He shall teach you all things.—John xiv. 26.

f 222 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy
grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

mf 2 Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.
Amen. WATTS.

Hallel. L.M.

GEORGE HEWS.

Led by the Spirit of God.—Rom. viii. 14.

mf 223 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly
Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God:
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.
S. BROWNE.

Banias. L.M., 8 lines.

MEYER LUTZ.

*Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.—Eph. iv. 30.***224** HOW dare we pray These dwell
within

These hearts defiled by wilful sin?
Yet, Holy Ghost, do not depart,
Leave not to earth our earthly heart;
And if Thou seest us erring still,
O bend to Thine our stubborn will,
And bring us to the fold again
If need, by chastisement and pain.

2 Bring us, by all the powers of sense,
By all the course of providence,
By inmost conscience, not yet dumb,
By all the past, by all to come,
By God's best gifts,—His Son to die,
And Thine our hearts to sanctify;
Bring us, before our sun go down,
To bear the cross, to win the crown.

Amen.

J. KEBLE.

Tiberias. 71.71.71. CONRAD KOCHER. *Zionsharfe*; 1855.

He shall teach you all things.—John xiv. 26.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 225 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be ;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
<i>cr</i> And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak:</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.</p> <p><i>dim</i> 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower,</p> | <p><i>cr</i> In temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be ;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail ;
<i>cr</i> Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be ;
<i>cr</i> Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;</p> <p><i>mf</i> And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.
Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

T. T. LYNCH.

Wimbourne.

76.76.77.76.

C. BARNEKVO.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth.—John vi. 63.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 226 MIGHTY Quickener, Spirit blest,
Who to life didst wake me,
Wilt Thou not become my Guest,
For Thy dwelling take me ?
Evermore in me abide,
To all truth become my Guide,
And for spirits glorified
Meet companion make me.</p> <p>2 Lord, along this earthly way
Thou Thy pilgrim greetest :
To Thy thankful child each day
Thou Thy love repeatest :</p> | <p>Thou dost bid me weep no more,
Thou dost teach my song to soar,
Thou, from Thine exhaustless store,
Giv'st whate'er is meekest.</p> <p>3 Here, while yet my race I run,
Thou wilt never leave me :
Of my Shield and of my Sun
What can e'er bereave me ?</p> <p><i>f</i> There, with all the heirs of grace,
Grant me to behold Thy face ;
To the bliss of Thine embrace
Evermore receive me. Amen.</p> |
|---|--|

T. H. GILL, 1872.

Riel. 77.77.

ANDREAS ROMBERG.

Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.—Gal. v. 16.

- mf* 227 **H**OLY Spirit, Truth Divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy new fire!
- f* 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!
- 4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine!
Ever in my conscience reign,
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, yet ever free.
- mp* 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak and calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquility.
- 6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I'll sing;
Spring, O Well, for ever spring.
Amen. S. LONGFELLOW.

Rosenthal. 87.87.87.

MENDELSSOHN.



Ye are the temple of God.—1 Cor. iii. 16.

mf **228** **H**OLY Ghost! dispel our sadness ; Author of our new creation,
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night, Bid us all Thine influence prove ;
 Come, Thou source of joy and gladness, Make our souls Thy habitation ;
 Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light. Shed abroad the Saviour's love.
 Amen. TOPLADY.

Hermon. 664.6664.

BRAUN, 1875.



Thy Spirit is good ; lead me into the land of uprightness.—Psa. cxliii. 10.

mf **229** **C**OME, Holy Ghost, in love, We know no dawn but Thine,
 Shed on us from above Send forth Thy beams divine,
 Thine own bright ray ; On our dark souls to shine,
 Divinely good Thou art ; And make us blest.
 Thy sacred gifts impart *cr 4* Exalt our low desires,
 To gladden each sad heart : Extinguish passion's fires,
 Oh come to-day ! Heal every wound ;
 Our stubborn spirits bend,
 Our most delightful Guest, Our icy coldness end,
 With soothing power : Our devious steps attend,
 While heavenward bound.
dim Rest, which the weary know : *f 5* Come, all the faithful bless ;
 Shade, 'mid the noontide glow ; Let all who Christ confess,
 Peace ; when deep griefs o'erflow : His praise employ ;
 Cheer us this hour. Give virtue's rich reward,
 Victorious death accord,
 And, with our glorious Lord,
 Eternal joy. Amen.

RAY PALMER.

Pietas. 88.6.

Musical score for 'Pietas. 88.6.' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with 'A - men.' written above the final notes.

I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you.—John xiv. 18.

- mf* 230 **T**o Thee, O Comforter Divine, *mf* 5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown
 For all Thy grace and power By every promise made our own,
f Sing we Hallelujah! [benign, *f* Sing we Hallelujah!
- mf* 2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place *mf* 6 To Thee, our Teacher, and our Friend,
 In God's great covenant of grace, Our faithful Leader to the end,
f Sing we Hallelujah! *f* Sing we Hallelujah!
- mf* 3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win *mf* 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
 The wandering from the ways of sin, Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
f Sing we Hallelujah! *f* Sing we Hallelujah!
- mf* 4 To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal, *f* 8 To Thee, who art with God the Son
 Enlighten, sanctify, and seal, And God the Father ever One,
f Sing we Hallelujah! Sing we Hallelujah. Amen.
- F. R. HAVERGAL, 1876.

 DOXOLOGIES.

Angels. L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Angels. L.M.' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with 'A - men.' written above the final notes.

The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost.—1 John v. 7.

- mf* 231 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
dim Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
dim Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
dim Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
 Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
dim Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
mf Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.
 Amen.
- E. COOPER.

Adoration. 557.557.10.10. CHAS. HANCOCK, Mus. Bac.

The musical score consists of four systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The first three systems end with a double bar line. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and the marking 'A - men.' below the staff.

This is the true God.—1 John v. 20.

- mf* 232 WE praise, we bless Thee,
 Lord, we confess Thee,
 Uncreated God and King;
f Let all creation
 Bring adoration,
 Earth and heaven Thy praises sing.
 Father Eternal, all shall adore Thee:
 Lord God Almighty, all shall implore
 Thee.
- 2 *mf* We praise, we bless Thee,
 Lord, we confess Thee
 Christ, the Son of God most High:
dim Sweet peace from heaven
 Thy death has given;
- Jesus, Lord, to Thee we fly.
f O Word Eternal, all shall adore Thee,
 Saviour Almighty, all shall implore
 Thee.
- 3 *mf* We praise, we bless Thee,
 Lord, we confess Thee,
 Holy Ghost, our gracious Guide;
dim Our sins subduing,
 Our strength renewing,
 Ever in our hearts abide.
- f* Spirit Eternal, all shall adore Thee,
 Lord and Life-giver, all shall implore
 Thee. Amen.
- A. T. RUSSELL.

Incarnation. L. M., 8 lines.

BEETHOVEN.

A-men.

O praise the Lord all ye nations.—Psa. cxvii. 1.

233 FROM all that dwell below the skies, Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
 Let the Creator's praise arise; cr Eternal truth attends Thy word:
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung ff Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Through every land, by every tongue. Amèn. Till suns shall rise and set no more.
WATTS.

Mainzer. L. M.

DR. MAINZER.

A-men.

Our God is the God of salvation.—Psa. lxxviii. 20.

- mf* 234 **B**LEST be the Father and His love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joys above,
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
 From whose dear wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,—
 Pardon and life, for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee, Sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who in our hearts of sin and woe
 Makes living springs of grace arise,
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, we adore:
 Ocean of life and love unknown,
 Unfathomed depth—without a shore.
 Amen. WATTS.

Clebration. 87.87.77.77.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple, hymn-like melody with accompaniment. The final measure of the fourth system is marked 'A. men.'.

Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great.—Rev. xix. 5.

- f 235 **H**EAVENLY Father, all creation
 Shows the wonders of Thy [hand];
 Now accept our adoration,
 Maker of the sea and land.
 Thee the fount of life we own,
 Thee our Maker, Thee alone;
 Hear our prayer; accept the praise,
 We, Thy flock, Thy children, raise.
- 2 Son of God, who didst from heaven
 Come to save our ruined race,
 Who to us Thyself hast given,
 Lord of mercy, truth, and grace;
- 3 Thy redeeming love we sing;
 Lord, to Thee our hearts we bring;
 At Thy call we come to Thee,
 At Thy name we bow the knee.
- 3 Holy Ghost, whose inspiration
 Is of truth and love the spring,
 Bless us with Thy visitation,
 Light and peace and gladness bring.
 Guide us on our heavenward way;
 Keep us, lest we go astray:
 Father, Son, and Spirit pure,
 Ever shall Thy praise endure. Amen.

Cape Town. 777.5.

DR. F. FILITZ.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.—Rev. iv. 8.

mf 236 **THREE** in One, and One in Three, *cr* 3 Light of lights ! when falls the even,
 Ruler of the earth and sea, Let it close on sin forgiven ;
 Hear us, while we lift to Thee *dim* Fold us in the peace of heaven,
 Holy chant and psalm. Shed a holy calm.

2 Light of lights ! with morning, shine ; *mf* 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Lift on us Thy light divine ; Dimly here we worship Thee ;
 And let charity benign *cr* With the saints hereafter we
p Breathe on us her balm. Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

G. ROBINSON.

Damascus. 888.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.—Psa. xxx. 4.

mf 237 **O** GOD of life, whose power benign, 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
 Doth o'er the world in mercy shine, Doth for us heavenly joys prepare,
 Accept our praise, for we are Thine. May we in Thy communion share.

2 O Father, all-creating Lord, 5 Father, protect us here below ;
 Be Thou by every tongue implored, Jesus, Thy mercy may we know ;
 Be Thou by every heart adored. O Holy Ghost, Thy power bestow.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain, 6 O Holy, Blessed Trinity,
 We worship Thee, whose dying pain With faith we sinners bow to Thee,
 For us did endless life regain. In heaven and earth exalted be.

Amen.

A. T. RUSSELL.

Spire. 55.88 55.

ADAM DRESE, 1680.

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

- mf* **238** **F**ATHER, throned on high, 3 Spirit of all grace,
 Thou to us art nigh; Source of holiness,
 With the heavenly hosts before Thee, Who the Saviour's sceptre wieldest,
 We in spirit would adore Thee: And from Satan's vengeance shieldest;
 And with rapture raise 'Tis by Thee we live,
 Hymns of love and praise. Praise to Thee we give.
- 2 O Eternal Word, 4 Had we angel-tongues,
 Our Incarnate Lord; With seraphic songs,
 We to Thee thanksgiving render— Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,
 Thee Thy people's strong Defender, Triune God, we would adore Thee,
 And as Sovereign own In the highest strain,
 None but Thee alone. For the Lamb once slain. Amen.
- NYBERG AND LATROBE.

Verdun. 77.77.*Geistreiches Gesangbuch, 1704.*
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all, Amen.—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- mf* **239** **H**OLY Father! hear my cry; 3 Father, let me taste Thy love;
 Holy Saviour! bend Thine ear; Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
 Holy Spirit! come Thou nigh;— Spirit come, my heart to move;—
 Father, Son, and Spirit, hear! Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
- 2 Father, save me from my sin; *f* 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou,
 Saviour, I Thy mercy crave; One Jehovah, shed abroad
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean;— All Thy grace within me now,—
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save! Be my Father and my God! Amen.
- H. ROSAR.

HUMAN LIFE: ITS FRAILTY AND SIN.

FIRST TUNE.

St. Mary. C.M.

ARCH. PRY'S *Book of Psalms*, 1621.

SECOND TUNE.

Crim. C.M.

Ancient Irish Church.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.—Psa. xc. 1.

mf 240 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

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

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

dim 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone:

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

p 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

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

mf 7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

WATTS.

Burford. C.M.

Attributed to H. PURCELL.

A - men.

By nature the children of wrath.—Eph. ii. 3.

- mp* 243 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!
Oursin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.
- cr* 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- f* 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
- I would believe Thy promise, Lord:
O help my unbelief!
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- dim* 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all. Amen.

WATTS.

THE GOSPEL.

I.—ITS RECORD, THE SCRIPTURES.

Salisbury. C.M.RAVENSCROFT'S
Whole Book of Psalms, 1621.

A - men.

The entrance of Thy word giveth light.—Psa. cxix. 130.

- mf* 244 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
- His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- f* 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- mf* 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
cr Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above. Amen.
- COWPER.

EMMAUZ. C.M.



Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.—Psa. lxxxix. 15.

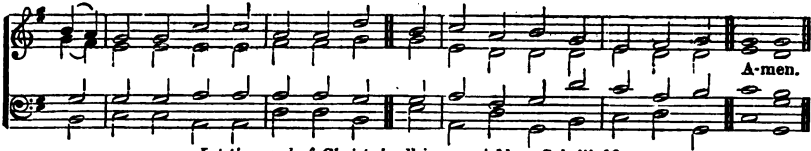
- mf* 245 BEST are the souls that hear
and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
- His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
f Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives. Amen.
- WATTS.

Teach me, O Lord! the way of Thy statutes.—Psa. cxix. 33.

- mf* 246 O THAT the Lord would guide *mf* 4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
my ways
And make my heart sincere;
To keep His statutes still;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
O that my God would grant me grace
But keep my conscience clear.
- 2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- dim* 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- dim* 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.
- f* 6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road,
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God. Amen.
- WATTS.

Braffords. L.M.

J. A. P. SCHULTZ.



Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly.—Col. iii. 16.

- mf* **247** DWELL in me richly, blessed *p* 4 I need thee when my aching heart
word, Is bowed with sorrow, pain, or care;
So wise to teach, so safe to guide; Through thee I may my Saviour's voice,
Come as my counsellor from God, In tones of gentlest comfort, hear.
And evermore with me abide.
- dim* 2 I need thy light, for I am dark,
And prone to go from God astray;
Be thou a lamp unto my feet,
To keep them in the narrow way.
- cr* 3 I need thee when the days are bright,
And earthly things look fair and gay,
To point to treasures in the skies,
That cannot change or fade away.
- f* 5 I need thee when my foes without,
And inward fightings, try me sore,
To tell me of the blessed land
Where conflict shall disturb no more.
- f* 6 And when my happy home I reach,
A gladsome psalm my voice shall raise;
And all thy teachings shall unite
In the new song of thankful praise.
Amen.

Soldau. L.M. German Melody of the 13th Century.



A more sure word of prophecy.—2 Pet. i. 19.

- f* **248** LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.
- 2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well Thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy Thy commands !

Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !

ff 5 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart.
Amen.

WATTS.

Elbet. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Thy word is a light unto my path. — Psa. cxix. 106.

mf 249 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast ;
A light whose ever-cheering ray
Grows brightest at the last.

4 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. Amen.

FAWCETT.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet. — Psa. cxix. 106.

mf 250 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we
trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook, by the traveller's way :

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day :

When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay :

cr 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son :
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won !

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

Amen.

B. BARTON.

Byzantium. C.M.

JACKSON.

Oh how I love Thy law! it is my meditation all the day.—Psa. cxix. 97.

- mf* 251 **L**ORD, I have made Thy word my
 My lasting heritage; [choice,
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
 And keep Thy laws in sight;
 While through the promises I rove,
 With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have;
 It makes our sorrows blest,
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest. Amen. WATTS.

Devonshire. C.M.

JOHANN G. FRECH.
Württemberg Gesangbuch.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.
 Psa. cxix. 9.

- mf* 252 **H**OW shall the young secure
 their hearts
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men that keep Thy law with care,
 And meditate Thy word,
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,
 And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
 I hate the sinner's road;
 I hate mine own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love Thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting Truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.
 Amen. WATTS.

Battishill. 77.77.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.

The holy Scriptures.—2 Tim. iii. 15.

- mf* 253 **H**OLY Bible, book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine:
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come.
And the rebel sinner's doom;
cr Holy Bible, book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.
Amen. BURTON.

Rimbault. 66.66. (Trochee).

G. F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psa. cxix. 105.

- mf* 254 **L**ORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- dim* 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation,
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!
- mf* 6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

Ilfracombe (St. Catherine). 88.88.88.

J. G. WALTON.

Did not our heart burn within us!—Luke xxiv. 32.

mf 255 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit, *mp* **O**ft as I lay me down to rest,
 Thy book be my companion O may Thy reconciling word
 My joy Thy sayings to repeat, [still; Sweetly compose my weary breast!
 Talk o'er the records of Thy will, While on the bosom of my Lord,
cr And search the oracles divine, I sink in blissful dreams away,
 Till every heartfelt word be mine. And visions of eternal day.

mf 2 O may the gracious words divine, *mf* 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Subject of all my converse be; Thee may I publish all day long;
 So will the Lord His follower join, *cr* And let Thy precious word of grace
 And walk, and talk, Himself with me; Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
cr So shall my heart His presence prove, *f* Fill all my life with purest love,
 And burn with everlasting love. And join me to the church above.
 Amen. C. WESLEY.

II—ITS MISSION AND ITS INVITATIONS.

Salisbury. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S
Whole Book of Psalms, 1621.



The grace of God that bringeth salvation.—Titus ii. 11.

mf 256 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound! But we arise by grace divine
 'Tis pleasure to our ears: To see a heavenly day.
 A sovereign balm for every wound;
 A cordial for our fears. *f* 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound. Amen.
 WATTS.

Springfield. 12.11.12 11.

Rev. P. MAURICE, D.D.



Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

mf 257 **O** COME to the merciful Saviour *dim* 3 Have you sinned as none else in the
 who calls you, world have before you?
 O come to the Lord who forgives and Are you blacker than all other crea-
 forgets: tures in guilt?
dim Though dark be the fortune on earth *cr* O fear not! O doubt not! the mother
 that befalls you, who bore you
cr There's a bright home, above where Loves you less than the Saviour
 the sun never sets. whose blood you have spilt!

mf 2 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy *f* 4 O come, then, to Jesus, and say how
 grows brighter you love Him,
 The longer you look at the depth of And swear at His feet you will keep
 His love; in His grace;
 And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's For one tear that's shed by a sinner
 cares grow lighter will move Him,
 As you think of the home and the And your sins will be lost in His
 glory above. tender embrace. Amen.

Penitence.

C. M., with Refrain.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

Let him return unto the Lord.—Isa. lv. 7.

- mf* **258** RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery.
cr Return, return.
- mf* 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
- The Spirit and the Bride say, come:
O now for refuge flee.
cr Return, return,
- dim* 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.
cr Return, return. Amen.

HASTINGS.

St. Magnus.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE.

All things are ready, Come.—Matt. xxii. 4.

- mf* **259** LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- f* 5 Great God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away. Amen.

WATTS.

Franconia. S.M.

Lutheran Melody.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.—Rev. xix. 17.

mp 260 **T**HE Spirit to our hearts *mf* 3 Yes! whosoever will,
 Is whispering,—Sinner, come; O let him freely come,
 The Bride, the Church of Christ pro- And freely drink the stream of life;
 claims 'Tis Jesus bids him come.
 To all His children,—Come. 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
cr 2 Let him that heareth say Declares,—“I quickly come;”
 To all about him,—Come, Lord, even so! I wait Thy hour:
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness, Jesus, my Saviour, come! Amen.

St. George. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

A - men.

How beautiful . . . the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.—Isa. lii. 7.

mf 261 **H**OW beauteous are their feet 4 How blessed are our eyes
 Who stand on Zion's hill! That see this heavenly light!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues, Prophets and kings desired it long,
 And words of peace reveal. But died without the sight.
 2 How charming is their voice! *f* 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 How sweet the tidings are!— And tuneful notes employ;
cr Zion, behold thy Saviour-King; Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 He reigns and triumphs here. And deserts learn the joy.
mf 3 How happy are our ears 6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
 That hear this joyful sound; Through all the earth abroad;
 Which kings and prophets waited for, Let every nation now behold
 And sought, but never found. Their Saviour and their God.
 Amen.

WATTS.

Silsœ. 6666.88.

Dr. GAUNTLEIT.

The trumpet of the jubilee.—Lev. xxv. 9.

- | | | | |
|---------------|--|-------------|--|
| <i>mf</i> 262 | BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
<i>f</i> The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. | <i>mf</i> 4 | Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
<i>f</i> The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. |
| <i>mf</i> 2 | Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim.
<i>f</i> The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. | <i>mf</i> 5 | The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
<i>f</i> The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. |
| <i>mf</i> 3 | Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
<i>f</i> The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. | <i>mf</i> 6 | Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made.
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
<i>f</i> The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
Amen. |

C. WESLEY.

FIRST TUNE.

Vox Dilacti.

C.M., 8 lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

First musical score with piano introduction and vocal entry marked 'cres.' leading to 'A-men.'

SECOND TUNE. **Audite audientex me.** C.M.D. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Voices in Unison.
Organ.

Voices in Harmony.

cres.

A-men.

Of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.—John 1. 16.

- mp 263** I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, *cr* I came to Jesus, and I drank
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down *f* Of that life-giving stream;
 Thy head upon My breast." *f* My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- cr* I came to Jesus as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
f I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- mp 8** I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light,
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise.
 And all thy day be bright."
- cr* I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
f And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.
 Amen.
- mp 2** I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."

H. BONAR.

* First verse only.

Bethsaida. 6.10.6.10.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.—Isa. xliii. 3.

- mf* 264 COME unto Me and rest,
O weary wanderer from the fold of God;
From God the ever blest I come, to bring thee back to His abode.
- 2 Thy wanderings all have been
On toilsome paths, uncheered by hope's sweet ray;
Now on thy Saviour lean,
And I will guide thee in a better way.
- 3 Forsake this desert land,
And all the husks on which thy soul has fed;
- And trust the outstretched hand
That offers thee a feast of living Bread.
- dim* 4 Thou canst not be at rest
Until thou art from guilt and sin set free;
Earth cannot make thee blest;
Come, bring thy weary, burdened heart to Me.
- cr* 5 In Me ye shall have peace,
And, though thy upward path through shadows lie,
Soon shall thy sorrows cease,
mf And thou shalt walk in light with Me on high. Amen. E. F. MORRIS.

Gibraltar. L.M.

C. W. POOLE.

As the Holy Ghost saith,—To-day if ye will hear His voice.—Heb. iii. 7.

- mf* 265 O DO not let the word depart, *dim* 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
And close thine eyes against the light, To bless thy long-deluded sight;
Poor sinner, burden not thine heart; This is the time, O then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?

mf 3 Thy God in pity urges still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-
night?

4 The world has nothing left to give;
No new, no pure, no sure delight,

Try then the life which Christ will give;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-
night?

f 5 His boundless love refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-
night? Amen. MRS. A. REED.

St. Austin. 77.77.77.77.

Moravian Choralbuch.

Turn ye, turn ye . . . for why will ye die?—Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

mf 266 SINNERS, turn! Why will ye die?

God your Maker asks you why—
God who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
cr Why, ye thoughtless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

mf 2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why—

God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify the Lord again?
cr Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

mf 3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?

God the Spirit asks you why—
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooded you to embrace His love.

Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

4 What could your Redeemer do
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood?

dim After all His waste of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny,
Why will ye resolve to die?

mf 5 Can ye doubt that God is Love,
That to you His bowels move;
Will ye not His word believe,
Will ye not return, and live?

dim See, your dying Lord appears!
Jesus weeps—believe His tears!
Mingled with His blood they cry
cr "Why will ye resolve to die?"
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

FIRST TUNE

"Come unto Me." 76.76.76.76.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Org. *p*

cr. *mf* *rall.* A-men.

Detailed description: This is a three-system musical score for organ. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The organ part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes dynamic markings for *cr.* (crescendo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *rall.* (rallentando). The third system ends with the text 'A-men.' and a final cadence.

NOTE.—Although it is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only, yet if necessary they may be sung in Octaves by all the voices.

SECOND TUNE.

Brookfield. 76.76.76.76.

ERSKINE ALLON.

A-men.

Detailed description: This is a three-system musical score for organ. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The organ part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes dynamic markings for *cr.* (crescendo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *rall.* (rallentando). The third system ends with the text 'A-men.' and a final cadence.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt xi. 28.

mf 267 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest,"
cr O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed

It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

mf 2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
cr O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
dim Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
cr But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

mf 3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you Life."
cr O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
f But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

mf 4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
cr O patient love of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt!

Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!
Amen. W. CHATTERTON DIX.

St. Catherine. 76.76.76.76.

R. F. DALE; Mus. Bac.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.

mf 268 O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
Shame on us Christian brethren,
His name and sign who bear,
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us
To keep Him standing there.

dim 2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:

cr O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

mp 3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat me so?"

cr O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. Amen.
W. W. HOW.

Santa Crinità. L.M.

PIERACCINI.

I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.

- mf* 269 **BEHOLD** a stranger at the *dim* door! Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
 He gently knocks, has knocked before; Lest He depart, and ne'er return :
dim Has waited long ; is waiting still : Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
 You use no other friend so ill. When at His door, denied you'll stand:
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
cr He will : the very friend you need :
 The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.
- mf* 3 O lovely attitude ! He stands
 With melting heart and open hands ;
 O matchless kindness ! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.
- cr* 5 Admit Him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest :
 No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
 With whom He condescends to dwell.
- f* 6 Sovereign of souls ! Thou Prince of Peace,
 O may Thy gentle reign increase :
 Throw wide the door each willing mind ;
 And be His empire all mankind.
 Amen. GRIGG.

Gton. 87.87.47.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—Matt. ix. 13.

- mf* 270 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
- You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- dim* 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies,—
"It is finished!"
Finished, the great sacrifice.
- mf* 6 Lo! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood,
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- f* 7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb:
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.
Amen. HART.

St. Andrew. 87.87.

E. H. THORNE.

A-men.

Follow Me.—Matt. ix. 9.

- mf* 271 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult *dim* 8 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Of our Life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, *cr* Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me." "Christian, love Me more than these."
- 2 Jesus calls us—from the worship *mf* 4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us, *cr* Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more." Serve and love Thee best of all.
Amen. C. F. ALEXANDER.

Rain. 64.64.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

To-day, if ye will hear, His voice.—Heb. iv. 7.

- mf* 272 **T**O-DAY, the Saviour calls :
 Ye wanderers, come ;
 O ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam ?
- 2 To-day, the Saviour calls :
 O hear Him now ;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day, the Saviour calls :
 For refuge fly :
dim The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.
- mf* 4 The Spirit calls to-day ;
 Yield to His power ;
 O grieve Him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour. Amen.
- S. F. SMITH AND T. HASTINGS.

Bettering. 77.77.

Dr. BOYCE.

Come, for all things are now ready.—Luke xiv. 17.

- mf* 273 **W**ELCOME, welcome! Sinner,
 hear ;
 Hang not back through shame or fear.
 Doubt not, nor distrust the call :
 Mercy is proclaimed to all.
- 2 Welcome to the offered peace :
 Welcome, prisoner, to release ;
 Burst thy bonds : be saved ; be free.
 Rise and come ; He calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome, weeping penitent :
 Grace has made thy heart relent :
 Welcome, long-estranged child :
 God in Christ is reconciled.
- 4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount ;
- 5 All ye weary and distressed,
 Welcome to relief and rest
 All is ready ; hear the call,
 There is ample room for all.
- 6 None can come that shall not find,
 Mercy called whom grace inclined :
 Nor shall any willing heart
 Hear the bitter word—Depart !
- f* 7 O the virtue of that price,
 That redeeming sacrifice !
 Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
 Welcome to the sacred fold. Amen.
- J. CONDER.

Honfleur. 64.64.67.64.

ERSKINE ALLON.

Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.—Eph. v. 14.

f 274 **H**ARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!

Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake!

mf Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are children of the light,
Yours is the glory bright;
f Wake, brethren, wake!

mf 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait,
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
f Watch, brethren, watch!

mf 3 Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all,
Work, brethren, work!

This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford,
Yours is a sure reward;
f Work, brethren, work!

mf 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong One near;
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

f 5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
ff Praise, brethren, praise! Amen.

ANON. The Revival, 1859.

St. Chrysostom. 88.88.88.

J. BARNBY.

He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth.—Mark x. 47.

mf 275 **WHAT** means this eager,
anxious throng,

Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gatherings day by day?

dim In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

cr 2 Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

mf 3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe:
And burdened ones, where'er He came,

Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame:
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

f 5 Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,
Ye wand'ers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
Amen. MISS CAMPBELL.

FIRST TUNE.

Compassion. 97.97.99., Irregular.

FOUNTAIN MEY.

SECOND TUNE.

Metrical Chant. 97.97.99., Irregular.

C. R. CUFF.

Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost.—Luke xv. 6.

- mf* 276 **T**HERE were ninety and nine
that 'safely lay
In the 'shelter of the fold ;
dim But one was out on the 'hills away,
Far off from the 'gates of gold,
Away from the mountains 'wild and bare,
Away from the 'tender Shepherd's care.
- mf* 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy 'ninety and
nine,
Are they 'not enough for Thee? "
But the Shepherd made answer: "This
of Mine
Has wandered a'way from Me ;
cr And although the road be 'rough and steep
I go to the 'desert to find My sheep."
- mf* 3 But none of the ransomed 'ever knew
How 'deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the
'Lord passed through
Ere He found His 'sheep that was lost.
- mf* 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops
'all the way,
That mark 'out the mountain track? "
dim "They were shed for one who had 'gone
astray
Ere the Shepherd could 'bring him back."
- mf* "Lord, whence are Thy hands so 'rent
and torn?
dim They are pierced to-'night by many a
thorn."
- mf* 5 And all through the mountains, 'thun-
der-riven,
And 'up from the rocky steep,
f There arose a cry to the 'gate of heaven,
"Rejoice ! I have 'found My sheep !"
And the angels choed a'round the throne,
ff "Rejoice, for the 'Lord brings back His
own!" Amen. E. C. CLEPHANE.

Melton. 77.77.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

The night cometh, when no man can work.—John ix. 4.

- | | | |
|---------------|--|--|
| <i>mf</i> 277 | TIME is earnest, passing by ;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh : | Ere He set His judgment throne ;
Ere the day of grace be gone. |
| <i>dim</i> | Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?
Time and death appeal to thee. | <i>mf</i> 4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come ;
Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum ;
<i>dim</i> Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above ? |
| <i>mf</i> 2 | Life is earnest : when 'tis o'er,
<i>dim</i> Thou returnest never more.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be ? | <i>mf</i> 5 O be earnest, do not stay ;
Thou mayest perish e'en to-day,
<i>f</i> Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee ;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee. Amen. |
| <i>mf</i> 8 | God is earnest : kneel and pray,
<i>dim</i> Ere thy season pass away ; | DYER. |

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I.—ITS BEGINNINGS—REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

Helindra (Intercession). L.M.

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.—Psa. li. 17.

- mp 278 A** BROKEN heart, my God, my King, *cr 3* Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice, *mf 4* O may Thy love inspire my tongue ;
 My soul lies humbled in the dust, *mf 4* Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And owns the dreadful sentence just ;
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemned to die. *mf 4* And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteous-
 ness. Amen. WATTS.

To give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.—Acts v. 31.

- mp 279 O** TAKE away this evil heart ; *cr* Thou—if Thou wilt—canst make me whole ;
 This heart of unbelief renew ;
 So prone—so eager to depart
 From Thee, the living God and true. *mp 4* O disenthral this captive will—
 Free only when Thou mak'st it free—
 That I may glory to fulfil
 Thy perfect law of liberty. *mp 4*
 2 O crucify this carnal mind ;
 'Tis enmity, my God, to Thee !
 I cannot love Thee, till I find
 The mind that was in Christ in me ! *cr 5* Then, though a fallen worm of earth,
 In death returning to the clod,
 I shall become, by second birth,
 An heir of Heaven—a child of God. *mf*
 3 O sanctify this sinful soul ;
 Health to the dying leper give. *mf* Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

London New. C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1635.



Turn Thou us unto Thee.—Lam. v. 21.

- mf 280 C** OME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy power to us make known ;
 Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone. *4* O that we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn :
 Might turn at once from every sin,
 And to our Saviour turn.
 2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And bids the sleeper rise ;
 And make each guilty conscience dread *mf 5* Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
 In this our gracious day :
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 The death that never dies. *mf 5* And take our sins away. Amen.
 3 Convince us of our unbelief,
 Our ruined state explain ; C. WESLEY.

FIRST TUNE. **Dalkeith.** 10.10.10.10. T. HEWLETT.

A-men.

SECOND TUNE. **Westerham.** 10.10.10.10. W. C. FILBY.

A-men.

In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins.—Eph. 1. 7.

- mp* 281 **W**EARY of earth and laden with 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly
my sin, wild,
I look at heaven and long to enter in; And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
But there no evil thing may find a home, child,
cr And yet I hear a voice that bids me And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
"Come." Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- p* 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
In the pure glory of that holy land? The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
Before the whiteness of that throne That in the Father's courts my glorious
appear? dress
cr Yet there are hands stretched out to draw Maybe be the garment of Thy righteousness.
me near.
- v* 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Evil is ever with me day by day; [ward :
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, Thine all the merits, mine the great re-
Thine the sharp thorn, and mine the
cr "Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed golden crown ;
from all." Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
down.
- mf* 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear, 8 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
His are the hands stretched out to draw Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
me near, Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
And His the blood that can for all atone, Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
And set me faultless there before the *cr* Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.
throne. Amen.
- S. J. STONE.

Præste. 10.10.10.0.

PALESTRINA.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The music is in a major key with a common time signature. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the staff.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness.—Psa. lxi. 1.

- mp 282** **S** HEW pity, Lord! for we are frail and faint;
 We fade away, O list to our complaint:
 We fade away like flowers in the sun;
 We just begin, and then our work is done.
- 3** Shew pity, Lord! our grief is in our sin;
 We would be cleansed, oh! make us pure within!
 We would be cleansed, for this we cry to Thy word of love, can make the conscience free.
- 2** Shew pity, Lord! our souls are sore distressed:
 A troubled seas our natures have no rest;
 As troubled seas, that surging beat the shore,
 We throb and heave, ever and evermore.
- 4** Shew pity, Lord! inspire our hearts with love,
 That holy love which draws the soul
 That holy love which makes us one with Thee,
 And with Thy saints through all eternity.
 Amen.
- DAVID THOMAS.

Southwell. S.M.

DENHAM'S Psalter, 1588.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a basso continuo line (bass clef). The music is in a major key with a common time signature. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the staff.

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.—Psa. cxxx. 1.

- mp 283** **O** UT of the deep I call
 To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;
 Before Thy throne of grace I fall,
 Be merciful to me.
- 3** Out of the deep of fear,
 And dread of coming shame,
 From morning watch till night is near
 I plead the Precious Name.
- 2** Out of the deep I cry,
 The woful deep of sin,
 Of evil done in days gone by,
 Of evil now within.
- cr 5** Lord, there is mercy now,
 As ever was, with Thee;
 Before Thy throne of grace I bow,
 Be merciful to me. Amen.
- H. BAKER.

St. Beez. 77.77.

J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand.—Psa. cxxx. 3.

- mp* 284 **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest ; *cr* 4 From this sinful heart of mine
Bound, and longing to be free ; To Thy bosom I would flee :
Weary, waiting for my rest ; I am not my own, but Thine :
God be merciful to me ! God be merciful to me !
- 2 Goodness I have none to plead, *mf* 5 There is One beside the Throne,
Sinfulness in all I see, And my only hope and plea
I can only bring my need ; Are in Him, and Him alone :
God be merciful to me ! God be merciful to me !
- p* 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes 6 He my cause will undertake,
Dare not lift themselves to Thee ; My Interpreter will be ;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs ; He's my all ; and for His sake,
God be merciful to me ! God be merciful to me ! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

FIRST TUNE.

Rogation. 777.777.777.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

A - men.

SECOND TUNE.

St. Philip. 7.7.7.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

A - men.

THIRD TUNE.

Lachrymæ. 7.7.7.SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN,
Mus. Doc.

A - men.

I flee unto Thee to hide me.—Psa. cxliii. 9.

- 285** **L**ORD, in this Thy mercy's day *pp* 4 By Thy night of agony,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that day of doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us when we see Thy face,
mf With Thy ransomed ones a place.
Amen.
- ISAAC WILLIAMS.

Wextenhanger. S.M.

O. W. POOLE.

A-men.

By grace ye are saved.—Eph. ii. 5.

- mp* 286 NOT what these hands have done 4 Thy love to me, O God,
 Can save this guilty soul ; Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,
 Not what this toiling flesh has borne Can rid me of this dark unrest,
 Can make my spirit whole. And set my spirit free.
- 2 Not what I feel or do 5 Thy grace alone, O God,
 Can give me peace with God ; To me can pardon speak ;
 Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears, Thy power alone, O Son of God,
 Can bear my awful load. Can this sore bondage break.
- cr* 3 Thy work alone, O Christ, *mf* 6 I bless the Christ of God,
 Can ease this weight of sin ; I rest on love divine
 Thy Blood alone, O Lamb of God, *cr* And with unflinching lip and heart,
 Can give me peace within. *f* I call this Saviour mine. Amen.

H. BONAR.

FIRST TUNE.

Provence. 77.77.77.

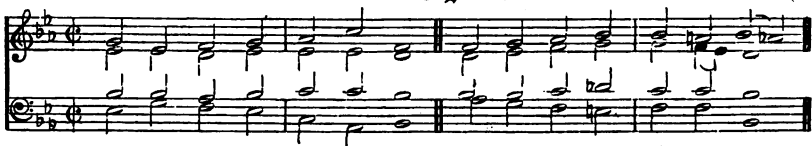
Old Provençal Melody

A-men.

SECOND TUNE.

Invocation (St. Agnes). 77.77.77.

BEETHOVEN.



By the things which He suffered.—Heb. v. 8.

- p* 287 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,
cr Bending from Thy throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn litany!
- cr* 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
dim By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power;
cr Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
p Hear our solemn litany!
- p* 3 By the sacred grief that wept
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
 By the boding tears that flowed
 Over Salem's loved abode;
- By the anguished sigh that told
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold:
cr From Thy seat above the sky,
pp Hear our solemn litany!
- p* 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
 Listen to our humble cry;
pp Hear our solemn litany!
- pp* 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
cr By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
f Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
dim Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn litany! Amen.

SIR R. GRANT.

St. Cross. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Be merciful to me, O God.—Psa. lvi. 1.

- mp* 288 **W**ITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
cr Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,
dim O God, be merciful to me.
- mp* 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
 With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
 Christ and His cross my only plea,
p O God, be merciful to me.
- mp* 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
 Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
- But Thou dost all my anguish see,
p O God, be merciful to me.
- mp* 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
 Can for a single sin atone;
 To Calvary alone I flee,
p O God, be merciful to me.
- mf* 5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
 With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
cr My raptured song shall ever be,
f God has been merciful to me. Amen.

C. ELVEN.

Gregory. L.M.

Gregorian.

According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.—Psa. li. 1.

- p* 289 **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live;
cr Are not Thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My sins, though great, do not surpass
 The power and glory of Thy grace:
mf Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
cr 5 So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- dim* 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean:
- Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
 Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

Amen.

WATTS.

Forgiveness. 77.77.

G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive.—Matt. vi. 12.

- mp* 290 **F**ATHER, to Thy sinful child
 Though Thy law is reconciled,
 By Thy pardoning grace I live;
 Daily still I cry,—Forgive.
- 2 Though my ransom-price He paid
 Upon whom my guilt was laid,
 Humbly at Thy mercy-seat,
 Full remission I entreat.
- cr* 3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
 Debts I cannot hope to pay;
 Duties I have left undone,
 Evils I have failed to shun;
- 4 Trespasses in word or thought;
 Deeds from evil motive wrought;
 Cold ingratitude, distrust;
 Thoughts unhallowed and unjust.
- 5 Gracious Lord, and are there those
 Who my debtors are, or foes?
 I, who by forgiveness live,
 Here their trespasses forgive.
- mf* 6 Much forgiven, may I learn
 Love for hatred to return:
 Then assured my heart shall be,
 Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.
 Amen.
- J. CONDER.

Babylon. L.M.

Dr. T. CAMPION, 1600.

They rebelled, and vexed His Holy Spirit.—Isa. lxiii. 10.

- p* 291 **S**TAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done Thee such
 despite:
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take Thine everlasting fight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
 And shaken off my guilty fears;
 And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years.
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whos'er Thy grace received;
- 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest;
 Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
 To exclude me from Thy people's rest.
- mf* 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
 Upraise me with Thy gracious hand;
 And guide into Thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.
 Amen.
- C. WESLEY.

Gmutz. 8.8.8 4.

Arranged by Sir J. Goss.

One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side.—John xix. 34.

- mf* 292 **T**HERE is an everlasting home, *mf* 3 There issued forth the double flood,
 Where contrite souls may hide; The sin-atonng tide,—
 Where death and danger may not come,— In streams of water and of blood,
dim The Saviour's side! *dim* From that dear side!
- mf* 2 Hail, Rock of Agas! pierced for me, *mf* 4 There is the only fount of bliss,
 The grave of all my pride; In joy and sorrow tried,—
 Hope, peace, and heaven, are all in Thee, No refuge for the heart like this,—
dim Thy sheltering side! *dim* The Saviour's side! Amen.

M. BRIDGES.

St. Mary. C.M.

ARCH. PRY'S Book of Psalms, 1821.

God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13.

- mp* 293 **O** LORD, turn not Thy face away *cr* 4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
 From them that lowly lie, With tears we come to Thee,
 Lamenting sore their sinful life, As children that have done amiss
 With tears and bitter cry. Fall at their father's knee.
- cr* 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide 5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
 To them that mourn their sin; The blessing which we crave,
 Oh shut them not against us, Lord, When Thou dost know before we speak
 But let us enter in. The thing that we would have.
- dim* 3 We need not to confess our fault, *mf* 6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
 For surely Thou canst tell; This is the total sum;
 What we have done, and what we are, For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
 Thou knowest very well. *cr* Oh let Thy mercy come! Amen.

J. MARDLEY, 1562, *alt.* by HEBER.

Gizenach. L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN, 1673.

The righteousness which is of God by faith.—Phil. iii. 9.

- mf* 294 **N**O more, my God, I boast no 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 more
 Of all the duties I have done ; All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
 I quit the hopes I held before, O may my soul be found in Him,
 To trust the merits of Thy Son. And of His righteousness partake.
- cr* 2 Now, for the love I bear His name, *mf* 4 The best obedience of my hands
 What was my gain I count my loss ; Dares not appear before Thy throne ;
 My former pride I call my shame, But faith can answer Thy demands
 And nail my glory to His cross. By pleading what my Lord has done.
 Amen. WATTS.

Alsace. L.M.

BEETHOVEN.

If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.—John xiii. 8.

- mf* 295 **I** THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb
 of God,
 To know the cleansing of Thy blood ; *dim* 4 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 To dwell within Thy heart : then pain And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- cr* 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 For ever closed to all but Thee ;
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side ;
- cr* 5 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
 U loose our stammering tongues to tell,
 Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- f* Amen. DRESSLER, tr. by J. WESLEY.

FIRST TUNE.

Hollingside. 77.77.77.77.

.Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Hollingside' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a repeat sign. The second system also has a repeat sign. The third system concludes with 'A-men.' in the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

St. Fabian. 77.77.77.77.

J. BARNBY.

Musical score for 'St. Fabian' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a repeat sign. The second system includes markings for 'rit.' and 'Slower!'. The third system concludes with 'A-men.' in the bass staff.

Who have fled for refuge.—Heb. vi. 18.

- | | | | |
|---------------|---|-------------|--|
| <i>mp</i> 296 | JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high : | <i>mp</i> 2 | Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ; |
| <i>p</i> | Hide, me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past, | <i>dim</i> | Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me. |
| <i>cr</i> | Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last. | <i>cr</i> | All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ; |
| | | <i>dim</i> | Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing. |

mf 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
 More than all in Thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal, the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and Holy is Thy name :
dim I am all unrighteousness :
 False, and full of sin I am :
cr Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

C. WESLEY.

FIRST TUNE.

Cuthbert. 77.77.77.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

SECOND TUNE.

Ajalon. 77.77.77.

R. REDHEAD.

And that rock was Christ.—1 Cor. x. 4.

mf 297 **ROCK** of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

dim 2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
cr Thou must save, and Thou alone.

p 3 Nothing in my hand I bring :
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the Fountain fly ;
cr Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

mp 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
dim When mine eyes shall close in death,
cr When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
f Rock of ages, cleft for me,
dim Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

FIRST TUNE.

St. Thomas. 883.6.

DR. GAUNTLETT

Musical score for 'St. Thomas' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system includes dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'f' followed by 'p' and ends with 'A - men.'.

SECOND TUNE.

Winterslow. 883.6.

ALFRED R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.

Musical score for 'Winterslow' in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The second system ends with 'A - men.'.

Come unto Me.—Matt. xi. 28.

- 298** JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed
for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, *cr* 5
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
cr To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each *mf* 6
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,
- p* 8 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
cr Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
dim O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- f* 7 Just as I am—of that free love [prove,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Elberfeldt. 87.87.87.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1646.

Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy.—Mark x. 47.

mp **299** JESUS, full of compassion,
Hear a humble sinner's cry:
Let me see Thy great salvation,
Or in dark despair I die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief;
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.

cr 2 Whither should my soul be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

Hear then, gracious Saviour, hear me,
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me:
Lo! in Thee I put my trust.

3 On the word Thy blood hath sealèd,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let Thine arm be now revealèd,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall:
f With Thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with Thee, all things inherit,—
Peace and joy and endless rest.
Amen. DANIEL TURNER.

There is forgiveness with Thee.—Psa. cxxx. 4.

mp **300** FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing
cr Mighty God of my salvation, [more, *cr*
I Thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my suffering to sustain,
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.

p 2 By Thy most severe temptation
In that dark, satanic hour,
By Thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.

By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

p 3 By the travail of Thy spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me!
By Thy dying benediction,
My weak, dying soul befriend;
cr Make me patient in affliction,
Keep me faithful to the end. Amen.

C. WEALEY.

Tabor. 76.76.76.76.

H. KUGELMANN, 1540.

Unto you who believe, He is precious.—1 Pet. ii. 7.

- mp* 301 I NEED Thee, precious Jesus, *mp* 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am full of sin ; I need a friend like Thee ;
 My soul is dark and guilty, A friend to soothe and pity,
 My heart is dead within : A friend to care for me.
cr I need the cleansing fountain I need the heart of Jesus
 Where I can always flee, — To feel each anxious care,
 The blood of Christ most precious, To bear my every burden,
 The sinner's perfect plea. And all my sorrow share.
- mp* 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus, *cr* 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor ; And hope to see Thee soon,
 A stranger and a pilgrim, Encircled with the rainbow,
 I have no earthly store ; And seated on Thy throne ;
cr I need the love of Jesus *f* There, with Thy blood-bought children,
 To cheer me on my way, My joy shall ever be,
 To guide my doubting footsteps, To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
 To be my strength and stay, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee. Amen.
- F. WHITFIELD.

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.—Isa. liiii. 4.

- mp* 302 I LAY my sins on Jesus, 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 The spotless Lamb of God ; All fulness dwells in Him ;
 He bears them all, and frees us He heals all my diseases,
 From the accursèd load. He doth my soul redeem.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus, *p* I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains My burdens and my cares ;
 White, in His blood most precious, He from them all releases,
 Till not a spot remains. He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
cr His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
mf I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

mp 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
cr I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
f To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song. Amen.

H. BONAR.

Clarewood. S.M.D.

Sir JOHN GOSS.

He restoreth my soul.—Psa. xxiii. 3.

mp 303 I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

cr 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild ;
dim They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone :
cr They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed ;

They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair ;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

mf 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep ;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

mp 5 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled ;
cr But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.

dim I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam ;
mf But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home. Amen.

H. BONAR.

Pastor Bonus. 6666.88.

SAMUEL SMITH.

Lord, to whom shall we go?—John vi. 68.

mp 304 I BRING my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened Fount.
I bring them Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

cr 5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee.
For Thou has purchased all for me.)

f 6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring,
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.
Amen. F. B. HAVERGAL.

Belmont. c.m.

My son, give Me thine heart.—Prov. xxiii. 28.

- mf* 305 **M**Y God, accept my heart this *mf* 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
 day,
 And seal me for Thine own,
 That I from Thee no more may stray, *cr* That I may see Thy glorious face,
 And worship near Thy throne.
 No more from Thee decline.
- dim* 2 Before the Cross of Him who died,
 Behold, I prostrate fall;
cr Let every sin be crucified,
 And Christ be all in all.
- 5 Let every thought, and word, and work,
 To Thee be ever given;
f Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven. Amen.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

Constance. L.M.

Gothaischen Cantional, 1651.



The Author and Finisher of our faith.—Heb. xii. 2.

- mf* 306 **A**UTHOR of faith, Eternal Word,
 Whose Spirit breathes the
 active flame;
 Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
 To-day, as yesterday, the same.
- 2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
 And ask the gift unspeakable:
 Increase in us the kindled fire,
 In us the work of faith fulfil.
- cr* 3 To him that in Thy name believes,
 Eternal life is freely given;
- Of Thy rich grace he all receives,—
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 The things unknown to feeble sense,
 Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
 With strong, commanding evidence,
 Their heavenly origin display.
- f* 5 Faith lends its realizing light,
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
 The invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Ashamed of Me.—Mark viii. 38.

- mf* 307 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless *mp* 4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
 days.
 When I've no crimes to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
 May evening blush to own a star.
 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
 May midnight be ashamed of noon.
- mf* 5 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
cr And Oh! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.
 Amen.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?

J. GRACE.

Felix. G.M.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.

When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it.—Eccles. v. 4.

- mf* 308 **WITNESS**, ye men and angels, *mp* 3 We trust not in our native strength,
 now ; But on His grace rely,
 Before the Lord we speak ; That, with returning wants, the Lord
dim To Him we make our solemn vow,— Will all our need supply.
 A vow we dare not break ;—
- cr* 2 That, long as life itself shall last, *or* 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield : And keep us in Thy ways ;
 Nor from His cause will we depart, *mf* And while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Or ever quit the field. Amen. Turn Thou our prayers to praise.
BEDDOME.

Mainzer. L.M.

DR. MAINZER.

They first gave their ourselves to the Lord.—2 Cor. viii. 5.

- mf* 309 **O** HAPPY day, that fixed my
 choice He drew me, and I followed on,
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God ; Glad to confess the voice divine.
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice, *mf* 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 And tell its raptures all abroad. Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows *f* 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 To Him who merits all my love : That vow renewed shall daily hear :
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house, Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 While to that sacred shrine I move. And bless in death a bond so dear.
- cr* 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done: Amen. P. DODDRIDGE.
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine :

St. David. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Whole Book of Psalms*,
1621; modified by PLAYFORD, 1671.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—Rom. i. 16.

- mf* 310 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord, *mf* 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
Or to defend His cause ; And He can well secure
Maintain the honour of His word, What I've committed to His hands,
The glory of His cross. Till the decisive hour.
- f* 2 Jesus, my Lord ; I know His name, *f* 4 Then will He own my worthless name
His name is all my trust ; Before His Father's face ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame, And in the new Jerusalem
Nor let my hope be lost. Appoint my soul a place. Amen.

WATTS.

Showers of Blessing. 87.87.3.

W. D. MACLAGAN.

Bless me, even me also, O my Father.—Gen. xxvii. 28.

- mf* 311 LORD, I hear of showers of *mp* 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !
blessing, Thou canst make the blind to see :
Thou art scattering full and free— Witnesser of Jesu's merit,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing, *cr* Speak the word of power to me—
Let some drops descend on me— Even me.
- mp* 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father !
Sinful though my heart may be :
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
cr Let Thy mercy light on me— Even me.
- mp* 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favour ;
cr When Thou comest, call for me— Even me.
- mf* 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me— Even me.
- mp* 6 Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;
cr Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh bless me—
Even me. Amen.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

Weimar. 71.71.71.

VULPIUS, 1609.

Master, where dwellest Thou?—John i. 38.

- | | | | |
|---------------|---|-------------|---|
| <i>mf</i> 312 | MASTER, where abidest Thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak. | <i>mf</i> 3 | Master, where abidest Thou?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast? |
| <i>dim</i> | Canst Thou take our sins away,
May we find repose in Thee? | <i>dim</i> | Still a look is all our might;
Looking draws the heart to Thee, |
| <i>cr</i> | From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and see." | <i>cr</i> | Sends us from the absorbing sight,
With the message, "Come and see." |
| <i>mf</i> 2 | Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind. | <i>mp</i> 4 | Master, where abidest Thou?
All the springs of life are low;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go. |
| <i>dim</i> | Still a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee: | <i>cr</i> | From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee,
From the voice which makes them blest,
Comes the summons, "Come and see." |
| <i>cr</i> | From the living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, "Come and see." | | Amen.
E. CHARLES. |

Rest. 88.88.88.

Dr. STÄNER.

Musical score for hymn 313, featuring a vocal line and an organ accompaniment. The organ part is marked "Org." and "A-men."

Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John vi. 68.

mf 313 **T**O Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, Thy righteousness alone we name,
 to Thee, *dim* Low at Thy feet we, suppliant, fall,
 For pardon, peace, and life we flee; *cr* Our Lord, our Life, our All in all.
 The shelter of Thy cross we claim; Amen.

Haddo. 64.64.664.

E. H. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for hymn 314, featuring a vocal line and an organ accompaniment. The organ part is marked "A - men." and "slower."

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.—Isa. i. 18.

mf 314 **N**O; not despairingly
 Come I to Thee!
 No; not distrustingly,
 Bend I the knee!
dim Sin hath gone over me,
 Yet is this still my plea—
 Jesus hath died.
mp 2 Ah! mine iniquity
 Crimson hath been;
 Infinite, infinite,
 Sin upon sin;
 Sin of not loving Thee,
 Sin of not trusting Thee,
 Infinite sin.
p 3 Lord I confess to Thee
 Sadly my sin;
 All I am tell I Thee,
 All I have been.

cr Purge Thou my sin away,
 Wash Thou my soul this day,
 Lord, make me clean.

mf 4 Faithful and just art Thou,
 Forgiving all:
 Loving and kind art Thou,
 When poor ones call:
 Lord, let the cleansing blood,
 Blood of the Lamb of God
dim Pass o'er my soul

f 5 Then all is peace and light
 This soul within;
 Thus shall I walk with Thee,
 The loved unseen:
 Leaning on Thee my God,
 Guided along the road,
 Nothing between. Amen.

HOBARTUS BOSSER.

York. C.M.

ANDRO HART'S Psalter, 1615.

*Lord I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.—Mark ix. 24.*

- mf* **315** **A** PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer;
dim Then humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.
- mf* **2** Thy promise is my only plea;
 With this I venture nigh:
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
dim And such, O Lord, am I.
- mp* **3** Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
- By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to Thee for rest.
- mf* **4** Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near Thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, Thou hast died.
- f* **5** O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead Thy gracious name!
 Amen. JOHN NEWTON.

Sudeley. C.M.

DR. SPENCER.

*I am the Lord that healeth thee.—Exod. xv. 26.*

- mf* **316** **H**EAL us, Immanuel! hear our prayer;
 We wait to feel Thy touch;
 Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
dim And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2** Our faith is feeble, we confess;
 We faintly trust Thy word;
cr But wilt Thou pity us the less?
 Be that far from Thee, Lord.
- mp* **3** Remember him who once applied
 With trembling for relief:—
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,—
 "Help Thou my unbelief!"
- 4** She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answered,—"Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5** Concealed amid the gathering throng,
 She would have shunned Thy view;
 And if her faith was firm and strong,
 Had strong misgivings too.
- cr* **6** Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch Thee, if we may;
 Oh! send us not despairing home;
 Send none unhealed away. Amen.
- COWPER.

Samarita. 88.88.88.

BRETHOVEN.

There wrestled a man with him till break of day.—Gen. xxxii. 24.

- mf* 317 COME, O thou traveller unknown, Whom still I hold, but cannot
My company before is gone, [see ;
And I am left alone with Thee :
With Thee all night I mean to stay, *f* 6 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
And wrestle till the break of day. I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal Love thou art.
To me, to' all, Thy mercies move,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- dim* 2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare :
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there !
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
- mf* 8 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold :
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- mp* 4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
cr Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell !
To know it now, resolved I am.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- mf* 5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.
- 7 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 8 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in His wings ;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul, its life, and succour brings :
My help is all laid up above :
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 9 Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home.
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Old Sarum. 76.76.76.

T. E. AYLWARD.

I drew them with cords of a man, with bonds of love.—Hos. xi. 4.

mf 318 O JESUS, ever present,
 O Shepherd, ever kind,
 Thy very Name is music
 To ear, and heart, and mind.
 It woke my wondering childhood
 To muse on things above;
 It drew my harder manhood
 With cords of mighty love.

dim 2 How oft to sure destruction
 My feet had gone astray,
 Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
 The Guardian of my way!

How oft in darkness fallen,
 And wounded sore by sin,
 Thy hand has gently raised me,
 And healing balm poured in.

cr 3 O Shepherd good, I follow
 Wherever Thou wilt lead;
 No matter where the pastures,
 With Thee at hand, to feed.
f Thy voice, in life so mighty,
 In death shall make me bold:
cr O bring my ransomed spirit
 To Thine eternal fold. Amen.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

Ilfracombe (St. Catherine). 88.88.88.

J. G. WALTER.



An anchor of the soul.—Heb. vi. 19.

mf 319 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain :—
dim The wounds of Jesus, for my sin Before the world's foundation slain :
cr Whose mercy shall unshaken stay, When heaven and earth are fled away.

mf 2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
 Covered is my unrighteousness, Nor spot of guilt remains on me ;
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and ^{skies,}
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries !

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest !
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;

I look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.

dim 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
cr On this my steadfast soul relies :
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.

f 5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love. Amen.

J. A. ROTHE, tr. by J. WESLEY.

Lucis Creator. L.M.

Old Latin.
 7th or 8th Century.



Tell John what things ye have seen and heard.—Luke vii. 22.

mp 320 **L**ORD, I was blind ! I could not see *cr* But now, as touched with living flame,
 In Thy marred visage any grace, My lips Thine eager praises wake.

cr But now the beauty of Thy face *mp* 4 Lord, I was dead ! I could not stir
 In radiant vision dawns on me. My lifeless soul to come to Thee :

mp 2 Lord, I was deaf ! I could not hear *cr* But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
 The thrilling music of Thy voice : I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

cr But now I hear Thee and rejoice, *f* 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
 And all Thy uttered words are dear ! The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
 The dead to live ; and, lo, I break
 The chains of my captivity. Amen.

mp 3 Lord, I was dumb ! I could not speak

W. T. MATSON.

FIRST TUNE.

Dighton. 664.6664.

Rev. Dr. J. S. B. HODGES.

Musical score for 'Dighton' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece concludes with 'A - men.' in the bass staff of the third system.

SECOND TUNE.

Mount of Olives. 664.6664.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Musical score for 'Mount of Olives' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piece concludes with 'A - men.' in the bass staff of the second system.

I live by the faith of the Son of God.—Gal. ii. 20.

- mf* 321 MY faith looks up to Thee, *dim* 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary : And griefs around me spread,
 Saviour Divine : Be Thou my Guide :
dim Now hear me while I pray ; *cr* Bid darkness turn to day,
 Take all my sins away ; Wipe sorrow's tears away,
cr O let me from this day *dim* Nor let me ever stray
 Be wholly Thine. From Thee aside.
- mf* 2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire :
 As Thou hast died for me,
cr O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
f A living fire.
- p* 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;
cr Blest Saviour, then in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O hear me safe above—
f A ransomed soul. Amen.

RAY PALMER.

Arcadelt. 76. 76. 76. 76.

JACQUES ARCADELT.

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

- mf* 322 I COULD not do without Thee, *mf* 4 I could not do without Thee,
 O Saviour of the lost ! O Jesus, Saviour dear !
 Whose wondrous love redeemed me E'en when my eyes are holden,
 At such tremendous cost ; I know that Thou art near.
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon, How dreary and how lonely
 Thy precious blood must be This changeful life would be
 My only hope and comfort, Without the sweet communion,
 My glory and my plea. The secret rest with Thee.
- dim* 2 I could not do without Thee, I cannot stand alone.
 I have no strength or goodness, No wisdom of my own ;
cr But Thou, beloved Saviour, Art all in all to me,
 And perfect strength in weakness Is theirs who lean on Thee.
- dim* 3 I could not do without Thee, For, oh ! the way is long,
 And I am often weary, And sigh replaces song.
 How could I do without Thee ? I do not know the way ;
cr Thou knowest, and Thou leadest, And wilt not let me stray.
- 5 I could not do without Thee ! No other friend could read
 The spirit's strange deep longings, Interpreting its need.
 No human heart could enter Each dim recess of mine,
dim And soothe, and hush, and calm it, O blessed Lord, but Thine.
- mf* 6 I could not do without Thee ! For life is fleeting fast,
p And soon in solemn loneliness The river must be passed.
cr But Thou wilt never leave me, And though the waves roll high,
f I know Thou wilt be with me,
p And whisper, " It is I." Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

II.—ITS CONSECRATION AND TRUST.

Bethany. 87.87.87.87.

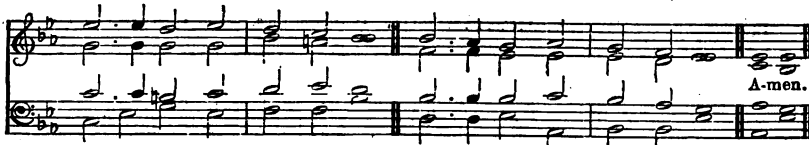
HENRY SMART.

Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee.—Mark x. 28.

- mf* 323 JESUS, I my cross have taken, *cr* Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 All to leave and follow Thee; While Thy love is left to me;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken; Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be. Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- dim* Perish every fond ambition, *mf* 4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known: Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
cr Yet how rich is my condition! Joy to find, in every station,
 God and heaven are still my own. Something still to do or bear.
- dim* 2 Let the world despise and leave me, Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 They have left my Saviour too: What a Father's smile is thine,
 Human hearts and looks deceive me:— What a Saviour died to win thee:
 Thou art not, like them, untrue. Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- cr* And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me, *f* 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 God of wisdom, love, and might! Armed by faith and winged by prayer:
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Heaven's eternal day's before thee:
 Show Thy face, and all is bright. God's own hand shall guide thee there.
- mp* 3 Man may trouble and distress me, *dim* Soon shall close thy earthly mission:
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast; Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days:
 Life with trials hard may press me, *f* Hope soon change to full fruition,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest; Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
 Amen. A-men.
- H. F. LYTT.

Subiaco. 77.77.

Ancient Litany.



Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?—Acts ix. 6.

- mp* 324 **HOLY** Lamb, who Thee receive, *dim* 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Who in Thee begin to live,
cr Day and night they cry to Thee,—
 As Thou art, so let us be.
- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast ;
 See, I pant in Thee to rest ;
 Gladly would I now be clean ;
 Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind ;
 To Thy cross my spirit bind ;
 Earthly passions far remove ;
 Swallow up my soul in love.
- mf* 5 Jesus, when Thy light we see,
 All our soul's athirst for Thee ;
 When Thy quickening power we prove,
 All our heart dissolves in love.
- f* 6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
 Love unspeakable, are Thine :
 Praise by all to Christ be given,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
 Amen. DOBER, tr. by J. WESLEY.

Playel. 77.77.

PLEYEL.



Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

- mf* 325 **TAKE** my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou dost choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
 It shall be no longer mine.
cr Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasured store.
f Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

FIRST TUNE.

Consecration. C.M., 12 lines.

C. HAWCOCK, Mus. Bac.

rather faster.

Slowly.

A-men.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Consecration' by C. Hawcock. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and an organ accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The score includes performance directions: 'rather faster.' and 'Slowly.' The piece concludes with 'A-men.' in the organ part of the final system.

* Small notes for the organ only.

SECOND TUNE.

Cherith. C.M.

Dr. Louis Spohr.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Cherith' by Dr. Louis Spohr. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and an organ accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C).



I have found my sheep which was lost.—Luke xv. 6.

- mp* 326 **WHEN** I had wandered from *mp* 4 When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,
 His fold,
 His love the wanderer sought;
 And changed my hopes for fears;
 When slave-like into bondage sold,
 He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
 His blood my freedom bought;
 And wiped away my tears:
- cr* 2 Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,
 To Him by right belongs;
 Is His through all its days;
 And to my gracious, loving Lord,
 And as with blessings it hath teemed,
 I'll sing through life my songs:
 So let it teem with praise:
- f* 3 For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore!
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore.
 Now and for evermore. Amen.
- f* 6 For I am His, and He is mine,
 The God whom I adore!
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
 Now and for evermore. Amen.
- J. S. B. MONSELL.

Melindra (Intercession). L.M.



We live unto the Lord.—Rom. xiv. 8.

- mf* 327 **MY** gracious Lord, I own Thy
 right
 To every service I can pay;
 Nor future days or powers employ
 And call it my supreme delight
 To spread a sounding name abroad:
 To hear Thy dictates, and obey.
- cr* 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
 To Him who for my ransom died;
 Nor could untainted Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 2 What is my being, but for Thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end?
 Thy ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- f* 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigour is no more;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His love hath animating power.
- dim.* 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good;
 Amen.
- P. DODDRIDGE.

Hala. 10.10.10.10.

From *La Feuillée*.

Musical score for 'Hala' in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a final cadence marked 'A - men.' in the third system.

Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.—Mark ix. 24.

- mf* 328 **YES!** I do feel, my God, that I *mp* 3 True, I am weak, and poor, and blind,—
 am Thine, but then
 Thou art my joy,—myself mine only *cr* I know the source whence I can draw
 grief; relief;
dim Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy And though repulsed, I still can plead
 shrine,—again,—
 “Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.” “Lord, I believe; help Thou mine
 unbelief.”
- cr* 2 Unworthy even to approach so near, *mf* 4 O draw me nearer! for, too far away,
 My soul lies trembling like a summer The beamings of Thy brightness are too
 leaf; brief;
 Yet, O forgive! I doubt not, though I While faith, though fainting, still hath
 fear,— strength to pray,—
 “Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.” “Lord, I believe; help Thou mine
 unbelief.” Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

FIRST TUNE.

Halo. 10.10.10.10.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

Musical score for 'Halo' in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is more complex than 'Hala', with a final cadence marked 'A - men.' in the second system.

SECOND TUNE.

Gilead. 10.10.10.10. (METRICAL CHANT).

HANDEL.

The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

- mp 329** NOT what I am, O Lord, but Thou art my health, my joy, my 'staff, and 'rod,
 That, that alone can 'be my 'soul's true 'rest; [de-'part, *dim* I am all want and hunger; 'this faint 'heart [here;
cr Thy love, not mine, bids fear and 'doubt And stills the tempest 'of my 'tossing 'breast. Pines for a fulness 'which it 'finds not
p Dear ones are leaving, and, as 'they de-'part, Make room within for 'something 'yet more 'dear.
mf 2 It blesses now, and shall for 'ever 'bless, Itsaves menow, and 'shall for 'ever 'save; It holds me up in days of 'helpless-'ness, It 'bears me safely 'o'er each 'swelling 'wave.
cr 3 'Tis what I know of Thee, my 'Lord and 'God, [with 'song; More of Thyself, oh! show me 'hour by 'hour, More of Thy glory, 'O my 'God and 'Lord; More of Thyself, in all Thy 'grace and 'power;
f More of Thy love and 'truth, In-'car-nate 'Word. Amen. H. BONAR.

Angelus. L.M.

J. SCHEFFLER.

Walk as children of light.—Eph. v. 8.

- mp 330** OH for a humbler walk with God! 3 Oh for a nearer walk with God!
 Lord, bend this stubborn heart Lord, turn my wandering heart to Thee;
 of mine, Help me to live by faith in Him,
 Subdue each rising, rebel thought, Who lived, and died, and rose for me.
 And all my will conform to Thine. *mf* 4 Lord, send Thy Spirit from above,
 2 Oh for a holier walk with God! With light, and love, and power divine;
 A heart from all pollution free, And by His all-constraining grace,
 Expel, O Lord, each sinful love, Make me, and keep me ever Thine.
 And fill my soul with love to Thee. Amen. E. HARRLAND.

Nachtlied. 10.10.10.10.10.

HENRY SMART.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.—Lam. iii 24.

mp 331 **L**ONG did I toil, and knew no *mf* earthly rest; What'er may change, in Him no change is seen; [declines; A glorious Sun, that wanes not, nor Fardid I rove, and found no certain home; Above the clouds and storms He walks serene, [shines; And on His people's inward darkness *dim* All may depart,—I fret not, nor repine; *cr* While I my Saviour's am; while He is mine.

2 The good I have is from His store supplied; 4 While here, alas! I know but half His love, But half discern Him, and but half adore; *f* But when I meet Him in the realms above, I hope to love Him better, praise Him more, And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine, How fully I am His, and He is mine

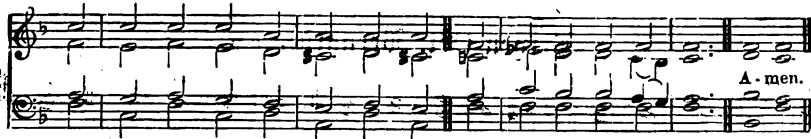
And poor without Him, though of all possessed. Amen. H. F. LYTE.

Changes may come; I take, or I resign; Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

* The first verse to begin with the second chord.

St. John, Westminster. c.m.

J. TUBLE.



Oh! that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down.—Isa. lxiv. 1.

- mf 332** MY God! I know, I feel Thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have is lost in Thine,
 And all renewed I am.
- dim 2* I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
 But will not let Thee go,
cr Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all Thy goodness know.
- mf 3* Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad;
- Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 4** O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow!
- 5** O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume!
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,—
 Spirit of burning, come! Amen.
- C. WESLEY.

We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

- mf 333** MY God, I love Thee for Thyself, *dim 3* If Thou deniest me Thyself,
 All creature things above,—
cr Thy glorious works, Thy blessed gifts
 I praise;—but Thee I love.
- mf 2* My God, I seek Thee for Thyself,—
 Besides, I ask not aught;
 If Thee, Thyself, I do not find,
 All that I find is naught.
- mf 4* Give me to find, O gracious God,
 Thee, as my final end:—
 To Thee in constancy of love
 Eternally to tend. Amen.
- G. B. BUBIER.

Winchester. L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.



The fire shall never be burning.—Lev. vi. 13.

- mf 334** O THOU, who camest from above,
 The pure celestial fire to impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2** There let it for Thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze;
dim And, trembling, to its source return
 In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3** Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
 To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- mf 4* Ready for all Thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat,
 Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complete.
 Amen.
- C. WESLEY.

Bergen (St. Bernard). C.M.

Lord, increase our faith.—Luke xvii. 5.

mf 335 THOU, who our faithless hearts
canst read,

And know'st each weakness there;

dim Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we
plead,

O turn not from our prayer!

cr 2 We cannot grasp from hour to hour
The truths Thy gospel saith;
Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,
And so increase our faith.

3 That we may trust Thy guardian care,
When no kind hand we see'

That we may lift our souls in prayer
Undoubtingly to Thee.

4 Help us to gaze on things unseen
By eyes of mortal sight;
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and
glean
Some beams of heavenly light.

5 Thy glorious presence may we see,
When earth's last tie is riven;
f In faith then trust our souls to Thee,
Till we awake in heaven. Amen.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

Flemming. 11.11.115.

FREDERICK FERD. FLEMMING.
(“Integer Vitæ.”)

Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.—Luke xvii. 13.

- mp 336** O GRACIOUS Jesus, hear our humble crying;
 Hasten to our help, in all Thy grace replying
 To us, who, laden with our sins implore
 Falling before Thee.
- 2 O Thou, whose mercy to our prayer descendeth,
 And to the contrite consolation sendeth,
- Thy comfort give; accept our supplication,
 Lord, our salvation.
- cr 3 Our need Thou knowest; Lord, descend;
 supplying
 Our wants, who live on Thy sure word
 Lord Jesus, spare us; to our hearts be given
 Thy peace from heaven. Amen.
- A. T. RUSSELL.

Fulda. L.M.

BEEHOVEN.



A - men.

The Church is subject to Christ.—Eph. v. 24.

- mf 337** JESUS, our best-beloved Friend,
 Draw out our souls in pure
 Jesus, in love to us descend: [desire:
 Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 On Thy redeeming name we call,
 Poor and unworthy though we be:
 Pardon and sanctify us all:
 Let each Thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow Thy commands.
- O take our hearts—our hearts are Thine:
 Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 May we Thy blessed will obey;
 Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.
- f 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting place,
 In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare:
 And till we see Thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there. Amen.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way.—John xiv. 6.

- mf 338** JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
 He whom I fix my hopes upon:
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The way that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of boliness
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
 And mourned because I found it not:
- Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
 "Come hither, soul; I am the way"
- cr 4 Lo! glad I come: and Thou, blest Lamb,
 Will take me, guilty as I am:
 My sinful self to Thee I give:
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- f 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say,—Behold the way to God
 Amen.
- CENSRICK.

Mainzer. L.M.

Dr. MAINZER.

Our eyes wait upon the Lord our God.—Psa. cxlii. 2.

341 **F**ATHER of all, whose wondrous power
Doth time, and change, and things control,
Rule Thou each impulse of my soul,
And keep me near Thee every hour.

2 Saviour of men, whose love alone
Secures us from undying loss,

Nail all my being to Thy cross,
That I may love Thee on Thy throne.
3 Spirit of life, Thine influence give
To permeate each deed and thought,
That God's own will with mine in-
wrought,
His quenchless life in mine may live.
Amen. W. TIDD MATSON.

Southwold. C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

Walk ye in Him.—Col. ii. 6

mp **342** **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

dim **2** Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

mf **5** The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.
W. COWPER.

Day of Rest. 76.76.76.76.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am there shall also My servant be.—John xii. 26.

- mf* 343 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend ;
cr I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.
- dim* 2 O let me feel Thee near me ;
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
cr But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.
- mf* 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
- O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control ;
cr O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.
- mf* 4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
dim O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.
- 5 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone ;
cr O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

J. E. BODE.

Northumberland. C. M. D.

HENRY SMART.

A musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

My soul is even as a weaned child.—Psa. cxxi. 2.

- mp* 344 **A**S helpless as a child who clings *cr* So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm ;
cr So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.
- mf* 3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society ;
cr So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou would'st teach me,
To love Thee more and more. [Lord,
Amen. J. D. BURNS.
- mp* 2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace ;

Narenza. S.M.

Cologne Choralbuch.

A musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has two flats. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.—Rom. xiv. 8.

- vif* 345 **JESUS!** I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.
- mf* 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best ;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
- tim* 2 Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come ;
cr To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine ;
f My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine. Amen.
HENRY HARBAGH.

Mount Zion. 77.77.77.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doo.

How much dost thou owe my Lord?—Luke xvi. 5.

- mp* 346 **WHEN** this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon radiant sun;
 When I stand with Christ on high,
 Looking o'er life's history,
cr Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- mf* 2 When I stand before the throne,
 Dressed in beauty not mine own;
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
- Love Thee with unsinring heart;
cr Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- mp* 3 Now on earth, as through a glass,
 Darkly let Thy glory pass;
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
cr E'en on earth, Lord, make me know,
 Something of the debt I owe. Amen.
- R. M. M'CREYNE.

Hallel. 77.77.

PLEYEL.

And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.—Mal. iii. 17.

- mf* 347 **THINE** for ever! God of love,
 Hear us from Thy Throne
 Thine for ever may we be *f* above; *dim* 4 Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife:
cr Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.
- mf* 3 Thine for ever! oh, how blest
 They who find in Thee their rest!
- Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
 O defend us to the end!
- dim* 4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
 Us Thy frail and trembling sheep:
cr Safe alone beneath Thy care,
 Let us all Thy goodness share.
- mf* 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
f Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
 Amen.
- MARY F. MAUDE.

Holyrood. S.M.

JAMES WATSON.



We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

- mf* 348 **B**LEST be Thy love, dear Lord, 3 Whether we sleep or wake,
That taught us this sweet way, To Thee we both resign;
Only to love Thee for Thyself, By night we see, as well as day,
And for that love obey. If Thy light on us shine.
- 2 O Thou, our soul's chief hope! 4 Whether we live or die,
We to Thy mercy fly; Both we submit to Thee;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect, *cr* In death we live, as well as life,
What'e'r we need supply. If Thine in death we be. Amen.
- JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

Wiltshire. C.M.

SIR GEORGE SMART.



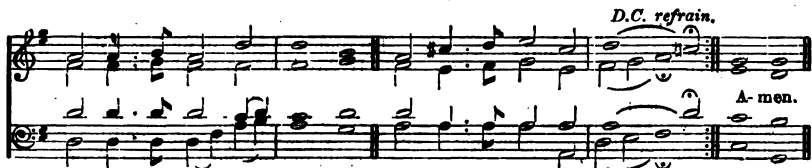
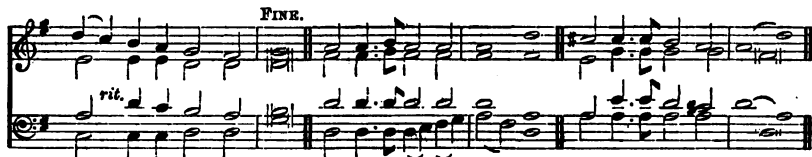
By the grace of God I am what I am.—1 Cor. xv. 10.

- mp* 349 **A**LL that I was, my sin, my guilt, *cr* The light of life in which I walk,
My death, was all mine own; The liberty—is Thine.
- cr* All that I am I owe to Thee, *mf* 4 The grace that made me feel my sin,
My gracious God, alone. Bade me in Christ believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.
- mp* 2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
cr The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- mp* 3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage—all was mine; 5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

BONAR.

Sabbath. 76., 12 lines.

W. H. DOANE.



Underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

mf 350 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershadow'd,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

dim Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
cr Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

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

mf 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there;

dim Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears :
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears !
mf Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.

mf 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
cr Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.

dim Here let me wait with patience,—
Wait till the night is o'er ;
cr Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
mf Safe in the arms of Jesus, &c.
Amen. F. J. CROSBY.

Berlin. 88.88.6.

Magdeburg Choral Book, 1540.





Followers of God, as dear children.—Eph. v. 1.

- mf* 351 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace *f* 3 Thy glorious eye pervades all space ;
 impart,
 Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
 And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
 Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
 Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
 To dedicate myself to Thee.
 To Thee, my God, to Thee.
- mf* 2 What'e'r pursuits my time employ,
 One thought shall fill my soul with joy :
 That silent, secret thought shall be,
 That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
cr On Thee, my God, on Thee.
- mf* 4 Renouncing every worldly thing ;
 Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing :
 Mysweetest thought henceforth shall be,
 That all I want I find in Thee.
f In Thee, my God, in Thee. Amen.
- OBERLIN, tr. by CAROLINE WILSON.

Trust. 888.6.

G. W. TORRANCE.



We walk by faith.—2 Cor. v. 7.

- mp* 352 O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
 The faint, the weak, on Thee *cr* With patient uncomplaining love,
 may lean ;
 Still would I cling to Thee !
cr Help me, throughout life's varying scene, *p* 5 Oft when I seem to tread alone
mf By faith to cling to Thee !
 Some barren waste, with thorns o'er-
 grown,
 A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
dim Whispers, " Still cling to Me !"
- mp* 2 Blest with communion so divine,
 Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
cr When, as the branches to the vine.
mf My soul may cling to Thee ?
- dim* 3 Far from her home, fatigued, opprest,
 Here she has found a place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
mf While she can cling to Thee !
- dim* 4 What though the world deceitful prove,
 And earthly friends and joys remove ;
- mf* 6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside :
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied
f The souls that cling to Thee.
- mf* 7 Blest is my lot, what'e'r befall :
 What can disturb me, who appal,
 While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
 Saviour ! I cling to Thee ? Amen.

C. F. F. F. F.

St. Matthias. 88.98.88.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.

- mf* 353 O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and
f O Love, I give myself to Thee, [drear;
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- dim* 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter
woe;
O Love, who wresting thus didst gain
- That we eternal joy might know;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- mf* 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- mf* 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;
f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be. Amen.
SCHEFFLER, tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God.—2 Thess. iii. 5.

- mf* 354 THOU hidden Love of God, whose *cr* 3
height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
dim I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- mf* 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
dim Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!
- Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- f* 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care:
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy dutious child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry! Amen.
TERSTEEGEN, tr. by J. WESLEY.

Cheshunt College. 88.88.88.

J. BARNEY.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.—Psa. lxxiii. 25.

- mf* **355** JESU! my Lord, my God, my All, *dim* 3 Jesu! what didst Thou find in me,
 Hear me, blest Saviour! when That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 I call; *cr* How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place So far exceeding hope or thought!
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace: *mf* Jesu, my Lord! I Thee adore,
 Jesu, my Lord! I Thee adore, O make me love Thee more and more.
- dim* 2 Jesu! too late I Thee have sought,
 How can I love Thee as I ought?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
mf The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
 Jesu, my Lord! I Thee adore,
cr O make me love Thee more and more.
- 4 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. HENRY COLLINS.

Thou knowest that I love Thee.—John xxi. 17.

- f* **356** THEE will I love, my Strength,
 my Tower!
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
 Thee will I love, with all my power;
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone:
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 In darkness willingly I strayed;
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were
 spread;
 Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
 And now, if more at length I see,
dim 'Tis through Thy light, and comes from
 Thee.
- 3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun!
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined. *cr*
- I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind.
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Or smile,—Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day. Amen.
 J. SCHEFFLER, tr. by J. WESLEY.

Ecclesia. S.M.D.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

We love Him, because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 357 I GIVE my heart to Thee,
O Jesus most desired!
And heart for heart the gift shall be,
For Thou my soul hast fired:
Thou hearts alone would'st move;
Thou only hearts dost love.</p> <p><i>cr</i> I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 What offering can I make,
Dear Lord, to love like Thine?
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine!
"Give Me thy heart, My son:"
Lord, Thou my heart hast won.</p> <p><i>cr</i> I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 3 Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee:
Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return!</p> <p><i>cr</i> I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest,
In Thee, the riven Rock.</p> <p><i>cr</i> My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found.</p> <p><i>f</i> I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired! Amen.</p> <p><i>Tr. from the Latin by RAY PALMER.</i></p> |
|--|--|

Quid Retribuam. 66.66.66. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

* Last verse, two concluding lines.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?—Psa. cxvi. 11.

- mp* 358 **THY** life was given for me, *mp* 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, More than my tongue can tell
cr That I might ransomed be, *dim* Of bitterest agony,
 And quickened from the dead. To rescue me from hell;
 Thy life was given for me; Thou suff'redest all for me:
dim What have I given for Thee? *p* What have I borne for Thee?
- mp* 2 Long years were spent for me *mf* 5 And Thou hast brought to me
 In weariness and woe, Down from Thy home above
cr That through eternity *cr* Salvation full and free,
 Thy glory I might know: Thy pardon and Thy love;
 Long years were spent for me; Great gifts Thou broughtest me
dim Have I spent one for Thee? *dim* What have I brought to Thee?
- mp* 3 Thy Father's home of light, *cr* 6 Oh, let my life be given,
 Thy rainbow-circled Throne, My years for Thee be spent;
 Were left for earthly night, World-fetters all be riven,
 For wanderings sad and lone; And joy with suffering blent;
 Yea, all was left for me; *f* Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
dim Have I left aught for Thee? I give myself to Thee. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Cherith. C.M.

Dr. LOUIS SPORR.

As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks.—Psa. xlii. 1.

- mf* 359 **A**S pants the hart for cooling *dim* 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
 streams, When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
 When heated in the chase, When every heart was tuned to praise,
 So pants my soul, O God, for Thee, And none more blest than I.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God, *cr* 4 O why art Thou cast down, my soul?
 My thirsty soul doth pine; Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 O when shall I behold Thy face, *mf* The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thou Majesty divine? Thy health's eternal spring.
 Amen. TATE and BRADY.

Doncaster. S.M.

S. WESLEY.

Unite my heart to fear Thy name.—Psa. lxxxvi. 11.

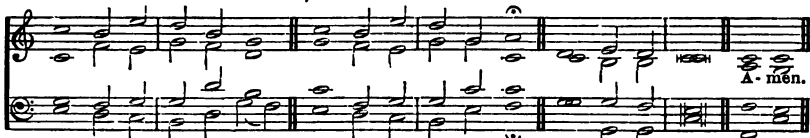
- mf* 360 JESUS, my strength, my hope, 4 Give me a true regard,
 On Thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hearest prayer.
- 2 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do;—
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 3 Give me a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease:
 Never to murmur at Thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less:
- 4 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To Thee and Thy great Name:
- 5 A jealous, just concern
 For Thine immortal praise:
 A pure desire that all may learn,
 And glorify Thy grace.
- f* 6 I rest upon Thy word;
 The promise is for me;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee.
 Amen. C. WESLEY.

Ye call Me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am.—John xiii. 13.

- mf* 361 DEAR Lord and Master mine,
 Thy happy servant see!
 My Conqueror! with what joy divine
 Thy captive clings to Thee!
- 2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
 To feel Thy gracious bands—
 Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
 And happy in Thy hands.
- 3 No bar would I remove,
 No bond would I unbind:
- 4 I would not walk alone,
 But still with Thee, my God:
 At every step my blindness own,
 And ask of Thee the road.
- f* 5 Dear Lord and Master mine,
 Still keep Thy servant true!
 My Guardian and my Guide Divine.
 Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through!
 Amen. T. H. GILL.

Mistley. 64.64.664.

Rev. G. L. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.



To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.—Eph. iii. 19.

- mf* **362** MORE love to Thee, O Christ, *mp* **3** Let sorrow do its work ;
 More love to Thee ! Send, grief and pain ;
 Hear Thou the prayer I make Sweet are Thy messengers,
 On bended knee ; Sweet their refrain,
 This is my earnest plea,— When they can sing with me,—
cr More love, O Christ, to Thee, *cr* More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee ! More love to Thee !
- dim* **2** Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest ;
cr Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best ;
 This all my prayer shall be,—
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee !
- mp* **4** Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise,
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise ;
 This still its prayer shall be,—
cr More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee ! Amen.

E. P. PRENTISS.

St. Bees. 77.77.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



Lovest thou Me?—John xxi. 15.

- mf* **363** HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
dim " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?
- cr* **2** " I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right ;
 Turned thy darkness into light.
- mf* **3** " Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ?
 Yes ! she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4** " Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
cr Free and faithful, strong as death.
- f* **5** " Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done ;
 Partner of My reign shalt be ;—
dim Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? "
- 6** Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
cr Yet I love Thee, and adore :
 O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

W. COWPER.

Southwold. C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

My times are in Thy hand.—Psa. xxxi. 15.

- mp* 364 **W**HILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- cr* 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.
- mf* 3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
dim Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see,
f My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart at rest in Thee. Amen.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Newland. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

Now are we the sons of God.—1 John iii. 2.

- mf* 365 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them—sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
*The Jewish world knew not their King—
God's everlasting Son.*
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure:
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
cr My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own. Amen.
WATTS.

Wareham. L.M.

WM. KNAPP.

See if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—Psa. cxxxix. 24.

mf 366 O THOU, to whose all-searching *dim* 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
sight
The darkness shineth as the light, *cr* Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
Search, prove my heart;—it pants for
Thee: And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
cr Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free! *mf* 5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see,
mf 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross, Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!
Nail my affections to the cross; Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
Hallow each thought; let all within And lead me to Thy holy hill.
Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean. *dim* 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
dim 3 If in this darksome wild I stray, My strength proportion to my day;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way; *cr* Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
cr No foes, no violence I fear, Where all is ealm, and joy, and peace.
No ill, while Thou, my God, art near. Amen. TERSTEBEEN, tr. by J. WESLEY.

O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee.—Psa. lxxiii. 1.

mf 367 O GOD, Thou art my God alone; *mf* 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry; When I remember on my bed,
dim A pilgrim in a land unknown, Thy presence makes the darkness light:
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry. Thy guardian wings are round my head.

2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
cr Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace. *cr* 5 Better than life itself Thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me:
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with Thee!

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze, *f* 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
I follow hard on Thee, my God; For all Thy mercy I will give;
Thy hand unseen upholds my wavs; My soul shall still in God rejoice;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod. My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Derby. C.M.D. DAY'S Psalter, 1563. (Old 137th.)

If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.—2 Cor. v. 17.

mf 368 **WE** praise and bless Thee, *cr* Thou, only Thou, must carry on
 gracious Lord, The work Thou hast begun :
 Our Saviour, kind and true, Of Thine own strength Thou must
 For all the old things passed away, In Thine own ways to run. [*imp*art,
 For all Thou hast made new.
 New hopes, new purposes, desires, *dim* 3 Ah leave us not! from day to day
 And joys, Thy grace has given ; Revive, restore again ;
 Old ties are broken from the earth, Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
 New ties attach to heaven. Our enemies restrain.
dim 2 But yet, how much must be destroyed, *f* So shall we faultless stand at last
 How much renewed must be, Before Thy Father's Throne ;
 Ere we can fully stand complete The blessedness for ever ours,
 In likeness, Lord, to Thee ! The glory all Thine own. Amen.
 SPITTA, *tr.* H. L. LUTHER.

Angelus. L.M.

J. SCHEFFLER.

Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.—Psa. xvii. 8.

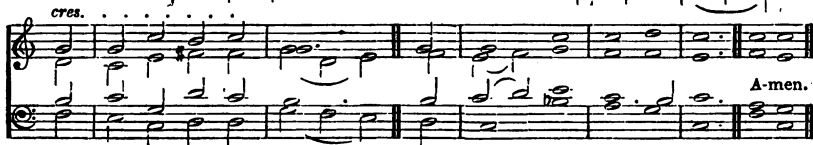
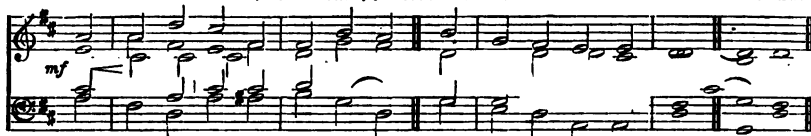
mp **369** BENEATH Thy wing, O God, **3** My place of lowly service too,
I rest, Beneath that sheltering wing I see;
Under Thy shadow safely lie, For all the work I have to do,
By Thine own strength in peace possess, Is done through strengthening trust in
While dreaded evils pass me by. Thee.

cr **2** With strong desire, I here can stay **4** In faith and patience is repose,
To see Thy love its work complete; In faith and rest my strength shall be;
Here can I wait a long delay, *mf* And, when Thy joy the Church o'erflows,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet. I know that it will visit me. Amen.

A. L. WARING.

Taudes Domini. 68.68.68.

J. BARNBY.



Rejoice in the Lord alway.—Phil. iv. 4.

mf **370** WHEN morning gilds the skies, *dim* **4** When evil thoughts molest,
My heart awaking cries, *cr* With this I shield my breast,
f May Jesus Christ be praised: May Jesus Christ be praised:
dim Alike at work and prayer, The powers of darkness fear,
cr To Jesus I repair; When this sweet chant they hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised. May Jesus Christ be praised.

mf **2** To Thee, O God above, *dim* **5** When sleep her balm denies,
I cry with glowing love, My silent spirit sighs
May Jesus Christ be praised: *mf* May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy, The night becomes as day,
It never seems to cloy: When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised. May Jesus Christ be praised.

dim **3** Does sadness fill my mind? *f* **6** Be this, while life is mine,
cr A solace here I find, My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised: May Jesus Christ be praised:
dim Or fades my earthly bliss? *ff* Be this the eternal song,
cr My comfort still is this, Through all the ages on:
May Jesus Christ be praised. Amen.

GERMAN, tr. by E. CASWALL.

FIRST TUNE. **Cords of Love.** 64.64.10.10. J. BARNBY.

A - men.

SECOND TUNE. **Budleigh.** 64.64.10.10. T. M. MUDIE.

A - men.

My Beloved is mine, and I am His.—Sol. Song II. 16.

mp 371 I LIFT my heart to Thee, *mf* 2 Thine am I by all ties ;
 Saviour Divine !
cr For Thou art all to me, But chiefly Thine,
 And I am Thine. That through Thy sacrifice
 Thou, Lord, art mine. [wound
 Is there on earth a closer bond than this. By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly
 That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His?" Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

- dim* 3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
- cr* All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am
Thine.
- mf* 4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
- Why should I keep one precious thing
from Thee, [Self for me?
When Thou hast given Thine own dear
- dim* 5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
- f* To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow
o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for ever-
more. Amen. C. E. MUDIE.

III.—ITS GROWTH AND SATISFACTION.

Hanover. 10.10.11.11.

Dr. CROFT.

My servants shall sing for joy of heart.—Isa. lxx. 14.

- mf* 372 O WHAT shall I do
My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakest believer
That hangs upon Him?
- dim* 2 How happy the man
Whose heart is set free;
The people that can
Be joyful in Thee!
- cr* Their joy is to walk in
The light of Thy face;
And still they are talking
Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight
Shall be in Thy name;
They shall, as their own,
Thy righteousness claim:
- Thy righteousness wearing,
And cleansed by Thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in
The presence of God.
- f* 4 For Jesus, my Lord,
Is now my defence,
I trust in His word,
None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour,
He all things will do:
My King and my Saviour
Shall make me anew.
- mf* 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see
The bliss of Thine own;
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known;
f For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness
Of all that believe. Amen.
- C. WESLEY.

Wycliffe. 88.88.88.

JOHANN SCHOOP.

A leader and commander to the people—Isa. lv. 4.

mf 373 **L**EADEr of faithful souls, and
guide

Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely :
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

dim 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place :
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
cr Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight :
Thither our steady course we steer,

Aspiring to the plains of light—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the Living God.

mf 4 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven :
That palace of our glorious King
We find it nearer while we sing.

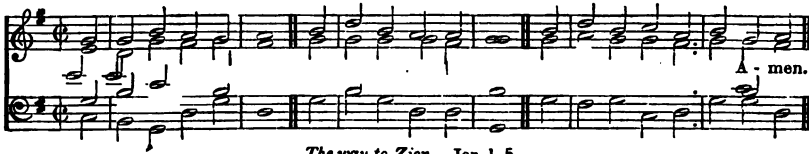
5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod :
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;

f With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.
Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Highbury. 66.86.47. "Hallelujah," from the German.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



The way to Zion.—Jer. 1. 5.

- mf 374** FROM Egypt's bondage come, 4 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek our new, our better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.
f Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- mf 2** To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy;
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
f Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- mf 3** There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er ;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 Nor thirst nor hunger more.
f Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- There, in celestial strains,
 Enraptured myriads sing ;
 There love in every bosom reigns,
 For God Himself is King.
 Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- mf 5** We soon shall join the throng ;
 Their pleasures we shall share ;
 And sing the everlasting song,
 With all the ransomed there.
f Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God.
- mf 6** How bright the prospect is !
 It cheers the pilgrim's breast :
 We're journeying through the wilderness,
 But soon shall gain our rest.
f Hallelujah !
 We are on our way to God. Amen.
- T. KELLY.

Bemerton. 65.65.

DR. FRED. FILITZ, 1846.

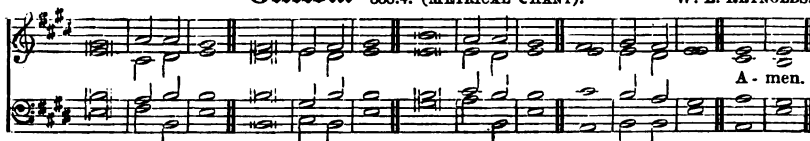


And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. xi. 13.

- mf 375** SAFE across the waters,
 Here in peace we stand,
 See the wrecks of Egypt
 Strewed along the sand.
- 2** Safe across the waters,
 Foes for ever gone,
 Now we march in safety,
 God our Guide alone.
- dim 3** 'Tis the silent desert,
 Sand and rock and waste ;
 But the chain is broken,
 And the peril past.
- mf 4** Onward, then, right onward !
 This our watchword still ;
 Till we reach the glory
 Of the wondrous hill.
- 5** For the journey girded,
 Haste we on our way ;
 The pillar—cloud above us,
 Guide by night and day.
- cr 6** On through waste and blackness,
 O'er our desert road :
f On till Salem greets us,
 City of our God. Amen. H. BONAR.

Clifton. 888.4. (METRICAL CHANT).

W. L. REYNOLDS.

*If any man serve Me let him follow Me.—John xii. 26.*

- mf* 376 **T**HROUGH good report and Forsaking all on 'earth be-'side,
'evil, 'Lord! We follow Thee.
Still guided by Thy 'faithful 'word,
Our staff, our buckler, 'and cur 'sword,
We follow Thee.
- mf* 5 O Master! point Thou 'out the 'way,
Nor suffer Thou our 'steps to 'stray;
Then in the path that 'leads to 'day,
We follow Thee.
- dim* 2 In silence of the 'lonely 'night,
cr In the full glow of 'day's clear 'light,
Through life's strange windings 'dark
We follow Thee. [or 'bright,
- mf* 3 Strengthened by Thee we 'forward 'go,
'Mid smile, or scoff, of 'friend or 'foe,
Through pain or ease, through 'joy or
We follow Thee. ['woe,
- dim* 4 With enemies on 'every 'side,
We lean on Thee the 'cruci-'fied,
We follow Thee. Amen.
- f* 6 Thou hast passed on be-'fore our 'face;
Thy footsteps on the 'way we 'trace;
O keep us, aid us 'by Thy 'grace,—
We follow Thee.
- 7 Whom have we in the 'heaven a-'bove;
Whom on this earth, save 'Thee to 'love?
Still in Thy light we 'onward 'move,
We follow Thee. Amen.

H. BONAR.

FIRST TUNE.

Clah. 65., 12 lines.

FROM HAYDN.

SECOND TUNE.

St. Gertrude. 65., 12 lines. Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Be strong and of good courage . . . for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee.—Deut. xxxi. 6.

f 377 **ONWARD**, Christian soldiers,

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

Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go !

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

f 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee :
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;

cr Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
ff Onward, &c.

f 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;

Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity. **ff** Onward, &c.

dim 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
cr But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.

f Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail. **ff** Onward, &c.

f 5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song ;

cr Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing. **ff** Onward, &c.
Amen. **S. D. GOULD.**

St. Boniface. 65., 12 lines.

HENRY SMART.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Exod. xiv. 15.

- mf* **378** FORWARD! be our watchword, *mf* 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Steps and voices joined; Salt of all the earth;
 Seek the things before us Till each yearning purpose
 Not a look behind: Spring to glorious birth;
 Burns the fiery pillar *dim* Sick, they ask for healing,
 At our army's head; Blind, they grope for day;
 Who shall dream of shrinking, *cr* Pour upon the nations
 By our Captain led? Wisdom's loving ray:
f Forward through the desert, *f* Forward, out of error,
 Through the toil and fight: Leave behind the night;
 Canaan lies before us, Forward through the darkness,
 Sion beams with light. Forward into light.
- mf* 2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind:
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace;
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's face:
f Forward, all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height:
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eye be light.
- 4 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared:
mf Eye hath not beheld them;
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word;
f Forward, ever forward,
 Clad in armour bright;
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

mf 5 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth ;
That fair home is ours ;
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;

Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold :
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might :
Pilgrims, to your country,
Forward into Light. Amen.

H. ALFORD.

Themas. 65., 12 lines.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the text 'A. men.' written below the vocal line.

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.—Psa. cxxvi. 3.

mf 379 **O**N our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,

Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love !

dim Is there grief or sadness ?

Thine it cannot be !

Is our sky beclouded ?

Clouds are not from Thee !

f On our way rejoicing, As we onward move,

Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of Love !

mf 2 If with honest-hearted

Love for God and man,

Day by day Thou find us

Doing what we can ;

Thou who giv'st the seed time

Wilt give large increase,

Crown us, Lord, with blessings,

Fill the heart with peace.

f On our way rejoicing, &c.

3 On our way rejoicing,

Gladly let us go ;

Conquered hath our Leader,

Vanquished is our foe !

Christ without, our safety,

Christ within, our joy ;

Who, if we be faithful,

Can our hope destroy ?

On our way rejoicing, &c.

f 4 Unto God the Father

Joyful songs we sing ;

Unto God the Saviour

Thankful hearts we bring ;

Unto God the Spirit

Bow we and adore,

On our way rejoicing,

Now and evermore.

On our way, &c. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Spire. 55.88.55.

ADAM DRESE, 1680.

I send an angel before thee.—Exod. xxiii. 20.

mf 380 JESUS, still lead on
 Till our rest be won ;
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless ;
f Guide us by Thy hand
 To our Fatherland.

dim 2 If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
cr For, through many a foe,
 To our home we go.

mp 3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief ;
 When oppressed by new temptations,
cr Lord, increase and perfect patience ;
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

f 4 Jesus, still lead on
 Till our rest be won ;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland, Amen.

ZINZENDORF.

FIRST TUNE.

Dexton. 65.65.65.65.65.

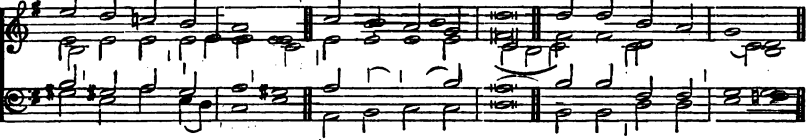
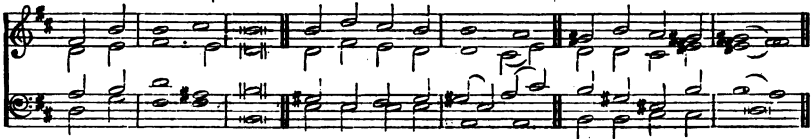
ERSKINE ALLON.



SECOND TUNE.

Dixie. 65., 12 lines.

J. BARNEY.



Behold I have given Him for . . . a Leader and Commander to the people.—Isa. lv. 4.

mf 381 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner, *mf* 3 All our days direct us

Pointing to the sky,

In the way we go,

Waving wanderers onward

cr Lead us on victorious

To their home on high.

Over every foe ;

Marching through the desert,

Bid Thine angels shield us

Gladly thus we pray,

When the storm-clouds lour,

Still with hearts united

Pardon, Lord, and save us

Singing on our way.

In the last dread hour.

f Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky,

f Brightly gleams, &c.

Waving wanderers onward To their home on high. *f* 4

Then with saints and angels

mf 2 Jesu, Lord and Master,

May we join above,

At Thy sacred feet,

Offering prayers and praises

Here with hearts rejoicing

At Thy throne of love :

See Thy children meet ;

When the march is over,

dim Often have we left Thee,

Then come rest and peace,

Often gone astray ;

Jesus in His beauty,

cr Keep us, mighty Saviour,

Songs that never cease.

In the narrow way.

f Brightly gleams, &c. Amen.

f Brightly gleams, &c.

T. J. POTTER, and W. WALSHAM HOW.

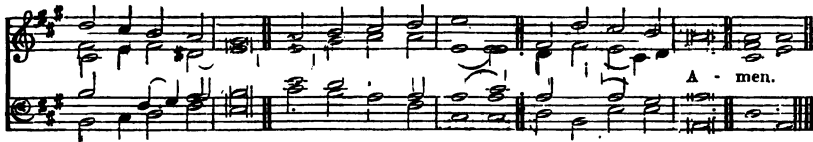
Sandon. 10.4.10.4.10.10.

C. H. PURDAY.

I am come a Light into the world.—John xii. 46.

- mf* **382** LIGHT of the world! whose kind and gentle care
 Is joy and rest; [cious are,
 Whose counsels and commands so gra- [the way,
 Wisest and best. [fear,
 Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard
 Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray.
- 3 My blessed Lord! what bliss to feel
 Faithful and true; [Thee near,
 To trust in Thee, without one doubt or
 Thy will to do; [fear,
 And all the while to know that Thou,
 our Friend,
 Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.
- 2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure
 Its hope and peace; [desire,
 Let not the faith Thy loving words in-
 Falter, or cease; [pire
 But be to me, true Friend, my chief *f*
 delight,
 And safely guide, that every step be right.
- 4 And then, oh, then! when sorrow's night
 Life's daylight come, [is o'er,
 And we are safe within Heaven's golden
 At Home! at Home! [door,
 How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
 Saviour to Thee, our everlasting praise.
 Amen. H. BATEMAN.

Rex Benigna. 10.4.10.4.10.10. Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc.



The true Light now shineth.—1 John ii. 8.

- mf* **383** LEAD, kindly Light, amid the *cr* I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 encircling gloom, Pride ruled my will: remember not past
 Lead Thou me on. years.
dim The night is dark, and I am far from, *mf* **3** So long Thy power hath blest me, sure
 Lead Thou me on. [home, Will lead me on, [it still
cr Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, [it still
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me. The night is gone; [till
mf **2** I was not ever thus, nor prayed that *cr* And with the morn those angel faces
 Shouldst lead me on. [Thou smile, [awhile.
 I loved to choose and see my path,—but *dim* Which I have loved long since, and lost
 Lead Thou me on. [now Amen. J. H. NEWMAN.

Oldenburg. 11.11.11.11.

T. SELLE, 1656.



Faint yet pursuing.—Judges viii. 4.

- mf* **384** THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we *cr* **3** And to His green pastures, our footsteps
 go on our way; He leads; [feeds!
 The Lord is our Leader, His word is our His flock in the desert how kindly He
 stay; [be near, The Lambs in His bosom He tenderly
 Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial bears, [all snares,
 The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can And brings back the wanderers, safe from
 we fear?
im **2** He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
 The weak and oppressed—He will heal *f*
 their complaint; [road,
 The way may be weary, and thorny the
 But how can we falter, our help is in God. 4 Though clouds may be o'er us, our God
 is our light, [our might;
 Though storms rage around us, our God is
 So, faint, yet pursuing, still onward we
 come;
 For God is our Leader, and heaven is our
 home. Amen. J. NELSON DABNEY

St. Oswald. 87.87

J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

One hope of your calling.—Eph. iv. 4.

- mf* 385 **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
- 3 One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;
- 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;
- 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;
- cr* 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.
- f* 7 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the cross our aid!
dim Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
- cr* 8 Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
f Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.
- B. S. INGEMANN, *tr.* by S. BARING-GOULD.

Doncaster. S.M.

S. WESLEY.

Christ is all, and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

- mf* 386 **O** EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within!
*Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin!*
- 2 O everlasting Truth!
Truest of all that's true;
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me and teach me too!

- f* 3 O everlasting Strength !
Uphold me in the way ;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day !
- mf* 4 O everlasting Love !
Well-spring of grace and peace ;
Pour down Thy fulness from above ;
Bid doubt and trouble cease !
- 5 O everlasting Rest !
Lift off life's load of care ;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.
- f* 6 Thou art in heaven our all :
Our all on earth art Thou ;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now. Amen.

H. BONAR.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

FIRST TUNE.

Glors. 10.10.10.10.

Harm. by Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

A-men.

SECOND TUNE.

Praneste. 10.10.10.10.

PALESTRINA.

A-men.

Abide in Me, and I in you.—John xv. 4.

- mf* 387 **T**HAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me ;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.
- cr* 2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee ;
From this good hour, O leave me never-
more ; [be healed,
Then shall the discord cease, the wound
The lifelong bleeding of the heart be o'er.
- mf* 3 Abide in me ; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark
thought of sin ; [desire,
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low
And keep my soul, as Thine, calm and
divine.
- 4 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems 'round
it thrown.
- 5 Abide in me ; there have been moments
blest [Thy power,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.
- 6 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer,—
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.
Amen.

H. B. STOWE.

Hispania. 10.10.



Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock.—Psa. lxxx. 1.

- mf 388** O KING of Mercy, from Thy throne on high
dim Look down in love, and hear our humble
p 2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
 Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.
8 O gentle Saviour by Thy death we live;
 To contrite sinners life eternal give.
mf 4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
 Be near to help our souls in time of need.
dim 5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
 Sweet fount of joy and blessings without
- mf 6** Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
 Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face!
7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
 Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.
8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
 In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.
cr 9 Oh, guide us daily with Thine eye of love,
 And bring us safely to our home above!
 Amen.
- T. B. BIRKS.

Barton. 76.76.

J. H. KNECHT.



Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. xi. 13.

- mf 389** O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
 If onward ye will tread,
 With Jesus as your Fellow,
 To Jesus as your Head.
- 2** O happy, if ye labour
 As Jesus did for man:
 O happy, if ye hunger
 As Jesus hungered then!
- 3** The cross that Jesus carried,
 He carried as your due;
cr The crown that Jesus weareth,
 He weareth it for you.
- mf 4** The faith by which ye see Him,
 The hope in which ye yearn.
- The love that through all troubles,
 To Him alone will turn,—
dim 5 The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure,—
cr 6 What are they, but His jewels,
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they, but the ladder
 Set up to Heaven, on earth?
f 7 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win you such a prize. Amen.
- JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, tr. by NEALE.

Balkieth. 10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT.



Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock.—Psa. lxxx. 1.

<i>mf</i> 390	L EAD us, O Father! in the paths of peace;	<i>mf</i> 3	Lead us, O Father! in the paths of right;
<i>dim</i>	Without Thy guiding hand we go astray, And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;	<i>dim</i>	Blindly we stumble when we walk alone, Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
<i>cr</i>	Lead us through Christ, the true and	<i>cr</i>	Only with Thee we journey safely on.
<i>mf</i> 2	Lead us, O Father! in the paths of truth;	<i>mf</i> 4	Lead us, O Father! to Thy heavenly rest,
<i>dim</i>	Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we While passion stains and folly dims our youth,		However rough and steep the path Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
	And age comes on uncheered by faith		Until our lives are perfected in Thee. Amen.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Helso. 10.10.10.10

DR GAUNTLETT.



If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit.—Gal. v. 25.

<i>mf</i> 391	S PIRIT of God! descend upon my heart;		I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling!
	Wean it from earth; through all its pulses Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.		O let me see Thee, and O let me find!
2	I ask no dream, no prophet's ecstasies; No sudden rending of the veil of clay; No angel-visitant, no opening skies; But take the dimness of my soul away.	4	Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh; Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear; To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh; Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
3	Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?	5	Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels One holy passion filling all my frame; The kindling of the heaven-descending Dove,
	All, all Thine own—soul, heart, and strength, and mind;		My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame. Amen.

GEORGE COLLY.

Mount Zion. 77.77.77.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Thou wilt show me the path of life.—Psa. xvi. 11.

- mp* 392 **L**ORD, Thy children guide and keep,
 As with feeble steps they press
 On the pathway rough and steep,
 Through this weary wilderness.
- cr* Holy Jesus, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- mp* 2 There are stony ways to tread;—
 Give the strength we sorely lack:
 There are tangled paths to thread;—
 Light us, lest we miss the track.
- cr* Holy Jesus, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- mp* 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
 Where the feeble faint and die;—
- cr* Holy Jesus, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- mp* 4 There are soft and flowery glades
 Decked with golden-fruited trees,
 Sunny slopes and scented shades;
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
- cr* Holy Jesus, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way.
- 5 Upward still to purer heights,
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,
 Till we reach the promised rest.
- f* Holy Jesus, day by day,
 Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.
- W. WALSHAM HOW.

Ebensong. 84.84.8884.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.

Is it well with Thee? . . . It is well.—2 Kings iv. 26.

- mf* 393 **T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
- cr* Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield
All must be well. [*us*; *f*]
- dim* 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
- cr* Ours through grace a full salvation;
All, all is well.
- mf* 3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
"All, all is well."
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well. Amen.

MARY PETERS.

Ellerker. 87.87.

J. B. KÖNIG, 1738.
Harmonized by LUDWIG ERK.



Be strong, and quit yourselves like men.—1 Sam. iv. 9.

- mf* 394 **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease our prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.
- 3 Not for ever in still waters
Would we ask that we may stay,
But would win the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.
- 4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father! be Thou at our side.
- cr* 5 Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share;
May our souls, in hope unwearied,
Make Thy work their ceaseless care.
Amen.

Lo! I am with you alway.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

- mf* 395 **A**LWAYS with us, always with *cr* us,
Words of cheer, and words of love!
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.
- dim* 2 With us when with sin we struggle,
Giving strength and courage too,
cr Bidding us to falter never,
But to Him be ever true.
- dim* 3 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
- dim* 4 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
cr Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
- dim* 5 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
f Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.
Amen.

M. H. STAVIS.

Mannheim. 87.87.87.German Chorale.
Arr. by Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.—Matt. vi. 13.

mf 396 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
cr Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

mf 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
cr Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.
 Amen. J. EDMESTON.

dim 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,

Eckington. 87.87.47.GIOVANNI MARTINI,
Scuola d'Organo, 1804

The Lord went before them . . . by day and night.—Exod. xiii. 21.

- mf* 397 **GUIDE** me, O Thou Great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim, through this barren land;
dim I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
cr Bread of heaven!
 Feed me till I want no more.
- Lead me all my journey through;
f Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- dim* 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
cr Death of death, and hell's destruction!
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee. Amen.
- mf* 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow:
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
- W. WILLIAMS.

St. Matthias. 88.83.88.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

A-men.

If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love.—Phil. ii. 1.

- mp* 398 **I HAVE** no comfort but Thy love,
 Without it life is death to me;
 Joyless through all its joys I move,
 Hopeless through all its misery:
cr Yet, trusting Thee, I daily prove
 The blessed comfort of Thy love.
- mp* 2 Low is my heart, and high the tide
 Of troubles which doth round it rise,
 And drear the prospect far and wide:
 Yet from it I can lift mine eyes,
cr And, resting them on Thee, can prove
 The blessed comfort of Thy love.
- mf* 3 Thou art the Rock on which I stand,
 When round me rages life's rough sea,
 Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand,
 The haven where my soul would be;
 Daily I feel, and nightly prove
 The blessed comfort of Thy love.
- 4 O lift me higher, nearer Thee,
 And as I rise more pure and meet,
 O let my soul's humility
 Make me lie lower at Thy feet;
 Less trusting self, the more I prove
 The blessed comfort of Thy love.
- dim* 5 For life is short Thy will to do,
 My loss repair, Thy truth regain;
 And years are fleeting fast, and few
 The sands that in my glass remain;
cr I must be busy, would I prove
 All the deep comfort of Thy love.
- f* 6 Grateful my songs arise to Thee
 With morning's dawn, and evening's fall,
 For Thou hast ever been to me
 My light, my life, mine all in all;
 My day is night if Thou remove,
 I have no comfort but Thy love. Amen.

J. S. B. MOSSALL.

Submission. 838.4.

J. TURLLE.

They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee.—Psa. ix. 10.

- mp* 399 **W**E cannot always trace the way
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost
But we can always surely say [move,
That Thou art love.
- 3 When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That Thou art love.
- mf* 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth,—our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary spring;
For Thou art love.
- 4 Yes! Thou art love; a truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is love. Amen.

SIR J. BOWRING.

Fulda. L.M.

BEETHOVEN.

In Thy light shall we see light.—Psa. xxxvi. 9.

- mf* 400 **G**RANT us Thy light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.
- 2 Grant us Thy light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.
- 3 Grant us Thy light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.
- 4 Grant us Thy light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above;
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.
- 5 Grant us Thy light, that we may trace
A pledge of life in seeming death;
And own the grave a resting-place,
Nor dread at last to sleep beneath.
- 6 Grant us Thy light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.
- Amen.

L. TUTTLETT.

Teach me Thy way, O Lord.—Psa. xxvii. 11.

mf 401 **T**EACH me, O Lord, Thy holy way,
 And give me an obedient mind,
 That in Thy service I may find
 My soul's delight from day to day.
 2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand,
 And so control my thoughts and
 deeds, [leads
 That I may tread the path which
 Right onward to the blessed land.
 3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
 The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod,

And meekly walking with my God,
 To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.
 4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
 Forsake the right, or do the wrong;
 Against temptation make me strong,
 And round me spread Thy sheltering
 care.
 5 Bless me, O Saviour, in each task
 Begun, continued, done for Thee;
cr Fulfil Thy perfect work in me;
 What less—what greater dare I ask?
 Amen. W. TIDD MATSON.

Strasburg. 11.10.11.10. JOHN RUDOLPH AHLE, d. 1763.



Rejoice in the Lord.—Phil. iii. 1.

mf 402 **L**IGHT hath arisen, we walk in
 its brightness;
 Joy hath descended, its fulness has come.
 Peace hath been spoken; we hear it, we
 take it; [dumb?
 Angels are singing, and shall we be
dim 2 Calm 'mid the tempest around us that *cr* 6
 rages,
 'Mid the lone weariness ever at rest;
 Silent amid the rude uproar of voices,
 Sometimes disquieted, never oppress.
cr 3 Happy in Him who hath loved us and *mf* 7
 bought us,
 Rich in the life which He gives to His
 own, [standing,
 Filled with the peace passing all under-
 Never less lonely than when we're alone.
mf 4 Safe in His strength, in His love ever
 happy, [of time?
 What are the strugglings and tossings
 Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever
 clinging, [climb.
 Upward, still upward, we buoyantly

5 High on the rock, in our fortress sure
 sheltered,
 Wave, wind, and foeman assail us in vain,
 Buckler and shield is He, who can
 assail us; [the rain?
 What though the fiery darts shower like
 6 Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we follow,
 Life is no slumber, our battle no dream;
 Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally,
 Wave high Thy sword, we press on in
 its gleam.
mf 7 Jesus, to Thee we look, Saviour Almighty,
 Jesus, on Thee we rest, happy and free;
 Jesus, on Thee we feed, bread of the
 hungry;
 Jesus our all, lo we lean upon Thee!
 8 What are the shadows around us still
 floating?
 Sunshine is glowing all brightly above,
 Heed not the height of the cliffs we are
 climbing,
 From them we gaze on the land that
 we love. Amen. H. BONAR.

Rozneath. 686.4.

E. MINSHALL.

Musical score for 'Rozneath' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a 'rall.' marking and 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

I will lead them in paths that they have not known.—Isa. xlii. 16.

mf 403 JESUS Emmanuel,
Thou shalt our Leader be;
Guide Thine own Israel
Over life's sea.

dim 2 When we are full of grief,
Victims of anxious care,
cr Give Thou our hearts relief,
Jesus be near.

3 Brighten our darkest hour,
Till the last hour shall come;
Then in Thy love and power,
O take us home.

f 4 Glorious Deliverer,
How long wilt Thou delay,
Saviour, great Saviour,
Bear us away. Amen.

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

Westenhanger. S.M.

C. W. POOLE.

Musical score for 'Westenhanger' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—Psa. xxiii. 6.

mf 404 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim:
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [dark shade,
Though I should walk through death's
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

f 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.
Amen.

I. WATTS.

Biberach. 77.77.

J. H. KNECHT, 1797.

I am the good Shepherd.—John x. 11.

- mf* **405** **L**OVING Shepherd of Thy sheep, **3** Loving Shepherd, ever near,
 Keep me, Lord, in safety keep, Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
 Nothing can Thy power withstand, Suffer not my foot to stray
 None can pluck me from Thy hand. From the strait and narrow way.
- 2** Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give. **4** Where Thou leadest may I go;
 Thine own life that I might live; Walking in Thy steps below;
 May I love Thee day by day; *cr* Then, before Thy Father's throne,
 Gladly Thy sweet will obey. Jesus, claim me for Thine own. Amen.
- J. E. LEEBON.

Shechem. 87.87.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Psa. xxiii. 1.

- mf* **406** **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is, **4** In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 Whose goodness faileth never; With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
 I nothing lack if I am His Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 And He is mine for ever. Thy cross before to guide me.
- 2** Where streams of living water flow **5** Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
 My ransomed soul He leadeth, Thy unction grace bestoweth;
 And where the verdant pastures grow, *cr* And oh, what transport of delight
 With food celestial feedeth. From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 3** Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, **f 6** And so through all the length of days
 But yet in love He sought me, Thy goodness faileth never:
 And on His shoulder gently laid, Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
 And home, rejoicing, brought me. Within Thy house for ever. Amen.
- H. W. BAKER.

Bethlehem. 87.87. Latin Melody of the 14th Century.

Musical score for 'Bethlehem. 87.87. Latin Melody of the 14th Century.' The score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the vocal line.

Christ . . . our Life.—Col. iii. 4.

- mp* 407 **L**ABOURING and heavy-laden, *mp* 5 Strangers upon earth, and pilgrims
 Wanting help in time of need; Wearing with the world, and weak;
 Fainting by the way from hunger. By life's many ways bewildered,
cr "Bread of life!" on Thee we feed. *cr* "Path of Life!" for Thee we seek.
- mp* 2 Thirsting for the springs of water, *mp* 6 Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,
 That, by love's eternal law, Longing, struggling to be free;
 From the stricken Rock are flowing, Where Thy loving banner leads us,
cr "Well of Life!" from Thee we draw. *cr* "Prince of Life!" we follow Thee.
- mp* 3 Driven out from happy Eden, *mp* 7 Sick of sense's vain deceivings,
 Far from home and shelter strayed, Crumbling round us into dust;
 Tossed with tempest, faint from sunshine, Strong alone in faith's believings,
cr "Tree of Life!" we seek Thy shade. *cr* "Word of Life!" in Thee we trust.
- mp* 4 In the land of cloud and shadow, *f* 8 Thou the "Grace of life" supplying,
 Where no human eye can see, Thou the "Crown of life" wilt give;
 Light to those who sit in darkness, Dead to sin, and daily dying,
cr "Light of Life!" we walk in Thee. "Life of Life!" in Thee we live.

Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

Carey. 88.88.88. H. CAREY, 1730.

Musical score for 'Carey. 88.88.88. H. CAREY, 1730.' The score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the vocal line.

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.—*Ps. xxiii. 1.*

- mf 408** THE Lord my pasture shall pre-
 pare,
 And feed me with a Shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- dim 2* When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
cr To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3* Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden green and herbage crowned;
 And streams shall murmur all around.
- p 4* Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
f My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful
 shade. Amen.
- ADDISON.

Wearmouth.

C.M.D.

DAY'S Psalter, 1562.

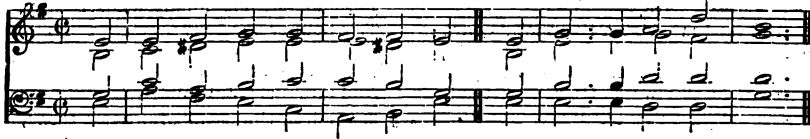
* This tune may also be sung in Common time, if preferred, by making the Semibreves, throughout, into Minims.

Risen with Christ.—*Col. iii. 1.*

- mp 409** DEAR Saviour of a dying world, *mf 3* And then—there shall be yet an end—
 Where grief and change
 must be,
 In the new grave where Thou wast laid
 My heart lies down with Thee.
 Oh, not in cold despair of joy
 Or weariness of pain,
 But from a hope that shall not die,
 To rise and live again.
- cr 2* I would arise in all Thy strength
 My place on earth to fill,
 To work out all my time of war
 With love's unflinching will.
 Firm against every doubt of Thee
 For all my future way—
 To walk in heaven's eternal light
 Throughout the changing day.
- f 4* Shine then, Thou resurrection Light,
 Upon our sorrows shine !
 The fulness of Thy joy be ours,
 As all our griefs were Thine.
 Now in this changing, dying life
 Our faded hopes restore,
 Till, in Thy triumph perfected,
 We taste of death no more. Amen.
- A. L. WARING

Cheahire. C.M.

ESTER'S Psalter, 1592.

*Christ in you, the hope of glory.—Col. i. 27.*

- mf* 410 O SAVIOUR, may we never reater³ Until, released from carnal ties,
 Till Thou art formed within; Our spirit upward springs,
 Till Thou hast calmed our troubled And sees true peace above the skies,
 breast, True joy in heavenly things.
 And crushed the power of sin! *f* 4 There as we gaze, may we become
 United, Lord, to Thee;
dim 2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross, And, in a fairer, happier home,
 Until the wondrous sight Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.
 Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
 And earthly sorrows light!

W. H. BATHURST.

Flabian. C.M.

BARBER'S Psalm Tunes.

*The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God.—Gal. ii. 20.*

- mf* 411 O JESUS Christ grow Thou in me, 4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
 And all things else recede; Be Thou my life and aim;
 My heart be daily nearer Thee, cr O make me daily through Thy grace,
 From sin be daily freed. More worthy of Thy name.
 2 Each day let Thy supporting might 5 Daily more filled with Thee, my heart
 My weakness still embrace; Daily from self more free;
 My darkness vanish in Thy light, Thou, to whom prayer did strength im-
 Thy life my death efface. Of my prayer, Hearer be. [part,
 3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall, f6 Let faith in Thee, and in Thy might,
 Fade every evil thought; My every motive move,
 That I am nothing, Thou art all, Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
 I would be daily taught. My passion and my love. Amen.

J. C. LAVATER, tr. by MRS. H. B. SMITH.

Haxton. C.M.

Attributed to LUTHER.



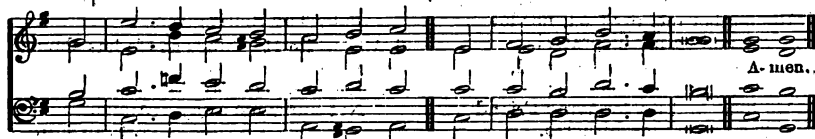
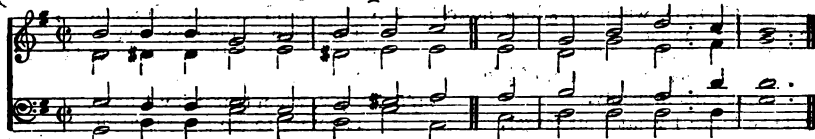
A. men.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. v. 3.

- mf* 412 **OUR** Father, hear our longing prayer,
 And help this prayer to flow,
 That humble thoughts, which are Thy
 May live in us and grow. [*care, mf* 4 Hear us, our Saviour ! ours Thou art,
 Thy reign may come within,
 And when Thy children homeward go,
 We too may enter in.
- dim* 2 For lowly hearts shall understand
 The peace, the calm delight
 Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
 A pleasure in Thy sight.
- Though we are not like Thee ;
 Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
 Large, lowly, trusting, free. Amen.
 GEORGE MACDONALD.

Nox Processit. C.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



A. men.

Walk in the light, as He is in the light.—1 John 1. 7.

- mf* 413 **WALK** in the light ! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
- Because that Light hath on thee shone,
 In which is perfect day.
- dim* 4 Walk in the light ! and even the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear ;
cr Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light ! and thine shall be
 A path, though thorny, bright ;
f For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God Himself is Light. Amen.
- BERNARD BARTON.

Horsley. C.M.

Dr. HORSLEY.

Go forth into the plain, and I will there talk with thee.—Ezek. iii. 22.

- mp* 414 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow Thee.
- cr* 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
- O, with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God !
Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one,—
My Saviour, Thou art mine.
- mf* 4 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more. Amen.
- W. COWPER.

All my springs are in Thee.—Psa. lxxvii. 7.

- mp* 415 **L**ORD, when in silent hours I
muse
Upon myself and Thee,
I seem to hear the stream of life
That runs invisibly.
- 2 Then know I what I oft forget,
How fleeting are my days ;
Remember me, my God, nor let
My end be my dispraise !
- 3 O think upon me for my good,
Though little good I do ;
My hope and my forgiving Friend
Thou hast been hitherto.
- cr* 4 And I would live in such a course,
That men to me may say,
“O whence hast thou thy joy and force?
What is thy secret stay ?”
- mf* 5 My joy, when truest joy I have,
It comes to me from heaven ;
My strength, when I from weakness rise,
Is by Thy Spirit given.
- 6 And while He shines as He has shone,
Whom Thou hast made my stay,
Life can but gently float me on,
Not hurry me away. Amen.
- T. T. LYNCH.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Phil. iv. 7.

- mf* 416 **W**E bless Thee for Thy peace,
O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.
- Jim* 2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast.
- cr* 3 That peace which suffers and is strong
Trusts where it cannot see,
- 4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
- mf* 5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee. Amen.

Bonington. c.m.

Musical score for 'Bonington. c.m.' consisting of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with 'A-men.' written at the end of the treble staff.

God is my portion for ever.—Psa. lxxiii. 26.

- mf* 417 O LORD, I would delight in Thee, 3 No good in creatures can be found,
 And on Thy care depend: But may be found in Thee;
 To Thee in every trouble flee, I must have all things and abound,
 My best, my only Friend. While God is God to me.
- 2 When all created streams are dried, *f* 4 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
 Thy fulness is the same: I triumph and adore;
 May I with this be satisfied, Henceforth my great concern shall be
 And glory in Thy name. To love and praise Thee more. Amen.

J. RYLAND.

Milan. 77.77.

Stabat Mater.

Musical score for 'Milan. 77.77.' consisting of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with 'A-men.' written at the end of the treble staff.

Give us day by day our daily bread.—Luke xi. 8.

- mf* 418 DAY by day the manna fell: 4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
 O! to learn this lesson well: Day by day to Thee I live;
 Still by constant mercy fed, So shall added years fulfil,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread. Not mine own—my Father's will.
- 2 Day by day, the promise reads; *dim* 5 Fond ambition, whisper not;
 Daily strength for daily needs; Happy is my humble lot,
 Cast foreboding fears away; Anxious, busy cares, away!
 Take the manna of to-day. I'm provided for to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand; *mf* 6 O! to live exempt from care
 All my sanguine hopes have planned By the energy of prayer;
 To Thy wisdom I resign, Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
 And would make Thy purpose mine. Yet elate with gratitude. Amen.

J. CORDER.

Burdham (Clifton). C.M.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.—John xiv. 17.

- mf* 419 **THY** home is with the humble, '3 Thysweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
 Lord, Great Spirit! it is Thou!
 Thou lov'st the simple best; Deeper and deeper in my heart
 Thy lodging is in childlike hearts; I feel Thee resting now.
 Thou makest there Thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter! Eternal love!
 If Thou wilt stay with me,
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
 I'll build a house for Thee.
- 4 Who made this beating heart of mine,
 But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
 Let none possess it, Lord, but Thee,
 And let it be Thy rest. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

Chan. C.M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.—Psa. cxxxix. 23, 24.

- mf* 420 **TRY** us, O God, and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart;
 What'e'er of sin in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray
 Leave us not comfortless;
 But guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
- Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.
- er 4 Up into Thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.
- f 5 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive Thy ready bride;
 Give us in heaven a happy lot
 With all the sanctified. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Emmanu. C.M.

Musical score for 'Emmanu. C.M.' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

He talked with us by the way.—Luke xxiv. 22.

- mf* 421 **T**ALK with us, Lord, Thyself **3** Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
 reveal, *cr* And bid my heart rejoice;
 While here o'er earth we rove; *cr* My bounding heart shall own Thy way,
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel And echo to Thy voice.
 The kindling of Thy love. **4** Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
2 With Thee conversing, we forget Enter into my Master's joy,
 All time, and toil, and care; And find my heaven in Thee. Amen.
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet C. WESLEY.
 If Thou, my God, art here.

Wiltshire. C.M.

Sir GEORGE SMART.

Musical score for 'Wiltshire. C.M.' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

God, my exceeding joy.—Psa. lxxiii. 4.

- mf* 422 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys, While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
 The life of my delights, And whispers,—I am His.
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights! *f* **4** My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
2 In darkest shades if Thou appear, Run up with joy the shining way
 My dawning is begun: To meet my dearest Lord:
 Thou art my soul's sweet morning star, **5** Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 And Thou my rising sun. I'd break through every foe;
3 The opening heavens around me shine The wings of love and arms of faith
 With beams of sacred bliss, Should bear me conqueror through.
Amen. L. WANTS.

Shore. 77.77.

Musical score for 'Shore. 77.77.' consisting of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a simple, hymn-like style. The second system ends with the text 'A-men.' written above the staff.

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

- mf* 423 SON of God, Thy blessing grant ;
 Still supply mine every want.
 Tree of life, Thine influence shed ;
 From Thy fulness I am fed.
- mf* 3 All my hopes on Thee depend,
 Love me, save me, to the end.
 Still preserve me by Thy grace :
 Take the everlasting praise. Amen.
- dim* 2 Unsustained by Thee, I fall ;
 Send the strength for which I call :

C. WESLEY.

The fruit of the Spirit is meekness.—Gal. v. 22, 23.

- mf* 424 LORD, if Thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Clothed with humility.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee ;
 Every evil let me flee ;
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in Thy precious love.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child ;
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.
- cr* 4 O that all may seek and find
 Every good in Christ combined :
 Him let Israel still adore ;
 Trust Him, praise Him evermore.
 Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Heinlein. 77.77.

PAUL HEINLEIN, 1677.

Musical score for 'Heinlein. 77.77.' consisting of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a simple, hymn-like style. The second system ends with the text 'A - men.' written above the staff.

Our old man is crucified with Him.—Rom. vi. 6.

- mf* 425 NEVER further than Thy cross ;
 Never higher than Thy feet ;
 Here earth's precious things seem dross ;
 Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.
- dim* 2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
 Learn Thy love while gazing thus ;
 Sin which laid the cross on Thee,
 Love which bore the cross for us.

mf 3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross we fight.

5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.

f 6 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.
Amen.

E. CHARLES.

Babaria. L.M.

MOZART.

A-men.

Christ liveth in me.—Gal. ii. 20.

mf 426 O BLESSED Life! the heart at rest,

When all without tumultuous seems:
That trusts a higher Will, and deems
That higher Will, not mine, the best.

2 O blessed Life! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

cr 3 O blessed Life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,

Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4 O blessed Life! heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

f 5 O Life! how blessed!—how divine!—
High Life, the earnest of a higher:
Saviour! fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed Life be mine.

Amen. W. T. MATSON.

Christ us all and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

mf 427 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be

That I shall find my all in Thee;
The fulness of Thy promise prove,
The seal of Thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only Thou, to me be given
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven.

dim 3 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt!
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out;—

A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

4 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;
I want; do Thou enrich the poor;
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up!

5 Lord, I am blind, be Thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak, be Thou my might:
cr A Helper of the helpless be;
And let me find my all in Thee.

Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Downton. C.M.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Phil. iv. 7.

- mf* 428 **C**ALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow,
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fever'd brow.
- 2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.
- 3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretch'd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.
- 4 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;
- 5 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;
- 6 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate Thy holy Name; [throng,
- 7 Calm when the great world's news with
My listening spirit stir; [power
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.
- 8 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unrufl'd through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain. Amen.

H. BONAR.

Montgomery. L.M.

S. STANLEY, 1810.

His spirit in the inner man.—Eph. iii. 16.

- mf* 429 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend
and dwell
By faith and love in every breast:
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- f* 3 And learn the height and breadth and
Of Thine unmeasurable grace. [length
Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His
Son. Amen.
- cr 2* Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess

I. WATTS.

Fair Gate. L.M.

That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.—Rom. xii. 1.

- mf* 430 **R**EDEEMED from guilt, re- deemed from fears,
 My soul at rest, and dried my tears,
 What can I do, O love divine,
 What to repay such gifts as Thine?
- cr* 3 O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
 And yield Thee up myself, my all;
 Before Thy face my sins to own,
 And live and die to Thee alone!
- dim* 2 What can I do so poor, so weak,
 But from Thy hands new blessings seek,
 A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
 A soul to know Thee and adore?
- mf* 4 Thy gracious Spirit, Lord, impart,
 Expand, and raise, and fill my heart,
 So that a holy life may be
 Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.
- Amen. H. F. LYFE.

Waldeck. L.M.

C. H. RINCK.

The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.—Psa. iv. 3.

- mf* 431 **H**OW blest is life if lived for Thee,
 My loving Saviour and my Lord;
 No pleasures that the world can give,
 Such perfect gladness can afford.
- 2 To know I am Thy ransomed child,
 Bought by Thine own most precious blood,
 And from Thy loving hand to take
 With grateful heart each gift of good.
- 3 All day to walk beneath Thy smile,
 Watching Thine eye to guide me still,
- To rest at night beneath Thy care,
 Guarded by Thee from every ill.
- 4 To feel that though I journey on
 By stony paths, and rugged ways,
 Thy blessed feet have gone before,
 And strength is given for weary days.
- cr* 5 Such love shall ever make me glad,
 Strong in Thy strength to work or rest,
 Until I see Thee face to face,
 And in Thy light am fully blest.
- Amen.

Breslau. L.M.

ISRAEL CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia*, 1630.

Let him take up his cross, and follow Me.—Matt. xvi. 24.

- mf* 432 "TAKE up thy cross," the Sa-
 viour said,
 "If thou wouldst My disciple be;
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,
 And humbly follow after Me."
- 2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
- Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
 To save thy soul from death and hell.
- cr* 4 Take up thy cross then in His strength,
 And calmly every danger brave;
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,
 And give thee victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
 Nor think till death to lay it down:
 For only he who bears the cross
 May hope to wear the glorious *cro* *vn*.
 Amen. CHAS. W. EVEREST.

Potsdam. S.M.

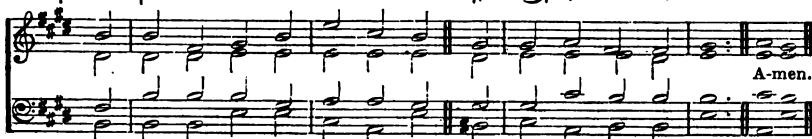
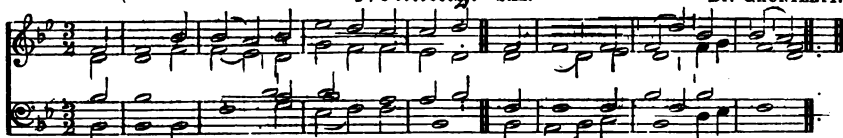
From BACH.

Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.—Psa. li. 6.

- mf* 433 HELP me, my God, to speak *dim* 3 True words of grief for sin,
 True words to Thee each day,
 True let my voice be when I praise,
 And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
 Let mine to Thee be true;
*The speech of my whole heart and soul
 However low and few.*
- 3 True words of grief for sin,
 Of longing to be free,
 Of groaning for deliverance,
 And likeness, Lord, to Thee.
- cr* 4 True words of faith and hope,
 Of godly joy and grief,
 Lord, I believe, oh hear my cry,
 Help Thou, my unbelief. Amen.
- H. BOSAR.

Sonning. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

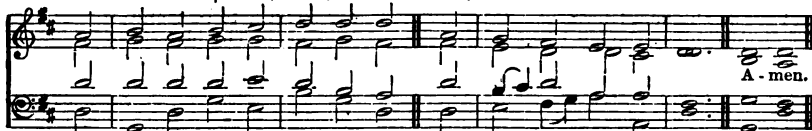


Into Thine hand I commit my spirit.—Psa. xxxi. 5.

- mp* 434 **MY** spirit on Thy care, *mf* 3 Whate'er events betide,
 Blest Saviour, I recline ; Thy will they all perform :
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair, Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
cr For Thou art love divine. Nor fear the coming storm.
- 2 In Thee I place my trust, 4 Let good or ill befall,
 On Thee I calmly rest ; It must be good for me ;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just, Secure of having Thee in all,—
 And count Thy choice the best. Of having all in Thee. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

Roumania. S.M.



Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Eph. iv. 32.

- mf* 435 **O** LORD, I look to Thee, 4 Grace, to each stroke to bow,
 To Thee lift up my heart ; Gladly each cross to bear,
 In heaven I would Thy glory see ; That, suffering with the Saviour now,
 Now, therefore, grace impart ;— I soon His joy may share ;—
- 2 Grace, to prevent my sin, 5 Grace, to be kind to all.
 My passions to subdue, All to forbear in love,
 My heart to change, my soul to win, Gently to deal with those that fall,
 My spirit to renew ;— Like Him who reigns above ;—
- 3 Grace, that I ever may 6 Grace, onward still to go,
 Walk humbly with my God, Forward each day to press,
 And choose the self-renouncing way *cr* Till Thou the blood-bought prize bestow,
 The lowly Jesus trod ;— Christ's crown of righteousness.
 Amen.

C. T. ASTLEY.

Ludwig. 68.66.

SIGILLUS. Goth. Cant., 1657.

Musical score for 'Ludwig. 68.66.' consisting of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, and the second system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the notes.

Perfect love casteth out fear.—1 John iv. 18.

- mf* 436 O LOVE that casts out fear, *f* 3 Great love of God, come in,
 O love that casts out sin, Wellspring of heavenly peace;
 Tarry no more without, Thou Living Water, come,
 But come and dwell within. Spring up, and never cease.
- cr* 2 True sunlight of the soul, 4 Love of the living God,
 Surround me as I go; Of Father, and of Son,
 So shall my way be safe, Love of the Holy Ghost,
 My feet no straying know. Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.
- H. BONAR.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.—Psa. xlii. 2.

- mf* 437 MY Spirit longs for Thee *dim* 3 Unless it come from Thee,
 Within my troubled breast; In vain I look around;
 Though I unworthy be In all that I can see
 Of so Divine a Guest. No rest is to be found.
- 2 Of so Divine a Guest 4 No rest is to be found
 Unworthy though I be, But in Thy blessed love:
 Yet has my heart no rest *cr* Oh, let my wish be crowned,
 Unless it come from Thee. And send it from above! Amen.
- JOHN BYROM.

Franconia. S.M.

Lutheran Melody, 1720.

Musical score for 'Franconia. S.M.' consisting of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, and the second system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the notes.

My soul thirsteth for Thee.—Psa. lxxiii. 1.

- mf* 438 **MY** God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call Thee mine;
 And let mine earnest cries prevail *dim* 5
 To taste Thy love divine.
- dim* 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
 Thy mercy doth implore;
 Not travellers in desert lands *cr* 6
 Can pant for water more.
- cr* 3 Within Thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find my place;
 Thy power and glory to behold, *mf* 7
 And feel Thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without Thy love
 No relish can afford;
- No-joy can be compared with this,
 To serve and please the Lord.
 In wakeful hours of night,
 I call my God to mind;
 I think how wise Thy counsels are,
 And all Thy dealings kind.
 Since Thou hast been my help,
 To Thee my spirit flies;
 And on Thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.
 The shadow of Thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And He supports my steps. Amen.

I. WATTS.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.—Matt. v. 8.

- mf* 439 **BLESS'D** are the pure in heart, 3
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
 Our life and peace to bring,
 To dwell in lowliness with men,
 Their Pattern and their King.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek:
 May ours this blessing be!
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

J. KEBBLE and W. J. HALL.

Alderagate. S.M. Rev. Sir G. P. MERRICK, Mus. Bac.



We will give ourselves continually to prayer.—Acts vi. 4.

- mf* 440 **I** GIVE myself to prayer;
 Lord, give Thyself to me,
 And let the time of my request,
 Thy time of answer be.
- dim* 2 My thoughts are like the reeds,
 And tremble as they grow,
 In the sad current of a life
 That darkly runs and slow.
- 3 I am as if asleep,
 Yet conscious that I dream:
 Like one who vainly strives to wake
 And free himself, I seem.
- 4 The loud distressful cry
 With which I call on Thee,
 Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou
 Canst give me liberty.
- cr* 5 I give myself to prayer:
 Lord, give Thyself to me;
 And in the time of my distress,
 O haste and succour me!
- mf* 6 Then be my heart, my world,
 Rehallowed unto Thee,
 All Thy pervading glory, Lord,
 O let me feel and see! Amen.

T. T. LYSON.

Newland. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

The joy of faith.—Phil. i. 25.

- f** 441 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known :
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- mf* 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place:
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
- Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets:
- cr* 6 There shall we see His face,
 And never, never sin :
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- f** 7 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ; [ground
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 To fairer worlds on high. Amen.
- I. WATTS.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—Rom. viii. 18.

- mf* 442 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.
- dim* 2 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
 Christ's sufferings shared below.
- cr* 3 Bright is their glory now,
 Boundless their joy above,
- mf* 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
 Like them in faith to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
 May be our portion here.
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
 The word of blessing give,
 And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
 Where saints and angels live, Amen.
- H. W. BAKER.

Holstein. S.M.D.

J. S. BACH.



Your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. iii. 3.

mf 443 OUR life is hid with Christ,
 With Christ in God above;
 Upward our hearts would go to Him
 Whom, seeing not, we love.
 When He, who is our life,
 Appears to take the throne,
 We too shall be revealed, and shine
 In glory like His own.

cr 2 He liveth and we live!
 His life for us prevails!
 His fulness fills our mighty void,
 His strength for us avails;

Life worketh in us now,
 Life is for us in store;
 So death is swallowed up in life,
 We live for evermore.

3 Not to ourselves we live,
 Not to ourselves we die,
 Unto the Lord we die or live;
 With Him we sit on high,
f We seek the things above,
 For we are only His;
 Like Him we soon shall be, for we
 Shall see Him as He is. Amen.

H. BONAR.

Wotton. L.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



Because I live, ye shall live also.—John xiv. 19.

mp 444 WHEN sins and fears prevailing
 rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
 To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

cr 2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort, die,
 Fixed on Thine everlasting word,—
 The word that built the earth and sky?

3 If my Immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure:

His word a firm foundation gives:
 Here let me build and rest secure.

f 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
 Immoveable the promise stands;
 Nor all the powers of earth or hell
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine. Amen.

ANNE STEELE.

FIRST TUNE.

Redron. 886.886.

HANDEL.

SECOND TUNE.

Janspruck. 886.886.

HENRY ISAAC, 1490.

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me. — Gal. ii. 20.

<p><i>mf</i> 445 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my willing All taken up by Thee ? <i>cr</i> I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me !</p>	<p>2 Stronger His love than death or hell ; Its riches are unsearchable : The first-born sons of light Desire in vain its depths to see ; They cannot reach the mystery, The length and breadth and height.</p>
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mf 3 God only knows the love of God :
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part !

cr 4 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet ;
 Be this my happy choice :
f My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
 Amen, C. WESLEY.

Lux Crucis. 87.87.87.87.

Sir JOHN GOSS.

He leadeth me beside the still waters.—Psa. xxiii. 2.

mp 446 **G**ENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
 Through this gloomy vale of
 tears!
 Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
cr O refresh us with Thy blessing,
 O refresh us with Thy grace ;
 May Thy mercies, never ceasing,
 Fit us for Thy dwelling-place.
dim 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let Thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death is near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.

3 When this mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
 Till, by angel bands attended,
 We awake among the blest.
mf Then, O crown us with Thy blessing,
 Through the triumphs of Thy grace ;
 Then shall praises, never ceasing,
 Echo through Thy dwelling-place.
 Amen. T. HASTINGS.

Jesu, Magister Bone. 76.76.76. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.—John vi. 68.

- mf* 447 **T**O Thee, O, dear, dear Saviour, *cr* My joy is in Thy beauty
 My spirit turns for rest, Of holiness divine,
 My peace is in Thy favour, My comfort in the duty
 My pillow on Thy breast; That binds my life to Thine.
- dim* Though all the world deceive me, *dim* 4 Alas! that I should ever
 I know that I am Thine, Have failed in love to Thee,
cr And Thou wilt never leave me, The only one who never
 O blessed Saviour mine. Forgot or slighted me!
- mf* 2 In Thee my trust abideth, *cr* O for a heart to love Thee
 On Thee my hope relies, More truly as I ought,
 O Thou whose love provideth And nothing place above Thee
 For all beneath the skies; In deed, or word, or thought.
- O Thou whose mercy found me, *f* 5 O for that choicest blessing
 From bondage set me free, Of living in Thy love,
 And thus for ever bound me, And thus on earth possessing
 With threefold cords to Thee. The peace of heaven above;
 O for the bliss that by it
 The soul securely knows,
 The holy calm and quiet
 Of faith's serene repose. Amen.
- dim* 3 My grief is in the dulness
 With which this sluggish heart
 Doth open to the fulness
 Of all Thou wouldst impart;

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Aurelia. 76.76.76. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.



I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me.—Psa. xxiii. 4.

mf 448 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh;
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where the dark clouds have been.

cr My hope I cannot measure;
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me. Amen.

A. L. WARING.

Day of Grace. 777.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted.—Luke iv. 18.

p 449 **H**EAL me, O my Saviour, heal!
 Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
 Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
 Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
 And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;
 Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
 Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

mf 4 Thou, the true Physician art;
 Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
 Binding up the broken heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;
 Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
 Thou for all my sins atone.

dim 6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal!
 Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
 To Thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

GODFREY THRING.

St. Raphael. 87.87.47.

R. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

Let my supplication come before Thee; deliver me, according to Thy word.—Psa. cxix. 170.

- mf 450** JESUS, Lord of life and glory, *cr 4* When the world around is smiling,
 Bend from heaven Thy gra- In the time of wealth and ease,
 cious ear; Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
 While our waiting souls adore Thee, In the day of health and peace,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear; *dim* By Thy mercy,
dim By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord. O deliver us, good Lord.
- cr 2* From the depths of nature's blindness, *mp 5* In the weary hours of sickness,
 From the hardening power of sin, In the time of grief and pain,
 From all malice and unkindness, When we feel our mortal weakness,
 From the pride that lurks within, *dim* By Thy mercy, When the creatures's help is vain,
dim By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord. O deliver us, good Lord.
- mp 8* When temptation sorely presses, *p 6* In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the day of Satan's power; In the awful judgment day,
 In our times of deep distresses, *cr* May our souls, on Thee relying,
 In each dark and trying hour, Find Thee still our hope and stay;
 By Thy mercy, *dim* By Thy mercy, O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.
 O deliver us, good Lord.

J. J. CUMMINS.

Scheffler.

77.77.

ANGELUS SILESIUS' Hertenlied, 1657.

To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Phil. i. 21.

- mf* 451 CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground!
 Christ, the spring of all my joy!
 Still in Thee may I be found,
 Still for Thee my powers employ.
- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
 Freely from Thy fulness give;
 Till I close my earthly race,
 May I prove it, "Christ to live."
- cr* 3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound;
- mf* 4 When I touch the blessed shore,
 Back the closing waves shall roll;
 Death's dark stream shall never more
 Part from Thee my ransomed soul.
- f* 5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky!
 Having known it, "Christ to live,"
 Let me know it, "gain to die." Amen.
- R. WARPLAW.

Inglewhite. 66.96.10.12.

Mrs. M. BARTHOLOMEW.



Mary, who also sat at Jesus' feet.—Luke x. 39.

- mf* 452 O MASTER, at Thy feet
 I bow in rapture sweet:
 Before me, as in darkening glass,
 Some glorious outlines pass,
 Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power;
 I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless
 Thee for this hour.
- 2 O full of truth and grace,
 Smile of Jehovah's face;
 O tenderest heart of love untold!
 Who may Thy praise unfold?
 Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King
 of kings, [veiling wings,
 Well may adoring seraphs hymn with
- dim* 3 I have no words to bring
 Worthy of Thee, my King,
 And yet one anthem in Thy praise
 I long, I long to raise;
- The heart is full, the eye entranced above,
 But words all melt away in silent awe
 and love.
- mf* 4 How can the lip be dumb,
 The hand all still and numb,
 When Thee the heart doth see and own
 Her Lord and God alone?
 Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
 And "open Thou my lips that I may
 show Thy praise."
- f* 5 Yes, let my whole life be
 One anthem unto Thee;
 And let the praise of lip and life
 Outring all sin and strife.
 O Jesus, Master! be Thy name supreme,
 For heaven and earth the one, the grand,
 eternal theme. Amen.
- F. B. HAYGALL.

Geneva. 65.65.

Latin.

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men.—Rev. xxi. 3.

mf 453 JESU, Lord and Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In Thy saints this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

dim 4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

mf 5 Jesu, Lord and Saviour!
Be Thou in us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord! the chiefest,
Grace to persevere. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

Lord, save us.—Matt. viii. 25.

mf 454 JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

cr 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;

Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

mf 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

G. R. PRYNNE.

Bucer. S.M.

R. SCHUMANN.



Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.—1 John 1. 3.

- mf* 455 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- cr 3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good
- Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!
- 4 Jesus, my Living Head,
I bless Thy faithful care:
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.
- f 5 Here fix, my roving heart;
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above. Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

Pax Tecum. 10.10.

G. F. CALDECK.



Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Isa. xxvi. 3.

- mp* 456 PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin:
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd:
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- cr 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- mf* 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

IV.—ITS STRUGGLES AND SORROWS.

FIRST TUNE. **Affiance.** 10.4.10.4. C. HANCOCK, Mus. Bac.

Org. A-men.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Affiance'. It is labeled as the 'FIRST TUNE' and is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The score is written for organ and voice. The organ part is on the bottom staff, and the voice part is on the top staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The organ accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written below the organ staff.

SECOND TUNE. **Hemingford.** 10.4.10.4. (METRICAL CHANT.)

A-men.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'Hemingford'. It is labeled as the 'SECOND TUNE' and is in the key of G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score is written for organ and voice. The organ part is on the bottom staff, and the voice part is on the top staff. The melody is a metrical chant, characterized by its rhythmic pattern. The organ accompaniment is simple, providing a harmonic background. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written below the organ staff.

He led them on safely, so that they feared not.—Psa. lxxviii. 58.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>mp</i> 457 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life
 A pleasant road ; [may be
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from
 Aught of its load. [me</p> <p>2 I do not ask that flowers should always
 Beneath my feet ; [spring
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.</p> <p><i>cr</i> 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
 Lead me aright, plead,
 Though strength should falter, and though
 heart should bleed,
 Through Peace to Light.</p> | <p>4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
 Full radiance here ; [shed
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.</p> <p><i>dim</i> 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see ;
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
 And follow Thee.</p> <p>6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
 Like quiet night.
 <i>cr</i> Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
 Through Peace to Light. [shine
 Amen. A. A. PROCTER.</p> |
|--|--|

St. Alban. s.m.

A - men.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'St. Alban'. It is in the key of G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score is written for organ and voice. The organ part is on the bottom staff, and the voice part is on the top staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The organ accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with 'A - men.' written below the organ staff.

My times are in Thy hand.—Psa. xxxi. 15.

- mf* 458 MY times are in Thy hand ; A Father's hand will never cause
My God, I wish them there ; His child a needless tear.
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to Thy care. *mp* 4 My times are in Thy hand,—
Jesus the crucified!
2. My times are in Thy hand, The hand my many sins have pierced
Whatever they may be ; Is now my guard and guide.
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee. *cr* 5 My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust to Thee,
3 My times are in Thy hand, *f* Till I possess the promised land,
cr Why should I doubt or fear ? And all Thy glory see. Amen.

W. FREEMAN LLOYD.

Goldenness. 10.10.10.10.6.

GERARD F. COBB.

All verses except the last. *Last Verse.*

And crowns of glory win, And crowns of glory win.

Followers of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.—Heb. vi. 12.

- mp* 459 WE ask not that our path be *mp* 4 Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt
always bright, supply ; [eye ;
But for Thine aid to walk therein aright ; No veil of darkness hides us from Thine
That Thou, O Lord ! through all its de- Nor vainly from the depths on Thee we
vious way, call ; [ter's thrall,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day, Thy tender love, that breaks the temp-
p For this, for this we pray. Folds and encircles all,
mp 2 Not for the fleeting joys that earth be- 5 Through sorrow and through loss, by toil
stows, and prayer,
Not for exemption from its many woes ; Saints won the starry crowns which now
But that, come joy or woe, come good they wear,
or ill, And by the bitter ministry of pain,
With child-like faith, we trust Thy guid- Grievous and harsh, but oh ! not felt in
p And do Thy holy will. [ance still, Found their eternal gain. [vain,
3 Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent 6 If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
good stood ; Give grace, as unto them, to bear our
cr And for the frequent joy that crowns cross,
our days, [to raise *cr* Till, victors over each besetting sin,
Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in,
Of thankfulness and praise. *f* And crowns of glory win.
Amen. W. H. BURLEIGH.

Wallerby. 84.84.883.

E. PROUT, B.A.

Lord, save us ; we perish.—Matt. viii. 25.

- mp* 460 MY Saviour, 'mid life's varied
 Be Thou my stay, [scene,
 Guide me through each perplexing
 To perfect day; [path,
 In weakness and in sin I stand,
 Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
 And follow at Thy dear command.
- cr* 2 My Saviour, I have naught to bring
 Worthy of Thee;
 A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn,
 Accept of me.
 I need Thy righteousness divine,
 I plead Thy promises as mine,
 I perish if I am not Thine.
- 3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
 From such a cry?
 My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,
 And must I die?
- mf* 4 My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng
 I see Thee there,
 Pleading with all Thy matchless love
 And tender care;
 Not for the angel forms around,
 But for lost souls in fetters bound,
 That they may hear salvation's sound.
- 5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest
 Alone with Thee,
 Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
 Of what may be;
f Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,
 I shall be conqueror in the fight,
 Then give to Thee my crown of light.
 Amen. MRS. GODWIN.

Carroll. 84.84.84. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

* Small notes for verses 2, 3, 4, and 5.



Set your affection on things above.—Col. iii. 2.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>f</i> 461 MY God, I thank Thee, who hast
The earth so bright; [made
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.</p> <p>2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,</p> | <p>That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.</p> <p><i>f</i> 4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.</p> |
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A. A. PROCTER.

Eme. S.M.

Old German Melody.



Look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me.—Psa. cxix. 132.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 462 LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin:
<i>cr</i> From earth-born passions set me free,
And make me pure within.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care opprest,
<i>cr</i> Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.</p> <p>3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;</p> | <p>Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.</p> <p><i>f</i> 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
To Father, Spirit, and to Thee,
The song of praise and love. Amen</p> |
|---|---|

SYNESIUS, tr. by A. W. CHATFIELD.

Lyte. S.M.

J. B. WILKES.



How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land.—Psa. cxxxvii. 4.

- p* 463 **F**AR from my heavenly home,
 Far from my Father's breast,
 Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit come,
 And speed me to my rest."
- p* 2 Upon the willows long
 My harp has silent hung;
 How should I sing a cheerful song,
 Till Thou inspire my tongue?
- cr* 3 My spirit homeward turns,
 And fain would thither flee:
- mf* 4 To thee, to thee I press,
 A dark and toilsome road;
 When shall I pass the wilderness,
 And reach the saints' abode?
- 5 God of my life, be near;
 On Thee my hopes I cast:
 O guide me through the desert here,
 And bring me home at last. Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Psa. lxi. 2.

- p* 464 **F**ATHER, my cup is full!
 My trembling soul I raise;
 Oh, save me in this solemn hour,
 Thy might and love to praise!
- 2 Father, my cup is full!
 But One hath drunk before,
 And for our sins Thy face was hid;
 The bitter draught ran o'er.
- cr* 3 Father, my cup is full!
 But Thou dost bid me drink:
- p* I know Thy love the chalice mixed,
 But yet I faint—I shrink.
- cr* 4 Alone He drank the cup,
 The Holy, sinless One,
 That not one soul on earth again
 Should drain the dregs alone.
- mf* 5 Father, forsake me not!
 O Christ! I look to Thee;
 And by Thy midnight agony
 Do Thou remember me. Amen.

ANNA SHILTON.

Aldersgate. S.M.

Rev. Sir G. P. MERRICK, Mus. Bac.



Thy gentleness hath made me great.—2 Sam. xxii. 36.

- p 465** **D**EAL gently with us, Lord !
 The ways of sin are wide ;
 O take us by Thy tender hand,
 And in Thy pathway guide.
- 2 Deal gently with us, Lord !
 Our foes press thick and bold ;
 O who shall fight the warfare through,
 If Thou Thine arm withhold ?
- 3 Deal gently with us, Lord !
 For Christ, Thy Son, was kind,
 O watch Thou kindly o'er the sheep
 He left in grief behind.
- cr 4 Deal gently with us, Lord,
 Then we shall gentle be ;
 And o'er our feeble brethren watch
 In love and charity. Amen.

W. EVERETT.

FIRST TUNE.

Sarum. 888.4.

J. HULLAH.

SECOND TUNE.

Troyte.

A. H. D. TROYTE, d. 1859.

Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—Matt. xxvi. 39.

- mf 466** **M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's
 rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,—
p Thy will be done !
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 Thy will be done !
- 3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine:
 I only yield Thee what is Thine ;
 Thy will be done !
- 4 E'en if again I ne'er should see
 The friend more dear than life to me,
 cr Ere long we both shall be with Thee ;
p Thy will be done !
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father, still I strive to say,—
 Thy will be done !
- mf* 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
p Thy will be done !
- mf* 7 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say
 Thy will be done !
- mf* 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
f I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
 Thy will be done ! Amen.

C. ELLIOTT.

University College. 71.77.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. ii. 3.

- mf* 467 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe, *mf* 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Onward, Christians, onward
 Soon shall every tear be try ;
f Fight the fight, maintain the strife, [go ;
 Let not fears your course impede,
 Strengthened with the bread of life. Great your strength if great your need.
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
 March in heavenly armour clad ;
 Fight, nor think the battle long,
 Victory soon shall tune your song.
- f* 4 Onward, then, to glory move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.
- KIRKE WHITE, and F. S. FULLER-MAITLAND.

Sunderland. S.M.

HENRY SMART.

Can God furnish a table in the wilderness.—Psa. lxxviii. 19

- mf* 468 **S**AY not, my soul, "From whence
 Can God relieve my care ?"
 Remember that Omnipotence
 Has servants everywhere.
- 2 God's help is always sure,
 His methods seldom guessed :
 Delay will make our pleasure pure,
 Surprise will give it zest.
- 3 His wisdom is sublime,
 His heart profoundly kind ;
- God never is before His time,
 And never is behind.
- 4 Hast thou assumed a load,
 Which few will share with thee,—
 And art thou carrying it for God,
 And shall He fail to see ?
- f* 5 Be comforted at heart,
 Thou art not left alone ;
 Now, thou the Lord's companion art ;
 Soon, thou wilt share His throne.
 Amen.
- T. T. LYNCH.

Mulhausen. 77.77.

JOHN RUDOLPH AHLR, 1664.

My times are in Thy hand.—Psa. xxxi. 15.

- mf* **469** SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand:
All events at Thy command.
- 2 His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree;—
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
- Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.
- 4 O Thou gracious, wise, and just,
In Thy hands my life I trust.
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.
- 5 May I always own Thy hand;
Still to the surrender stand.
f These, at all times, will I bless;
Thee, in whom I all possess. Amen.

J. RYLAND.

Capernaum. 77.77.

B. REDHEAD.

Son of David, have mercy on me.—Mark x. 47.

- p* **470** WHEN our heads are bowed
with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- mp* 2 Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou, our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
- Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- p* 4 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!
- mf* 5 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

CAREUS. 7. 77.

And lead us not into temptation.—Luke xi. 4.

- mf* 471 **H** EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
 Future things unfolded lie,
 Through the desert where I stray
 Let Thy counsels guide my way.
- p* 2 Lead me not—for flesh is frail—
 Where fierce trials would assail;
 Leave me not, in darkened hour,
 To withstand the tempter's power.
- cr* 3 Help Thy servant to maintain
 A profession free from stain;
 That my sole reproach may be,
 Following Christ and fearing Thee.
- 4 Lord, uphold me day by day:
 Shed a light upon my way:
- Guide me through perplexing snares:
 Care for me in all my cares.
- 5 All I ask for is—enough,
 Only, when the way is rough,
 Let Thy rod and staff impart
 Strength and courage to my heart.
- p* 6 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
 Trials long and sharp for me,
 Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
cr Father, glorify Thy name.
- mf* 7 Let me neither faint nor fear,
 Feeling still that Thou art near;
 In the course my Saviour trod,
 Tending still to Thee, my God.
 Amen. J. CONDER.

Wirksworth. S.M. M. GREENE, Mus. Doc., d. 1755.

I saw that it was from the hand of God.—Eccles. ii. 24.

- mp* 472 **I**T is Thy hand, my God;
 My sorrow comes from Thee:
 I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
 I know Thou lovest me.
- 2 I would not murmur, Lord:
 Before Thee I am dumb:
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring
 To Thee for help I come. [word,

- cr 3 My God, Thy name is Love ;
A Father's hand is Thine ;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry,—Thy will be mine !
- 4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe :
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.
- 5 Jesus for me hath died ;
Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.
- mf 6 Here my poor heart can rest ;
My God, it cleaves to Thee :
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
All work for good to me. Amen.
- J. S. DECK.

I am oppressed; undertake for me.—Isa. xxxviii. 14.

- p 473 O P PRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear,
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
cr Yet will I not despair,
- 2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,—
Holy and mighty as Thou art,—
For Thou wilt pardon me.
- p 3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin ;
- cr But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.
- mf 4 I need not fear my foes ;
I need not yield to care :
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.
- 5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee :
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will welcome me. Amen.
- ANN BRONTË.

Angelus. L.M.

J. SCHEFFLER.

A - men.

Take up the cross.—Mark x. 21.

- mp 474 A ND is there, Lord, a cross p 4 For Thou didst take a cross for me,
for me,
And on it all my sins didst bear :
As through this wilderness I stray,
Its agony Thou didst not flee,
Which, if I would, I must not flee,
That in Thy glory I might share.
But Thy divine command obey ?
- cr 2 I would not, Lord, pass by that cross,
And bear it onward to the end :
For Thou hast placed it in my way ;
My shame and pride, O Lord, destroy,
To turn aside would be my loss,
My faith and hope on Thee depend.
I, therefore, lift my heart and pray:—
- 3 Show me the cross that I must bear :
And place the crown upon my brow,
Bend my proud heart, that I may take
In that bright world of endless day,
In holy faith and humble prayer,
Where I no more a cross shall know.
The cross of shame, for Thy dear sake :
Amen.
- H. ADDISCOTT.

FIRST TUNE.

Maldon. 888.6. (Trochaic).

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

SECOND TUNE.

Boniface. 888.6.DARMSTADT Gesangbuch, 1698.
"Jesu clemens pie Deus."

Lord, save us, we perish.—Matt. viii. 25.

f 475 **L**O! the storms of life are
breaking;

Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy church, in pride, is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

mf 3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,

Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In Thy secret presence hiding,
In Thy love and grace confiding,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

p 5 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
f By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us. Amen.

ALFORD.

St. Aelred. 888.3. Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Dec.



And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still."—Mark iv. 39.

- | | | | |
|--------------|---|-------------|--|
| <i>f</i> 476 | F IERCE raged the tempest o'er
the deep, | <i>mp</i> 3 | The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
<i>p</i> Sank, like a little child, to sleep, |
| <i>dim</i> | Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep, | | The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will. |
| <i>pp</i> | Calm and still. | <i>mp</i> 4 | So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore, |
| <i>f</i> 2 | "Save, Lord; we perish," was their cry;
"Oh, save us in our agony!"— | | Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
<i>pp</i> "Peace, be still." Amen. |
| <i>dim</i> | Thy word above the storm rose high,
<i>pp</i> "Peace be still." | | G. THRING. |

Fiducia. 77.77.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Dec.



It is I, be not afraid.—John vi. 20.

- | | | | |
|--------------|--|-------------|---|
| <i>p</i> 477 | W HEN the dark waves round
us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul | <i>pp</i> 4 | When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh! may then the mourner hear,—
"It is I; be not afraid." |
| <i>mp</i> | "It is I," be not afraid. | | 5 When with weary, hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed.
<i>cr</i> Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain
<i>mp</i> "It is I; be not afraid." |
| <i>mf</i> | 2 When we dimly trace Thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—
<i>mf</i> "It is I; be not afraid." | <i>pp</i> 6 | When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
<i>cr</i> May the voice be strong and clear—
<i>f</i> "It is I; be not afraid." Amen. |
| <i>p</i> 3 | When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,—
<i>cr</i> "It is I; be not afraid." | | W. WALSHAM HOW. |

Gnon. 65.65.

FIELDEN.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—2 Cor. iv. 37.

- mf* 478 O LET him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God and borrow
Ease for heart and mind !
- mp* 2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
cr God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.
- mf* 3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
- 4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
- p* 5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.
- cr* 6 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.
- mf* 7 On thy truth relying,
In the mortal strife,
Lord, receive us, dying,
To eternal life.
- f* 3 Jesus, gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy savour ;
Fill us with Thy love. Amen.
- OSWALD, tr. by F. E. COX.

FIRST TUNE.

Mary Magdalene. 65.65.65.65.

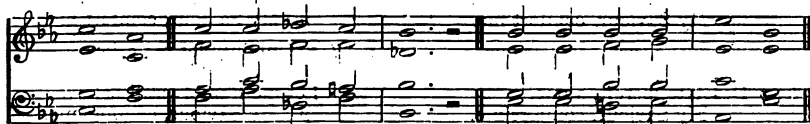
Rev. J. B. DYKES,
Mus. Doc.



SECOND TUNE.

Hebron. 65 65.65.65.

Melody of the 15th Century.



Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.—Psa. cxix. 117.

mp 479 **I**N the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me;
 Lest by base denial,
 I depart from Thee:
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor, for fear or favour,
 Suffer me to fall.

2 When with witching pleasures,
 This vain world would charm,
 Or, its sordid treasures
 Spread, to work me harm,
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If, with sore affliction,
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice;
cr Then, upon Thine altar,
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

p 4 **W**hen, in dust and ashes,
 To the grave I sink,
 When heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink;
cr On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me, dying,
 To eternal life. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Hymn. 777.6.

JOHN HATTON.

I will not leave you comfortless.—John xiv. 11.

- mp* 480 **I**N the dark and cloudy day,
 When earth's riches flee a-
 And the last hope will not stay, [way,
p My Saviour, comfort me.
- 2 When the hoard of many years
 Like a fleet cloud disappears,
 And the future's full of fears,
 My Saviour, comfort me.
- mp* 3 When the secret idol's gone,
 That my poor heart yearned upon,
p Desolate, bereft, alone,
 My Saviour, comfort me.
- 4 Thou who wast so sorely tried,
 In the darkness crucified,
 Bid me in Thy love confide :
 My Saviour, comfort me.
- mp* 5 Comfort me, I am cast down,
 'Tis my heavenly Father's frown ;
 I deserve it all, I own :
p My Saviour, comfort me.
- mp* 6 In these hours of sad distress,
 Let me know He loves no less,
 Bids me trust His faithfulness :
p My Saviour, comfort me.
- mp* 7 Not unduly let me grieve,
 Meekly the kind stripes receive,
 Let me humbly still believe ;
p My Saviour, comfort me.
- mf* 8 So shall it be good for me
 Much afflicted now to be,
 If Thou wilt but tenderly,
p My Saviour, comfort me. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

Succour. 12.12.12.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Lord, save us : we perish.—Matt. viii. 25.

- f** 481 **W**HEN thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, *dim* Who cries in his peril, *p* "Save, Lord, or we perish!"
- When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish, *mf* 3 And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
dim We fly to our Maker;—*p* "Save, Lord, or we perish!" When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
mf 20 Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow, *f* Then come in Thy grace, Thy redeemed to cherish,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow, Rebuke the destroyer : *p* "Save, Lord, or we perish!" Amen.
- BISHOP HEBBER.

Genbury. 55.55.65.65. Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.

A - men.

He that endureth to the end shall be saved.—Matt. x. 22.

- f** 482 **B**REAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest; [endeavour;
cr Onward, and onward still, urge thine The rest that remaineth will be for ever. *cr* 3 Lift thine eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
He who hath promised faltereth never : The love of thy Saviour flows on for ever.
Raise thy heart, Christian, ere it repositeth :
Thee, from the love of Christ, nothing shall sever;
mf 2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er Thee; [before Thee;
f Then when thy work is done, praise Him for ever. Amen.
- J. STAMMERS.

Via Crucis. 76. (Irregular). Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Dec.

Tenderly.

He knoweth the way that I take.—Job xxiii. 10.

- mp* 483 THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare,
Our feet are worn and weary,
cr But we will not despair;
p More heavy was Thy burthen,
More desolate Thy way;
O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.
- cr* 2 The snows lie thick arround us,
In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest walls above us,
And the stars have hid their light:
p But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day;
- O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.
- 3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
cr But we will not despair;
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease;
p O Lamb of God! who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us Thy peace. Amen.

A. A. PROCTER.

Wiltshire. C.M.

Sir GEORGE SMART.

A-men.

I will bless the Lord at all times.—Psa. xxxiv. 1.

- mf* 484 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all that are distressed,
 From mine example comfort take,
dim And soothe their griefs to rest.
- mf* 3 O magnify the Lord with me :
 With me exalt His name !
- When in distress to Him I called,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 O make but trial of His love :
 Experience will decide
cr How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide !
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you His service your delight,
 He'll make your wants His care.
 Amen. TATE AND BRADY.

Vigilate. 777.3.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

A-men.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

- mf* 485 "CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet *mf* 4 Hear the victors who o'ercome ;
 repose,"
 Still they mark each warrior's way ;
 All with warning voice exclaim,
p " Watch and pray."
- mf* 2 Principalities and powers,
 Mustering their unseen array,
 Wait for thy unguarded hours :
p " Watch and pray."
- mf* 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it ever night and day ;
 Ambushed lies the evil one ;
p " Watch and pray."
- mf* 5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey :
 Hide within thy heart His Word,
p " Watch and pray."
- mf* 6 Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day :
 Pray, that help may be sent down ;
p " Watch and pray." Amen.
 C. ELIOTT.

Holy Trinity. C.M.

J. BARNBY.

Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.—Heb. iv. 15.

- mf* 486 **T**HERE is no sorrow, Lord, 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
too light, But meets Thine ear divine :
To bring in prayer to Thee ; And every cross grows light beneath
There is no anxious care too slight, The shadow, Lord, of Thine.
To wake Thy sympathy.
- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within ;
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.
Amen. J. CREWDSON.

Flavian. C.M.

BARBER'S Psalm Tunes.

Lord, remember me.—Luke xxiii. 42.

- mf* 487 **O** THOU, from whom all *p* 4 When worn with pain, disease, and
goodness flows, This feeble body, see ; [grief,
I lift my soul to Thee : Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
p In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Hear, and remember me.Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on mine aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
cr My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
In love, remember me.
- p* 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
mf Lord, let my strength be as my day :
For good remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be ;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry,—Remember me. Amen.
T. HAWEIS.

Farrant. C.M.

RICHARD FARRANT, 1585.
Adapted by DR. EDWARD HODGES.

Lord, help me.—Matt. xv. 25.

- mf* 488 O HELP us, Lord, each hour *mf* 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
of need, More firmly to believe ;
Thy heavenly succour give : For still the more Thy servant hath,
Help us in thought and word and deed, The more shall he receive.
Each hour, on earth, we live. 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,
We know no help but Thee ;
p 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed, O help us so to live and die,
With contrite anguish sore ; cr As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.
And when our hearts are cold and dead, cr
O help us, Lord, the more.

H. H. MILMAN.

Etheldreda. C.M.

T. TURTON.

I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplication.—Psa. cxvi. 1.

- mf* 489 I LOVE the Lord, He lent an ear
When I for help implored :
He rescued me from all my fear :
Therefore I love the Lord.
2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam ;
His hand hath bountifully blest ;
His goodness called thee home.
cr 3 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?
4 This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
And thus Thy power proclaim ;—
Salvation's sacred cup I take,
And call upon Thy name.
5 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
And at Thine altar bow :
f 6 Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Silesia. 76.76.76.

HANS SACHS, 1526.



In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord.—Psa. lxxvii. 2.

p 490 **IN** time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries:
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies.

dim My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

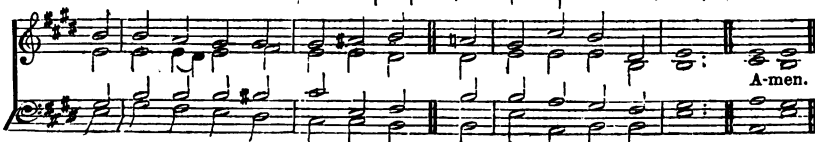
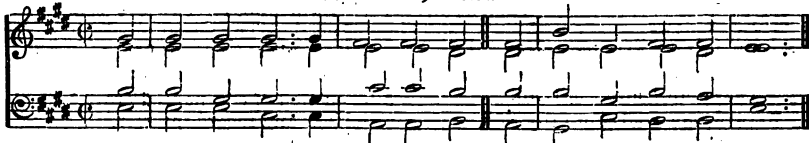
2 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time His truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath He His lovingkindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No, this is mine own blindness
That cannot see His path.

cr 8 I call to recollection
The years of His right hand;
mf And strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand.
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder:
Holy are all Thy ways:
f The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

mf 4 Thy way is in great waters:
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone.
cr Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Burmah. C.M.



But I will trust in Thee.—Psa. lv. 22.

- mf* 491 **MY** Father, it is good for me
 To trust, and not to trace;
 And wait with deep humility
 For Thy revealing grace.
- 2 Lord! when Thy way is in the sea,
 And strange to mortal sense;
 I love Thee in the mystery,
 I trust Thy providence.
- p* 3 I cannot see the secret things
 In this my dark abode;
- I may not reach with earthly wings
 The heights and depths of God.
- 4 So faith and patience, wait awhile!—
 Not doubting; not in fear;
- cr* For soon in heaven my Father's smile
 Shall render all things clear.
- f* 5 Then shalt Thou end Time's short
 Its short, uncertain night; [eclipse,
 Bring in the grand Apocalypse!
 Reveal the perfect Light! Amen.
- G. RAWSON.

He shall choose our inheritance for us.—Psa. xlvii. 4.

- mf* 492 **FATHER**, whate'er of earthly
 bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise:—
- mp* 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
- The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee:
- mf* 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
 My path of life attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.
- Amen. ANN STEELE.

Camden. 88.86.86.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Dcc.



My soul is even as a weaned child.—Psa. cxxxi. 2.

- mf* 493 **SWEET** is the solace of Thy love, *mf* And when the pleasant morning dawns,
 My heavenly Friend, to me,
 I find Thee with me still.
- While through the hidden way of faith
 I journey home with Thee,
 Learning by quiet thankfulness
 As a dear child to be.
- 4 This is the secret of my soul,
 Though hosts my peace invade,
 Though through a waste and weary land
 My lonely way be made,
- p* 2 Though from the shadow of Thy peace *cr* Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me,—
 My feet would often stray,
 I need not be afraid.
- mf* Thy mercy follows all my steps,
 And will not tura away;
 Yea, Thou wilt comfort me at last,
 As none beneath Thee may.
- 5 Still in the solitary place
 I would awhile abide,
 Till, with the solace of Thy love,
 My heart is satisfied;
- 3 O there is nothing in the world
 To weigh against Thy will;
 Stay calmly at Thy side. Amen.
- p* E'en the dark times I dread the most,
 Thy covenant fulfil;
- ANNA L. WARING.

Sherwood. 86.86.86.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

*Your Father knoweth what ye have need of.—Matt. vi. 8.**mf* 494 FATHER, I know that all my life

Is portioned out for me,
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
mp A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;

A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied ;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side !
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

dim 6 Briers beset our every path,
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer :

cr But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy everywhere.

7 In service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free :
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty. Amen.

A. L. WARDING.

*The Lord is the strength of my life.—Psa. xxvii. 1.**mf* 495 GO not far from me, 'O my strength,

Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress ;

mp I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh! 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

3 Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace ;
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee 'mid the
As in a secret place. (storm,

4 O Comforter of God's redeemed !
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the
flood,

cr That casts my soul on Thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me ?

mp 5 When I am feeble as a child,
 And flesh and heart give way,
 Then on Thy everlasting strength
 With passive trust I stay.
cr And the rough wind becomes a song,
 And darkness shines like day.
 6 There is no death for me to fear,
 For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
mf There is no curse in this my pain,
 For He was crucified.

And it is fellowship with Him
 That keeps me near His side.

f 7 My heart is fixed, O God, my strength—
 My heart is strong to bear;
 I will be joyful in Thy love,
 And peaceful in Thy care;
 Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
 According to His prayer. Amen.

A. L. WARING.

Coburg. 87.87.887.

LUTHER.
 Harmonized by MENDELSSOHN.

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O God.—Psa. cxxx. 1.

p 496 **O**UT of the depths I cry to Thee,
 Lord God, O hear my wailing!
 Thy gracious ear incline to me,
 And make my prayer availing:
 On my misdeeds in mercy look,
 O deign to blot them from Thy book,
 Or who can stand before Thee?
cr 2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
 Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;
 My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
 Sin in my heart is living:
 None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
 All who approach Thy throne must fear,
 And humbly trust Thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just,
 This is my hope's foundation;
 On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
 Grant me, then, Thy salvation:
 Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
f Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
 And I rely upon Thee.

mf 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
 By grace they are exceeded;
 Thy helping hand is always found
 With aid, where aid is needed;
f Thy hand, the only hand to save,
 Will rescue Israel from the grave,
 And pardon his transgression.

Amen. LUTHER.

FIRST TUNE.

Stephanos. 85.83.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.

Musical score for 'Stephanos' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system contains the first two measures of the melody and accompaniment. The second system contains the next two measures, ending with the lyrics 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Bullinger. 85.83.

Rev. Dr. BULLINGER.

Musical score for 'Bullinger' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system contains the first two measures. The second system contains the next two measures, ending with the lyrics 'rit. A - men.' written below the bass staff.

THIRD TUNE.

Christus Consolator. 85.83.

Musical score for 'Christus Consolator' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system contains the first two measures. The second system contains the next two measures, with the lyrics '1st verse. 2nd v. 3rd v.' written above the treble staff. The third system contains the next two measures, with the lyrics '4th v. 5th v. 6th v. 7th v.' written above the treble staff. The lyrics 'Be at rest. And His side. But of thorns.' are written below the treble staff, and 'A - men.' is written below the bass staff.

Many a tear. Jor - dan passed. Pass a - way. An - swer, Yes!

That in Me ye might have peace.—John xvi. 33.

- mp* 497 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
cr "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."
mf 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed.
mf 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
f Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.
mf 7 Finding, following, weeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
f Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
Answer, Yes! Amen.
- mp* 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
- mp* 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
p But of thorns.
- mp* 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
p In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, *tr.* by J. M. NEALE.

Bozrah. 11.10.11.6.

JOHN CRUGER, 1640

Not too slowly.

He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.—Psa. xxxii. 10.

- mf* 498 **S**TILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway,
worn and weary,
f Still will we trust in God,
mf 3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak
preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou
hast designed:
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is
unerring,
p And we are fools and blind.
- mp* 2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith
anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us
grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our
way appointed,
We find our peace again.
- mf* 4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not
from the loss;
cr Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.
Amen.

W. H. BURLING.

FIRST TUNE.

Midian. 65.65.65.65.

JOHN A. P. SCHULTZ.

Musical score for 'Midian' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

St. Andrew of Crete. 65.65.65.65.

Musical score for 'St. Andrew of Crete' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system has the word 'Faster.' written below the bass staff. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim. vi. 12.

- mf* 499 CHRISTIAN! dost thou see *mp* 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
 them
 On the holy ground,
 How the troops of Midian
 Prowl and prowl around?
f Christian! up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss;
 Smite them by the merit
 Of the holy cross!
- mf* 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin?
f Christian! never tremble!
Never yield to fear!
Smite them by the virtue
Of almighty prayer!
- How they speak thee fair?
 "Always fast and vigil?
 Always watch and prayer?"
mf Christian! answer boldly:
 "While I breathe I pray:
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day."
 4 Well I know thy troubles,
 O My servant true!
 Thou art very weary,—
 I was weary too:
 But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all Mine own;
f And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near My throne! Amen.
- ANDREW OF CRETE, tr. by NEALE.

Ambrose. 777.5.

Dr. GAUNTELET.

*Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.—Psa. cxxx. 1.*

- p* 500 **T**HOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
 Thou who dost for sinners plead,
 Help me in my time of need;
cr Jesus, hear my cry!
- p* 2 See my darkness and my grief;
 With my heart of unbelief,
 I, who am of sinners chief,
cr Lift to Thee mine eye.
- p* 3 Foes without and fears within,
 With no plea Thy grace to win,
 But that Thou canst save from sin,
cr To Thy cross I fly.
- p* 4 Others long in fetters bound
 Their deliverance sought and found,
 Heard the voice of mercy sound,
cr Surely so may I!
- mf* 5 There on Thee I cast my care;
 There to Thee I raise my prayer;
 Jesus save me from despair—
cr Save me, or I die!
- mf* 6 When the storms of trial lower,
 When I feel temptation's power,
pp In the last and darkest hour,
cr Jesus, be Thou nigh! Amen.

J. D. BURNS.

Dusseldorf. 777.5.

J. CRÜGER, 1860.

*When Thou hearest, forgive.—1 Kings viii. 30.*

- mf* 501 **G**OD of pity, God of grace,
 When we humbly seek Thy face,
 Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
p Hear, forgive and save.
- mf* 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
 Spread our wants before Thy feet,
 Pleading at the mercy-seat;
p Look from heaven and save.
- mf* 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
 And we long to do Thy will,
 Turning to Thy holy hill:
p Lord, accept and save.
- 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
 And our love to Thee grow cold,
 With a pitying eye behold;
pp Lord, forgive and save.
- p* 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
 Earthly care and want distress,
 May our souls Thy peace possess;
 Jesus, hear and save.
- mf* 6 And whatsoever our cry may be,
 When we lift our hearts to Thee,
cr From our burden set us free:
p Hear, forgive and save. Amen.

F. E. MORRIS.

FIRST TUNE.

Ellacombe. C.M.D.

Old German Melody.

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim. vi. 12.

- mf* 502 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain ;
 His blood-red banner streams afar :
 Who follows in His train ?
- p* Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,—
mf He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called to Him to save.
- dim* Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
cr Who follows in His train ?
- mf* 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 And mocked the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane, [feel :
cr They bowed their necks, the death to
 Who follows in their train ?
- mf* 4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
- f* They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain ;
cr O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train. Amen.
- B. HEBER.

SECOND TUNE.
 Voices in unison.

St. Ann. C.M.

Dr. CROFT.
 Arranged by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain ;

His blood-red bau-ner streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train?

Choir organ, with voices. No peds.

mf

2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain;

Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, — He fol-lows in His train?

Unison. Mens' voices.

3. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,

Gt. Diap. Sw. Reeds.
Ped.

Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called to Him to save.

Choir Organ. No Pedals.

mf

4. Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,

He pray'd for them that did Him harm; Who fol-lows in His train?

Trebles only.

p

No pedals.

5. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few, On whom the Spi-rit came,

p

Ped.

Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame.

f Men's Voices.

f

cres.

6. They met the ty-rant's bran-dish'd steel, The H-on's go-ry mane;

f

They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?

Choir Organ. No Pedals.

mf

A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

A-round the Sa-viour's throne re-joice; In robes of light ar-ray'd.

f *Slower.* *rall.*

8. They climb'd the steep as-cent of heav'n, Thro' pe-riL, toil, and pain.

Slower.

f *Full.* *rall.*

Ped.

p *pp*

O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-men. A-men.

pp *pp* *pp*

Glim. C.M.D. (Irregular).

W. H. CALCOTT,

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him.—Lam. iii. 24.

mf 503 **M**Y heart is resting, O my *mf* 3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
 God,— For want and weakness known;
 I will give thanks and sing; And the fear that sends me to Thyself
 My heart is at the secret source For what is most my own.
 Of every precious thing. *cr* I have a heritage of joy
 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made That yet I must not see;
dim No hand but Thine shall fill; But the hand that bled to make it
p For the waters of the earth have failed, Is keeping it for me. [*mf* 4
 And I am thirsty still. My heart is resting, O my God,
mf 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life, My heart is in Thy care;
 And here all day they rise; I hear the voice of joy and health
 I seek the treasure of Thy love, Resounding everywhere.
 And close at hand it lies. *f* "Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
cr And a new song is in my mouth Ten thousand voices say,
 To long-loved music set; And the music of their glad Amen
 Glory to Thee for all the grace Will never die away. Amen.
 I have not tasted yet. A. L. WARING.

Haberger. C.M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

FIRST TUNE.

Broadlands. 66.66.66.66.

Arranged by Dr. RIMBAULT.

Musical score for 'Broadlands' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a key signature change from one flat to two flats. The second system ends with the instruction 'A-men.'.

SECOND TUNE.

Via Recte. 66.66.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

Musical score for 'Via Recte' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a key signature change from one flat to two flats. The second system ends with the instruction 'A-men.'.

Not My will, but Thine be done.—Luke xxii. 42.**mf** 506 **MY** Jesus, as Thou wilt!

Oh may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 p "My Lord, Thy will be done!"

mf 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,—
 p My Lord, Thy will be done!

mp 8 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

If loved ones must depart,
 Suffer not sorrow's flood
 To overwhelm my heart;
 cr For they are blest with Thee,
 Their race and conflict won,
 Let me but follow them,—
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

mf 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
 cr Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life, or death,
rall My Lord, Thy will be done. Amen.

SCHMOLK, fr. H. L. LÜTHER.

He shall choose our inheritance for us.—Psa. xlvii. 4.

- mf* 507 **THY** way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best,
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.
- p* 2 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not if I might:
- cr* Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.
- The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
dim Else I must surely stray.
- mf* 8 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
- f* Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all. Amen.
- H. BONAR.

Bethabara. 68.10.66.10.

DR. GAUNTLETT, 1866.

The musical score for 'Bethabara' consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system is marked with a treble clef and a common time signature. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the word 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

That ye should follow His steps.—1 Pet. ii. 21.

- mf* 508 **THOU**, who didst stoop below
 To drain the cup of woe,
 And wear the form of frail mortality,
 Thy blessed labours done,
f Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast passed from earth,—passed to Thy
 home on high.
- p* 2 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
 Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst
 tread;
 And shall we in dismay,
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around
 it spread?
- cr* 3 O Thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife;
 Thine own meek head by rudest storms
 was bowed.
 Raise Thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love,
 Beam like a bow of promise through
 the cloud.
- p* 4 E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
cr That light of love our guiding-star shall
 Our spirits shall not dread [be.
 The shadowy path to tread,
f Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth
 lead to Thee. Amen. F. HEMANS.

Wimbledon. 838.4.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

Christ is All, and in all.—Col. III. 11.

- p* 509 JESUS my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppress;
I come to cast myself on Thee;
cr Thou art my Rest.
- p* 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
cr Thou art my Strength.
- p* 3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
cr Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!
f Thou art my Light.
- mf* 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
- dim* Thy cross a hiding-place imparts;
Thou art my Peace.
- p* 5 Vain is all human aid for me,
And helpless I in darkness grope,
cr My sole reliance is on Thee:
Thou art my Hope.
- pp* 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
cr Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
f Thou art my Life.
- mf* 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Ev'n to the end, what'er befall;
cr Through life, in death, eternally,
f Thou art my All.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Holstein. S.M.D.

J. S. BACH.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Isa. xvi. 3.

mf 510 THOU very present aid
 In suffering and distress:
 The soul which still on Thee is stayed,
 Is kept in perfect peace.
 The soul, by faith reclined
 On the Redeemer's breast,
 'Mid raging storms exults to find
 An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er Thy face appears:
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears:

It hallows every cross;
 It sweetly comforts me,
 Makes me forget mine every loss,
 And find my all in Thee.

or 3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Doth all my wishes fill.
 What though created streams are dry,
 I have the fountain still.
 Stripped of mine earthly friends,
 I find them all in One:
 And peace and joy that never ends,
 And heaven, in Christ, begun.

O. WESLEY.

Suabia.

S.M.D.

German Chorale.

Elzevier'schen Psalmbuch, 1643.



Commit thy way unto the Lord.—Psa. xxxvii. 5.

mf 511 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed:
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
 God shall lift up thy head. [tears;
 Through waves, through clouds and
 storms
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time; so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.

2 He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve His might.
 His every act pure blessing is;
 His path unsullied light.
 When He makes bare His arm,
 What shall His work withstand?
 When He His people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay His hand?

3 Leave to His sovereign will
 To choose, and to command;
 With wonder filled thou then shalt own
 How wise, how strong His hand.
 Thou comprehend'st Him not;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as Sovereign on the throne
 He ruleth all things well.

p-4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord
 Our hearts are known to Thee.

or O lift Thou up the sinking-hand
 Confirm the feeble knee.

f Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly Thy truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

Amen. PAUL GERHARD, tr. by
 JOHN WESLEY.

Balkethy. 10.10.10.10.

T. HEWLETT.

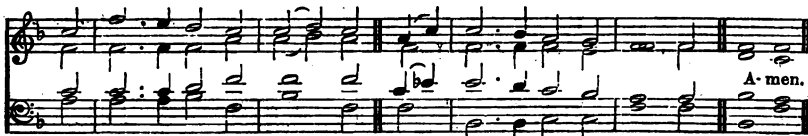
A-men.

Surely He hath borne our griefs.—Isa. liii. 4.

- mp* 512 **B**EAR Thou my burden, Thou who bear'st my sin,
cr Both are too heavy, Lord, for me to bear;
 Oh! take them, call them Thine; yes,
 Thine though mine; [care.
 And give me calm repose in hours of
- mf* 2 Let me not fret because of evil men;
 Smooth Thou each angry ripple of my
 soul,
 Reviled, oh let me not revile again,
 And ever let Thy hand my warmth
 control.
- 3 When truth is overborne and error
 reigns, [love,
 When clamour lords it over patient
- cr* Give the brave calmness which from
 wrath refrains, [move.
 Yet from the stedfast course declines to
- mp* 4 When love no refuge finds but silent
 faith, [heavy head,
 When meekness fain would hide its
 When trustful truth, shunning the
 words of wrath, delayed;
 Waits for the day of right, so long
- p* 5 Beneath the load of crosses and of cares;
 Of thwarted plans, of rude and spite-
 ful words; [despairs,
- f* Oh bear me up, when this weak flesh
 And the one arm faith leans on is the
 Lord's. Amen. H. BONAR.

Sanctuary. 7s., 8 lines (Trochaic).

SCHUBERT.



As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.—Isa. lxxvi. 13.

- mp* 513 **I**N whom shall I find comfort,
Mid trouble and annoyance?
To whom confide my rapture
When throbs my heart with joyance?
cr To Thee I turn, O Father!
Alike in joy and sadness:
Thou Healer of all sorrow,
And Giver of all gladness.
- p* 2 But may I dare approach Thee,
Polluted and unholy?
Yet who on earth before Thee,
Is free from sin and folly?
- cr* Thy child, to Thee I hasten,
Whose fond embrace hath won me,
And cast my every burden
In confidence upon Thee.
- mf* 3 Thy loving voice hath sounded,
"My grace your bonds hath severed;
O come to Me, ye weary,
And ye shall be delivered!"
- f* 'Tis well! O jubilate!
Sweet peace and pardon knowing,
In Thy kind arms I shelter,
My soul with love o'erflowing.
Amen.
- W. TIDD MATSON.

Clbe. 98.98 88.

J. B. KÖNIG.



Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.—1 Pet. v. 7.

- mf* 514 **I**F thou but suffer God to guide
thee, [ways,
And hope in Him through all thy
He'll give thee strength whate'er be-
tide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
f Who trust in God's unchanging love,
Build on the Rock that nought can
move.
- mp* 2 What can these anxious cares avail
thee,
These never ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.
- cr* 3 Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
- And all-deserving love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
- mf* 4 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up, though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.
- 5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerv-
ing,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word, though undeserv-
ing,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee:
f God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.
Amen.
- NEUMARK, tr. by C. WISEWORTH.

St. Nicolas. 11.10.11.10.10.10.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

A little slower.

A-men.

Lord, Thou knowest all things.—John xxi. 17.

- mp* 515 THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ; [morrow,
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-
Blessings implored, and sins to be
confessed ; [word,
We come before Thee at Thy gracious
And lay them at Thy feet : (*p*) Thou
knowest, Lord.
- mf* 2 Thou knowest all the past ! how long
and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
strayed ;
How the good Shepherd followed,
and how kindly [laid ;
He bore it home, upon His shoulders
And healed the bleeding wounds, and
soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and
strength again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the present ! each
temptation, [fear ;
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear ;
p All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for banished smiles and voices
gone.
- mf* 4 Thou knowest all the future ! gleams
of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting
ing sadness,
pp And the dark river to be crossed at last ;
cr Oh ! what could hope and confidence
afford
To tread that path ; but this, " Thou
knowest, Lord ? "
- mf* 5 Thou knowest, not alone as God—all
knowing ; [proved ;
As man our mortal weakness Thou hast
On earth, with purest sympathies
o'erflowing, [hast loved ;
p O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou
cr And love and sorrow still to Thee may
come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- mf* 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call
obeying, [feet ;
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy
On everlasting strength our weak-
ness staying, [complete :
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness
cr Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy
throne,
f And follow on to know as we are known.
Amen. JANE BORTHWICK.

Teicxter. 888.6.

KOCHER'S *Zionsharfe*.

Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!—John vi. 68.

p 516 STRANGERS and pilgrims here
 below,
 In want, in weakness, and in woe,
 To whom, O Jesus, should we go;
 To whom but unto Thee?

mf 2 To whom, when hating what is ill,
 We find our strength unequal still
 To do, although we love, Thy will,
 To whom but unto Thee?

p 3 To whom, with all our faults and fears,
 With all our toils and all our tears,

p Pouring them into loving ears,
 To whom but unto Thee?

mf 4 To whom, when all around appears
 Against us, and too anxious fears
 Look trembling up the coming years,
 To whom but unto Thee?

p 5 To whom, when gloomy death appals,
 And the cold shadow darkly falls
 Along our happy household walls,
 To whom but unto Thee? Amen.

G. W. ROBINSON.

Gregory. L.M.

Gregorian.

Let not the waterflood overflow me.—Psa. lxxix. 15.

mp 517 **G**OD of my life, to Thee I call:
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
 When the great waterfloods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

dim 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 [door
or Where, but with Thee, whose open
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

mf 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in
 vain?

p 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer
 prayer:
cr But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.

mf 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me:
 I have an Advocate with Thee.
 They whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.

p 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
cr Yet God, my God, forgets me not.
f And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to
 plead. Amen. W. COWPER.

Ein feste Burg. 87.87.66.66.7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. xli. 1.

f 518 **A** FORTRESS sure is God
our King,
A shield that ne'er shall fail us;
His sword alone shall succour bring,
When evil doth assail us;
mf With craft and cruel hate
Doth Satan lie in wait,
And, armed with deadly power,
Seeks whom he may devour;
On earth where is his equal?
2 O who shall then our champion be,
Lest we be lost for ever?
cr One sent by God—from sin 'tis He
The sinner shall deliver:

f And dost thou ask His name?
'Tis Jesus Christ,—the same
Of Sabaoth the Lord,
The everlasting Word,—
'Tis He must win the battle.

mf 3 God's word remaineth ever sure
(To us no merit owing),
The Spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—
Each day He is bestowing.

dim Though nought we love be left,
Of all, e'en life bereft;

cr Yet what shall Satan gain?

ff God's kingdom doth remain,
And shall be ours for ever. Amen.

MARTIN LUTHER, *tr.* by GODFREY THRING.

Gildas. S.M.

Attributed to PETER ABELARD, A.D. 1120.
"Mittet ad Virginem."

Take unto you the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 13.

- f** 519 **SOLDIERS** of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God
 Through His eternal Son. [supplies
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
 With all His strength endued;
- mf* But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul:
- Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole.
- 5 To keep your armour bright,
 Attend with constant care;
dim Still walking in your Captain's sight,
 And watching unto prayer.
- f** 6 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle and fight and pray,
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.
- 7 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
ff Ye may overcome through Christ alone,
 And stand complete at last. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Innsbruck. 886.886.

HENRY ISAAC, 1490

Castig all your care upon Him.—1 Pet. v. 7.

- mf* 520 **O LORD**, how happy should
 we be,
 If we could cast our care on Thee;
 If we from self could rest,
 And feel, at heart, that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best:
- p* 2 How far from this, our daily life;
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden, wild alarms:
- cr* Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine almighty arms!
- p* 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
cr Then rise with lightened cheer;
- Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.
- p* 4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away;
- cr* But birds and flowers around us preach,
 All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.
- mf* 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and
 flowers;
 Make them from self to cease,
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction peace. Amen.

J. ANSTICE.

Wareham. L.M.

WM. KNAPP.

In whom we trust that He will yet deliver us.—2 Cor. 1. 10.

- f** 521 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong, *dim* 3 Bound by His word, He will display
 And make Jehovah's arm A strength proportioned to our day:
 their song: And when united trials meet,
 His shield is spread o'er every saint: Will show a path of safe retreat.
 And thus supported, who shall faint?
2 What though the hosts of hell engage, **f** 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
 With mingled cruelty and rage? Which Jesus ratified with blood:
 A faithful God restrains their hands, And still in Him let Israel trust.
 And chains them down in iron bands. Amen. P. DODDRIDGE.

Winchester. L.M.

CRASSELLUS.

I have all and abound.—Phil. iv. 18.

- m** 522 **H**OW do Thy mercies close **f** 4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
 me round! What can the Rock of Ages move?
 For ever be Thy name adored; Safe in Thine arms I lay me down,
 I blush in all things to abound; Thine everlasting arms of love.
 The servant is above his Lord!
dim 2 Inured to poverty and pain, **mf** 5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
 A suffering life my Master led: My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
 The Son of God, the Son of man, Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
 He had not where to lay His head. Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
cr 3 But lo! a place He hath prepared **f** 6 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
 For me, whom watchful angels keep: In time and in eternity:
 Yea, He himself becomes my guard: Thou never, never wilt forsake
 He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep. A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.
 Amen. C. WESLEY.

Angelus. L.M.

J. SCHEFFLER.

O Lord, Thou hast redeemed my life.—Iam. III. 58.

- mf* 523 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath
Or turned aside the fatal hour, [led,
Or lifted up my sinking head :
- 2 In all my ways Thy hand I own ;
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And given me back at Thy command ;
- 4 Oft, from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head.
Sudden I found Thee near to save ;
And sickness owned Thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O ! whither shall I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
f Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest ?
Amen. c. WESLEY.

Bohemia. L.M.

GEORGE RHAU'S Gesangbuch, 1544.

I am continually with thee.—Psa. lxxiii. 23.

- mp* 524 **O** THOU by long experience
tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord ! how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love :
mf Where'er they dwell, they dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- dim* 3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime :
I can be calm, and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none :
mf But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- dim* 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot ;
cr But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.
- f* 6 Then let me to His throne repair,
And never be a stranger there ;
Then love divine shall be my guard,
And peace and safety my reward.
Amen. JEANNE M. B. GILES.

Christmas Chorale. L.M.

MARTIN LUTHER. KLUG's
Gesangbuch, 1543.

Stand fast in the faith.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 525** **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off *cr* thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviours' gone.
- 2** Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.
- mf* **3** What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
- The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- f* **4** Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerers wait.
- ff* **5** There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
Amen. WATTS.

Bentley. 76.76.76.

JOHN HULLAH.

Although the fig-tree shall not blossom . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord.—Hab. III. 17.

mf 526 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul, again,
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

mp 2 In holy contemplation
We gladly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.

cr Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,—

mf E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may;

mp 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear:
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flock nor herd be there;

cr Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;

f For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

W. COWPER.

Accadelt. 76.76.76.

JACQUES ARCADELT.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the word 'A-men.' written above the final notes.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. III. 3.

mp 527 O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.

cr What foes and snares surround us!
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found us
Alone can keep me clean.

mp 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure:
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.

mf Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

f 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above. Amen.

J. G. DECK.

Forgiveness. 77.71.

G. M. GARRETT, Mus. Doc.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—Phil. iv. 13.

- p* 528 **F**EEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?
- cr* 2 Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
dim In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die;—
- mf* 4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;—
f Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.
- Amen. W. H. FURNESS.

Rest. 88.88.88.

Dr. STAINER.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.—Isa. xliii. 2.

- mf* 529 **P**EACE, doubting heart! my *mp* 2 When passing through the watery
God's I am;
Who formed me man, forbids my fear:
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.
- I ask in faith His promised aid;
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
cr Fearless their violence I dare,
They cannot harm, for God is there.

mf 3 To Him the eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
f I own His power, accept the sign,
And shout, to prove the Saviour mine.

mf 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand;
Show forth in me Thy saving power;
f Still be Thine arms my sure defence;
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me
thence. Amen. C. WESLEY.

Harmon. 10.10.11.11.

Dr. CROFT.

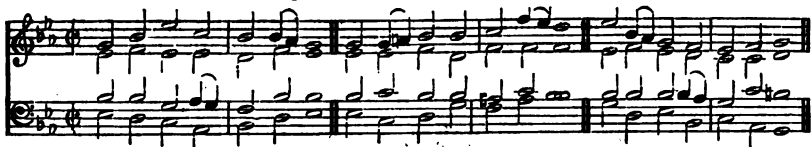
O ye of little faith.—Matt. viii. 26.

mf 530 **BEGONE**, unbelief;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform:
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm,
dim 2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey;
'Tis His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
cr The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
mf 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
To help me quite through.
4 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death.

And can He have taught me
To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?
5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
dim 6 How bitter that cup
No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?
f 7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song. Amen.
JOHN NEWTON.

Amsterdam. 77.77.77.

F. SILCHER.



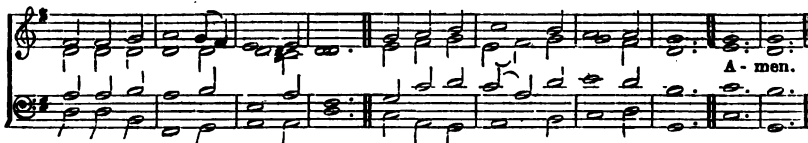
Be in subjection to the Father of spirits.—Heb. xii. 9.

- mf* 531 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward *mp* 3 As a little child relies
 heart : On a care beyond his own,
 Make me teachable and mild, Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Upright, simple, free from art; Fears to stir a step alone :
 Make me as a weaned child : *cr* Let me thus with Thee abide,
 From distrust and envy free, As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- f* 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.
 Amen. J. NEWTON.

V.—ITS PRIVILEGES AND HOPES. I.—PRAYER.

Moldau. L.M.

Nuremberger Gebetbuch, 1677.



Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.

- mf 532** **WHAT** various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2** Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love ;
 Brings every blessing from above.
- dim* **3** Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
cr Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- mf 4** While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side ;
dim But when, through weariness, they failed,
 That moment Amalek prevailed.
- mf 5** Have you no words ? ah ! think again :
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care :
- 6** Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,—
f Hear what the Lord hath done for me. Amen.
- W. COWPER.

Refuge. 77.77.77.77.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.

A - men.

Son of David, have mercy on me.—Luke xviii. 38.

- mf 533** **L**ORD, have mercy when we pray
 Strength to seek a better way ;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe our cherished sin ;
- dim* When our weary spirits fail,
 And our aching brows are pale ;
 When our tears bedew Thy word,
cr Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !
- p 2** Lord, have mercy when we lie
 On the restless bed, and sigh ;
 Sigh for death yet fear it still,
 From the thought of former ill ;
- When the dim advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come ;
 When is loosed the silver cord,
cr Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !
- 3** Lord, have mercy when we know
 First how vain this world below,
 When our darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex and fears distress ;
cr When the earliest gleam is given
 Of Thy bright but distant heaven ;
f Then Thy fostering grace afford,
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !
 Amen.
- H. B. WILLIAMS.

St. John, Westminster. C.M.

J. TURLER.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke xi. 1.

- mp* 534 WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily ;
cr Lord, teach us how to pray !
- p* 2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away :
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan :
cr Lord, teach us how to pray !
- p* 3 We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way ;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
or Lord, teach us how to pray.
- mf* 4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thy altar lay ;
And when our souls have caught Thy
Lord, teach us how to pray !
Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

Potsdam. S.M.

From BACH.

The throne of grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

- mf* 535 BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near :
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless :
To those who seek His face He grants
More than they can express.
- cr* 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love :
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
f Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine. Amen.
- JOHN NEWTON.

Burford. C.M.

Attributed to H. PURCELL.



I prayed . . . and made confession.—Dan. xi. 4.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>mp</i> 536 L ORD, when we bend before
Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.</p> <p>2 Our broken spirits, pitying see;
True penitence impart;</p> <p><i>cr</i> Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.</p> | <p>3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Let not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies. Amen.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">J. D. CARLYLE,</p> |
|---|--|

Riel. 7.77.

ANDREAS HOMBERG.



What is thy petition?—Esther vii. 2.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 537 C OME, my soul, thy suit
prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee, Nay!</p> <p><i>f</i> 2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.</p> <p><i>mp</i> 3 With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt;</p> | <p><i>cr</i> 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest:
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end:</p> <p>6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew.
Let me live a life of faith:</p> <p><i>dim</i> Let me die Thy people's death.
Amen.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JOHN NEWTON.</p> |
|--|---|

Lancaster. C.M.

Dr. HOWARD.

I give myself unto prayer.—Psa. clix. 4.

- mp* 538 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast,
- dim* 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- cr* 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
- mf* Prayer, the sublimest strains that
The Majesty on high. [*reach*
- dim* 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways:
- cr* While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—Behold! he prays.
- mf* 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
- f* 8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

II.—COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Mix. C.M.

Rev. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

He manifested forth His glory.—John ii. 11.

- mf 539** **D**EAR Friend, whose presence
 in the house,
 Whose gracious word benign
 Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
 Change water into wine,
2 Come, visit us! and when dull work
 Grows weary, line on line,
 Revive our souls, and let us see
 Life's water turned to wine.
3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
 Earth's hopes grow half divine,

- When Jesus visits us, to make
 Life's water glow as wine.
4 The social talk, the evening fire,
 The homely household shrine,
 Grow bright with angel-visits, when
 The Lord pours out the wine.
5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
 Not knowing mine nor thine,
 The miracle again is wrought,
 And water turned to wine. Amen.

J. F. CLARKE.

Swanland. 76.76.76.76.

J. BARNBY.

So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.—Psa. xlv. 11.

- mf 540** **O** SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
 Whom yet unseen we love,
cr O name of might and favour,
 All other names above!
p We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless
 To Thee alone we sing; [Thee,
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our holy Lord and King.
mf 20 Bringer of salvation,
 Who wondrously hast wrought,
 Thyself the revelation
 Of love beyond our thought;
p We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless
 To Thee alone we sing; [Thee,
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our gracious Lord and King.

- 3** In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
 All grace and power Divine;
 The glory that excelleth,
 O Son of God, is Thine;
p We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless
 To Thee alone we sing; [Thee,
f We praise Thee, and confess Thee
 Our glorious Lord and King.

- mf 4** O grant the consummation
 Of this our song above
 In endless adoration,
 And everlasting love;
f Then shall we praise and bless Thee
 Where perfect praises ring,
 And evermore confess Thee
 Our Saviour and our King.
 Amen. F. R. HAVERGAL

Daxton. C.M.

Attributed to LUTHER.

*I have set the Lord always before me.—Psa. xvi. 8.*

- mf* 541 **I** THINK of Thee, my God, by night,
 And talk of Thee by day,
 Thy love my treasure and delight,
 Thy truth my strength and stay.
- f* 3 So all day long, and all the night,
 Lord, let Thy presence be
 Mine air, my breath, my shade, my
 Myself absorbed in Thee. [light,
 Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.
- p* 2 The day is dark, the night is long
 Unblest with thoughts of Thee:

Belmont. C.M.*Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes.—Psa. cxliii. 1.*

- mp* 542 **I** WOULD commune with Thee, my God,—
 E'en to Thy seat I come;
 I leave my joys, I leave my sins;
 And seek in Thee my home.
- dim* 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
 Beneath these glorious skies;
 And to the height on which I stand,
 Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- cr* 2 I stand upon the mount of God,
 With sunlight in my soul;
 I hear the storms in vales beneath,—
 I hear the thunders roll:—
- f* 4 O this is life, O this is joy,
 My God, to find Thee so!
 Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
 And all Thy love to know.
 Amen. G. B. BUBBA.

Christmas Chorale. L.M.

MARTIN LUTHER. KLUG'S
Gesangbuch, 1542.

The cares of this world . . . choke the word. — Mark iv. 19.

- m* **543** O GOD! who know'st how frail we are,
How soon the thought of good departs;
cr We pray that Thou wouldst feed the
Of holy yearning in our hearts. [*f*ount
- mf* **3** To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,
Be every day our spirits given;
And may we, while we walk on earth,
Walk more as citizens of heaven.
Amen. W. GASKELL.
- mp* **2** Let not the choking cares of earth
Their precious springs of life o'ergrow;

Holyrood. S.M.

JAMES WATSON.

I am still with Thee. — Psa. cxxxix. 18.

- mf* **544** STILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2** With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning, to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3** With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, mid clamour loud,
dim Speak softly to my heart.
- 4** With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.
- p* **5** With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close,
- cr* **6** With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
- f* By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.
Amen. J. D. BURBS.

Aspiration. 64.64.664. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

My soul followeth hard after Thee.—Psa. lxxiii. 8.

mf 545 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

p E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;

cr Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

dim Nearer to Thee!

p 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,

cr My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

dim Nearer to Thee!

mf 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
dim Nearer to Thee!

mf 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!—

dim Nearer to Thee!

f 5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—

dim Nearer to Thee! Amen.

S. F. ADAMS.

Weimar. 77.77.77.

VULPIUS, 1609.

And be found in Him.—Phil. iii. 9.

mf 546 OBJECT of my first desire,—
 Jesus, crucified for me ;—
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in Thee;
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below ;
cr Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.

dim 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny ;
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death—to die.

mf Source and Giver of repose,
 Singly from Thy smile it flows :
 Peace and happiness are Thine,
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 While I feel Thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy ;
 Here, O may I walk with Thee,
p Then into Thy presence die.
cr Let me but Thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness,
f Real bliss I then shall prove
 Heaven below, and heaven above.
 Amen. AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

Stuttgart. 87.87.87.

J. ROSENMULLER, 1650.
 Harm. by BACH.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. vii. 12.

mf 547 COME, Thou fount of every
 blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace :
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some celestial measure,
 Sung by ransomed hosts above ;
 O! the vast, the boundless treasure
 Of my Lord's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer ;
 Hither, by Thy help, I'm come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.

dim Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
cr He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

mf 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be :
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

dim Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
cr Take my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.
 Amen. ROBERT BOWENSON.

Merion. 11.11.11.5.

J. Oeüger.

I dwell . . . with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—Isa. lvii. 15.

- mp* 548 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it;
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.
- 2 I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy [Thee;—
The trembling sacrifice I pour before
What can I offer in Thy presence
But sin and folly? [holy,
- 3 For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest, [our truest;
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain
Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—
Our hearts forget them.
- cr* 4 We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports us;— [it courts us;
We hear Thy voice—it counsels and
dim And then we turn away! and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.
- cr* 5 Who can resist Thy gentle call—appealing [ful feeling?
To every generous thought and grate—
Thy voice paternal—whispering,
watching ever?
Lord, let me never.
- mf* 4 Father and Saviour, plant within my bosom [blossom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them
In fragrance, and in beauty bright
and vernal,
And spring eternal. Amen.
SIR J. BOWRING.

III.—ANTICIPATIONS.

Resurrection. 66.68.44.44.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold.—Job xix. 27.

p 549 MY life's a shade, my days
 or My Lord is life, He'll raise
 My dust again, even mine.
mf Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
 And with these eyes My Saviour see.

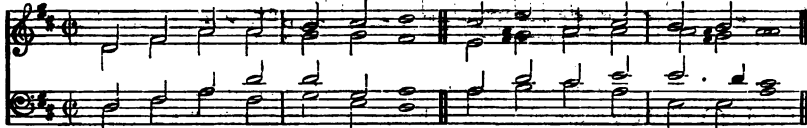
2 My Lord, His angels shall
 Their golden trumpets sound,
 At whose most welcome call
 My grave shall be unbound.
 Sweet truth to me, &c.

p 3 I said, sometimes with tears,
 "Ah, me! I'm loath to die!"
 Lord, silence Thou these fears;
 My life's with Thee on high.
mf Sweet truth to me, &c.

4 Then welcome, harmless grave!
 By Thee to heaven I'll go;
 My Lord, His death shall save
 Me from undying woe.
 or Sweet truth to me, &c. Amen.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN, 1624-1683.

Carinthia. 77.77. FRETTLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, 1704:



The redeemed shall . . . come with singing.—Isa. li. 11.

mf 550 CHILDREN of the heavenly
 King,

As ye journey, sweetly sing:
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

f 3 Shout, ye ransomed flock and blest;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;

There your seat is now prepared;
 There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land:
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

mf 5 Lord! obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below,
 or Only Thou, our Leader be,

f And we still will follow Thee. Amen.
 JOHN CRESWICK.

Paraclete. 11.10.11.10.

E. PROUT, B.A.

1st versae.

2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses.

A men.

What is this He saith,—A little while!—John xxi. 18.

- mf* 551 O FOR the peace which floweth *mf* 4 "A little while," the earthen pitcher
as a river, taking
Making life's desert places bloom and To wayside brooks, from far-off foun-
smile! tains fed;
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright Then the cool lip its thirst for ever
"for ever," [while." slaking [head.
Amid the shadows of earth's "little *cr* Beside the fulness of the Fountain-
- p* 2 "A little while," for patient vigil- *mf* 5 "A little while," to keep the oil from
keeping, falling,
cr To face the stern, to wrestle with the "A little while" faith's flickering
strong; lamp to trim;
p "A little while," to sow the seed with *cr* And then, the Bridegroom's coming
weeping, footsteps hailing,
cr Then bind the sheaves, and sing the To greet His advent with the bridal
harvest song, hymn.
- p* 3 "A little while," to wear the weeds of *mf* 6 And He who is Himself the Gift and
sadness, Giver— [smile,
To pace with weary step through miry The future glory and the present
ways; *cr* With the bright promise of the glad
cr Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of "for ever,"
gladness, *dim* Will light the shadow of the "little
And clasp the girdle round the robe while." Amen.

JANE FOX CREWDSON.

Soldau. L.M. German Melody of the 13th Century.

Musical score for 'Soldau' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. xi. 31.

- mf* **552** **A** WAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
 Let every trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- dim* **2** True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
cr But they forget the mighty God
 Who feeds the strength of every saint:—
- mf* **3** Thee, mighty God! whose matchless
 Is ever new and ever young, [power
- And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4** From Thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply.
 While such as trust their native
 strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5** Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.
 Amen. I. WATTS.

Santa Trinità. L.M. PIERACCINI.

Musical score for 'Santa Trinità' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

For here we have no continuing city.—Heb. xii. 14.

- mp* **553** **W**E'VE no abiding city here;
 This may distress the
 worldling's mind,
cr But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- mp* **2** We've no abiding city here;
 Sad truth, were this to be our home;
cr But let the thought our spirits cheer,
 We seek a city yet to come.
- mp* **3** We've no abiding city here;
 Then let us live as pilgrims do:
cr Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.
- mp* **4** We've no abiding city here;
 We seek a city out of sight:
cr Zion its name,—the Lord is there;
 It shines with everlasting light.
- mf* **5** O sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are
dim Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
- mp* **6** But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
 The time my God appoints is best:
cr While here to do His will be mine,
 And His to fix my time of rest.
 Amen. T. KELLY.

FIRST TUNE.

Edina. 65.65.65.65.Sir HERBERT S. OAKLEY,
Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Edina' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a 'PED.' marking. The second system also includes a 'PED.' marking. The third system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Ramoth. 65.65.65.65.65.

R. SCHUMANN.

Musical score for 'Ramoth' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a 'PED.' marking. The second system also includes a 'PED.' marking. The third system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

Saviour, blessed Saviour, Lis - ten while we sing.

I press toward the mark.—Phil. iii. 14.

mf 554 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing ;

Hearts and voices raising

Praises to our King.

All we have we offer ;

All we hope to be,

Body, soul, and spirit,

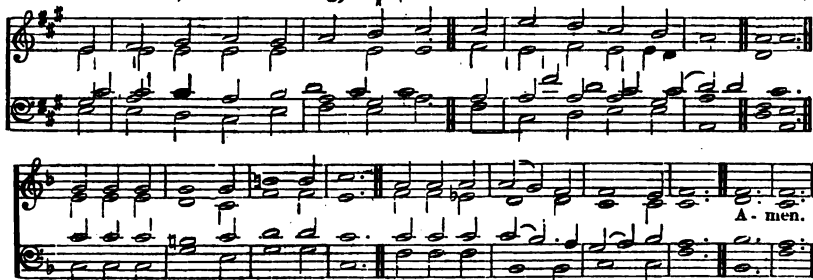
All we yield to Thee.

dim 2 Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded side,
Heedlessly we wandered,
Wandered far and wide ;
cr Till Thou cam'st in mercy
Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them,
Saviour, to Thy fold.

- mf* 3 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee.
- dim* Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
- cr* Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.
- f* 4 Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil, nor care, is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.
- dim* 5 Dark, and ever darker,
Was the wintry past;
cr Now a ray of gladness
O'er our path is cast;
Every day that passeth,
Every hour that flies,
Tells of love unfeign'd,
Love that never dies.
- f* 6 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
- Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.
- 7 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
- mf* Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
- dim* May we, bless'd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!
- mf* 8 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.
- f* 9 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
- ff* Where in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.
- G. THRING.

Vesperus. L.M.

H. BAKER.



Where I am, there shall also My servant be.—John xii. 26.

- mp* 555 **L** ET me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thou art,
My Saviour, my Eternal Rest!
- cr* Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
- mf* 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
- dim* Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.
- mf* 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
- dim* Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more!
- mf* 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
- cr* Then neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.
Amen.
- C. ELGAR.

St. Leonard. C.M.

HENRY SMART.

In My Father's house are many mansions.—John xiv. 2.

- mf* 556 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
dim And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast. Amen.
- I. WATTS;

Sunderland. S.M.

HENRY SMART.

The Lord's song in a strange land.—Psa. cxxxvii. 4.

- mf* 557 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 Loud to the praise of love divine
 Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- dim* 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
- cr* Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon His name.
- mf* 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at His control;
 His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul,
- 6 Wait till the shadows flee,
 Wait Thy appointed hour,
cr Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
 Reveals His love and power.
- f* 7 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on Thee:
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see. Amen.
- AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

Emmanuel. O.M.

BEETHOVEN.

A-m-en.

The Lord showed him all the land.—Deut. xxxiv. 1.

- mf* 558 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers:
dim Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- mf* 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- dim* 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- cr* 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise;
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.
 Amen. I. WATTS.

St. Michael. S.M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1562.

A - men.

Like unto men that wait for their Lord.—Luke xii. 36.

- mf* 559 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
 Each in His office wait,
 Observant of His heavenly word,
 And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
 For awful is His name.
- dim* Watch;—'tis your Lord's command;
mf 3 And while we speak, He's near:
- Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.
- cr* 4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honour crowned.
- f* 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
 With His own royal hand,
 And raise that faithful servant's head
 Amidst the angelic band. Amen.
 PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Rutherford. 76.76.76.76.

D'URBAN.
Arr. from *Chants Chrétiens*.

Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.—
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

- mf* 560 THE sands of time are sinking, *cr* There, to an ocean fulness,
The dawn of heaven breaks, His mercy doth expand,
The summer morn I've sighed for, And glory, glory dwelleth
The fair sweet morn awakes In Immanuel's land.
- cr* Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand, *mp* 4 With mercy and with judgment,
And glory, glory dwelleth My web of time He wove,
In Immanuel's land. And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love :
- mf* 2 The King there, in His beauty, *cr* I'll bless the hand that guided,
Without a veil is seen, I'll bless the heart that planned,
It were a well-spent journey, When throned where glory dwelleth,
Though seven deaths lay between : In Immanuel's land.
- cr* The Lamb, with His fair army, *mf* 5 The bride eyes not her garments,
Doth on Mount Zion stand, But sees the Bridegroom's face ;
And glory, glory dwelleth I gaze not on the glory,
In Immanuel's land. But on the King of grace ;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand ;
- mf* 3 O Christ, He is the fountain, *f* The Lamb is all the glory
The deep, sweet well of love ; Of Immanuel's land. Amen.
- The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above :

ANNE R. COUSIN.

Eden. 76.76.76.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart.—Phil. i. 23.

mp 561 I'M kneeling at the threshold,
A-weary, faint, and sore;

I'm waiting for the dawning,
The opening of the door;
I'm waiting till the Master
Shall bid me rise and come

cr To the glory of His presence,
The gladness of His home.

p 2 A weary path I've travelled,
'Mid darkness, storm, and strife,
And bearing many a burden,
Contending for my life;

cr But now the morn is breaking,
My toil will soon be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold,
My hand is on the door.

mf 3 Methinks I hear the voices
Of the blessed as they stand,
Sweet singing in the sunshine
Of that unclouded land;

O would that I were with them,
Amid the shining throng,
Uniting in their worship.
Rejoicing in their song.

dim 4 The friends that started with me
Have entered long ago,
Ah! one by one they left me,
To struggle with the foe.
Their pilgrimage was shorter,
Their triumph sooner won;
cr How lovingly they'll hail me,
When my work too is done.

mf 5 With them the blessed angels,
That know nor grief nor sin,
I see them at the portals,
Prepared to let me in;
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best,
I'm wasted, worn, and weary;
My Father! bid me rest. Amen.

W. L. ALEXANDER

Vizio Domini. 11.10.11.10.

J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

We would see Jesus.—John xii. 21.

mp 562 WE would see Jesus ; for
the shadows lengthen

Across this little landscape of our
life ; [strengthen

We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
For the last weariness, the final strife.

dim 2 We would see Jesus ; for life's hand
hath rested [and brow ;

With its dark touch upon both heart
And though our souls have many a
billow breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

cr 3 We would see Jesus, the great Rock-
foundation

Whereon our feet were set by sove-
reign grace,

Nor life, nor death, with all their agita-
tion, [His face.

Can thence remove us if we seek

dim 4 We would see Jesus ; other lights are
paling,

Which for long years we have re-
joiced to see ;

The blessings of our pilgrimage are
failing, [go to Thee.

We would not mourn them, for we

mp 5 We would see Jesus ; yet the spirit
lingers [so long.

Round the dear objects it has loved
And earth from earth can scarce un-
clasp its fingers ; [less strong.

Our love to Thee makes not this love

6 We would see Jesus ; sense is all too
blinding [away ;

And heaven appears too dim, too far
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts
reminding

What Thou hast suffered our great
debt to pay.

cr 7 We would see Jesus ; this is all we're
needing : [with the sight ;

Strength, willingness, and joy come
f We would see Jesus ; dying, risen,
pleading : [tal night.

Then welcome day, and farewell mor-
Amen. ANON.

Barnabaz. 76.76.77.76.

DAMANTIUS.

Musical score for 'ITS PRIVILEGES AND HOPES.' consisting of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with 'A-men.' written at the end of the bass staff.

Arise ye . . . this is not your rest.—Micah ii. 10.

mf 563 RISE, my soul, and stretch
thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
dim Sun and moon and stars decay:
Time shall soon this earth remove:
cr Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
mf 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source.

cr So, a soul that's born of God
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upwards tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.
mf 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize:
cr Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be given;
f All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.
Amen. ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

Wilton. 88.88 (Anapaestic).

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

Musical score for 'Wilton. 88.88 (Anapaestic).' consisting of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with 'A-men.' written at the end of the bass staff.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be.—1 John iii. 2.

mf 564 WE speak of the realms of
the blessed,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,—
f But what must it be to be there?
mf 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
f But what must it be to be there?
mp 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials, without and within;
f But what must it be to be there?

mf 4 We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare,
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
f But what must it be to be there?
mf 5 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above;
f But what must it be to be there?
mp 6 Do, Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
cr And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.
Amen. E. MILLS.

FIRST TUNE.

Reominster. S.M.D.

Harmonized by
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Reominster' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a simple hymn tune with a steady rhythm. The final measure of the third system is marked 'A. men.'.

SECOND TUNE.

Chalvey. S.M.D.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Chalvey' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a simple hymn tune with a steady rhythm. The final measure of the third system is marked 'A. men.'.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Psa. xc. 9.

- mf* 565 **A** FEW more years shall roll, *cr* Then, O my Lord, prepare
A few more seasons come, My soul for that bright day ;
dim And we shall be with those that rest *credim* O wash me in Thy precious blood,
Asleep within the tomb : And take my sins away.
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare *mf* 3 A few more storms shall beat
My soul for that great day ; On this stern rocky shore,
credim O wash me in Thy precious blood, And we shall be where tempests cease,
And take my sins away. And surges swell no more :
mf 2 A few more suns shall set *cr* Then, O my Lord, prepare
O'er these dark hills of time, My soul for that calm day ;
And we shall be where God Himself *credim* O wash me in Thy precious blood,
Lights all the glorious clime. And take my sins away.

mp 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
credim O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

mf 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again, [lives
dim *cr* Who died that we might live, who
That we with Him may reign :
cr Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
credim O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
Amen. H. BONAR.

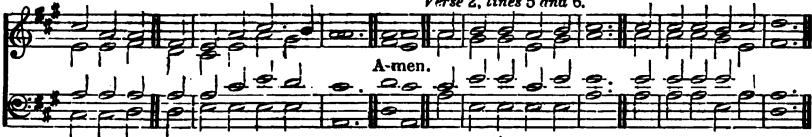
Nearer Home.

J. B. WOODBURY.

S.M.D. Arr. by Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



Verse 2, lines 5 and 6.

*So shall we ever be with the Lord.*—1 Thess. iv. 17.

mf 566 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen ; so let it be ;

Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

dim Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

mf 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !

dim Ah ! then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love,
cr The bright inheritance of saints ;
Jerusalem above.

mf 3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

cr Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

dim 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
mf "For ever with the Lord!"

f 5 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And heaven's voice thunder through the
"For ever with the Lord!" [tomb,
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,

ff Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen ; so let it be ! Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

St. Hugh. O.M.

E. J. H. PRINS, Mus. Doc.

A - men.

Yet what I shall choose I wot not.—Phil. i. 22.

<p><i>mf</i> 567 L ORD, it belongs not to my care, Whether I die or live; To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.</p> <p>2 If life be long I will be glad, That I may long obey:</p> <p><i>dim</i> If short—yet why should I be sad To soar to endless day?</p> <p><i>mf</i> 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before; Hethat into God's Kingdom comes, Must enter by His door.</p>	<p>4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet Thy blessèd face to see; <i>cr</i> For if Thy work on earth be sweet, What will Thy glory be?</p> <p><i>mp</i> 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints, And weary, sinful days; <i>cr</i> And join with the triumphant saints, Who sing Jehovah's praise.</p> <p><i>dim</i> 6 My knowledge of that life is small, The eye of faith is dim; <i>f</i> But'tis enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him. Amen.</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">E. BAXTER.</p>
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Castle Rising. O.M.D. Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY, M. A.

A - men.

The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

mp 568 THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,—
dim How fast they fade away!
mf O for the pearly gates of heaven!
 O for the golden floor!
 O for the Sun of Righteousness
 That setteth nevermore!
mp 2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint!
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint!

mf O for a heart that never sins!
 O for a soul washed white!
 O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher;
 But there are perfectness, and peace,
 Beyond our best desire.

mp O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
 And by Thy life laid down!

cr Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Norwich. C.M.D. Day's Psalter, 1563. (Old 137th.)



The whole family in heaven and earth.—Eph. iii. 15.

mf 569 COME, let us join our friends
 above
 Who have obtained the prize;
 Who, on the eagle-wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise.

cr Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone:
 For all the servants of our King,
 On earth and heaven, are one.

mf 2 One family, we dwell in Him;
 One church, above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

cr One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
dim Part of His host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

mp 3 Ten thousands to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly;
dim And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die.

cr E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.

mf 4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear His trumpet sound.
 Be Thou, O God, our constant guide,
 And when the word is given,
f Then, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Vesperi Lux. 777.5.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Vesperi Lux' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a fermata and the instruction 'rall.'. The second system concludes with the text 'A - men.'.

At evening time it shall be light.—Zech. xiv. 7.

- mf* 570 **H**OLY Father, cheer our way *p* 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
 With Thy love's perpetual When in mortal pains we lie;
 Grant us every closing day [ray; Grant us, as we come to die,
 Light at evening time. *cr* Light at evening time.
- mp* 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears *mf* 4 Holy, Blessed Trinity,
 When earth's brightness disappears; Darkness is not dark with Thee;
 Grant us in our later years Those Thou keepest always see
cr Light at evening time. *f* Light at evening time. Amen.
 B. H. ROBINSON.

Shalom. 777.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.
Harm. by Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Shalom' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef).

Musical score for 'Shalom' continuation, consisting of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The second system concludes with the text 'A - men.'.

At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Psa. xvi. 11.

- mp* 571 **W**HEN the day of toil is done, *mp* 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
 When the race of life is run, Feels at length its throbs subside,
 Father, grant Thy wearied one *cr* Bring us, where all tears are dried,
 Rest for evermore! *mf* Joy for evermore!
- mp* 2 When the strife of sin is stilled, *p* 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
 When the foe within is killed, Days that never can return,
 Be Thy gracious word fulfilled, *cr* Teach us in Thy love to learn
p "Peace for evermore!" *mf* Love for evermore!
- cr* 3 When the darkness melts away *pp* 6 When the breath of life is flown,
 At the breaking of Thy day, When the grave must claim its own,
 Bid us hail the cheering ray,— *mf* Lord of life! be ours Thy crown,
mf Light for evermore! *f* Life for evermore. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Ben Rhydding. S.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

Musical score for 'Ben Rhydding' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piece and ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth.—Rev. xxi. 27.

mf 572 **T**HERE is no night in heaven;
 In that blest world above
 Work never can bring weariness,
 For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven ;
 For life is one glad day ;
dim And tears are of those former things
 Which all have passed away.

mf 3 There is no sin in heaven ;
 Behold that blessed throng—

All holy is their spotless robe !
 All holy is their song !

4 There is no death in heaven ;
 For they who gain that shore
cr Have won their immortality,
f And they can die no more.

mf 5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide :
 O lead us safely on,
 Till night and grief and sin and death
f Are past, and heaven is won !
 Amen. F. MINDEN KNOLLIS.

St. Bride. S.M.

Musical score for 'St. Bride' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piece and ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

PRD. O Death, where is thy sting ?—1 Cor. xv. 55.

mp 573 **I**T is not death to die,
 To leave this weary road,
cr And, midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

mp 2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
cr And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

mp 3 It is not death to bear
 The wench that sets us free

From dungeon-chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
cr And rise on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

f 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die !
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high. Amen.
 G. W. BETHUNE.

The Blessed Home. 68 66.66.66.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

In My Father's house are many mansions.—John xiv. 2.

mf 574 **T**HERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
cr Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

mp 2 There is a land of peace ;
Good angels know it well ;
cr Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
mf Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

f 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
dim And tell each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side ;
cr To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

mf 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
cr Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
mf His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

St. Agnes. C.M. Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc.

These are they which came out of great tribulation.—Rev. vii. 14.

- mf* 575 **G**IVE me the wings of faith
to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!
- dim* 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.
- cr* 3 I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
- mf* 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast:
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- f* 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.
Amen.
- I. WATTS.

Benlah. 64.64.6664.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly.—Heb. xi. 16.

- mf* 576 **I**'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
- dim* Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
- cr* Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- mf* 2 What though the tempest rage!
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage.
Heaven is my home.
- cr* And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
f I shall reach home at last;
Heaven is my home.
- f* 3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home:
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there, I too, shall rest:
Heaven is my home,
- mf* 4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
- cr* And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
f Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home. Amen.
- T. B. TAYLOR.

Darmstadt. 87.87.87.

Darmstadt Cantional, 1687.
Attributed to JOACHIM NEANDER.

And again they said, Allsua.—Rev. xix. 3.

<i>mf</i> 577	H ALLELUJAH! song of glad-	<i>p</i> 8	Hallelujah! strains of gladness
	Song of everlasting joy; [ness,		Suit not souls with anguish torn;
	Hallelujah! song the sweetest		Hallelujah! notes of sadness
	That can angel-hosts employ;		Best befitt our state forlorn:
	Hymning in God's holy presence		For, in this dark world of sorrow,
	Their high praise eternally.		We, with tears, our sin must mourn.
2	Hallelujah! church victorious,	<i>cr</i> 4	But our earnest supplication,
	Thou mayst lift this joyful strain:		Holy God, we raise to Thee;
	Hallelujah! songs of triumph		Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
	Well befitt the ransomed train:		Make us all Thy joys to see;
<i>dim</i>	We our song must raise with sadness,	<i>f</i>	Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
	While in exile we remain.		Sing to all eternity. Amen.

LATIN HYMN OF 11TH CENTURY.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

Breslau. L.M.

ISRAEL CLAUDER'S *Psalmodia*, 1630.

The gates of death.—Psa. ix. 13.

- mf* 578 **W**HY should we start and fear to die? [are! What timorous worms we mortals Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
- dim* 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away; Still we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.
- cr* 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there. Amen. I. WATTS.

Sown in dishonour . . . raised in glory.—1 Cor. xv. 43.

- mp* 579 **U**NVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb! Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred relics room Awhile to slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes Can reach the forms that slumber here; And angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son Passed through the grave, and blest the bed; Rest here, dear saint, till from His The morning break, and pierce the shade:—
- f* 4 Break from His throne, illustrious Attend, O earth, His sovereign word; Restore thy trust, a glorious form: He must ascend to meet his Lord. Amen. I. WATTS.

Golley. L.M.

GEORGE HEWS.

Let me die the death of the righteous.—Numb. xxiii. 10.

- mp* 580 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies! Nothing disturbs that peace profound, Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- When sinks a weary soul to rest, How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- dim* 2 So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.
- cr* 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell! How bright the unchanging morn appears! Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies; While heaven and earth combine to say, How blest the righteous when he dies! Amen. ANNA LETITIA BARBOULD.
- p* 8 A holy quiet reigns around, A calm which life nor death destroys:

Southwold. C.M.

DR GAUNTLETT.

The dead that die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

- mp* 581 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- cr* 2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
- From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward. Amen.
- I. WATTS.

Bergen (St. Bernard). C.M.

Jesus wept.—John xi. 35.

- mp* 582 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the Redeemer's body lay,
And left a long perfume.
- cr* 4 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- mf* 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord, our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- f* 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies. Amen.
- I. WATTS.

Security. 10.6.10.4. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

A-men.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—Psa. cxli. 6.

p 583 **T**HOU God of love! beneath *p* 2 Oh! when our souls are burdened with
 Thy sheltering wings, the weight
 We leave our holy dead, Of life, and all its woes,
cr To rest in hope! from this world's *cr* Let us remember them, and calmly
 sufferings *p* For our life's close, [wait
 Their souls have fled. Amen. JANE E. SAXBY.

Conway. 684.664. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.

A-men.

Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.—Luke xxiii. 46.

p 584 **L**OWLY and solemn be *dim* 3 By Him who bowed to take
 Thy children's cry to Thee, The death-cup for our sake,
 Father divine; The thorn, the rod;
 A hymn of suppliant breath, From whom the last dismay
 Owning that life and death Was not to pass away;
 Alike are Thine. Aid us, O God.

cr 2 O Father, in that hour, *p* 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
 When earth all succouring power *cr* We call on Thee to save,
 Shall disavow; Father divine!
 When spear, and shield and crown Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 In faintness are cast down; Keep us, in life and death,
 Sustain us, Thou. Thine, only Thine. Amen.

FELICIA D. HEMASS.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

Neumark. 98.98 88.

CH. NEUMARK, 1657.

Musical score for 'Neumark. 98.98 88.' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a hymn tune with a simple, flowing melody. The final measure of the third system is marked 'A-men.'.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.--Acts vii. 59.

mp 585 **T**O Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
 Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
 My life I but for Thee inherit,

And death becomes my chiefest gain.
cr In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
 Content—for Thou art ever nigh.
 Amen. NEUMARK.

Sylbester. 87.87.—88.83.

REV. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Sylbester. 87.87.—88.83.' in D major, 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is a hymn tune with a more active melody than the first piece. The final measure of the second system is marked with a double bar line and repeat dots.

His days are as a shadow that passeth away.—Psa. cxliv. 4.

mp 586 **D**AYS and moments quickly flying,
 Blend the living with the dead;
 Soon will you and I be lying,
 Each within his narrow bed.

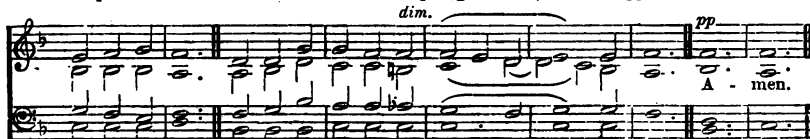
2 Soon our souls to God who gave them,
 Will have sped their rapid flight;
cr Able now by grace to save them,
 Oh, that while we can we might!

mf 3 Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
 Maker of this mortal frame,
dim Teach, O teach us to remember
 What we are, and whence we came;

p 4 Whence we came, and whither wend-
 ing;
 Soon we must through darkness go,
 To inherit life unending,
 Or the death of shame and woe.



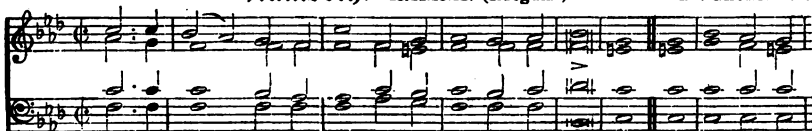
Life passeth soon : death draweth near : Keep us, good Lord, till Thou appear : For Thee to live,



In Thee to die, With Thee to reign thro' e - ter - - - ni - ty.

Lambeth. 13.11.13.12. (Irregular).

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



Not as others who have no hope.—1 Thess. iv. 13.

- mp 587** THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
cr The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.
- mp 2** Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
cr But the wide arms of mercy are spread to unfold thee,
 And sinners may die since the Sinless has died.
- mp 3** Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
cr But the sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.
- f 4** Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide,
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;
ff And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died. Amen.

REGINALD HEDER.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

Requiem. 46.46.46.

J. BARNEY.

Some are fallen asleep.—1 Cor. xv. 6.

p 588 SLEEP thy last sleep,
 Free from care and sorrow;
 Rest where none weep
 Till th' eternal morrow;
 Though dark waves roll
 O'er the silent river,
cr Thy fainting soul
 Jesus can deliver.

p 2 Life's dream is past,
 All its sin and sadness,
cr Brightly at last
 Dawns a day of gladness;

dim Under the sod,
 Earth, receive our treasure,
 To rest in God,
 Waiting all His pleasure.

cr 3 Though we may mourn
 Those in life the dearest,
 They shall return,
 Christ, when Thou appearest!
f Soon shall Thy voice
 Comfort those now weeping,
 Bidding rejoice
 All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

E. A. DAYMAN.

Tichfield. 77.77.77.

That ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope.—1 Thess. iv. 13.

f 589 BLESSING, honour, thanks,
and praise,

Pay we, gracious God, to Thee,
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
Who for us the fight hath won.

mf 2 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered in to God;
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3. Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, exults and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

f 4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share,
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

Amen.

C. WESLEY.

St. Chrysostom. 88.88.88.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

All live unto Him.—Luke xx. 38.

mf **590 G**OD of the living, in whose
eyes

Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
dim That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
cr We know them living unto Thee.

mf 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works,
their powers,

All Thine, and yet most truly ours:
For well we know, where'er they be,
cr Our dead are living unto Thee.

mf 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,

Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy
Not left to lie like fallen tree; [care;
cr Not dead, but living unto Thee.

f 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
dim To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave

cr Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

f 5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
p Save us from death, the death of sin;
cr That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee. Amen.

JOHN ELLEBRON.

Mar Saba (Hebron). 77.77.88.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

Into Thy hands I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.—Ps. xxxi. 5.

- p* 591 **N**OW the labourer's task is o'er; *p* Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Now the battle day is past; Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- cr* Now upon the farther shore *mf* There no more the powers of hell
 Lands the voyager at last. Can prevail to mar their peace;
- p* Father, in Thy gracious keeping *cr* Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. He Who died for their release.
- cr* 2 There the tears of earth are dried; *p* Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 There its hidden things are clear; Leave we now Thy servant sleeping,
 There the work of life is tried
- By a juster Judge than here.
- p* Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 3 There the sinful souls, that turn
 To the Cross their dying eyes,
cr All the love of Christ shall learn
 At His feet in Paradise.
- 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
 Calmly now the words we say,
 Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
cr Till the resurrection-day.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
 Amen. JOHN ELLERTON.

Bach. O.M.

Musa Sionia, 1608.

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.—1 Cor. xv. 44.

- mf* 592 **Y**E principalities and powers
That never tasted death,
Witness from your high heavenly towers
Our act of Christian faith.
- dim* 2 Tho' tears will fall and hearts are stirred,
We know in whom we trust;
And, confident in His sure word,
We bear the "dust to dust."
- 3 We sow this seed in earth to die,
In the great Master's name:
- cr 4 It shall arise a holy shrine
Of glory, beauty, might,
Fit for a spirit made divine,—
All purity, all light.
- f* 5 Thanks be to God, there is no death
For all that trust His word;
Thanks be to God for victory,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen. G. RAWSON.

I.—DEATH OF A MINISTER.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out.
Rev. iii. 12.

- mf* 593 **C**APTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry,
We bless Thee for our comrade true
Now summoned up to Thee.
- 2 We bless Thee for his every step,
In faithful following Thee;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.
- dim* 3 We thank Thee that the wayworn
The sleep in Jesus blest: [sleeps
The purified and ransomed soul.
Hath entered into rest.
- cr 4 We bless Thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard!
We bless Thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward. Amen.
G. RAWSON.

Aldersgate. S.M. Rev. Sir G. F. MERRICK, Mus. Bac.

The musical score for 'Aldersgate' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system covers the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The tempo and dynamics are indicated by 'mf' and 'dim'.

They rest from their labours.—Rev. xiv. 13.

- mf* 594 **R**EST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.
- 2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.
- dim* 3 Lord Christ, into Thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
- cr 4 And now we wait Thine own commands,
We were not his, but Thine.
Thou art Thy Church's Head,
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:
To Thee we lift our eye.
- f* 5 On Thee our hopes depend:
We gather round our Rock:
Send whom Thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Walkington. S.M.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!—Matt. xxv. 21.

mf 595 "SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

4 His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

dim 2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell, but felt no fear.

mf 5 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

3 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare;"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
cr Then, strong in faith and prayer,—

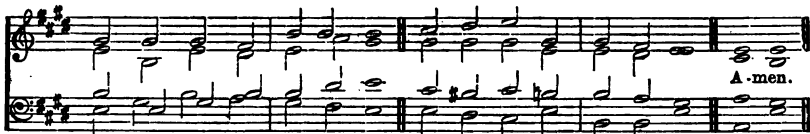
f 6 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

II.—DEATH OF A CHILD.

Benevento. 77.77.77.

S WEBER.



God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. xxi. 4.

mf 596 SAFELY, safely gathered in,
 No more sorrow, no more sin,
 No more childish griefs and fears,
 No more sadness, no more tears;
p For the life so young and fair,
 Now hath passed from earthly care;
 God Himself the soul will keep,
 Giving His beloved sleep.

mf 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
 Passed beyond all grief and pain,
 Death, for Thee, is truest gain;

p For our loss we must not weep,
 Nor our loved one long to keep
 From the home of rest and peace,
cr Where all sin and sorrow cease.

mf 3 Safely, safely gathered in,
 No more sorrow, no more sin:
 God has saved from weary strife
 In its dawn, this young fresh life;

cr It awaits us now above,
 Resting in the Saviour's love;
f Jesus, grant that we may meet
 There adoring at Thy feet. Amen.

HENRIETTA O. DOBBEE.

The Long Home. 78.78.77.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN,
 Mus. Doc.



He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom.—Isa. xl. 10.

p 597 TENDER Shepherd, Thou hast
 stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
 Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
cr And no sigh of anguish sore
p Heaves that little bosom more.

mf 2 In a world of pain and care,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To Thy meadows bright and fair

Lovingly Thou dost receive it;
cr Clothed in robes of spotless white
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

p 3 Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
 There may live where it is living,
 And the blissful pastures see
cr That its heavenly food are giving,

p Lost awhile our treasured love,
cr Gained for ever safe above.

Amen. J. W. MEINHOLD.

tr. by C. WILKINSON.

Cletver. 65 65.

Old German Melody.

*Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.**p* 598 SAVIOUR, now receive him

To Thy bosom mild;

For with Thee we leave him,

cr Happy, blessed child.

2 Though his eye hath brightened

Oft our weary way;

And his clear laugh lightened

Half our heart's dismay;

mf 3 Now let faith behold him

In his heavenly rest,

Where those arms unfold him
To the Saviour's breast.*dim* 4 Yield we what was given

At Thy holy call;

The beautiful to heaven,

Thou who givest all!

p 5 Still 'mid heavy mourning,*cr* Look we now to God,

There our spirit turning,

Kneel beside the sod. Amen.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

Rest. 88.88.88.

JOHN STAINER, MUS. DOC.

That they may rest from their labours.—Rev. xiv. 13.

- mf 599** THE saints of God! their conflict past,
 And life's long battle won at last,
 No more they need the shield or sword,
 They cast them down before their Lord:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!
- mf 2** The saints of God! their wanderings done,
 No more their weary course they run,
 No more they faint, no more they fall,
 No foes oppress, no fears appal:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that dear home how sweet your rest!
- mf 3** The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
 Safe landed on that blissful shore,
 No stormy tempests now they dread,
 No roaring billows lift their head:
cr O happy saints! for ever blest,
p In that calm haven of your rest!
- 3** The saints of God their vigil keep
 While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
cr Till from the dust they too shall rise
 And soar triumphant to the skies;
f O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
 He quickly comes, your Lord and King.
- mf 4** O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
 O Saviour, plead for us on high;
p O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
 Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
cr That with all saints our rest may be
f In that bright paradise with Thee.
 Amen. W. D. MACLAGAN.

Resurgam. 88.88.88.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

The musical score for 'Resurgam' consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with the word 'Amen.' marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

I am He that liveth, and was dead.—Rev. i. 18.

- mf 600** WE sing His love, who once was slain,
 Who soon o'er death revived again,
 That all His saints through Him might have
 Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
ff Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- mf 2** The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
 His own almighty power shall keep,
 Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
 When death itself shall die away.
ff Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- mf 3** How loud shall our glad voices sing,
 When Christ His risen saints shall bring
 From beds of dust and silent clay,
 To realms of everlasting day!
ff Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- mf 4** When Jesus we in glory meet,
 Our utmost joys shall be complete:
 When landed on that heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse shall be no more.
ff Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.
- mf 5** Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
 And this delightful scene display,
f When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
 Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.
ff Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality. Amen.
 ROWLAND HILL.

FIRST TUNE.

Paradise (No. 1). 86.86.66.66.

JOSEPH BARNBY

Musical score for "Paradise (No. 1)" by Joseph Barnby. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system has a key signature change to F major (two flats). The piece concludes with the text "A-men." written below the final notes.

SECOND TUNE.

Paradise (No. 2). 86.86.66.66.

JOHN GILL.

Musical score for "Paradise (No. 2)" by John Gill. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The piece concludes with the text "A-men." written below the final notes.

The Paradise of God.—Rev. ii. 7.

mp 601 O PARADISE, O Paradise,
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land,
 Where they that love are blest?
cr Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
f All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

mp 20 Paradise, O Paradise,
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
cr Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
f All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

mp 30 Paradise, O Paradise,
 'Tis weary waiting here ;
 I long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near ;
cr Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
f All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

mp 40 Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more,
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore ;
cr Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
f All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

mp 50 Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me ;
cr Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
f All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

mf 6 Lord Jesu, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above ;
cr Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
f All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight. Amen.
 F. W. FARRER.

Christchurch. 66.66.88.

C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



Our conversation is in heaven.—Phil. III. 20.

mf 602 JERUSALEM on high
 My song and city is,
 My home where'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss :
f O happy place ! when shall I be,
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

mf 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
p Judged here unfit to live ;
cr There angels to Him sing,
 And lowly homage give :
f O happy place ! when shall I be,
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

mf 3 The patriarchs of old
 There from their travels cease ;
 The prophets there behold
 Their longed-for Prince of peace :
f O happy place ! when shall I be,
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

mf 4 The Lamb's apostles there
 I might with joy behold,
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold :
f O happy place ! when shall I be,
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

p 5 The bleeding martyrs, they
 Within these courts are found,
cr Clothed in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crowned :
f O happy place ! when shall I be,
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

dim 6 Ah me ! ah me ! that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay ;
 No place like that on high ;
cr Lord, thither guide my way :
f O happy place ! when shall I be,
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?
 Amen. SAMUEL CROSSMAN.

Beerhurst. 87.87.87.

J. LANGRAN.



A great multitude, which no man could number . . . cried with a loud voice.—Rev. vii. 9.

f 603 **H**ARK the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
p Hallelujah! *f* Hallelujah!
f Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee.
dim Multitude, which none can number,
cr Like the stars, in glory stand,
f Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hand.

mf 2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
 Who prepared the way for Christ,
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
 Martyr, and Evangelist,
dim Sainly Maiden, Godly Matron,
 Widows who have watched in prayer,
cr Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.

dim 3 They have come from tribulation,
 And have washed their robes in blood,
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were, and firm they stood;
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
cr They have conquered Death and Satan,
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

f 4 Marching with Thy cross their banner
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of Salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour and their King;
dim Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
cr And, by death, to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

f 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite;
dim Love and peace they taste for ever;
 And all truth and knowledge see
cr In the beatific vision
 Of the Blessed Trinity.

f 6 God of God, the One-Begotten,
 Light of Light, Emanuel,
 In whose Body, joined together,
 All the Saints for ever dwell;
dim Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
 That we may for evermore
cr God the Father, God the Son, and
 God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

FIRST TUNE.

St. Alphege. 76.76.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

SECOND TUNE.

Jenner. 76.76.76.76.

Bp. H. L. JENNER.

Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.—Heb. xiii. 14.

<p><i>mf</i> 604 BRIEF life is here our portion; <i>cr</i> 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!</p> <p><i>mf</i> 2 And now we fight the battle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and everlasting And passionless renown.</p> <p><i>f</i> And He, whom now we trust in, Shall then be seen and known; And they that know and see Him Shall have Him for their own.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> 3 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.</p> <p>4 O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect! O sweet and blessed country That eager hearts expect!</p> <p><i>f</i> Exult, O dust and ashes! The Lord shall be thy part; His only, His for ever, Thou shalt be, and thou art. Amen. BERNARD tr. by SEAR.</p>
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FIRST TUNE.

Holy City. 76.76.76.76.A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.
From *The Holy City*.

The first system of musical notation for 'Holy City' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The upper staff begins with a dynamic marking of *f*. The notation includes various rhythmic values and rests.

The second system of musical notation for 'Holy City' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system.

The third system of musical notation for 'Holy City' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music concludes with the text "A-men." written below the final notes of the upper staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Munich. 76.76.76.76.

JOHANN HERMANN, 1650.

The first system of musical notation for 'Munich' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature.

The second system of musical notation for 'Munich' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the first system.

The third system of musical notation for 'Munich' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues from the second system.

The fourth system of musical notation for 'Munich' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music concludes with the text "A-men." written below the final notes of the upper staff.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem.—Rev. xxi. 2.

- mf* 605 **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep:
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love and life and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion,
 O paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And joys have no alloy!
 Thy ageless walls are radiant
 With precious stones unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric;
 The corner-stone is Christ.
- f* 8 The Lamb is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
 And He whom now we trust in,
 Shall then be seen and known;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.
- 4 I know not—O, I know not
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare!
 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly tries to image
 The assembly of the saints.
- 5 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
- mf* 60 sweet and blessed country,
 When shall I see thy face?
 O sweet and blessed country,
 When shall I win thy grace.
- f* O land that seest no sorrow!
 O state that know'st no strife!
 O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
 O realm and home of life!
 Amen. BERNARD *tr.* by NEALE.

Irons (Southwell). O.M.

H. S. IRONS.

A-men.

That great city, the holy Jerusalem.—Rev. xxi. 10.

- mf* 606 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home;
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labours have an end
 In joy and peace and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 And pearly gates behold, [walls
cr Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- mf* 8 There happier bowers than Eden's
 Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom,
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy
 I onward press to you. [scenes,
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and
 Or feel at death dismay? [woe,
cr I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- mf* 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below,
 Will join the glorious band.
- f* 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee!
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.
 Amen. DAVID DICKSON, alt.

FIRST TUNE.

Gwing. 76.76.76.76.

ALEXANDER EWING.

A - men.

SECOND TUNE.

St. Anselm. 76.76.76.76.

J. BARNBY.

dim e rall.

A - men.

The city was pure gold.—Rev. xxi. 18.

mf 607 JERUSALEM, the golden,
 With milk and honey blessed ;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed ;

The home of fadeless splendour,
 Of flowers that have no thorn ;
 Where they shall dwell as children
 Who here as exiles mourn.

2 Jerusalem, the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe:
dim I strive to win that glory;
I toil to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope is lost in sight.

f 3 Jerusalem! exulting,
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
O happy, holy city,
The portion of the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet balm of all distress'd.

4 Jerusalem, the glorious,
The joy of the elect,
O! dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect,

mf Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern,
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

f 5 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 light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

6 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:

ff And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white. Amen.
BERNARD, tr. by NEALE.

St. Fulbert. C.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



A lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. — 1 Pet. i. 3.

f 608 BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

mf 2 When from the dead He raised his
Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

dim 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;

cr Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.

mf 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

f 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.
Amen. L. WATTS.

FIRST TUNE.

Pilgrims. 11.10.11.10.9.11.

HENRY SMART.

Musical score for "Pilgrims" by Henry Smart. The score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with the instruction "A. men." in the final measure of the fourth system.

SECOND TUNE.

Box Angelica. 11.10.11.10.9.11.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for "Box Angelica" by Rev. J. B. Dykes. The score consists of three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. Below the second system, the words 'A - men. A - men.' are written.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.—Rom. xiii. 12.

mf 609 **H**ARK! hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

p Angels of Jesus, *cr* angels of light,

f Singing to welcome *p* the pilgrims of the night.

mf 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

dim "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"

cr And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

p Angels of Jesus, *cr* angels of light,

f Singing to welcome *p* the pilgrims of the night.

p 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,

cr Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

p Angels of Jesus, *cr* angels of light,

f Singing to welcome *p* the pilgrims of the night.

mf 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

p Angels of Jesus, *cr* angels of light,

f Singing to welcome *p* the pilgrims of the night.

mf 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

cr And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

p Angels of Jesus, *cr* angels of light,

f Singing to welcome *p* the pilgrims of the night. Amen.

F. W. FABELL

610

The Endless Alleluia.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

- | | | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Sing Alleluia forth in . . . | duteous praise, | O citizens of heaven, and . . . | sweetly raise |
| 2. Ye next, who stand before th'E- | ter-nal Light, | In hymning choirs re-echo . . . | to the height |
| 3. The Holy City shall take . . . | up your strain, | And with glad songs resounding | wake a - gain |
| 4. In blissful antiphons ye . . . | thus re - joice, | To render to the Lord with . . . | thankful voice, |

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| An end-less Al - le - lu - ia ! | 5. Ye who have gained at length your | palms in bliss, |
| | 6. There, in one grand acclaim, for | e - ver ring |

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| Victorious ones, your chant shall | still be this, An end-less Al - le - lu - - ia ! |
| The strains which tell the honour | of your King, An end-less Al - le - lu - - ia ! |

7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back ; || This is the food and drink which | none shall lack, ||

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|---|-----------------|
| An end-less Al - le - lu - ia, | 8. Thee, the Creator of the world, with | them we praise |
| | 9. To Thee, the Eternal Son our . . . | voi - ces sing, |

- | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|--|
| For ever, and tell out in | sweet-est lays | An end-less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men. |
| To Thee, O Holy Spirit, | we will bring | |

Morning Star. (CHORAL). 887.887.4.12.8.

HEN. SCHEIDEMANN,
1804.

The musical score consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time and features a choral melody with accompaniment. The final system includes the instruction 'A - men.' at the end of the piece.

The throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it.—Rev. xxii. 3.

mf 611 **B**EHOOLD ! how glorious is
 yon sky ;
 Lo ! there the righteous never die,
 But dwell in peace for ever :
 Then who would wear this earthly clay,
 When bid to cast life's chains away,
 And win Thy gracious favour ?
dim Holy, holy, O forgive us,
 And receive us, heavenly Father,
 When around Thy throne we gather.

mf 2 Confiding in Thy sacred word,
 Our Saviour is our hope, O Lord,
 The guiding star before us ;
 Our Shepherd, leading us the way,
 If from Thy paths our footsteps stray,
 To Thee He will restore us :
dim Holy, holy, ever hear us,
 And receive us, while we gather
 Round Thy throne, Almighty Father.
 Amen. J. A. SCHLEGEL.

All Saints. 87.87.77. Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698.

Musical score for 'All Saints' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' in the final measure of the third system.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?—Rev. vii. 13.

mf 612 **WHO** are these like stars appearing,

These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
f Hallelujah, hark! they sing,
f Praising loud their heavenly King.

mf 2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand!
Whence came all this glorious band?

f 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;

These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

dim 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
cr Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

mf 5 These are they who watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still;
f Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.
Amen.

H. T. SCHENCK, tr. by F. E. COX.

St. Saviour. C.M.

F. G. BAKER.

Musical score for 'St. Saviour' in C major, common time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' in the final measure of the second system.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes?—Rev. vii. 13.

mf 613 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!

Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

dim 2 Lol these are they from sufferings great,

Who came to realms of light,
cr And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

f 4 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing:

By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

dim 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;

cr God is their sun whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

mf 6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;

dim And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

I. WATTS, *alt.* by CAMERON.

Alford. 76.86.76.86.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words underlined. The final system ends with the instruction 'A. men.'.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. xxi. 4.

f 614 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,

In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:

mf 'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;

cr Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

f 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!

O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

mf 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings

On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!

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

cr 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine'lect,

f Then take Thy power and reign:

mf Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;

cr Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign:
f Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Amen.

H. ALFORD.

615

St. Cyprian. 54.54.54.

A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.
From *The Holy City*.

1. No sha-dows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der
 2. No weep-ing yon-der! All fled a-way! While here I wan-der

And say—"How long Shall time me sun-der From that dear thron?"
 Each wea-ry day; And sigh as I pon-der, My long, long stay.

Voices only.

3. No part-ings yon-der! Time and space ne-ver A-gain shall sun-der—

Hearts can-not se-ver, Dear-er and fond-er, Hands clasp for e-ver.

CHORUS.

4. None want-ing, yon-der, Bought by the Lamb.

ORG.

All ga-ther'd un - der The e - ver green palm:

Loud as earth's thun - der As - cends the glad palm.

f *rall.* *a tempo.* *f* *rall.* *mf Legato.* *Ped.*

p *cres.* *rall.* *din.* *p*

FIRST TUNE.

Troyle.

A. H. D. TROYTE.

Musical score for 'Troyle' by A. H. D. Troyte. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in 4/4 time and ends with 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

SECOND TUNE.

St. Philip. 10.10.10.4.

J. BARNEY.

Musical score for 'St. Philip' by J. Barney. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is in 4/4 time and ends with 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1.

- f** 616 **F**OR all the saints, who from their labours rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
 Hallelujah.
- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
 Hallelujah!
- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
 Hallelujah!
- mf* 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
f Hallelujah!
- dim* 5 And, when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
cr And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
f Hallelujah!
- mf* 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
dim Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
cr Hallelujah!

mf 7 But, lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day :
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
f The King of Glory passes on His way.
 Hallelujah !

ff 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

Safe Home. 66.66.88. Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.—Psa. cvii. 30.

mf 617 SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck ;
cr But, O ! the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage perils o'er.

mp 2 The prize, the prize secure !
 The wrestler nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well.
cr But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on.

f 3 No more the foe can harm,
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp.

And yet how nearly had he failed ;
 How nearly had the foe prevailed !

dim 4 The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penned ;
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end :
f But One came by with wounded side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

mf 5 The exile is at home ;
 O nights and days of tears !
 O longings not to roam !
 O sins, and doubts, and fears !
f But now has come the glorious day
 When God has wiped all tears away !
 Amen.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, tr. by J. M. SEALE.

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.

I.—THE CHURCH AND ITS FELLOWSHIP.

Aurelia. 76.76.76.76.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

The Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood.—Acts xx. 28.

- mf* 618 THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
dim With His own blood He bought her,
p And for her life He died.
- mf* 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth.
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.
- dim* 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
- cr* Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
mf And soon the night of weeping
f Shall be the morn of song.
- mf* 4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
cr Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
f And the great Church victorious
dim Shall be the Church at rest.
- mf* 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With Father, Spirit, Son,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
f O happy ones and holy!
dim Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
cr On high may dwell with Thee.
- Amen. SAMUEL J. STONE.

Netoland. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

The Highest Himself shall establish her.—Psa. lxxxvii. 6.

mf 619 **T**HE church of God below,
Is like His church above;
Safe shielded from her every foe,
By heavenly power and love.

2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent Guest.

3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer;

And he that humbly on Him waits,
Shall surely find Him there.

cr 4 The church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be:
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.

f 5 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born;
Their life but sets to rise again,
In heaven's eternal morn! Amen.

H. F. LYTE.

Potsdam. S.M.

From BACH:

The Church of God . . . purchased with His own blood.—Acts xx. 28.

mf 620 **I** LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer bought
With His own precious blood,

2 I love Thy church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand;
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

dim 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,—
Till toils and cares shall end.

cr 4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

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

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

T. DWIGHT.

Austria. 87. 87. 87.

HAYDN.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—Psa. lxxxvii. 3.

f 621 **GLORIOUS** things of Thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God:
 He Whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

mf 2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood:
 Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.

cr 'Tis His love His people raises
 Over self to reign as kings;
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

mf 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name.

dim Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
cr Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.
 Amen. JOHN NEWTON.

St. Godric. 66. 66. 62.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



One Lord, one faith, one baptism.—Eph. iv. 5.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 622 ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord below, above ;
 Zion, one faith is thine,
 One only watchword—Love ;
 <i>cr</i> From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.</p> | <p><i>dim</i> 3 O, may that holy prayer,
 His tenderest and His last,
 His constant, latest care,
 Ere to His throne He passed,
 <i>cr</i> No longer unfulfilled remain,
 The world's offence, His people's stain.</p> |
| <p><i>mf</i> 2 Our sacrifice is one ;
 One Priest before the throne ;
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord, alone ;
 <i>cr</i> Thou who didst raise Him from the dead
 Unite Thy people in their Head.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 4 Head of Thy church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew ;
 <i>cr</i> Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love, and live as one !
 Amen. GEORGE ROBINSON.</p> |

Waldeck. L.M.

C. H. RINCK.



There will I meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat.—Exod. xxv. 22.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 623 FROM every stormy wind that
 blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat :
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.</p> | <p>Though Sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.</p> |
| <p>2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads :
 A place than all beside more sweet,
 It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.</p> | <p><i>dim</i> 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?</p> |
| <p>3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with
 friend ;</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 5 There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,
 And time and sense seem all no more,
 <i>f</i> And heaven comes down our souls to
 greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat
 Amen. HUGH STOWELL.</p> |

Holwood. S.M.

JAMES WATSON.

Bear ye one another's burdens.—Gal. vi. 2.

- mf* 624 **B**LEST is the tie that binds *dim* 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- f* 4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Amen.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Gildax. S.M.Attributed to PETER ABELARD, A. D. 1120.
"Mittet ad Virginem."

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.—Psa. xlviii. 2.

- f* 625 **F**AR as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.
- mf* 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view Thy holy ground,
And mark the building well—
- 4 The orders of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise,
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
- f* 6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky. Amen.

I. WATTS.

Meiningen. S.M.

M. FRANK, 1680.



Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. xviii. 20.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 626 JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim:
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 3 We meet, the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given:
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.</p> |
| <p><i>cr</i> 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life and health and peace
And everlasting love.</p> | <p><i>cr</i> 4 Present we know Thou art,
But O! Thyself reveal;
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
The mighty comfort feel. Amen.
C. WESLEY.</p> |

St. Michael. S.M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1562.



Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised.—Psa. xlvi. 1.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>f</i> 627 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.</p> | <p>How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!</p> |
| <p><i>mf</i> 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwark of our land.</p> | <p>4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.</p> |
| <p>3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:</p> | <p><i>cr</i> 5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
<i>f</i> We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there. Amen.
L. WATTS.</p> |

St. Fulbert. C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

He went on his way rejoicing.—Acts viii. 39.

- mf* 628 **L** ET plenteous grace descend on those
 Who, hoping in Thy word,
 This day have publicly declared
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
 And run the Christian race;
 And, through the troubles of the way,
 Find all-sufficient grace. Amen.

JAMES NEWTON.

Nares. C.M.

Dr. NARES.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.—Gen. xiv. 31.

- mf* 629 **C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
 Stranger nor foe art thou;
 We welcome thee with warm accord,
 Our friend, our brother now.
- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
 Of love, we offer thee:
 Leaving the world, thou dost but part
 From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
 The heavenly bread we break,—
 Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—
 Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
 Thy portion shall be ours:
 Christians their mutual burdens bear,
 They lend their mutual powers.
- cr* 5 Come with us; we will do thee good,
 As God to us hath done:
 Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
 Whose faith the victory won.
- 6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
 As star by star grows dim,
 May each, translated into day,
 Be lost and found in Him Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Bouington. C.M.



A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.—John xiii. 34.

mf 630 **B**ENEATH the shadow of the cross, Not e'en the lifted cross can harm
 As earthly hopes remove, If we but hold to this.
cr His new commandment Jesus gives, *mf* 8 Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours,
 His blessed word of love. And swift our feet shall move
 To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
 2 O bond of union, strong and deep! And the sweet tasks of love. Amen.
 O bond of perfect peace! S. LONGFELLOW.

Lancaster. C.M.

Dr. HOWARD.

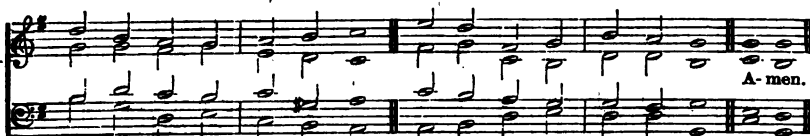
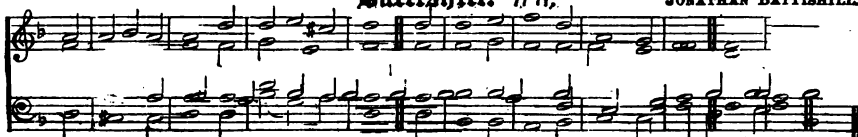


I commend you to the word of His grace.—Acts xx. 32.

mf 631 **O** CHRIST, with all Thy members one, Through paths of darkness and of toil,
 In us Thou sufferest still; If they would crowned be.
 And with Thine own victorious might 4 In darkness be their guiding light;
 Our fainting souls dost fill. In toil their stay and strength:
 And let them not the warfare fear,
 2 Make these henceforth Thy care, O Lord! Its soreness or its length.
 Who would Thy servants be; *cr* 5 For conflicts here in heaven are crowns;
 And teach them how in days of strife Sweet rest for toil and strife;
 To rest secure in Thee. For pain and grief is rapture high:
 8 Through suffering Thou wast perfected, For death abundant life. Amen.
 And they must follow Thee R. A. BERTHAM.

Battishill. 77.7.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.



We have fellowship one with another.—1 John 1. 7.

mf 632 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

cr 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love;
How He left the realms above;

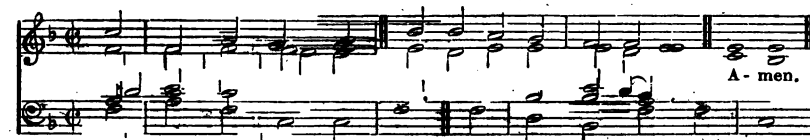
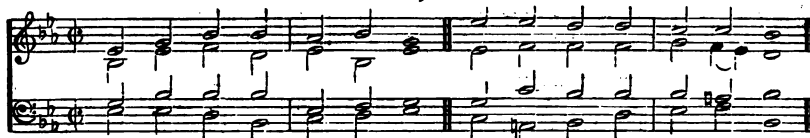
Took our nature and our place;
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

f 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet:
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.
Amen. JOHN BURDER.

Culbach. 77.77.

O. H. DRETZELL.



Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. xviii. 20.

mf 633 JESUS we Thy promise claim,
We are gathered in Thy name:
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here.

dim 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;

Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.

cr 3 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet to stand in Thy pure sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Amen.

Be like-minded one toward another.—Rom. xv. 5.

- mf* 634 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
 Let us in Thy name agree ;
 Show Thyself the Prince of Peace ;
 Bid all strife for ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear ;
- To Thy church the pattern give,
 Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in Thee abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness :
- cr* 5 Let us then with joy remove
 To Thy family above ;
 And with faith and comfort high,
 Prove how true believers die. Amen.
- C. WESLEY.

Soldau. L.M. German Melody of the 13th Century.



The church saleteth you.—1 Pet. v. 13.

- mf* 635 KINDRED in Christ, for His
 dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
 To know the Saviour's precious name:
 And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- dim* 3 May He by whose kind care we meet,
 Send His good Spirit from above ;
 Make our communication sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus :
 We only wish to speak of Him
 Who lived and died and reigns for us.
- cr* 5 We'll talk of all He did and said
 And suffered for us here below ;
 The path He marked for us to tread,
 And what He's doing for us now.
- f* 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore :
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.
- Amen. JOHN NEWTON.

And the Lord added to the church daily those that were being saved.—Acts ii. 47.

- mf* 636 JESUS, Thy sovereign grace
 we bless,
 That crowns Thy gospel with success ;
 Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
 And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.
- 2 Those, who have now Thy truth confess'd
 As their own faith, and hope, and rest,
 We, in Thy name, with joy embrace,
 As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.
- 3 As living members, may they share
 The joys and griefs which others bear ;
 And active in their stations prove,
 In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations them defend,
 And keep them steadfast to the end ;
 Ever abiding in Thy love,
 Until they join the church above.
- Amen. W. H. BATHURST.

Bingen. 77.77.

Musical score for 'Bingen. 77.77.' consisting of two systems of four staves each. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, ending with a 'men.' marking.

Come out . . . and be ye separate.—2 Cor. vi. 17.

- mf* 637 **L**ORD, behold us few and weak;
 Humbly at Thy feet we fall:
 See, we come Thy face to seek;
 Deign, O deign to hear our call!
- 2 When we lay in sin and death,
 Thou didst pass and bid us live;
 Thou didst give Thy people faith;
 Thou didst all our sins forgive.
- 3 Jesus, Thou didst shed Thy blood;
 On this rock our hope we raise;
 Thou hast brought us near to God;
 Thine the work, and Thine the praise.
- 4 'Tis Thy will that we should be
 Separate from all around;
 Let our will with Thine agree;
 Let Thy people thus be found:
- 5 Let us bear each other's load;
 Faithful to each other prove;
 Till we gain the saints' abode;
 Till we take our place above:—
- 6 There to see without a cloud,
 There with zeal untired to sing,
 Mix with heaven's triumphant crowd,
 And for ever praise our King. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

Tallis. O.M.

T. TALLIS.

Musical score for 'Tallis. O.M.' consisting of two systems of four staves each. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, ending with a 'men.' marking.

Accepted in the Beloved.—Eph. i. 6.

- mf* 638 **F**ATHER, behold, with gra-
 cious eyes,
 Those who through Christ draw near
 To pay their living sacrifice,
 And worship in Thy fear.
- 2 Well pleased in Him, Thyself declare;
 Thy pardoning love reveal:
 The peaceful answer of our prayer
 To every conscience seal.
- 3 On each, on all, some gift bestow;
 Some blessing now impart,
 The seed of life eternal sow
 In every waiting heart.
- 4 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
 And grant what we require;
 For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
 And answer us by fire.
- 5 Kindle the flame of love within,
 Which may to heaven ascend;
 And now the work of grace begin,
 Which shall in glory end. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

St. Leonard. c.m.

HENRY SMART.

One body. — Eph. ii. 16.

- mf* 639 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone :
 Walking in all His ways they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.
- cr* 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,—
 Their mighty joys we know :
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- f* 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before Thy throne :
 We, in the kingdom of Thy grace ;—
 The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
 From thence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in Thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet Thee in the skies.
 Amen. C. WESLEY.

Shalomut. 66.84.

Now the Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means. — 2 Thess. iii. 16.

- mf* 640 **W**ITH the sweet word of peace *cr* 4 With the strong word of faith
 We bid our brethren go ; We stay ourselves on Thee ;
 Peace, as a river to increase, That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
 And ceaseless flow. Their Help shalt be.
- 2 With the calm word of prayer
 We earnestly commend
 Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
 Eternal Friend!
- 5 Then the bright word of hope
 Shall on our parting gleam,
 And tell of joys beyond the scope
 Of earth-born dream.
- dim* 3 With the dear word of love
 We give our brief farewell :
 Our love below, and Thine above,
 With them shall dwell.
- f* 6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
 In faith, and peace, and prayer :
 Till He whose home is ours above
 Unite us there. Amen.

G. WATSON.

Farrant. C.M. RICHARD FARRANT, 1585.
Adapted by Dr. EDWARD HODGES.

Brethren, farewell.—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

mf **641** **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Hfm,
And nothing know beside;

Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Partakers of His heavenly grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

or 5 Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more. Amen.

C WESLEY.

II.—THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH.

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

Agathe. S.M. Dr. NARES.

Pray ye the Lord of the harvest.—Matt. ix. 38.

f **642** **L**ORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer,
And all our wants supply.

dim 2. On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

or 3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad; [power,
And let them speak Thy word with
Co-workers with their God.

f 4 O let them spread Thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim;
Thine all-embracing love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

PRAYER FOR THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.

Cheshunt College. 88.88.88.

J. BARNEY.

A-m-en.

He shall be holy unto Thee.—Lev. xxi. 8.

mf 643 **C**APTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls that here are
trained for Thee,
And fit for Thy great service make
These heirs of immortality ;
And let them in Thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

2 Unspotted from the world and pure,
Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,
Accustomed daily to endure

The welcome burden of Thy cross :
Inured to toil and patient pain,
Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.

f 3 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
In all their Captain's steps to tread ;
Then send them to proclaim Thy word,
Thy Gospel through the world to
Freely as they receive to give, [spread]
And preach the Death by which we live!
Amen., C. WESLEY.

ORDINATION OF MINISTERS.

Gallia. C.M.

T. TALLIS.

A-m-en.

Being examples to the flock.—1 Pet. v. 3.

mf 644 **C**HIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen
sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.

2 With plenteous grace their hearts pre-
pare,
To execute Thy will ;

Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

3 In flame their minds with holy zeal
Thy flock to feed and teach ;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

French. C.M.

Scotch Psalter.

For their sakes I sanctify myself that they also might be sanctified through the truth.—John xvii. 19.

mf 645 **T**HOU who Thyself didst
sanctify

And set Thyself apart;
Thy servant's purpose ratify
The purpose of His heart.

2 In reverence he himself would yield
To be Thy soldier true,
In the high places of the field.
Thy glorious work to do.

cr 3 Captain Divine! his name enrol;
In token, let him feel

The fire from heaven within his soul
The ever burning zeal.

4 Give him his armour, all of light,
And with unfaltering breath,
Lord, make him Thy great battle fight
And faithful be, to death.

f 5 He that o'ercometh, Lord, with Thee
The morning star shall own,
The robe and palm of victory,
And the immortal crown. Amen.

GEORGE RAWSON.

Bedford. C.M.

W. WHEALL.

For they watch for your souls.—Heb. xiii. 17.

mf 646 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all
awake,

And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

dim 2 Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the
Did heavenly bliss forego:—[Lord

For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste:
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our
faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

cr 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;

mf And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.
Amen. PHILIP DODDIDGE.

Rockingham. L.M.

Dr. MILLAR, 1787.



God, that comforteth those that are cast down.—2 Cor. vii. 6.

mf 647 **S**PIRIT of Light and Truth,
to Thee

We trust Thy servants in this hour,
May they with open heart and free
Teach all Thy word, in all its power.

2 Where foemen watch their tents by
night,

And mists hang wide o'er moor and
Spirit of counsel and of might, [well,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou

dim 3 And O! when worn and tired they sigh
With that more fearful war within,

When passion's storms are loud and high,
And brooding o'er remembered sin,—

4 The heart dies down—O mightiest! then
cr Come, ever true; come, ever near;
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear.

f 5 Spirit of Christ, be earnest given
That these our prayers are heard, and
they

Who grasp this hour the sword of heaven.
Shall feel Thee ever on their way.

Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

Melcombe. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.
"O Salutaris hostis."



Endued with power from on high.—Luke xxiv. 48.

mf 648 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow
Thine ear,

Attentive to our earnest prayer,
We plead for those who plead for Thee:
Successful pleaders may they be.

dim 2 How great their work; how vast their
charge!

Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquisitions are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

cr 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine,
To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

mf 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
A blest reward for all their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
Thy new-creating power adore.

6 Let sinners break their heavy chains;
And souls distressed forget their
pains;

Let light through distant realms be
And Zion rear her drooping head.

Amen.

B. BADDOME.

Angelus. L.M.

J. SHEFFLER.

A faithful minister of Christ.—Col. 1. 7.

- mf* 649 WITH heavenly power, O Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
 Lord, defend, And arm him to obey Thy will.
 Him whom we now to Thee commend;
 Thy faithful messenger secure, 3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
 And make him to the end endure. In him Thy mighty power exert,
f That thousands, yet unborn, may praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace. Amen.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;

SEEKING A PASTOR.

Brexlan. L.M.

ISRAEL CLAUDEN'S *Psalmodia*, 1630.

He gave . . . some pastors.—Eph. 1y. 11.

- mf* 650 ETERNAL Shepherd, God With Peter's faith, vouchsafe him all
 most High, The love of John, the zeal of Paul.
 In mercy hearken to our cry,
 And send us in our time of need,
 A pastor wise, Thy flock to lead. *dim* 3 Be his, like Thee, O Jesu meek,
 To heal the bruised, to stay the weak;
cr And in Thy might made brave and
 strong
 To war with sin, to right the wrong.
- 2 Upon him pour the Holy Ghost,
 With all the flame of Pentecost;

- mf* 4 So leading where Thyself hast trod,
So guiding with Thy staff and rod,
May he Thy sheep in safety bring
To the bright pastures of the King.
- 5 And when at last, O gracious Lord,
Thou shalt bestow his full reward,
Let those whom he hath led aright
Be jewels in his crown of light.
Amen. R. F. LITTLEDALE.

WELCOMING A PASTOR.

Tune "ANGELUS," No. 649.

Receive him . . . with all gladness.—Phil. ii. 29.

- mf* 651 WE bid thee welcome in the
name
Of Jesus our exalted Head:
Come as a Servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.
- 2 Come as a Shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an Angel: hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.
- 5 Come as a Teacher: sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a Messenger of peace:
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
f Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.
Amen.
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

Wareham. L.M.

WM. KNAPP.

As they that must give account.—Heb. xiii. 17.

- mf* 652 POUR out Thy Spirit from on
high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And cloth Thy priests with righteous-
ness.
- 2 Within Thy temple, where we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost
love;
- dim* 4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- cr* 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign,
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.
Amen. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Farrant. C.M.

RICHARD FARRANT, 1585.
Adapted by Dr. EDWARD HODGES.

Musical score for 'Farrant. C.M.' in 3/4 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two measures of the piece. The second system contains the next two measures, ending with the instruction 'A-men.'.

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing.—Luke v. 5.

- mf* 653 THE livelong night we've toil- *dim* 5 In His own time; but yet awhile
ed in vain, Our bark at sea must ride;
But, at Thy gracious word, Cast after cast, by force or guile,
We will let down the net again; All waters must be tried.
- dim* 2 So, day by day, and week by week, 6 Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
In sad and weary thought Triumph by our weak arm,
They muse, whom God hath set to seek Let not our sinful fancy trace
The souls His Christ hath bought. Aught human in the charm.
- 3 At morn we look and nought is there, *p* 7 To our own nets ne'er bow we down;
Sad dawn of cheerless day; Lest on the eternal shore [own,
Who then from pining and despair The angels, while our draught they
The sickening heart can stay? Reject us evermore.
- cr* 4 There is a stay—and we are strong, *cr* 8 Or if, for our unworthiness,
Our Master is at hand Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
To cheer our solitary song, In disappointment Thou canst bless,
And guide us to the strand. So love at heart prevail. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

Compline.

88.88.88.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Compline.' in 3/4 time, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two measures. The second system contains the next two measures. The third system contains the final two measures, ending with the instruction 'A-men.'.

Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.—1 Cor. ix. 16.

- mf* 654 **G**IVE me the faith which can remove
 And sink the mountain to a plain ;
 Give me the child-like, praying love,
 Which longs to build Thy house again ;
 Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
 Let it my ransomed soul devour.
- 2 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone,—
 To spend and to be spent for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.
- cr* 3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into Thy blessed hands receive ;
 And let me live to preach Thy word ;
 And let me to Thy glory live :
 My every sacred moment spend
 In publishing the sinner's Friend.
- f* 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
 With boundless charity divine ;
 So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like Thine ;
 And lead them to Thine open side,
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.
 Amen.
- C. WESLEY.

New York.

76.76.76.

G. J. WEBB.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple, hymn-like melody. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system also ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the instruction 'A - men.' written below the piano part.

Who will stand up for Me?—Psa. xciv. 16.

- f* 655 **S**TAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory,
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The trumpet-call obey ;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day :
 Ye that are men, now serve Him,
 Against unnumbered foes ;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in His strength alone ;
dim The arm of flesh will fail you ;
 Ye dare not trust your own :
cr Put on the gospel armour,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- mf* 4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song ;
f To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally. Amen.
- GEORGE DUFFIELD.

III.—THE LORD'S DAY AND ITS SERVICES,

Bartholomew. 10.10.10.10. GOUDIMEL, 1562. (Old 124th).

And God blessed the seventh day.—Gen. ii. 3.

mf **656 A** **GAIN** returns the day of holy **8** So shall the God of mercy, pleased, receive
 rest That only tribute man has power to give;
 Which, when He made the world Jeho- So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
 vah blest; *cr* Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.
 When, like His own, He bade our labours **f** **4** Father of heaven, in whom our hopes
 cease, confide, [precepts guide ;
dim And all be piety, and all be peace. Whose power defends us, and whose
 To learn His will, and all we learn, obey. In life our Guardian, and in death our
 In pure religion's hallowed duties share, Friend, [and
 And join in penitence, and join in prayer. Glory supreme be Thine, till times shall
 Amen. W. MASON.

Aurelia. 78.76.78.76.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

Early in the morning, the first day of the week.—Mark xvi. 2.

- mf* 657 **T**HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
 Breaks o'er the earth again,
 As some sweet summer morning
 After a night, of pain :
 It comes as cooling showers
 To cheer a thirsting land,
 As shade of clustered palm-trees
 'Mid weary wastes of sand.
- 2 O day ! when earthly sorrow
 .Is merged in heavenly joy,
 And trial changed to blessing
 That foes may not destroy,—
- cr* When want is turned to fulness,
 And weariness to rest,
 And pain to wondrous rapture,
 Upon the Saviour's breast !
- mf* 3 Lord, we would bring for offering,
 Though marred with earthly soil,
 A week of earnest labour,
 Of steady, faithful toil ;
 Fair fruits of self-denial,
 Of strong, deep love to Thee,
 Fostered by Thine own Spirit
 In our humility.
- dim* 4 And we would bring our burden
 Of sinful thought and deed,
 In Thy pure presence kneeling,
 From bondage to be freed ;
 Our heart's most bitter sorrow
 For all Thy work undone—
 So many talents wasted,
 So few bright laurels won !
- mf* 5 So be it, Lord, for ever,
 O may we evermore,
 In Thy most holy presence,
 Thy blessed name adore !
 Be this our peaceful Sabbath,
 Within these temple walls,
 Type of the stainless worship
 In Zion's golden halls—
- f* 6 So that, in joy and gladness,
 We reach that home at last,
 When life's short week of sorrow,
 And sin, and strife is past ;
 When angel-hands have gathered
 The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,
 O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
 Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Hull. 886.886.

Old Melody,

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system ends with a double bar line and the word 'A-men.' written below the staff.

From one Sabbath to another . . . to worship.—Isa. lxvi. 23.

- f* 658 **T**HE festal morn, my God, is
 come,
 That calls me to Thy hallowed dome,
 Thy presence to adore ;
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
 And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 What joy, while thus I view the day
 That warns my thirsting soul away !
 What transports fill my breast !
 For lo ! my great Redeemer's power
 Unfolds the everlasting door,
 And leads me to His rest.
- 3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
 The heaven-built towers of Salem rise ;
 E'en now with glad survey
 I view her mansions, that contain
 The angelic forms, an awful train,
 And shine with cloudless day.
- cr* 4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
 Lo ! the redeemed of God ascend,
 Their tribute hither bring :
- ff* Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail the Immortal King.

Amen. JAMES MERRICK.

FIRST TUNE.

Brookfield. 76.76.76.76.

ERSKINE ALLON.

A-men.

SECOND TUNE.

Endsleigh. 76.76.76.76.S. SALVATORI.
Arranged by J. TURLER.

A-men.

The Lord's day.—Rev. i. 10.

659 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright!
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Before the eternal throne,
 Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

p 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dark dreary sand ;
 From Thee like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land ;
 A day of sweet refection,
 A day thou art of love,
 or A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.
 4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,

Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.
 5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 And there our voice upraising
 To Father and to Son
 And Holy Ghost, be praising
 Ever the Three in One. Amen.

C. WORDSWORTH.

FIRST TUNE.

Prague. S.M.

L. West, 1795.

SECOND TUNE.

Walthamstow. S.M.

S. H. Fildr.

He shall be as the light of the morning, even as a morning without clouds.—2 Sam. xxiii, 4.

mf 660 THIS is the day of Light !
 Let there be light to-day !
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.
dim 2 This is the day of Rest !
 Our failing strength renew :
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
cr 3 This is the day of Peace !
 Thy Peace our spirits fill !

Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease ;
 The waves of strife be still.
dim 4 This is the day of Prayer !
 Let earth to heaven draw near ;
cr Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
 Come down to meet us here.
mf 5 This is the First of days !
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
f And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of Death ! Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

Newland. S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.—Rev. i. 10.

- 661** WELCOME, sweet day of rest, *mf* 3 One day of prayer and praise,
That saw the Lord arise ; His sacred courts within,
Welcome to this reviving breast, Is sweeter than ten thousand days
And these rejoicing eyes. Of pleasurable sin.
- 2 The King himself comes near, *cr* 4 My willing soul would stay
And feasts His saints to-day ; In such a frame as this,
Here we may seek, and see Him here, And wait to hail the brighter day,
And love and praise and pray. Of everlasting bliss. Amen.
- I. WATTS, *alt.*

St. Fulbert. C.M.

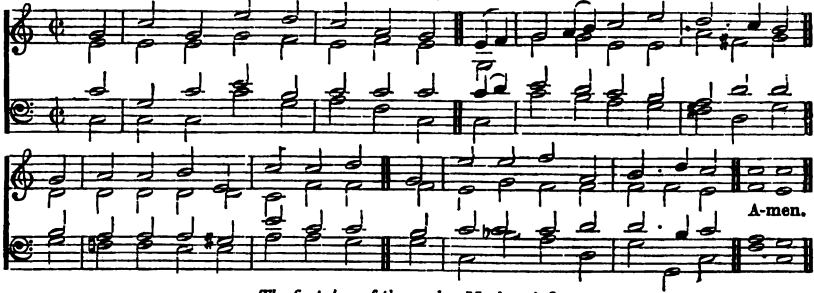
Dr. GAUNTLETT.

This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Psa. cxviii. 24.

- mf* **662** THIS is the day the Lord *cr* Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
hath made ; Salvation from Thy throne.
- Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, *mf* 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
And praise surround the throne. With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's name
To save our sinful race.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead, *f* 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
And Satan's empire fell ; The church on earth can raise ;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread, The highest heavens in which He reigns
And all His wonders tell. Shall give Him nobler praise.
Amen.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son ! I. WATTS.

Church Triumphant. L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



The first day of the week.—Mark xvi. 9.

mf **663** **T**HIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured:
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

2 This day, the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

f **4** O day of light and life and grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above! Amen.

W. W. HOW.

Rest. L.M.

J. F. LAMPE.



And rested the Sabbath day.—Luke xxiii. 56.

mf **664** **A**NOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

dim **3** O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;

And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

cr **4** This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

mf **5** In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away.
How blest a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!
Amen.

JOSEPH STANFORD.

Pearcall. 76.76.76.76.

St. Gall. Kathol Gesangbuch.

Musical score for 'Pearcall' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written in the bass staff.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—Heb. iv. 9.

mf 665 **A**S Thou didst rest, O Father,
O'er nature's finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice,
And bless the new-born earth;
cr So give us now that Sabbath rest,
Which makes Thy children free,
f Free, for the work of love to man,
Of thankfulness to Thee.

mf 2 But in Thy worship, Father,
O lift our souls above,
By holy word, by prayer and hymn,
By eucharistic love;
dim Till e'en the dull cold work of earth,
The earth which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer,
To raise us up to God.

mf 3 So lead us on to heaven,
Where in Thy presence blest
dim "The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest;"
cr Where faith is lost in vision,
Where love hath no alloy,
And through eternity there flows
The deepening stream of joy.

f 4 To Thee who giv'st us freedom,
Our Father and our King;
To Thee the risen Lord of Life,
Our ransomed spirits sing.
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and
O Holy Ghost,—to Thee, [heaven];
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest,
Eternal glory be. Amen.

ALFRED BARRY.

Oberlin. 88.88.6.

Magdeburg Choral Book, 1540.

Musical score for 'Oberlin' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written in the bass staff.

In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.—Psa. lxxi. 1.

- mf* 666 ON this, the holiest and best
Of earth's dim days—the day of rest;
cr Oh, let my happy portion be
To find supreme delight in Thee.
f In Thee, my God, in Thee.
- mf* 2 These precious hours I would improve
cr In fervent prayer, in sacred love;
From earth's delusive pleasures flee
cr To find my every joy in Thee,
f In Thee, my God, in Thee.
- mp* 3 When, humbly kneeling at Thy throne,
With deep distress my guilt I own,
cr Oh, let my contrite spirit see
What boundless mercy dwells in Thee;
f In Thee, my God, in Thee!
- mf* 4 When in Thy temple I adore,
And truth's unfathomed mines explore;
Or trembling, praise the One in Three,
cr Fresh glories let me ever see
f In Thee, my God, in Thee.
- mf* 5 Thus on each day of holy rest,
May I with heavenly joys be blest;
cr And in a bright eternity
Have my undying bliss in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee! Amen.
- W. H. AITKEN'S *Appendix*, 1872.

Reander. 668.668.33.66. J. NEANDER, 1680.

In His temple doth every one speak of His glory.—Psa. xxxix. 9.

- f* 667 GOD is in His temple,
The Almighty Father!
Round His footstool let us gather:—
Him with adoration
Serve, the Lord most holy,
Who hath mercy on the lowly.
- cr* Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For His great salvation:—
God is in His temple!
- f* 2 Christ comes to His temple:
We, His word receiving,
Are made happy in believing.
Lo! from sin delivered,
He hath turned our sadness,
Our deep gloom to light and gladness!
- cr* Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For our bonds are severed:—
Christ comes to His temple!
- f* 3 Come, and claim Thy temple,
Gracious Holy Spirit!
In our hearts Thy home inherit:—
Make in us Thy dwelling;
Thy high work fulfilling,
Into ours Thy will instilling;
- ff* Till we raise
Hymns of praise,
Beyond mortal telling,
In the eternal temple! Amen.
- W. TIDD MATSON.

St. John. 66.66.88.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

Call the Sabbath a delight.—Isa. lviii. 13.

- mf* **668** **A** WAKE, ye saints, awake! *f* **3** All-hail, triumphant Lord!
 And hail this sacred day. Heaven with hosannas rings,
 In loftiest songs of praise And earth, in humbler strains,
 Your joyful homage pay: Thy praise responsive sings,—
 Come, bless the day that God hath blest, *cr* Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest. Through endless years to live and reign.
- 2** On this auspicious morn *ff* **4** Great King! gird on Thy sword,
 The Lord of Life arose, Ascend Thy conquering car;
 He burst the bars of death, While justice, power, and love
 And vanquished all our foes: Maintain the glorious war:
 And now He pleads our cause above, This day let sinners own Thy sway,
 And reaps the fruit of all His love. And rebels cast their arms away.
 Amen, E. SCOTT and T. COTTERILL.

Gospel. 66.66.88.

HANDEL.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.—Psa. lxxxiv. 1.

- mf* **669** **L**ORD of the worlds above, *mf* **20** happy souls that pray
 How pleasant and how fair Where God appoints to hear!
 The dwellings of Thy love, O happy men that pay
 Thy earthly temples are! Their constant service there!
 To Thine abode my heart aspires *cr* They praise Thee still; and happy they
 With warm desires, to see my God. That love the way to Zion's hill.

mf 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
f O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

mf 4 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
cr Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door than shine in courts.

mf 5 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
cr He shall bestow upon our race
Peculiar grace and glory too.

f 6 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholdeth,
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
cr Thrice happy he, O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.
Amen. I. WATTS.

Maidstone. 77.77.77.77.

W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Bac.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of three systems. Each system has a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a 'Crescendo' marking. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the vocal line.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.—Psa. lxxxiv. 1.

mf 670 PLEASANT are Thy courts
above,
In the land of light and love;
dim Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe:
cr O, my spirit longs and fainths
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

mf 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High;
Happier they that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast:
dim Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
cr They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

mf 3 Happy they, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
cr Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
f On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
dim At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

mp 4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
cr Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
f Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.
Amen. H. F. LYNN.

Helindra (Intercession). L.M.



I will command My blessing upon you.—Lev. xxv. 21.

mf **671** **C** COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
 O God, on all assembled here ;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.
2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
 May we Thy true disciples be :
 Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
 Say to the weakest,—Follow me.
3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of Truth, and fill this place

With wounding and with healing power,
 With quickening and confirming grace.
cr **4** O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 One true eternal God confessed ;
 Whom Thou hast joined, may none divide ;
 None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.
f **5** With Thee and Thine for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
 Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.
 Amen. **J. MONTGOMERY.**

Rucis Creator. L.M. Old Latin. 7th or 8th Cent.



In every place incense shall be offered unto My name.—Mal. i. 11.

mf **672** **O** THOU, to whom in ancient time
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
 Whom kings adored in song sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue :
dim **2** Not now, on Zion's height alone,
 Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
 Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well:
cr **3** From every place below the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,

The incense of the heart, may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.
mf **4** To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
 And strength, and beauty, bend the knee ;
dim And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.
f **5** O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
 To Thee, at last, in every clime,
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.
 Amen. **J. FIREBONT.**

Ombersley. L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE,



The Lord of the Sabbath.—Mark ii. 28.

mf 673 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house :
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
cr But there's a nobler rest above,
 To that our labouring souls aspire,
 With ardent hope and strong desire.

mf 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
 No guilt the conscience to oppress;

No groans to mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues :

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
cr But sacred, high, eternal noon.

f 5 O long-expected day begin !
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.

dim Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But wait the nobler rest above,
 Amen. P. DOBDRIDGE.

Montgomery. L.M.

S. STANLEY, 1810.



It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.—Psa. xcii. 1.

mf 674 SWEET is the work, my God, my King, [sing :
 To praise Thy name, give thanks and
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

dim 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
cr O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

f 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless His works, and bless His
 word ; [shine !
 Thy works of grace, how bright they
 How deep Thy counsels ! how divine !

mf 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my
 heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

dim 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
 Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more ;
cr Mine inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

f 6 Then shall I see and hear and know
 All I desired or wished below,
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy. Amen.
 I. WATTS.

Baden. 88.88.7.

J. PACHELBEL, 1690.

Hosanna.—John xii. 13.

mf 675 **H**OSANNA to the Living
Lord!

Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing:
f Hosanna in the highest.

mf 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, all around,
The dead, the living, swell the sound:
f Hosanna in the highest.

dim 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;

Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim:
f Hosanna in the highest.

cr 4 But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
f Hosanna in the highest.

mf 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt
away,

cr Thy flock redeemed from sinful stain,
f Shall swell the sound of praise again:
ff Hosanna in the highest. Amen.

REGINALD HEBER.

Regent's Square. 87.87.77.

HENRY SMART.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates.—Psa. cxlii. 2.

- mf 676** **O** PEN now thy gates of beauty,
 Zion, let me enter there,
 Where my soul in joyful duty
 Waits for Him who answers prayer;
cr Oh! how blessed is this place,
 Filled with solace, light, and grace.
- mf 2** Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
 Come Thou also down to me:
 Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
 There a heaven on earth must be.
cr 5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
 Let Thy will be done, indeed;
 May I undisturbed draw near Thee
 While Thou dost Thy people feed;
 Here of Life the Fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes. Amen.
- 3** Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
 Here Thy seed is duly sown,
 Let my soul, where it is planted,
 Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
 B. SCHMOLCK, *tr.* by C. WINKWORTH.
- So that all I hear may be
 Fruitful unto life in me.
- 4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
 Let me keep Thy gift divine,
 Howso'er temptations thicken,
 May Thy Word still o'er me shine,—
 As my pole-star through my life,
 As my comfort in my strife.

Ascalon. 668.668.

Crusader's Melody.



I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Psa. cxlii. 1.

- mf 677** **H**OW pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,— *dim* He bids the saint be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 Come, let us seek our God to-day! And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- cr* Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2** Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee
 In thee our tribes appear, [round;
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.
- mf 4** May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest.
- f 5** My tongue repeats her vows,
 Peace to this sacred house! [dwell;
 For there my friends and kindred
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee His blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.
 Amen. I. WATTS.
- f 3** There David's greater Son
 Has fixed His royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment there:

Mulhausen. 78.78.88.

JOHN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1684.

A-men.

Now, therefore, are we all here present before God.—Acts x. 33.

mf **678** **B**LESSED Jesus, at Thy word
We are gathered all to
hear Thee ;

Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek, and love, and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded:

Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

f *3* Glorious Lord, Thyself impart !
Light of light from God proceeding,

dim Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading ;

cr *4* Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear and bless our prayers and praises.
Amen.

T. CLAUSNITZER, *tr.* by C. WINKWORTH.**Grafrath.** 77.77.

TELEMANN'S Choral Book, 1780.

A-men.

There will I meet with thee.—Exod. xxv. 22.

mf **679** **T**O Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

cr *2* While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful tongue may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

dim *3* While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

p *4* While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
cr Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

mf *5* While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
cr And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Kiel. 77.77.

ANDREAS ROMBERG.

The life was the light of men.—John 1. 4.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 680 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.</p> <p><i>dim</i> 2 Every mourning sinner cheer!
Scatter all our guilty gloom,
<i>cr</i> Son of God, appear! appear!
To Thy living temples come.</p> | <p>3 Come, in this accepted hour;
<i>f</i> Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
<i>cr</i> Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.
Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

C. WESLEY.

Verdun. 77.77.

Geistreiches Gesangbuch, 1704.

The Lord . . . send thee help from the sanctuary.—Psa. xx. 12.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p><i>mp</i> 681 LORD, we come before Thee
now:
At Thy feet we humbly bow:
O do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?</p> <p>2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend:
<i>cr</i> Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace:
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay:
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.</p> | <p>4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.</p> <p><i>dim</i> 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return:
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind.
Heal the sick; the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in Thee. Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

W. HAMMOND.

Bangor. C.M.

Old Welsh Melody.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke xi. 1.

- mf* 682 **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear :
dim Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.
- p* 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
 O grant us power to pray ;
cr And, when to meet Thee we prepare,
 Lord, meet us by the way.
- p* 3 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
 With broken, contrite hearts,
 Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward parts.
- 4 Give deep humility ; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
- mf* 5 Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone :
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ, on Christ alone ;
- dim* 6 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay,
cr Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
- mf* 7 Give these,—and then Thy will be done ;
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We, by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.
 Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Belgrave. C.M.

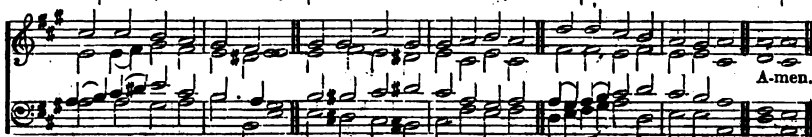
WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Doc.

I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.—Psa. cxvi. 13.

- mf* 683 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
 For all His kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit Thine abode,
 My songs address Thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
 My offerings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- cr* 3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God !
 How dear Thy servants in Thy sight !
 How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all Thy servants are !
 How great Thy grace to me, [care,
 My life, which Thou hast made Thy
 Lord, I devote to Thee.
- f* 5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move ; [pain,
 Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of
 And bound me with Thy love.
- 6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
 And Thy rich grace record ;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord. Amen.
 I. WATTS.

Oriel. 87.87.47.

"Tantum Ergo."



I will make them joyful in My house of prayer.—Isa. lvi. 7.

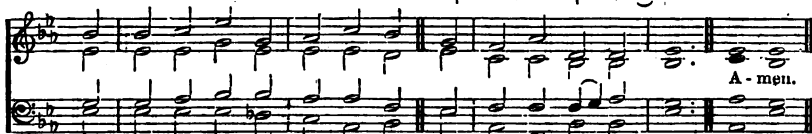
mf 684 **B**RIGHT Thy presence when
it breaketh,
Lord, on some rapt soul part;
Sweet Thy Spirit when it speaketh
Peace unto some lonely heart;
Blest the raptures
From unsaid lips that start.
cr 2 But more bright Thy presence dwelleth
In a waiting, burning throng:
Yet more sweet the rapture swelleth
Of a many-voicèd song:
More divinely
Glowe each soul glad souls among.
mf 3 What a mighty prayer love bringeth,
When true hearts together yearn!
What a fragrant fire upspringeth,

When glad lips together burn:
Bright their journey,
Heavenward who together turn:
4 Not alone, each angel waiteth;
Not apart, each seraph sings;
Lo! the heavenly host dilateth,
Circling bright the King of kings:
Hark! the rapture
From ten thousand voices rings.
5 With that radiant throng supernal,
Grant me, Lord, to shine for Thee;
With that harmony eternal,
Blend my song eternally.
Let me love Thee
Dearer still in company. Amen.

THOMAS H. GILL.

Holwood. S.M.

JAMES WATSON.



There will I meet with thee.—Exod. xxv. 22.

mp 685 **C**OME to the house of prayer, *mf* 4
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house His home.
cr 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.
3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love;
dim Soon shall your trembling tongues be
Your lips forget to move. [dumb,

Ye young, before the throne,
Your cheerful anthems raise;
Nor let your hearts His praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.
5 Thou whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
dim Who see'st the tear of misery,
Who hear'st the mourner's call;—
cr 6 Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
f Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won. Amen.
EMILY TAYLOR.

Melancton. 88.88.88.

LUTHER.
Eight Spiritual Songs, 1524.

Musical score for Melancton's 'Surely the Lord is in this place'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A-men.'.

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. xxviii. 16.

mp 686 **L** O! God is here; let us adore, *mf* 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
And own how dreadful is Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee a-
this place! lone:
Let all within us feel His power, To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
And silent bow before His face; O take, O seal them for Thine own!
Who know His power, His grace who *cr* 1 Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord;
prove, [love. Be Thou by all Thy works adored.
Serve Him with awe, with reverence *f* 4 Being of beings! may our praise
Lo! God is here; Him day and night Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
The united choirs of angels sing; Still may we stand before Thy face,
To Him, enthroned above all height, Still hear and do Thy sovereign will:
Heaven's host their noblest praises To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
bring: Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
dim Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song, Amen.
Who praise Thee with a stammering
tongue.

G. TERSTEEGEN, tr. by J. WESLEY.

Mozzow. 664.6664.

GIARDINI, 1565.

Musical score for Mozzow's 'They sang praises with gladness'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A-men.'.

They sang praises with gladness.—2 Chron. xxix. 30.

1 687 **C** OME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise;
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,

Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

ff 5 To the Great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

M. MADAN.

THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

Angelus. L.M.

J. SHEFFLER.

At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased.—Mark i. 32.

mp 688 **A**T even, ere the sun was
set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
cr Oh, with what joy they went away!

mp 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
cr What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

mp 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad; *cr* 7
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly
care:
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee
best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

f 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
dim Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Amen.

HENRY TWISS.

Gibraltar. L.M.

C. W. POOLE

How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts.—Psa. lxxxiv. 1.

- mf* 689 **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer,
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- mf* 3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.
- dim* 2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace; *or*
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- dim* 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.
Amen.

S. W. LONGFELLOW.

Heathlands. 77.77.77.

HENRY SMART.

The hour of prayer.—Acts iii. 1.

- mf* 690 **H** EAVENLY Father, by whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer,
In the evening stillness, we
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee;
dim To our spirits as we bend
Peace and holy comfort send.
- mf* 2 Gladly we Thy presence seek;
Father! to our spirits speak;
Call us from the world away;
- Still our passions' reckless play;
On our inner darkness shine;
Bend our wayward will to Thine.
- dim* 3 In this quiet eventide
May our souls with Thee abide,
Own Thy presence, feel Thy power,
Through this consecrated hour;
- mf* And from peaceful vesper-prayer
Purer, stronger spirits bear. Amen.

THOMAS HINCKS.

St. Stephen. C.M.

WM. JONES.

Such as hear the word . . . and bring forth fruit.—Mark iv, 20.

mf 691 **A**LMIGHTY God! Thy word
is cast
Like seed into the ground :
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy :
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

f 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.
Amen. JOHN CAWOOD.

St. Agnes. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.—Numb. vi. 24.

mf 692 **T**HE Lord be with us as we
bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

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

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
f Crown with His peace His own blest
And guard His people's sleep. (Cory,
Amen. JOHN ELLERTON.

Tottenham. 10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN.

I will arise, and go to my father.—Luke xv. 13.

mp 693 **F**ATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

cr 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us

dim 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
cr But now encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

mf 4 O by that Name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in! Amen. H. WHITTEMORE.

St. Mark. 98.98.

KOCHER.

Every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.—1 Chron. xxiii. 30.

mf 694 **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
cr To Thee our morning prayers ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

mf 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church un-sleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day nor night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,

The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

f 5 So be it Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass a-way,
cr But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.
Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON,

FIRST TUNE.

Pax Dei. 10.10.10.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Pax Dei' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Gloria. 10.10.10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.
Harm. by Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Gloria' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

The Lord will bless His people with peace.—Psa. xxix. 11.

mf **695** SAVIOUR! again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our word
dim Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
mf 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
dim Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.
Amen.

J. ELLERTON.

Grimsby. 77.97.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

Perfect in every good work.—Heb. xiii. 21.

mf 696 NOW may He who from the
dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,—
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2. May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;

Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
f Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.
Amen. JOHN NEWTON.

Day of Praise. S.M. CHARLES H. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.

And all the angels stood round about the throne . . . and worshipped God.—Rev. vii. 11.

mp 697 OUR day of praise is done ;
The evening shadows fall ;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True light that lightenest all.

cr 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

dim 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire :
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

mf 4 Yet Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

cr 6 A little while and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
f And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.
Amen. JOHN ELLERTON.

University College. 71.77.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Amen.

At evening, being the first day of the week.—John xx, 19.

mf 698 **E**RE another Sabbath's close, *cr* But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;
 Ere again we seek repose, By Thy grace alone we live.
 Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
 At Thy feet we bow the knee, *f* 4 While the thorny path we tread,
 May Thy love our footsteps lead ;
cr 2 For the mercies of the day, When our journey here is past,
 For this rest upon our way, May we rest with Thee at last.
 Thanks to Thee alone be given, *f* 5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
 Lord of earth, and King of heaven. Foretastes of our joys above ;
 While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
dim 3 Cold our services have been ; To the rest which knows no end.
 Mingled all our prayers with sin ; Amen. G. NOEL (?)

Waltham (Braylesford). 87.87.47.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Amen.

And blessed them.—Luke xxiv. 50.

mf 699 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy
 blessing,
 In our hearts and lives abound,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace : May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
cr Let us all, Thy love possessing, *mf* 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Triumph in redeeming grace : Us from earth to call away,
 O refresh us, *cr* Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Travelling through this wilderness. Glad the summons to obey,
f 2 Thanks we give, and adoration, *f* May we ever
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound : Reign with Christ in endless bliss.
dim May the fruits of Thy salvation Amen. WALTER BRAYLESFORD.

Alla Trinita Beata. 87.87.87.87.Laudi Spirituali, 1836.
Harm. by Sir H. BISHOP.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a 3/4 time signature and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with some melodic lines in the upper voice. The piece concludes with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and the text 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

Grace be with thee. Amen.—1 Tim. vi. 21.

mf **700** **MAY** the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

cr Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
Amen. JOHN NEWTON.

WEEK DAY SERVICES.

Roumania. S.M.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a 3/4 time signature and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with some melodic lines in the upper voice. The piece concludes with the text 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.—Psa., v. 3.

- mf* 701 **SWEETLY** the holy hymn *cr* 4 Ere yet our vessel sails
Breaks on the morning air; Upon the stream of day,
Before the world with smoke is dim We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
We meet to offer prayer. To speed us on our way.
- 2 While flowers are wet with dews, *p* 5 On the lone mountain side,
Dew of our souls, descend; Before the morning's light,
Ere yet the sun the day renews, The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send! And rose refreshed with might.
- dim* 3 Upon the battle-field, *cr* 6 Oh hear us, then, for we
Before the fight begins, Are very weak and frail;
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield, *mf* We make the Saviour's name our plea,
To guard us from our sins. And surely must prevail. Amen.
- C. H. SPURGEON.

Gretton. O.M.D.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.

Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.—Col. III. 17.

- mf* 702 **BEHOLD** us, Lord, a little
space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile in Thee.
Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.
- 2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou may'st be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.
- 3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do or know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, not for Thy foe.
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou would'st have it done;
And prayer by Thee inspired and
Itself with work be one. (taught,
Amen. JOHN ELLERSON.

Cape Town. 777.5.

Dr. F. FILITZ.

Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.—Matt. xviii. 20.

- mf* 703 **W**HERESOEVER two or three *mf* 4 In the festive hour, refine
Meet, a Christian company, Earthly love to joys divine,
Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee; Turn the water into wine;
dim Gracious Saviour, hear. *dim* Gracious Saviour, hear.
- mf* 2 When, with friends beloved, we stray, *p* 5 In the time of lonely grief
Talking, at the closing day, *cr* Let Thy presence bring relief,
Saviour, meet us in the way; Then shall longest nights grow brief;
dim Gracious Saviour, hear. *dim* Gracious Saviour, hear.
- p* 3 When amid the gloom of night, *p* 6 When the world and life recede,
Storms arise, and perils fright, Saviour, in our hour of need,
cr Let Thy voice our hearts delight, *cr* Let be visible indeed,
dim Gracious Saviour, hear. *dim* Gracious Saviour, hear. Amen.

J. CONDER.

Delhi. 838.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT. Ph. Doc.

Let my prayer be set forth before Thee, as incense; the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—Psa. cxli. 2.

- mf* 704 **O** LORD, it is a blessed thing *dim* 40 Jesu, be our morning Light,
To Thee both morn and *cr* That we may go forth to the fight
night to bring With strength renewed and armour
Our worship's lowly offering:— bright.
- 2 And from the strife of tongues away, 5 And when our daily work is o'er,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray And sins and weakness we deplore,
For blessings on the coming day:— Oh, then be Thou our Light once more!
- 3 And night by night for evermore 5 f 6 Light of the world! with us abide,
Again with blended voice to pour And to Thyself our footsteps guide
Deep thanks for mercies gone before. At morn, and noon, and eventide.
Amen. W. WALSHAM HOW.

IV.—BAPTISM.

Tuneburg. 73.78.77.

Attributed to J. S. BACH.

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.

mf **705** BLESSED Lord, Thy servants
see,

Offering here obedience willing;
Lo! we bring this child to Thee—
Thus Thine own command fulfilling:
'Tis Thine own assurance given:
Such are of Thy holy heaven.

2 Prince of Peace, Thy peace bestow;
Shepherd, to Thy sheepfold take it;
Way of Life, its pathway show;
Head, Thy living member make it;

Vine abundant, life providing,
Keep this branch in Thee abiding.

3 Now upon Thy heart it lies;
Lo! we give Thee our heart's treasure.
Heavenward lead our prayers and
sighs;

Pour Thy blessing without measure.
Write the name we now have given—
Write it in the Book of Heaven.
Amen. SCHMOLCK.

Ghan. C.M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

Suffer the little children to come.—Mark x. 14.

mf **706** SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd
stands,

With all-engaging charms:
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms,

2 Permit them to approach,—He cries,—
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 Invited by the voice divine,
We bring them, Lord, to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine:
Thine let our offspring be.

dim 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:—(Hearts,
cr That care shall heal our bleeding
If weeping o'er their dust. Amen.
F. DODDIDGE.

Habeno. 87.87.87.

CIMAROSA.

He took them up in His arms, . . . and blessed them.—Mark x. 16.

mf 707. GRACIOUS Saviour, holy
Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
dim Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

mp 2. Tender Shepherd, never leave them,
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way:
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

cr 2 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them,
To approve what'er is right;
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,
Let them prove Thy burden light.

mf 4 Taught to lip Thy holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
With both lips and hearts unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
f Then with all Thy saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.
Amen.

J. E. LEESON and H. WHITTEMORE.

Rosenthal. 87.87.87.87.

MENDELSSOHN.

Musical score for the hymn 'He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.' It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system ends with the instruction 'A-men.' written above the treble staff.

He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.—Isa. xl. 11.

mp 708 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share ;
cr Now these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
 There, we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.

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

Roumania. S.M.

Musical score for the hymn 'Roumania.' It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system ends with the instruction 'A-men.' written above the treble staff.

Of such is the kingdom of God.—Mark x. 14.

mf 709 TO Thee, O God, in heaven
 These little ones we bring,
 Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,
 Our dearest offering.

2 To Thee, O God, whose face
 Their angels do behold,
 We bring them, praying that Thy grace
 May keep ; Thine arms enfold.

3 To Thee, who children blest
 And suffered them to come,
 To Thee, who took them to Thy breast,
 We bring these infants home.
 Amen. J. F. CLARKE.

BAPTISM OF AN ADULT.

Friburg. 98.98.88.

F. SILCHER.

Unto what then were ye baptized?—Acts xix. 3.

mf 710 BAPTISED into Thy name
most holy,

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
I claim a place, though weak and lowly,
Among Thy seed, Thy chosen host;
dim Buried with Christ, and dead to sin,
Thy Spirit now shall dwell within.

cr 2 My loving Father here doth take me
To be henceforth His child and heir,
My faithful Saviour now doth make me
The fruit of all His sorrows share:
My Comforter will comfort me,
When darkest clouds around I see.

3 And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
I felt Thy Spirit inly move me,

And dared to pledge myself Thy own,
Renouncing sin, to keep the faith,
And war with evil to the death.

mf 4 Whate'er I am, and love most dearly,
To Thee I offer now the whole;
O let me make my vows sincerely,
Take full possession of my soul;
Let nought within me, nought I own
Serve any will but Thine alone.

5 And never let my purpose falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
cr But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou shalt call me from my post;
f So unto Thee I live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high.
Amen. RAMBUCH, 1723.

V.—THE LORD'S SUPPER.

St. John, Westminster. C.M.

J. TUBLER.

This do in remembrance of Me.—Luke xxii. 19.

- mp* 711 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord;
 I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be:
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.
- p* 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
cr O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember Thee.
- mf* 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.
- dim* 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
mp When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Then, Lord, remember me.
 Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Galliz. C.M.

T. TALLIS.

Their eyes were opened, and they knew Him.—Luke xxiv. 31.

- mp* 712 O GOD unseen, yet ever near,
 Thy presence may we feel;
 And thus inspired with holy fear,
 I efore Thee humbly kneel.
- cr* 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
 The blessings of Thy love;
 The streams that through the desert
 The manna from above. [flow;
- mf* 3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
 To feast on heavenly food;
 Our meat, the body of the Lord;
 Our drink, His precious blood.
- 4 Thus may we all Thy words obey;
 For we, O God, are Thine;
f And go rejoicing on our way,
 Renewed with strength Divine.
 Amen. E. OSLER.

My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed.—John vi. 55.

- mf* 713 O JESUS CHRIST, the Holy One,
 I long to be with Thee:
 O Jesus Christ, the lowly One,
 Come and abide with me.
- 2 Now, while the symbols of Thy love
 Before Thy saints are set,
 And Thou, descending from above,
 Their yearning hearts hast met:
- dim* 3 Come, and o'ershadow with Thy power,
 This lonely heart of mine;
- And feed me in this solemn hour
 With Thine own bread and wine.
- cr* 4 My "meat indeed," my "drink indeed,"
 Art Thou, my gracious Lord;
 Help Thou my soul by faith to feed
 On this Thy precious word:
- f* 5 Till nourished, strengthened, satisfied,
 My glad and thankful heart
 Forgets the things Thou hast denied
 In those Thou dost impart. Amen.
 JANE EUPHEMIA SAKBY.

Breslau. L.M. ISRAEL CLAUDER'S Psalmodia, 1630.

When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead.—Rev. i. 17.

mp 714 O GOD of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners
bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear ?

cr 2 For now Thy people are allowed [cloud;
To scale the mount, and pierce the
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

p 3 Fresh from the atoning sacrifice
The world's Redeemer bleeding lies,

That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

4 Oh! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought:
It is my Maker—dare I stay ?

cr My Saviour—dare I turn away ?

mp 5 O Saviour! calm our troubled fears;
O Saviour! gather up our tears;
cr And let us in this solemn hour
Behold Thy glory, feel Thy power.
Amen. JOHN KEBBLE.

Holley. L.M. GEORGE HEWS.

I am that Bread of Life.—John vi. 48.

mf 715 JESUS, Thou joy of loving
hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood:
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all!

mf 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still!

We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

dim 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
cr Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

mf 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
Amen.

BERNARD, tr. by RAY PALMER.

Rockingham. L.M.

Dr. MILLER, 1787.

Musical score for 'Rockingham' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written above the final notes.

The table of the Lord.—Mal. 1. 12.

mp 716 MY God, and is Thy table spread?
cr And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.
mf 2 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.
dim 3 Why are these emblems still in vain
 Before unwilling hearts displayed?
 Was not for you the victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?

cr 4 O let Thy table honoured be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
f 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
 With hearts inflamed let all attend;
 Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.
 6 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live;
 And more, that energy afford
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.
 Amen.

P. DODDRIDGE.

Araheim. C.M.

ADAM KRIEGER, 1666.

Musical score for 'Araheim' in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written above the final notes.

He humbled Himself . . . unto death.—Phil. ii. 8.

mf 717 HOW condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son! [mind,
 Our misery reached His heavenly
 And pity brought Him down.
dim 2 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to His throne;
 There's not a gift His hand bestows
 But cost His heart a groan.
cr 3 This was compassion like a God.
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was His blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
mf 4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great:
 Well He remembers Calvary,
 Nor let His saints forget.
dim 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we His death record,
 And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.
 Amen.

L. WATTS.

Eban. C.M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

If I wash thee not, thou hast no part in Me.—John xiii. 8.

- mf* 718 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side:
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- dim* 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine
Wash me, and mine Thou art: [own;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- cr* 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Troyte.

A. H. D. TROTTE.

Now, when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve.—Matt. xxvi. 20.

- mp* 719 **“**THIS is My body, which
is | given for | you:
Do this”—He said, and brake—“re-|
membering | Me.” [true,
cr O Lamb of God, our Paschal | offering |
To us the Bread of Life each | moment |
be.
- mp* 2 “This is My blood, for sin’s re-| mis-
sion | shed,”— [ing | round:
He spake, and passed the cup of | bless-
cr So let us drink, and, on life’s | fulness |
fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening |
pulse shall | bound.
- mp* 3 “The hour is come!” with us in |
peace sit | down; [end;
Thine own Beloved, O love us | to the |
Serve us one banquet, ere the | night’s
dark | frown
Veil from our sight the presence | of
our | Friend.
- cr* 4 Girded with love, still wash Thy | ser-
vants’ | feet, [a- | dore;
While they, submissive, wonder | and
dim Bathed in Thy blood, our spirits | every |
whit
Are clean—yet cleanse our goings |
more and | more.
- p* 5 Some will betray Thee—“Master, | is
it | I?”—
Leaning upon Thy love, we | ask in |
fear— [cry
Ourselves mistrusting, earnest- | ly we |
To Thee, the strong, for strength when |
sin is | near.
- pp* 6 But round us fall the evening | sha-
dows | dim; [ing | sense;
A saddened awe pervades our | darken-
In solemn choir we sing the | parting |
hymn,
And hear Thy voice—“Arise, let | us go |
hence.” Amen. C. L. FORD.

Redhead. C.M.

R. REDHEAD.



That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.
John xvii. 21.

- mf* 720 LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us upon the tree,
We one with Thee above.
- dim* 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
With us of flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.
- p* 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine
Confessed and borne by Thee,
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,
To set Thy members free.
- mf* 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life nor death nor depth nor height
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee.
- f* 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious
When, seated on Thy throne, [day,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one. Amen.
- J. G. DECK.

St. Maur. 10.10.10.10.

F. A. GUILMANT.



If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever. — John vi. 51.

- mf* 721 TRUE Bread of Life, in pity-
ing mercy given,
Long-famished souls to strengthen and to
feed; [heaven,
Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread from
Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink indeed.
- 2 I cannot furnish, though this earth should
fail, [pine and die;
Though life through all its fields should
Though the sweet verdure should forsake
each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.
- cr 3 True Tree of Life! of Thee I eat and
live—
Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die;
'Tis Thine the everlasting health to
give:
The youth and bloom of immortality.
- f* 4 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy Church's Life and Lord, Immanuel!
At Thy dear Cross we find the eternal
bread,
And in Thy empty tomb the living well.
Amen.
- H. BORAE.

St. Chrysostom. 88.88.88.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy.—Psa. xlii. 4.

mf 722 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek Thy shelter here;
dim Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

mp 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
 Long have we sought our rest in vain;
 'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay, [tost;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.
 Amen. REGINALD HEBER.

Plenteous Redemption. 10.10.10.10.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

This Man receiveth sinners and eateth with them.—Luke xv. 2.

mp 723 NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
 With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,
 A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes,
 To plead Thy promise, and obey Thy call.
 2 I am not worthy to be called Thy child,
 Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
 Too long a wanderer, and too oft be-
 I only ask one reconciling word.

cr 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look, [again;
 And I could face the cold rough world
 And with that treasure in my heart
 could brook [men.
 The wrath of devils and the scorn of
 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative;
 Free mercy,—boundless, fathomless,
 divine? [forgive!
 Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me
 And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.

mf 5 I hear Thy voice! Thou bidd'st me come and rest, [feet ;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced Thou bidd'st me take my place,—a welcome guest [eat.
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet

cr 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer, [Thee ;
My prayer can only lose itself in Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there [with me.
Lord, let me sup with Thee: sup Thou. Amen. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

FIRST TUNE. **Gilead.** 10.10.10.10. (METRICAL CHANT). HANDEL.

A-men.

SECOND TUNE. **Eucharistica.** 10.10.10.10. SIR R. STEWART.

A-men.

This do in remembrance of Me.—I Cor. xi. 24.

mf 724 **HERE**, O my Lord, I see These face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ; [eternal grace,
Here grasp with firmer hand the And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ; [of heaven ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine Here would I lay aside each earthly load, [given.
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-

cr 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song, This is the heavenly table spread for me, Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong [with Thee.
The brief bright hour of fellowship

mf 4 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon. It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed ; My strength is in Thy might—Thy might alone.

5 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one ; [wise,
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone

dim 6 Mine is the sin, *cr* but Thine the righteousness ; [cleansing blood.
dim Mine is the guilt, *cr* but Thine the *mf* Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,— [my God.
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord,

dim 7 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ; [and gone ;
The feast, though not the love, is past The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here ; [and Sun.
cr Nearer than ever ; still my Shield

8 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, [above,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast Giving sweet foretaste of the feast of joy, The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love. Amen. H. BOSAB.

FIRST TUNE.

Clifton. 888.4. (METRICAL CHANT).

W. L. REYNOLDS.

SECOND TUNE.

Calm. 888.4.

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—2 Cor. xi. 26.

mf 725 **BY** Christ redeemed, in Christ *cr* 4 And thus that dark betrayal night
restored, With the last advent, we unite,
We keep the memory adored, By one bright chain of loving rite,
dim And show the death of our dear Lord Until He come!

mp 2 His body, broken in our stead, *f* 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Is here, in this memorial bread: *f* And, with the great commanding word,
And so our feeble love is fed The Lord shall come!

p 3 His fearful drops of agony, *f* 6 O blessed hope! with this elate
His life-blood shed for us, we see:— Let not our hearts be desolate,
The wine shall tell the mystery But, strong in faith and patience, wait
Until He come! Until He come! Amen.

G. RAWSON.

FIRST TUNE.

Nabarre. 98.98.98.98.

GOUDEMEL, 1562.

SECOND TUNE.

Blandina. 98.98.98.98.

F. C. CHATTOCK.

This is My body. . . This is My blood.—Matt. xxvi. 26, 28.

<p><i>mf</i> 726 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken, Wine of the soul, in mercy shed ; By whom the words of life are spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead;</p>	<p><i>dim</i> Look on the heart by sorrow broken, Look on the tears by sinners shed, <i>cr</i> And be Thy feast to us the token That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen. REGINALD HEWER.</p>
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Teachryma. 7.7.7. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

He appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat.—Mark xvi. 14.

- mf* 727 **JESUS**, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- dim* 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr Turn our sadness into praise;
- 4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide,
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- mf* 5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!
- 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
f Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land,
Amen. R. H. BAYNES.

Quam Dilecta. 66.66.

BISHOP JENNER.

So let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.—1 Cor. xi. 28.

- mf* 728 **I HUNGER** and I thirst;
Jesus my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the Rock for me.
- dim* 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread!
cr My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.
- cr* 3 Thou true life-giving Vine!
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
- Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
- dim* 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
cr Feed me, Thou Bread of God!
Help me, Thou Son of Man!
- 5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before,
f O Living Waters! rise
Within me evermore. Amen.
- J. S. B. MONSELL.

Ratibon. 71.71.71.



The living bread.—John vi. 51.

mf 729 **B**READ of heaven, on Thee
 I feed,
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
 Ever may my soul be fed
 With this true and living bread :
cr Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of Him who died.

mf 2 Vine of heaven ! Thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice.
dim Lord, Thy wounds my healing give :
 To Thy cross, I look, and live.
cr Jesus, may we ever be
 Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.
 Amen. J. CONDER.

Iseldon. 71.71.71.

ERSKINE ALLON.



Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 Cor. xi. 26.

mp 730 **"T**ILL He come," O let the
 words
 Linger on the trembling chords :
 Let the "little while" between
 In their golden light be seen ;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that "Till He come."

dim 2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast ?
 Hush, be every murmur dumb :
 It is only, "Till He come."

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press ;
 Would we have one sorrow less ?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Only whisper, "Till He come."

mf 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and break the bread :
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board :
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only, "Till He come."
 Amen. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

St. George. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.—Rev. xix. 9.

mf 731 **WE** in the lower parts
 Of Thy great kingdom feast,
 And feel the earnest in our hearts
 Of Thine eternal rest.

2 Thy presence makes the feast;
 Now let our spirits feel
 The glory not to be expressed—
 The joy unspeakable.

3 For still a higher seat
 We in Thy kingdom claim;

And here begin by faith to eat
 The supper of the Lamb.

cr 4 Lift up from earth our eyes
 To that great banquet there;
 And ever for the crowning prize
 Our waiting hearts prepare.

f 5 The life that's hid with Thee,
 With hidden manna feed,
 Until the great Epiphany,
 When we shall feast indeed. Amen.

C. WESLEY, *alt.*

Newland. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

And they all drank of it.—Mark xiv. 23.

mf 732 **NO** Gospel like this Feast,
 Spread for Thy church by
 Nor prophet nor evangelist [Thee];
 Preach the glad news so free.

2 All our redemption cost,
 All our redemption won;
 All it has won for us, the lost,
 All it cost Thee, the Son.

dim 3 Thine was the bitter price,
 Ours is the free gift given;
 Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
 Ours is the wine of heaven.

4 For Thee the burning thirst,
 The shame, the mortal strife,

The broken heart, the pierced side;
 To us the Bread of Life.

cr 5 Here we would rest midway,
 As on a sacred height;
 That darkest and that brightest day
 Meeting before our sight.

6 From that dark depth of woes
 Thy love for us hath trod,
 Up to the heights of blest repose,
 Thy love prepares with God.

mf 7 Till, from self's chains released,
 Onesight alone we see,
 Still at the cross, as at the feast,
 Behold Thee, only Thee! Amen.

E. CHARLES.

Burser. S.M.

R. SCHUMANN.



He brought me to the banqueting-house, and His banner over me was Love.—Sol. Song II. 4.

- mf* 733 SWEET feast of love divine! *p* 4 That blood that flowed for sin,
 'Tis grace that makes us free, In symbol here we see,
 To feed upon this bread and wine, *cr* And feel the blessed pledge within
 In memory, Lord, of Thee. That we are loved of Thee.
- dim* 2 Here every welcome guest *mf* 5 O! if this glimpse of love
 Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn Is so divinely sweet,
 The secrets of Thy Father's breast, What will it be, O Lord, above,
 And all Thy grace discern. Thy gladdening smile to meet:
- cr* 3 Here conscience ends its strife, *f* 6 To see Thee face to face,
 And faith delights to prove Thy perfect likeness wear,
 The sweetness of the bread of life And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
 The fulness of Thy love. Through endless years declare. Amen.

E. DENNY.

Ellerker. 87.87.

J. B. KÖNIG, 1738.
 Harmonized by LUDWIG ERK.



By whose stripes ye were healed.—1 Pet. ii. 24.

- mf* 734 SWEET the moments, rich *cr* 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
 in blessing, While upon the Lamb I gaze:
 Which before the cross I spend: Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 Life and health and peace possessing, I'm a miracle of grace.
- dim* 2 Here I rest for ever viewing *5* Love and grief my heart dividing,
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood: With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing, Constant still in faith abiding,
 Plead and claim my peace with God. *mf* 6 May I still enjoy this feeling;
 Truly blessed is this station, In all need to Jesus go; [ing,
 Low before His cross to lie; Prove His wounds each day more heal-
 Whilst I see divine compassion And Himself more fully know. Amen.
- Floating in His languid eye.

J. ALLER and W. SHIRLEY.

Crüger. 76.76.76.76.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.

Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.—John vi. 53.

mf 735 O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat ;

O manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

2 O water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art !

Oh, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

cr 3 Jesus, this Feast receiving,
We Thee, unseen, adore ;
f Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more.
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee ;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see. Amen.
AQUINAS, *tr.* by RAY PALMER.

Atonement. 76.76.78.76.

Bohemian Brethren, 1566.



The place called Calvary.—Luke xxiii. 33.

mp 736 **L**AMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recal to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find.
 Think on us who think on Thee,
 Every burdened soul release:
cr O! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

p 2 By Thine agonizing pain
 And bloody sweat, we pray;
 By Thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away;

cr Burst our bonds, and set us free,
 From iniquity release;
 O! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

mf 8 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal.
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease.
 O! remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace. Amen.

C. WESLEY.

Sharon (St. George). 77.77.77.77.

Sir G. J. ELVEY,
 Mus. Doc.



The marriage of the Lamb is come.—Rev. xix. 7.

mf 737 **C**OME, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns
 Give we all, with one accord, [divine]
 Glory to our common Lord:

cr Hands, and hearts, and voices raise; *f* 3 Make us all in Thee complete;
 Sing as in the ancient days;
 Antedate the joys above;
 Celebrate the feast of love.

mp 2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim;
 We are met in Thy great name;
 In the midst do Thou appear,
 Manifest Thy presence here!

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
 Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
 Thou Thyself within us move;
 Make our feast a feast of love.

Make us all for glory meet—
 Meet to stand before Thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light.
 Call, O call us each by name
 To the marriage of the Lamb;
 Let us lean upon Thy breast:
 Love be there our endless feast.
 Amen.

G. WESLEY.

Barnabas. 76.76.77.76.

DAMANTIUS.

Jesus took bread and blessed it.—Matt. xxvi. 26.

mf **738** JESUS, Master of the Feast!
 The feast itself Thou art;
 Now receive Thy meanest guest,
 And comfort every heart;
 Give us living bread to eat,
 Manna that from heaven comes down,
 See us waiting at Thy feet,
 And make Thy favour known.

2 In this barren wilderness
 Thou hast a table spread,
 Richly filled with every grace
 Our fainting souls can need :
 Still sustain us by Thy love ;
 Still Thy servants' strength repair,
cr Till we reach Thy courts above,
 And feast for ever there. Amen.
 C. WESLEY.

St. Pancras. 87.87.87.

HENRY SMART.

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.—1 Cor. xi. 26.

mf 739 **SING**, my tongue, the Saviour's
glory,
Of His cross the mystery sing;
Lift on high the wondrous trophy,
Tell the triumph of the King:
He, the world's Redeemer, conquers
Death, through death now van-
quishing.

dim 2 Born for us, and for us given;
Son of man, like us below,
He, as Man with men, abiding
Dwells, the seed of life to sow:
He, our heavy griefs partaking,
Thus fulfils His life of woe.

cr 3 Word made flesh! His word life-giving,
Gives His flesh our meat to be,

Bids us drink His blood, believing
Through His death, we life shall see:
Blessèd they who thus receiving
Are from death and sin set free.

dim 4 Low in adoration bending
Now our hearts our God revere;
Faith, her aid to sight is lending,
Though unseen the Lord is near:
Ancient types and shadows ending,
Christ our paschal Lamb is here.

f 5 Praise for ever, thanks and blessing,
Thine, O gracious Father, be;
Praise be Thine, O Christ, who bringeth
Life and immortality.

Praise be Thine, Thou quickening Spirit,
Praise through all eternity. Amen.

AQUINAS.

Caldrey. 76.76.77.

HENRY SMART.

Christ is all and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

mf 740 **JESUS**, Sun and Shield art Thou;
Sun and Shield for ever!

Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever!

Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine!

3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever!

Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.

All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever!
Joy that fades not, changes not
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

f 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song,
Through eternal days prolong.

Amen.

H. BORAR.

Dublin. 65.65.65.65.

G. W. TORRANCE,
Mus. Doc.

*Your life is hid with Christ in God.—Col. iii. 3.**mf* 741 JESUS, great Redeemer!
Source of Life divine!In our souls for ever
Grant the light to shine!
Light of peace eternal,
Prince of peace restore;*cr* Light of life immortal,
Shine for evermore!*dim* 2 Bread for sinners broken,
Bread of life indeed!Manna for the hungry,
In their sorest need:
cr Pledge of our salvation,
How we thirst for Thee!—Cup of heavenly blessing,
Wine of Charity.*mf* 3 Thou, O holy Saviour,
Come and enter in;
Cleanse away the impress
Of our dreadful sin!
Make us pure, we pray Thee.
Thou who art so pure!
Let Thy perfect image
In our heart endure.4 Spirit, Holy Spirit,
Aid us with Thy love;
Give Thy gentle presence,
Ever blessed Dove!
Father, O receive us,
Now for Jesus' sake,
Our unworthy worship
Condescend to take! Amen.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Minden. 87.87.

HEINRICH ALBERT.

He shall testify of Me.—John xv. 26.

- mf* 742 COME, Thou Everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind.
- 2 True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living faith impart:
Now reveal His great salvation:
Preach His gospel to each heart.
- 3 Come, Thou Witness of His dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine,
Let us feel Thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine.
- 4 Plead in us with inward groaning,
While for Him we pierced, we grieve,
May we each, the grace atoning,
Of the sprinkled blood receive.

C WESLEY.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

I.—NEW PLACES OF WORSHIP.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A CHURCH.

Warewood. 66.66.38. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.

The musical score for 'Warewood' consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures. The third system has two measures and ends with the word 'A-men.' written below the vocal line.

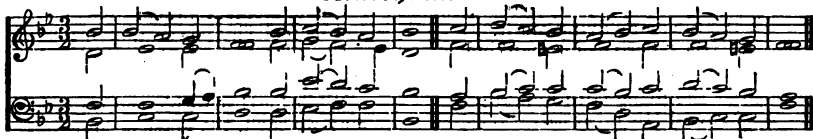
I have chosen and sanctified this house, that My name may be there for ever: and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually.—2 Chron. vii. 16.

- mf* 743 CHRIST is our corner-stone, *mf* 3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
On Him alone we build: For evermore draw nigh;
With His true saints alone Accept each faithful vow,
The courts of heaven are filled; And mark each suppliant sigh;
cr On His great love our hopes we place, In copious shower on all who pray,
Of present grace and joys above. Each holy day Thy blessings pour.
- 2 O! then with hymns of praise *cr* 4 Here may we gain from heaven
These hallowed courts shall ring; The grace which we implore;
Our voices we will raise And may that grace, once given,
The Three in One to sing; Be with us evermore;
And thus proclaim in joyful song, Until that day, when all the blest
Both loud and long, that glorious Name. To endless rest are called away. Amen.

HYMN OF 8TH CENTURY, tr. by J. CHANDLER.

Wareham. L.M.

WM. KNAPP.



Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the Chief Corner Stone.—Eph. ii. 23.

mf 744 O THOU in whom alone is found
The strength by which our toil is blest,
Upon this consecrated ground
Now bid Thy cloud of glory rest.

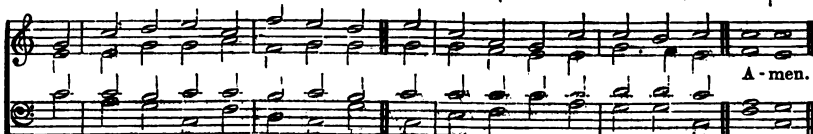
mf 3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
Here seek the truth from heaven that
sprung,
Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,
With living fire touch every tongue.

cr 2 In Thy great name we place this stone;
To Thy great truth these walls we rear;
Long may they make Thy glory known,
And long our Saviour triumph here.

4 Lord, feed Thy church with peace and
Let sin and error pass away, [love;
f Till truth's full influence from above
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.
Amen. HENRY WARE, JUN.

Winchester. L.M.

CRASSLIUS.



Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?—2 Chron. vi. 18.

mf 745 THIS stone to Thee in faith
we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee:
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

mf 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty, signs and wonders done.

dim 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
cr Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-
place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive!

f 4 Hosanna to their heavenly King!
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain pro-
long.

dim 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide,—no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign? *f*
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

mf 6 That glory never hence depart?
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Melcombe. L.M.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee . . . to beautify the place of My sanctuary.—Isa. lx. 13.

mf 746 O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

p 5 The heads that guide endure with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
cr That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

mf 6 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
f Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity! Amen.
J. M. NEALE.

OPENING OF A CHURCH.

Enlarge the place of thy tent.—Isa. liv. 2.

mf 747 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;

To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Behold! at Thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:
f O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own! Amen. W. COWPER.

Battishill. 77.77.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.

I have hallowed this house which thou hast built.—1 Kings ix. 3.

mf 748 **L**ORD of hosts, to Thee we
raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

dim 2 Let Thy children here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, with richest mercy blest,
May the weary soul find rest.

mf 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

f 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Commandments. L.M. *Genevan French Psalter, 1543.*

This and that man was born there.—Psa. lxxvii. 5.

mp 749 **A**ND will the great eternal God
On earth establish His
abode?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Avow our temples for His own?

cr 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

mf 3 These walls we to Thine honour raise;
Long may they echo with Thy praise;

And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

f 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train:
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.
Amen. F. DODDRIDGE.

Byzantium. C.M.

JACKSON.

Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest.—Psa. cxxxii. 8.

mf **750** **A** RISE, O King of grace, arise
And enter to Thy rest :
Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

cr 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

f 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here, let Thy praise be spread ;

Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne ;
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

Amen. I. WATTS.

St. Leonard. C.M.

HENRY SMART.

The glory of the Lord filled the house.—2 Chron. vii. 1.

mf **751** **L**IGHT up this house with
glory, Lord :
Enter, and claim Thine own ;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

dim 2 We rear no altar,—Thou hast died ;
We deck no priestly shrine ;
cr What need have we of creature-aid ?
The power to save is Thine.

dim 3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place ;

cr Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.

dim 4 No rushing, mighty wind we seek ;
No tongues of flame desire ;

cr Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

f 5 Light up this house with glory, Lord,—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a church below,
And makes a heaven above. Amen.

JOHN BARRIS.

Mary Magdalene. 65.65.65.65. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

I have set my affection to the house of my God. —1 Chron. xxix. 3.

mf 752 CHRIST is the Foundation
Of the house we raise ;

Be its walls salvation,
And its gateways praise !
May its threshold lowly
To the Lord be dear ;
May the hearts be holy
That shall worship here !

2 On the Rock of Ages,
Resting broad and deep,
When life's tempest rages,
Here let passion sleep ;
Here may prayers and praises
Never cease to rise,
Till through Christ they raise us
Nearer to the skies.

3 Here the vow be sealèd
By Thy Spirit, Lord ;
Here the sick be healèd,
And the lost restored ;

Here the broken-hearted
Thy forgiveness prove ;
Here the friends long parted
Be restored to love.

4 Here may every token
Of Thy presence be,
Here may chains be broken,
Prisoners here set free ;
Here may light illumine
Every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human
Into the divine.

5 Here may God the Father,
Christ the Saviour—Son,
With the Holy Spirit,
Be adored as One ;
Till the whole creation
At Thy footstool fall,
And in adoration
Own Thee Lord of all ! Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Intercession. 75.75.75.88. W. H. CALCOTT, 1866. Last two lines from MENDELSSOHN.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The second system is in G minor (two flats) and 4/4 time. The third system is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, marked 'slower' and 'A. men.' The music features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and dynamic markings.

Your life is hid with Christ in God—Col. iii. 3.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>mf</i> 753 WHEN the weary, seeking rest, <i>mf</i> 4
 To Thy goodness flee ;
 When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
 When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy name shall call ;
 When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall,
 <i>cr</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 <i>dim</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>When the man of toil and care
 In the city crowd ;
 When the shepherd on the moor
 Names the name of God ;
 When the learned and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
 Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed name :
 <i>cr</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 <i>dim</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
| <p><i>mf</i> 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
 When the prodigal looks back
 On his Father's love ;
 When the proud man from his pride,
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
 When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace :
 <i>cr</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 <i>dim</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
 Youth or maiden fair ;
 When the aged, weak and grey,
 Seek Thy face in prayer ;
 <i>dim</i> When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low ;
 When the orphan brings to Thee
 All his orphan woe :
 <i>cr</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 <i>dim</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
| <p><i>mf</i> 3 When the stranger asks a home
 All his toils to end ;
 When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend ;
 When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee ;
 When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee ;
 <i>cr</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 <i>dim</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p><i>p</i> 6 When creation, in her pangs,
 Heaves her heavy groan ;
 When Thy Salem's exiled sons
 Breathe their bitter moan ;
 When Thy waiting, weeping church,
 Looking for a home,
 Sendeth up her silent sigh,
 Come, Lord Jesus, come !
 <i>cr</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
 <i>dim</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
 Amen. E. ROSA.</p> |

St. James. C.M.

R. COURTEVILLE.

Peace be within thy walls.—Psa. cxlii. 7.

mf 754 GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

dim 3 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;

Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.

4 May we in faith receive Thy word,
By faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

f 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. Amen

JOHN NEWTON.

Oriel. 87.87.87.

"Tantum Ergo."

I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.—Rev. xxi. 2.

mf 755 CHRIST is made the sure
Foundation,
Christ the Head, the Corner stone;
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one;
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
cr In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
In glad hymns eternally.

mf 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessed to retain.

f And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign. Amen.

LATIN HYMN OF 18TH CENT., tr. by J. M. NEALE.

St. Ann. C.M.

Dr. CROFT.

That thine eyes may be open upon this house day and night.—2 Chron. vi. 20.

- mf* 756 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
 Built over earth and sea,
 Accept the walls that human hands
 Have raised to worship Thee.
dim 2 May erring minds, that worship here,
 Be taught the better way :
- And they who mourn, and they who fear,
 Be strengthened as they pray.
cr 3 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
 And pure devotion rise ;
 While, round these hallowed walls, the
 Of earth-born passion dies. Amen.
 W. C. BRYANT.

II.—CHURCH RESTORATION.

Holgrood. S.M.

JAMES WATSON.

Forget not all His benefits.—Psa. ciii. 2.

- mf* 757 O UR fathers' Friend and God,
 In whom they live for aye,
 Hear Thou their children, Lord, and
 Thine !
 Be near to us this day.
- 2 Upon this hallowed spot
 Thy face has often shone ; [felt,
 Thy word been preached, Thy mercy
 Thy will with gladness done.
- cr* 3 In faith we now renew
 Our Fathers' Sabbath home,
 And with the memories of the past
 Link all the years to come.
- 4 Grant, Lord, with this new house,
 New grace our hearts to cheer,
 New life within, new power without,—
 God of our fathers, hear!
- dim* 5 And if our joy to-day
 Be touched with secret pain,
 And thoughts of missing faces blend
 With our rejoicing strain ;
- cr* 6 O let the eye of faith
 That heavenly temple see,
mf Where, amidst holier, vaster throngs,
 They ever worship Thee. Amen.
 F. W. GADSBY.

Austria. 87.87.87.

HAYDN.

A-men.

We . . . build the house that was builded these many years ago.—Ezra v. 11.

f 758 **L**IFT the strain of high thanks-giving!

Tread with songs the hallowed way!
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons to-day:

mf Here they built for Him a dwelling,
or Served Him here in ages past,
f Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

mf 2 When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode:
Heard our prayers, and helped our coun-
Blessed the silver and the gold, [sels,
or Till once more His house is standing
f Firm and stately as of old.

mf 3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer;
or " Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised presence there!"

p Let the gracious word be spoken
or Here, as once on Sion's height,
" This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight."

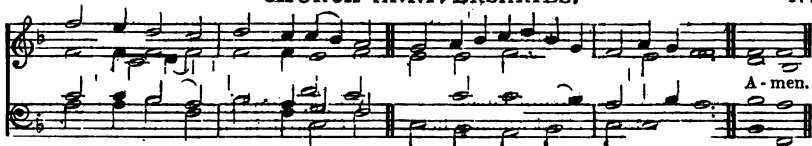
f 4 Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew; [hood,
mf Clothe with righteousness its priest-
Guide its choir to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

f 5 Praise to Thee, Almighty Father,
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit,
Ever-blessed Three in One:
p Threefold Power and Grace and Wis-
or Moulding out of sinful clay [dom,
f Living stones for that true temple
Which shall never know decay.
Amen. JOHN ELLERTON.

III.—CHURCH ANNIVERSARIES.

Sudeley. C.M.

JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.



I have loved the habitation of Thy house. — Psa. xxvi. 8.

mf 759 **W**E love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God,
dim In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.
mf 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.
dim 3 And anxious hearts have pondered
The mystery of life, [here
And prayed the eternal Light to clear
Their doubts, and end their strife.
mf 4 From humble tanements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
That filled their homes again ;
1 For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.
dim 6 They live with God, their homes are
Yet here their children pray, (dust,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
To find the narrow way.
mf 7 On him who by the altar stands,
On him Thy blessing fall ; [mands,
Speak through his lips Thy pure com-
Thou Heart that lovest all. Amen.

R. W. EMERSON.

Weimar. 77.77.77.77.

VULPIUS, 1609.



God gave the increase. — 1 Cor. ii. 6.

mf 760 **G**OD, Who dost the increase grant
To Thy labourers here below,
When they water, when they plant,
When the heavenly seed they sow ;
Bless, O Father, bless our toil
With the sunshine of Thy face ;
Fertilize this barren soil
With the dews of love and grace.
2 Thine the harvest, Thine the praise,
When the crops are gathered in,
Which with lifelong pains we raise
In this world of shame and sin :
Where we sow 'tis Thine to reap ;
All our days are seedtime here,
Ever at our work we keep,
Month by month, and year by year.
3 Thou, the harvest's sovereign Lord,
For the seed the soil prepare,
Sun and rain and dews afford,
Till the wished-for crop it bear :
Good and honest hearts create,
Swift to hear and firm to hold ;
Make our tillage, soon or late,
Bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

Fidelitas. 88.88.88.

KOCHER'S Zionsharfe.

The God of Abraham.—Gen. xxxi. 42.

f 761 FAITH of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

mf 3 Faith of our fathers; God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee;
And through the truth that comes from
Mankind shall then be truly free. [God,
f Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

mf 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows
By kindly words and virtuous life. [how,
f Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to Thee till death.

dim 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
cr And blest would be their children's fate,
Though they, like them, should die for
f Faith of our fathers, holy faith, [thee.
We will be true to thee till death.

Amen. F. W. FABER.

IV.—ORGAN OPENING.

Petersham. O.M.D.

C. W. POOLE.



Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.—Psa. cl. 4.

- f** 762 **A**LL nature's works His praise declare,
 To whom they all belong;
mf There is a voice in every star,
 In every breeze a song.
 Sweet music fills the world abroad
 With strains of love and power;
f The stormy sea sings praise to God,
 The thunder and the shower.
mf 2 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
 And birds upon the wing;
 To God the powers that dwell on high
 Their tuneful tribute bring.
- cr** Like them, let us the throne surround,
 With them loud chorus raise,
 While instruments of loftier sound
 Assist our feeble praise.
- mf** 3 Thy glory, Lord, we celebrate
 With heaven's immortal throngs;
 The pealing organ consecrate
 To aid our joyful songs.
- f** Oh! teach its rich and swelling notes
 To lift our souls on high,
 And while the music round us floats,
dim Let earth-born passions die. Amen.

HENRY WARE.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Breslau. L. M. ISRAEL CLAUDEN'S *Psalmodia*, 1630.



The spirit of the Lord God is upon me.—Isa. lxi. 1.

- mp** 763 **O** THOU, the true and only
 Light,
 Direct the souls that walk in night,
 And bring them 'neath Thy shelter-
 ing care,
 To find their blest redemption there.
- cr** 2 Illumine those who blindly roam,
 Oh! call the wanderer kindly home;
 The hearts astray that union crave,
 And those in doubt confirm and save.
- mf** 3 O that the deaf may hear Thy voice,
 The dumb to speak of Thee rejoice;
- The thankless heart its silence break,
 And, taught by Thee, confession make.
- 4** Those who in error wander wide,
 Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide;
 Whom sin hath bruised and wounded,
 To all the hope of glory seal. [heal,
- f** 5 So they who sing Thy praise above
 With us shall join in bonds of love;
 And Thee for all Thy grace adore,
 On earth, in heaven, for evermore.
 Amen.

J. HERMANN, tr.

Entz. S.M.

Old German Melody.

Revive Thy work.—H**o**bk. iii. 2.

- mf* 764 **R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy work of quickening power;
 O'er earth's parched wilderness pour
 The Pentecostal shower. *dim* *down* Of Israel's house, and bid them look
 On Him they pierced, and weep.
- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 In far-off Indian lands;
 Bid Ethiopia's myriad tribes
 Stretch forth to Thee their hands. *mf* 5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 In this our native isle,
 With floods of light and life divine,
 Make all her borders smile.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Amid the polar snows,
 Let nature's frozen wastes rejoice,
 And blossom as the rose. *cr* 6 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 In our own souls we pray;
 May all for the great harvest-home
 Be ripening day by day. Amen.

L. C. W.

Winchester. L.M.

CRASSELLUS.

I will pour . . . My spirit upon all flesh.—Acts ii. 17.

- mf* 765 **O** SPIRIT of the living God,
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race. *cr* 4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet;
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word:
cr Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard. *f* 5 Baptise the nations, far and nigh;
 The triumphs of the cross record:
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him, Lord.
- mf* 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
 Confusion, order in Thy path;
 Souls without strength inspire with
might;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath. 6 God from eternity hath willed
 All flesh shall His salvation see;
 So be the Father's love fulfilled, [Thee.
 The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro'
 Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

Hampton. S.M.



Praise the Lord all ye nations, praise Him all ye people.—Psa. cxvii. 1.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>f 766 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant
lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.</p> | <p>2 Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.
Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

I. WATTS.

Wells. L.M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, 1740.



Men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed.—Psa. lxxvii. 18.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>f 767 JESUS shall reign where'er the f
sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.</p> <p>2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
<i>dim</i> And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.</p> | <p>4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
<i>dim</i> The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.</p> <p><i>mf</i> 5 When He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.</p> <p>ff 6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.
Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

I. WATTS.

Agnæ. S.M.

DR. NARES.

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.—Isa. xl. 5.

- mf* 770 O LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend its blessèd reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.
- f* 4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing; [heaven,
From shore to shore, from earth to
Let echoing anthems ring. Amen.

R. WARDLAW.

Moscow. 664.6664.

GIARDINI, 1565.

Let there be light.—Gen. 1. 3.

- mf* 771 THOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
dim Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,—
mf Let there be light.
- mf* 2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
f Let there be light.
- mf* 3 Spirit of truth and love,—
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
f Let there be light.
- cr* 4 Holy and blessèd Three;
Glorious Trinity;
Wisdom! Love! Might!
ff Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light. Amen.

J. MARRIOTT.

Lux Coi. 87.87.87.87.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

So shall He sprinkle many nations.—Isa. lli. 1.

mf 772 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,

Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee ;
Of Thy cross the wondrous story
Be to all the nations told ;

cr Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

mf 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;

dim Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
cr Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man, for sinners slain.

mf 3 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained
the sight

For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
f Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

A. O. COXE.

Aurelia. 76.76.76.76.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.



Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth more labourers into His harvest. Matt. ix. 38.

mf 773 **L**ORD of the living harvest, That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;
Accept these hands to labour,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
dim Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
cr We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

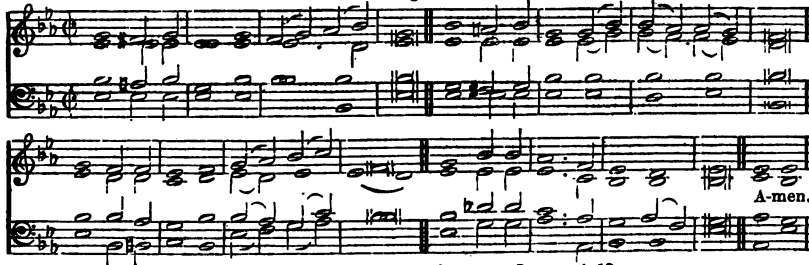
mf 3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit!
And fill our souls with light,
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

cr 4 Be with us, God the Father!
Be with us, God the Son!
And God, the Holy Spirit!
O blessed Three in One!
f Make us a Royal Priesthood
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now and for evermore. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Galley. L.M.

GEORGE HEWS.



Thou hast wrought all our works in us.—Isa. xxvi. 12.

mf 774 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I
may speak,
In living echoes of Thy tone:
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.

cr 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

mf 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

dim 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

mf 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

cr 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
f Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
Amen.

FRANCIS B. HAYTERGALL

Hesperus. L.M.

H. BARKER.

I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day.—John ix. 4.

mf 775 **G**O, labour on; spend and be spent,

Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

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

dim 3 Go, labour on; thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;

cr Yet falter not; the prize thou seek'st
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

mf 4 Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;

Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

dim 5 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
cr Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
f Compel the wanderer to come in.

mf 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
f Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come."
Amen. H. BONAR.

Fulda. L.M.

BEETHOVEN.

He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.—John iv. 36.

mf 776 **R**EAPER! behold the fields
are white

With the great harvest of the world!
cr Soldier! seek thou the thickest fight,
Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.

2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,
And watch the flock redeemed by blood;

dim Warn with thy tears,—preach in deep
love
The gospel of the grace of God.

mf 3 Toil on in the appointed way,
The precious fruit shall soon appear;
Work thou thy work whilst it is day!
dim The shadows lengthen,—night is near:
mf 4 And say not that thy hands are weak,
Thy heart is faint, thy soul cast down,
But press Thou on the prize to seek;—
Faithful to death,—secure the crown.
f 5 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,
The welcome cry, Behold, I come!
Within the pearly gates rejoice,
And rest thee in thy heavenly home.
Amen. G. RAWSON.

Crüger. 76.76.76.76.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.

In His days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth.
Psa. lxxii. 7.

f 777 **H** ALL to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

mf 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.

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

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

mf 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
cr For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

mf 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

f 6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,—
His great, best name of Love.
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

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

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

St. Theodulph. 76.76.76.76. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.



Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion.—Isa. III. 1.

mf 779 **A**WAKE, awakes, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

dim 3 The Lamb who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again;
cr No Sufferer now, but Victor,
For evermore to reign,
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
O world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne!

f 2 Jerusalem victorious
In triumph o'er her foes;
Mount Zion, great and glorious,
Thy gates no more shall close.
Earth's millions shall assemble
Around Thine open door,
While hell and Satan tremble
And earth and heaven adore.

f 4 Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh,
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

Amen. B. COVER.

Armageddon. 66. 12 lines. German. Adapted by Sir JOHN GOSS.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The music is in 4/4 time and G major. The first system has 12 measures, the second 12, the third 12, and the fourth 12. The fourth system ends with the instruction 'A-men.'.

Who is on the Lord's side.—Exod. xxxii. 26.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>f</i> 780 WHO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who will for Him go?
 <i>dim</i> By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace divine,
 <i>cr</i> We are on the Lord's side,
 <i>f</i> Saviour, we are Thine!</p> | <p><i>mf</i> 3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood,
 For Thy diadem.
 With Thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 <i>f</i> By Thy great redemption,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine!</p> |
| <p><i>mf</i> 2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 <i>cr</i> But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died.
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 <i>f</i> By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine!</p> | <p><i>dim</i> 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 <i>cr</i> But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His standard ranging
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 <i>f</i> Joyfully enlisting,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine!</p> |

mf 5 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 "Chosen, called, and faithful,"
 For our Captain's band;
 In the service royal,
 Let us not grow cold;

mf Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt help us,
 By Thy grace divine,
f Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine. Amen.
 F. B. HAVERGAL.

St. Matthew. C.M.D.

Dr. CROFT, 1703.

If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.—John xii. 26.

mf 781 **H**OW bless'd from the bonds of sin,
 And earthly fotters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim,
 Thy servant, Lord, to be!
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at Thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at Thy hand!

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
 To watch before Thy gate,
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight;
dim No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow calm and still,
 For love can easily divine
 The One Belov'd's will.

mf 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord!
 Thus ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won.
 Through evil or through good report,
 Still keeping by Thy side;
cr By life or death, in this poor flesh,
 Let Christ be magnified.

mf 4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly,
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest draws nigh!
cr When all the faithful gather home,
 A joyful company,
f And ever where the Master is,
 Shall His blest servants be. Amen.
 SPITTA, (v. R. L. LUTHER.

Bluntisham. 4.10.10.10.4.

He that sleepeth in harvest causeth shame.— Prov. x. 6.

mf 782 COME, labour on ;
 Who dares stand idle on
 the harvest plain,
 While all around him waves the golden
 grain,
 And every servant hears the Master say,
cr "Go, work to-day" ?

2 *mf* Come, labour on :
 The labourers are few, the field is wide,
 New stations must be filled, and blanks
 supplied ;
 From voices distant far, or near at
 The call is "Come." [home,

3 Come, labour on :
 The enemy is watching, night and day,
 To sow the tares, to snatch the seed
 away,
 While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
 He slumbereth not.

4 *cr* Come, labour on :
 Away with gloomy doubt and faithless
 fear ! [here :
 No arm so weak but may do service
 By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.

5 *mf* Come, labour on :
 No time for rest till glows the western
 sky, [way lie,
 While the long shadows o'er our path—
 And a glad sound comes with the set-
 ting sun,
f "Servants, well done !"

6 *mf* Come, labour on :
 The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure,
 Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;
f How full their joy, how deep their rest
 shall be.
 O Lord with Thee ! Amen.

J. BORTHWICK.

Weimar. 77.77.77.77.

VULPIUS, 1609.

That the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified.—2 Thess. iii. 1.

mf 783 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
dim To bring fire on earth He came:
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O! that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.

mp 2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day:
cr Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
f More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide:
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,—
Him whospeaks a world from nought.

mf 4 Saw ye not a cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
f But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love. Amen,
C. WESLEY.

Gilbert. 77.77.77.77.

W. H. GILBERT, Mus. Bac.

Hallelujah.—Rev. xix. 6.

f 784 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's
Or the fulness of the sea, [roar, *ff*
When it breaks upon the shore;
cr Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
ff Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
f 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword:—He speaks—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world [done:
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

f 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
ff Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all. Amen.
J. MONTGOMERY.

Melanexia. L.M.

SAMUEL SMITH

And He shall set up an ensign for the nations.—Isa. xi. 12.

mf 785 **U**PLIFT the banner! Let it float [wide:
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and
The sun shall light its shining folds;
The cross on which the Saviour died.

dim 2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
Wondering in silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

mf 3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Far off shall see the glorious sight,

And nations, gathering at the call,
Their souls shall kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and
Our glory only in the Cross, [wide;
Our only hope the Crucified.

f 5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Amen. G. W. DOANE.

Angelus. L.M.

J. SCHEFFLER.

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.—Luke xiv. 23.

mp 786 **L**OOK from Thy sphere of
endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
In pity, look on those who stray
Benighted, in this land of light.

cr 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

mf 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old.

A scattered homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

cr 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise,
Amen. W. C. BRYANT.

Zion. 77.77.



Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion.—Psa. cii. 13.

- mf* 787 **L**ORD Thine ancient people see,
 Captive still in darkness bound;
cr Let Thy gospel set them free,
 Let them hear its joyful sound.
- dim* 2 Still the veil is on their heart!
cr Rend it, Lord, at length in twain;
 Bid their unbelief depart,
 Bring them to Thy fold again.
- 3 Let Thy love their blindness heal,
 God of Israel, hear our prayer;
 Let Thy grace their pardon seal,
 Let them still Thy covenant share.
- f* 4 Harp of Judah, long unstrung,
 Sound at length the Saviour's praise;
 Jew and Gentile, old and young,
 Loud the glad hosanna raise. Amen.

Carinthia. 77.77.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S Gesangbuch, 1704.



The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.—Matt. ix. 37.

- mf* 788 **S**PREAD, oh spread, thou mighty word,
 Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
 Wheresoe'er His breath has given
 Life to beings meant for heaven.
- 2 Tell them how the Father's will
 Made the world, and keeps it still,
 How He sent His Son to save
 All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
 Who for ever doth remove
 By His holy sacrifice,
 All the guilt that on us lies.
- 4 Tell them of the Spirit given
 Now, to guide us up to heaven,
 Strong and holy, just and true,
 Working both to will and do.
- f* 5 Word of Life! most pure and strong,
 Lo! for Thee the nations long;
 Spread, till from its dreary night
 All the world awakes to light.
- 6 Up, the ripening fields ye see,
 Mighty, shall the harvest be,
dim But the reapers still are few,
 Great the work they have to do.
- f* 7 Lord of harvest, let there be
 Joy and strength to work for Thee,
 Let the nations far and near
 See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.
 Amen.

BAHNMEYER, tr. by C. WINKWORTH.

Heathlands. 77.77.77.

HENRY SMART.

A-men.

God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.—Psa. lxxviii. 7.

mf 789 **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine; [face,
 Fill Thy church with light divine;
 And Thy saving health extend,
 Unto earth's remotest end,
cr 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
 Be by all that live adored;
 Let the nations shout and sing

Glory to their Saviour King;
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.
f 3 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.

H. F. LYTGE.

Jerusalem. 86.86.86.

JOHANN CRÜGER.

A-men.

If any man serve Me, him will My Father honour.—John xii. 26.

mf 790 **D**ISSMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
 But train me for Thy will;
 For even I, in fields so broad
 Some duties may fulfil:
 And I will ask for no reward,
 Except to serve Thee still.
dim 2 How many serve, how many more
 May to the service come!
 To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
 Thou dost appoint for some:
 Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
 Thy little ones at home.

mf 3 All works are good, and each is best
 As most it pleases Thee:
 Each worker pleases when the rest
 He serves in charity;
 And neither man nor work unblest,
 Wilt Thou permit to be.
 4 Our Master all the work hath done
 He asks of us to-day;
 Sharing His service, every one
 Share too His Sonship may:
 Lord, I would serve and be a son:
 Dismiss me not, I pray. Amen.

T. T. LYSCA.

St. Magnus. C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE.



The ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion.—Isa. xxxv. 10.

mf 791 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust

Exalt thy fallen head:
Again in Thy Redeemer trust;
He calls Thee from the dead.

cr 2 Awake! awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild Thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:

Say to the South,—give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!

f 4 They come, they come!—thine exiled
Where'er they rest or roam, [bands,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy. Amen.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Stukeley. C.M.

MENDELSSOHN.



My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.—Psa. cxxx. 6.

mf 792 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's dim heart,

Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away,

f 2 Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

dim 4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

cr 5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening
With one awakening smile, [power,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

mf 6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruit
Of grace and peace divine;

f Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.
Amen.

E. DERRY.

Sunderland. S.M.

HENRY SMART.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.— Isa. xxxii. 20.

mf 793 **SOW** in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

dim 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;

Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

cr 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

mf 6 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

f 7 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home."
Amen. J. MONTGOMERY.

St. John. 6868.88.

W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.— Psa. lxxvii. 4.

mf 794 **R**ISE, gracious God, and shine
In all Thy saving might;
And prosper each design,
To spread Thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 O bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise,
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy righteous ways;
f Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee ;
God, our own God, His church will bless,
And earth will teem with fruitfulness.</p> | <p>4 To God the only wise,
The one Immortal King,
Let nallelujahs rise
From every living thing ;
<i>ff</i> Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.
WILLIAM HURN.</p> |
|--|--|

Gounod. C.M.D.

CH. GOUNOD.

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>mp</i> 795 THE Galilean fishers toil
All night, and nothing take ;
<i>cr</i> But Jesus comes,—a wondrous spoil
Is lifted from the lake ;
Lord, when our labours are in vain,
And vain the help of men,
When fruitless is our care and pain,
Come, blessèd Jesus, then !</p> <p><i>dim</i> 2 The night is dark, the surges fill
The bark, the wild winds roar ;
<i>cr</i> But Jesus comes; and all is still,—
The ship is at the shore.
<i>dim</i> O Lord, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
<i>cr</i> O blessèd Jesus, hear !</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
Saw mercy in Thine eyes ;
The penitent upon the tree
Was borne to paradise.</p> | <p><i>dim</i> In hours of sin and deep distress,
O show us, Lord, Thy face ;
In penitential loneliness,
O give us, Jesus, grace !</p> <p>4 The faithful few retire in fear,
To their closed upper room ;
<i>cr</i> But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
They see their Master come.
Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
And bid our terrors cease ;
Lift over us Thy blessèd hands,
Speak, holy Jesus, peace !</p> <p><i>dim</i> 5 In days when faith will scarce be found,
And wolves be in the fold,
When sin and sorrow will abound,
And charity wax cold ;
<i>cr</i> Then hear Thy saints, who to Thee pray
To bring them to their home ;
<i>f</i> Hear, when the Bride and Spirit say,
" Come, blessèd Jesus, come !"
Amen.
C. WORDSWORTH.</p> |
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Mentone. 87.87.87.

C. MALAN, D.D.
Arr. by DR. RIMBAULT.

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. — Matt. ix. 13.

f 796 "CALL them in!" the poor,
the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer,—
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!" the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,
He is waiting;—"Call them in!"

f 2 "Call them in!" the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
"Call them in!" the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.

Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,
Wait the lost ones;—"Call them in!"

dim 3 "Call them in!" the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message low and tender,—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.

See! the shadows lengthen round us,
cr Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?

f Christ is coming—"Call them in!"
Amen. ANNA SHILTON.

Paran. 87.87.47.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1630.

The earth shall see the salvation of God.—Isa. liii. 1d.

- mf* 797 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul ; he still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace ;
f Blessed jubiles,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- mf* 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary :
f Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- mf* 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night ;
f And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- f* 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase :
ff Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.
 Amen.
- W. WILLIAMS.

Evangel. 87.87.47.

E. J. HOPKENS, Mus. Doc.



Recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled.—Acts xiv. 26.

- mp* 798 SPEED Thy servants, Saviour,
 speed them,
 Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;
 They were bound, but Thou hast freed
 Now they go to free the slaves ; [them,
dim Be Thou with them ;
cr 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.
- mp* 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
 Lord, they go at Thy command,
 As their stay Thy promise taking,
 While they traverse sea and land ;
dim O be with them !
 Lead them safely by the hand.
- mp* 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
 And the prospect dark appears,
 Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
 Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
cr Be Thou with them ; [tears.
 Hear their sighs, and count their
- mp* 4 When no fruit appears to cheer them,
 And they seem to toil in vain ;
cr Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
 Then their sinking hopes sustain ;
 Thus supported,
 Let their zeal revive again.
- dim* 5 In the midst of opposition,
 Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee,
 When success attends their mission,
 Let Thy servants humbler be ;
cr Never leave them.
 Till Thy face in heaven they see.
- f* 6 There to reap in joy for ever
 Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
 There to be with Him who never
 Ceases to preserve His own ;
 And with gladness
 Give the praise to Him alone.
 Amen.
- T. KELLY.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

I.—MORNING AND EVENING.

FIRST TUNE.

Matins. L.M.

Ancient Melody.

SECOND TUNE.

Morning Hymn. L.M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.—Psa. v. 3.

- mf* 799 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- dim* 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
 Each present day, thy last, esteem;
 Improve thy talent with due care;
 For the Great Day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;
 Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear.
 Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- mf* 4 Wake, and lift up thyself my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who, all night long, unwearied sing
 High praise to the Eternal King.
- f* 5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me while I slept.
dim Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
 I may of endless light partake. [wake,
- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
 Disperse my sins as morning dew:
 Guard my first springs of thought and
 And with Thyself my spirit fill, [will,
- mf* 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say:
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.
- f* 8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
ff Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Amen. REN.

Commandments. L.M. Geneva French Psalter, 1543.



Evening and morning . . . will I pray.—Psa. lv. 17.

mf 800 MY God, how endless is Thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.
dim 2 Thou spreadst the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;

Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
cr 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
 To Thee I consecrate my days ;
f Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.
 Amen. I. WATTS.

Manningtree (St. Anselm). L.M. Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.



Be Thou their arm every morning.—Isa. xxxiii. 2.

mf 801 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
 Thou brightness of the Father's face ;
 Thou Fountain of eternal light, [night ;
 Whose beams disperse the shades of
 2 Come, Holy Sun of Heavenly love,
 Shower down Thy radiance from above,
 And to our inmost hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
 3 So we the Father's help will claim,
 And sing the Father's glorious Name,
 His powerful succour we implore,
 That we may stand, to fall no more.
 4 May He our actions deign to bless,
 And loose the bonds of wickedness ;

dim From sudden falls our feet defend,
 And guide us safely to the end.
mf 5 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.
 6 O hallowed thus be every day ;
 Let meekness be our morning ray,
 And faithful love our noon-day light,
 And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
mf 7 O Christ with each returning morn
 Thine image to our hearts be borne ;
 O may we ever clearly see
 Our Saviour and our God in Thee.
 Amen. AMBROS, tr. by J. CHANDLER.

Jam Lucis. L.M.

E. DIRECTORIS GUIDETTI.
"Jam lucis orto sidere."

Musical score for 'Jam Lucis' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with 'A-men.' written at the end of the treble staff.

In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.—Psa. v. 3.

- mf* 802 **N**OW 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. *cr* 4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
dim 2 May He restrain our tongues from strife,
And shield from anger's din our life, *mf* Our path of trial safely trod,
And guard with watchful care our eyes, Shall give the glory to our God. Amen.
From earth's absorbing vanities. AMBROSE, *tr.* by J. M. NEALE.

Symnna. L.M.

Old Latin.
"Jesu Redemptor Omnium."

Musical score for 'Symnna' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff, with 'A-men.' written at the end of the treble staff.

The Lord God is a Sun and Shield, He will give grace and glory.—Psa. lxxxiv. 11.

- mf* 803 **L**ORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star,
Centre and sun of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
2 Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
dim 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
cr Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!
mf 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
Before Thy ever-blazing throne (love;
We ask no lustre of our own.
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
f Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.
Amen. O. W. HOLMES.

Ratisbon. 77.77.77.



Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise.—Mal. iv. 2.

804 **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the
skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

dim 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return

Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till Thy inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

mf 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
cr Fill me, Radiancy Divine !
Scatter all my unbelief :

f More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.
C. WESLEY.

Verdun. 77.77.

Geistreiches Gesangbuch, 1704.



My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.—Psa. v. 3.

mf **805** **J**ESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of Love Divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine.

dim 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft, refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew.

cr 3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,

All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go.

mf 4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us, nor forsake ;
Keep us ever at Thy side,
Till the eternal morning break.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way ;

cr Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day. Amen.
ROSENMOH, tr. H. L. LUTHER.

Willingham. 11.10.11.14.

FRANZ ABT.

When I awake I am still with Thee.—Psa. cxxxix. 18.

- mf* 806 **S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh—
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
- dim* 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, [born;
 The solemn hush of nature newly
 Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean, [rest,
 The image of the morning star doth
 So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
 Thine image in the waters of my breast.
- cr* 4 Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning [is given,
 A fresh and solemn splendour still
 So doth this blessed consciousness,
 awaking,
 Breathe, each day, nearness unto
 Thee and heaven.
- dim* 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil,
 to slumber, [prayer;
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in
 Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings
 o'ershadowing, [Thee there.
 But sweeter still to wake and find
- mf* 6 So shall it be at last in that bright morning
 When the soul waketh, and life's
 shadows flee;
cr O! in that hour, and fairer than day's
 dawning, [with Thee!
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am
 Amen. H. B. STOWE.

The Lord was my Stay.—2 Sam. xxii. 19.

- mf* 807 **O** STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation, [abide,
 Who ever dost Thyself unmoved
 Yet day by day the light in due gradation
cr The brightness of a holy deathbed
 blending [Day,
 With dawning glories of the Eternal
 Amen. J. ELLERTON.
- From hour to hour through all its
 changes guide;

FIRST TUNE.

Canitz. 84.78.47.

MARBOT and BEZA's *Psalms*.

SECOND TUNE.

Rux Prima. 84.78.47.

JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.

My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.—Psa. v. 3.

mf 808 COME, my soul, thou must be waking,
mp 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
 He unfoldeth

Now is breaking Every fault that lurks within ;
 O'er the earth another day : He, the hidden shame glossed over,
 Come to Him who made this splendour ; Can discover,
 See thou render And discern each deed of sin.

cr 2 Gladly hail the sun returning ;
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers :
 For the night is safely ended,
 God hath tended
 With His care thy helpless hours.

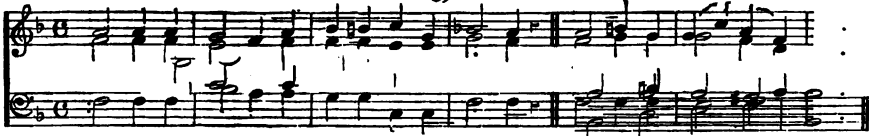
or 5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
 Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet ; [ness,
 And, released from death's dark sad-
 Rise in gladness
 That far brighter Sun to greet.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavour,
 When thine aim is good and true ;
dim But that He may ever thwart thee,
 And convert thee,
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.

mf 6 Our God's bounteous gifts abuse not,
 Light refuse not,
 But His Spirit's voice obey ;
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
 Light unfolding
 All things in unclouded day. Amen.

VON CANITZ, tr by H. J. BUCKOLL.

St. Helena. S.M.



See then that ye walk circumspectly . . . redeeming the time.—Eph. v. 15, 16.

- mf* 809 **A** NOTHER day begun !
 Lord, grant us grace that we,
 Before the setting of the sun,
 Redeem the time for thee.
- dim* 2 Another day of toil !
 To Thee we yield our powers ;
 And let not sin our conscience soil
 Through all the passing hours.
- p* 3 Another day of fear !
 For watchful is our foe ;
- cr* 4 Another day of hope !
 For Thou art with us still ;
 And Thine Almighty strength can cope
 With all who seek our ill.
- mf* 5 Another day of grace
 To help us on our way !
- cr* One step towards the resting-place—
 The eternal sabbath-day. Amen.
- J. ELLERTON.

Culross. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1685.



In the fear of the Lord all the day.—Prov. xxiii. 17.

- mf* 810 **T**HRICE happy souls, who,
 born from heaven,
 While yet they sojourn here,
 Thus all their days with God begin,
 And spend them in His fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
 Its incense to Thy throne:
 And, while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be Thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
 Be each refreshment sought ;
 And by each various providence.
 Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,
 Or by temptations tried,
 We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
 And in Thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band;
In solitude with Thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed :
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last. Amen.
P. DODDRIDGE.

Otterbourne. L.M.

HAYDN.

A - men.

The Lord's mercies are new every morning.—Iam. iii, 22, 23.

mf 811 O TIMELY happy, timely
wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

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

3 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.

mf 4 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.

5 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.

6 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.
Amen. J. KEBBLE.

Whosoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—1 Cor. x. 31.

mf 812 FORTH, in Thy name, O Lord,
I go,
My daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;

And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

dim 4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
cr And hasten to Thy glorious day.

mf 5 For Thee delightfully employ [given ;
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
Amen. C. WESLEY.

St. Saviour. C.M.

F. G. BAKER.

I am with you alway.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

- mf* 813 **A** BIDE among us with Thy grace,
 Lord Jesus, evermore,
 Nor let us e'er to sin give place,
 Nor grieve Him we adore.
- 2 Abide among us with Thy word,
 Redeemer, whom we love;
 Thy help and mercy here afford,
 And life with Thee above.
- 3 Abide among us with Thy ray,
 O light that lightenest all,
 And let Thy truth preserve our way,
 Nor suffer us to fall.
- 4 Abide with us to bless us still,
 O bounteous Lord of peace,
 With grace and power our souls now fill,
 Our faith and love increase.
- 5 Abide among us as our shield,
 O Captain of Thy host,
 That to the world we may not yield,
 Nor e'er forsake our post.
- 6 Abide with us in faithful love,
 Our God and Saviour be,
 Thy help at need, oh! let us prove,
 And keep us true to Thee. Amen.

STEGMAN, *tr.* by C. WINKWORTH.

Canon.

L.M.

T. TALLIS.

ARCHBISHOP PARKER'S *Psalter*, 1561.

I will both lay me down

- f* 814 **A**LL praise to Thee, my God,
 this night,
 For all the blessings of the light.
- dim* Keep me, O keep me, King of kings
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- mp* 2 **F**orgive 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.

and sleep.—Psa. iv. 8.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
- cr* Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- mp* 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
cr Sleep that may me more vigorous
 make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

- dim* 5 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.
- mf* 6 O! when shall I in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sin away,
- And hymns with the supernal choir
 Incessant sing, and never tire?
f 7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below:
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KEN.

FIRST TUNE.

Hursley. L.M.

SECOND TUNE.

Abends. L.M.

Sir H. OAKLEY, Mus. Doc.

FRD.

So He giveth His beloved sleep.—Psa. cxxvii. 2.

- mf* 815 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near:
 O may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When with dear friends sweet talk I
 And all the flowers of life unfold, [hold,
 Let not my heart within me burn,
 Except in all I Thee discern.
- dim* 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- mf* 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
dim Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- cr* 5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
 Steer through the tempest Thine own
 Amid the howling wintry sea, [ark:
 We are in port if we have Thee.
- dim* 6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
cr Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- mf* 7 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store:
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- cr* 8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take:
f Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.
 Amen.

J. KEBLE.

Gnan. L.M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Peace be unto you.—Luke xxiv. 36.

- 816** **T**HOU who hast known the
careworn breast,
The weary need of sleep's deep balm,
cr Come, Saviour, ere we go to rest,
And breathe around Thy perfect calm.
- mf* 2 Thy presence gives us childlike trust,
Gladness and hope without alloy;
The faith that triumphs o'er the dust,
And gleamings of eternal joy.
- 3 Stand in our midst, dear Lord, and say,
"Peace be to you this evening hour,"
Then all the struggles of the day
Vanish before Thy loving power.
- 4 Blest is the pilgrimage to heaven!
A little nearer every night!
f Christ to our earthly darkness given,
Till in His glory there is light.
Amen. G. RAWSON.

Lucis Creator. L.M.

Old Latin. 7th or 8th Cent.

Peace from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour.—Titus i. 4.

- 817** **O** LIGHT of life, O Saviour
dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear;
Through dark and day, o'er land and
sea;
We have no other hope but Thee.
- dim* 2 Off from the royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart,
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find Him not.
- cr* 3 What sudden sun beams cheer our sight,
What dawning risen upon the night!
- Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and all in Thee.
- mf* 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.
- f* 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time
shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore,
Through Heaven's great day of Ever-
more. Amen. F. T. PALGRAVE.

Advent Evening Hymn. L.M. Old Latin. 4th Cent.



When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.—Micah vii. 8.

mf 818 **O** THOU true life of all that live!
 Who dost unmoved, all motion sway:
 Who dost the morn and evening give,
 And through its changes guide the day.
 2 Thy light upon our evening pour—
 So may our souls no sunset see;

But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.
 3 Father of mercies! hear our cry;
 Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
 Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
 Reignest while endless ages run.
 AMEN. LATIN, tr. by CASWELL.

Twilight. 11.11.11.5.

J. BARNBY.



Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.—Job xi. 19.

mp 819 **N**OW God be with us, for the night is closing; [posing,
 The light and darkness are of His dis-
dim And 'neath His shadow we to rest may yield us,
 For He will shield us.
mp 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us; [o'er us;
 Till morning cometh, watch, O Father,
 In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
 Thine angels send us.
mp 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
 Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;

Serve Thee all day; in all that we are
 Thy praise pursuing. [doing
mp 4 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
 Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
cr But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
 Who seek Thee only.
f 5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given;
 Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven;
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver Us, now and ever. Amen.
 PETER HERBERT, tr. by C. WICKWORTH.

FIRST TUNE.

Eventide. 10.10.10.10.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Eventide' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The piece concludes with 'A - men.' written below the final measure.

SECOND TUNE.

Troyte.

A. H. D. TROYTE, d. 1859.

Musical score for 'Troyte' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and hymn-like. The piece concludes with 'A - men.' written below the final measure.

Abide with us for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—Luke xxiv. 29.

mp 820 **A** BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide:
 The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
 Change and decay in all around I see:
cr O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord:
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!
mp 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
 But kind and good with healing in Thy wings;

Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
cr Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide
 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like Thyself my Guide and stay
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
mf 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
f Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
mp 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to Heaven's morning breaks,
cr and earth's vain shadows flee:
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
 Amen.

H. F. LYRE.

FIRST TUNE.

Tottenham. 10.10.10.10.

J. LANGRAN.

SECOND TUNE.

Hampstead. 10.10.10.10.

J. D. MACEY.

In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.—Psa. lxxiii. 7.

mf 821 O LORD, who by Thy presence
hast made light [day,
The heat and burden of the toilsome
dim Be with me also in the silent night,
Be with me when the daylight fades
away.

mf 2 As Thou hast given me strength upon
the way,
So deign at evening to become my
guest;
As Thou hast shared the labours of
the day, [rest.
So also deign to share and bless my

dim 3 How sad and cold, if Thou be absent,
Lord,
The evening leaves me, and my heart
how dead!

cr But if Thy presence grace my humble
board,
I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

4 Fraught with rich blessing, breathing
sweet repose,
dim The calm of evening settles on my
breast;
If Thou be with me when my labours
close,
No more is needed to complete my rest.

mf 5 Come, then, O Lord, and deign to be
my guest
After the day's confusion, toil, and din;
O come to bring me peace, and joy,
and rest,
To give salvation, and to pardon sin!

6 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching
smart [past,
Left in my bosom from the day just
And let me, on a Father's loving heart,
Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest
at last. Amen.

C. J. P. SPIRITA, tr. by B. MACEY

FIRST TUNE.

Nachtlied. 10.10.10.10.10.

HENRY SMART.

A-men.

SECOND TUNE.

Evening. 10.10.10.10.10.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

A-men.

There shall be no night there.—Rev. xxii. 5.

- mp* 822 THE day is gently sinking to a close, [light glows;
Fainter and yet more faint the sun-
cr O brightness of Thy Father's glory,
Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
mf Where Thou art present darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
Thee.
- mf* 3 Thou who, in darkness, walking didst
appear [cheer,
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when
storms assail,
dim And earthly hopes and human suc-
cours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee
nigh, [is I!"
cr And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it
- dim* 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an
end, [tend;
Onward to darkness and to death we
cr O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our
Guide, [eventide;
Be Thou our Light in death's dark
Then in our mortal hour will be no
gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- mp* 4 The weary world is mouldering to
decay;
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
cr In that last sunset, when the stars
shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee; O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.
Amen. C. WORDSWORTH.

Psalm. 64.66.

HENRY SMART.



Let the lifting up of my hands be as the evening sacrifice.—Psa. cxli. 2.

- mp* 823 THE sun is sinking fast;
cr Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- p* 2 As Christ upon the Cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- cr* 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
- Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,—
- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
dim Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- mf* 6 Thus would I live, yet now
Not I, but He;
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
- f* 7 One sacred Trinity!
One Lord divine!
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine! Amen.

LATIN, tr. by E. CASWALL

Etheldreda. C.M.

T. TURTON.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked for the Lord sustained me.—Psa. III. 5.

- mf* 824 **H**OW softly on the western hills *cr* So sweet the memory left behind,
 The sunset light is shed! When good men breathe their last.
cr So Christ the Lord sheds forth His peace, 4 And now, above the dews of night,
 Around the dying bed. The vesper star appears; [heart,—
mp 2 How quietly the glowing sky Thus faith lights up the mourner's
 Melts into deeper gloom; Lights up the mourner's tears.
cr So calm the Christian fades away *mf* 5 The darkness deepens: sure to bring
 Into His Saviour's tomb. The morning in the skies;
mp 3 The sun is gone, but round the heavens *f* So all that sleep in Jesus now,
 The crimson hues are cast; In glory shall arise. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

Arnheim. C.M.

ADAM KRIEGER, 1666.

Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.—Job xi. 19.

- mf* 825 **T**HE shadows of the evening *cr* 4 The brightness of the coming light
 hours Upon the darkness rolls;
 Fall from the dark'ning sky; With hopes of future glory chase
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers The shadows on our souls.
 The dews of evening lie. *mf* 5 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
 2 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, Upon our souls descend;
 We kneel at close of day; From midnight fears and perils, Thou
 Look on Thy children from on high, Our trembling hearts defend.
 And hear us while we pray. *dim* 6 Give us a respite from our toil,
 3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord, Calm and subdue our woes;
 Oh, do not Thou despise; Through the long day we labour, Lord,
 But let the incense of our prayers Oh, give us now repose! Amen.
 Before Thy mercy rise.

A. A. FROCTER.

Abridge. C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.

To seek of Him a right way.—Ezra viii. 21.

- mp* 826 O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before Thy throne,
 To bless Thy fostering hand.
- cr 2* Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
 All evil far remove;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting love.
- 3 Our souls obedient to Thy sway,
 In Christian bonds unite:
- Let peace and love conclude the day,
 And hail the morning light.
- 4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely
 A flock by Jesus led, [Thine,
 The Sun of holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.
- 5 O still restore our wandering feet,
 And still direct our way: [greet
 Till worlds shall fade and faith shall
 The dawn of endless day. Amen.
- H. KIRKE WHITE, *alt.*

Northampton. C.M.

DR. CROFT.

Let my prayer be set forth . . . as incense.—Psa. cxli. 2.

- mf* 827 NOW from the altar of our
 hearts,
 Let incense flames arise,
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.
- cr 2* Awake! our love; awake! our joy;
 Awake! our heart and tongue;
 Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
 Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all this day:
- Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys
 Do a new song require:
 Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts' desire.
- f* 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
 New time upon our score;
 These may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.
 Amen.
- JOHN MASOR.

Wallington. S.M.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

Abide with us.—Luke xxiv. 9.

mf 828 THE day, O Lord, is spent,
 Abide with us, and rest;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our Guest.

dim 3 Our sun is sinking now,
 Our day is almost o'er,
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore! Amen.

Where holy angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

f O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore! Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

Beersheba. 12.11.12.11.

AUS. STORL.

I will be as the dew unto Israel.—Hosea xiv. 5.

mp 829 HOW calmly the evening
 once more is descending,
 As kind as a promise, as still as a
 prayer; [befriending,
cr O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter
 May we and our households continue
 to share!

2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven,
 is open;
 O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
 The silence and smile of His love are
 the token,
 Who now for all comers invitingly
 waits.

<i>dim</i> 3 We come to be soothed with His merciful healing; [of the day ;	<i>mf</i> 4 Lord, save us from folly ; be with us in sorrow ; [rest ;
The dews of the night cure the wounds	Sustain us in work till the time of our
We come, our life's work, and its brevity feeling,	When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow [possest.
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.	Dawn on us, of homes long expected Amen. T. T. LYNCH.

FIRST TUNE.

Merrial. 65.65.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

Musical score for 'Merrial' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a fermata. The second system ends with the text 'A - men.' Below the staves, the lyrics are: 'Sha - dows of the even-ing Steal a - cross the sky.'

SECOND TUNE.

Gton. 65.65.

FIELDEN.

Musical score for 'Gton.' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The second system ends with the text 'A - men.' There are no lyrics written below the staves for this piece.

Even the night shall be light about me.—Psa. cxxxix. 11.

mp 830 **N**OW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky ;

2 Jesu, give the weary,
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

cr 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

dim 4 Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain ;

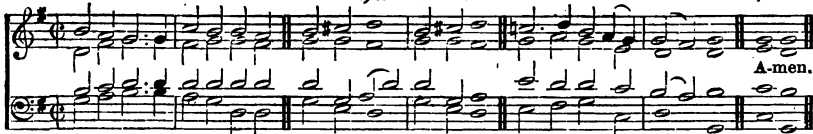
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

mf 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

f 7 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.
S. BARING-GOULD.

Chanet. 8.6.6.

Rev. J. JOWETT,
"Musæ Solitaria," 1822.*When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.—Prov. iii. 24.*

- mf* 831 **E**RE I sleep, for every favour, 4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
This day showed by my God, *dim* Let Thy peace be my bliss,
I will bless my Saviour. Till Thou hence remove me.
- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render *f* 5 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
To Thy name, still the same, Safely keep, while I sleep,
Merciful and tender? Me, with sovereign power.
- 3 Thou hast ordered all my goings *mp* 6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
In Thy way; heard me pray, *cr* Let me rise with the wise,
Sanctified my doings. Counted in their number. Amen.
- J. CENNICK.

Anatolius. 76.76.88.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—Psa. iv. 8.

- mf* 832 **T**HE day is past and over; *mf* 3 The toils of day are over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee; I raise the hymn to Thee,
dim I pray Thee that offenceless *dim* And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be! The hours of fear may be:
cr O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight, *cr* O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming And guard me through the coming
night. night.
- mf* 2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
dim And call on Thee that sinless *dim* 4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
The hours of dark may be: For Thou alone dost know
cr O Jesus, make their darkness light, *dim* How many are the perils
And guard me through the coming Through which I have to go:
night. *f* Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.
Amen. J. M. SEALE.

Crepusculum. 888.4. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.



And there shall be no night there.—Rev. xxii. 5.

mf 833 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed
away,

And spent too soon her golden store;
dim The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

p 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
cr Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way
Safe home at last.

mf 3 O! by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;

Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless
white,
And evening shadows never fall,
f Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

GODFREY THRING.

Herman. 684.6664.

BRAUN, 1675.



Now let it please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant.—2 Sam. vii. 29.

mf 834 **F**ATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.

For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,—
Bless us to-night!

2 Jesu, Immanuel!
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;

dim For many sins we grieve,

But we Thy grace receive,
And on Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night!

mf 3 Spirit of holiness
Gently transforming peace,
Indwelling light;
Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possess,
Calm us to perfect rest,
Bless us to-night!

Amen.

G. BRAUN.

FIRST TUNE.

Bretzel. 87.87.77.

Musical score for 'Bretzel' (87.87.77). It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a final chord and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Stepney. 87.87.77.

W. BAYLEY.

Musical score for 'Stepney' (87.87.77) by W. Bayley. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a final chord and the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

Thou shalt take thy rest in safety.—Job xi. 18.

mf 835 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love *mf* 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 has spared us, Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Now we lay us down to rest; Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 Through the silent watches guard us, In Thine arms may we repose,
 Let no foe our peace molest; *dim* And, when life's sad day is past,
dim Jesu, Thou our Guardian be; Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee. Amen. T. KELLY.

FIRST TUNE.

Bethlehem. 87.87. Latin Melody of the 14th Century.

A - men.

SECOND TUNE.

Florence. 87.87.87.87.

Italian Melody.

A - men.

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Psa. xci. 10.

mp 836 SAVIOUR, breathe an even-
ing blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst
heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
cr Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe for Thou art nigh.

mp 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

p 4 Should swift death this night o'er-
take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cr May the morn in heaven awake us,
Glad in light, and deathless bloom.
Amen. J. EDWARDS.

FIRST TUNE.

Bradford. 887.887.

W. JACKSON.

Musical score for 'Bradford' (887.887) by W. Jackson. The score is in 3/4 time and G major. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' in the final measure of the third system.

SECOND TUNE.

Finchley. 887.887.

J. D. MACEY.

Musical score for 'Finchley' (887.887) by J. D. Macey. The score is in 3/4 time and G major. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' in the final measure of the third system.

Under the shadow of the Almighty.—Psa. xci. 1.

mf 837 **F**ATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
 May our evening song be telling
 Of Thy mercy large and free.
 Through the day Thy love has fed us,
 Through the day Thy care has led us,
 With divinest charity.

dim 2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
 Envy, pride, and vanity;
 From the world, the flesh, deliver,
 Save us now, and save us ever,
 O Thou Lamb of Calvary!

3 From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil
Be our shield and panoply;
cr Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

4 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity;
dim Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever blessed Trinity. Amen.

G. RAWSON.

FIRST TUNE.

Shanklin. 87.87.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Shanklin' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system contains the main melody and accompaniment. The second system concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Sicilian Mariners. 87.87. Sicilian Melody, "O Sanctissima."

Musical score for 'Sicilian Mariners' in D major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system contains the main melody and accompaniment. The second system concludes with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.—Matt. iv. 6.

mp 838 **H**EAR my prayer, O heavenly
Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

dim 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
cr Trusting in Thy help alone.

mp 3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade:

Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

cr 4 None shall measure out Thy patience,
By the span of human thought:
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

mf 5 Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come,
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear me home.
Amen.

HARRIET FARR.

Temple. 84.84.8884.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Temple' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.—Psa. iv. 8.

mf 839 GOD that madest earth and *cr* 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 heaven, *dim* And when we die,
 Darkness and light; May we, in Thy mighty keeping
 Who the day for toil hast given, All peaceful lie.
 For rest the night; *p* When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us;
dim May Thine angel-guards defend us, *cr* But to reign in glory take us
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us, With Thee on high. Amen.
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night. **R. HEBBE and R. WHATELY.**

St. Matthias. 88.88.88.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'St. Matthias' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with 'A-men.' written below the piano part.

I am the Light of the world.—John viii. 12.

mf 840 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere *mp* 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 we go; And Thou hast taken count of all,
 Thy word into our minds instil; The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 With lowly love and fervent will. *cr* Through life's long day and death's
cr Through life's long day and death's dark dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night, O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

- mp* 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways, *mf* 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled:
 True absolution and release; And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
 And bless us, more than in past days, Let not our works by strife be soiled,
 With purity and inward peace. Nor by deceit our hearts ensnared.
cr Through life's long day and death's Through life's long day and death's
 dark night, dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light. O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
- mp* 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy, *mp* 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty, The sinful unto Thee we call;
 And simple hearts without alloy, *cr* O let Thy mercy make us glad:
 That only long to be like Thee. *f* Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
cr Through life's long day and death's Through life's long day and death's
 dark night, dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light. O gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

J. G. EBELING, 1661.

Harm. by DR. FILITZ.

Bresden. 55.55.10.56.56.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice.—Psa. lxxv. 8.

- mf* 841 **E**VENING and morning, *cr* Order my goings,
 Sunset and dawning, Direct all my doings,
 Wealth, peace, and gladness, As it may please Thee,
 Comfort in sadness, Retain or release me;
 These are Thy works; all the glory be All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.
 Thine. 3 Grievs of God's sending,
 Times without number, All have an ending;
 Awake or in slumber, *f* Clouds may be pouring,
 Thine eye observes us, Wind and wave roaring,
 From danger preserves us, Sunshine will come when the tempest has
 Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine. Joys still increasing, [passed.
 And peace never ceasing,
mp 2 Father, O hear me, Faith lost in vision,
 Pardon and spare me, And hope in fruition,
 Quench all my terrors, These are the joys which I look for at last.
 Blot out my errors, Amen.
 That by Thine eyes they may no more be
 scanned.

P. GERHARDT, tr. by R. MASSIE.

Nocturn. 7s., 10 lines.

Sir M. COSTA.
Adapted by Sir JOHN GOSS.

*So He giveth His beloved sleep.—Psa. cxxvii. 2.**mf* 842 FATHER, by Thy love and power

Comes again the evening hour;

dim Light has vanished, labours cease,

Weary creatures rest in peace.

cr Thou, whose genial dews distil

On the lowliest weed that grows,

dim Father, guard our bed from ill,

Lull Thy children to repose.

We to Thee ourselves resign,

Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

mp 2 Saviour, to Thy Father bear

This our feeble evening prayer;

Thou hast seen how oft to-day

We like sheep have gone astray;

Worldly thoughts and schemes of pride,

Wishes to Thy cross untrue,

Secret faults, and undescried

Meet Thy spirit-searching view.

cr Blessèd Saviour, yet through Thee,

Grant that these may pardoned be.

mp 3 Holy Spirit, let Thy balm,

Fall on us in evening's calm;

Yet awhile, before we sleep,

We with Thee will vigils keep.

Lead us on our sins to muse,

Give us truest penitence;

cr Then the love of God infuse,

Breathing humble confidence;

Melt our spirits, mould our will,

Softens, strengthens, comfort still.

p 4 In our solitude be near,

Through the hours of darkness drear;

Then when shrinks the lonely heart,

Thou, O God, most present art.

mf Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Watch o'er our defenceless head;

Let Thy angels' guardian host

Keep all evil from our bed;

cr Till the flood of morning rays*f* Wakes us to a song of praise Amen.

J. ANSTICE.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Lutzen. 77.77.77.

Musical score for 'Lutzen' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of four staves: two for the vocal line and two for the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment uses a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final notes of the vocal line.

That day was the preparation.—Luke xxiii. 54.

843 SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way :
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 On the approaching Sabbath-day.
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
 Gracious Lord, our praise demand ;
 Guarded by Thy mighty power,

Nourished by Thy bounteous hand,
 Now from worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with Thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 May we feel Thy presence near,
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in Thy house appear ;
 And may all our Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of our joys above. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

Temple Bar. S.M.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Temple Bar' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of four staves: two for the vocal line and two for the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment uses a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final notes of the vocal line.

And the Sabbath drew on.—Luke xxiii. 54.

mp 844 THE hours of evening close :
 The lengthened shadows,
 drawn
 O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
 And wait the Sabbath-dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
 O'er forms of outward care :
 Nor thought for many things assail
 The still retreat of prayer.

cr 3 Our guardian Shepherd near
 His watchful eye will keep ;
 And, safe from violence or fear,
 Will fold His flock to sleep.

mf 4 So may a holier light
 Than earth's, our spirits rouse,
 And call us, strengthened by His might,
 To pay the Lord our vows. Amen.

MRS. CONDER.

II.—THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.

Soldau. L.M. German Melody of the 13th Cent.

Musical score for 'Soldau' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and homophonic. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. vii. 12.

- mf* **845** OUR Helper, God, we bless His name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open and crown and close the year.
- 2** Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by His guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3** Thus far His arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make His mercy known:
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4** Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in His bright courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love. Amen.
- PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Eisenach. L.M. J. H. SCHEIN, 1628.

Musical score for 'Eisenach' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and homophonic. The piece concludes with 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Psa. lxxv. 11.

- mf* **846** ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2** Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.
- 3** Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes:
Still will we make Thy mercies known,
Around Thy board, and round our own.
- 4** O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown renew their songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.
Amen. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Ombersley. L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



Having obtained help of God.—Acts xxvi. 22.

mf **847** GREAT God, we sing that
mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
dim The future, all to us unknown,

We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

mf **4** In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.

dim **5** When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
cr Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.
Amen. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Benixott. 66.97.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Psa. xc. 9.

mp **848** DROPPING, dropping, drop-
ping,
Slowly dropping away:
Like the silent sands of the hour-glass,
Drops the old year day by day.

2 Dropping, dropping, dropping,—
No sound of spoken word;
But every day had a tale to tell,
Which only God has heard.

8 Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Swiftly dropping away:
So go the years of the early life
On their appointed way.

4 Dropping, dropping, dropping,
cr Oh, joy to see them go,
If they tell a tale in our Father's ear
Of a holy life below. Amen.

Culbach. 77.77.

C. H. DRUTZELL.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psa. xc. 12.

- mf* 849 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace
Constant through another
Hear our song of thankfulness; [year,
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear!
- 2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast—
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards the glorious prize.
- dim* 3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
- mf* 4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay!
- In the pathless wilderne-s
Be our true and living way!
- p* 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- mf* 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown!
- f* 7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Amen. HENRY DOWNTON.

Bartholomew. 10.10.10.10. GOUDIMEL, 1562. (Old 124th).

I will glorify Thy name.—F.a. lxxxvi. 12.

- f* 850 **H**OUSE of our God, with
hymns of gladness ring,
While all our lips and hearts His praises
sing! [proclaim,
The opening year His mercies shall
And all its days shall celebrate His
Name.
- 2 Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwell-
ing-place [face,
Shines with the glory of His unveiled
Through your immortal life, as love
still grows,
Tell of His goodness, which no ending
knows.

- 3 O earth, enlightened by His rays divine,
 Stored by His hand with corn and oil
 and wine,
cr Crowned with His goodness, let thy
 nations raise
 From shore to shore the song of cease-
 less praise.
- f* 4 O Church, His chosen dwelling and
 delight,
 Graven on His hands, and precious in
 His sight,
- Sing the deep marvels of that bound-
 less grace, [His face,
 Which sheds on thee the brightness of
- cr* 5 Burst into praise, my soul! and ever-
 more
 Through changing life thy changeless
 God adore;
 He is thy trust, thy refuge, and thy fear;
 Strong in His strength, begin the new-
 born year. Amen.
- PHILIP DODDRIDGE and JOHN ELLERTON.

St. Ignatius. 75.75.75.75.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

A-m-en.

I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy majesty. —Psa. cxlv. 5.

- mf* 851 FATHER, here we dedicate
 This new year to Thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have us be.
- dim* Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
 Freedom dare we claim;
cr This alone shall be our prayer,
 "Glorify Thy name."
- mf* 2 Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give?
 More Thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim;
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 "Glorify Thy name."
- dim* 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
 Joys we yet partake;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may break;
- mf* Let our glad hearts, while they sing,
 Thee in all proclaim;
 And, whate'er this year may bring,
 "Glorify Thy name."
- dim* 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all our gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home:
- mf* May we think how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came,
 And repeat till life is done,—
 "Glorify Thy name." Amen.

L. TOTTENT.

Heidelberg. 76.76.

M. VULPIUS, 1609.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Psa. lxxv. 11.

mf 852 **A** NOTHER year is dawning.
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting
Another year with Thee.

mp 2 Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

mf 3 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
Beneath Thy shining face.

4 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

5 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love:
Another year of training
For holier work above.

6 Another year is dawning,
Dear Master let it be,
dim On earth, or else in heaven
Another year for Thee. Amen.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Acar. C.M.

AARON WILLIAMS, 1762.

I trust in the Lord.—Psa. xxxi. 6.

mp 853 **T**HE year is gone, beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening
smiles
With all its mourners' tears.

cr 2 Thy thankful people praise Thee,
Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

3 To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness.

dim 4 Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

5 From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

cr 6 O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
f That we may praise Thee, year by year,
As angels do above. Amen.

MEAUX BREVLEY, tr. by F. POTTS.

Hyons. 87.87.87.87.

GOUDIMEI.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The music is written in a hymn style with block chords and simple melodic lines. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a more active bass line with eighth notes. The fourth system concludes with the word 'A-men.' written below the bass staff.

Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.—Psa. lxxviii. 24.

mf 854 **A** T Thy feet, our God and
Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise;
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

dim 2 Jesus for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners slain,
cr We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.

With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

mf 3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
f Till Thy glory break before us,
Through the city's open gate.
Amen.

J. D. BURKS.

Invocation (St. Agnes). 77.77.77.

BEETHOVEN.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood.—Psa. xc. 5.

mf 855 **WHILE** with ceaseless course
the sun

Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait ;

dim But how little, none can know.

mp 2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find :
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
cr Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
p All below is but a dream.

f 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew :
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

Corinth. 87.87.87.

S. WEBBE.

Awake up, my glory; awake, lute and harp.—Psa. lvi. 8.

f 856 **H**ARP, awake! Tell out the story
Of our love, and joy, and praise!
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise.
mf Sing we, brethren, faithful-hearted,
dim Lift the solemn voice again,
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten.

p 2 Lo, a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled;
cr Lo, a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled.
p In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above;
cr Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love.

3 Gracious Saviour, Thou hast length-
And hast blest our mortal span, [ened,
And in our weak hearts hast strength-
What Thy grace alone began:—[ened
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy word.

mf 4 Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin. [ing,
dim Storms are round us, hearts are quail-
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
cr But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee, Amen.
HENRY DOWNTON.

MIDNIGHT SERVICES.

Donington. C.M.

The image shows a musical score for 'Donington. C.M.' in common time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef. The first system has two staves. The second system also has two staves and ends with the instruction 'A-men.'.

I am the Lord, I change not.—Mal. iii. 6.

mf 857 **B**REAK, new-born year, on
glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! Thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

dim 2 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.

cr 3 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!

O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

4 Then we may bless its precious things,
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If Thou wouldst take us home.

mf 5 O golden then the hours must be!
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.
Amen.

T. H. GILL

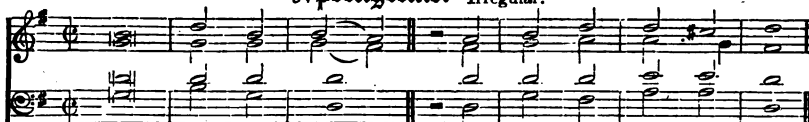
Faith. 87.87.887.

Old Melody, 1650.

That believing ye might have life through His name.—John xx. 31.

- mf* **858** **A** CROSS the sky the shades of night
 This winter's eve are fleeting:
 We come to Thee the Life and Light,
dim In solemn worship meeting.
 And as the year's last hours go by
cr We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
 Once more Thy love entreating.
- mp* **2** Before Thee, Lord, subdued we bow,
 To Thee our prayers addressing;
cr Recounting all Thy mercies now,
 And all our sins confessing;
 Beseeching Thee this coming year,
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
 And crown us with Thy blessing.
- mp* **3** And while we kneel, we lift our eyes
 To dear ones gone before us;
 Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
 Their spirits hovering o'er us;
 And beg of Thee, when life is past,
 To reunite us all at last,
 And to our lost restore us.
- mf* **4** We gather up, in this brief hour,
 The memory of Thy mercies;
cr Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
 Our grateful song rehearses:
f For Thou hast been our strength and stay
dim In many a dark and dreary day
 Of sorrow and reverses.
- mp* **5** In many an hour, when fear and dread,
 Like evil spells have bound us,
 And clouds were gathering overhead,
cr Thy providence hath found us;
 In many a night when waves ran high,
 Thy precious presence drawing nigh
 Hath made all calm around us.
- mf* **6** Then, O great God, in years to come,
 Whatever fate betide us,
 Right onward through our journey home
 Be Thou at hand to guide us;
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,
cr Safe from all peril, toil, and strife,
 Heaven shall unfold, and hide us.
 Amen. JAMES HAMILTON.

Springtime. Irregular.



(Last verse) Slower.



The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.—Song of Sol. ii. 12.

mf 860

FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bounti-ful and free, ||

Thy name, Lord, be adored !

On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar | up to | Thee : ||

Glory to the Lord !

2 The springtime breaks all round about, waking from | winter's | night ; ||

Thy name, Lord, be adored !

The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of | golden | light ; ||

Glory to the Lord !

3 A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in | all the | air ; ||

Thy name, Lord, be adored !

All nature singeth aloud to God ; there is gladness | every- | where ; ||

Glory to the Lord !

4 The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and | on the | plain ; ||

Thy name, Lord, be adored !

The soft air stirs in the tender leaves, that clothe the | trees a- | gain ; ||

Glory to the Lord !

5 The works of Thy hands are very fair ; and for all Thy | bounteous | love ; ||

Thy name, Lord, be adored !

But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better | Land a- | bove ?

Glory to the Lord !

6 Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their | wintry | grave ! ||

Thy name, Lord, be adored !

And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall come to | save ! ||

Glory to the Lord !

7 Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where the heart cannot | choose. but | sing ! ||

Thy name, Lord, be adored !

And when the life of the blessed ones, is a beautiful | endless | spring ! ||

Glory to the Lord ! Hallelujah. Amen.

Styria. 44.6.44.6.

MRS. DOUGLAS.

VOPELIUS, 1682.



Thou blesses the springing thereof.—Psa. lxxv. 10.

mf 861 THE spring-tide hour
Brings leaf and flower,
With songs of life and love ;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove :

2 Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring ;

dim But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

cr 3 Dew's fall apace,—
The dew's of grace,—
Upon this soul of sin ;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within :

dim 4 Yet year by year
Fruits, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing ;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

cr 5 Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow ;
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

f 6 And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing ;
Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.
Amen. J. S. B. MONSELL.

SUMMER.

Ruth. 65.65.65.65.

SAMUEL SMITH.

There is nothing hid from the heat thereof.—Psa. xix. 6.

mf 862 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Every thing rejoices
In the mellow rays,

cr All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

mf 2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

dim 3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

mf 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light ;
Life is dark without Thee ;
Death with Thee is bright.

f Light of Light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

TIMES AND SEASONS :

AUTUMN.

Autumn. 76.78.

FREDERICK ILIFFE.

He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons,—Acts xiv. 17.

- mp* 863 THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.
- 2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
cr But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.
- mif* 3 Oh! pour Thy grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.
- 4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.
- dim* 5 Oh! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—
- cr* 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
mif That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face. Amen.
- W. WALSFHAM HOW.

WINTER.

Clarence. 77.77.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

5th and 6th verses.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

Thou hast made . . . winter.—Psa. lxxiv. 17.

- mp* 864 WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
 Freezing with its icy breath ;
 Dead and bare the tall trees stand ;
dim All is chill and drear as death.
- mp* 2 Yet it seemeth but a day
 Since the summer flowers were here,
 Since they stacked the balmy hay,
 Since they reaped the golden ear.
- p* 3 Sunny days are past and gone :
 So the years go, speeding fast,
 Onward ever, each new one,
 Swifter speeding than the last.
- 4 Life is waning ; life is brief ;
 Death, like winter, standeth nigh :
 Each one, like the falling leaf,
rall Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.
- cr* 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
 And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
 And all Nature rising break
 Glorious from its wintry tomb.
- mf* 6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
 Comes a bright awakening,
 And our flesh in hope shall rest
 Of a never-fading Spring. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

HARVEST.

Sharon (St. George). 77.77.77.77. Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

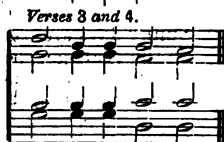
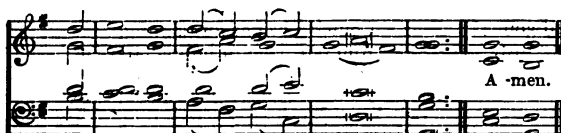
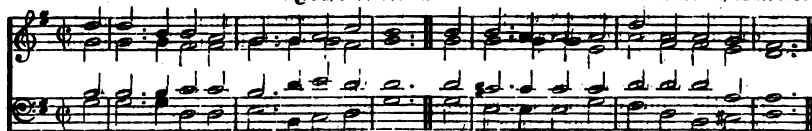
They joy before Thee according to the joy of harvest.—Isa. lx. 3.

- f* 865 COME, ye thankful people,
 come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied :—
f Come to God's own temple, come !
 Raise the song of Harvest-Home.
- mf* 2 All this world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of Harvest grant, that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His Harvest home :
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away :
 Give His angels charge at last,
 In the fire the tares to cast :
cr But the fruitful ears to store,
 In His garner evermore.
- mf* 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To Thy final Harvest-Home !
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
cr There, for ever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide ;
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !
 Amen.

HENRY ALFORD

Autumnus. 10.10.7.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

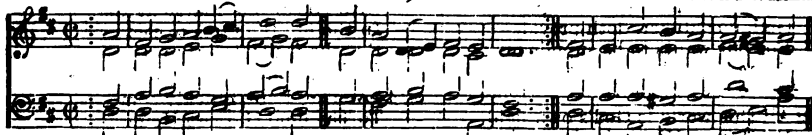


He shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him—Esa. cxxvi. 6.

- mf 866** GREAT Giver of all good, to **mf 6** Thou fillest all that live with plenteousness, [bless, Thee again
- We humbly now present, in joyous strain, They, in return, Thy sacred name all
f Our Harvest-tide thanksgiving. **f** In Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- mf 2** To Thee, in whom we live and move, **mf 7** Thy clouds drop fatness on the teeming earth, [mirth, we come, Accept these festal songs of reverent
 To praise Thee for the sheaves brought safely home, **f** This Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- f** With Harvest-tide thanksgiving. **mf 8** The year is crowned with goodness, Lord, by Thee, [Thee
mf 3 Thou dost prepare our corn, and year by year Then meet it is that we should offer
f With Harvest-tide thanksgiving. **f** The Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- mf 4** Thine was the former and the latter rain, **mf 9** On every side, the little hills rejoice, On every side sounds forth the grateful voice
 Enriching earth, and calling forth again **f** Of Harvest-tide thanksgiving.
f The Harvest-tide thanksgiving. **mf 10** The valleys thick with corn do laugh and sing, [bring
mf 5 Thine openest wide, great God, Thy bounteous hand, [land, Let all who sow and reap, together
 And far and wide ascends from all the **f** The Harvest-tide thanksgiving, Amen. S. CHILDS CHANGES.
f Glad Harvest-tide thanksgiving.

Carith. 76.76.76.76.

FRANZ WEBER.



He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest.—Jer. v. 24.

f 867 **S**ING to the Lord of Harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise;
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of Harvest
A song of thankful love.

2. By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing;

He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save;
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Burwell. 83, 83, 44, 2.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the word 'A-men.' written below the staff.

The Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.—Psa. cxli. 7.

f 868 **L**ORD of the Harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned:
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;

O let our hearts in tune be found!

mf 2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,

When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,

cr Still do we sing

To Thee our King;

Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

f 3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,—
When sounds of music fill the air,
As, homeward, all their treasures bear,
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise
For we Thy common bounties share.

mf 4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine,—
The rains that fall, the suns that
shine,

The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound.

cr New, every year

Thy gifts appear;

New praises from our lips shall sound.

Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

Masbury. C.M.

J. GREGG.

Thou visitest the earth and waterest it.—Psa. lxxv. 9.

- f 869** FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- dim* 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
or Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- mf* 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone,
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.
- f** 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.
- Amen. ALICE FLOWERDEW.

Rochester. L.M.

DAY'S Psalter.

The joy in harvest.—Isa. ix. 3.

- mf 870** GREAT God, as seasons dis-
appear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days.
or And we would celebrate Thy praise.
- mf* 2 The harvest-song would we repeat:
Thou givest us the finest wheat.
The joys of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garner stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord!
- 4 Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits' by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
f Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky.
- Amen. E. BUTCHER.

Galvach. 77.77.

C. H. DRETZELL.



A - men.

I will praise thy name for Thy lovingkindness.—Psa. cxxxviii. 2.

f 871 PRAISE to God, immortal
praise,

For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
2 For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the joy the harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.
3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,

Clouds that drop refreshing dews,
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;
5 These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow:
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
Amen. A. L. BARBAULD.

FLOWER SERVICE.

Springfield. 11.10.11.10.

REV. P. MAURICE, D.D.



A - men.

Indasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My Brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—Matt. xxv. 40.

mf 872 HERE, Lord, we offer Thee
all that is fairest,

Bloom from the garden, and flowers
from the field; [Thou carest
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing
More for the love than the wealth that
we yield. [the dying;

dim 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and
Speak to their hearts with a message
of peace; [lying;
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are
Grant the departing a gentle release.

cr 3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who
have sickened,

Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou
hast quickened [for gloom.
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness

dim 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom
and must wither, [must die;
We, like these blessings, must fade and
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy house in the
sky. Amen. A. GERALD W. BLISS.

IV.—BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

FIRST TUNE.

Amstisting. 688.4.

REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.

Musical score for 'Amstisting' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

SECOND TUNE.

Banford. 888.4.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, MUS. DOC.

Musical score for 'Banford' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.—Prov. xix. 17.

mf 873

- LORD of Heaven and earth
 and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be:
 How shall we show our love to Thee,
 Giver of all?
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love de-
 clare,
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Giver of all!
 - 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
 Giver of all!
 - dim* 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 or And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
 And give us all.
 - 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
- And dost his sevenfold graces shower,
 Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace, and hopes of
 heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all?
 - 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
 We have as treasures without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all.
 - 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
 Repaid a thousandfold will be:
 f Then gladly will we give to Thee,
 Giver of all;—
 - 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give.
 O may we ever with Thee live,
 Giver of all! Amen

C. WORDSWORTH.

Day of Praise. S.M. CHARLES H. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



What hast thou that thou didst not receive?—1 Cor. iv. 7.

mf 874 **W**E give Thee but Thine own, *cr* 4 To comfort and to bless,
 Whate'er the gift may be: To find a balm for woe,
 All that we have is Thine alone, To tend the lone and fatherless
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee. Is angels' work below.

2 May we Thy bounties thus 5 The captive to release,
 As stewards true receive, To God the lost to bring,
cr And gladly as Thou blessest us, To teach the way of life and peace,
 To Thee our first-fruits give. It is a Christ-like thing.

dim 3 Oh! hearts are bruised and dead, 6 And we believe Thy word,
 And homes are bare and cold, Though dim our faith may be;
 And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled, Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 Are straying from the fold. We do it unto Thee. Amen.

W. WALSHAM HOW.

Gulross. C.M.

Scott's Psalter, 1635.



Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—Matt. xxv. 40.

mf 875 **F**OUNTAIN of good, to own *dim* 3 And in their accents of distress
 Thy love Thy pleading voice is heard,
 Our thankful hearts incline; In them Thou may'st be clothed and
 What can we render, Lord, to Thee, And visited and cheered. [*fed*,
 When all the worlds are Thine? *cr* 4 Thy face with reverence and with love
 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here, We in Thy poor would see
 Partakers of Thy grace, *mf* O may we minister to them,
 Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess And in them, Lord, to Thee.
 Before the Father's face. Amen. *domine, de-*

St. Matthew. C. M. D.

Dr. Croft, 1603.

They brought unto Him all that were diseased; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.—Matt. xiv. 35, 36.

mf 876 THINE arm, O Lord, in days
of old

Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

dim To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

cr 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and
health,

Gave speech, and strength, and sight:
And youth renewed, and frenzy calmed

dim Owned Thee, the Lord of light;

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

mf 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath:
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and
strong,

May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

V. — MARRIAGE.

St. Alphege. 76.76.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



A threefold cord is not quickly broken.—Eccles. iv. 12.

mf 877 **T**HE voice that breathed o'er
Eden,

That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing!
It hath not passed away :

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

mf 4 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam,
Out of his own pierced side;

5 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands ;

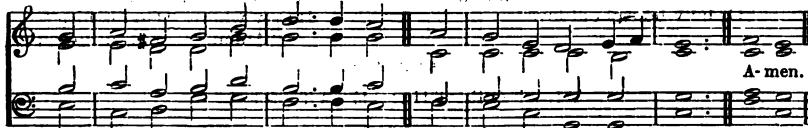
6 Be present Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

mf 7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward through life's journey,
The hallowed path they trace.

f 8 To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.
Amen. J. KEBLE, *alt.*

St. George. S.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.—John ii. 2.

mf 878 **H**OW welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage day.

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power divine
The water-vessels knew ;
And plenteous was the myetic wine
The wondering servants drew.

cr 4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day ;
And bring a blessing from above,
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 Oh, bless as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride ;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

mf 6 Before Thy gracious throne
This mercy we implore ;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

Morse.

76.76.76.76.

St. Gall Kathol., Geangbuck.

Even as Christ also loved the Church.—Eph. v. 25.

m 879 **O** LOVE Divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height!

To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light;

dim **O** love Divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest!

Beneath Thy care parental
The world lies down in rest.

mf 2 **O** love Divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love.

A throne without Thy blessing
Were labour without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

cr 3 God bless these hands united!
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted

May they through life go on:
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above;
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is love."
Amen. J. S. B. MORSELL.

VI.—FOR THOSE AT SEA.

Callis. C.M.

T. TALLIS.

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

- mf* **880** **H**OW are Thy servants blest, *mf* **4** The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 O Lord! Obedient to Thy will;
 How sure is their defence! The sea that roars at Thy command,
 Eternal wisdom is their guide, At Thy command is still.
- 2** In foreign realms, and lands remote, Thy goodness we adore;
 Supported by Thy care, *cr* We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 Through burning climes they pass un- And humbly hope for more.
- dim* **3** When by the dreadful tempest borne, A sacrifice shall be;
 High on the broken wave, *dim* **6** And death, when death shall be our lot,
cr They know Thou art not slow to hear, Shall join our souls to Thee.
 Nor impotent to save. Amen. J. ADDISON.

Melita. 88.88.88.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is the vocal line, followed by the piano accompaniment in the second system, and a final system with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piece concludes with the word 'A-men' written below the final notes.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.—Psa. cvii. 29.

- mf* **881** **E**TERNAL Father, strong to *mf* **3** O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
 save, Upon the waters dark and rude,
 Whose arm hath bound the restless wave, And bid their angry tumult cease,
 Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep And give, for wild confusion, peace;
 Its own appointed limits keep; *dim* O hear us when we cry to Thee
dim O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea.
- mf* **2** O Christ, whose voice the waters heard, *f* **4** O Trinity of love and power,
 And hushed their raging at Thy word, Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep, From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 And calm amidst the storm didst sleep; *cr* Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
dim O hear us when we cry to Thee *ff* Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
 For those in peril on the sea. Amen. W. WATSON.

Rockingham. L.M.

Dr. MILLAR, 1787.

Musical score for 'Rockingham' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A-men.'.

Who art the confidence of them that are afar off upon the sea.—Psa. lxxv. 5.

mf 882 **A**LMIGHTY Father, hear our cry, *mf* 3 **H**oly Ghost, beneath whose power
 As o'er the trackless deep we roam, The ocean woke to life and light,
 Be Thou our haven always nigh, Command Thy blessing in this hour,
 On homeless waters Thou our home. Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening
 might

p 2 **O** Jesu, Saviour, at whose voice *f* **G**reat God of our salvation, Thee
 The tempest sank to perfect rest, We love, we worship, we adore;
cr Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice, Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,
 And cleanse and calm the troubled breast. Our Joy on heaven's eternal shore.
 Amen. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

French. C.M.

Scott's Psalter.

Musical score for 'French' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with the text 'A-men.'.

The wind and the sea obey Him.—Mark iv. 41.

mf 883 **O** LORD, be with us when we sail 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the
 Upon the lonely deep; storms,
 Our guard when on the silent deck That pass from land to land,
 The midnight watch we keep. All, all are Thine,—are held within
 The hollow of Thine hand.

2 We need not fear though all around, 4 As when on blue Gennesaret
cr 'Mid raging winds, we hear Rose high the angry wave,
 The multitude of waters surge; And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
mf For Thou, O God, art near. One word of Thine could save:—

5 So when the fiercer storms arise *cr* Until we reach that better land
 From man's unbridled will, *The land* that knows no sea.
 Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts *f 7* To Thee, the Father, Thee, the Son,
 To whisper "Peace be still." Whom land and sea adore ;
dim *mf* 6 Across this troubled tide of life * Thee, Spirit, moving on the deep,
 Thyself our Pilot be, Be praise for evermore. Amen.
 E. A. DAYMAN.

VII.—NATIONAL HYMNS.

Albion. 664.666A.

H. CAREY, d. 1748.



The Lord thy God hath blessed thee.—Deut. ii. 7.

mf 884 **G**OD bless our native land,
 May Heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore ;
 May peace her power extend,
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On war no more.
 2 Through every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our Queen ;
 Long may she reign ;
 Her heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above ;
 And in a nation's love
 Her throne maintain.

8 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our isle :
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind Heaven may smile.
 4 And not this land alone,
 But be Thy mercies known
 From shore to shore :
f Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family,
 The wide world o'er. Amen.

W. E. HICKSON.

For kings, and for all that are in authority.—1 Tim. ii. 2.

f 885 **G**OD save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen.
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen.

Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On Thee our hopes we fix,
 God save us all.

dim 2 O Lord our God arise,
 Scatter her enemies,
 And make them fall.

mf 3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign.
cr May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
f To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen. Amen.

Church Triumphant. L.M.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

Musical score for 'Church Triumphant' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' below it.

What nation is there so great, who hath God so high unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon Him for.—Deut. iv. 7.

- 886** PRAISE to our God! whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.
- 2 Praise to our God! through all our past *dini*
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.
- 3 Praise to our God! the vine He set
Within our coasts, is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.
- 4 Praise to our God! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.
- 5 Praise to our God! who still forbears,
Who still this guilty nation spares;
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.
- 6 Praise to our God! though chastenings
start
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
f. His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.
Amen. J. ELLERTON.

VIII.—DAYS OF HUMILIATION.

Martyrs. C.M.

Scotch Psalter.

Musical score for 'Martyrs' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A-men.' below it.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.—Psa. lxxv. 2.

- p* 887 **G**REAT King of nations, hear *dim* 4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
our prayer, Beset our country round,
While at Thy feet we fall, *cr* To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And humbly with united cry And help in Thee was found.
To Thee for mercy call;
- 2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
O turn us not away;
cr But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.
- p* 3 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
mf Yet wondrously from age to age
p Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Thy goodness hath been shown;
cr Than let Thy mercy spare. Amen.
- J. H. GURNEY.

IX.—IN TIME OF WAR.

Requiem. 11.10.11.10.

Lyoff.
Russian National Air.

I make peace.—Psa. xlv. 7.

- f* 888 **G**OD the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
dim Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- f* 4 God the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger! Watching invisible, judging unsearched:
dim Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- mf* 3 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
dim Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- mf* 4 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- dim* 5 God the All-pitiful! is it not crying—Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!
- mf* 6 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord! Amen. H. F. CHORLEY.

Rockingham. L.M.

Dr. MILLAR, 1787.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.—Psa. xlv. 9.

mf 889 O GOD of Love! O King of Peace!
 Make wars throughout the world to cease:
 The wrath of sinful men restrain;
p Give peace, O God! give peace again.

cr 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
 Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
 None ever called on Thee in vain;
p Give peace, O God! give peace again.

mf 2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
 The wonders that our fathers told;
 Remember not our sin's dark stain;
p Give peace, O God! give peace again.

f 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
 All hearts are knit in holy love;
 O bind us in that heavenly chain:
p Give peace, O God! give peace again.

Amen. H. W. BAKER.

X.—IN TIME OF PESTILENCE.

Salisbury. C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S
Whole Booke of Psalms, 1621.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.—Psa. xci. 6.

p 890 IN grief and fear to Thee, O Lord,
 We now for succour fly;
 Thine awful judgments are abroad,
dim O shield us lest we die.

mf 3 O look with pity on the scene
 Of sadness and of dread;
 And let Thine angel stand between
dim The living and the dead.

p 2 The fell disease on every side
 Walks forth with tainted breath;
 And pestilence, with rapid stride,
 Bestrews the land with death.

p 4 With contrite hearts, to Thee, our King,
 We turn, who oft have strayed;
cr Accept the sacrifice we bring,
 And let the plague be stayed.

Amen. W. BULLOCK.

Who can tell if God will . . . turn?—Jonah iii. 9.

mp 891 **L**ORD, look on all assembled *cr* 3 Great God of Hosts, deliverance bring;
 here,
 Who in Thy presence stand
 Guide those who hold the helm;
 To intercede with prayer sincere
 Support the State, preserve the King,
 For this our sinful land.
 And spare the guilty realm.

p 4 Or, should the dread decree be paat,
 And we must feel the rod,
 2 O may we all, with one consent,
 Let faith and patience hold us fast
 Fall low before Thy throne;
 To our correcting God. Amen.
 With tears the nation's sins lament,—
 The churches' and our own.

J. HANT.

XI.—NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Ein feste Burg. 87.87.66.66.7. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise ye the name of the Lord.—Psa. cxlii. 1.

f 892 **R**EJOICE to-day, with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation;
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;
 His works of love proclaim
 The greatness of His name;
 For He is God alone
 Who hath His mercy shown;
 Let all His saints adore Him!

dim 2 When in distress to Him we cried,
 He heard our sad complaining;
cr O trust in Him! whate'er betide,
 His love is all sustaining;

f Triumphant songs of praise
 To Him our hearts shall raise;
 Now every voice shall say,
 "O praise our God alway;"
 Let all His saints adore Him;

ff 3 Rejoice to-day, with one accord,
 Sing out with exultation;
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;
 His works of love proclaim
 The greatness of His name;
 For He is God alone
 Who hath His mercy shown;
 Let all His saints adore Him;
 Amen.

H. W. BAKER.

Passau. 77.77.77.

ROSENMÜLLER, 1694.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses.—Psa. cvlii. 13.

mf 893 **G**OD the Lord has heard our *mf* 3 Now the night of grief is past,
 prayer, Morn with joy breaks forth at last;
 God has lightened all our care ; Trust in God, if ye would prove
 To His glorious throne on high All the riches of His love ;
 Rose his children's mournful cry : *f* Hallelujah ! praise the Lord,
f Hallelujah ! praises sing, Trust His love, and plead His word.
 To our Father and our King.

mf 2 Helpless, Lord, Thy face we sought, 4 Praise to God who heard our cry !
 Thou hast our deliverance wrought ; Praise to Christ who pleads on high !
 God, who gave us faith to pray Praise the Spirit blest who gave
 Gives us thankful hearts to-day : Strength our Father's help to crave !
f Hallelujah ! Lord, to Thee *ff* Hallelujah ! glory be
 Sing we, though unworthily. To the Blessed Trinity ! Amen.

H. H. WYATT.

CHURCH SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

Slingsby. 87.87.

REV. E. S. CARTER.

Every day will I bless Thee.—Psa. cxlv. 2.

f 894 **D**AY by day we magnify Thee,— 2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 When our hymns in school we When, as each new day is born,
 Daily work begun and ended, [raise, On our knees at home, we bless Thee,
 With the daily voice of praise. For the mercies of the morn.

mf 3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 In our hymns before we sleep ;
dim Angels hear them, watching by us,
 Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

f 4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Not in words of praise alone ;
 Truthful lips, and meek obedience,
 Show Thy glory in Thine own.

mf 5 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 When for Jesu's sake we try

Every wrong to bear with patience,
 Every sin to mortify.

dim 6 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Till our days on earth shall cease,
 Till we rest from these our labours,
 Waiting for Thy day in peace.

cr 7 Then on that eternal morning
 With the great redeemed host,

f May we fully magnify Thee,—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

J. BELLERTON.

Gilacombe. 76.76.76.76.

Old German Melody.

I will praise Thy name for Thy lovingkindness.—Psa. cxxxviii. 2.

f 895 **C**OME, sing with holy gladness,
 High hallelujahs sing,
 Uplift your loud hosannas
 To Jesus, Lord and King :
 Sing, boys, in joyful chorus,
 Your hymn of praise to-day,
dim And sing, ye gentle maidens,
 Your sweet responsive lay.

mf 2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
 Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
 'Tis meet that children's voices
 Should praise the children's King :
 For Jesus is salvation,
 And glory, grace, and rest ;
 To babe, and boy, and maiden,
 The one Redeemer blest.

3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
 To toil for Him is gain,
 And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
 With chisel, saw, and plane,
 O maidens, live for Jesus,
 Who was a maiden's son ;
 Be patient, pure, and gentle,
 And perfect grace begun.

f 4 Soon in the golden city
 The boys and girls shall play,
 And through the dazzling mansions
 Rejoice in endless day.
 O Christ, prepare Thy children,
 With that triumphant throng,
 To pass the burnished portals,
 And sing the eternal song. Amen.

J. L. DANIEL.

Shalford. 76.76.76.66.86.

J. A. E. SCHULTZE.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Psa. cxviii. 24.

- mf* 896 **A** GAIN the morn of gladness, *dim* The happy lambs of Jesus
 The morn of light is here; In pastures fair above,—
 And earth itself looks fairer, *cr* There all adore and praise Him
 And heaven itself more near; Whom we too praise and love.
dim The bells, like angel-voices, “Glory be to Jesus!” &c.
 Speak peace to every breast;
 And all the land lies quiet
 To keep the day of rest.
f “Glory be to Jesus!”
 Let all His children say;
 “He rose again, He rose again,
 On this glad day.”
- mf* 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
 The children of Thy grace,
 Prepare themselves to seek Thee
 Within Thy chosen place.
 Our songs shall rise to greet Thee,
 If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
 If Thou our lips wilt open,
 Our mouths shall show Thy praise.
f “Glory be to Jesus!” &c.
- mf* 3 The shining choir of angels
 That rest not day or night,
 The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
 The saints arrayed in white,
- mf* 4 The Church on earth rejoices
 To join with these to-day;
 In every tongue and nation
 She calls her sons to pray;
 Across the northern snow-fields,
 Beneath the Indian palms,
 She makes the same pure offering
 And sings the same sweet psalms.
f “Glory be to Jesus!” &c.
- f* 5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
 Sing, children, sing His name!
 Still louder and still farther
 His mighty deeds proclaim,
cr Till all whom He redeemed
 Shall own Him Lord and King;
 Till every knee shall worship,
 And every tongue shall sing.
ff “Glory be to Jesus!” &c.
 Amen. JOHN ELLETON.

Hosanna we Sing. 10.10.10.10. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and the time signature is 4/4. The score concludes with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking and the text 'A-men.' written below the final notes.

The children crying in the temple, and saying Hosanna.—Matt. xxi. 15.

<p>f 897 HOSANNA we sing, like the children dear, In the olden days when the Lord lived here; He blessed little children, and smiled on them, <i>cr</i> When he chanted His praise in Jerusalem. <i>f</i> Hallelujah we sing, like the children bright, With their harps of gold and their raiment white; <i>dim</i> As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes Through the beautiful valleys of paradise.</p>	<p>f 2 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear, And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear; We know that His heart will never wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold. <i>ff</i> Hallelujah we sing in the Church we love, Hallelujah resounds in the Church above; <i>dim</i> To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. Amen.</p>
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G. S. HODGES.

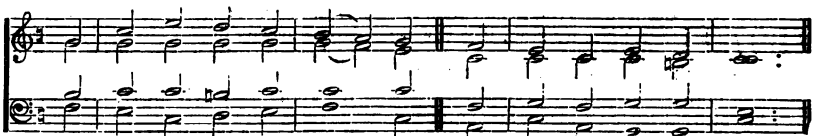
Verses 1 and 4.

Rockie. 76.76.76.76.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



Verses 2 and 3.

*He also Himself likewise took part of the same.—Heb. ii. 14.*

f 898 COME, praise your Lord and Saviour

In strains of holy mirth:
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side,
His loving arms embraced them,

dim. And for their sake He died.

(BOYS ONLY.)

mf 20 Jesu, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us, like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee, from sin-stains free,
Like Thee, in God's own temple,
In lonely home like Thee.

(GIRLS ONLY.)
 3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee
 The lowly maiden's son :
 In Thee all gentlest graces
 Are gathered into one ;
 Oh ! give that best adornment
 That Christian maid can wear,
 The meek and quiet spirit
 Which shone in Thee so fair.

(ALL.)
f 4 O Lord, with voices blended
 We sing our songs of praise :
 Be Thou the light and pattern
 Of all our childhood's days :
 And lead us ever onward,
 That, while we stand below,
 We may, like Thee, O Jesu,
 In grace and wisdom grow. Amen.
 W. W. HOW.

Munich. 76.76.76.76.

JOHANN HERMANN, 1650.



The things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.—1 Cor. xi. 10.

- mf* 899 **T**HERE'S a Friend for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A Friend who never changes,
 Whose love will never die :
dim Unlike our friends by nature,
 Who change with changing years,
cr This Friend is always worthy
 Of that dear name He bears.
- mf* 2 There's a Rest for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Who love the blessed Saviour,
 And to His Father cry ;
dim A rest from every trouble,
 From sin and danger free,
 Where every little pilgrim
 Shall rest eternally.
- mf* 3 There's a Home for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 Where Jesus reigns in glory,
 A home of peace and joy ;
 No home on earth is like it,
 Nor can with it compare ;
 For every one is happy,
 Nor could be happier, there.
- cr* 4 There's a Crown for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look for Jesus
 Shall wear it by and by ;
 A crown of brightest glory,
 Which He will then bestow
 On those who love the Saviour
 And walk with Him below.
- 5 There's a Song for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually ;
 A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing ;
 They know not Christ as Saviour,
 But worship Him as King.
- f* 6 There's a Robe for little children,
 Above the bright blue sky ;
 And a harp of sweetest music,
 And palms of victory.
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone :
 Lord, grant Thy little children,
 May know Thee as their own. Amen.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

North Coates. 65.65.

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

Musical score for 'North Coates' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system contains the main melody and accompaniment. The second system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written above the treble staff.

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me.—Psa. xxx. 10.

mf 900 **JESUS**, high in glory.
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

dim 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

mf 5 Strengthen us for duty
While on earth we live,
May we to Thy service
Our best talents give.

6 Then when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come. Amen.

F. W. HARRIS.

Fides. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for 'Fides' in C major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system contains the main melody and accompaniment. The second system concludes with the text 'A-men.' written above the treble staff.

I love them that love Me.—Prov. xviii. 17.

mf 901 **DEAR** Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me!

dim 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near:
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did
When I was but a child;

cr 4 But I have felt Thee in my thought,
Fighting with sin for me:
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

6 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too,
The prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

Children's Voices. 6666.4444. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise Him. — Psa. xxii. 23.

mf 902 **A**BOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God:
or Hallelujah!
They love to sing to God their King
f Hallelujah!

mf 2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
or Hallelujah!
We too will sing to God our King
f Hallelujah!

mf 3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
or Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing to God our King
f Hallelujah!

mf 4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
or Hallelujah!
All then shall sing to God their King
f Hallelujah! Amen.

J. CHANDLER.

Angel Voices. 76. (12 lines.)

F. G. HUNTLEY.

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

mf 903 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel-voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

dim I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
cr The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

ff I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

mf 2 I'm glad the blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;

dim And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
cr He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
ff I love to hear the story, &c.

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

ff I love to hear the story, &c.
Amen.

EMILY H. MILLER.

Norman. 76. (12 lines.)

I will teach you the fear of the Lord.—Psa. xxxiv. 11.

mf 904 **I LOVE** to tell the story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love.
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else could do.
f I love to tell the story,
 'Twill be my theme in glory
 To tell the old, old story
 Of Jesus and His love.

dim 2 I love to tell the story:
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.
 I love to tell the story;
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.
f I love to tell the story, &c.

mf 3 I love to tell the story;
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
dim I love to tell the story,
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.
f I love to tell the story, &c.

mf 4 I love to tell the story,
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest.
cr And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story,
 That I have loved so long.
f I love to tell the story, &c.
 Amen.

KATE HANKEY.

Goxhen. 65.65.65.65.

He shall gather the lambs with His arm.—Isa. xl. 11.

mf 905 JESUS is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice:
Even when it chideth,
Tender is its tone;
None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

dim 3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep He blod,
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Upon each He setteth
His own secret sign.
"They that have My spirit,
These," saith He, "are mine."

mf 4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm;
dim When we tread Death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
cr We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

HUGH STOWELL.

Frankfort. 87.87.

PETER VON WINTER, d. 1825.

The Lord shall guide thee continually.—Isa. lxxiii. 11.

mp 906 CHILDHOOD'S years are
passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be gone:
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

2 O may He who, meek and lowly,
Trode Himself this vale of woe,
Make us His, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

cr 3 Hark, it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow Me;"
Jesus keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow Thee.

dim 4 Soon we part: it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
cr Oh to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh the crown of life to gain!

AMEN.

W. DICKSON.

Horsley. C.M.

DR. HORSLEY.

He was bruised for our iniquities.—Isa. liii 5.

mp 907 **T**HERE is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

cr 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,

That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

mf 5 O dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

Holyrood. S.M.

JAMES WATSON.

Seedtime and harvest.—Gen. viii. 22.

mf 908 **F**AIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining mora,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,

And pray that, long as we shall live
We may Thy children be.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

cr 5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
f That we may serve Thy church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.
Amen. J. R. GURSEY.

Rostock. 74.74.74.

FREYLINGHAUSEN.

He guided them in the wilderness like a flock.—Psa. lxxviii. 52.

mp 909 **S**TANDING forth on life's
rough way,
Father, guide them ;
Oh ! we know not what of harm
May betide them ;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them ;
cr Waking, sleeping, Lord ; we pray,
Go beside them.

mp 2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them ;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them :

'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them ;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them ;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them :
cr Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them. Amen.

W. GULLEN BRYANT.

Eckington. 87.87.47.

GIOVANNI MARTINI.
Scuola d'Organo, 1804



He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.— John x. 3.

mf 910 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need Thy tender care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy fold prepare :
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

dim 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
cr Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Let us early turn to Thee.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way ;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray ;
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Hear the children when they pray.

mf 4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
 Early let us do Thy will ;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
 With Thy grace our bosoms fill :
 Blessèd Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.
 Amen. D. THRUPP.

Dismission. 87.87.87.



Be ye followers of God, as dear children.— Ephes. v. 1.

mf 911 HEAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing
 On Thy children gathered here ;
 May they all, Thy name confessing,
 Be to Thee for ever dear ;
 May they be, like Joseph, loving,
 Dutiful, and chaste, and pure ;
f And their faith, like David, proving,
 Steadfast unto death endure.

mp 2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
 Didst vouchsafe a child to be, [ness,
 Guide their steps, and help their weak-
 Bless and make them like to Thee ;

Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
 In Thine arms, and at Thy breast :
cr Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

mf 3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
 Holy Spirit, from above ;
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,
 Give them peace, and joy, and love :
 Thy true temples, Holy Spirit,
 May they with Thy glory shine,
f And immortal bliss inherit,
 And for evermore be Thine.
 Amen. C. WORDSWORTH.

Samuel. 6666.88. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Here am I.—1 Sam. iii. 4.

mp 912 **H**USHED was the evening
hymn,
The Temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
f When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

mp 2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the Temple-child,
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

mf 3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear

Each whisper of Thy word:
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

dim & Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

mf 5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen. J. D. BURNS.

St. Gudric. 6666.88. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

They sang praises with gladness.—2 Chron. xxix. 30.

mf 913 **T**O Thee, O Lord, we bring
Our grateful songs of praise;
The feeblest lips may sing
Thy glorious works and ways.
Though all is Thine in earth and sky,
Thou still wilt hear our youthful cry.

2 Upon this festal day
Scholars and teachers meet;
Oh, that we always may
With love each other greet!
For we are journeying in one band,
Together, to that happy land.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Here, in Thy temple, Lord,
Here, far from worldly care,
Here, where we read Thy word,
Here offer we our prayer—
That every year we live to see,
O God, may find us nearer Thee.</p> | <p><i>dim</i> 4 And when life's toils are past,
And all its sorrows o'er,
May we arrive at last
On Canaan's happy shore ;
<i>cr</i> May all the teachers and the taught
<i>f</i> Wear the white robe our Saviour wrought.
Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

St. Helena. S.M.



Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?—Psa. cxix. 9.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>914 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to Thee I pray ;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.</p> <p>2 Now, in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know :
O God, Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.</p> <p>3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.</p> <p>4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine :</p> | <p>Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.</p> <p>5 O let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.</p> <p>6 To what Thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined ;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.</p> <p>7 May Thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way :
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day. Amen.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">JOHN FAWCETT.</p> |
|---|---|

The memory of Thy great goodness.—Psa. cxlv. 7.

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|---|---|
| <p><i>mf</i> 915 LET all assembled here,
On this returning day,
Review the mercies of the year,
And grateful homage pay.</p> <p>2 Yes, we adore Thee, Lord,
Within this sacred place ;
Where oft we meet, with sweet accord,
To seek Thy gracious face.</p> | <p>3 To Thee, our God and King,
We glad hosannas raise ;
O deign to hear our voices sing
The honours of Thy praise.</p> <p>4 Command Thy blessing, Lord,
On all assembled here :
And may we still Thy grace record
Through every circling year.
Amen.</p> |
|---|---|

Plevel. 77.77.

PLEVEL.

Musical score for 'Plevel. 77.77.' consisting of two systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system includes a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piece concludes with 'A. men.' in the second system.

Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child.—1 Sam. ii. 18.

mf 916 LORD this day Thy children
meet

In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

dim 3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;

From Thy presence thus to win,
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

mf 4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow;
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace like Thine!

cr Then through all eternity
f We shall live in heaven with Thee.
Amen. W. WALSHAM HOW.

Benediction. 664.6664,

MRS. WATTS HUGHES.

Musical score for 'Benediction. 664.6664,' consisting of two systems of two staves each. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system includes a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piece concludes with 'A. men.' in the second system.

The Lord shall bless all the work of thine hand.—Deut. xxviii. 12.

mf 917 GOD bless our Sunday school,
Increase our Sunday school,
God bless our school.

On it in mercy shine,
May every child be Thine,
And love our hearts entwined,
God bless our school.

2 Our teachers likewise bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls.
May they encouraged be,

And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by Thee,
God bless our school.

f 3 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace,
God bless our school.
And while death's arrows fly,
And honoured teachers die,
Their places still supply,
God bless our school. Amen.

A. MIDLANE.

Corton. 11.11.11.11.

CARL MARIA WEBER.

Get you early on your way.—Judges xix. 9.

mp 918 **L**IKE mist on the mountains, *cr* 3 When Samuel was young he first knew
 like ships on the sea, the Lord, [His word;
 So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage He lived in His smile, and rejoiced in
 flee; [we shall lie; So most of God's children are early
 In the grave of our fathers, how soon brought nigh;
 Dear children, to day to the Saviour fly. O seek Him in youth, to the Saviour fly.

2 How sweet are the flowerets in April 4 Do you ask for life's pleasure? then
 and May; [away; lean on His breast, [rest;
 But often the frost makes them wither For there the sin-laden and weary find
 p Like flowers you may fade: you may *mf* In the valley of death you will triumph-
 wither and die, ing cry:
 While yet there is room to the Saviour fly. If this be called dying, 'tis blessed to die.
 Amen. ROBERT M'C CHEYNE.

FAMILY RELIGION.

Chet. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

Show piety at home.—1 Tim. v. 4.

mf 919 **H**APPY the home when God is 8 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
 there, And praise is wont to rise;
 And love fills every breast; [prayer, Where parents love the sacred word,
 Where one their wish, and one their And live but for the skies.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name 4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
 Is sweet to every ear; This blessed peace to gain;
 Where children early lisp His fame, Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
 And parents hold Him dear. And love to all will reign. Amen.

FAMILY GATHERINGS.

Abends. L.M.

Sir H. OAKLEY, Mus. Doc.

FED.

Thou shalt see thy children's children.—Ps. cxxviii. 6.

- mf* 920 **I**n this glad hour, when children meet,
 And home with them their children bring,
 Our hearts with one affection beat,
 One song of praise our voices sing.
- 2 For all the faithful, loved and dear,
 Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;
 For those who still are with us here,
 And those who wait for us in heaven;—
- 3 For every past and present joy,
 For honour, competence, and health,
 For hopes which time may not destroy,
 Our soul's imperishable wealth;—
- 4 For all accept our humble praise;
 Still bless us, Father, by Thy love;
 And when are closed our mortal days,
 Unite us in one home above. Amen.

HENRY WARE, JUN.

NEW HABITATIONS.

Corinth. 87.87.87.

S. WEBER.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Phil. iv. 7.

- mf* 921 **P**EACE be to this habitation,
 Peace to all that dwell herein;
 Peace, the earnest of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin:
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
 Peace to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Peace that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us:
 Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
 With Thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Let Thy sacred kingdom come.
- f* Raise to heaven our expectation:
 Give our favoured souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 In the realms of bliss above.
 Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.



FEB 18 2000



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