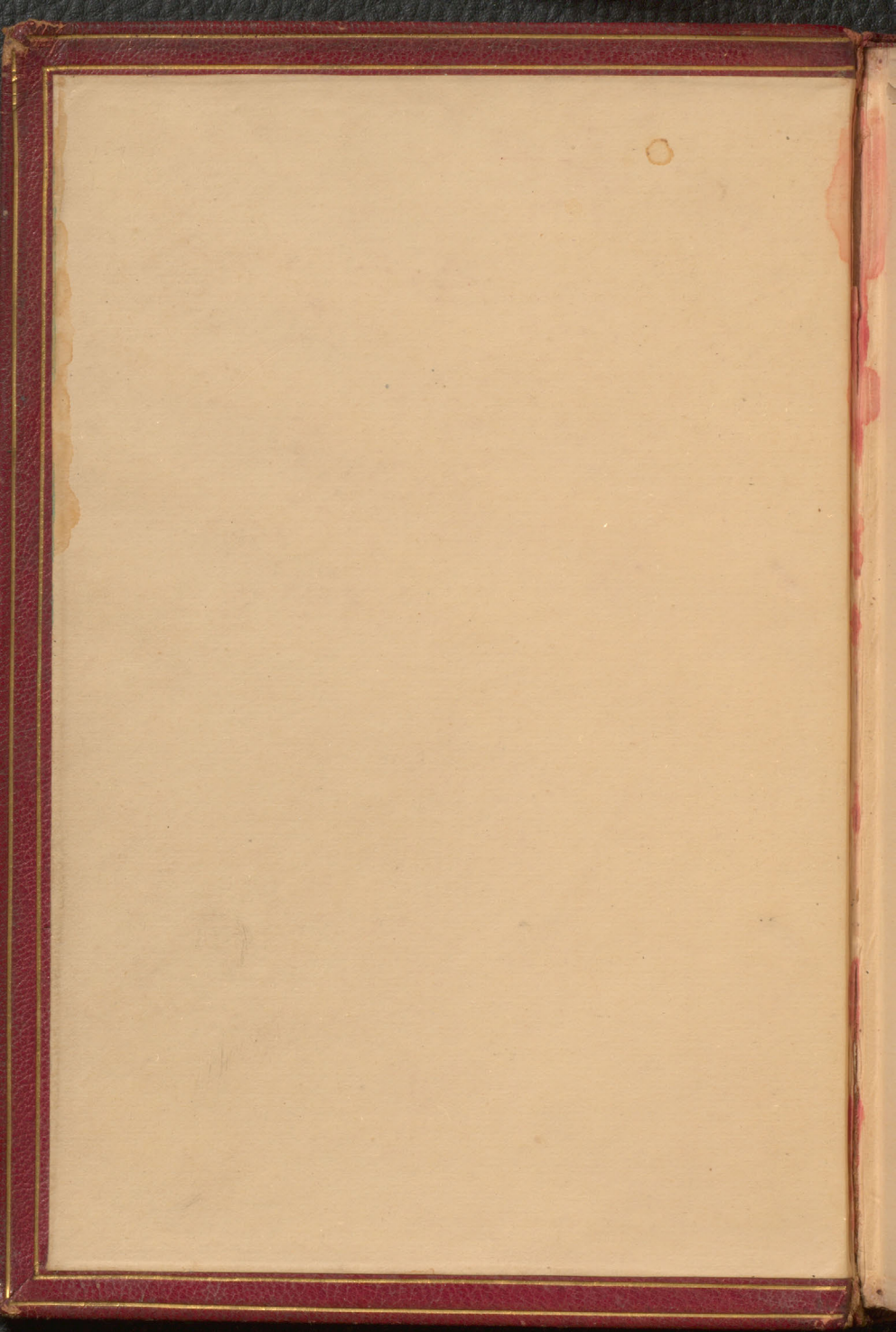


THE HYMNAL COMPANION
TO THE
BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER



ROSA BICKERSTETH



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Double for city painting

#26687

1. Montreal

2. Quebec

Rosa from her grateful
father -

Unit Church vicarage
Hampstead 25 Dec. 1870

Dear Mother

My dear Mother

I have just received your letter
of the 12th and was glad to hear
from you.

THE
HYMNAL COMPANION

TO THE

Book of Common Prayer,

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES.

CANTATE DOMINO.

London :
SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1870.

HYMNAL COMPANION

PREFACE

The Hymnal of 1862, which was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, is now being revised. The Hymnal of 1862 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1862. It has since been revised and published in 1892. The Hymnal of 1892 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1892. It has since been revised and published in 1907. The Hymnal of 1907 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1907. It has since been revised and published in 1940. The Hymnal of 1940 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1940. It has since been revised and published in 1962. The Hymnal of 1962 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1962. It has since been revised and published in 1978. The Hymnal of 1978 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1978. It has since been revised and published in 1988. The Hymnal of 1988 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1988. It has since been revised and published in 1998. The Hymnal of 1998 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 1998. It has since been revised and published in 2007. The Hymnal of 2007 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 2007. It has since been revised and published in 2013. The Hymnal of 2013 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 2013. It has since been revised and published in 2019. The Hymnal of 2019 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 2019. It has since been revised and published in 2023. The Hymnal of 2023 was prepared by the Hymnal Committee, and was published in 2023. It has since been revised and published in 2024.

LONDON :

GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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PREFACE.

THE Hymnal of which this volume with accompanying tunes forms the Musical Edition, is designed to be a companion to "The Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the Use of the United Church of Great Britain and Ireland." The tables of Contents correspond. The Order of the Ecclesiastical year is observed. The hymns are ranged under those divisions of the Prayer-book with which their subjects most easily coalesce. It is humbly submitted to the consideration of those whom the compilers of our Liturgy address in their preface, namely, "the sober, peaceable, and truly conscientious sons of the Church of England," as a Hymnal in unison with the sound doctrine of our Prayer-book, and fitted to the comprehensive framework of its services; as containing those valuable hymns and translations which have become so deservedly popular during the last twenty years; as affording sufficient variety of hymns without the encumbrance of those seldom or never used; and, lastly, as accompanied with a selection of the best music.

The Annotated Edition consists of three parts: (1) An Introduction explaining the principles on which the compilation is made, (2) the Hymnal, (3) Notes to every hymn, giving the name of the author and the approximate date when it was written, justifying any variations allowed (though the effort has been to cleave to the original text as far as possible), and showing in which of some twenty-three principal and representative Church Hymn-books, carefully collated, most of the hymns appear.

This Musical Edition has been prepared by a Committee of friends. It contains those venerable tunes of the English Church which have been so long and justly prized, and, through the kind courtesy of their authors and proprietors, a very large number of those modern or revived compositions which have made the last few years an era in Church music, and also several valuable original tunes now first offered for the service of the sanctuary. The most grateful thanks of the Editor of the Hymnal are due first to those friends who

have consecrated to the compilation and arrangement of this work an amount of cultivated taste and earnest devotion, which no motives lower than the highest could have sustained,—among whom he cannot refrain from making affectionate mention of C. R. Cuff, Esq., who has been unwearied in this labour of love,—and then to those authors and proprietors of tunes who have so freely and generously placed their valuable compositions at our disposal.

The tunes have as far as possible been selected by the Committee on the same principles which guided the Editor in the compilation of the hymns—namely, the selection of those upon which the Church of Christ appears to have set most plainly the broad stamp of her approval. A careful collation of many of the most popular modern tune-books has proved that it is with tunes as with hymns: a very large number of the same tunes are found in every standard compilation. These form the wide and solid foundation of this Musical Edition of the Hymnal Companion. Other tunes, which are evidently rising into like general acceptance, have been adopted wherever permission could be obtained or purchased. While not a few compositions for hymns less generally known or, as it is believed, less happily set to music before, have been contributed expressly for this work.

How largely the Committee, who have been engaged in this selection, are indebted to the kindness of others may be at once gathered from the following acknowledgments, which are most earnestly and gratefully tendered them.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously permitted the use of "Gotha" (No. 77), the composition of the lamented Prince Consort.

Our thanks are also due—

To the Rev. HENRY ALLON, for the use of "Houghton" (No. 381), by Dr. Gauntlett, from the "Congregational Psalmist."

To W. AMPS, Esq., for the use of "Venice" (No. 370).

To the BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES, for the use of "Ewing" (Nos. 89, &c.).

The Rev. Sir HENRY W. BAKER, Bart. (on behalf of the compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern"), has most liberally allowed us the use of "Eventide" (No. 9), "S. Columba" (No. 14), "S. Matthias" (No. 18), "S. Gall" (Nos. 37 &c.), "Hollingside" (No. 116), "S. Cross" (No. 130), "Southwell" (No. 161), "Jenner" (No. 165, part II.), "S. Cuthbert" (No. 176), "All Saints" (No. 260), "Pilgrims" (No. 265), "S. Philip" (No. 355), "Melita" (No. 393). The Committee, engaged in this work, feel the greater obligation for the permitted use of these admirable tunes, many of which are indissolubly associated with the hymns they accompany, from the fact of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" having obtained so vast a circulation, that its copyright compositions have a tenfold value. And at the same time they gratefully acknowledge that in assigning other tunes to hymns in this Hymnal they have often been assisted by the

felicitous taste displayed in the Musical Edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

We are also indebted—

To W. S. BAMBRIDGE, Esq., for the use of "Calvary" (No. 202) and "Clewer" (No. 348).

To JOSEPH BARNBY, Esq., for the use of "Holy Trinity" (Nos. 71, &c.) and "S. Hilda" (No. 135).

To Mrs. BERE, for the use of "Troyte's chant 1" (No. 244), and "Troyte's chant 2" (Nos. 256, &c.).

To the Rev. R. BROWN BORTHWICK, for the use of "S. Peter (Reinagle)" (Nos. 99, &c.), "Flensburg" (Nos. 203, &c.).

To FRANK BRAINE, Esq., for the use of "Hayes" (No. 32).

To the Proprietors of the BRISTOL TUNE-BOOK, for the use of "S. Fabian" (No. 115), and for the arrangement of "Fairfield" (No. 322).

To Dr. Z. BUCK, for the use of "Russian Anthem" (No. 29), "Epiphany Hymn" (No. 74), "Corpus Christi" (No. 280), "Veni Creator" (No. 395).

To Messrs. BURNS, OATES, & Co., for the use of "Macfarren" (Nos. 28, &c.).

To the Venerable SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, with the sanction of James Turle, Esq., for the use of "Ascension" (No. 156), "Westminster" (No. 168), "Cloisters" (No. 229), "Emmanuel" (No. 251), "Atonement" (No. 346).

The Rev. R. R. CHOPE most kindly allowed us the use of any tunes in his valuable collection, upon acknowledging the source from whence they are taken, of which permission we have largely availed ourselves, selecting "S. Werbergh" (No. 40), "S. Osmund" (Nos. 83, &c.), "Magdalene" (No. 119), "S. Blaise" (Nos. 164, &c.), "S. Alban" (Nos. 245, &c.), "Northampton" (No. 249), "S. Lambert" (No. 296), and the arrangements of Nos. 27, 44, 51, 54, 59, 60, 138, 247.

Dr. COOKE has granted us the use of "Mannheim" (No. 221).

J. T. COOPER, Esq., has kindly composed for us "Milman" (No. 31), "Kirkby Lonsdale" (Nos. 117, &c.), "Paraclete" (No. 223), and arranged "S. Ambrose (Cecil)" (No. 321).

Our thanks are due—

To Messrs. CROSSLEY & CLARKE, for the use of "S. Stephen the Sabaite" (No. 118), from "Hymns of the Eastern Church."

To the Rev. T. DARLING, for the use of "Christ Church" (Nos. 92, &c.), by Dr. Steggall, from "Hymns for the Church of England with proper tunes."

To J. H. DEANE, Esq., for the use of "Sorrento" (Nos. 24, &c.).

The Rev. Dr. DYKES, whose cordial assistance the Committee gratefully acknowledge, has composed for us "Olivet" (No. 157), "Eucharist" (No. 285),

"Irene" (No. 327), and permitted us to use "S. Werbergh" (No. 40), "S. Agnes" (Nos. 95, &c.), "Hollingside," from H. A. & M. (No. 116), "Magdalene" (No. 119), "S. Cross," from H. A. & M. (No. 130), "Sychar" (No. 131, &c.), "Hosanna," from Steggall's Collection (No. 144), "S. Cuthbert," from H. A. & M. (No. 176), "Melita," from H. A. & M. (No. 393).

We are indebted—

To Dr. ELVEY, for the use of "S. George" (Nos. 42, &c.).

To W. WELLS GARDINER, Esq., for the use of "S. Lawrence" (No. 271).

To the Hon. and Rev. F. R. GREY, for the use of "S. Aidan" (No. 241).

The late CANON HAVERGAL is one to whom we owe the deepest obligation, having permitted us to make free use of the harmonies and arrangements contained in the "Old Church Psalmody"—a permission most courteously continued to us by his family since his lamented death. From this standard work we have taken the arrangements of Nos. 7 &c., 33 &c., 34 &c., 35 &c., 38 &c., 39 &c., 41 &c., 43, 47 &c., 50, 57 &c., 63, 64 &c., 66, 67 &c., 79 &c., 91, 93, 96 &c., 107, 137 &c., 140 &c., 143 &c., 147 &c., 171 &c., 192 &c., 222 &c., 248, 254, 281, 329, 337 &c., 367, 376, 377.

J. HEWLETT, Esq., not only granted us the use of "Dalketh" (Nos. 10, &c.), but also "Glenelg," which appears for the first time in this work. It was written for No. 334, and is with his permission assigned also to No. 240.

Our thanks are due—

To J. HOPKINS, Esq., for the use of "S. Agatha" (No. 356).

To H. S. IRONS, Esq., for the use of "Hope" (No. 13), first published in this work.

To BISHOP JENNER, the composer of tune for No. 165, part II. from Hymns A. & M.

To JAMES LANGRAN, Esq., for the use of "Deerhurst" (No. 269).

To the BISHOP OF LINCOLN, for the use of "Wordsworth" (No. 343), with the sanction of Dr. Gauntlett and Messrs. Rivingtons.

To the Rev. W. MERCER, for the use of "Philippi" (No. 21), "Swabia" (Nos. 48, &c.), and for the arrangements of Nos. 172, 205, 387, 389.

To Messrs. NISBET & Co., for the use of "Lancashire" (No. 120), "Greenland" (No. 121), "Calvary" (No. 134), "Evan" (Nos. 148, &c.), "Barrington" (No. 173), "S. Asaph" (No. 259), "Tabor" (No. 264), "Evangelist" (No. 290), from the valuable Presbyterian Tune-book published by them.

To Messrs. NOVELLO, for the use of "Mendelssohn" (No. 61, &c.), "S. Mildred" (Nos. 136, &c.), "Christ Chapel" (No. 185); these last two tunes being by Dr. Steggall.

To the Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart., for the use of "S. Austin" (No. 180).

To JAMES TURLE, Esq., for the use of "Lostwithiel" (No. 267).

To the Executors of the late BISHOP TURTON for "Ely" (Nos. 2, &c.).

To J. C. WADE, Esq., for the use of "Holy Cross" (Nos. 227, &c.), and "Iver" (No. 341).

To J. C. Ward, Esq., for the use of his arrangements of "Old 32nd" (No. 22), "Milan" (Nos. 69, &c.), "Ceylon" (Nos. 88, &c.), "Old 113th" (No. 361).

To F. WEBER, Esq., for the use of "Paradise" (No. 255).

Permission has been purchased for the use of the following tunes from their respective authors or proprietors, namely—

From Dr. GAUNTLETT, for the use of "Nocturne" (No. 16), "Vigil" (No. 49), "Triumph" (Nos. 53, &c.), "Dies Irae" (No. 56), "S. George" (No. 87), "Norton Canes" (Nos. 106, &c.), "S. Alphege" (Nos. 122, &c.), "S. Albinus" (No. 141), "S. Salvador" (No. 152), "S. Fulbert" (Nos. 153, &c.), "Beaumaris" (No. 193), "Egypt" (No. 234), "Cœna Domini" (No. 280, second tune), "Agnus Dei" (No. 282), "Salisbury" (No. 306), and "Nunc dimittis" (No. 353). Several of these tunes, including "Dies Iræ," were composed expressly for this work.

From Messrs. MASTERS, for the use of the tunes known as Redhead No. 4, Redhead No. 29, Redhead No. 47, Redhead No. 48.

From Messrs. RICHARDSON, for the use of "O Paradise" (No. 344).

From Dr. SEBASTIAN WESLEY, for the use of "Aurelia" (Nos. 65, &c.).

No effort has been spared to discover the authors of tunes and owners of copyright, and it is believed with almost universal success; but if any case has eluded their vigilance, the Committee can only throw themselves on the kind indulgence of those whose permission would gladly have been sought.

It has been found impossible to observe the same uniform system of notation, owing to the different practice of the various composers who have favoured us with tunes. Thus it will be seen that some tunes are written in crotchets, others in minims, but it is not to be inferred that the former are necessarily to be sung faster than the latter. And indeed generally with regard to the slowness or rapidity of singing, the subject-matter of the hymn and the musical education of the congregation must mainly guide the organist and choir.

The difficult question of closing hymns with Amen is discussed in the Introduction to the Annotated Edition. Twenty-five versions of the doxology, noted by the letters of the alphabet, will be found at the end of the Hymnal; and a small letter corresponding to the required measure is printed at the close of almost every hymn. So that if the clergyman announces, "The following hymn, with the doxology, will be sung," the worshipper can immediately find the suitable *Gloria*, which *Gloria* is closed with Amen. Those who dislike the practice will simply not use the letters. For the convenience of those who

adopt it, the musical accompaniment of the Amen is appended to almost all the tunes.

If any further information is sought regarding the hymns or tunes, it will be supplied, so far as he is able, by the Editor of the Annotated Edition, the Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., Christ Church Vicarage, Hampstead, London.

May it only be vouchsafed those who have prepared, and those who shall use, this manual of praise to join hereafter the choir of those harpers harping with their harps, as they sing that new song before the Throne, which none can learn but those who are redeemed from the earth.

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142	Weymouth	A solemn hymn to God my King
143	Weymouth	According to the psalmist's word
144	Weymouth	A low and solemn strain
145	Weymouth	I am the Lord, the Lord alone
146	Weymouth	Whether thou be called by any name
147	Weymouth	Whom thou hast called on
148	Weymouth	All glory and all praise
149	Weymouth	All hail the power of Jesus' name
150	Weymouth	All people that do earth do dwell
151	Weymouth	All praise to thee we owe this night
152	Weymouth	Angels and men and spirits all
153	Weymouth	And nation say, Ask what thou wilt
154	Weymouth	And let our bodies part
155	Weymouth	And rise from the realms of clay
156	Weymouth	A hymn to thee, the Father, world
157	Weymouth	Approach not unto the mercy-seat
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159	Weymouth	Thou art the Father of our Father
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162	Weymouth	As pants the hart for cooling streams
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Nearer my God to thee	<i>Bethel</i>	Graun	113
New every morning is the love	<i>S. Ambrose</i>	Ancient	3
Not all the blood of beasts	<i>S. Bride</i>	Dr. Howard	111
Not unto us but thee O Lord	<i>Warwick</i>	Stanley	191
Now gracious Lord thine arm reveal	<i>Redhead, No. 29</i>	R. Redhead	70
Now I have found the ground wherein	<i>Halle</i>	Kugelmann	205
Now hark we all our God	<i>Nun danket</i>	Crüger	36
O bless the Lord my soul	<i>Swabia</i>	German	354
O brothers lift your voices	<i>Hinton Martell</i>	Mendelssohn	90
O Christ the Lord of heaven to thee	<i>Crasselius</i>	Crasselius	158
O come all ye faithful	<i>Adeste fideles</i>	J. Reading	60
O come and mourn with me awhile	<i>S. Cross</i>	Rev. J. B. Dykes	130
O come loud anthems let us sing	<i>Truro</i>	Dr. Burney	358
O day of rest and gladness	<i>Aurelia</i>	Dr. S. S. Wesley	145
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	<i>Triumph</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	86
O for a closer walk with God	<i>S. Mary</i>	Dr. Blow	336

FIRST LINE.	NAME OF TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO.
O for a heart to praise my God	<i>Holy Cross</i>	Mendelssohn	227
O for a thousand tongues to sing	<i>York</i>	Scotch Psalter	367
Off in danger oft in woe	<i>Redhead, No. 48</i>	R. Redhead	235
O God of Bethel by whose hand	<i>Milan</i>	Tallis	69
O God our help in ages past	<i>Milan</i>	Tallis	201
O God the rock of ages	<i>Aurelia</i>	Dr. S. S. Wesley	65
O God unseen yet ever near	<i>Bedford</i>	W. Wheall	277
O happy day that fix'd my choice	<i>Melcombe</i>	S. Webbe	319
O had I my Saviour the wings of a dove	<i>Montgomery</i>	Stanley	243
O Jesu Lord of heavenly grace	<i>Ely</i>	Bishop Turton	2
O Jesu Saviour of the lost	<i>Dundee</i>	Kirby	98
O King of kings thy blessing shed	<i>Old 100th</i>	G. Franc	399
O Lord how happy should we be	<i>Magdalen College</i>	Dr. Hayes	342
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	<i>S. Lawrence</i>	F. H. Thorne	271
O Lord our hearts would give thee praise	<i>S. Peter (Reinagle)</i>	A. R. Reinagle	309
O Lord thy mercy my sure hope	<i>S. Gall</i>	W. H. Monk	197
O Lord turn not thy face from me	<i>S. Mary</i>	Dr. Blow	96
O Lord within thy sacred gates	<i>Melcombe</i>	S. Webbe	181
O love divine how sweet thou art	<i>Magdalen College</i>	Dr. Hayes	222
One there is above all others	<i>Caritas</i>		314
On the mountain's top appearing	<i>S. Osmund</i>	Rev. J. B. Dykes	83
O Paradise O Paradise	<i>O Paradise</i>	Henry	344
O render thanks to God above	<i>Redhead, No. 4</i>	R. Redhead	359
O sacred Head once wounded	<i>Passion Chorale</i>	German	132
O Saviour may we never rest	<i>Cloisters</i>	J. Turle	229
O Saviour whom this holy morn	<i>Manchester New</i>	Dr. Wainwright	58
O Spirit of the living God	<i>Crasselius</i>	Crasselius	34
O thou from whom all goodness flows	<i>Abridge</i>	Isaac Smith	100
O thou that dwell'st in the heavens high	<i>Montgomery</i>	Stanley	30
O thou the contrite sinner's Friend	<i>S. Fabian</i>	J. Summers	115
O thou to whom all creatures bow	<i>S. Ann</i>	Dr. Croft	196
O thou to whose all-searching sight	<i>Norton Canes</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	106
O thou who by a star didst guide	<i>Holy Trinity</i>	J. Barnby	71
O thou who camest from above	<i>Melcombe</i>	S. Webbe	7
Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed	<i>S. Cuthbert</i>	Rev. J. B. Dykes	176
Our Lord is risen from the dead	<i>Brockham</i>	Jer. Clarke	154
O weep not o'er thy children's tomb	<i>Northampton</i>	Chope's Hymn Book	249
O where shall rest be found	<i>S. Bride</i>	Dr. Howard	246
O why should Israel's sons once blest	<i>Warrington</i>	R. Harrison	84
O Word of God incarnate	<i>Hinton Martell</i>	Mendelssohn	200
O worship the King	<i>Houghton</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	381
Pleasant are thy courts above	<i>S. George (Elvey)</i>	Dr. Elvey	184
Pour out thy Spirit from on high	<i>Warrington</i>	R. Harrison	396
Praise my soul the King of heaven	<i>Pange lingua</i>	Ancient	383
Praise O praise our God and King	<i>Vienna</i>	German Chorale	39
Praise the Lord his glories show	<i>Cassell</i>	German	376
Praise the Lord through every nation	<i>Hernhutt</i>	German	389
Praise the Lord ye heavens adore him	<i>Austria</i>	Haydn	384
Praise to God immortal praise	<i>Lubeck</i>	German	38
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	<i>S. David</i>	Scotch Psalter	192
Rejoice the Lord is King	<i>Gopsal</i>	Handel	378
Rejoice to-day with one accord	<i>Ein' feste burg</i>	German	44
Rest in the Lord from harps above	<i>Irene</i>	Rev. J. B. Dykes	327
Ride on ride on in majesty	<i>Brockham</i>	Jer. Clarke	123
Rock of ages cleft for me	<i>S. John</i>		110
Round the Lord in glory seated	<i>Austria</i>	Haydn	23
Salvation O the joyful sound	<i>Salisbury</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	306
Saviour again to thy dear name we raise	<i>Beaumaris</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	193
Saviour breathe an evening blessing	<i>Snowdon</i>	Isaac Willis	17
Saviour when in dust to thee	<i>Sorrento</i>	J. H. Deane	24
See the destined day arise	<i>Redhead, No. 47</i>	R. Redhead	127
Servant of God well done	<i>Nunc dimittis</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	353
Sing we the song of those who stand	<i>Winchester Old</i>	Alison's Psalter	257
Soldiers of Christ arise	<i>Franconia</i>	German	233

FIRST LINE.	NAME OF TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO.
Sometimes a light surprises	<i>Ceylon</i>	L. Schroeter	385
Songs of praise the angels sang	<i>Lubeck</i>	German	374
Son of God to thee I cry	<i>S. John</i>		26
Sons of men behold from far	<i>Redhead, No. 48</i>	R. Redhead	72
Sow in the morn thou seed	<i>S. George (Gauntlett)</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	87
Spirit divine attend our prayers	<i>Wiltshire</i>	Sir G. Smart	170
Spirit of mercy truth and love	<i>Warrington</i>	R. Harrison	166
Spirit of truth on this thy day	<i>Westminster</i>	J. Turler	168
Stand soldier of the cross	<i>Moravia</i>	Rev. L. West	291
Stand up and bless the Lord	<i>Venice</i>	W. Amps	370
Sun of my soul thou Saviour dear	<i>Hesperus</i>		
	<i>Hursley</i>	German	12
Sweet feast of love divine	<i>Aynhoe</i>	Dr. Nares	233
Sweet is the work my God my King	<i>Melcombe</i>	S. Webbe	150
Sweet Saviour bless us ere we go	<i>S. Matthias</i>	W. H. Monk	18
Sweet the moments rich in blessing	<i>Sychar</i>	Rev. J. B. Dykes	131
That day of wrath that dreadful day	<i>Olmutz</i>	Ancient	61
The Church has waited long	<i>Vigil</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	49
The day is past and over	<i>Nocturne</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	16
The day of resurrection	<i>Aurelia</i>	Dr. S. S. Wesley	142
The day O Lord is spent	<i>Aynhoe</i>	Dr. Nares	15
Thee will I love my strength, &c.	<i>Surrey</i>	Carey	224
The God of Abra'am praise	<i>Leoni</i>	Hebrew	386
The happy morn is come	<i>S. Mildred</i>	Dr. Steggall	136
The Head that once was crown'd with thorns	<i>S. Fulbert</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	153
The hour is come the feast is spread	<i>Redhead, No. 29</i>	R. Redhead	278
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	<i>Surrey</i>	Carey	239
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	<i>Sinai</i>	O'Brien	55
The Lord will come the earth shall quake	<i>Cannons</i>	Handel	50
The morning bright with rosy light	<i>Spohr</i>	Spohr	301
There is a blessed home	<i>S. Blaise</i>	T. B. Hosken	164
There is a book who runs may read	<i>Redhead, No. 29</i>	R. Redhead	199
There is a fountain fill'd with blood	<i>All Saints</i>	Hugh Wilson	208
There is a happy land	<i>Happy Land</i>		316
There is a land of pure delight	<i>Irish</i>	Isaac Smith	163
There is a name I love to hear	<i>S. Peter (Reinagle)</i>	A. R. Reinagle	299
There is a path that leads to God	<i>S. James</i>	R. Courtville	300
The roseate hues of early dawn	<i>Flensburg</i>	Spohr	230
The Son of God goes forth to war	<i>Old 81st</i>	Day's Psalter	254
The spacious firmament on high	<i>Haydn</i>	Haydn	362
The Spirit in our hearts	<i>Aylesbury</i>	J. Chetham	247
The strain upraise of joy, &c.	<i>Troyte, No. 2</i>	A. H. D. Troyte	388
The sun is sinking fast	<i>S. Columba</i>	H. S. Irons	14
The sun is set the twilight's o'er	<i>Holy Trinity</i>	J. Barnby	347
The voice that breathed o'er Eden	<i>S. Alphege</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	326
The year begins within thee	<i>S. Bride</i>	Dr. Howard	67
Thine for ever God of love	<i>Weber</i>	C. M. Weber	212
Thine thine for ever blessed bond	<i>Wiltshire</i>	Sir G. Smart	325
This is the day the Lord hath made	<i>S. Ann</i>	Dr. Croft	147
This stone to thee in faith we lay	<i>Crassellius</i>	Crassellius	397
Thou art gone to the grave but we will not, &c.	<i>Clewer</i>	W. S. Bambridge	348
Thou art gone up on high	<i>Olivet</i>	Rev. J. B. Dykes	157
Thou art my hiding-place O Lord	<i>S. Matthew</i>	Dr. Croft	333
Thou art the way to thee alone	<i>Redhead, No. 29</i>	R. Redhead	228
Thou Framer of the light and dark	<i>Magdeburg</i>	Gundimel	33
Thou hidden love of God, &c.	<i>Old 112th</i>	Luther	231
Thou Judge of quick and dead	<i>Swabia</i>	German	48
Thou who didst on Calvary bleed	<i>S. Agatha</i>	E. J. Hopkins	356
Thou whose almighty word	<i>Moscow</i>	Giardini	94
Three in One and One in Three	<i>Capetown</i>	German Chorale	179
Through all the changing scenes of life	<i>S. Fulbert</i>	Dr. H. J. Gauntlett	368
Through the day thy love hath spared us	<i>Evensong</i>	S. Webbe	20
Through the love of God our Saviour	<i>Southgate</i>	Southgate	213
Thy way not mine O Lord	<i>S. Blaise</i>	T. B. Hosken	340
Till he come O let the words	<i>S. John</i>		284

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FIRST LINE.	NAME OF TUNE.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE.	NO.
To bless thy chosen race	<i>S. Michael</i>	Day's Psalter	79
To-morrow Lord is thine	<i>S. Alban</i>	Chope's Hymn Book	245
Toss'd with rough winds and faint with fear	<i>Ivor</i>	J. C. Wade	341
To thy temple I repair	<i>German Hymn</i>	Pleyel	183
Weary of wandering from my God	<i>Old 112th</i>	Luther	109
We come Lord to thy feet	<i>Franconia</i>	German	308
We give immortal praise	<i>Gopsal</i>	Handel	377
We give thee but thine own	<i>Telleffson</i>	Telleffson	272
Welcome sweet day of rest	<i>Moravia</i>	Rev. L. West	146
We love thee Lord yet not alone, &c.	<i>S. Matthew</i>	Dr. Croft	225
We saw thee not when thou didst come	<i>Eaton</i>	Wyvill	204
We sing the praise of him who died	<i>Magdeburg</i>	Goudimel	129
We speak of the realms of the blest	<i>Realms of the blest</i>		317
We thank thee Lord for this our food	<i>Old 100th</i>	G. Franc	307
We've no abiding city here	<i>S. Ambrose</i>	Ancient	242
What are these in bright array	<i>S. George (Elvey)</i>	Dr. Elvey	261
What various hindrances we meet	<i>Angels</i>	O. Gibbons	331
When all thy mercies O my God	<i>S. Stephen</i>	Rev. W. Jones	363
When gathering clouds around I view	<i>Glensly</i>	J. Hewlett	334
When God of old came down from heaven	<i>S. George (Old)</i>	N. Herman	169
When his salvation bringing	<i>Mehul</i>	Mehul	295
When I can read my title clear	<i>Irish</i>	Isaac Smith	209
When I survey the wondrous cross	<i>Rockingham</i>	Dr. Miller	123
When Jesus left his Father's throne	<i>Evan</i>	Havergal	293
When languor and disease invade	<i>S. David</i>	Playford's Psalter	332
When marshall'd on the nightly plain	<i>Redhead, No. 4</i>	R. Redhead	75
When our heads are bow'd with woe	<i>Redhead, No. 47</i>	R. Redhead	25
When wounded sore the stricken soul	<i>Bedford</i>	W. Wheall	97
Where high the heavenly temple stands	<i>Wareham</i>	Knapp	155
While shepherds watch'd their flocks, &c.	<i>Nottingham</i>	Jer. Clarke	57
Who are these like stars appearing	<i>All Saints (Monk)</i>	German	260
Who is this so weak and helpless	<i>Stuttgart</i>	German Chorale	63
Why should I fear the darkest hour	<i>S. Aidan</i>	H. S. & Rev. F. R. Grey	241
Why thos fears behold 'tis Jesus	<i>S. Osmond</i>	Hon. S. Irons	236
With joy we meditate the grace	<i>Abridge</i>	Isaac Smith	219
Ye boundless realms of joy	<i>Darwell</i>	Darwell	380
Ye servants of God	<i>Hanover</i>	Dr. Croft	382
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Yes God is good in earth and sky	<i>Ely</i>	Bishop Turton	311
Zion's King shall reign victorious	<i>Sicilian Mariners</i>	Sicilian	82

The following Tables may afford some assistance to Clergymen in selecting suitable hymns for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year. Sacramental and other Special Hymns must, it is obvious, be appointed as required.

PSALMS AND HYMNS PROPER FOR SUNDAYS.

First Sunday of Advent	45	52	357	49	54	9
Second „ „	200	47	35	55	77	198
Third „ „	46	50	176	89	92	19
Fourth „ „	365	91	47	51	110	56
First Sunday after Christmas	1	64	61	66	63	201
Second „ „	68	265	65	70	359	384
First Sunday after Epiphany	3	71	78	76	369	18
Second „ „	22	34	90	85	118	13
Third „ „	93	184	364	80	383	94
Fourth „ „	378	81	165	159	247	113
Fifth „ „	167	215	79	161	379	88
Sixth „ „	182	82	172	232	86	385
Septuagesima Sunday	388	187	196	229	362	16
Sexagesima Sunday	116	218	69	343	380	193
Quinquagesima Sunday	144	226	203	382	191	212
First Sunday in Lent	24	235	95	104	114	32
Second „ „	27	102	135	112	106	11
Third „ „	97	109	5	175	117	321
Fourth „ „	25	103	120	299	356	336
Fifth „ „	100	115	128	26	131	101
Sixth „ „	122	119	355	110	123	56
Easter Day	136	374	138	139	140	142
First Sunday after Easter	143	44	358	206	154	317
Second „ „	145	164	381	87	202	373
Third „ „	8	274	371	147	231	162
Fourth „ „	146	185	217	363	386	19
Fifth „ „	324	256	148	244	389	9
Sunday after Ascension	157	387	171	63	153	330
Whitsunday	166	168	34	395	174	176
Trinity Sunday	22	177	178	179	180	23
First Sunday after Trinity	181	6	190	165	391	12
Second „ „	2	398	238	323	352	14
Third „ „	35	366	239	10	52	259
Fourth „ „	3	220	201	233	118	342
Fifth „ „	149	376	35	267	13	54
Sixth „ „	89	214	99	388	113	208
Seventh „ „	137	105	210	237	85	228
Eighth „ „	204	372	121	296	230	18
Ninth „ „	170	108	222	375	340	21
Tenth „ „	216	116	36	187	69	193

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity	188	367	37	243	203	15
Twelfth " "	7	114	374	38	229	314
Thirteenth " "	128	39	351	218	211	213
Fourteenth " "	192	320	40	199	110	223
Fifteenth " "	111	197	100	41	225	344
Sixteenth " "	34	299	42	370	235	17
Seventeenth " "	150	236	161	286	97	341
Eighteenth " "	144	176	98	209	242	20
Nineteenth " "	274	238	160	361	368	317
Twentieth " "	22	377	207	165	155	151
Twenty-first " "	183	173	381	219	331	119
Twenty-second " "	217	164	254	246	159	12
Twenty-third " "	226	240	244	234	163	189
Twenty-fourth " "	227	6	313	221	10	194
Twenty-fifth " "	186	4	306	241	107	266
Twenty-sixth " "	178	245	205	322	224	257

PSALMS AND HYMNS PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

St. Andrew	232, 255 (with proper stanza),	321
St. Thomas	204, 255 (with proper stanza),	258
Nativity of Christ	57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62	
St. Stephen	254, 255 (with proper stanza),	267
St. John Evangelist	221, 255 (with proper stanza),	257
Innocents' Day	248, 249, 255 (with proper stanza)	
Circumcision	67, 69,	226
Epiphany	72, 73, 74, 75, 387,	389
Conversion of St. Paul	255 (with proper stanza),	259, 322
Purification of the Virgin Mary	76, 77,	250
St. Matthias	253, 255 (with proper stanza),	268
Annunciation of our Lady	63, 251,	253
Ash Wednesday	24, 27, 95, 96, 355,	356
Monday before Easter	26, 102,	124
Tuesday before Easter	25, 27,	128
Wednesday before Easter	24, 119,	125
Thursday before Easter	118, 126,	278
Good Friday	127, 129, 130, 132, 133,	282
Easter Even	134, 344,	346
Monday in Easter Week	141, 365,	382
Tuesday in Easter Week	143, 373,	390
St. Mark	255 (with proper stanza),	259, 269
SS. Philip and James	118, 255 (with proper stanza),	260
Ascension Day	152, 154, 156, 158, 263,	374
Monday in Whitsun Week	167, 169,	172
Tuesday in Whitsun Week	171, 173,	175

xxii PSALMS AND HYMNS PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

St. Barnabas	253, 255 (with proper stanza), 268
St. John Baptist	255 (with proper stanza), 262, 322
St. Peter	255 (with proper stanza), 256, 267
St. James	255 (with proper stanza), 261, 322
St. Bartholomew	158, 255 (with proper stanza), 258
St. Matthew	233, 255 (with proper stanza), 262
St. Michael and All Angels	264, 265, 266
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SS. Simon and Jude	235, 255 (with proper stanza), 261
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PSALMS AND HYMNS PROPER FOR DAYS OF FASTING.

The forty days of Lent	Hymns 96 to 135
The Ember days	Hymns 32, 395, 396
Rogation days	Hymns 28 to 31, 355, 356
Fridays throughout the year	Hymns 24 to 27

Hymns proper for Service appointed for the Twentieth Day of June, being the day on which her Majesty began her happy reign Hymns 399, 400

Morning Prayer.

"VOUCHSAFE, O LORD, TO KEEP US THIS DAY WITHOUT SIN."

1.

L.M.

BARTHELEMON.

A - men.

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

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light to others shine :
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

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.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

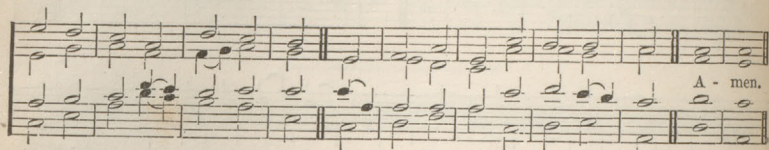
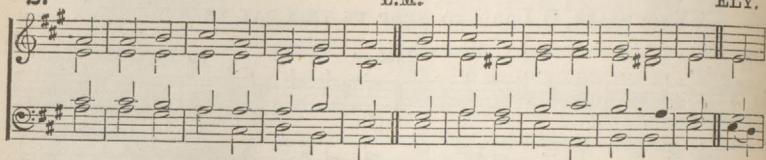
Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite*.

Morning Prayer.

2.

L.M.

ELY.



O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night:

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

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.

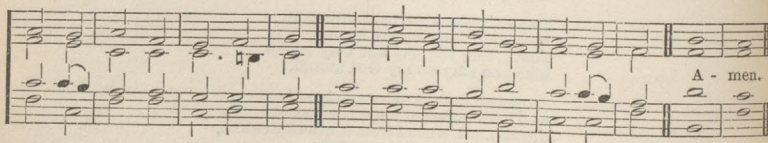
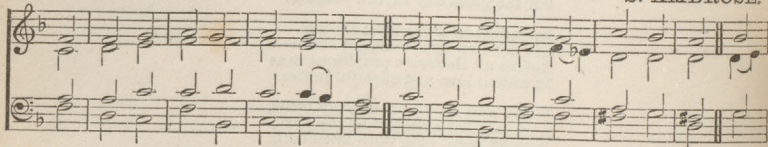
O hallow'd be the approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noon-day light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee^a.

3.

L.M.

S. AMBROSE.



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

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

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

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

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

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray^a.

Morning Prayer.

4.

L.M.

WAREHAM.

My God, how endless is thy love ;
 Thy gifts are every evening new
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours :
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my slumbering powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days :
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise ^b.

5.

C.M.

MANCHESTER NEW.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear ;
 Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
 We may, we must draw near.

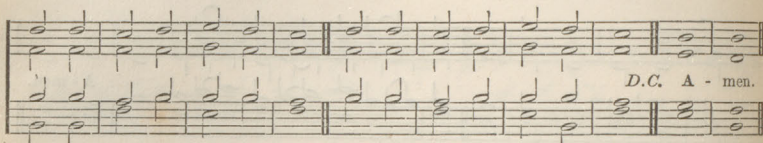
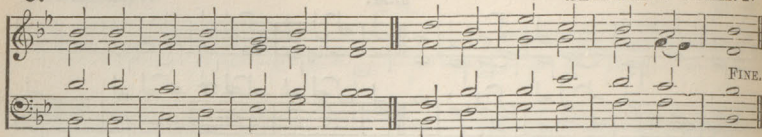
We perish, if we cease from prayer :
 O grant us power to pray ;
 And when to meet thee we prepare,
 Lord, meet us by the way^c.

Morning Prayer.

6.

SIX 7s.

SPANISH CHANT.



CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

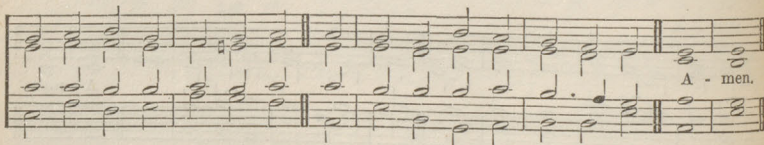
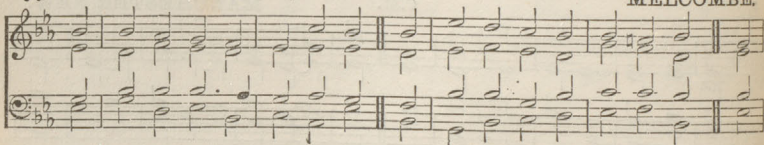
Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee:
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day^k.

7.

L.M.

MELCOMBE.



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.

There let it for thy glory burn
Unquench'd, undimm'd in darkest days,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesu, 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:

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercy seal,
And make the sacrifice complete^b.

Morning Prayer.

8.

L.M.

OTTERBOURNE.

A - men.

FORN 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.

The task thy wisdom hath assign'd
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

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.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven ^b.

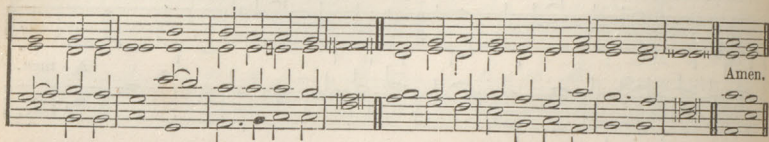
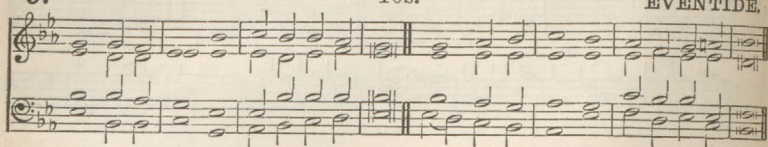
Evening Prayer.

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS, WE BESEECH THEE, O LORD."

9.

10s.

EVENTIDE.



ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?

Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

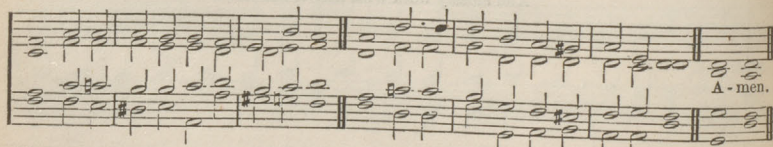
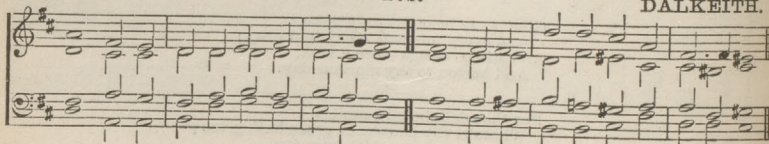
Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me P.

10.

10s.

DALKEITH.



FATHER, 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.

O we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy work from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crown'd?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

O by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open bless'd mercy's gate, and take us in P.

Evening Prayer.

11.

L.M.

TALLIS' CANON.

Musical score for 'Tallis' Canon' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. 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 staff.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

12. [FIRST TUNE.]

L.M.

HESPERUS.

Musical score for 'Hesperus' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. 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 staff.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

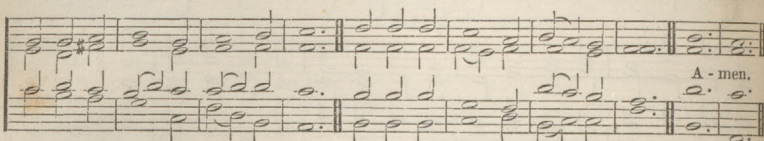
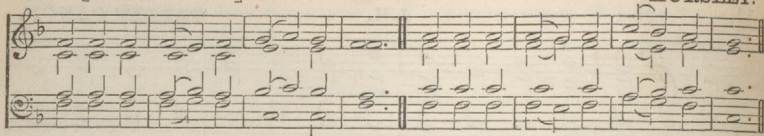
Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

12. [SECOND TUNE.]

L.M.

HURSLEY.



SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes,

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin :
Let him no more lie down in sin.

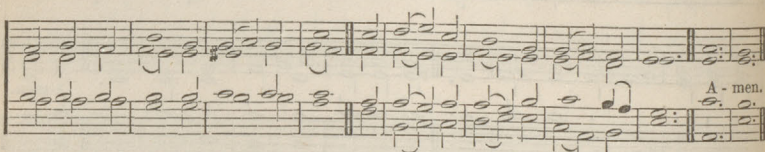
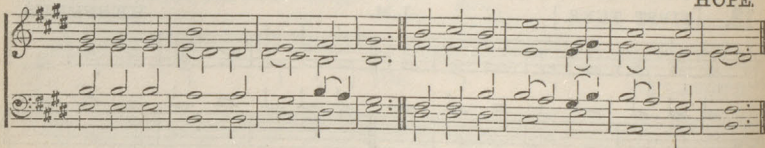
Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above .

13.

L.M.

HOPE.



At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay ;
O in what divers pains they met !
O with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppress'd with various ills, draw near :
What if thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;

And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who 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.

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all .

Evening Prayer.

14.

P.M.

S. COLUMBA.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast:

Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine. Amen.

15.

S.M.

AYNHOE.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

We have not reach'd that land,
That happy land as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

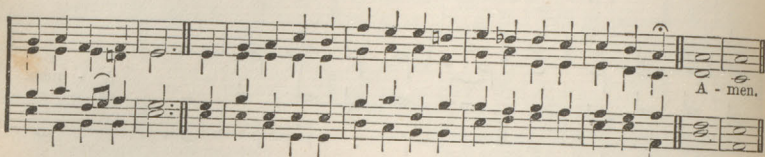
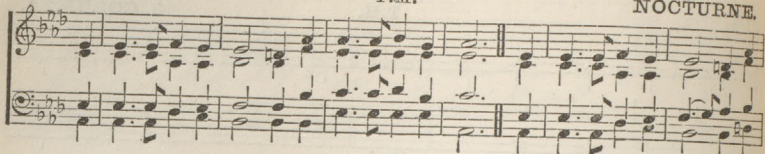
Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
O Sun of righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore*.

Evening Prayer.

16.

P.M.

NOCTURNE.



The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee;
I pray thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

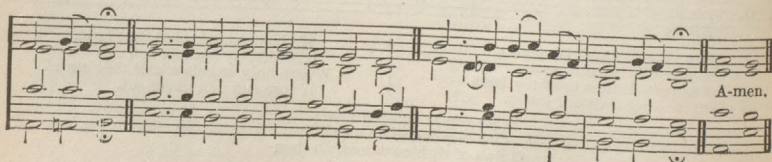
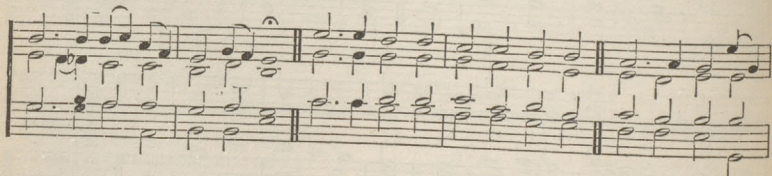
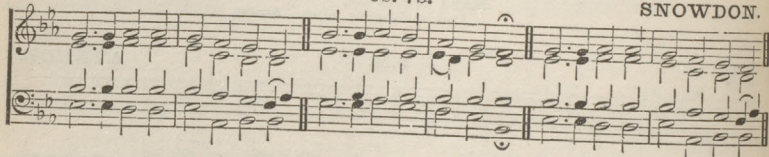
The joys of day are over :
I lift my heart to thee ;
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over :
I raise the hymn to thee ;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

17.

8s. 7s.

SNOWDON.



Evening Prayer.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.

Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us,
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom^m.

18.

SIX 8s.

S. MATTHIAS.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instil,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run;
 And thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd,
 And care is light, for thou hast cared:
 Ah! never let our works be soil'd
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto thee we call;
 O let thy mercy make us glad;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
 Through night and darkness near us be;
 Good angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light^b.

Evening Prayer.

19.

8s. 4s.

SOUTHGATE.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night;
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 And when we die,
 May we, in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie;
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With thee on high*.

20.

8s. 7s. 7s.

EVENSONG.

Evening Prayer.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesu, thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

21.

TEN 7s.

PHILIPPI.

FATHER, by thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanish'd, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace;
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Grant thy children sweet repose:
We to thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

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 thoughts of pride,
Wishes to thy cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescried
Meet thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessèd Saviour, yet through thee
Pray that we may pardon'd be.

Holy Spirit, breath of 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;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soft, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessèd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then, when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O God, most present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head;
Let thy angels' guardian host
Keep all evil from our bed;
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

The Creeds at Morning Prayer.

"THE CATHOLIC FAITH IS THIS: THAT WE WORSHIP ONE GOD IN TRINITY,
AND TRINITY IN UNITY."

22.

P.M.

OLD 32nd PSALM.

The musical score is arranged in six systems, each consisting of two staves. The top staff of each system is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#), and the bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a style characteristic of 18th or 19th-century hymnals, featuring a mix of single notes, chords, and some melodic lines with slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in the bottom staff of the sixth system.

The Creeds at Morning Prayer.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
 Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.
 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around
 the glassy sea;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
 thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
 thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
 not see,
 Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth,
 and sky, and sea:
 Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

23.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

AUSTRIA.

Round the Lord in glory seated
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Fill'd his temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn.
 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with thy fulness stored
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with thy fulness stored;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord."
 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt thy angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts most High."

The Litany.

"LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US."

24.

DOUBLE 7s.

SORRENTO.

cres...... *dim.*..... *cres.*.....

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music begins with a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte). The notation includes various rhythmic values and accidentals.

The second system of musical notation continues from the first system. It features a dynamic marking of *dim.* (diminuendo) at the beginning. The notation includes various rhythmic values and accidentals.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It includes dynamic markings of *cres.* (crescendo) and *pp* (pianissimo). The system ends with the instruction "A - men." written above the final notes.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
O by all thy pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

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

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurk'd within thy fold:
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

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

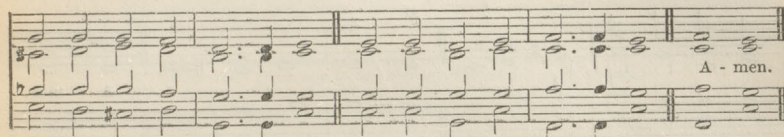
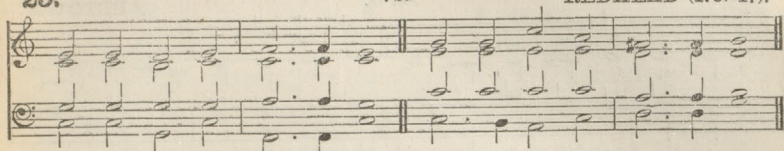
By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

The Litany.

25.

7s.

REDHEAD (No. 47).



WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.

Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;

Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.

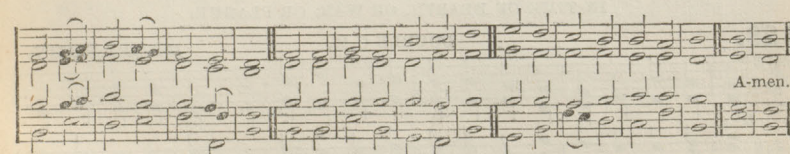
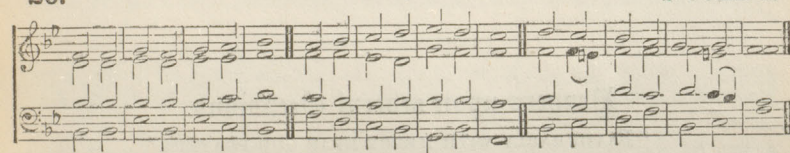
When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin:
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
"Jesu, Son of David," hear.

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear:
"Jesu, Son of David," hear!

26.

SIX 7s.

S. JOHN'S.



Sox of God, to thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

Lamb of God, to thee I cry;
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

Prince of life, to thee I cry;
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform thy will;
Then thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

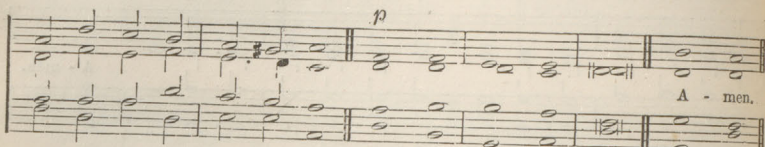
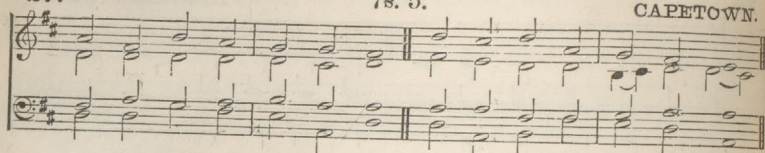
c

Prayers upon several Occasions.

27.

7s. 5.

CAPETOWN.



Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesu, hear and save.

Who, when sin's primeval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,
Jesu, hear and save.

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu; hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesu, hear and save.

Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesu, hear and save.

Prayers upon several Occasions.

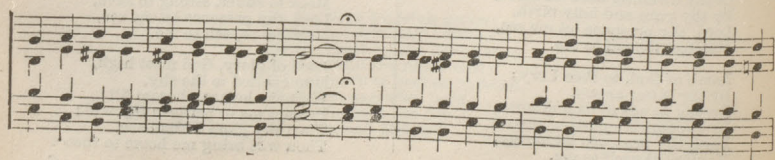
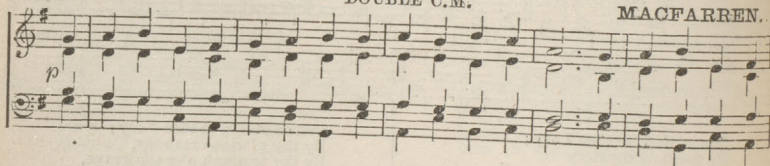
"FAVOURABLY WITH MERCY HEAR OUR PRAYERS."

IN TIME OF DEARTH, OR WAR, OR PLAGUE.

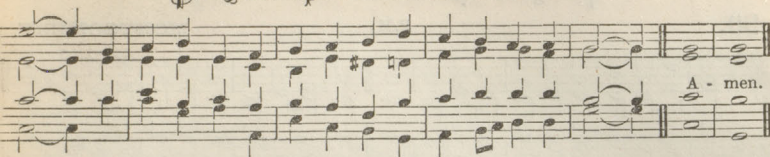
28.

DOUBLE C.M.

MACFARREN.



Prayers upon several Occasions.



GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while at thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry, to thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is thine, O turn us not away,
But hear us from thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,
To thee we look'd, to thee we cried, and help in thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord, then let thy mercy spare^d.

29. P.M. RUSSIAN ANTHEM.

God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of danger:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

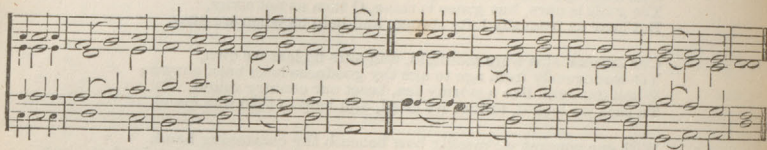
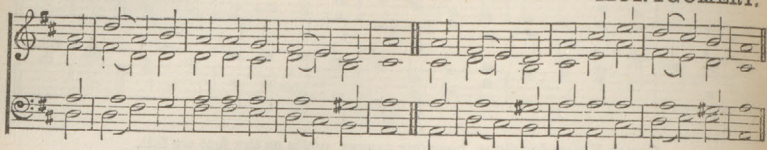
So shall thy children, in thankful devotion,
Laud him who saved them from peril abhor'd,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Prayers upon several Occasions.

30.

P.M.

MONTGOMERY.



O thou that dwell'st in the heavens high,
Above yon stars, and within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, or the moon by night.

Though flaming millions around thee stand,
For the sake of him at thy right hand,
O think on those that have cost him dear,
Now lingering in sadness and darkness here.

Our night is dreary, and dim is our day,
And if thou shalt turn thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
With none to look to, and none to trust.

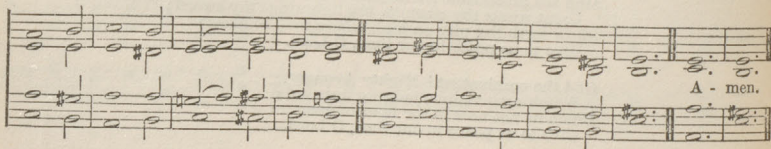
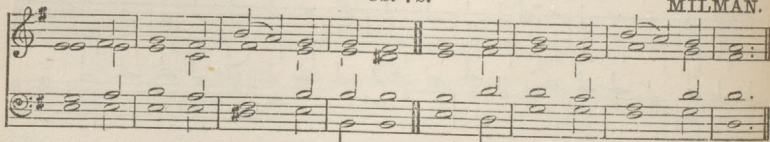
The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They know no Saviour, they fear no God;
And we are trembling in dumb dismay,
O turn not thou thy face away.

Thine aid, O Mighty One, we crave:
Not shorten'd is thine arm to save.
Let not thine anger ever burn;
Return, O Lord of hosts, return.

31.

8s. 7s.

MILMAN.



DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

Let that love veil our transgression:
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place^m.

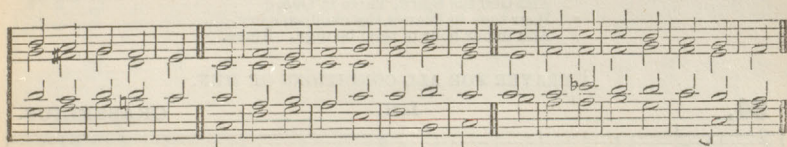
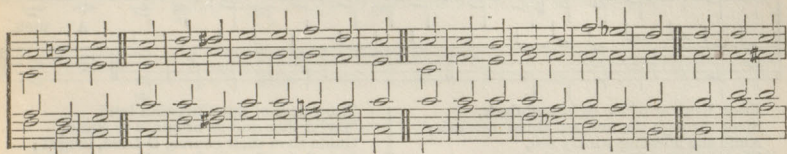
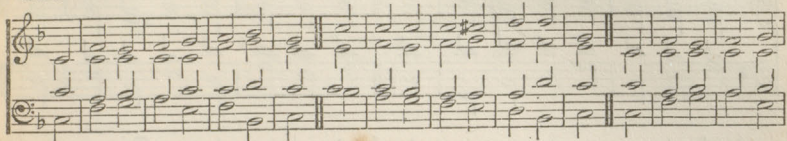
Prayers upon several Occasions.

IN THE EMBER WEEKS.

32.

DOUBLE L.M.

HAYES.*



Lord, cause thy face on us to shine ;
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine :
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love thy earthly dwelling-place ;
May we in truth our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness,
And all thy power and glory see,
Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.

Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things :
Our bishops, priests, and deacons bless :
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness.
Let many in the judgment day,
Turn'd from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear ;
Save those who preach, and those who hear.

O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among thy subjects cease :
One is our faith, and one our Lord :
One body, Spirit, hope, reward ;
One God and Father of us all,
On whom thy church and people call.
O may we one communion be,
One with each other, one in thee.

* Inserted by permission of Frank Braine, Esq.

Prayers upon several Occasions.

FOR THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

33.

L.M.

MAGDEBURG.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt thee and us ordain'd to stand,
Guide thou their course, O Lord, aright;
Let all do all as in thy sight.

O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear thou in heaven thy children's cry,
And in our hour of need be nigh. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR ALL CONDITIONS OF MEN.

34.

L.M.

CRASSELIUS.

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.

Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord^b.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

“PRAISE YE THE LORD.
THE LORD'S NAME BE PRAISED.”

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

35.

L.M.

OLD HUNDREDTH.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The piece consists of two systems of music. The first system has two lines of music. The second system also has two lines of music, with the word "A - men." written below the second line. The music is a simple, hymn-like setting with a steady rhythm.

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

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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.

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^b.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

36.

P.M.

NUN DANKET.

Musical score for 'NUN DANKET' in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and homophonic, with a final cadence marked 'A - men.' at the end of the fourth system.

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

O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And bless'd peace to cheer us;

And keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplex'd,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven,
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

FOR PLENTY.

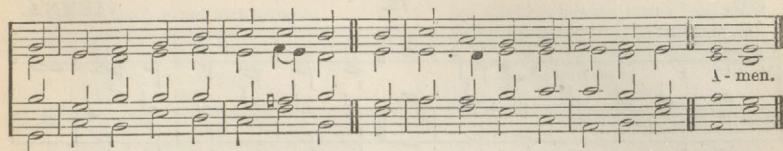
37.

L.M.

S. GALL.

Musical score for 'FOR PLENTY' in D minor, 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is simple and homophonic, with a final cadence at the end of the second system.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.



ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and closing shade.

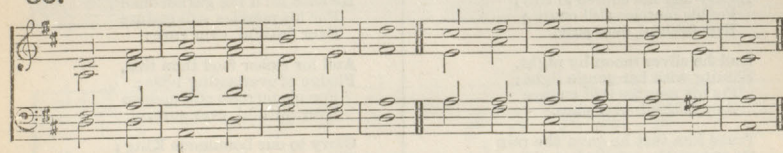
While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue these songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more^a.

38.

7s.

LUBECK.



PRaise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field;
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice;
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise:
And, when every blessing's flow
Love thee for thyself alone^a.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

39.

7s.

VIENNA.

PRAISE, O praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure:

And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

40.

8s. 4s.

.S. WERBERGH.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

Lord of the harvest, thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crown'd;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found.

If spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If summer warms the fruitful earth;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripen'd grain,
Still do we sing
To thee, our King;
Through all their changes thou dost reign.

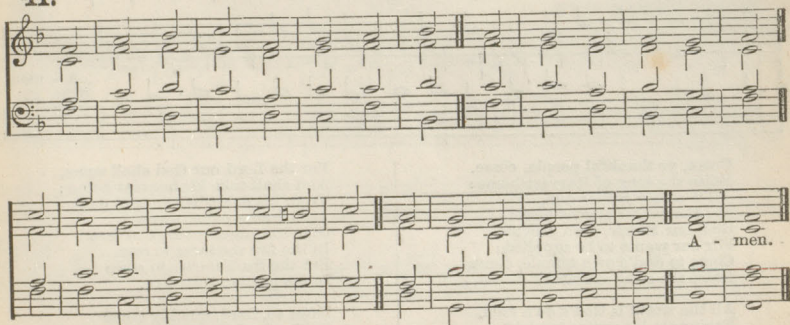
But chiefly, when thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

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:
New every year
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

41.

C.M.

FRENCH.



FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

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

The spring's sweet influence was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

Fountain of love, our praise is thine;
To thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.

42.

DOUBLE 7s.

S. GEORGE (ELVEY).

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home :
 All is safely gather'd in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take his harvest home :
 From his field shall in that day
 All offences purge away ;
 Give his angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In his garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To thy final Harvest-home :
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There for ever purified,
 In thy presence to abide ;
 Come, with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home !

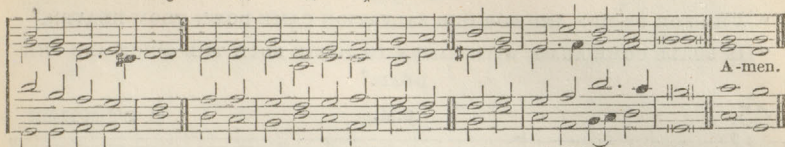
FOR DELIVERANCE.

43.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

BENEDICTION.

Thanksgivings upon several Occasions.



Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face—thy mercies sing;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, and guide our Queen.

Health, and every needful blessing,
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne:

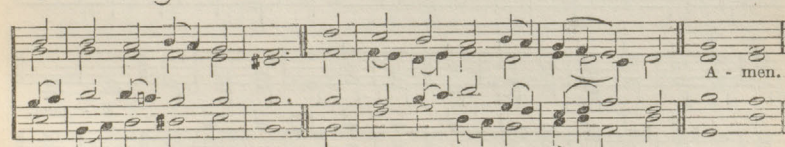
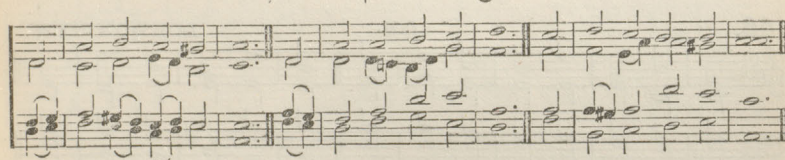
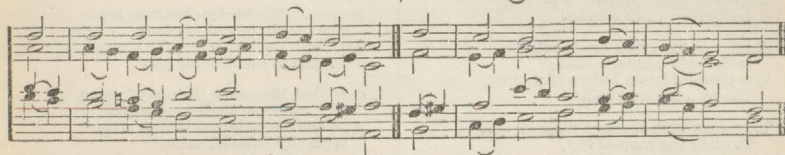
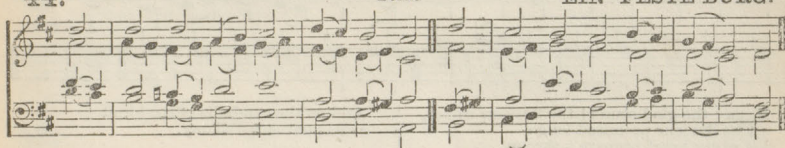
Young and old do now before thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our isle, and save our Queen.

Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favour'd nation
May those mercies ever last:
Britons, then, shall still before thee
Songs of ceaseless praises sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Bless thy people, bless our Queen.

44.

P.M.

EIN' FESTE BURG.



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.

When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;

Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
O praise our God alway;
Let all his saints adore him.

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.

Advent.

"WHO FOR US MEN AND FOR OUR SALVATION CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN."

"HE SHALL COME AGAIN WITH GLORY TO JUDGE BOTH THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

45.

C.M.

S. STEPHEN.

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

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

He comes from thickest films of vice—
To clear the mental ray,

And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

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

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

46.

C.M.

LONDON NEW.

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

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

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

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

Advent.

47

S.M.

FRANCONIA.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;

Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And bewitch honour crown'd.
Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic bands.

48.

DOUBLE S.M.

SWABIA.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our waken'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

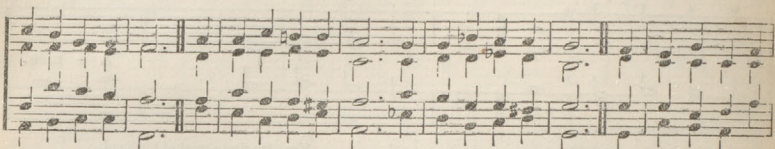
To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For eve let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,—
Ye dead, the Judge is come:
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And bear your instant doom.
O may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord:
O may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And wach a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

Advent.

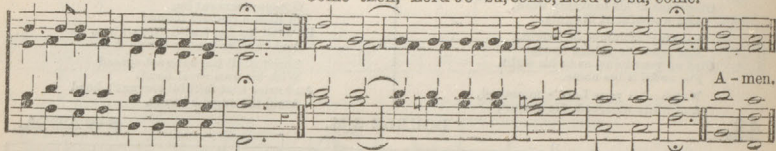
49.

DOUBLE S.M. with a Refrain.

VIGIL.



Come then, Lord Je-su, come, Lord Je-su, come.



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.
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.

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,
But not in hope forlorn ;
We laid them but to slumber there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.

The serpent's brood increase ;
The powers of hell grow bold ;
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood ?
Come then, Lord Jesu, come.

We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain ;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesu, come !

Advent.

50.

L.M.

CANNONS.

Musical score for 'CANNONS' 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 and bass staff, with the word 'A - men.' written below the treble staff.

THE Lord will come : the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come : but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come : a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride ?
O God ! is this the Crucified ?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain ;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come*.

51.

L.M.

OLMUTZ.

Musical score for 'OLMUTZ' 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 and bass staff, with the word 'A - men.' written below the treble staff.

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

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

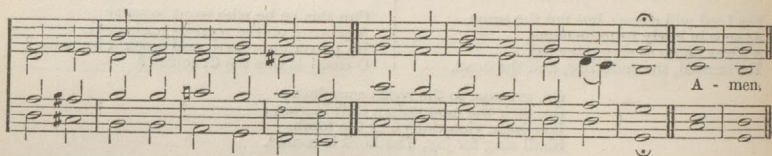
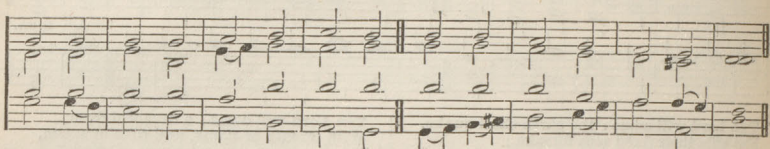
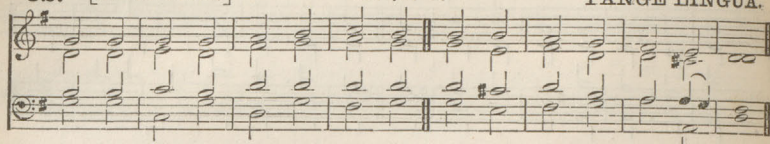
O ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away*.

Advent.

52. [FIRST TUNE.]

8s. 7s. 4.

PANGE LINGUA.



Lo, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

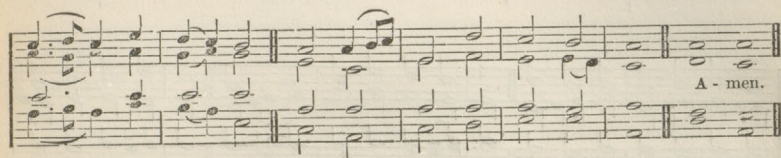
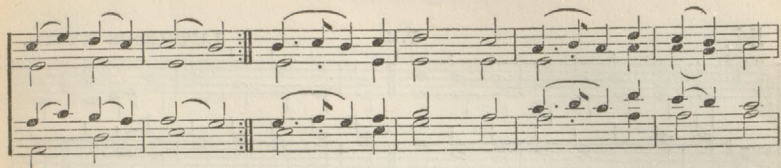
52. [SECOND TUNE.]

8s. 7s. 4.

HELMSLEY.



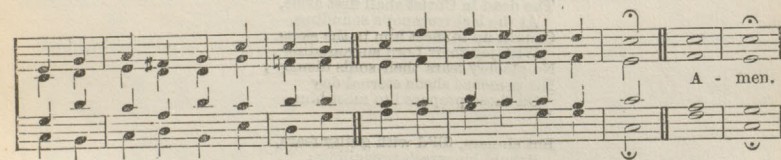
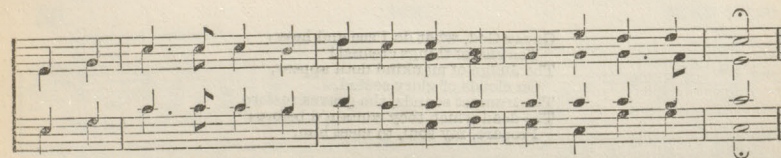
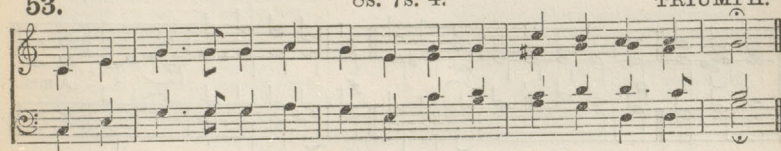
Advent.



53.

8s. 7s. 4.

TRIUMPH.



DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken,
From his face prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

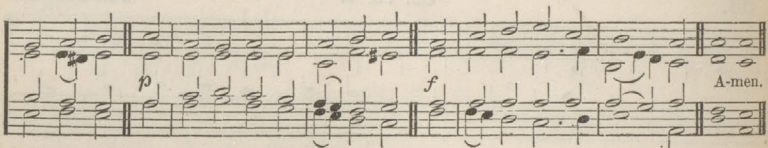
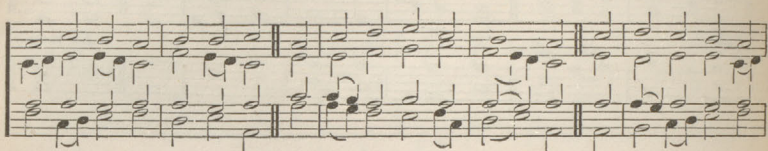
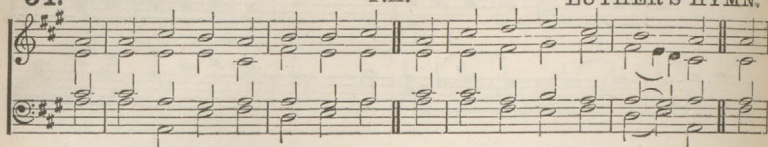
But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow.
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

Advent.

54.

P.M.

LUTHER'S HYMN.



GREAT God, what do I see and hear :
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling, they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, what do I see and hear :
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated.
 Low at his cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet him.

Advent.

55.*

P.M.

SINAI.

The Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth his voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
And at his left hand and his right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven his languid eye
In nature's hour of danger;

For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

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.

* The tune to No. 54 can be sung to this, if preferred.

56.

P.M.

DIES IRÆ.

Large and sustained.

A Day of wrath, O day of mourning! See the Cru - ci - fied re -

Org. *mf mp* Choir & congregation. *cres*.....

Vocal parts in unison.

turning, Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing! O what fear man's
Voci.

f *p* *smorz.* Org. Choir.

Voices in four parts.

bo - som rend - eth, When from heav'n the Judge de - scend - eth, On whose

f *p*

Advent.

sen - tence all de - pend - - eth!

A little faster and with energy.
Won-drous sound the trumpet

dim. *p* *Org. pp* *Choir & f congregation.*
Unison and octaves for the voice. Organ harmonies.

ringeth; Thro' earth's se - pul - chres it ringeth; All be - fore the throne it bring - eth.

dim. *dim. pp* *Voices in parts.* *Repeat music A*

Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded;
When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

Choir—Slower.
What shall I, frail man, be plead - ing; Who for me be in - ter -

Org. *cres.* *res.* *B*

ced - ing; When the just are mer - cy need - ing? *Choir—Slow* King of Ma - jes - ty tre -

dim. *pp* *f* *V* *Slow*

men - dous, Who dost free sal - va - tion send us, Fount of pit - y, then be -

dim. *p* *Org.*

Advent.

All Sopranos in choir and congregation.
friend us,

Think, kind Je - - - su, my sal -

Voci.

Org. *cres.*..... *cres.*.....

Harmonies for the organ; basses and tenors all rest.

- va - - - tion Caused thy wondrous in - car - na - tion: Leave me not to

cres...... *cres.*.....

re - pro - ba - tion, Leave me not to re - pro - ba - tion.

p *dim.*

Repeat music B

Faint and weary, thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
Righteous Judge, for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest;
Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.
With thy favour'd sheep, O place me;
Nor among the goats abuse me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.

C Unisons and octaves.
Choir and congregation.

Low I kneel with heart sub - mis - sion; See, like

Faster. *Org.*

ash - es, my con - tri - - tion. Save,..... O.....

più animato.

Org.

Advent.

save..... me..... from..... per - di - - tion.....

cres.....

from..... per - di - - tion, from per - -

dim.....

- di - tion. **D** Choir—Slow.
Ah, that day of tears and mourn - ing! From the

p pp Ory.

dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him;

dim.

Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him. **E** Choir and all the congregation.
Lord, all pity - ing,

cres..... p pp pp Slow.

Je - su blest, Grant us thine e - ter - nal rest.

Christmas.

Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest. Grant us Thine e -

- ter - nal rest..... A - men.

Christmas.

"WHEN THOU TOOKEST UPON THEE TO DELIVER MAN, THOU DIDST NOT
ABHOR THE VIRGIN'S WOMB."

57.

C.M.

NOTTINGHAM.

A - men.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.

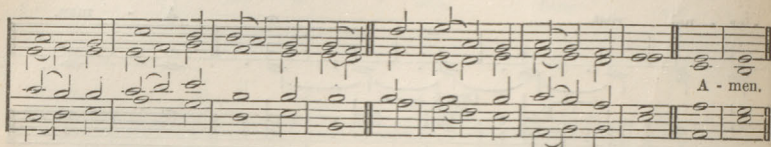
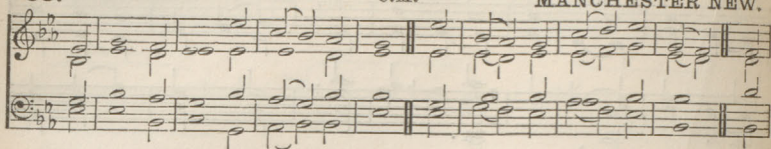
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Christmas.

58.

C.M.

MANCHESTER NEW.



O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below,
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe;—

Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried;
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And, to redeem us, died;—

If gaily clothed and proudly fed
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger-bed
And lowly cottage cell.

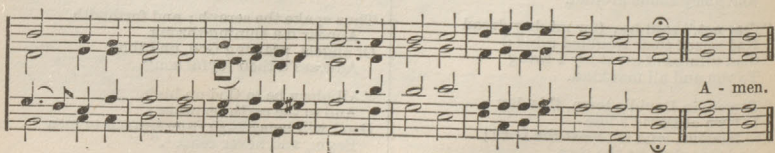
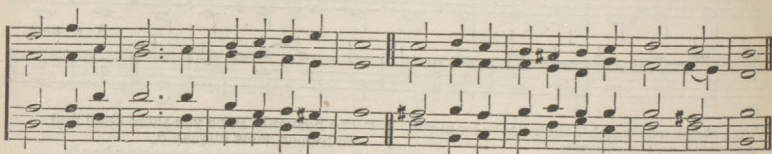
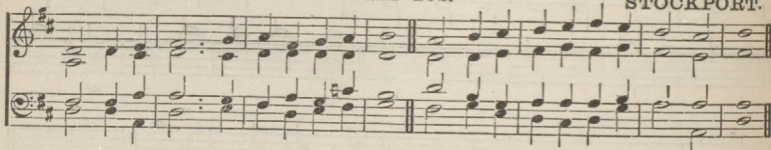
If press'd by poverty severe
In envious want we pine;
O may the Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was thine.

Through this world's fickle various scene
From sin preserve us free:
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee*.

59.

SIX 10s.

STOCKPORT.



Christmas.

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

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

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

To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shep-
herds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for
man:

And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of his infant fame.

Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.

Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among
To sing redeem'd a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

60.

P.M.

ADESTE FIDELES.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born, the King of angels;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore him, &c.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God,
In the highest;
O come, let us adore him, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Christmas.

61.

DOUBLE 7s.

MENDELSSOHN.

HARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day.
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate Deity,
 Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel!
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Mild, he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

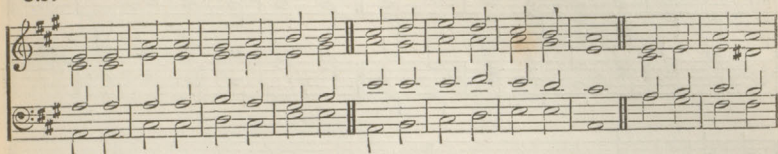
Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
 Adam's likeness, Lord, efface
 Stamp thy image in its place;
 O to all thyself impart,
 Form'd in each believing heart.
 Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Christmas.

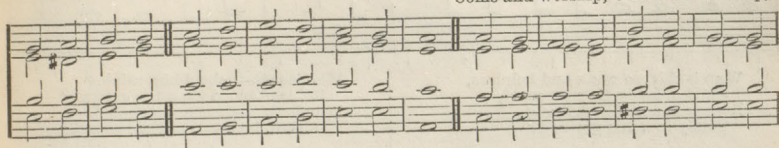
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Ss. 7s. 4.

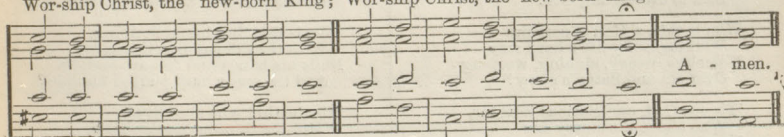
NOEL.



Come and worship, Come and worship,



Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King; Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.



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

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King°.

Sunday after Christmas : Close of the Year.

63.*

8s. 7s.

STUTGARD.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with the instruction 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

Who is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
Coldly in a manger laid?

'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

Who is this, a Man of sorrows
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?

'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now prepares the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this—behold him raining
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?

'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On his Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All his foes beneath his throne.

Who is this that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side;
Nails his hands and feet are tearing,
And the spear hath pierced his side?

'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

* The verses to be sung alternately *piano* and *forte*.

Sunday after Christmas : Close of the Year.

"THE LIVING, THE LIVING, HE SHALL PRAISE THEE, AS I DO THIS DAY."

64.

S.M.

MORAVIA.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with the instruction 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

Sunday after Christmas : Close of the Year.

A few more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.
 A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time ;
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime.
 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore ;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
 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.
 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way ;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal Sabbath day.
 'Tis but a little while,
 And he shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with him may reign.
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day ;
 O wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away*.

65.

7s. 6s.

AURELIA.

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!
 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.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.
 On us thy mercy lighten,
 On us thy goodness rest,
 And let thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts thyself hast bless'd.
 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till, clothed in light for ever,
 We see thee face to face:
 A joy no language measures ;
 A fountain brimming o'er ;
 An endless flow of pleasures ;
 An ocean without shore*.

The Circumcision of Christ: New Year.

66.

7s.

CULBACH.

For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.
In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay:
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.
Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread;

With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying head.
Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.
So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

The Circumcision of Christ: New Year.

"BY THY HOLY NATIVITY AND CIRCUMCISION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

67.

S.M.

S. BRIDE.

The year begins with thee;
And thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.
Thine infant cries, O Lord,
Thy tears upon the breast
Are not enough:—the legal sword
Must do its stern behest.
Like sacrificial wine
Pour'd on a victim's head,
Are those few precious drops of thine,
Now first to offering led.

O are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe;
And seems it hard our vernal years
Few vernal joys can show?
Look here and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.
If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year*.

The Circumcision of Christ: New Year.

68.

S.M.

FRANCONIA.

My times are in thy hand,
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

My times are in thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

My times are in thy hand;
I'll always trust in thee,
And after death at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

69.

C.M.

MILAN.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

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

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

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

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

The Epiphany.

70.

C.M.

REDHEAD (No. 29).

Musical score for 'The Epiphany' (No. 70) in C Major, Common Time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The second system concludes the piece with the text 'A - men.' written below the final notes.

Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;

And let the year, we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

And when before thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room^c.

The Epiphany.

"THE GENTILES SHALL COME TO THY LIGHT, AND KINGS TO THE
BRIGHTNESS OF THY RISING."

71.

C.M.

HOLY TRINITY.

Musical score for 'The Epiphany' (No. 71) in C Major, Common Time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The second system concludes the piece with the text 'A - men.' written below the final notes.

O Thou who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

Although by stars thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

As yet we know thee but in part;
But still we trust thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour, give us then thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see thee face to face,
Hereafter as thou art^c.

The Epiphany.

72.

7s.

REDHEAD (No. 48).

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewild'rd nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear:

Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes:
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man his life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy¹.

73.

SIX 7s.

DIX.

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

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

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King¹.

The Epiphany.

74.

P.M.

EPIPHANY HYMN.

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.

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

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

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

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.

75.

L.M.

REDHEAD (No. 4).

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

It is my guide, my light, my all,
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

Then safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

The Epiphany.

76.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

S. PETER.

HAIL! thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind,
Gentiles now, thy grace possessing,
In thy courts admission find.
Grateful now we fall before thee,
In thy church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold thy glory,
Praise thy truth, adore thy grace.
Once far off, but now invited,
We approach thy sacred throne;
In thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeem'd, made one.

Now reveal'd to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine!
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

Hail! thou all-inviting Saviour;
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In thy temples seek thy favour,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to thy praise.
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

77.

8s. 7s.

GOTHA.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE TO MAKE KNOWN THY SAVING HEALTH
UNTO ALL NATIONS."

78.

S.M.

CARLISLE.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God*.

79.

S.M.

S. MICHAEL.

To bless thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:

That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

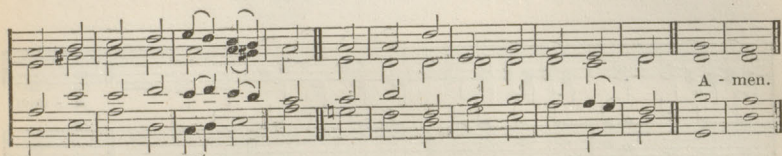
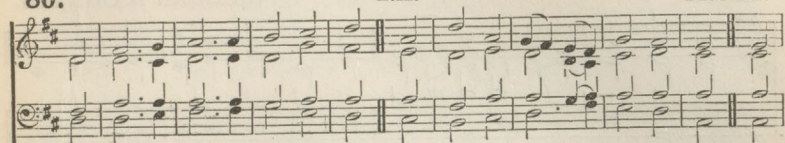
O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth*.

Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

80.

L.M.

TRURO.



ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone;
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

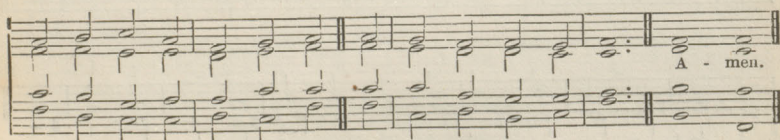
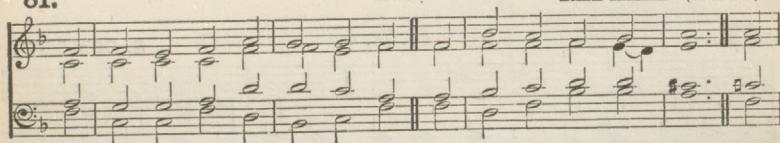
Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.*

81.

C.M.

REDHEAD (No. 29).



BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then, O come, from every land
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine*.

Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

82.

8s. 7s.

SICILIAN MARINERS.

Zion's King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own his sway;
He will make his kingdom glorious;
He will reign through endless day.

Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the Lord their God,
Look on him whom once they piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign."

83.

8s. 7s. 4.

S. OSMOND.

Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

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

Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning ;
Zion still is well-beloved.

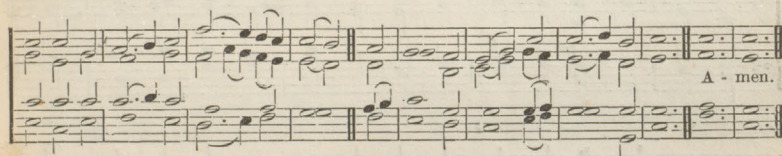
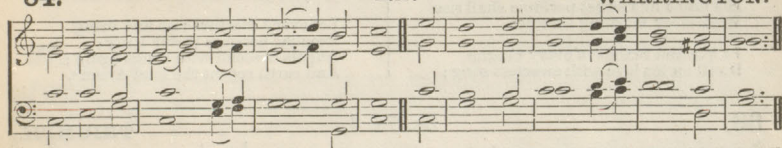
God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest °.

84.

L.M.

WARRINGTON.



O WHY should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
Still roam the scorning world around ;
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?

O God of Israel, view their race ;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

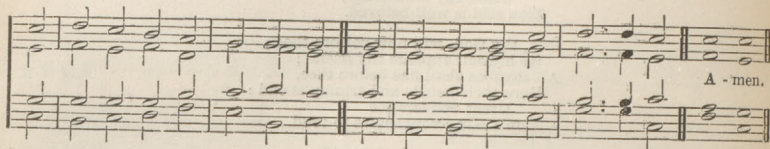
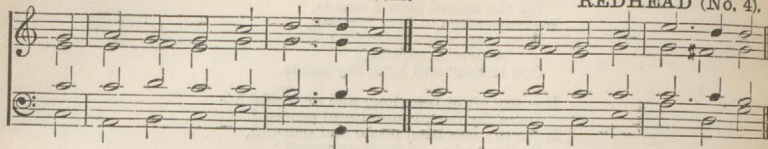
Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise ^b.

Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

85.

L.M.

REDHEAD (No. 4).



Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journey's run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

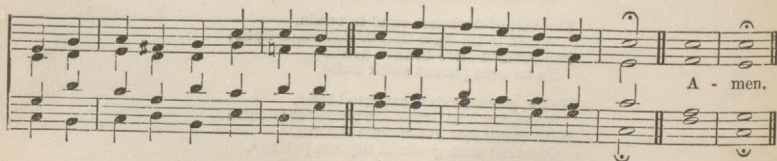
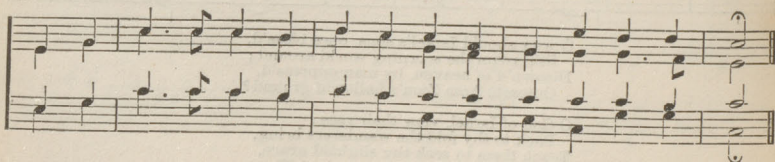
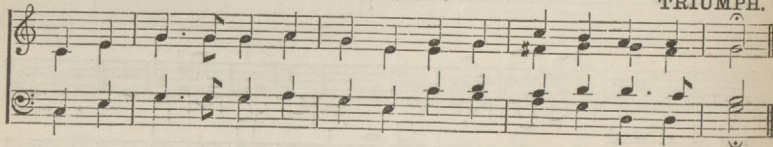
Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again ;
And earth repeat the loud Amen^a.

86.

8s. 7s. 4.

TRIUMPH.



Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace.
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary:
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

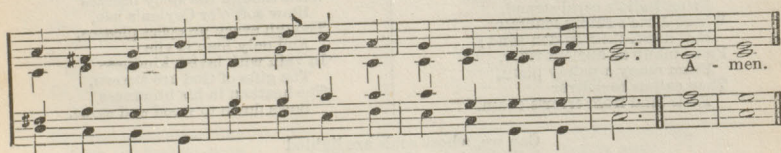
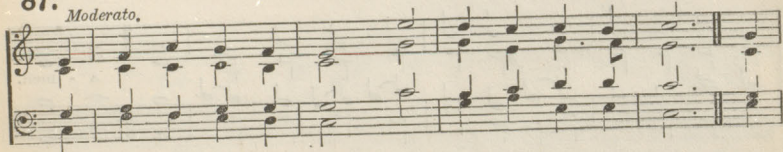
Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night:
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease:
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase:
 May thy sceptre
 Sway the enlighten'd world around*.

87. *Moderato.*

S.M.

S. GEORGE (GAUNTLETT).



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.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown;
 Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.

Hence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, is come,
 The angel reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry, Harvest-home*.

Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

88.

7s. 6s.

CEYLON.

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

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

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

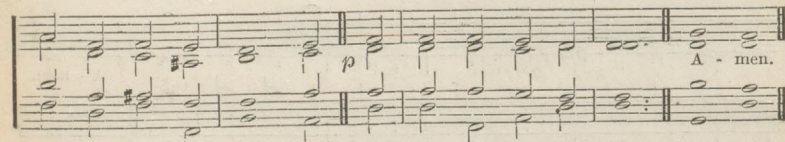
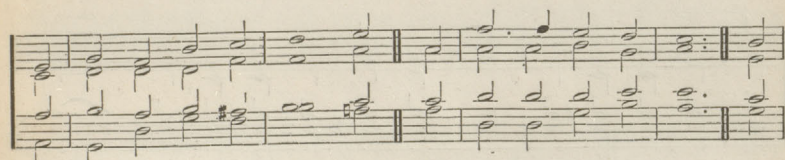
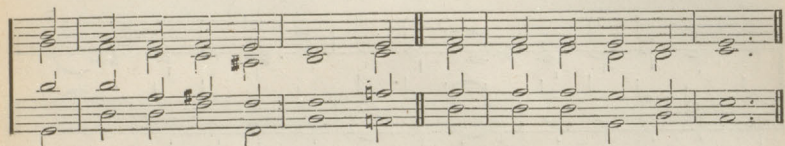
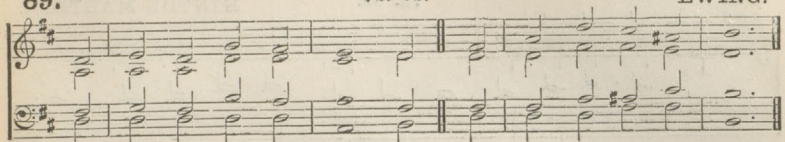
Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll;
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.*

Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

89.

7s. 6s.

EWING.



HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

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

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-bless'd.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of love*.

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.

To 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.

Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

90.

7s. 6s.

HINTON MARTELL.

O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is fill'd with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransom'd souls.

Not unto us—Lord Jesus,
To thee all praise be due;
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us—in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before thee
Exultingly again.

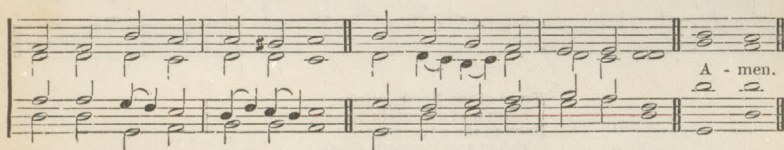
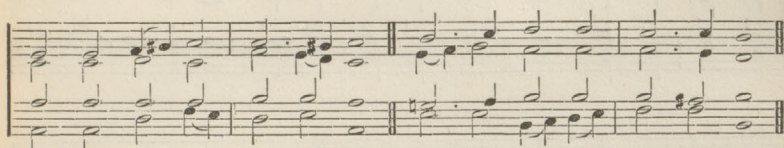
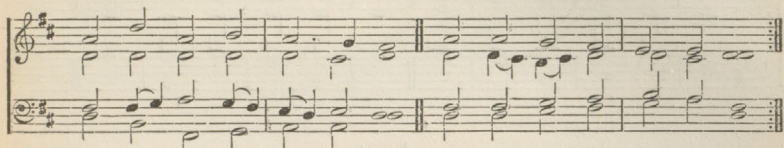
Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be thine for evermore.
Still on in conflict pressing
On thee thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

Sundays after the Epiphany : Missions.

91.

DOUBLE 7s.

SALZBURG.



HARK ! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar ;
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign :
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners fur'd,
 Sheath'd his sword : he speaks—'tis
 done ;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

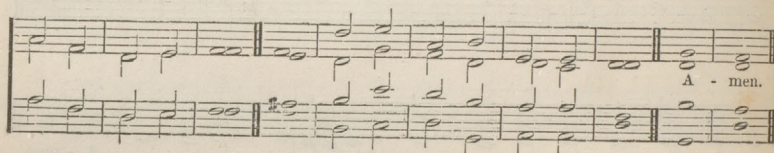
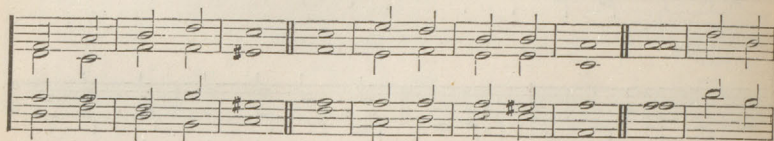
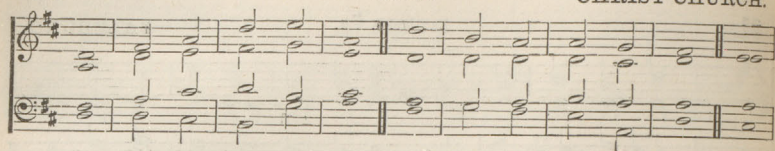
He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
 Then the end : beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall :
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all !.

Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

92.

6s. 8s.

CHRIST CHURCH.



HILLS of the North, rejoice,
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice,
Valley and lowland, sing:
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings and victory.

Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lull'd be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes his great highway.

Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawn'd the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song:
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

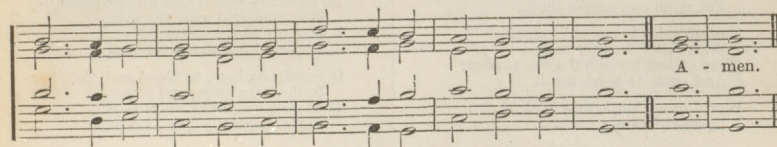
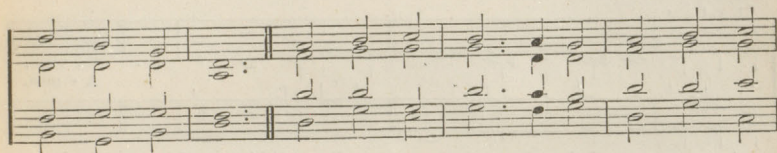
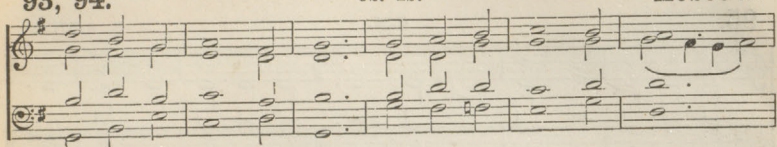
Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free:
We come to live and reign in thee.

Sundays after the Epiphany: Missions.

93, 94.

6s. 4s.

MOSCOW.



Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy Word:
O let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found;
God speed his Word.

Hail, blessed Jubilee:
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

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

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

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight:
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

Holy and Blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

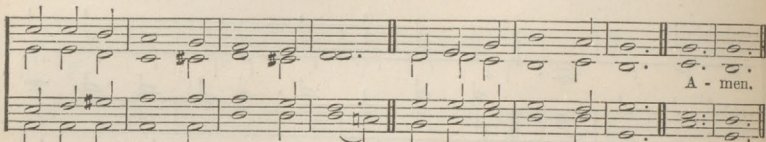
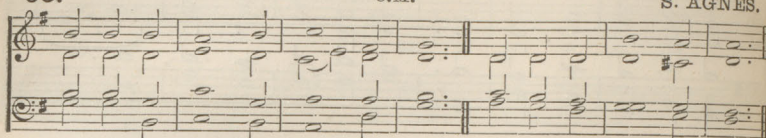
Lent: Penitential Hymns.

"CREATE AND MAKE IN US NEW AND CONTRITE HEARTS."

95.

C.M.

S. AGNES.



APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,

By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

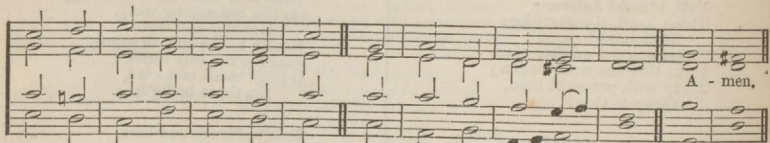
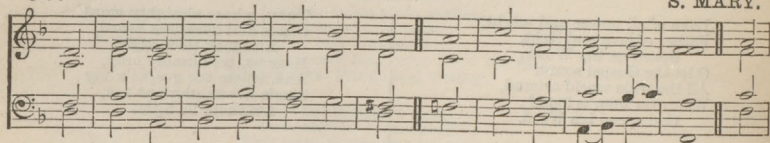
Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

96.

C.M.

S. MARY.



O Lord, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate;

A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin;
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

I need not to confess my life
To thee, who best can tell
What I have been; and what I am,
I know thou know'st it well.

So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploping pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have:
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask
The blessing I do crave.

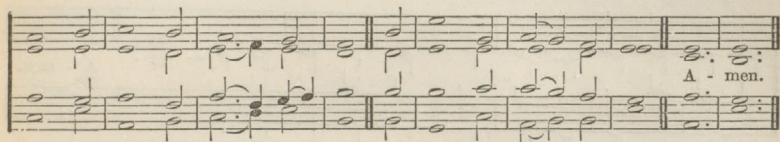
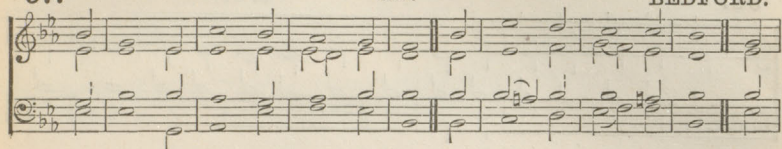
Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask;
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

97.

G.M.

BEDFORD.



WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

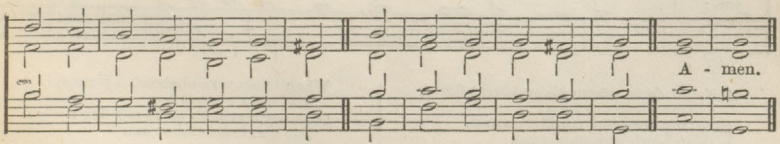
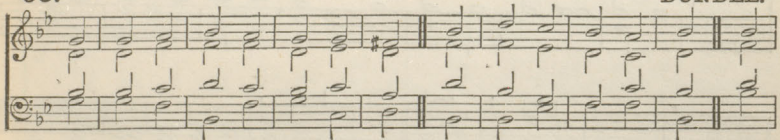
'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

98.

C.M.

DUNDEE.



O Jesu, Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding-place;
By storms of sin and sorrow toss'd,
I seek thy sheltering grace.

Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

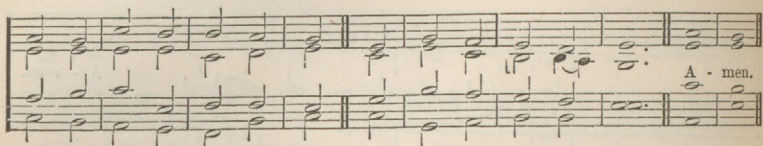
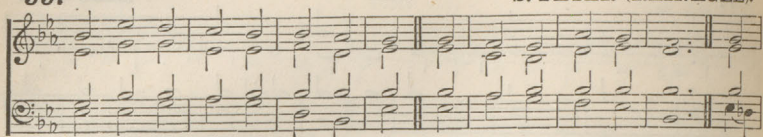
And when I stand before thy throne,
And all thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

99.

C.M.

S. PETER (REINAGLE).



Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
And penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

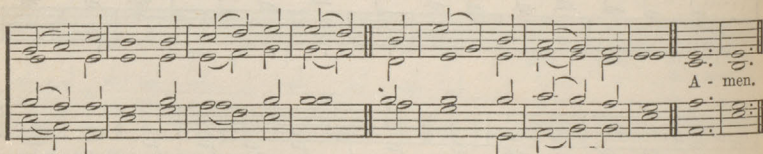
When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies^c.

100.

C.M.

ABRIDGE.



O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:
In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good remember me.

If on my face for thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

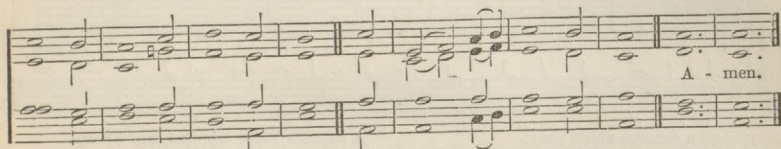
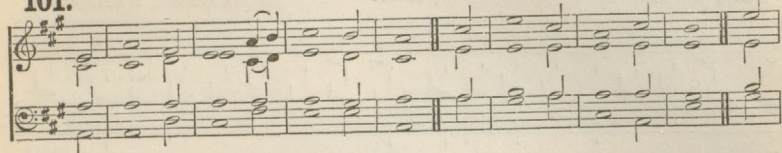
And O, when in the hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me^c.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

101.

C.M.

ALL SAINTS.



Come let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd ;
The dawn shall bring us light :
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

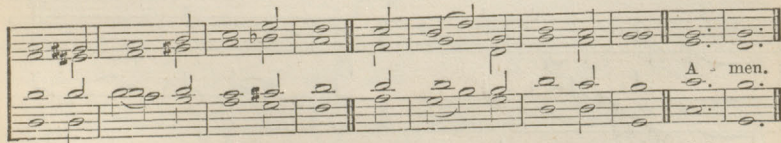
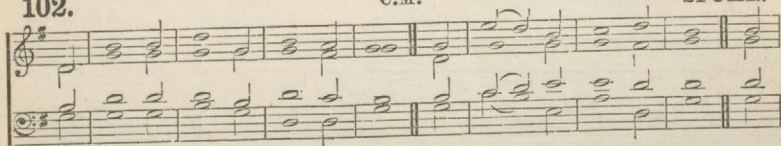
As dew upon the tender herb
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night °.

102.

C.M.

SPOHR.



As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring °.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

103, 104.

L.M.

BABYLON'S STREAMS.

Musical score for 'Babylon's Streams' in G minor, 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 the word 'A - men.' written below the treble staff.

How shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its grief make known,
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? Through Christ alone.

Father, in him we claim our part,
For thy Son's sake accept us now,
In him well pleased thou always art,
Well pleased with us through him be thou.

O look on thine Anointed One;
Thy gift in him is all our plea;
Our righteousness,—what he hath done;
Our prayer,—his prayer for us to thee.

So while he intercedes above,
In his dear name may we believe,
And all the fulness of thy love
Into our inmost souls receive^b.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

O may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness^b.

105.

L.M.

ANGELS.

Musical score for 'Angels' 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 and bass staff, with the word 'A - men.' written below the treble staff.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

COME, weary souls, in Christ your Lord
To more than Paradise restored,
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace :

A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God,
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :

The guiltless shame, the calm distress,
The unutterable tenderness,
The genuine meek humility,
The wonder, Why such love to me ?

The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face,
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love*.

106. *Slow and sustained.*

L.M.

NORTON CANES.

O Thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;

No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace*.

107.

L.M.

LEIPSIC.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day
Eor joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle seas and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

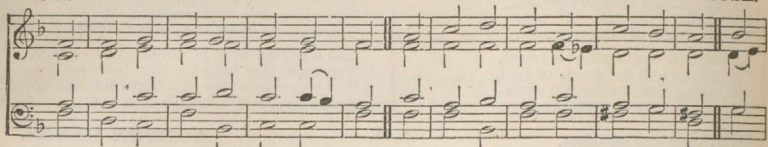
If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee*.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

108.

L.M.

S. AMBROSE.



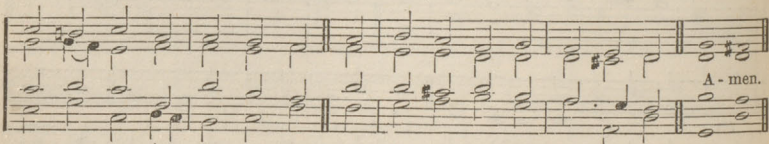
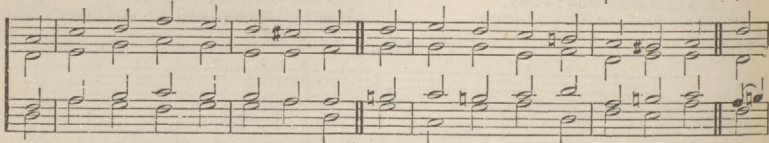
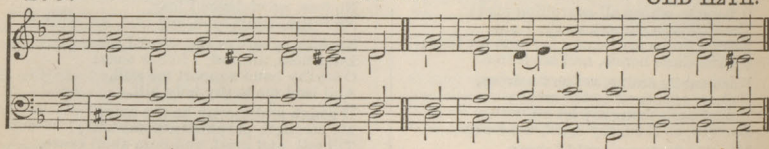
AND dost thou say, Ask what thou wilt?
 Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
 I pray to be released from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power.
 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of thine image let me bear;
 Erect thy throne within my heart,
 And reign without a rival there.

Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
 And from thy joy to draw my strength,
 To have thy boundless love reveal'd
 In all its height, and breadth, and length.
 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
 But to thy care the rest resign;
 Living or dying, rich or poor,
 All shall be well if thou art mine's.

109.

SIX 8s.

OLD 112TH.



WEARY of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear and bow me to the rod;
 For thee, not without hope, I mourn:
 I have an Advocate above,
 A Friend before the throne of love.
 O Jesu, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face,
 Open thine arms and take me in;
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

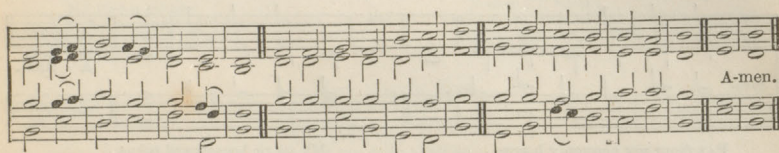
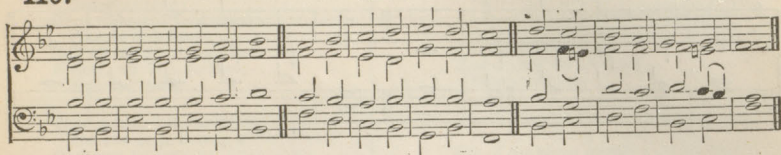
Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore:
 O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.
 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
 That trembles at the approach of sin;
 A godly fear of sin impart,
 Implant, and root it deep within;
 That I may dread thy gracious power,
 And never dare offend thee more s.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

110.

SIX 7s.

S. JOHN.



Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

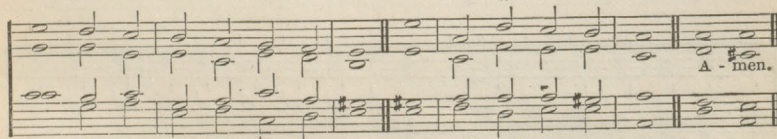
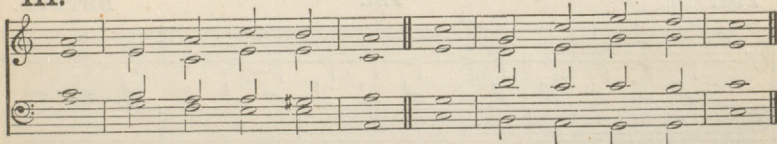
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

111.

S.M.

S. BRIDE.



Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

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

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curs'd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

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

Pent: Penitential Hymns.

112.

S.M.

S. BRIDE.

A - men.

Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee, I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

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.

113.

P.M.

BETHEL.

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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,
Nearer to thee.

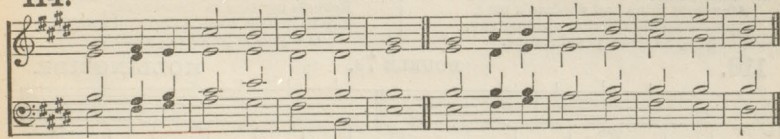
Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

114.

Ss. 6.

BALFOUR.



Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

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.

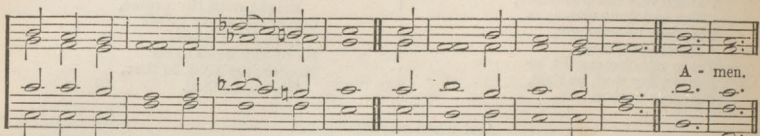
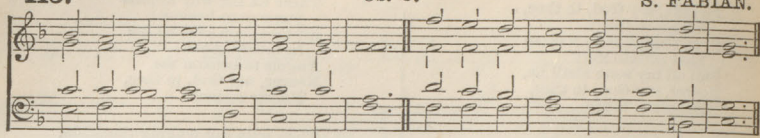
Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

115.

Ss. 6.

S. FABIAN.



O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end;
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made hold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

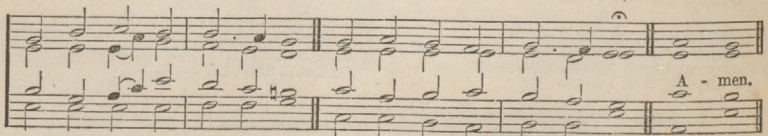
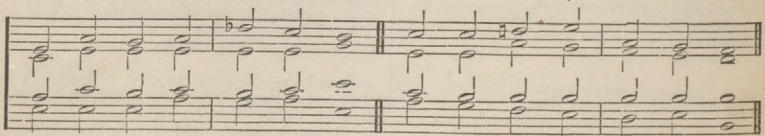
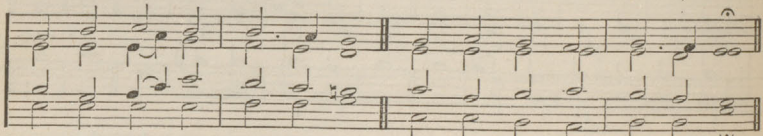
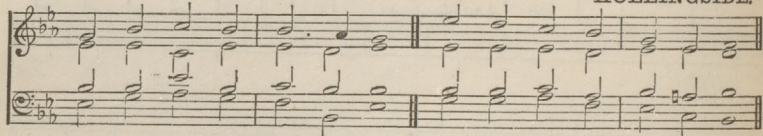
And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast wash'd them all away;
O say thou plead'st for me.

116.

DOUBLE 7s.

HOLLINGSIDE.



Lent: Penitential Hymns.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

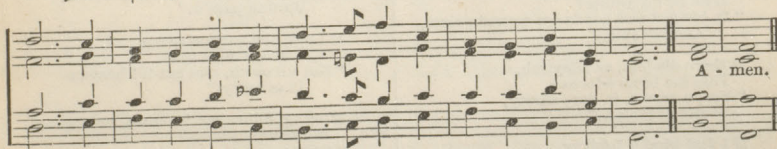
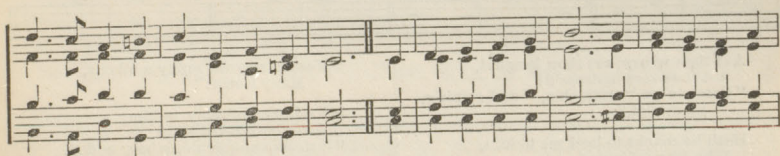
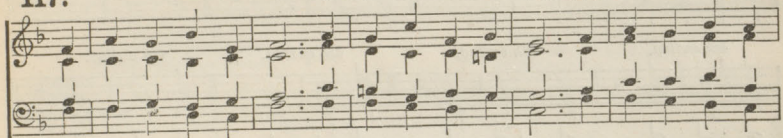
Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

117.

DOUBLE S.M.

KIRKBY LONSDALE.



I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head:
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.

They wash'd my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that wash'd 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.

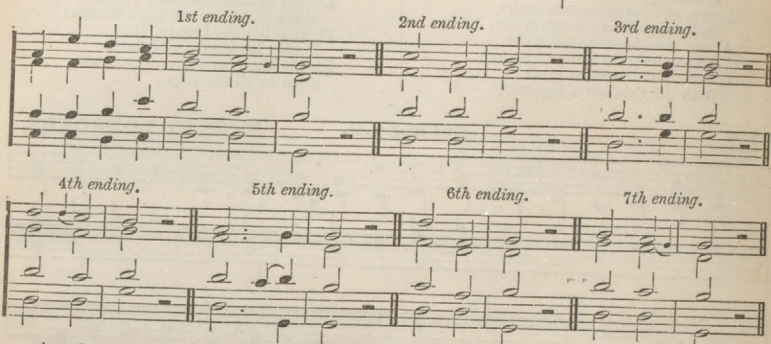
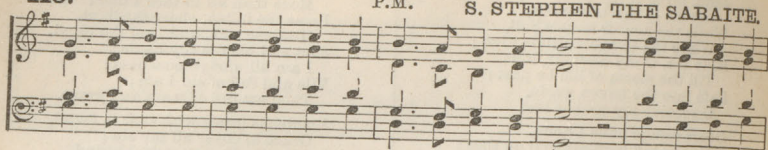
I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controll'd;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once prefer'd to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

118.

P.M.

S. STEPHEN THE SABAITE.



Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd."

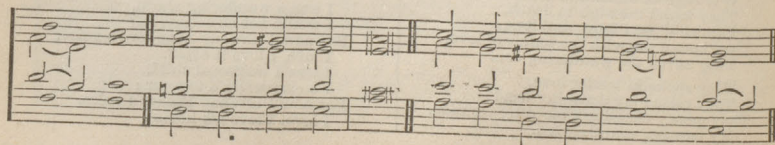
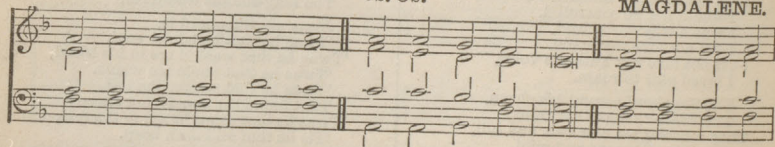
If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

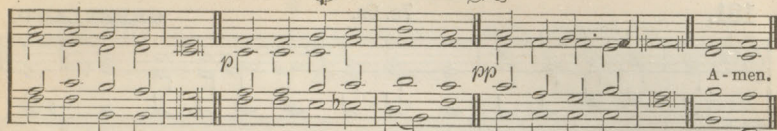
119.

6s. 5s.

MAGDALENE.



Lent: Penitential Hymns.



In the hour of trial,
 Jesu, pray for me;
 Lest by base denial
 I depart from thee:
 When thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor for fear or favour
 Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm,
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or in darker semblance
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

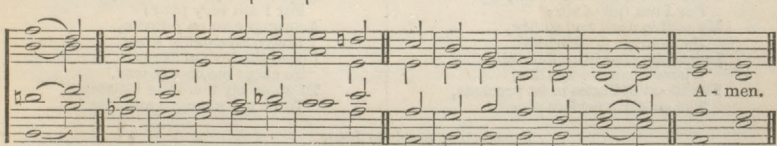
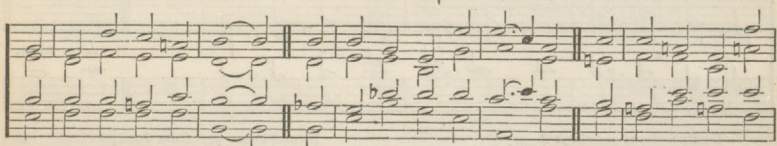
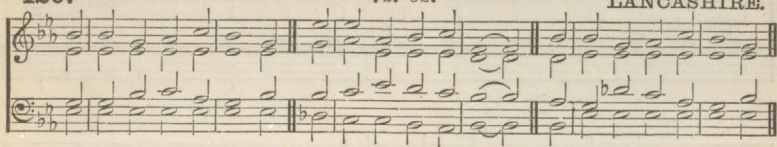
If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour thy benediction
 On the sacrifice:
 Then, upon thine altar
 Freely offer'd up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On thy truth relying
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me, dying,
 To eternal life. Amen.

120.

7s. 6s.

LANCASHIRE.



I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fulness dwells in him:
 He heals all my diseases;
 He doth my soul redeem.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares
 He from them all releases;
 He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces;
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Emmanuel, Christ the Lord;
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is pour'd.

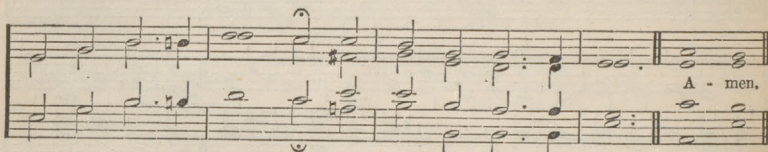
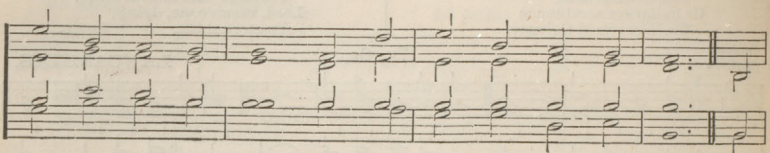
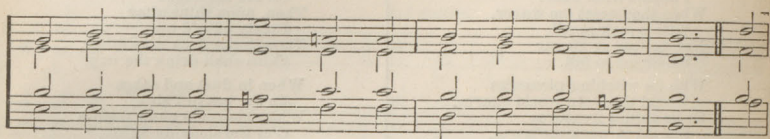
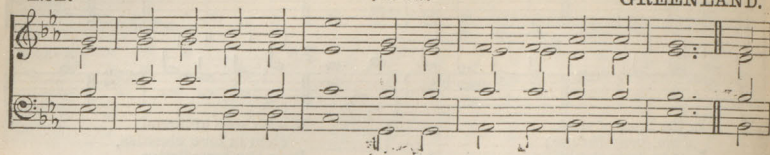
I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's Holy Child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing, with saints, his praises,
 To learn the angels' song*.

Lent: Penitential Hymns.

121.

7s. 6s.

GREENLAND.



I NEED thee, precious Jesu,
 For I am full of sin;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within.
 I need the cleansing fountain
 Where I can always flee,
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

I need thee, precious Jesu,
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store.
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

I need thee, precious Jesu,
 I need a friend like thee,
 A friend to soothe and pity,
 A friend to care for me.
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trouble,
 And all my sorrow share.

I need thee, precious Jesu,
 And hope to see thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on thy throne;
 There, with thy blood-bought children
 My joy shall ever be,
 To sing thy praises, Jesu,
 To gaze, my Lord, on thee*.

Passion Week.

"BY THY CROSS AND PASSION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

PALM SUNDAY.

122.

7s. 6s.

S. ALPHEGE.

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!

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

The company of angels
Are praising thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

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

To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

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

123.

L.M.

BROCKHAM.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The wing'd squadrons of the sky

Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

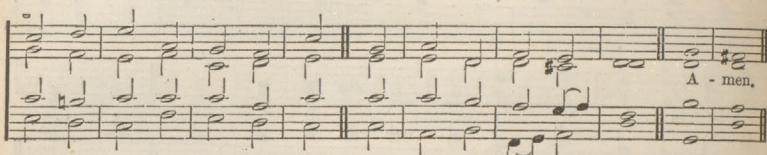
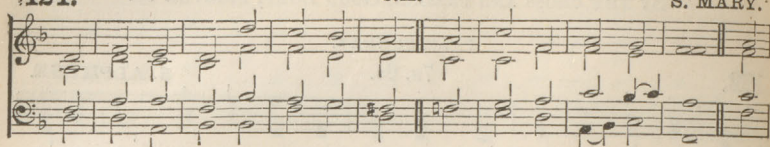
Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign^a.

Passion Week.

124.

C.M.

S. MARY.



A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart, that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreath'd his brow with thorn?

No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm
To Zion's blessed hill.

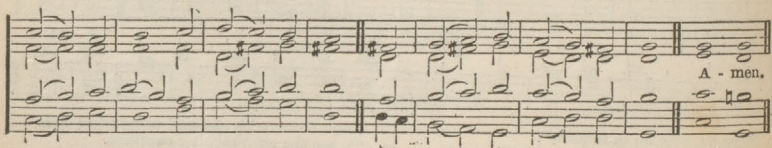
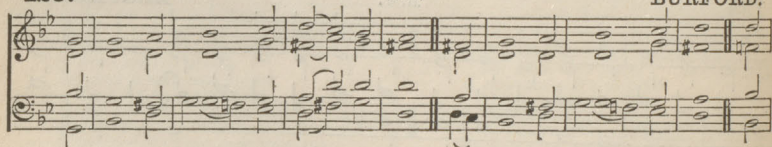
In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where Jesus had no home.

Dead to the world with him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.

125.

C.M.

BURFORD.



Behold the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree;
He died the captives to restore,
His blood was shed for thee.

Look to him, till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His pierc'd feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

Look to him, till his dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never-falling friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

Passion Week.

126.

SIX 7s.

PRESBURG.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from his griefs away;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraign'd;
 O the wormwood and the gall!
 O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete
 It is finish'd, hear him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
 Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid his breathless clay;
 All its solitude and gloom;
 Who hath taken him away?
 Christ is risen: he meets our eyes;—
 Saviour, teach us so to rise!

127.

7s.

REDHEAD (No. 47).

SEE the destined day arise,
 See a willing sacrifice;
 Jesus, to redeem our loss,
 Hangs upon the shameful cross.
 Jesu, who but thou had borne,
 Lifted on that tree of scorn,
 Every pang and bitter throe,
 Finishing thy life of woe?
 Who but thou had dared to drain,
 Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain;

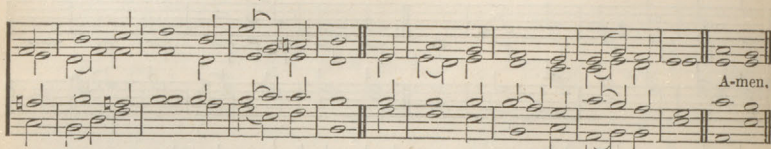
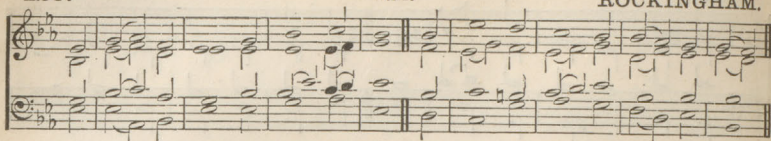
And with tender body bear
 Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?
 Thence the cleansing water flow'd,
 Mingled from thy side with blood;
 Sign to all attesting eyes
 Of the finish'd sacrifice.
 Holy Jesu, grant us grace
 In that sacrifice to place
 All our trust for life renew'd,
 Pardon'd sin, and promised good.

Passion Week.

128.

L.M.

ROCKINGHAM.



WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

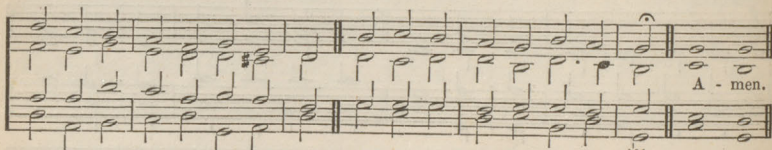
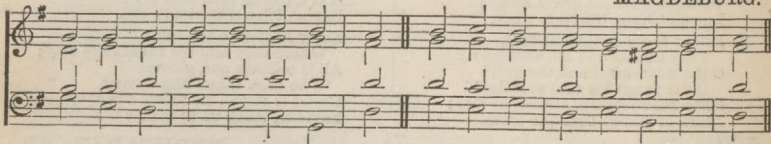
See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

129.

L.M.

MAGDEBURG.



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

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.

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.

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.

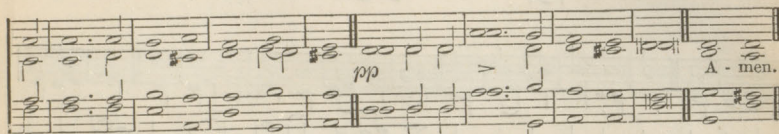
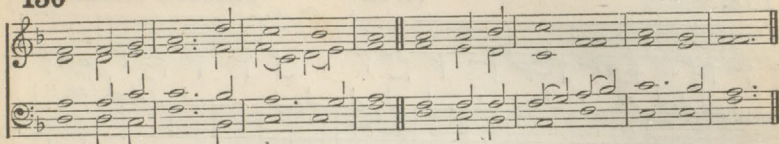
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

Passion Week.

130

L.M.

S. CROSS.



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

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

How fast his hands and feet are nail'd ;
His throat with parching thirst is dried ;
His falling eyes are dimm'd with blood ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

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

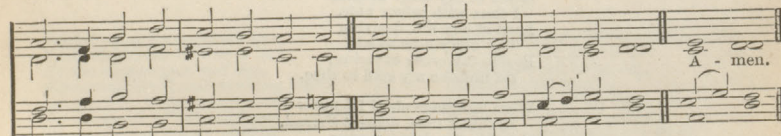
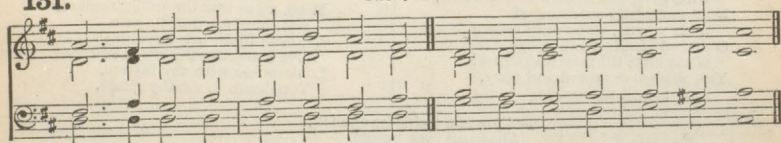
Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied :
Lord Jesu, may we love and weep,
Since thou for us art crucified.

131.

8s. 7s.

SYCHAR.



SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood :
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

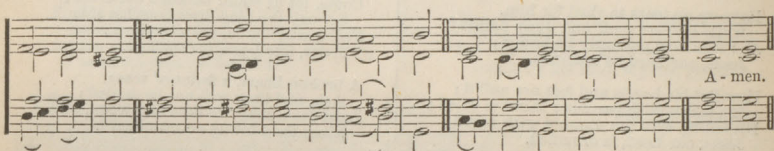
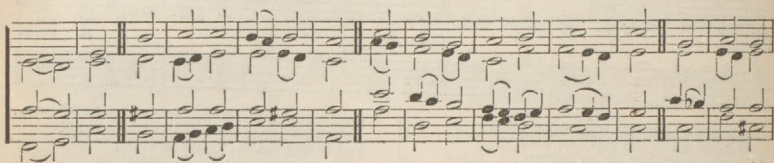
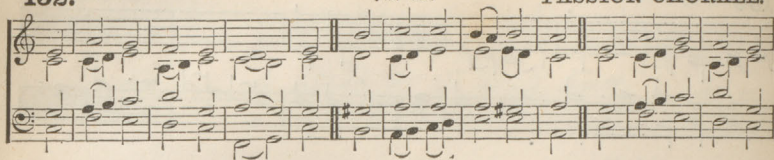
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee ;
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.

Passion Week.

132.

7s. 6s.

PASSION CHORALE.



O SACRED Head, once wounded,
 With grief and shame bow'd down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown.
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was thine!
 Yes, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd,
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But thine the deadly pain.
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
 'Tis I deserve thy place;
 Look on me with thy favour,
 Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide.
 Lord of my life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside thy cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me thine for ever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love for thee.

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

Passion Week.

133.

TEN 7s.

CORELLI.

BOUND upon the accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at his doom,
Yonder saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere he died
To the felon at his side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
By the mortal agony,
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chamber of the dead,
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know thee now;
Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

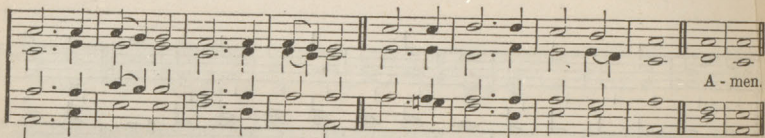
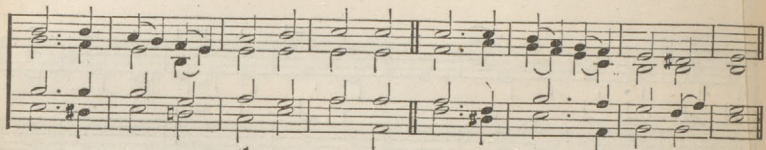
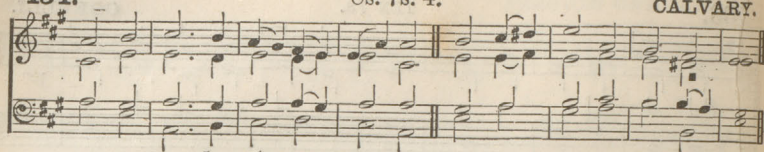
Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do."
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

Passion Week.

134.

8s. 7s. 4.

CALVARY.



HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
 "It is finish'd,"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finish'd." O what pleasure
 Do the wondrous words afford!
 Heavenly blessings without measure
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 "It is finish'd,"
 Saints, the dying words record.

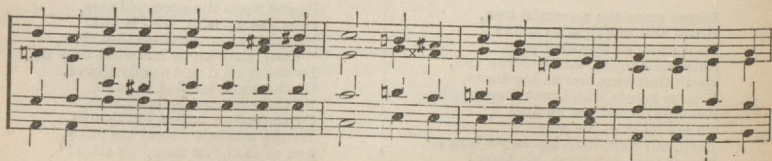
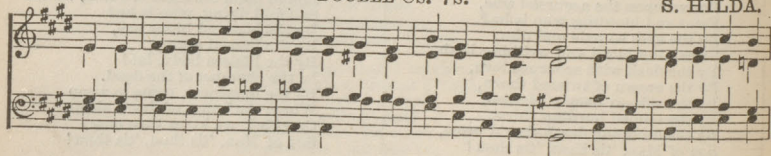
Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law,
 Finish'd all that God had promised:
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 "It is finish'd,"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
 Strike them to Emmannel's name;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join the triumph to proclaim.
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!*

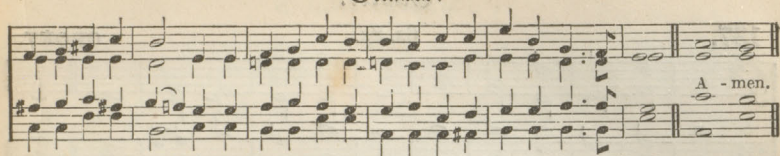
135.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

S. HILDA.



Easter.



HAIL, thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail, thou Galilean King:
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame,
 By thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given through thy name.
 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on thee laid:
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood:
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesu, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare,
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive:
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise*.

Easter.

"BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION, GOOD LORD, DELIVER US."

136.

6s. 8s.

S. MILDRED.

The happy morn is come;
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb;
 Omnipotent to save.
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
 Who now accuses them
 For whom their Surety died?
 Who now shall those condemn

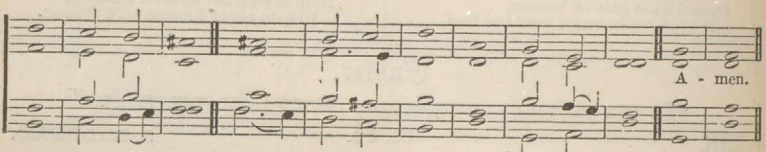
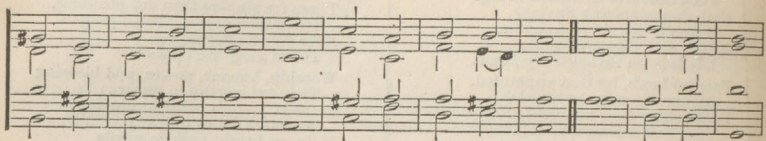
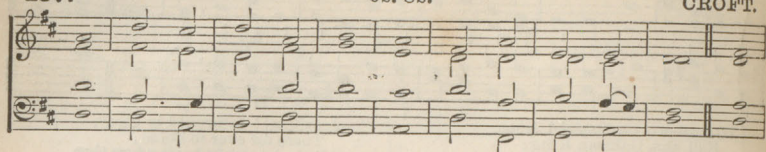
Whom God hath justified?
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
 Christ hath the ransom paid;
 The glorious work is done;
 On him our help is laid;
 By him our victory won.
 Captivity is captive led;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead*.

Easter.

137.

6s. 8s.

CROFT.



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

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

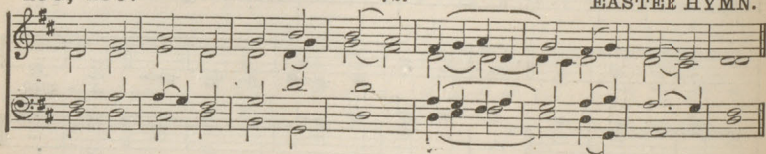
Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is com;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love
The year of Jubilee is com;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

138, 139.

7s.

EASTER HYMN.



Easter Week.



A - men.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day. Hallelujah !
 Sons of men, and angels say, Hallelujah !
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ; Hallelujah !
 Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth, reply, Hallelujah !

Lives again our glorious King ; Hallelujah !
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ? Hallelujah !
 Once he died our souls to save ; Hallelujah !
 Where thy victory, O grave ? Hallelujah !

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

Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hallelujah !
 Following our exalted Head : Hallelujah !
 Made like him, like him we rise ; Hallelujah !
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hallelujah !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ; Hallelujah !
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ; Hallelujah !
 Death in vain forbids his rise ; Hallelujah !
 Christ hath open'd Paradise. Hallelujah !

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven, Hallelujah !
 Praise to thee by both be given ; Hallelujah !
 Thee we greet triumphant now, Hallelujah !
 Hail the Resurrection thou ! Hallelujah ! Amen

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
 Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah !
 Who did once upon the cross, Hallelujah !
 Suffer to redeem our loss ; Hallelujah !

Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah !
 Sinners to redeem and save ; Hallelujah !

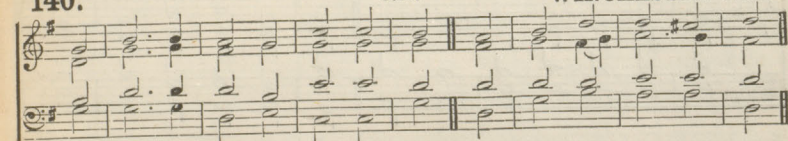
But the pains, which he endured, Hallelujah !
 Our salvation have procured ; Hallelujah !
 Now above the sky he's King, Hallelujah !
 Where the angels ever sing, Hallelujah ! Amen.

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah !
 Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah !

140.

C.M.

WINCHESTER OLD.



A - men.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
 The heathen world in gloom ;
 O what a sun which broke this day
 Triumphant from the tomb !
 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain
 To bind our Lord in death :

He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
 By his expiring breath.
 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung :
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 On nations yet unborn *.

Easter Week.

141.

7s. 8s.

S. ALBINUS.

Jesus lives : no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
Jesus lives : by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

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

Jesus lives : for us he died ;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives : our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

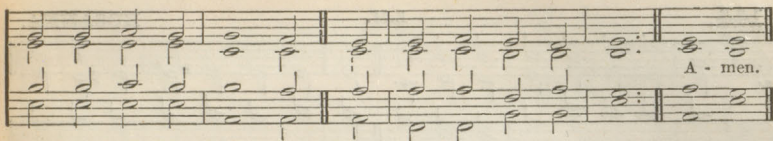
Jesus lives : to him the throne
Over all the world is given :
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

142.

7s. 6s.

AURELIA.

Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.



The 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.

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

And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

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,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end*.

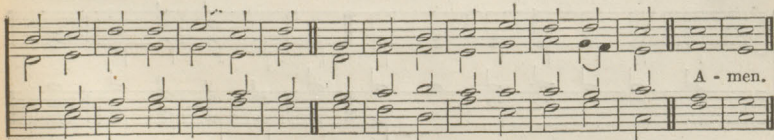
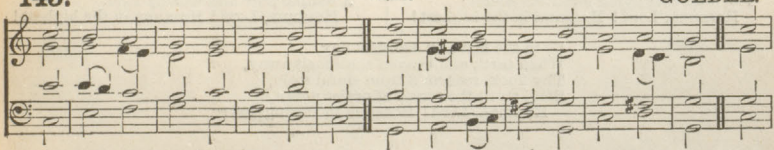
Sundays after Easter: the Lord's Day.

"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE: WE WILL REJOICE
AND BE GLAD IN IT."

143.

L.M.

GÖLDEL.



COME, condescending Saviour, come,
Almighty from the vanquish'd tomb,
Here thine assembled servants bless,
And fill our hearts with sacred peace.

O come thyself, most gracious Lord,
With all the joy thy smiles afford;
Reveal the lustre of thy face,
And make us feel thy vital grace.

Enter our hearts, Redeemer bless'd;
Enter, thou ever-honour'd guest,
Not for one transient hour alone,
But there to fix thy lasting throne.

Enter, and make our hearts thy home;
And when our life's last hour is come,
Let us but die as in thy sight,
And death shall vanish in delight*.

Sundays after Easter : the Lord's Day.

144.

L.M.

HOSANNA.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing :
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry :
 Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care,
 Return to this thy house of prayer :
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim ;
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest :
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure and worthy thee.
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

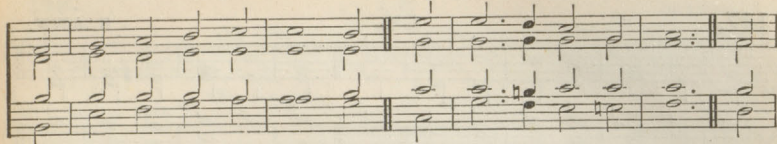
So in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna, Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

145.

7s. 6s.

AURELIA.

Sundays after Easter : the Lord's Day.



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,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

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.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

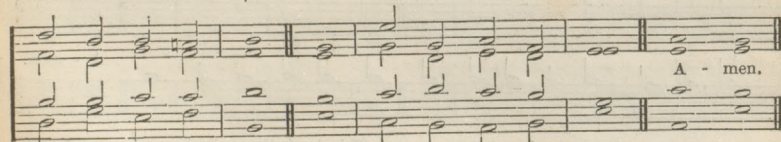
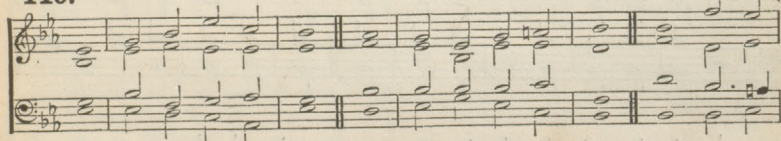
To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams:
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain 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.

146.

S.M.

MORAVIA.



WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may seek and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

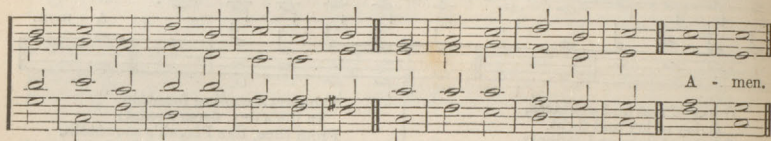
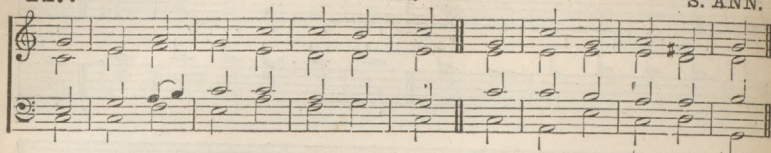
My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss*.

Sundays after Easter : the Lord's Day.

147.

C.M.

S. ANN.



This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son !

Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

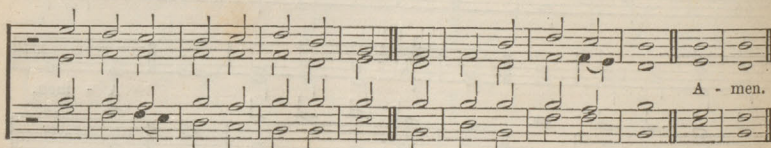
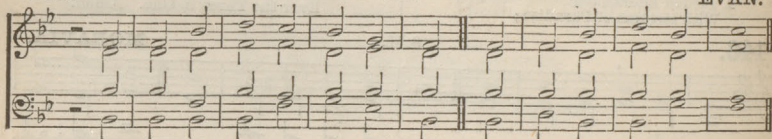
Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

148.

C.M.

EVAN.



BLES'd day of God, how calm, how bright,
A day of joy and praise :
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
The first and best of days.

This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And, as a conqueror, his foes
In glorious triumph led.

This day believers doth enrich ;
May grace rest on them all :
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.

As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

Sundays after Easter : the Lord's Day.

149.

L.M.

WALTON.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God*.

A - men.

150.

L.M.

MELCOMBE.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

And 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.

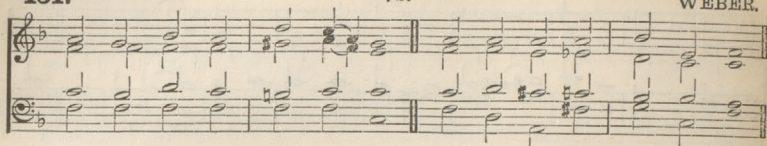
Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy*.

The Ascension : Heaven.

151.

7s.

WEBER.



Ere another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin ;

But thou canst and wilt forgive ;
By thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead ;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above :
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end !

The Ascension : Heaven.

"THOU SITTEST AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD IN THE GLORY OF THE FATHER."

"MAY WE ALSO IN HEART AND MIND THITHER ASCEND."

152.

7s.

S. SALVADOR.



The Ascension: Heaven.

lu - jah! *fz* *fz* Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

A - men.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

See, he lifts his hands above;
See, he shows the prints of love;
Hark, his gracious lips bestow—
Blessings on his Church below.

Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.

Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent, he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

Him though highest heaven receives,

Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

Hallelujah! Amen.

153.

C.M.

S. FULBERT.

A - men.

The Head, that once was crown'd with
thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love
And grants his name to know.

To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him:
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

The Ascension: Heaven.

154.

L.M.

BROCKHAM

Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The World, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest*.

155.

L.M.

WAREHAM

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their Surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

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.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang, that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour*.

The Ascension: Heaven.

156.

P.M.

ASCENSION.

CHRIST is gone up with a joyful sound,
He is gone to his bright abode;
The armies of heaven, they throng around,
To hail their ascended God.

He is gone to his glorious throne on high,
And to claim the victor's crown;
And captive he leads captivity,
And the foe he has overthrown.

He is gone to pour, from the fount of love,
Rich gifts on a sinful race;
To prepare a place for his saints above,
And to shed the Spirit's grace.

Christ is gone up with a joyful sound,
He is gone to his bright abode;
With the seraphim pure who his throne
surround,
O praise our ascended God.

157.

DOUBLE S.M.

OLIVET.

Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high:
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto thy crown:

And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.

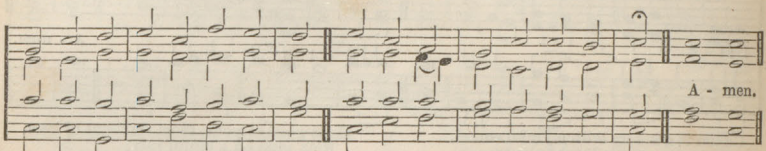
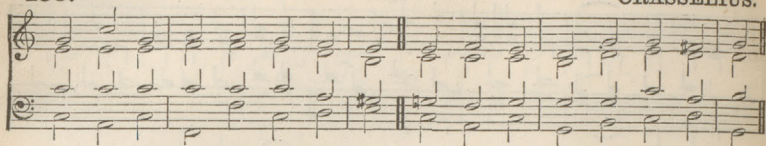
O by thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high!

The Ascension: Heaven.

158.

L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.



O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be:
Eternal praise of right is thine.

Reign, Prince of life, who once thy brow
Didst yield to rear the wounding thorn;
Reign, throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God firstborn.

From angel hosts, that round thee stand
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

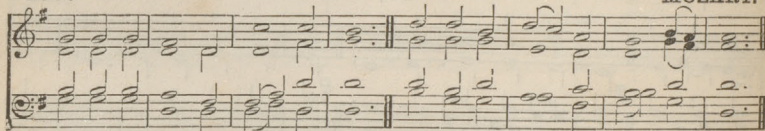
To thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;
All honour to thy name belongs:
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

Jesus,—all earth shall speak the word;
Jesus,—all heaven resound it still:
Emmanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the universe shall fill ^b.

159.

L.M.

MOZART.



LET me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart,
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore:
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove:
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love ^b.

The Ascension: Heaven.

160.

L.M.

RUSSIA.

As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still;

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day:
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.

Jesu, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

161.

C.M.

SOUTHWELL.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

The Ascension: Heaven.

162.

C.M.

S. JAMES.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise:
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

No clouds those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

163.

C.M.

IRISH.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers:
Death like a narrow sea divides
That heavenly land and ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes;—

Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

The Ascension: Heaven.

164.

6s.

S. BLAISE.

THERE is a blessèd home
 Beyond this land of woe,
 Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow;
 Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crown'd,
 And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portal swell!
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands, and feet, and side;
 To give to him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things he hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

The Ascension: Heaven.

165. [PART I.]

7s. 6s.

S. ALPHEGE.

PART I.

BRIEF life is here our portion; brief sorrow,
short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending, the tearless life,
is there.
O happy retribution: short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners a mansion with
the bless'd.

And now we fight the battle, but then shall
wear the crown
Of full and everlasting and passionless renown;

But he, whom now we trust in, shall then be
seen and known;
And they, that know and see him, shall have
him for their own.

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.

165. [PART II.]

7s. 6s.

JENNER.

The Ascension: Heaven.

PART II.

For thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their
vigils keep;
For very love, beholding thy happy name,
they weep.
The mention of thy glory is unction to the
breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life,
and rest.

O one, O only mansion, O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banish'd, and smiles have
no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour, the Crucified
thy praise;
His laud and benediction thy ransom'd people
raise.

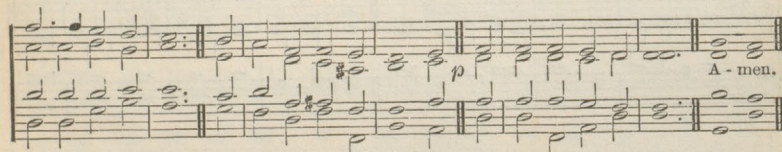
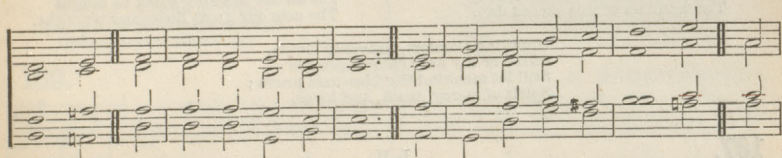
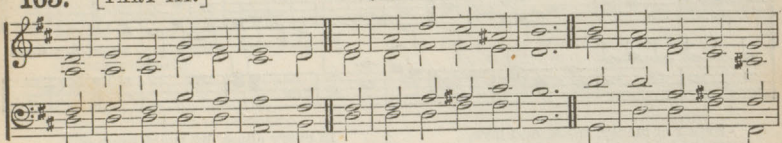
With jasper glow thy bulwarks, thy streets
with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their
rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded with ame-
thyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric, and the Corner-
stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean; thou hast no
time, bright day:
Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far
away.
Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy
tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the
golden dower.

165. [PART III.]

7s. 6s.

EWING.



PART III.

Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey
bless'd,
Beneath thy contemplation sink heart and
voice oppress'd;
I know not, O I know not what joys await us
there;
What radiancy of glory, what bliss beyond
compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion, all jubilant
with song,
And bright with many an angel, and all the
martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them, the daylight is
serene;
The pastures of the blessed are deck'd in glori-
ous sheen.

There is the throne of David; and there from
care released,
The shout of them that triumph, the song of
them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader have con-
quer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever are clad in robes of white.

GENERAL ENDING.

O sweet and blessed country, the home of
God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country, that eager hearts
expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us to that dear land of
rest:
Who art, with God the Father, and Spirit, ever
bless'd. Amen.

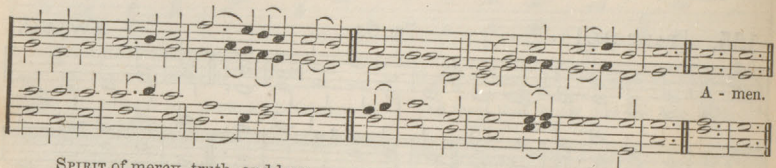
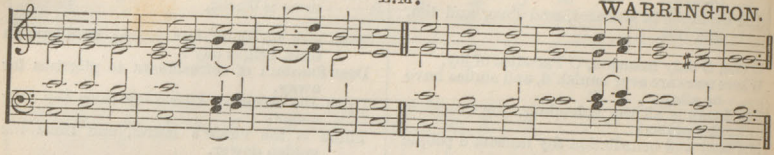
Whitsuntide.

"O GOD THE HOLY GHOST, PROCEEDING FROM THE FATHER AND THE SON, HAVE MERCY UPON US."

166.

L.M.

WARRINGTON.



Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thine influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

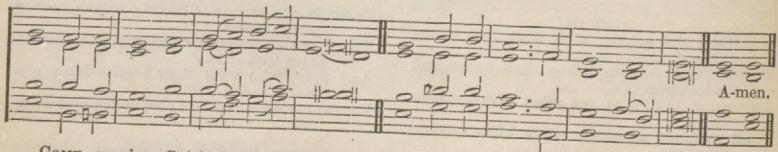
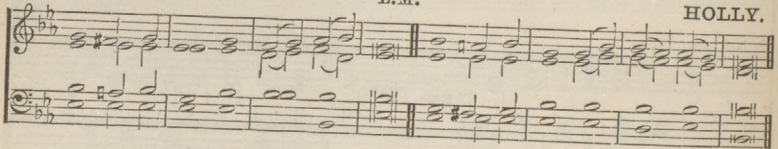
In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy holy church preside;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love*.

167.

L.M.

HOLLY.



Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

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

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.

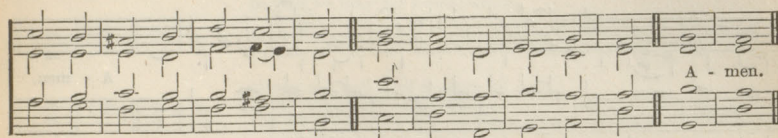
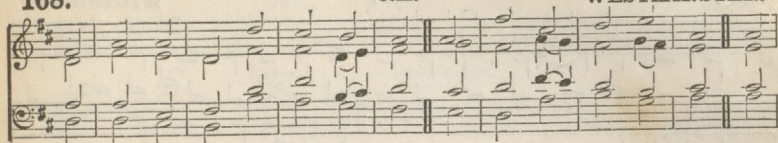
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever bless'd:
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there*.

Whitsuntide.

168.

C.M.

WESTMINSTER.



SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more:
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

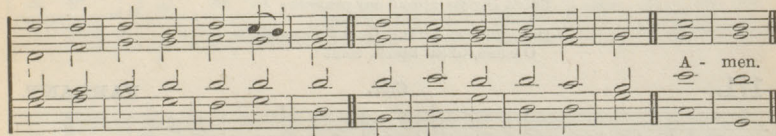
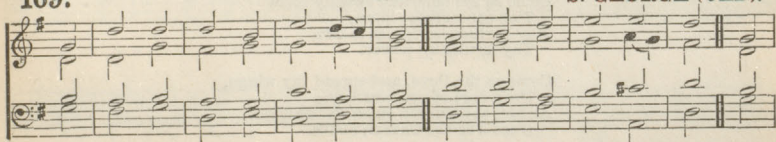
No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

169.

C.M.

S. GEORGE (OLD).



WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd his holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,

The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God: it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

Whitsuntide.

170.

C.M.

WILTSHIRE.

A - men.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come.

Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe :
And lead us in those paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the Dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let thy Church on earth become
Bless'd as the Church above.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers ;
Make a lost world thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come, Great Spirit, come.

171.

C.M.

FARRANT.

A - men.

Whitsuntide.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls—how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

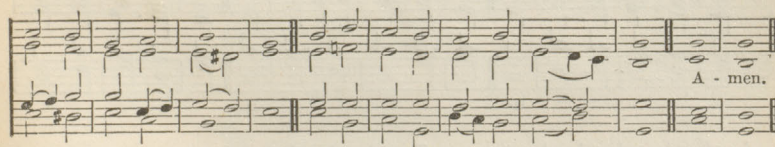
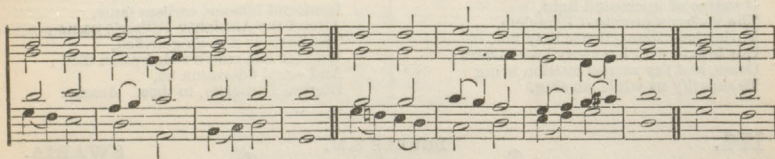
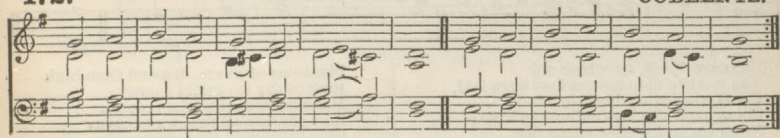
Dear Lord, and shall we ever be
In this poor dying state;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

172.

P.M.

COBLENTZ.



Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication.

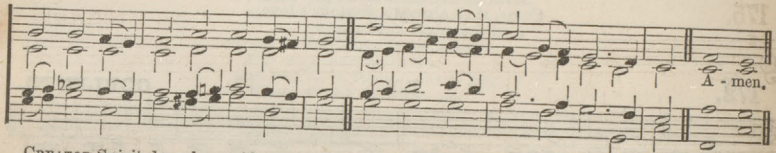
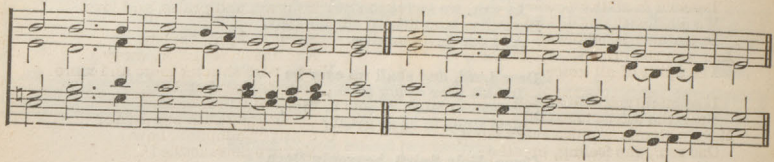
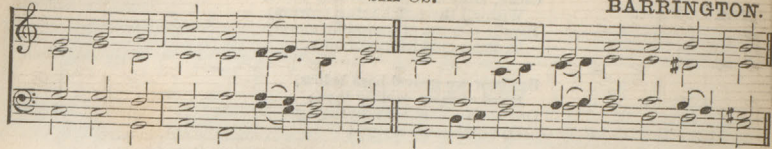
From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish, or God can send;
O thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination,
Rest upon this congregation. Amen.

Whitsuntide.

173.

SIX 8s.

BARRINGTON.



CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

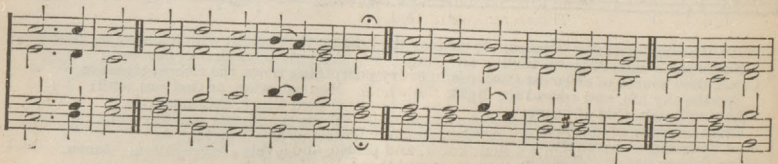
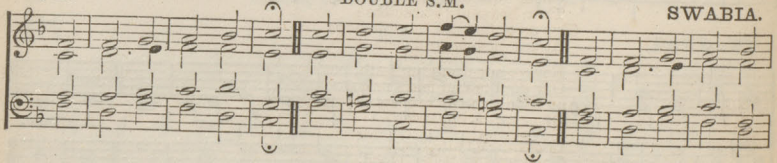
Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

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.

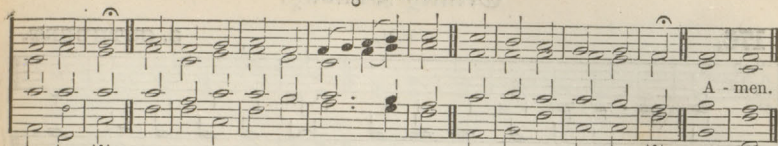
174.

DOUBLE S.M.

SWABIA.



Whitsuntide.



LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe:

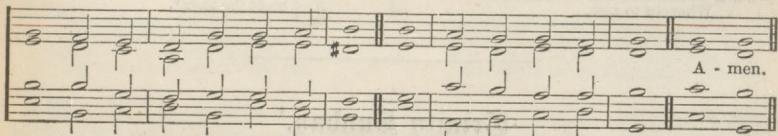
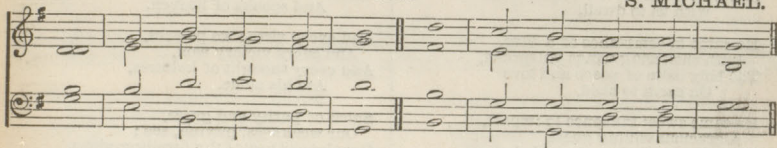
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day;
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

175.

S.M.

S. MICHAEL.



COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

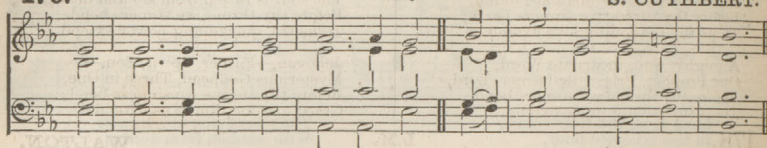
Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

Trinity Sunday.

176.

P.M.

S. CUTHBERT.



OUR bless'd Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

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

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

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for thee."

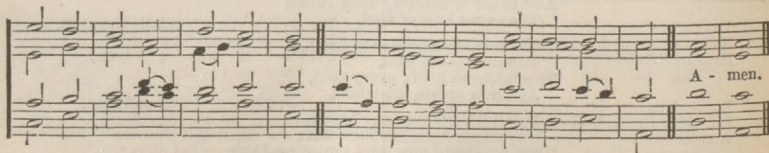
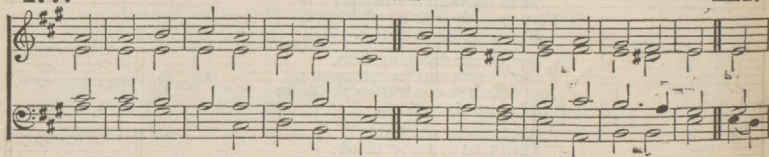
Trinity Sunday.¹

"THE UNITY IN TRINITY, AND THE TRINITY IN UNITY, IS TO BE
WORSHIPPED."

177.

L.M.

ELY.



¹ See also Hymns on the Creeds, Nos. 22, 23.

Trinity Sunday.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah.—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend*.

178.

L.M.

WALTON.

A - men.

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.

Command thy blessing, Jesu, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
Say to the weakest, Follow me.

Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd*.

179.

7s. 5.

CAPETOWN.

A - men.

THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to thee
Holy chant and psalm.

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

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

Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship thee ;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm*.

Sundays after Trinity: Public Worship.

180.

6s. 4s.

S. AUSTIN.

A - men.

FATHER of heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days,
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible,
Thee, the Invisible,
Laud we and praise.

Christ the eternal Word,
Christ the incarnate Lord,
Saviour of all,
High throned above all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, infinite,
On thee we call.

O God, the Holy Ghost,
Whose fires of Pentecost
Burn evermore,
In this far wilderness
Leave us not comfortless:
Thee we love, thee we bless,
Thee we adore.

Strike your harps, heavenly powers;
With your glad chants shall ours
Trembling ascend:
All praise, O God, to thee,
Three in One, One in Three,
Praise everlastingly,
World without end.

Sundays after Trinity: Public Worship.

"WE ASSEMBLE AND MEET TOGETHER TO SET FORTH HIS MOST WORTHY PRAISE, TO HEAR HIS MOST HOLY WORD, AND TO ASK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE REQUISITE AND NECESSARY, AS WELL FOR THE BODY AS THE SOUL."

181.

L.M.

MELCOMBE.

A - men.

Sundays after Trinity : Public Worship.

O LORD, within thy sacred gates,
Where I so oft have sought for thee,
Again my longing spirit waits,
The fulness of delight to see.

In blessing thee with thankful songs,
My happy life shall glide away :
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Daily with lifted hands I'll pay.

Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my favour'd soul o'erflows ;
Secure in thee, my God, my King,
Of glory that no period knows.

More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
Thy love to sing, thy grace to prove.
Be this my glory, thy peace, and joy^b.

182.

C.M.

BELMONT.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;

Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares^c.

183.

7s.

GERMAN HYMN.

To thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

Thou through him art reconciled,
I through him became thy child :
Abba, Father, give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue :
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.

While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice by faith may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day^d.

Sundays after Trinity: Public Worship.

184.

DOUBLE 7s.

S. GEORGE (ELVEY),

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High:
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length:
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place:
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

185.

7s.

CHRIST CHAPEL.

Sundays after Trinity: Public Worship.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;

Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

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.

186.

6s. 4s.

DARWELL,

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still:
And happy they,
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat;
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts,
Alone in thee.

Sundays after Trinity: Public Worship.

187.

L.M.

WAREHAM.

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.

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-stain'd mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

188.

L.M.

KENT.

Sundays after Trinity : Public Worshipp.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest :
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.

Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am thine by sacred ties ;
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look,
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.

With early feet I love to appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days^b

189.

L.M.

GOLDEL.

Jesu, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
 Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
 And every place is hallow'd ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind ;
 Such ever bring thee where they come,
 And going take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

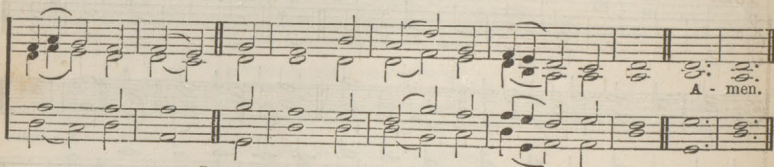
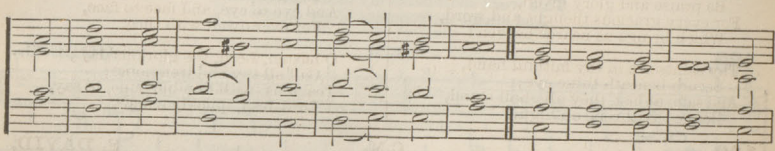
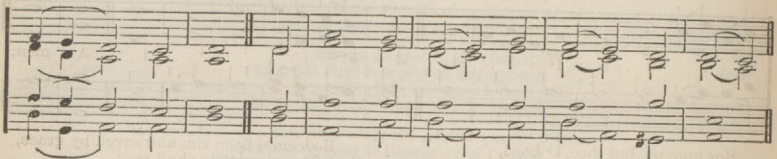
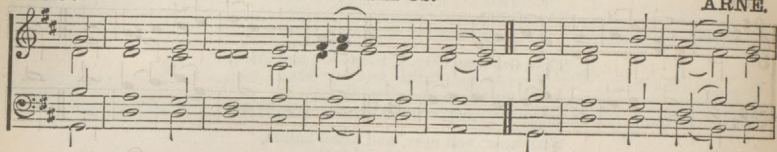
Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own^a.

Sundays after Trinity : Public Worship.

190.

SIX 8s.

ARNE.



Lo, God is here: let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place:
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face;
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo, God is here: him day and night
 The united choirs of angels sing;
 To him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noble praises bring:
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame for thee alone;
 To thee our will, soul, flesh we give,
 O take, O seal them for thine own;
 Thou art the God: thou art the Lord:
 Be thou by all thy works adored.

Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifices.

Sundays after Trinity : Public Worship.

191.

C.M.

WARWICK.

Nor unto us, but thee, O Lord,
Be praise and glory given,
For every gracious thought and word,
Which brings us nearer heaven !

Thy saints are in thy faithful hand,
Secure beneath thine eye;
And safe, at last, they all shall stand,
Before thy throne on high.

Redeem'd from sin, and saved by grace,
Thy glory they shall see;
And eye to eye, and face to face,
For ever dwell with thee.

O hasten, Lord, the glorious day;
Call all thy children home;
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,
Lord Jesu, quickly come*.

192.

C.M.

S. DAVID.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

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*.

Sundays after Trinity : Public Worship.

193.

Slowly.

10s.

BEAUMARIS.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise,
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With thee began, with thee shall end the
day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have call'd upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

194.

8s. 7s. 4.

S. PETER.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

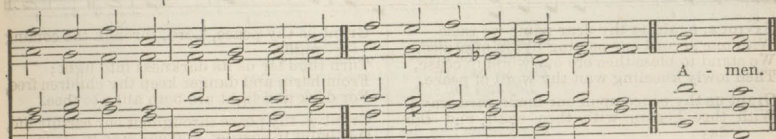
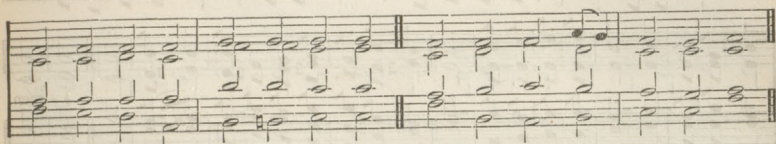
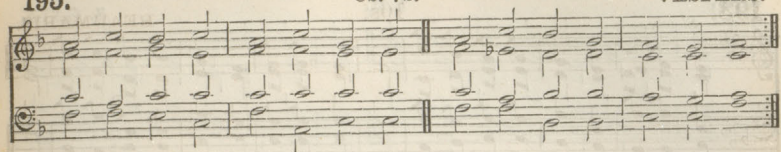
So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Sundays after Trinity : the Works and Word of God.

195.

8s. 7s.

VESPERS.



May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

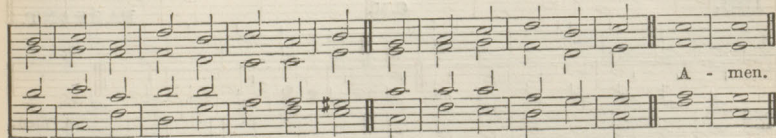
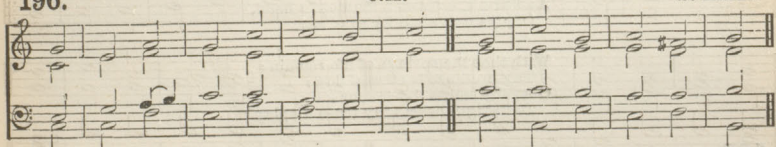
Sundays after Trinity : the Works and Word of God. ¹

"HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE FULL OF THE MAJESTY OF THY GLORY."

196.

C.M.

S. ANN.



O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name!

In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight:

The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

Lord, what is man, that thou so lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name!

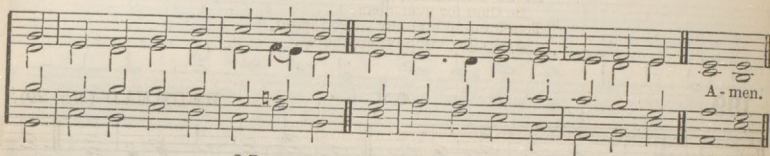
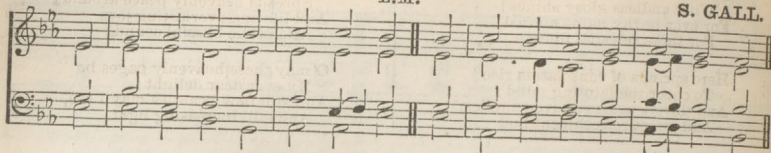
* See also Hymns on Creation, under "Psalms and Hymns of Praise."

Sundays after Trinity :

197.

L.M.

S. GALL.



O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains ;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

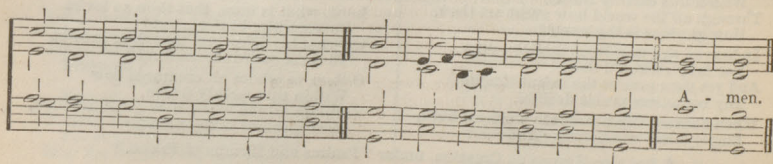
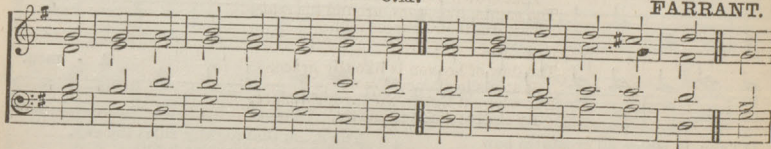
Such guests shall to thy courts be led
To banquet on thy love's repast :
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

With thee the springs of life remain :
Thy presence is eternal day :
O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display ♭.

198.

C.M.

FARRANT.



the Works and Word of God.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind :
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

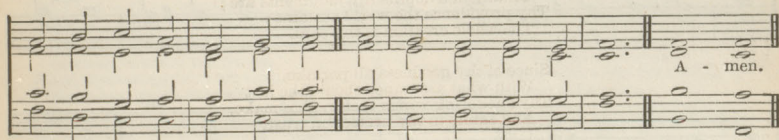
O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there *.

199.

C.M.

REDHEAD (No. 29).



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

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

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love ;
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

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

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

The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favour'd place,
By richest fruits is known.

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

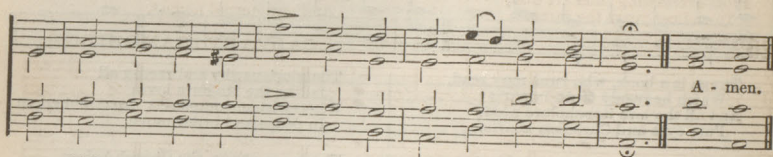
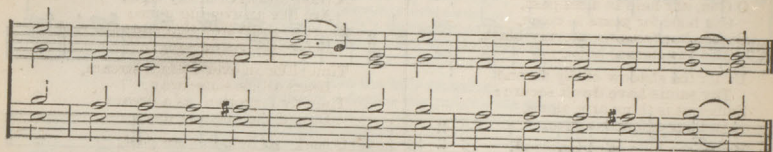
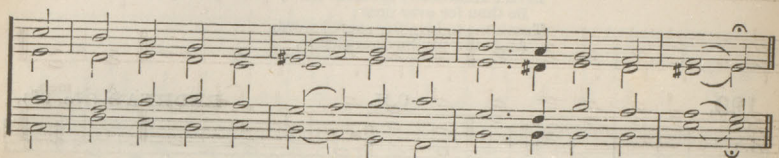
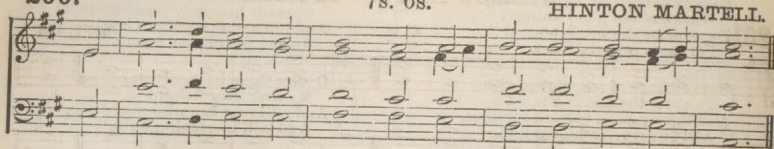
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee every where *.

Sundays after Trinity :

200.

7s. 6s.

HINTON MARTELL.



O Word of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky ;
 We praise thee for the radiance
 That from the hallow'd page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she listeth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored :
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurl'd ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world :
 It is the chart and compass,
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnish'd gold
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old ;
 O teach thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see thee face to face. *

Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

"WE KNOW THEE NOW BY FAITH."

201.

C.M.

MILAN.

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

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

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

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

202.

6s. 4s.

CALVARY (BAMBRIDGE).

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

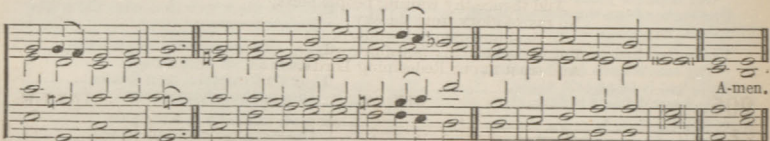
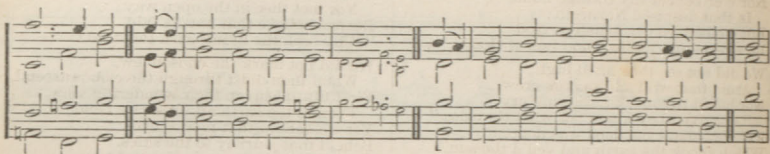
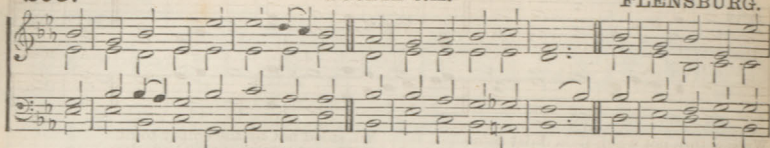
When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

Sundays after Trinity: Faithly.

203.

DOUBLE C.M.

FLENSBURG.



I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.

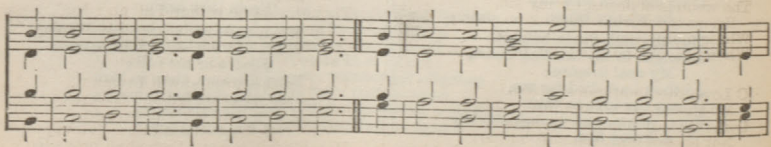
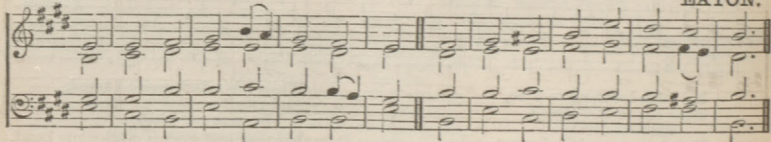
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

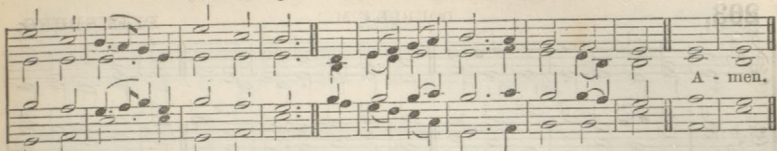
204.

SIX 8s.

EATON.



Sundays after Trinity: Faith.



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

We did not see thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard thy meek imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

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

And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord s.

205.

SIX 8s.

HALLE.

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends
be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fall 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 s.

Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

206.

L.M.

BROCKHAM.

I know that my Redeemer lives ;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;
He lives, my everlasting Head.

He lives to bless me with his love,
And still he pleads for me above ;
He lives to raise me from the grave,
And me eternally to save.

He lives, my kind, wise, constant Friend
Who still will keep me to the end ;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

He lives my mansion to prepare,
And he will bring me safely there ;
He lives, all glory to his name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same*.

207.

L.M.

WALTON.

Jesu, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove ;
Now let thy word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell*.

Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

208.

C.M.

ALL SAINTS.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

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

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

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me:

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine^c.

209.

C.M.

IRISH.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

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.

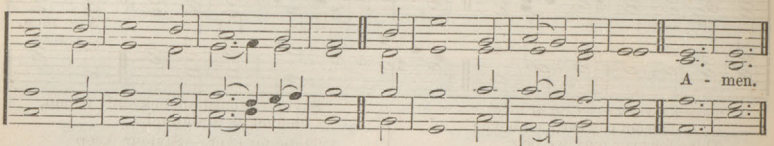
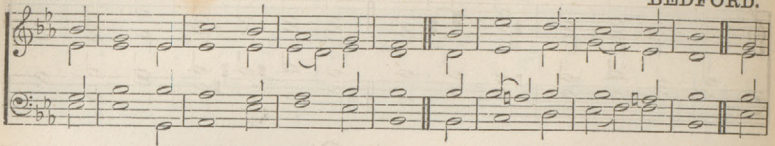
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast^c.

Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

210.

C.M.

BEDFORD.



FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

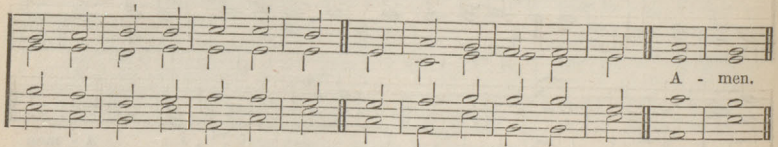
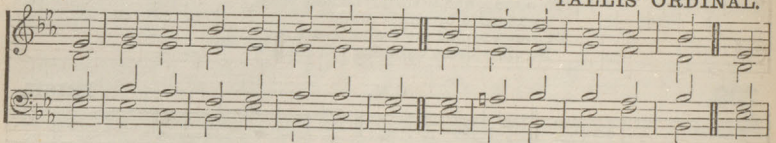
Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

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.

211.

C.M.

TALLIS' ORDINAL.



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

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

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

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

Sundays after Trinity: Faith.

212.

7s.

WEBER.

THINE for ever:—God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever:—O how bless'd
They who find in thee their rest!

Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

Thine for ever:—thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

213.

8s. 4s.

SOUTHGATE.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is his favour,
All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that heal'd us:
Perfect is the grace that seal'd us;
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us:
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.

Happy, still in God confiding;
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

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.

Sundays after Trinity: Faithy.

214.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

MANSFIELD.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final notes of the bass staff.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surround'd,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and snow;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know".

Sundays after Trinity: Love.

"GRAFT IN OUR HEARTS THE LOVE OF THY NAME."

215.

L.M.

S. GALL.

Jesu, — the very thought is sweet:
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But O, than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss.
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

Jesu, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn:
To them that seek thee, O how kind;—
But what art thou to them that find?

Jesu, thou sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's fountain, light of souls distress'd,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires.

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness:
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That he at last may make us meet
With him to gain the heavenly seat.

216.

C.M.

S. AGNES.

Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Tongue never spake, ear never heard,
Never from heart o'erflow'd
A dearer name, a sweeter word,
Than Jesus, Son of God.

O hope of every contrite heart,
To penitents how kind,

To those who seek how good thou art;—
But what to those who find?

Ah, this no tongue can utter; this
No mortal page can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know

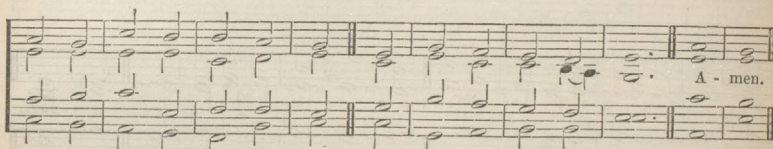
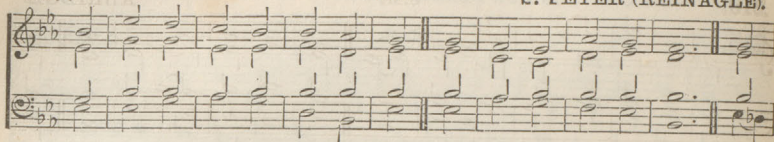
Jesu our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Sundays after Trinity : Love.

217.

C.M.

S. PETER (REINAGLE).



How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear:
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesu, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

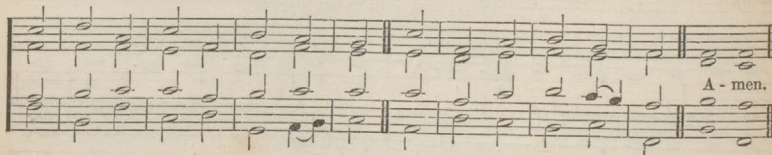
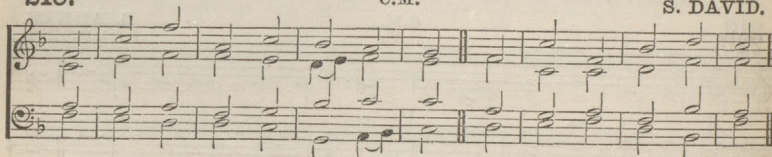
Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

218.

C.M.

S. DAVID.



My bless'd Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to thee.

I love thee for the glorious worth
Which in thyself I see;
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,

Thou would'st partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.

Thou would'st like wretched man be made
In every thing but sin,
That we as like thee might become
As we unlike had been.

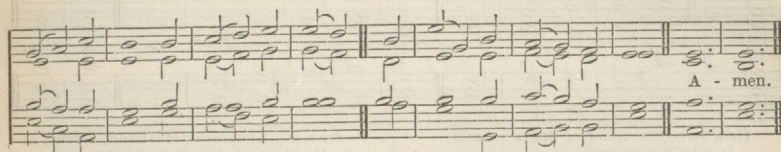
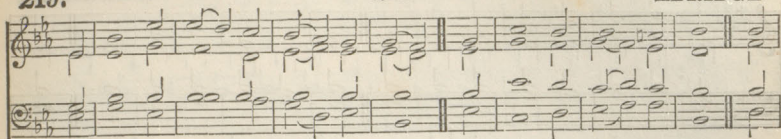
Like thee in faith, in meekness, ope,
In every beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory changed,
As we behold thy face.

Sundays after Trinity : Hobe.

219.

C.M.

ABRIDGE.



With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame :
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,

And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

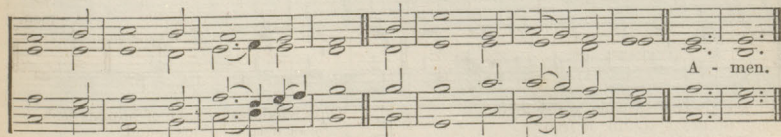
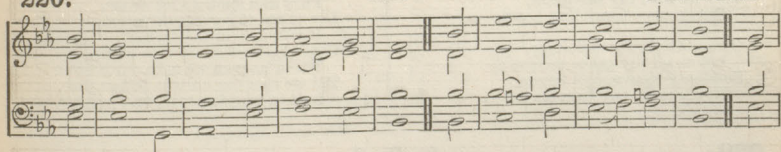
He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

220.

C.M.

BEDFORD.



My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !

In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun :
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

Sundays after Trinity: Lobe.

221.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

MANNHEIM.

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesu, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

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 perfect love.

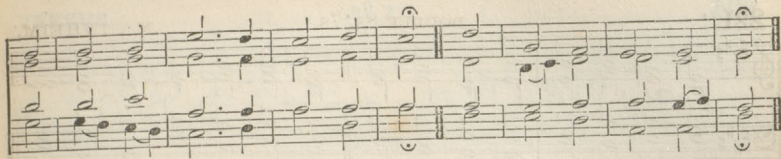
Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be :
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee,
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place :
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

222.

8s. 8s. 6.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

Sundays after Trinity: Credo.



O Love divine, how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
My thirsty spirit fains to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

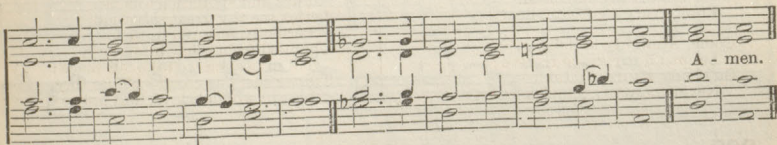
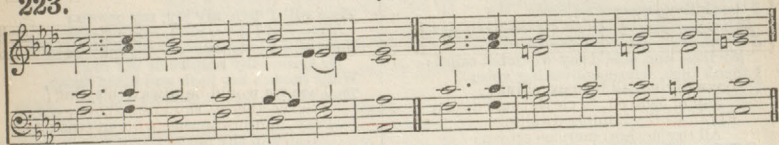
God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

223.

7s.

PARACLETE.



HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
True and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint:
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

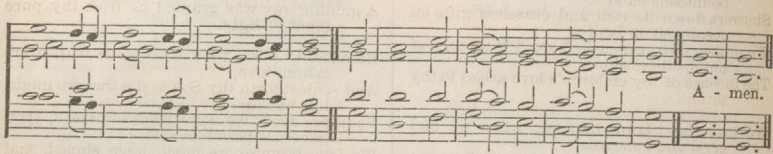
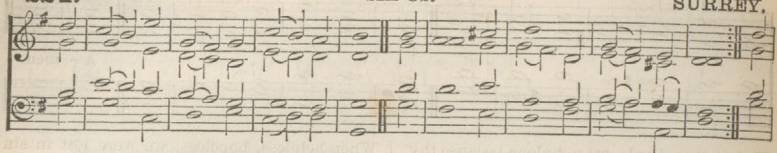
A - men.

Sundays after Trinity : Love.

224.

SIX 8s.

SURREY.



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 sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

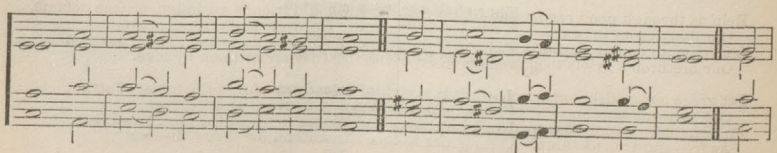
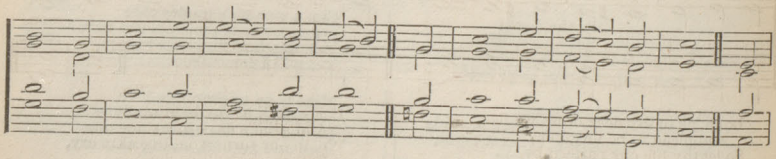
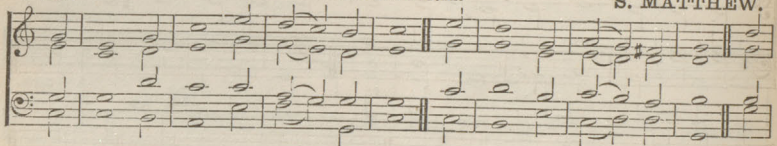
Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way :
That all my powers, with all thy might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile—thy sceptre or thy rod ;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day ^b.

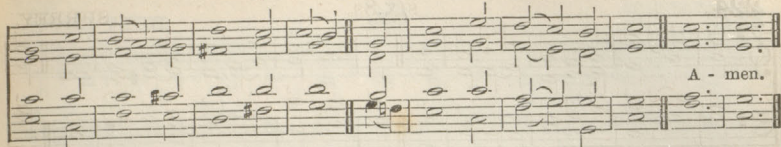
225.

DOUBLE C.M.

S. MATTHEW.



Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.



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.

We love thee, Lord, because, when we had
err'd and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the
heavenward way,

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin
and sorrow's night,
A guiding ray was granted us from thy pure
fount of light.

Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us with ever-
lasting 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^d.

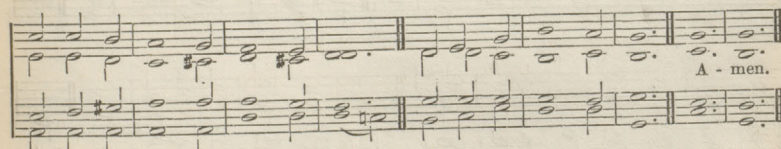
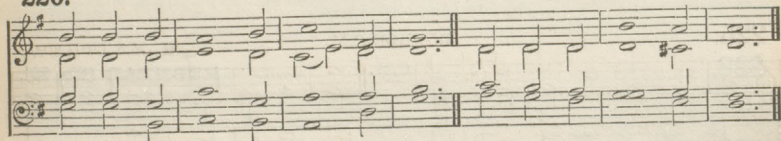
Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

"DAILY ENDEAVOURING OURSELVES TO FOLLOW THE BLESSED STEPS OF HIS
MOST HOLY LIFE."

226.

C.M.

S. AGNES.



Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, thy will be done.

Should friends misjudge, or foes aefame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

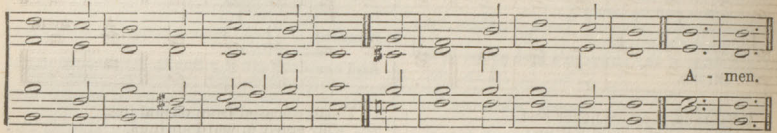
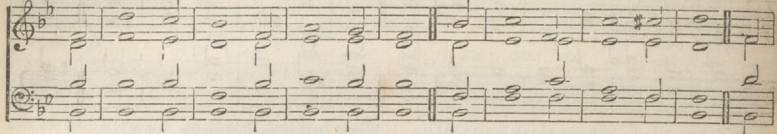
Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven^e.

Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

227.

C.M.

HOLY CROSS.



O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

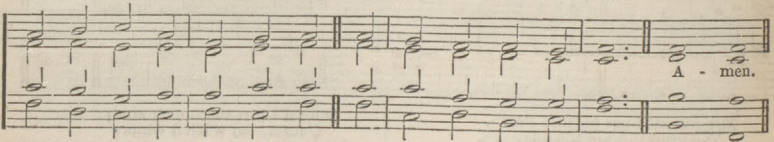
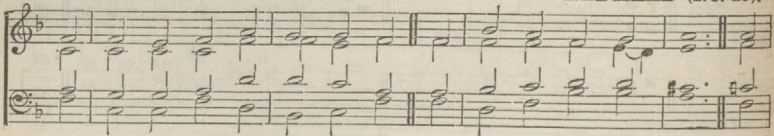
A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

228.

C.M.

REDHEAD (No. 29).



Thou art the way,—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the truth,—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those, who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.

Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

229.

C.M.

CLOISTERS.

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till thou art form'd within;
Till thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,
And crush'd the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to thee;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

230.

DOUBLE C.M.

FLENSBURG.

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away:
O for the pearly gates of heaven;
O for the golden floor;
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth never more!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:

O for a heart that never sins;
O for a soul wash'd white;
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.

O by thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Sundays after Trinity: Holiness.

231.

SIX 8s.

OLD 112TH.

The musical score for hymn 231 consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system is in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence and the instruction 'A - men.' written below the bass staff.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows:
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee.

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.

O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

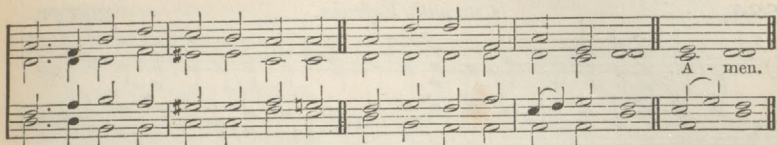
232.

8s. 7s.

SYCHAR.

The musical score for hymn 232 consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system is in D major (two sharps) and 8/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The second system continues the melody and bass line.

Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.



Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow me."

As, of old, Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

Jesus calls us. By thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee, best of all^m.

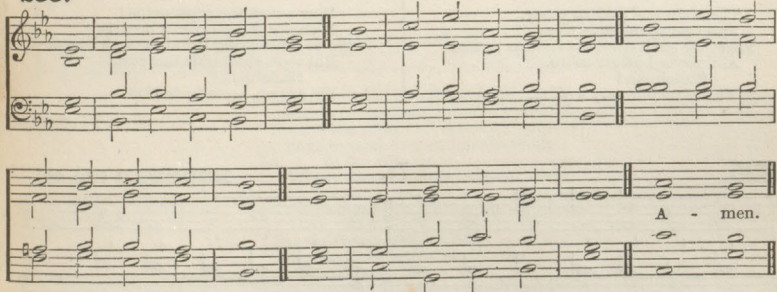
Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

"MANFULLY TO FIGHT UNDER HIS BANNER AGAINST SIN, THE WORLD, AND THE DEVIL, AND TO CONTINUE CHRIST'S FAITHFUL SOLDIER AND SERVANT UNTO LIFE'S END."

233.

S.M.

FRANCONIA.



SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

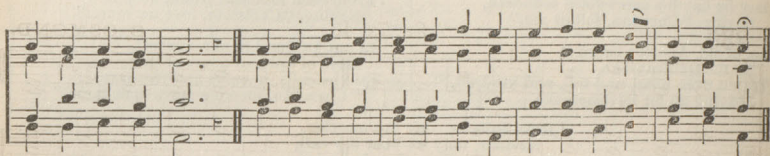
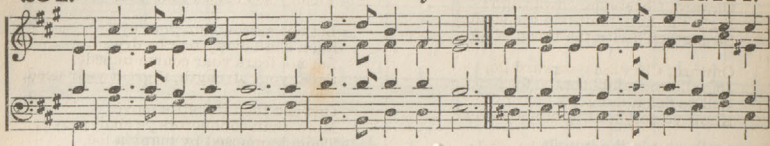
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last^e.

Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

234.

S.M. with Refrain.

EGYPT.



From Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain:
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strans,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

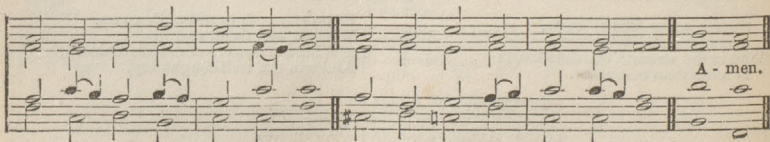
We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

235.

7s.

REDHEAD (No. 48).



Sundays after Trinity : Warfare and Pilgrimage.

On in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go :
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad :
March in heavenly armour clad :

Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

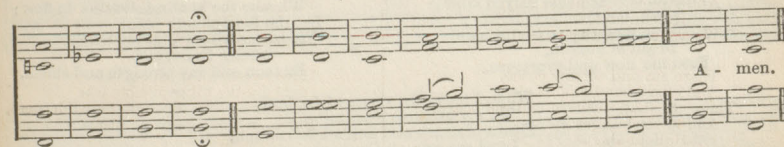
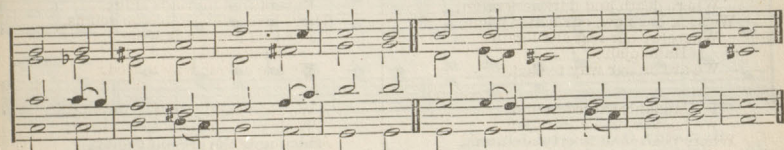
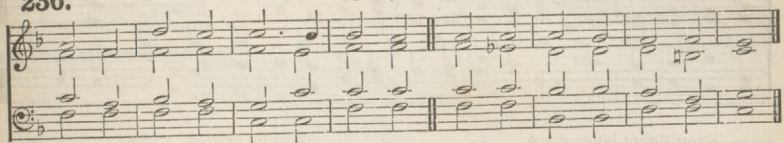
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go'.

236.

8s. 7s. 4.

S. OSMOND.



Why those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship :
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,

To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storms defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.

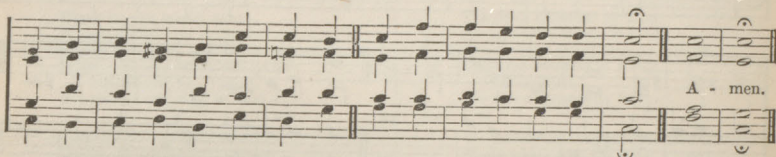
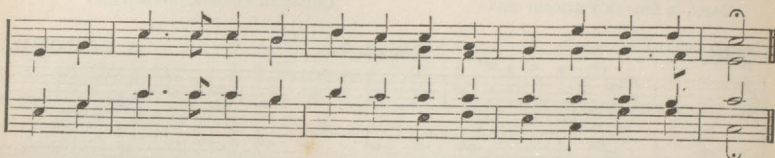
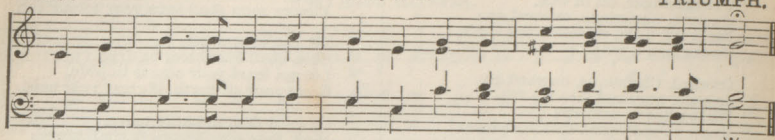
O what pleasures there await us :
There the tempests cease to roar ;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more,
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore .

Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

237.

8s. 7s. 4.

TRIUMPH.



GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me now and evermore.

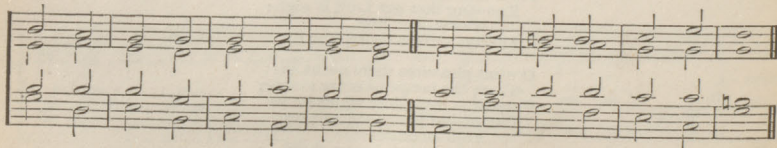
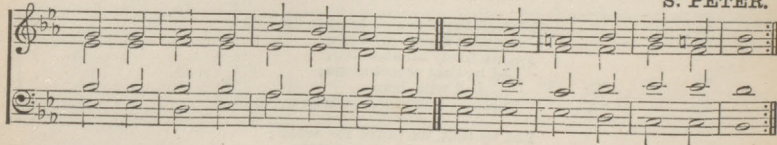
Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

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

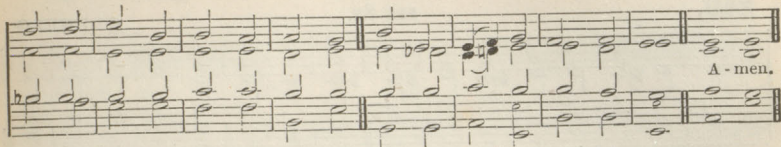
238.

8s. 7s. 4.

S. PETER.



Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.



A - men.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee :
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

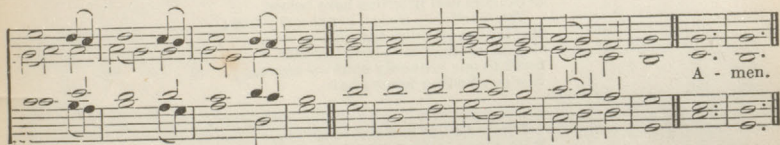
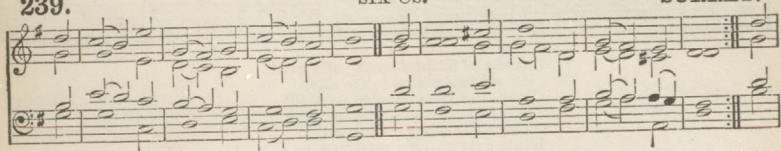
Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

239.

SIX 8s.

SURREY.



A - men.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
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.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
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.

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 greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

240.

SIX 8s.

GLENEELG.

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

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.

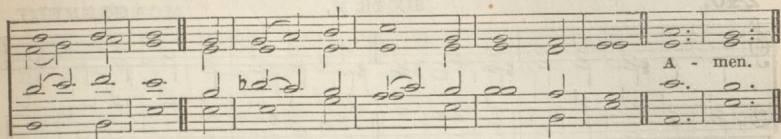
Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies &c.

241.

8s.

S. AIDAN.

Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.



Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either fly or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.

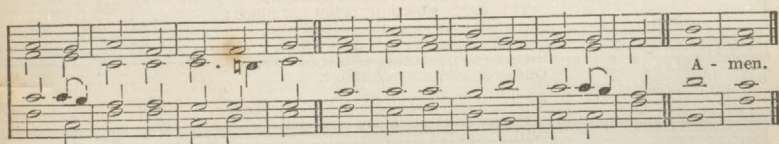
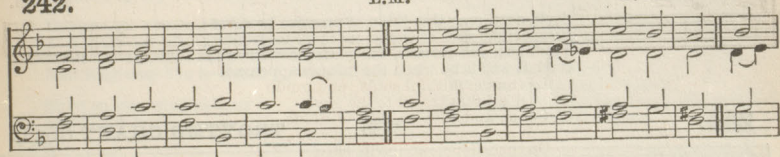
Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

242.

L.M.

S. AMBROSE.



We've no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let the thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name: the Lord is there:
It shines with everlasting light.

Zion, Jehovah is her strength;
Secure, she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his, to fix my time of rest^b.

Sundays after Trinity: Warfare and Pilgrimage.

243.

104TH M.

MONTGOMERY.

O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above;
How soon would I flee where the weary have
rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast.

Ah there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the
heart.

Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright Sun of Glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
O what will it be when the fulness appears.

244.

P.M.

TROYTE'S CHANT (No. 1).

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be leest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest,—
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done. Amen.

Sundays after Trinity: Warning and Invitation.

"TO-DAY, IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE, HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS."

245.

S.M.

S. ALBAN.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,

Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

One thing demands our care:
O be it still pursued:
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night*.

A - men.

246.

S.M.

S. BRIDE.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh,
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone.

Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality*.

A - men.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

247.

S.M.

AYLESBURY.

The Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, Sinner, come:
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all her children, Come.

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord, even so we wait thine hour:
O blest Redeemer, come*.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

"MAKE THEM TO BE NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS IN GLORY EVERLASTING."

THE INNOCENTS' DAY

248.

S.M.

NARENZA.

Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

GLORY to thee, O Lord,
Who from this world of sin,
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

Glory to thee, O Lord;
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown.

Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They pass'd unconsciously the flood,
And safely gain'd the shore.

Glory to thee, for all
The ransom'd infant band,
Who since that hour have heard thy call,
And reach'd the quiet land.

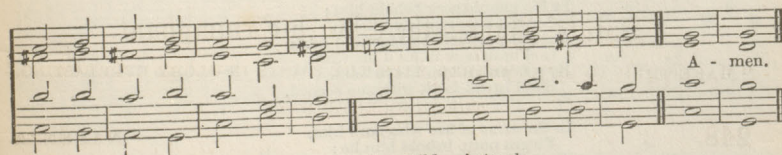
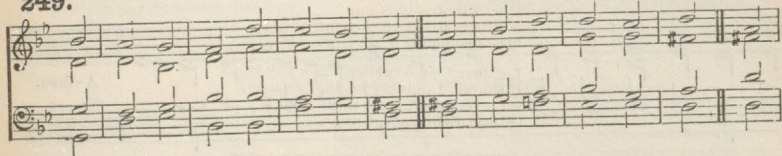
O that our hearts within,
Like theirs were pure and bright;
O that, as free from wilful sin,
We shrank not from thy sight!

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify thy power,
In death to praise thy name*.

249.

C.M.

NORTHAMPTON.



O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel, weep not so:
The bud is cropp'd by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.

Firstlings of faith, the murderer's knife
Has miss'd its deadliest aim:
The God, for whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came.

Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel, weep not so:
The bud is cropp'd by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow*.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE,
COMMONLY CALLED
THE PURIFICATION OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN.

250.

8s. 7s.

EVENSONG.

A - men.

In his temple now behold him ;
See the long-expected Lord ;
Ancient prophets had foretold him ;
God hath now fulfill'd his word.
Now to praise him his redeemèd
Shall break forth with one accord.

In the arms of her who bore him,
Virgin pure, behold him lie ;
While his aged saints adore him,
Ere in perfect faith they die,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Lo, the incarnate God Most High.

Jesu, by thy presentation,
Thou who didst for us endure,
Make us see thy great salvation,
Seal us with thy promise sure ;
And present us in thy glory
To thy Father, cleansed and pure.

Prince and Author of salvation,
Be thy boundless love our theme :
Jesu, praise to thee be given
By the world thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme. Amen.

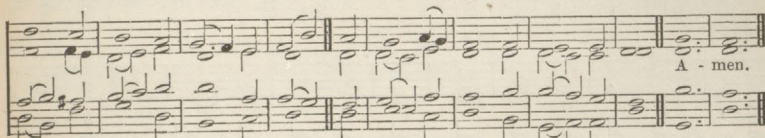
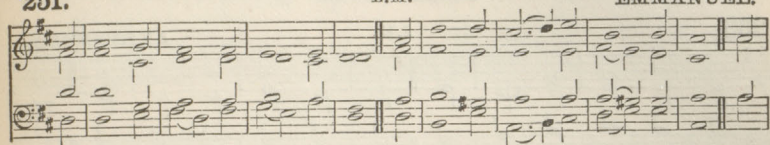
Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

251.

L.M.

EMMANUEL.



Age after age has call'd her bless'd,
Yet none have fathom'd all her bliss;
Mothers, who read the secret best,
Or angels,—yet its depths must miss.

To dwell at home with him for years,
And prove his filial love her own;
In all a mother's tender cares
To serve her Saviour in her Son:

To see before her day by day
That perfect life expand and shine,
And learn by sight, as angels may,
All that is holy and Divine:

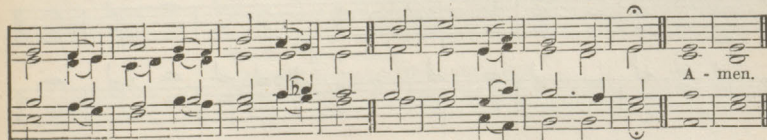
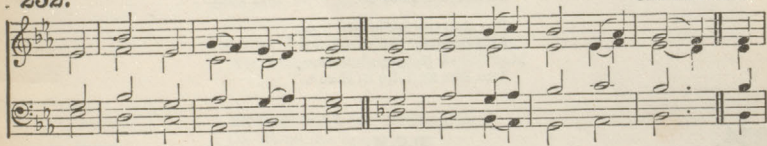
Well may we heap her blessing up
From age to age, from land to land,
Since Christ himself that brimming cup
Gives to the lowliest Christian's hand;

The measure of a blessedness,
Yet by that measure unexpress'd;
Sealing the mother's joy with "Yes,"
The Christian's with his "rather bless'd"th.

252.

S.M.

CARLISLE.



Bless'd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king:

He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the poor in heart.

Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

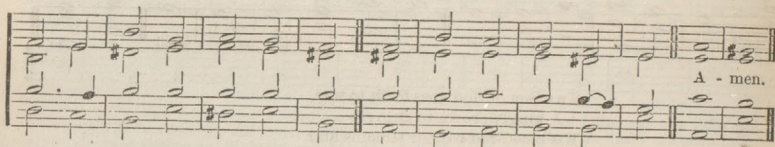
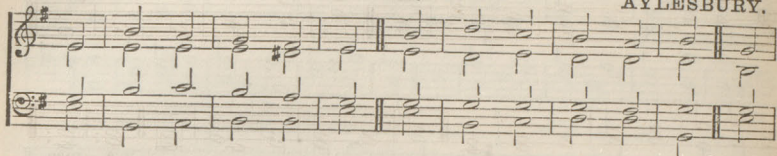
Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

"WITH ALL THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN WE LAUD AND MAGNIFY THY GLORIOUS NAME."

253.

S.M.

AYLESBURY.



For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who follow'd thee, obey'd, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry ;
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

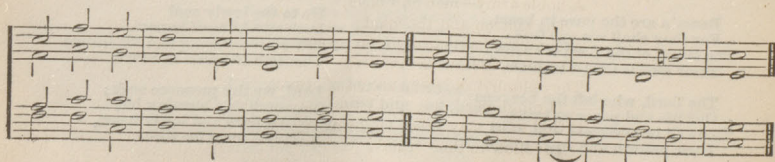
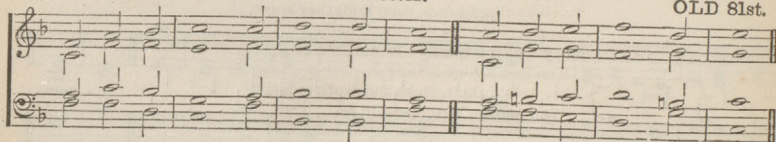
They, all in life and death,
With thee their Lord in view,
Learn'd from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee *.

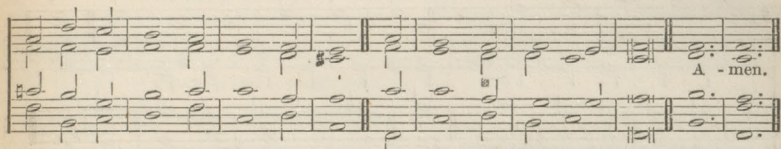
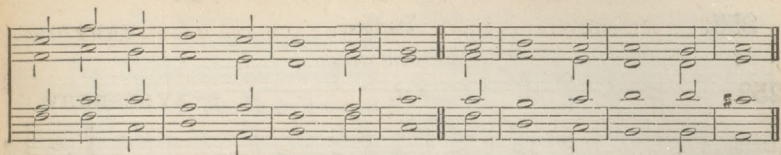
254.

D.C.M.

OLD 81st.



Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.



THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner streams afar
Who follows in his train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came :
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid ;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

255.

7s. 6s.

PARADISE.

FROM all thy saints in warfare, for all thy
saints at rest,
To thee, O blessed Jesu, all praises be
address'd.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they
might conquerors be;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays
from thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be
celebrated.]

Saint Andrew.

Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to
welcome thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to
see.
With hearts for thee made ready, watch we
throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine
Advent near.

Saint Thomas.

All praise for thine Apostle, whose short-lived
doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy
love.
On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy
peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know thee, true Man,
true God, adored.

Saint Stephen.

Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee
ready stand,
To aid in midst of torment, to plead at God's
right hand.

Share we with him, if summon'd by death our
Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the
martyr-crown.

Saint John the Evangelist.

Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos
shore;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy Godhead
bore.
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us
reveal'd;
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect
be seal'd.

The Innocents' Day.

Praise for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with
tenderest love
Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest
above.
O Rachel, cease thy weeping; they rest from
pains and cares:
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns
as bright as theirs.

The Conversion of Saint Paul.

Praise for the light from Heaven, praise for the
voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor
saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-
day:
So lighten all our darkness with thy true
Spirit's ray.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

Saint Matthias.

Lord, thine abiding Presence directs the wondrous choice :
For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for evermore defend,
And, by thy parting promise, be with her to the end.

Saint Mark.

For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by grace made strong,
Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in thee, the Vine, abide.

St. Philip and St. James.

All praise for thine Apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed thy brother ; keep us thy brethren true.
And grant the grace to know thee, the way, the truth, the life ;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

Saint Barnabas.

The son of consolation, moved by thy law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That thy true consolations may through the world extend.

Saint John Baptist.

We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy dawning ray,
Make us the rather blessèd, who love thy glorious day.

Saint Peter.

Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold ;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to feed thy fold.
Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill ;
And grant them dauntless courage with humble earnest will.

Saint James.

For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus thy word.

Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd decree ;
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer thee.

Saint Bartholomew.

All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig-tree, thine eye all-seeing knew.
Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed ;
That thine abiding Presence our longing souls may feed.

Saint Matthew.

Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suffering shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, O give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow thee.

Saint Luke.

For that beloved physician, all praise, whose Gospel shows
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

Saint Simon and Saint Jude.

Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day :
One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

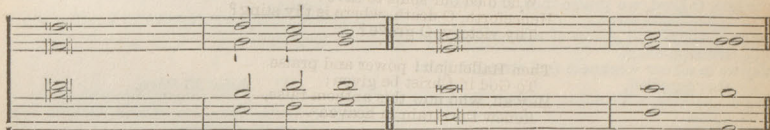
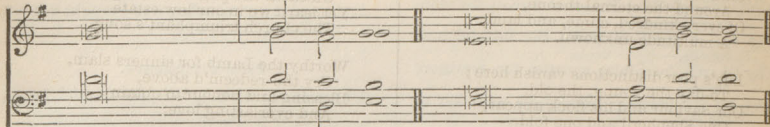
Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song ;
For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee adore,
And walking in their footsteps, would serve thee more and more.
Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One ;
Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,
And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

256.

P.M.

TROYTE (No. 2).



For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever bless'd.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
 night;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
 fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of
 light.
Alleluia!

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.
Alleluia!

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
 strong.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.
Alleluia!

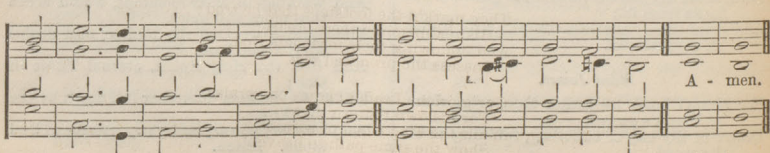
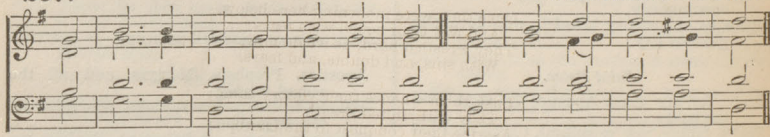
But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way.
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
 farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the count-
 less host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia! Amen.

257.

C.M.

WINCHESTER OLD.



Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear,
One Shepherd and one fold.

Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song.

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Ory the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain
And everlasting love.

Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save:
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O grave?

Then Hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all, who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven^c.

258.

C.M.

WILTSHIRE.

Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

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.

I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

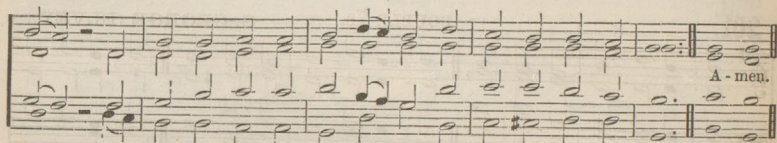
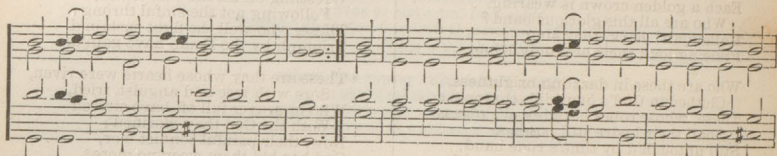
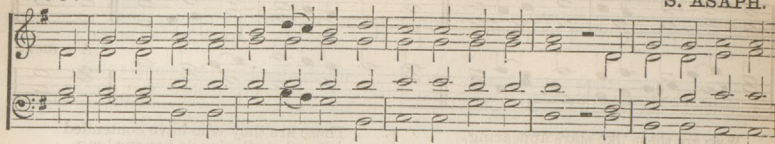
Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven^c.

Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

259.

D.C.M.

S. ASAPH.



How bright these glorious spirits shine:
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

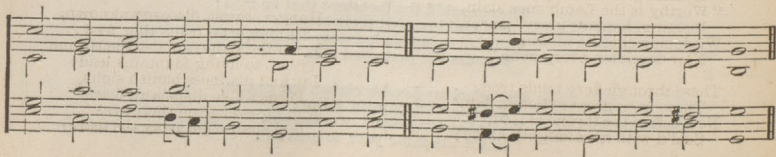
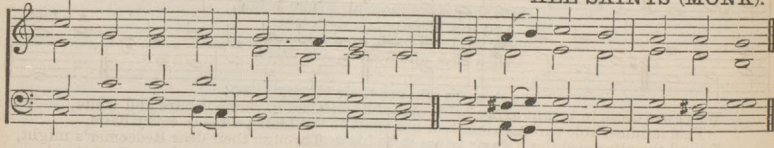
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

A - meu.

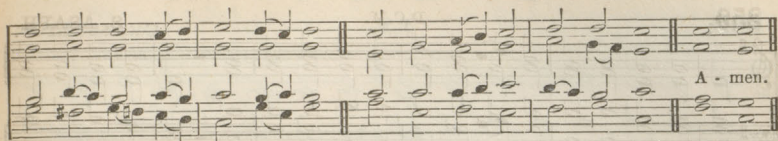
260.

8s. 7s. 7s.

ALL SAINTS (MONK).



Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.



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?
Hallelujah! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

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 come all this glorious band?

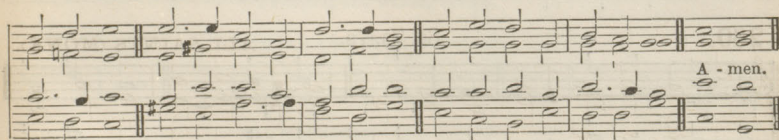
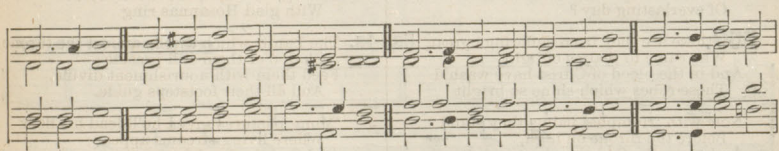
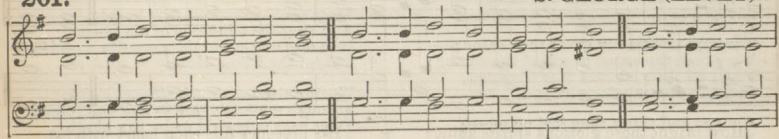
These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

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;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

261.

DOUBLE 7s.

S. GEORGE (ELVEY).



WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name;

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed.
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

262.

L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.

Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints, in countless myriads, stand:
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory bless'd.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;

The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see the Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To him their loud Hosannas raise:

Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

263.

6s. 4s.

CHRIST CHURCH.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss :
O happy place,
When shall I be,
My God, with thee,
To see thy face ?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live ;
There angels to him sing,
And lowly homage give :
O happy place, &c.

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease ;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd for Prince of Peace :
O happy place, &c.

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold :
O happy place, &c.

The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd :
O happy place, &c.

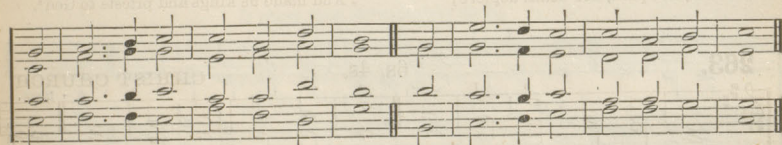
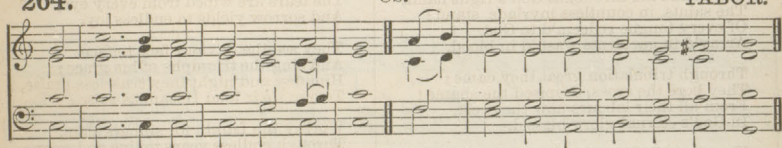
Ah me, ah me ! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay :
No place like that on high ;
Lord, thither guide my way.
O happy place, &c.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

264.

Ss.

TABOR.



INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.

If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

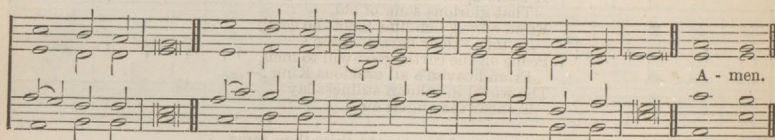
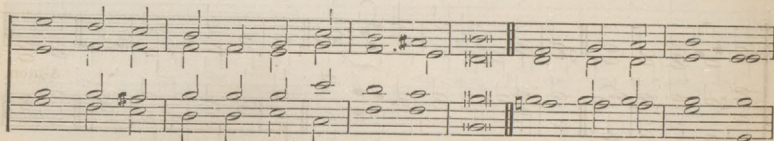
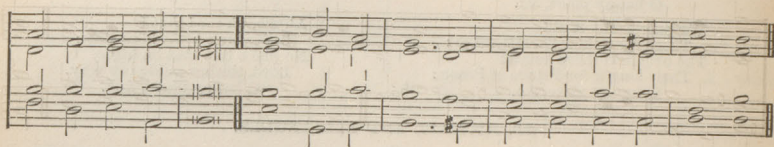
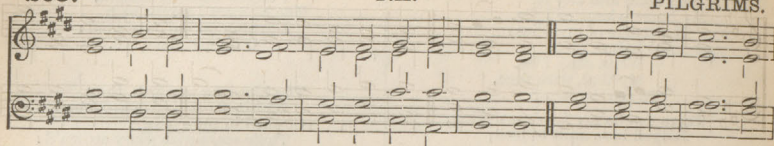
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

265.

P.M.

PILGRIMS.



Hark, hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

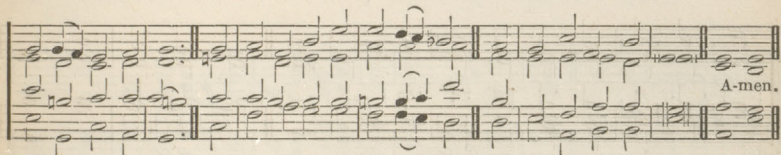
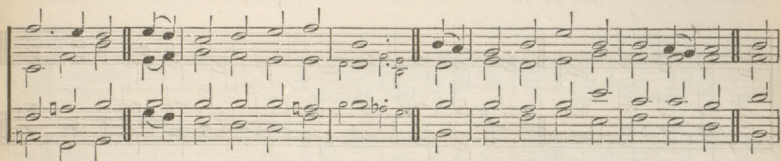
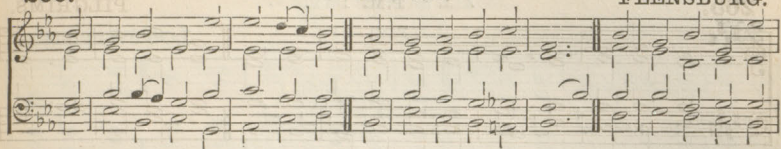
Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 While we toil on, and mingle praise with weeping,
 Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

266.

DOUBLE C.M.

FLENSBURG.



It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King:—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O 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:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing 4.

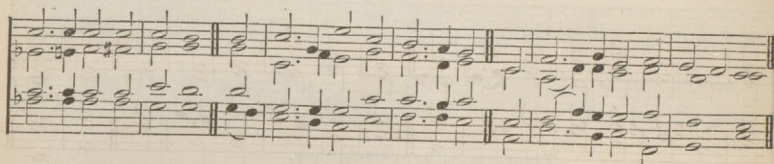
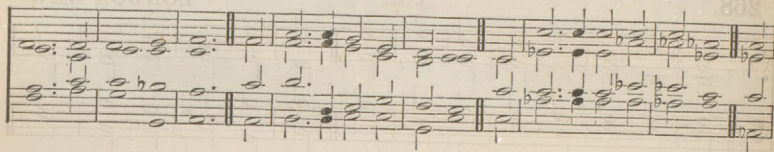
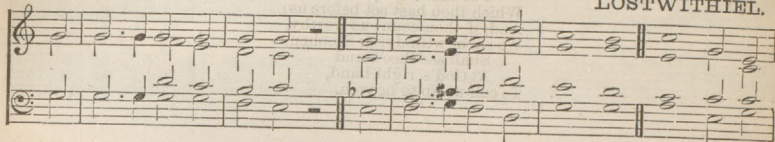
Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

267.

P.M.

LOSTWITHIEL.



HEAD of the church triumphant
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With bless'd anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
In grateful lays,
Which ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine almighty favour:
The love divine
That made us thine
Shall keep us thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation:
Nor will we fear,
While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes,
By thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

Saints' Days : the Church Triumphant.

By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
The world despise,
For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us :
And, if thou count us worthy,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand
At God's right hand,
To call us up to heaven.

268.

C.M.

LONDON NEW.

Come, let us join our friends above
Who have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family, we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

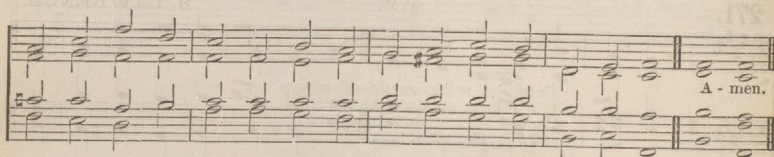
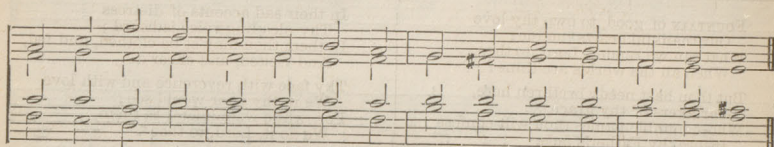
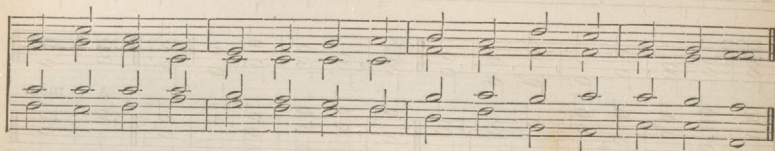
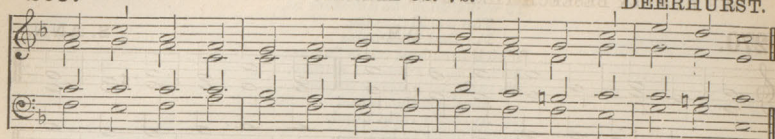
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd ;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.

O that we now might grasp our guide ;
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

Saints' Days: the Church Triumphant.

269. LA VUO PIEDDA OT YIT DOUBLE 8s. 7s. DEERHURST.



HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at
the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Lord, to
thee;
Multitudes, which none can number, like the
stars in glory stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of
victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy prophet, who prepared the
way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr, and
evangelist,
Sainly maiden, godly matron, widows who
have watch'd to prayer,
Join'd in holy concert, singing to the Lord of
all, are there.

They have come from tribulation, and have
wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus; tried they
were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, afflicted, scourged, imprison'd, stoned,
tormented, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan by the
might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with thy cross their banner, they
have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, thee, their
Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffer'd; gladly
Lord, with thee they died:
And by death to life immortal they were born
and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they
walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and
infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all
truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light,
Emmanuel,
In whose body join'd together all the saints
for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of thy fulness, that we may for
evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the
Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

Almsgiving.

"WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE MOST MERCIFULLY TO ACCEPT OUR ALMS."

270.

C.M.

S. ANN.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to thee,
When all the worlds are thine?
But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheer'd.
Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to thee.

A - men.

271.

P.M.

S. LAWRENCE.

O 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?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, thou art there,
Giver of all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all.

For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord, be given,
Who givest all.

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be,
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Giver of all;

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.

A - men.

Holy Communion.

272.

S.M.

TELLEFFSON.

We give thee but thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be :
 All that we have is thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from thee.
 May we thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as thou blessest us,
 To thee our firstfruits give.
 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold,
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
 Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless
 Is angel's work below.

The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be;
 Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto thee*.

The Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion.

"LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. WE LIFT THEM UP UNTO THE LORD."

273.

L.M.

ROCKINGHAM.

My God, and is thy table spread ?
 And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ;
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy sweetness know.
 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

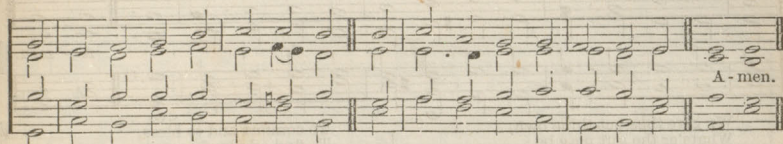
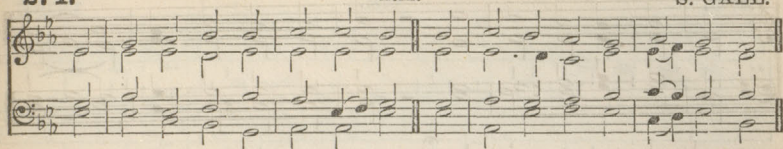
Why are its bounties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
 Was not for you the Victim slain ?
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?
 O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests :
 And may each soul salvation see
 That here its sacred pledges tastes*.

Holy Communion.

274.

L.M.

S. GALL.



Jesu, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, thou Light of men,
From the blest bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unill'd to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good;
To them that find thee, All in All.

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.

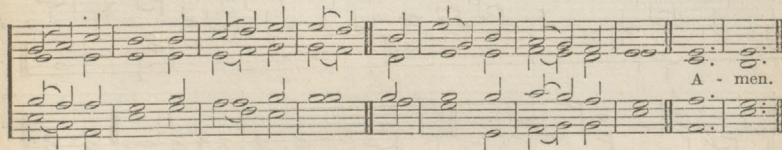
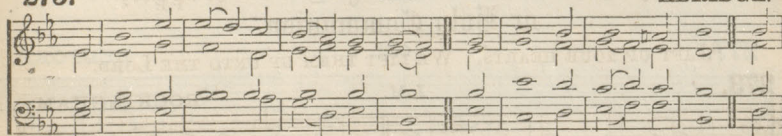
Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesu, 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.

275.

C.M.

ABRIDGE.



ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

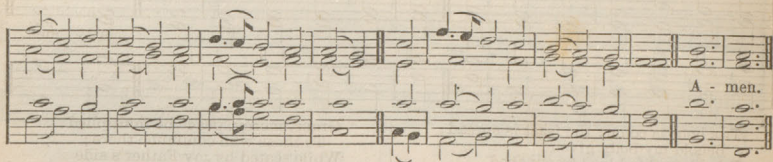
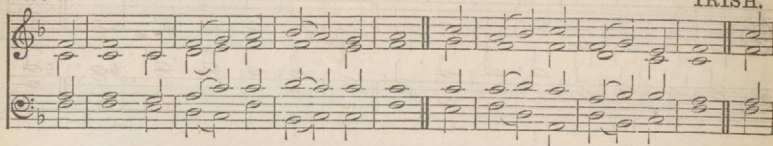
And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me.

Holy Communion.

276.

C.M.

IRISH.



LORD Jesu, are we one with thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Thou one with us on Calvary,
We one with thee above.

Such was thy love, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down;
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by thee:

The sting, the curse, the wrath were thine
To set thy members free.

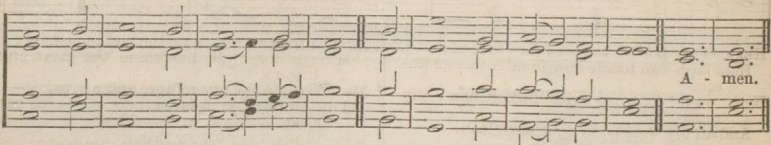
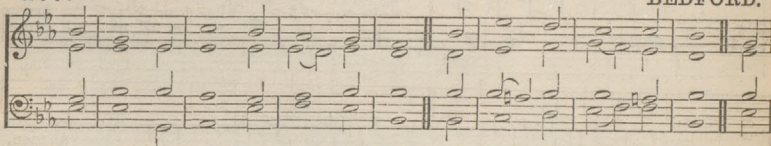
Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
Thy saints and thee can part.

Ere long shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That we in thee are one.

277.

C.M.

BEDFORD.



O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before thy footstool kneel.

Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord;
Our drink, his precious blood.

Thus would we all thy words obey,
For we, O God, are thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

Holy Communion.

278.

C.M.

REDHEAD (No. 29).

The hour is come; the feast is spread;
Behold my body given;
Behold my life-blood freely shed
To ransom souls for heaven.
When of this cup I drink again,
In glory and with you,
No tears its perfect joy shall stain,
A joy for ever new.
Ere then ten thousand thousand times
My table shall be spread,
And countless souls in distant climes
Be comforted and fed.

Grace, mercy, peace be multiplied
To those who commune there;
While seated by my Father's side
Their mansion I prepare.
But now these lips a different cup
For you must taste and drain,
And unrepiningly drink up
The dregs of bitter pain.
The griefs ye know not that are mine,
Nor yet my glories see;
But break the bread and drink the wine,
And thus remember me.

279.

10s.

DALKEITH.

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things un-
seen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand thy
grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of
heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

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.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing
blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my
God.

Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and
gone,
The bread and wine remove, but thou art
here—
Nearer than ever—still my shield and sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and
love.

Holy Communion.

280. [FIRST TUNE.]

P.M.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Musical score for 'CORPUS CHRISTI' (First Tune). It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system includes a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

280. [SECOND TUNE.]

P.M.

CEENA DOMINI.

Musical score for 'CEENA DOMINI' (Second Tune). It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system includes a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking 'Slowly.' is written above the first staff.

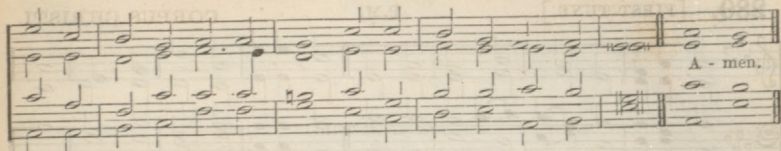
281.

SIX 7s.

RATISBON.

Musical score for 'RATISBON' (Six 7s). It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system includes a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

Holy Communion.



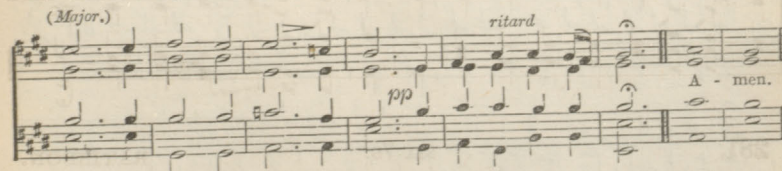
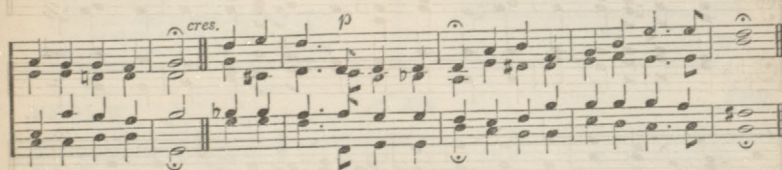
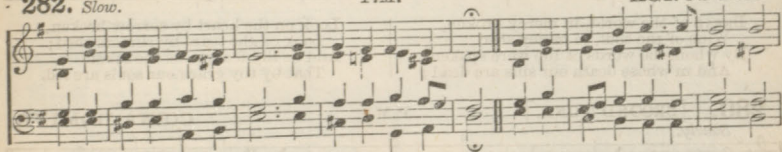
BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live:
Jesu, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in thee.

282. *Slow.*

P.M.

AGNUS DEI.



LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us who think on thee;
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

By thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

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 all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

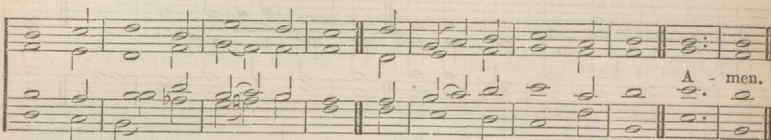
Lord, we would not hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give.
Still our souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace. Amen.

Holy Communion.

283.

S. M.

AYNHOE



SWEET feast of love divine:
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from thee to learn
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of thy love.

The blood that flow'd for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

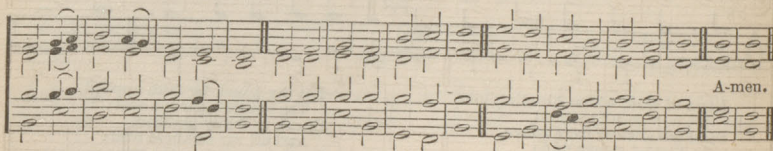
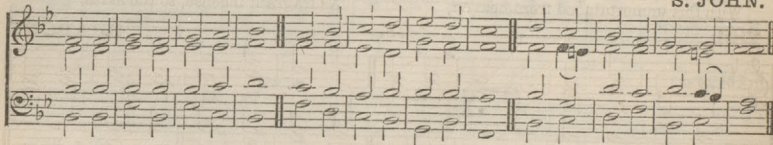
O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet;

To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare.

284.

SIX 7s.

S. JOHN.



TILL he come—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till he come.'

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only, till he come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper 'Till he come.'

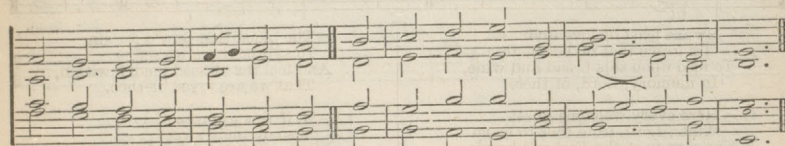
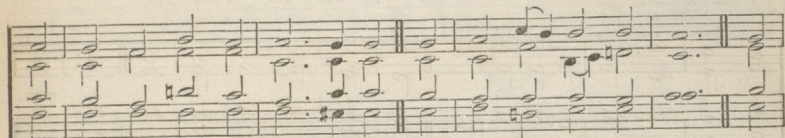
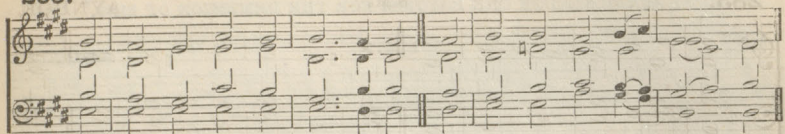
See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread:
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Sever'd only, till he come.

Holy Communion.

285.

8s. 6s. 8s.

EUCCHARIST.



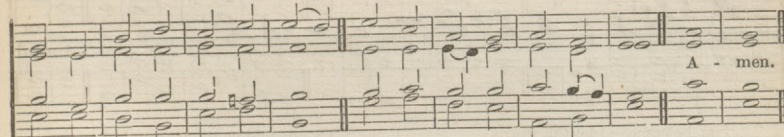
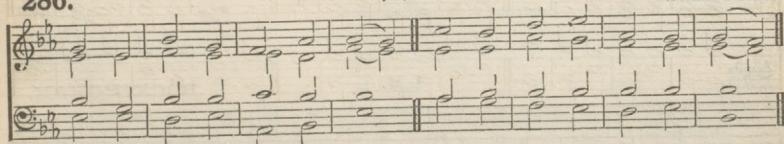
LORD, when before thy throne we meet,
 Thy goodness to adore,
 From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
 On us thy blessing pour;
 And make our inmost souls to be
 An habitation meet for thee.
 The Body for our ransom given,
 The Blood in mercy shed,
 With this immortal food from heaven,

Lord, let our souls be fed:
 And, as we round thy Table kneel,
 Help us thy quickening grace to feel.
 Be thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh;
 Accept the humble prayer,
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
 The sinner's heartfelt tear;
 And let our adoration rise,
 As fragrant incense, to the skies.

286.

7s.

SHARON.



Lord, to whom except to thee
 Shall our wandering spirits go;
 Thee whom it is light to see,
 And eternal life to know?
 Awful is that life of thine
 Which the Spirit's breath inspires;
 And the food must be divine
 Which each new-born soul desires.
 Israel on the heavenly seed
 Fed and died in days of yore;
 But the souls, that on thee feed,
 Never thirst nor hunger more.

Lord, to whom except to thee
 Shall we go when ills betide?
 Who except thyself can be
 Hope and health and strength and guide?
 Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
 Hear the prayer, and seal the vow?
 Who can fill the void within,
 Blessèd Saviour, who but thou?
 Therefore evermore I'll give
 Laud and praise, my God, to thee;
 Evermore in thee I live,
 Evermore live thou in me!

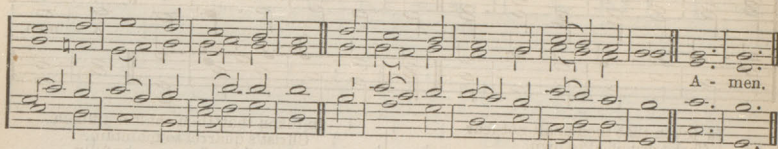
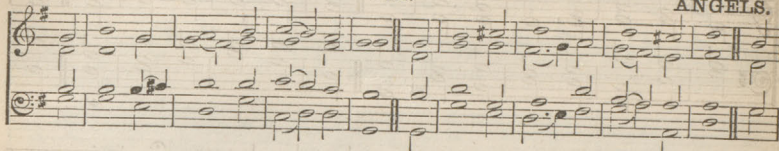
Holy Baptism.

MATH. "I ACKNOWLEDGE ONE BAPTISM FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS." 082

287.

L.M.

ANGELS.



God of that glorious gift of grace
By which thy people seek thy face,
When in thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

Confiding in thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure thou hast given,
To be received and rear'd for heaven.

Lent to us for a season, wo
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to thee;
Assured that, if to thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

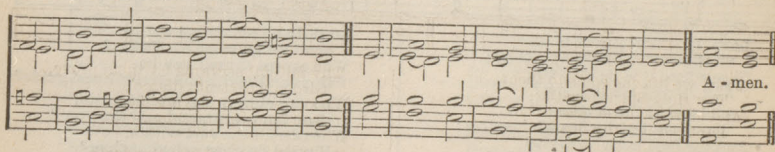
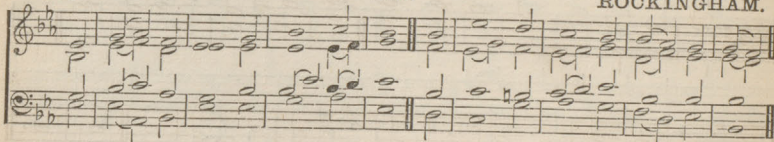
Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head;
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face.

Make *him* and keep *him* thine own child,
Meek follower of the undefiled;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.

288.

L.M.

ROCKINGHAM.



COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

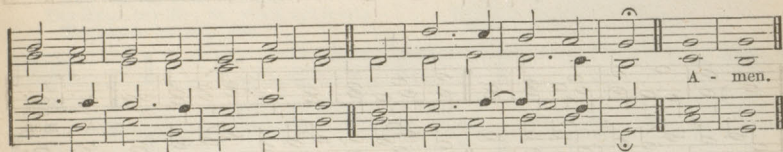
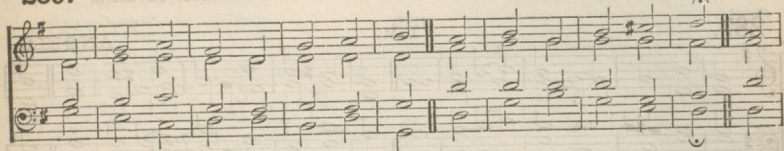
Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God.

Holy Baptism.

289.

C.M.

NOTTINGHAM.



In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own:
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

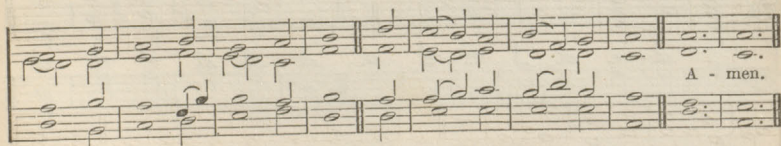
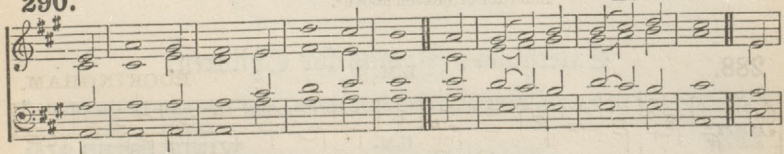
In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high.

290.

C.M.

EVANGELIST.



JESU, we lift our souls to thee:
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
And let these little infants be
Baptized into thy death.

O let thine unction on them rest,
Thy grace their souls renew;
And write within their tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

Thy faithful servants let them prove,
Girded with truth divine;
Be sharers in thy dying love,
And followers of thine.

Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

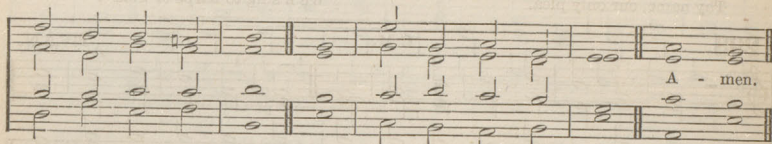
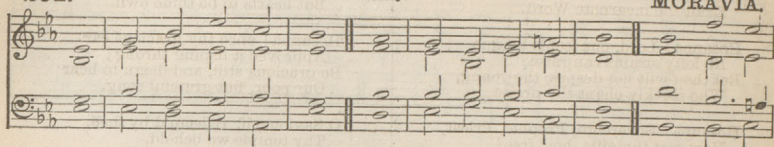
Catechism : Hymns for Children.

BAPTISM OF SUCH AS ARE OF RIPER YEARS.

291.

S.M.

MORAVIA.



STAND, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's name.

Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away :
Thy faith and hope be realized,
Thy love avouch'd to-day.

Our heavenly country now,
Our Lord and Master, thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow
His passion's awful sign.

No more thine own, but Christ's ;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enroll'd, —

In God's whole armour strong,
Front hell's embattled powers :
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our Great Captain's feet *.

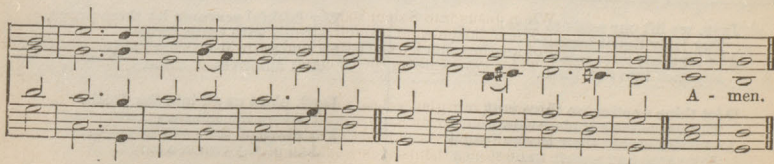
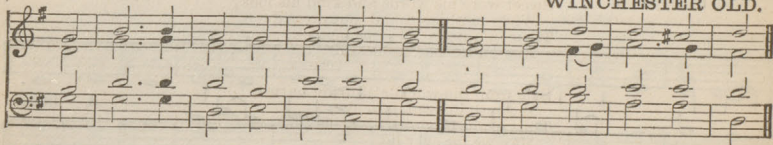
Catechism : Hymns for Children.

"STEADFAST IN FAITH, JOYFUL THROUGH HOPE, AND ROOTED IN CHARITY."

292.

C.M.

WINCHESTER OLD.



Catechism: Hymns for Children.

Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant thy praise.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast;
Thy name, our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be thine own.

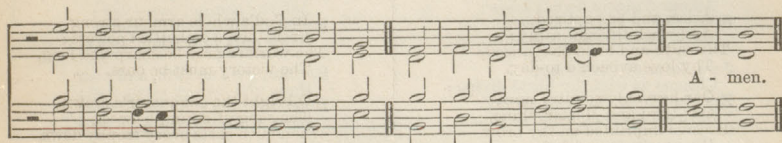
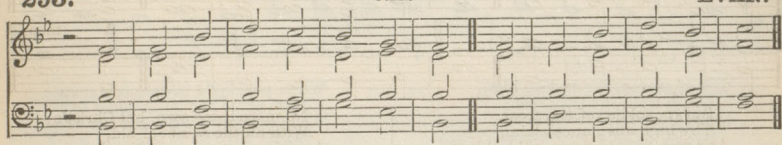
Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor, but grateful song.

O Saviour, if, redeem'd by thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

293.

C.M.

EVAN.



WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd.

Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.

When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.

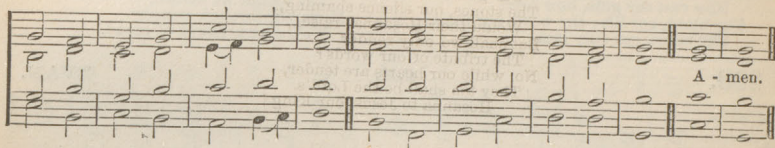
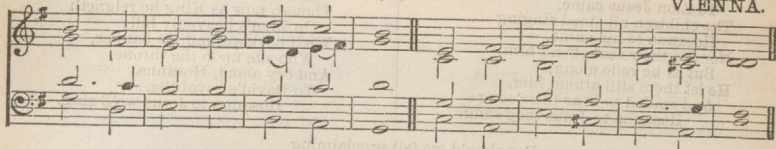
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

294.

7s.

VIENNA.



God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us thine.

When perplex'd in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppress'd with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but thee?

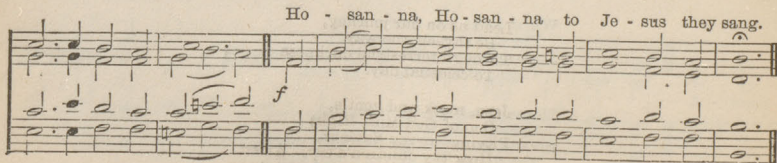
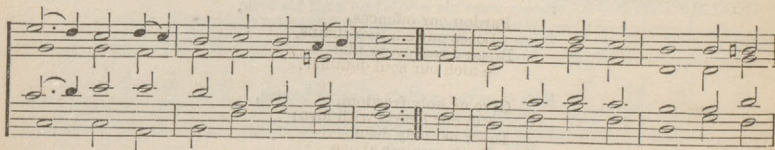
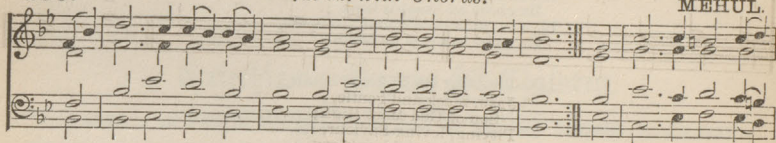
Let us ever hear thy voice,
Ask thy counsel every day:
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll!

295.

7s. 6s. with Chorus.

MEHUL.



Catechism: Hymns for Children.

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song:
Hosanna to Jesus they sang.

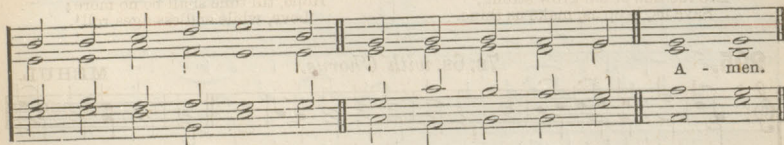
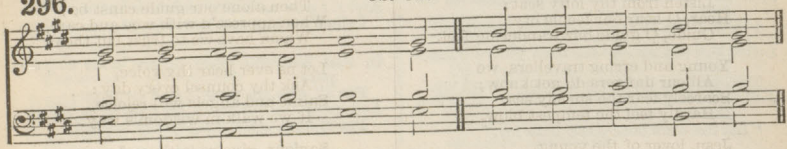
And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No, while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus, our King!

296.

6s. 5s.

S. LAMBERT.



Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

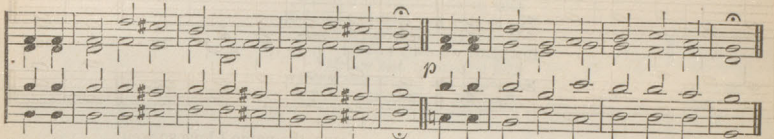
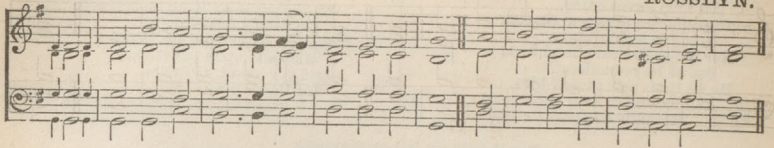
Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High;
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry. Amen.

Catechism : Hymns for Children.

297.

P. M.

ROSSLYN.



I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his
fold ;
I should like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when
he said,
" Let the little ones come unto me."

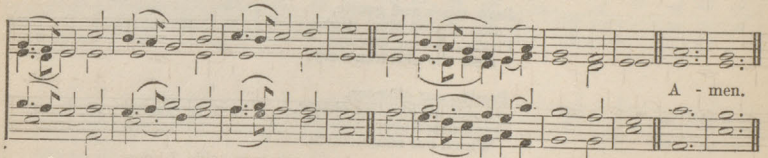
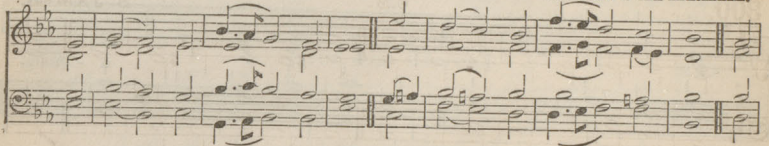
Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above :

In that beautiful place he has gone to pre-
pare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

298.

S. M.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.



FAIR waved the golden corn,
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to his temple gate
The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran—
" The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest he gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

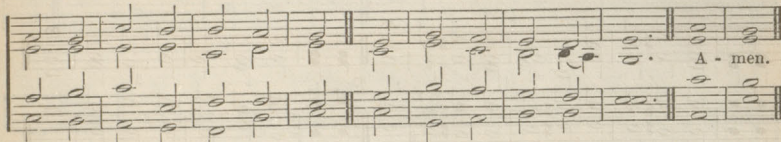
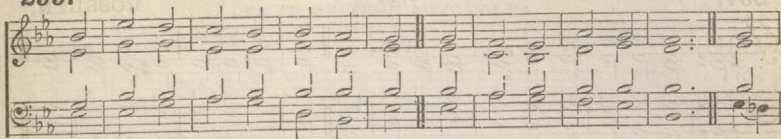
In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve thy church below,
And join thy saints in heaven *

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

299.

C.M.

S. PETER (REINAGLE).



THERE is a name I love to hear ;
I love to sing its worth ;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon his child ;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.

Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear :
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

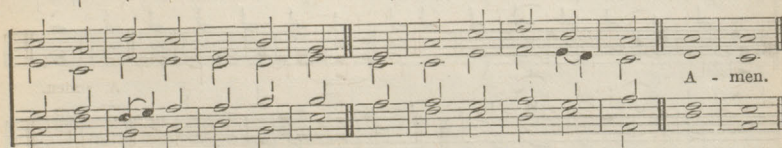
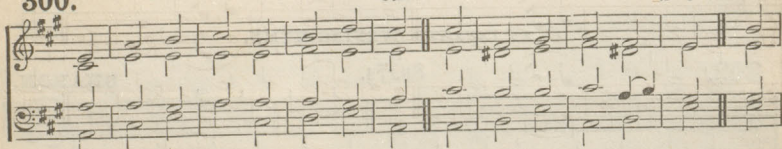
This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

And there with all the blood-bought throng
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

300.

C.M.

S. JAMES.



THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will get to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread.

While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair ;

And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old,
"The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
And lead them to the fold."

Thus I may safely venture through
Beneath my Shepherd's care ;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.

Catechism : Hymns for Children.

7110H

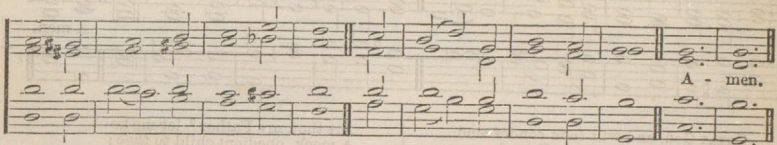
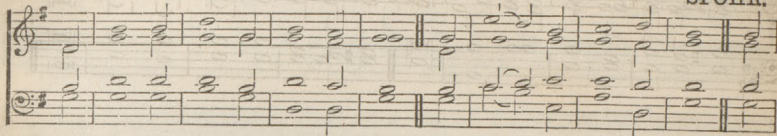
AN INFANT'S MORNING HYMN.

808

301.

C.M.

SPOHR.



The morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesu, near thy side.

O make thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

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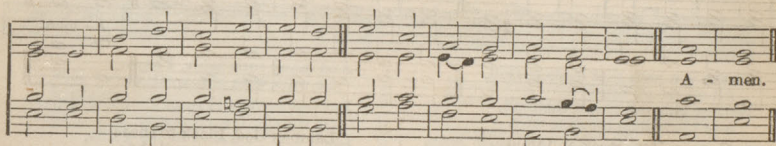
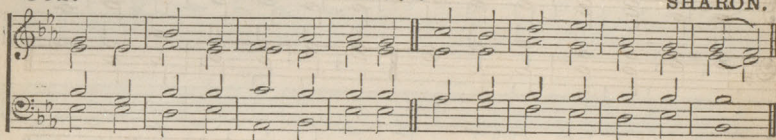
AN INFANT'S EVENING HYMN.

808

302.

8s. 7s.

SHARON.



Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

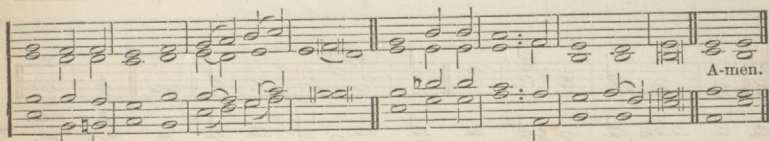
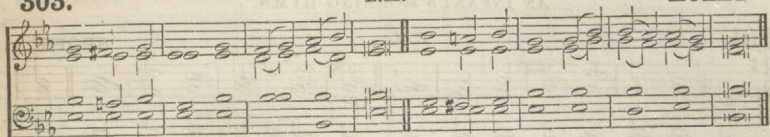
Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

303.

L.M.

HOLLY.



GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

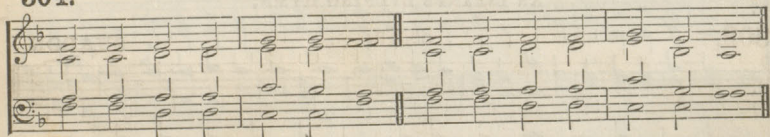
Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are pass'd,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above*.

304.

7s.

LYRA INNOCENTIS.



GENTLE Jesu, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest Lord, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

Lamb of God, I look to thee:
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

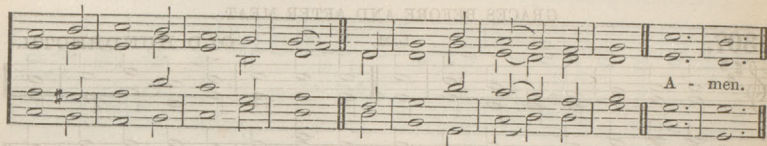
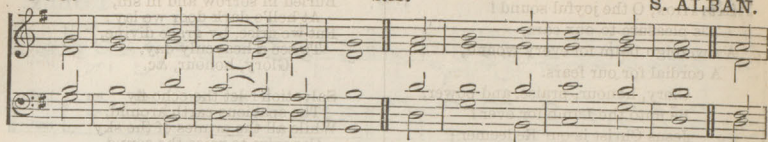
Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart!.

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

305.

S.M.

S. ALBAN.



Come, Holy Spirit, come;
O hear an infant's prayer:
Stoop down, and make my heart thy home,
And shed thy blessing there.

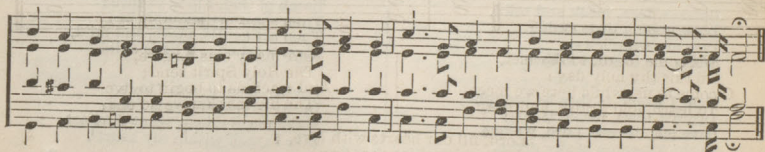
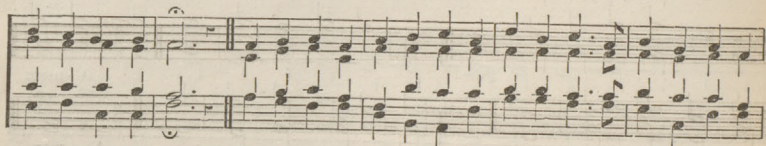
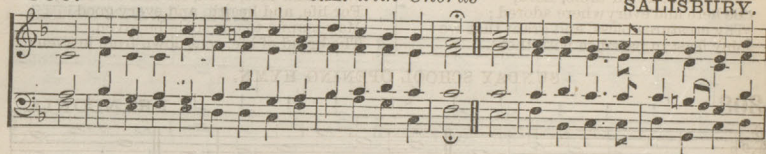
Thy light, thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for thee.

Let thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To thine eternal praise*.

306.

C.M. with Chorus

SALISBURY.



Catechism: Hymns for Children.

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

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever!
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

308
 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.
 Glory, honour, &c.

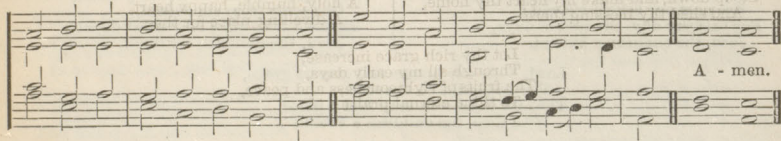
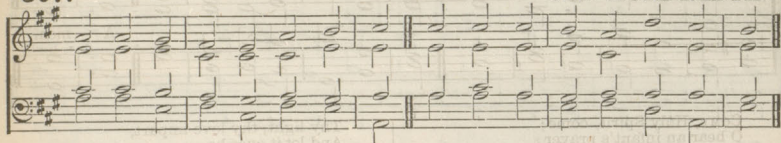
Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
 Glory, honour, &c.

GRACES BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

307.

L.M.

OLD HUNDREDTH.



I.

Be present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored;
 Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
 May feast in paradise with thee*.

II.

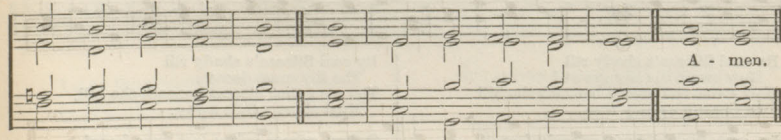
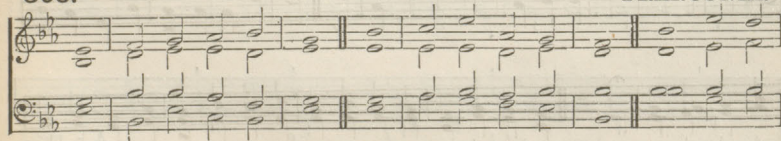
We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
 For life, and health, and every good;
 May manna to our souls be given,
 The bread of life, sent down from heaven*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OPENING HYMN.

308.

S.M.

FRANCONIA.



We come, Lord, to thy feet,
 On this thy holy day:
 O come to us, while here we meet
 To learn, and praise, and pray.

Our many sins forgive,
 The Holy Spirit send;
 And teach us to begin to live
 The life that knows no end.

Lord, fill our hearts with love,
 Our teachers' labours own;
 That we and they may meet above,
 To sing before thy throne*.

Catechism : Hymns for Children.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLOSING HYMN.

309.

C.M.

S. PETER (REINAGLE).

O Lord, our hearts would give thee praise,
Ere now our school we end :
For this thy day, the best of days,
Jesu, the children's Friend.

Lord, graft thy word in every heart,
Our souls from sin defend,
That we from thee may ne'er depart,
Jesu, the children's Friend.

Lord, bless our homes and give us grace,
Thy Sabbaths so to spend,
That we in heaven may find a place,
With thee, the children's Friend.

310.

C.M.

HOLY CROSS.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine :

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

311.

L.M.

ELY.

Yes, God is good; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
God made us all, and God is good.

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden hood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renew'd;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.

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

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

For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food;
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word,
These prompt our song that God is good.^b

312.

C.M.

MILAN.

I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye;

If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant nor flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

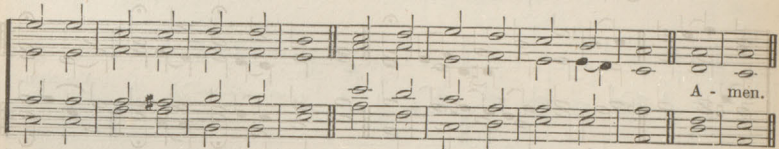
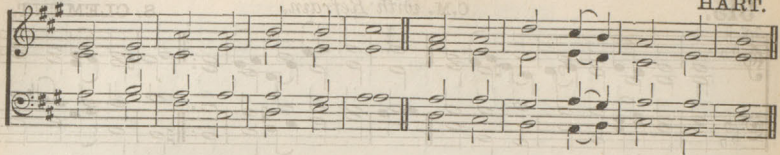
His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever high?^c

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

313.

7s.

HART.



Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

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.

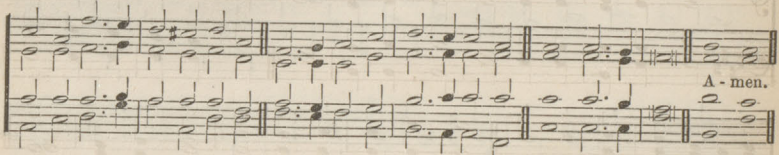
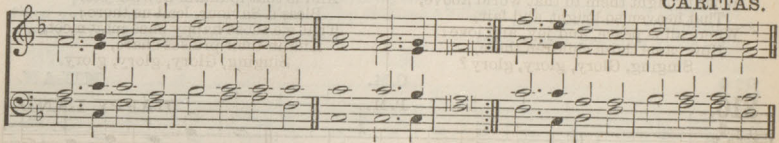
Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

Mine to tell of joys to come,
Light and life beyond the tomb;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

314.

8s. 4s.

CARITAS.



One there is above all others,
O how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
O how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,
O how he loves!

'Tis eternal life to know him,
O how he loves!
Think, O think how much we owe him,
O how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us,
O how he loves!

We have found a friend in Jesus,
O how he loves!
'Tis his great delight to bless us,
O how he loves!
How our hearts delight to hear him
Bid us dwell in safety near him;
Why should we distrust or fear him?
O how he loves!

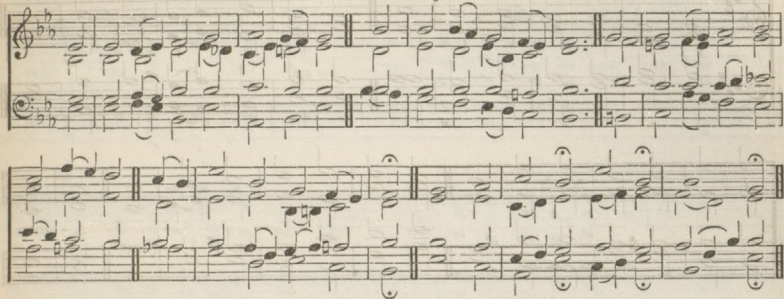
Through his name we are forgiven,
O how he loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
O how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory he will guide us,
O how he loves!

Catechism: Hymns for Children.

315.

C.M. with Refrain.

S. CLEMENT.



Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd:
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that precious purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

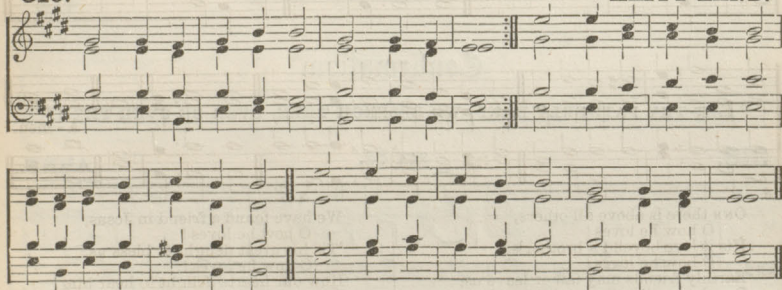
On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb:
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

And is that fountain flowing yet?
Bless'd Saviour, lead us there;
That we those happy ones may meet,
And in their praises share,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

316.

P.M.

HAPPY LAND.



There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?

O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

Confirmation.

317.

P.M.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

Musical score for hymn 317, 'REALMS OF THE BLEST.' The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar notation.

We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair:
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its anthems of praise,
With which we can never compare,
The sweetest on earth we can raise;
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

Confirmation.

"LET THY FATHERLY HAND, WE BESEECH THEE, EVER BE OVER THEM."

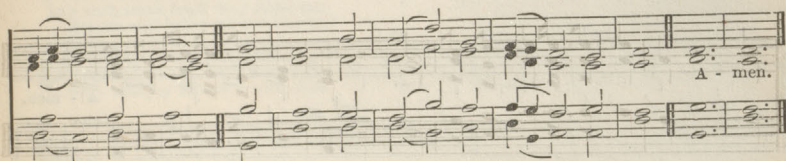
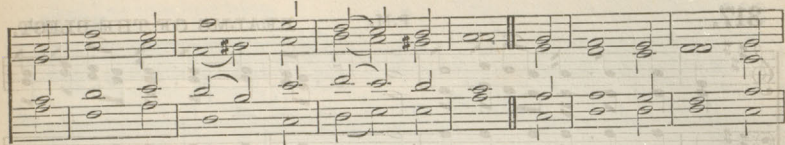
318.

SIX 8s.

ARNE.

Musical score for hymn 318, 'LET THY FATHERLY HAND, WE BESEECH THEE, EVER BE OVER THEM.' The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the vocal line and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar notation.

Confirmation.



LORD, shall thy children come to thee?
 A boon of love divine we seek;
 Brought to thine arms in infancy,
 Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,
 Thy children pray for grace, that they
 May come themselves to thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come? not thus alone,
 At holy time, or solemn rite,
 But every hour till life be flown,
 Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,
 Come to thy throne of grace, that we
 In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

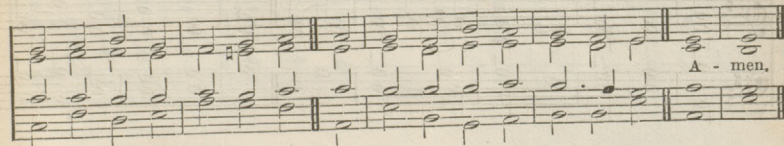
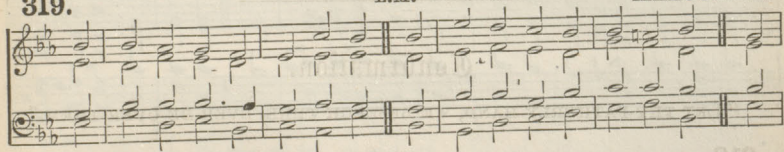
Lord, shall we come? and come again,
 Oft as we see yon table spread,
 And, tokens of thy dying pain,
 The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?
 Bless, bless, O Lord, thy children's prayer,
 That they may come and find thee there.

Lord, shall we come? come yet again?
 Thy children ask one blessing more:
 To come, not now alone;—but then
 When life, and death, and time are o'er,
 Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
 Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by thee.

319.

L.M.

MELCOMBE.



O happy day, that fix'd my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God:
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Now rest my long-divided heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
 O who with earth would grudge to part,
 When call'd with angels to be bless'd?

O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love:
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Confirmation.

320.

L.M.

RUSSIA.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus? Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Ashamed of Jesus—of that Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me.

321.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

S. AMBROSE (CECIL).

Confirmation.

JESU, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be:
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear:
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise".

322.

DOUBLE S.M.

FAIRFIELD.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff, ending with 'A - men.'

Jesu, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care;
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait
 Till I can all things do;
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to maintain
 The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

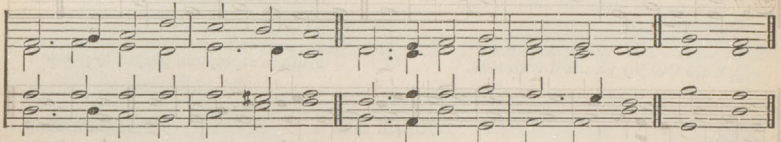
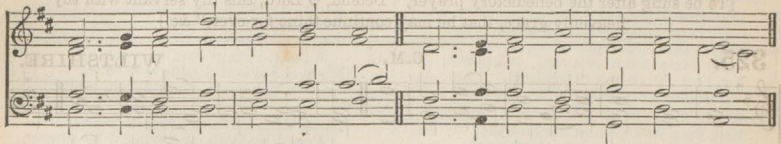
I rest upon thy word,
 The promise is for me;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee.
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love^f.

Confirmation.

323.

7s.

DURHAM.



CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

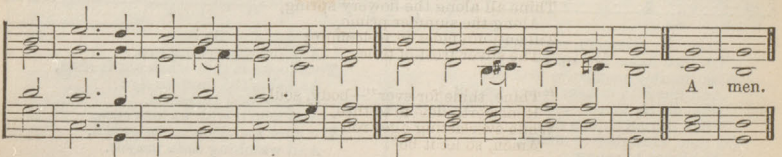
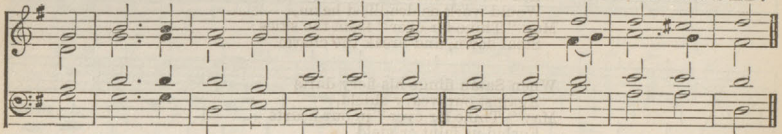
Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, the everlasting Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

324.

C.M.

WINCHESTER OLD.



AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

Confirmation.

[To be sung after the benedictory prayer, "Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever," &c.]

325.

C.M.

WILTSHIRE.

A - men.

"THINE, thine for ever"—blessèd bond
That knits us, Lord, to thee:
May voice, and heart, and soul respond
Amen, so let it be.

When this world strikes its dulcet harp,
And earth our heaven appears,
Be "Thine for ever," clear and sharp,
God's trumpet in our ears.

When sin in pleasure's soft disguise
Would work us deadliest harm,
May "Thine for ever" from the skies
Steal down, and break the charm.

When Satan flings his fiery darts
Against our weary shield,
May "Thine for ever" in our hearts
Forbid us faint or yield.

Thine all along the flowery spring,
Along the summer prime,
Till autumn fades in welcoming
The silver frost of time.

"Thine, thine for ever"—body, soul,
Henceforth devote to thee,
While everlasting ages roll:
Amen, so let it be.

Matrimony.

"WHICH HOLY ESTATE CHRIST ADORNED AND BEAUTIFIED
WITH HIS PRESENCE."

326.

7s. 6s.

S. ALPHEGE.

The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The three-fold grace is said :

For dower of blessèd children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

Be present, gracious Saviour,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands.

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel;
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
The hallow'd path they trace,

To cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise *.

327.

P.M.

IRENE.

Rest in the Lord—from harps above
The music seems to thrill—
Rest in His everlasting love,
Rest and be still.

Rest thou, who claimest for thine own
Thy chosen bride to-day,
Affianced in His faith alone
Thy bride for aye.

Matrimony.

And thou, whose trustful hand is given
Avouching here thy spouse,
Rest, for a Father seals in heaven
His children's vows.

Rest ye, who cluster round them both
To mingle praise and prayers;
Your God affirms the pledged troth,
Your God and theirs.

Rest, for the Heavenly Bridegroom here
Is standing by your side,
And in this union draws more near
His mystic bride.

Rest in the Lord—thrice Holy Dove,
In us thy word fulfil—
Rest in his everlasting love,
Rest and be still*.

[To be sung after the blessing, "Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents," &c.]

328.

TEN 7s.

MEDELSSOHN.

See the words of peace and love
Breathed on earth, are borne above,
While their echo, soft and clear,
Lingers on the trançèd ear,—
Catch upon your lips the strain,
Swell the notes of prayer again,
Prayer with benedictions fraught,
Passing words and passing thought:
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

Blessings from the earth beneath,
Fruits and flowers in woven wreath;
Balmy dews that heaven distils
On the everlasting hills;
Angel wings, a guard of light
O'er the peaceful home by night;
Angel steps to tend the way
Onward, heavenward, day by day:
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

Hear our prayer: this union be
Ratified, O God, by thee;
This another link entwined
Hearts and homes and heaven to bind
In that mystic chain of love,
Holding us, but held above;
Knitting all that world to this,
Eden's bloom to glory's bliss:
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Blessedness is blessing thee;
While we pour in chant and hymn
Full hearts, flowing o'er the brim,—
Water by thy power benign
Blushing as celestial wine,—
Till within the golden gates,
Where the Lamb his bridal waits,
We with all the white-robed throngs
Sing the heavenly Song of Songs*.

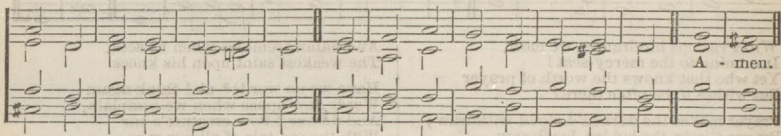
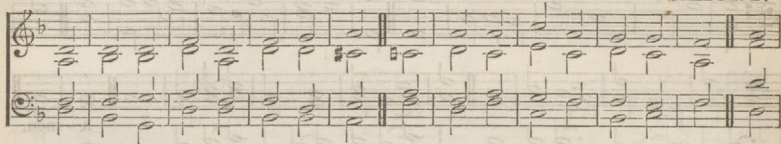
The Visitation of the Sick.

"O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, WHO BY THY CROSS AND PRECIOUS BLOOD
HAST REDEEMED US, SAVE US AND HELP US, WE HUMBLY BESEECH THEE,
O LORD."

329.

L.M.

SAXONY.



God of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall :
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?—
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?

Does not the word still fix'd remain ?
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

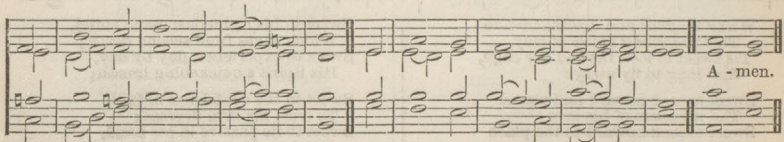
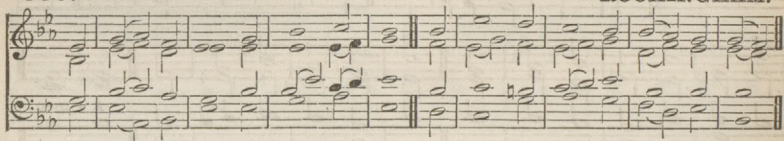
That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer :
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead *.

330.

L.M.

ROCKINGHAM.



LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show,
But he bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

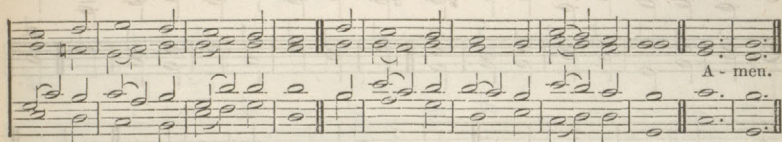
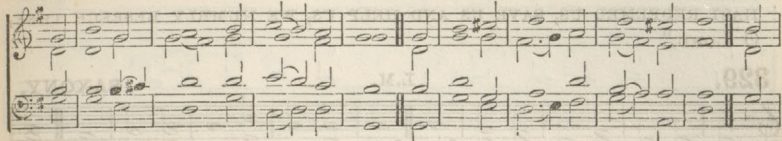
My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise *.

The Visitation of the Sick.

331.

L.M.

ANGELS.



WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

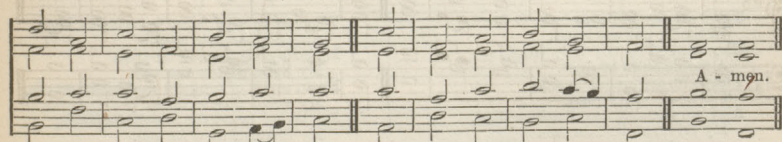
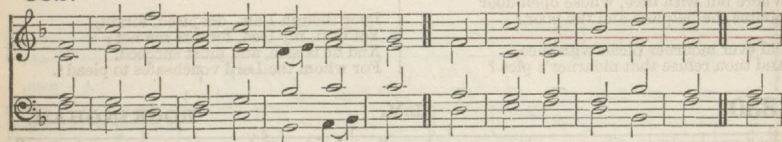
Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me?.

332.

C.M.

S. DAVID.



WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away:

Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above:

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid:

Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath:

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his:

Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

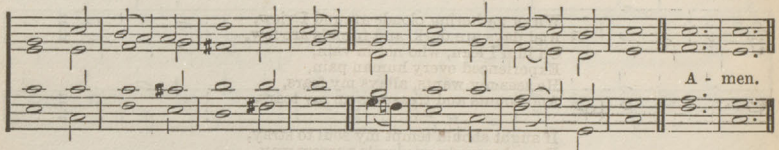
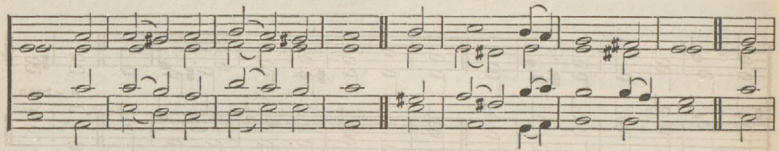
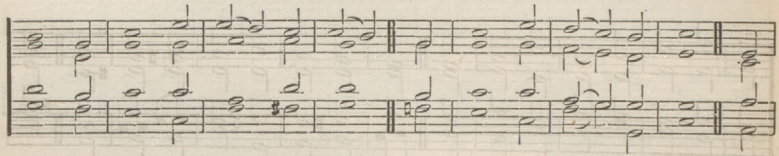
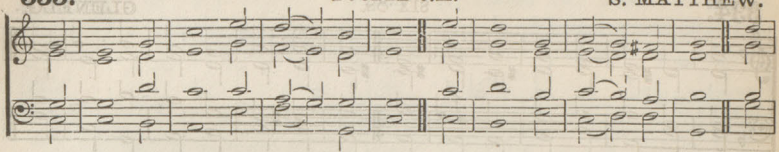
If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee? *

The Visitation of the Sick.

333.

DOUBLE C.M.

S. MATTHEW.



Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord,
 In thee I put my trust,
 Encouraged by thy holy word,
 A feeble child of dust.
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea,
 And 'tis enough, my Saviour died,
 My Saviour died for me.

When storms of fierce temptation beat,
 And furious foes assail,
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the veil.
 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
 My spirit flies to thee:
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,
 My Saviour died for me.

Mid trials heavy to be borne,
 When mortal strength is vain,
 A heart with grief and anguish torn,
 A body rack'd with pain,—
 Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
 Bid every murmur flee,
 But this, the witness in my breast,
 My Saviour died for me.

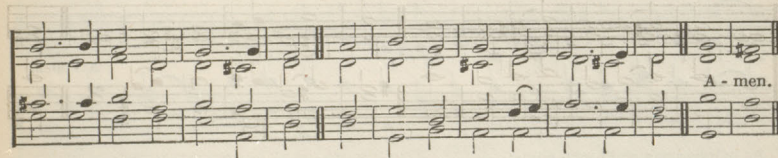
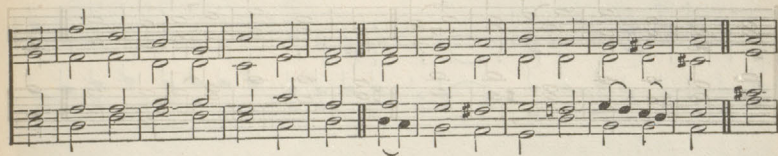
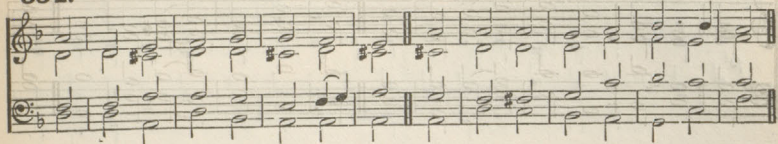
And when thine awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life in its last lingering sounds
 Is ebbing fast away,—
 Then, though it be in accents weak,
 And faint and tremblingly,
 O give me strength in death to speak,
 My Saviour died for me.

The Visitation of the Sick.

334.

SIX 8s.

GLENELG.



WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain,
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;
Still he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

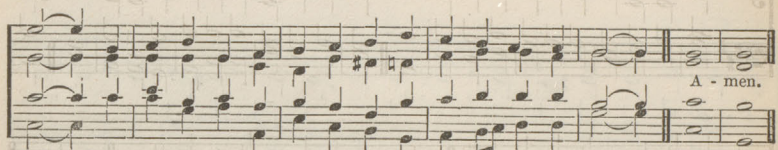
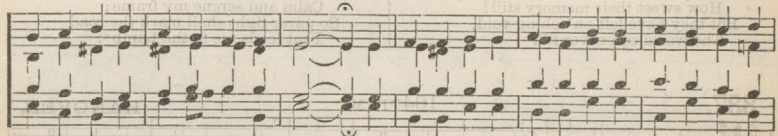
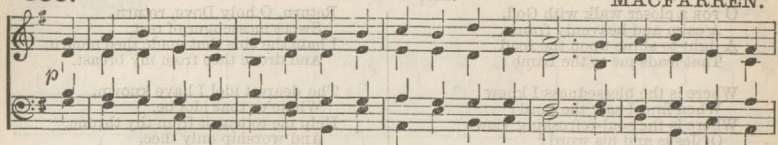
And O, when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

The Visitation of the Sick.

335.

DOUBLE C.M.

MACFARREN.



As helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm:
So I, my Father, cling to thee,
And every passing hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace:

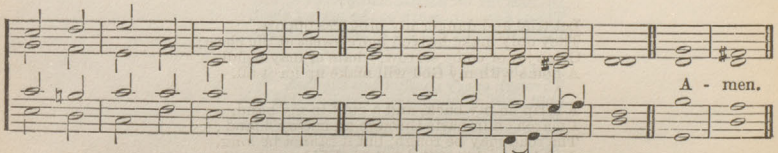
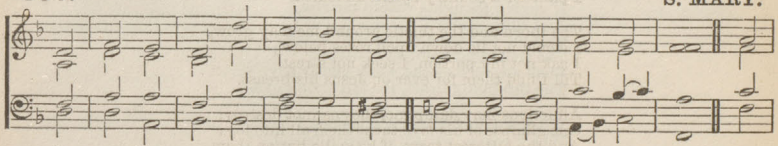
So I to thee, my Saviour, look,
And in thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society:
So, sitting at thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love thee more and more^d.

336.

C.M.

S. MARY.



The Visitation of the Sick.

388

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!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

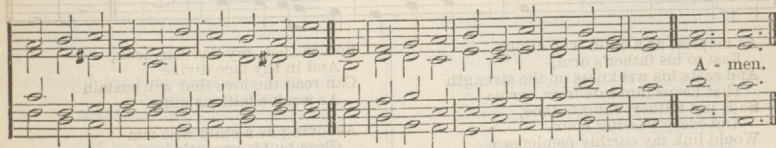
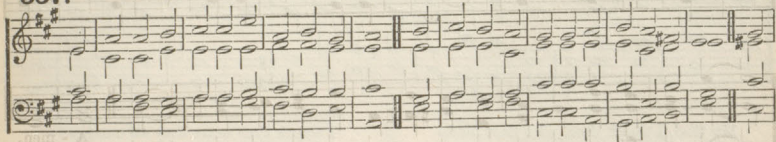
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

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.

337.

104TH M.

HANOVER.



My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit,—the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus his breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy:
And the bitterest tears, if he smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let trial and danger my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
A home with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I smooth it with hope, and I cheer it with song.

The Visitation of the Sick.

338.

P.M.

WATTON.

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

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

I thank thee, 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.

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.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touch'd with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

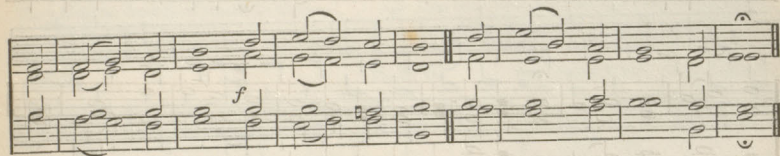
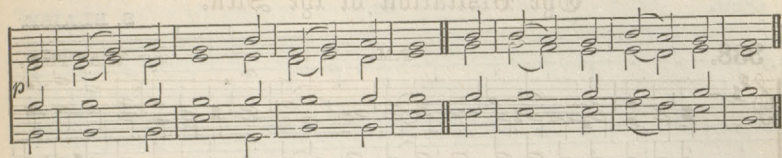
For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings:
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

339.

P.M.

WEYMOUTH.

The Visitation of the Sick.



FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful,—not to serve thee much,—
But to please thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

The Visitation of the Sick.

340.

6s.

S. BLAISE.

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.

I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose thou for me, my God;
 So shall I walk aright.

Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee may seem;
 Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice
 In things or great or small;
 Be thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

341.

8s. 6.

IVER.

The Visitation of the Sick.

Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear? —
'Tis I; be not afraid.

'Tis I, who wash'd thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

These raging winds, this surging sea,
Have spent their deadly force on me;
They bear no breath of wrath to thee:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierc'd:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I; be not afraid'.

342.

8. 8. 6.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 8.8.6. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace.

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lighten'd cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

The Visitation of the Sick.

343.

SIX 10s.

WORDSWORTH.

Love did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
 Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
 At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
 Who opes his arms, and bids the weary
 come:
 With him I found a home, a rest divine,
 And I since then am his, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied;
 The ill is only what he deems the best;
 He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
 And poor without him, though of all poss-
 sess'd:

Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
 Content, while I am his, while he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is
 seen;

A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines;
 Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
 And sweetly on his people's darkness shines:
 All may depart, I fret not, nor repine,
 While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

While here, alas, I know but half his love,
 But half discern him, and but half adore;
 But when I meet him in the realms above
 I hope to love him better, praise him
 more,

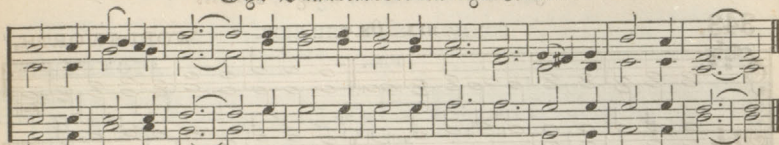
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
 How fully I am his, and he is mine.

344.

P.M.

O PARADISE.

The Visitation of the Sick.



O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

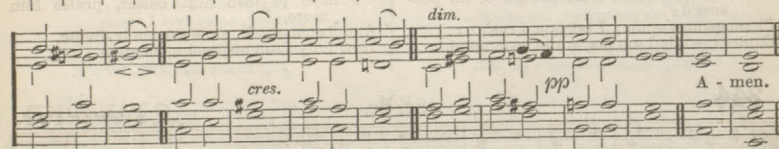
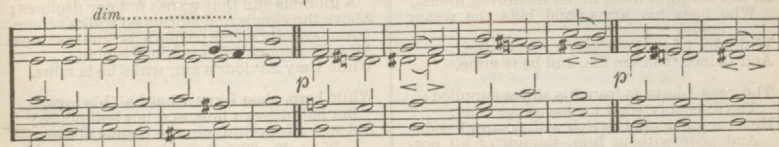
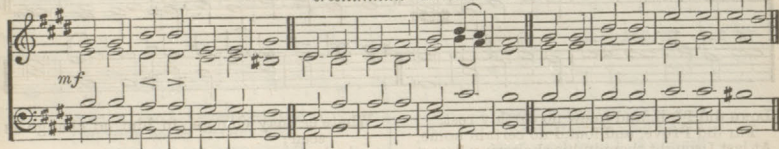
O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, &c.

345.

DOUBLE 7s.

SORRENTO.

cres...... *dim.*..... *cres.*.....



DEATHLESS principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high,
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God:
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend:
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

Is thy earthly house distress'd,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly:
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar:
Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there!

Communion of the Sick.

COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

346.

P.M.

ATONEMENT.

God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of sin, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh;
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace:
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

347.

8s. 6s.

HOLY TRINITY.

A - men.

The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

THE sun is set, the twilight's o'er,
The night-dews fall like rain :
A Prince stands at a suppliant's door,
And knocks, and knocks again.

I slumber; but my heart is moved
With joy and holy fear :
"Is it thy footstep, O beloved,
Thy hand, thy voice, I hear?"

Eat, drink; and muse in loving trust,
The while I sup with thee,
If this be heaven on earth, what must
My bridal banquet be."

"Tis I, thy Lord, who stand and wait
Beneath the darkening sky :
Arise, unbar, uncloseth the gate,
Fear nothing; it is I.

The bread of life is in my hand :
The wine of heaven I bring :
Fulfil my tenderest last command :
Thy Bridegroom is thy King.

The Order for the Burial of the Dead.

"GRANT THAT THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH WE MAY PASS
TO OUR JOYFUL RESURRECTION."

348.

P.M.

CLEWER.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not
deplete thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
tomb ;
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal be-
fore thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer be-
hold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
fold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has
died.

Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd
long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the
seraphim's song.

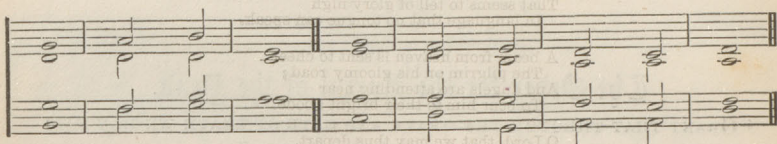
Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not
deplete thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
thee ;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has
died.

The Burial of the Dead.

349.

P.M.

MORNINGTON.



BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fears released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode ;
Thou art sleeping now like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail ;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovest best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

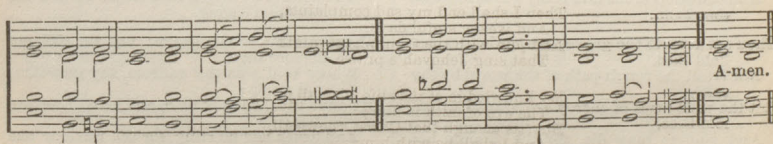
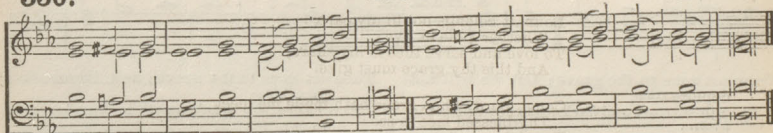
"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;
May each, like thee, depart in peace
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

350.

L.M.

HOLLY.



The Burial of the Dead.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh
In language that no tongue can speak.

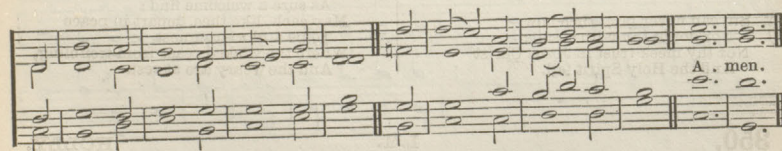
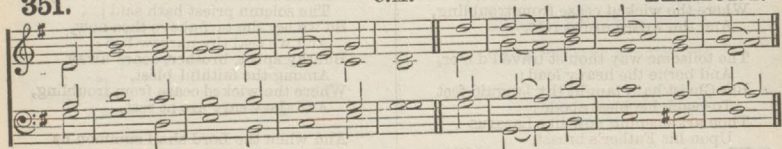
A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.

O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with thee^b.

351.

C.M.

BELMONT.



Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him^c.

The Burial of the Dead.

352.

S.M.

AYNHOE.

For ever with the Lord:
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace*.

353.

DOUBLE S.M.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

The Thanksgiving of Women after Childbirth.

“SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.”
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell, but felt no fear.

At midnight came the cry,
To meet thy God prepare:
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,—

His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

The Thanksgiving of Women after Childbirth.

“I WILL PAY MY VOWS NOW IN THE PRESENCE OF ALL HIS PEOPLE.”

354.

DOUBLE S.M.

SWABIA.

O bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.
O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigour of thy youth.
Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

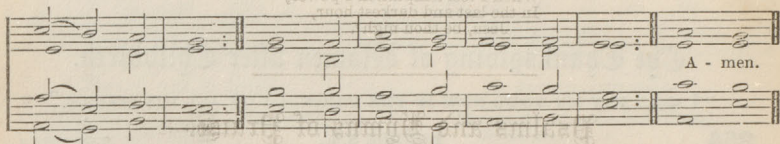
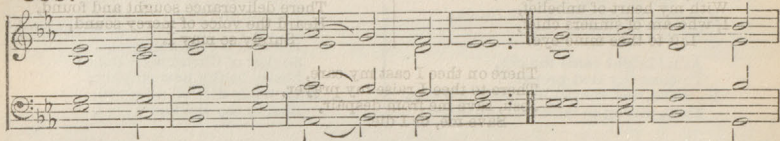
Commination Service¹.

"RECEIVE AND COMFORT US, WHO ARE GRIEVED AND WEARIED
WITH THE BURDEN OF OUR SINS."

355.

THREE 7s.

S. PHILIP.



Lord, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere the time shall pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

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

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

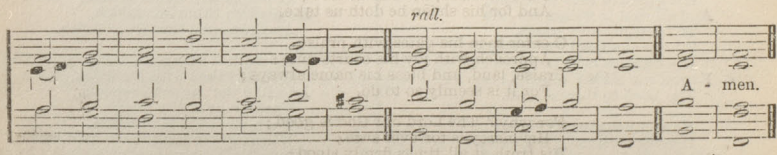
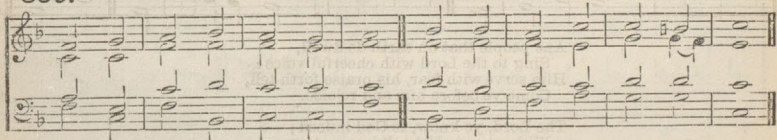
Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath thy wings a place.

On thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardon'd round thy throne.

356.

7s. 5.

S. AGATHA.



¹ See also penitential hymns under "Lent."

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

Thou who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesu, hear my cry.

Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
To thy cross I fly.

In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to thee mine eye.

Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound,
Surely so may I.

There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesu, save me from despair,
Save me, or I die.

When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesu, be thou nigh.

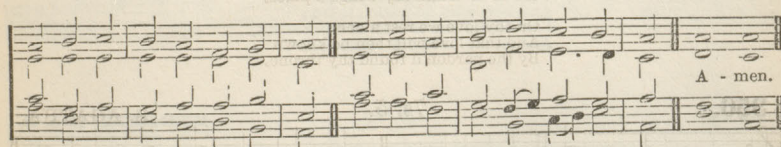
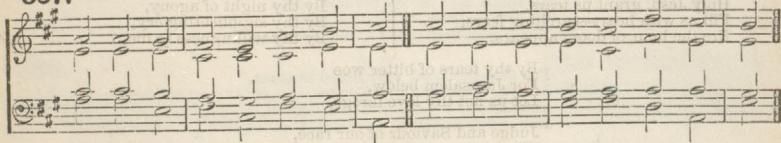
Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

"VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO."

357.

L.M.

OLD HUNDREDTH.



ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

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

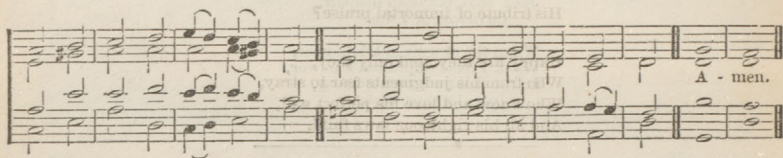
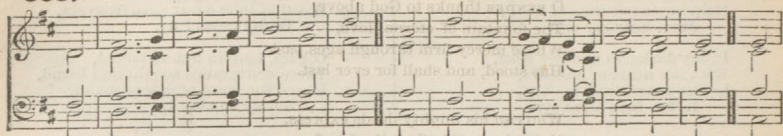
For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

358.

L.M.

TRURO.



O come, loud anthems let us sing
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

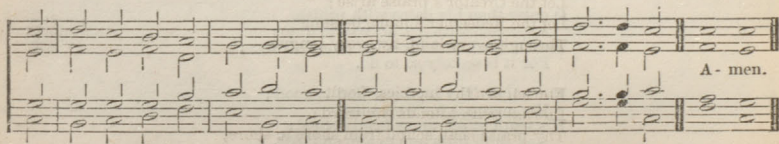
For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

359.

L.M.

REDHEAD (No. 4).



Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

858

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

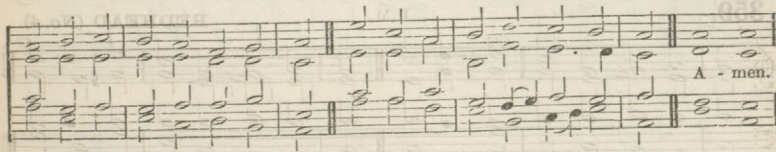
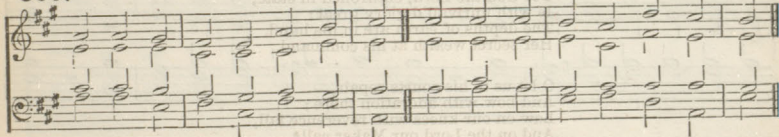
Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love his perfect will,
And all his righteous laws fulfil.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me ^a.

360.

L.M.

OLD HUNDREDTH.



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

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

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

361.

SIX 8s.

OLD 113TH.

A - men.

I'll praise my Maker with my 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.

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

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

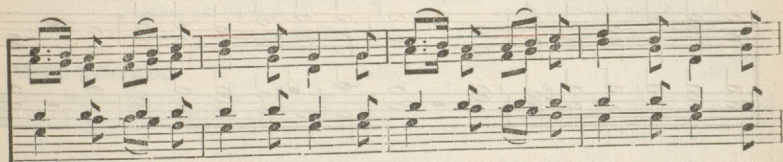
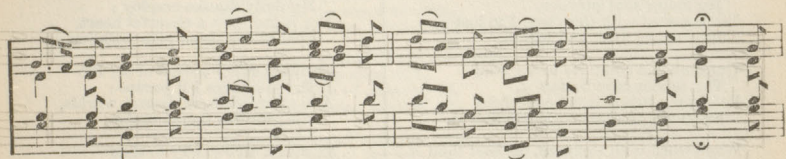
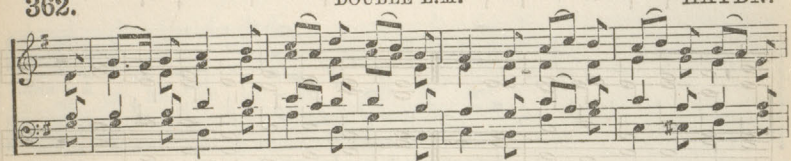
The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

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.

362.

DOUBLE L.M.

HAYDN.



THE 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,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty Hand.

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 ;

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

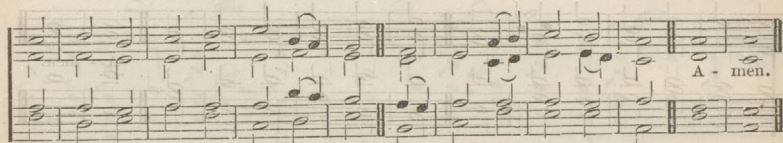
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

363.

C.M.

S. STEPHEN.



WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.

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

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

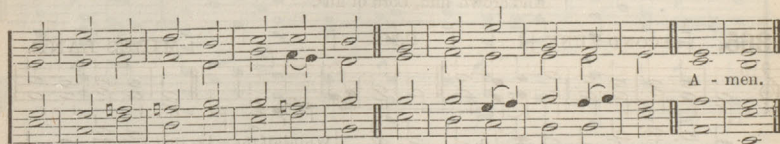
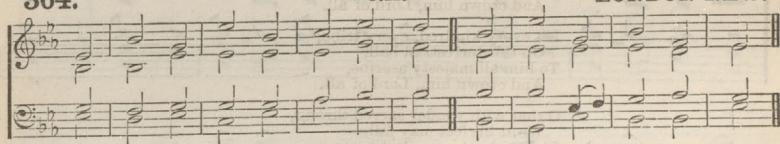
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

364.

C.M.

LONDON NEW.



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

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:

And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

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

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

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

365. [FIRST TUNE.]

C.M.

S. GEORGE (OLD).

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him, Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him, Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him, Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gull;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him, Lord of all.

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

O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall,
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown him, Lord of all.

365. [SECOND TUNE.]

C.M.

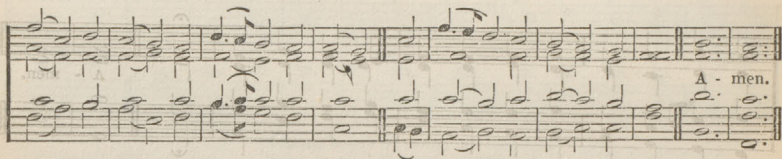
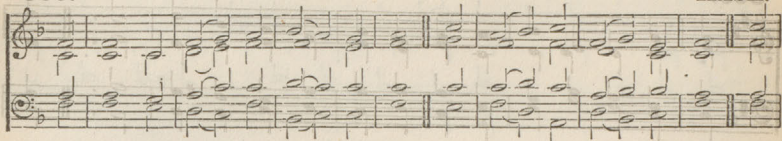
MILES LANE.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

366.

C.M.

IRISH.



For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd,

Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

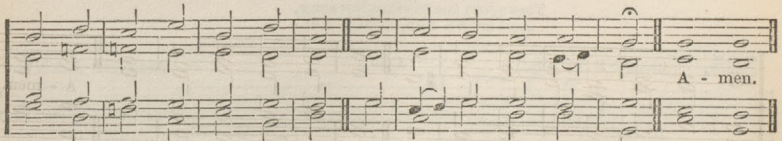
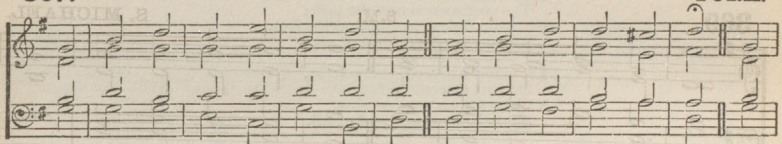
The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

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.

367.

C.M.

YORK.



O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

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

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

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

Hear him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

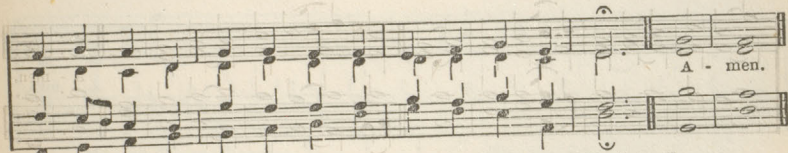
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

368.

C.M.

S. FULBERT.



Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;

Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

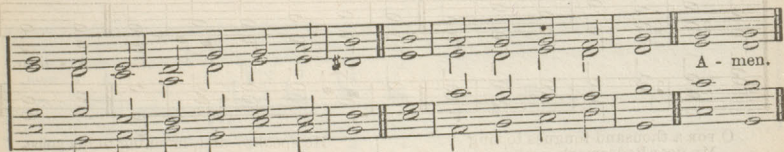
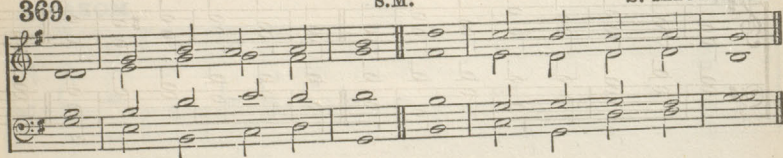
O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care*.

369.

S.M.

S. MICHAEL.



Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heavenly way;
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing,

Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come,"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

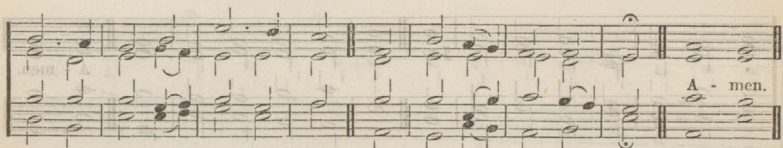
There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb*.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

370. **JOIM 8.**

S.M.

VENICE.



STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

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

O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,

To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

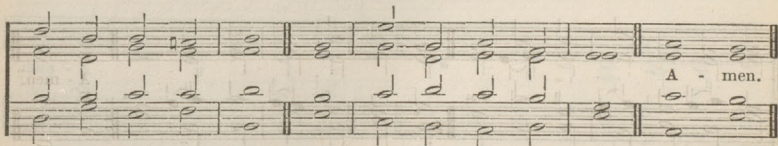
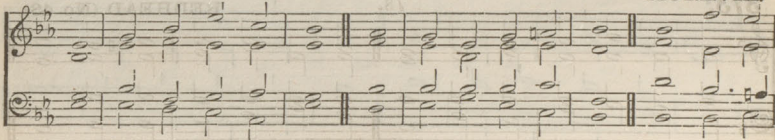
God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.

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

371.

S.M.

MORAVIA.



COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

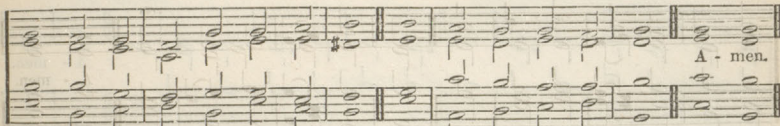
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

372.

S. M.

S. MICHAEL.



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

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

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

The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name ;
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

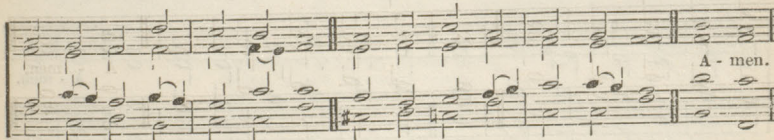
Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

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

373.

7s.

REDHEAD (No. 48).



BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, the Lord our righteousness ;
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

Son of God, to thee we bow :
Thou art Lord, and only thou :
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.

These the angels ceaseless sing ;
These we praise, our Priest and King ;

Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.

May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, more and more :
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above*.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

374.

7s.

LUBECK.



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

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captivè led captivity.

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

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

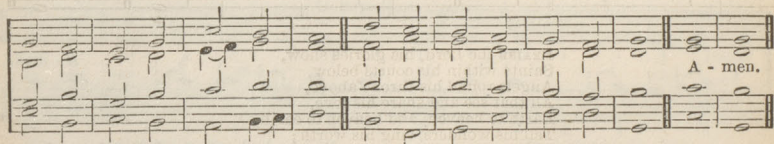
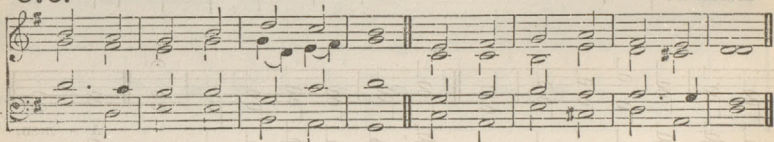
Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

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

375.

7s.

VIENNA.



Let us, with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God,
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth wrathful tyrants quell,
For his, &c.

Who with miracles doth make
Heaven and earth amazed to shake,
For his, &c.

He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light,
For his, &c.

Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run,
For his, &c.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

And the moon to shine by night,
Mong her spangled sisters bright,
For his, &c.

He, with thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first of Egypt's land,
For his, &c.

And, despite of Pharaoh fell,
Brought from thence his Israel,
For his, &c.

All things living he doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need :
For his, &c.

Let us, therefore, warble forth
His great majesty and worth ;
For his, &c.

Who his mansion hath on high
Passing reach of mortal eye ;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

376.

DOUBLE 7s.

CASSELL.

PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love,
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth ;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore.

Praise the Lord, his mercies trace ;
Praise his providence and grace,
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son :
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts :
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore !

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

377, 378.

6s. 8s.

GOPSAL.

377.

We give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above ;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe ;
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live ;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done ;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores *.

378.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

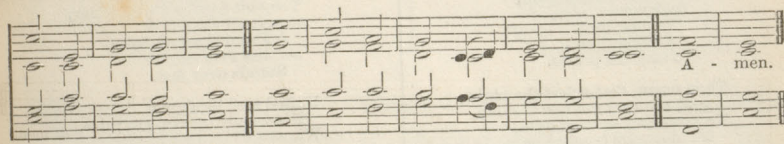
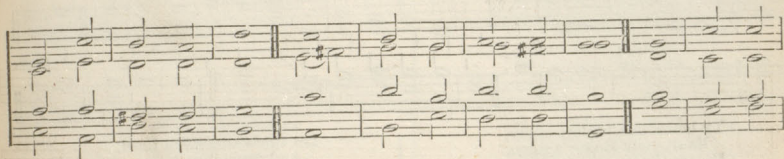
Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice *.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

379.

6s. 8s.

S. MILDRED.



Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause:
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set:
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone
And now it pleads before the throne.

Divine almighty 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.

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."

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

380.

6s. 4s.

DARWELL.

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

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

Thou moon, that rulest the night,
And sun that guidest the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends."

381.

104TH M.

HOUGHTON.

Moderato.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

088

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

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

The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

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

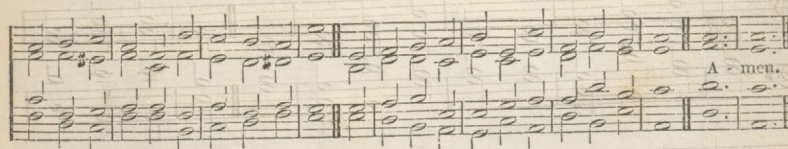
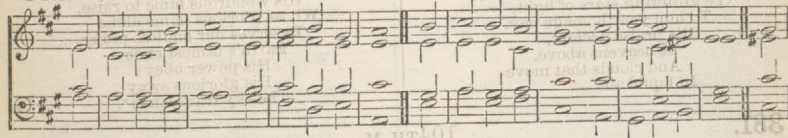
Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall hush to thy praise.

382.

104TH M.

HANOVER.



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

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

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

Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory, and power,
All wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
And infinite love.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

383.

8s. 7s. 4.

PANGE LINGUA.

Musical score for 'Pange Lingua' in G major, 8/8 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 staff.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise shall sing ?
Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, an' swift to bless :
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Father-like he tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame he knows ;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore him,
Ye behold him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before him ;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him, praise him,
Praise with us the God of grace*.

384.

DOUBLE 8s. 7s.

AUSTRIA.

Musical score for 'Austria' in G major, 8/8 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 staff.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

886

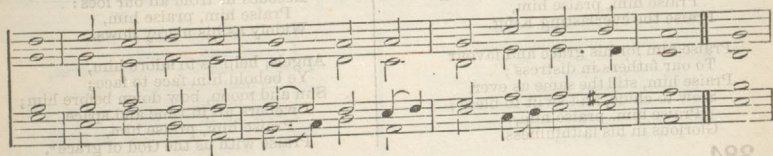
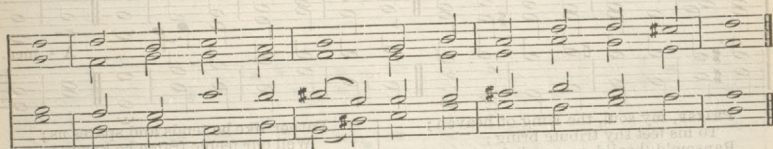
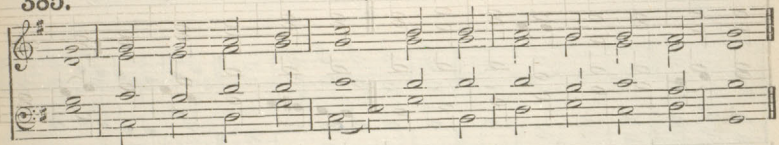
PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
 Praise him, angels, in the height;
 Sun and moon rejoice before him;
 Praise him, all ye stars and light.
 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
 Worlds his mighty voice obey'd;
 Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name*.

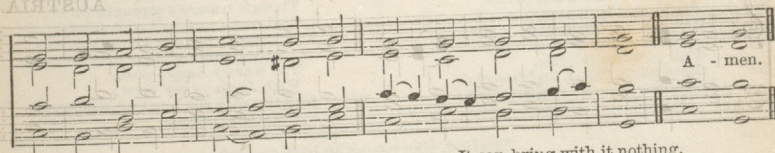
385.

7s. 6s.

CEYLON.



887



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.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,—
 Even let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may:

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.

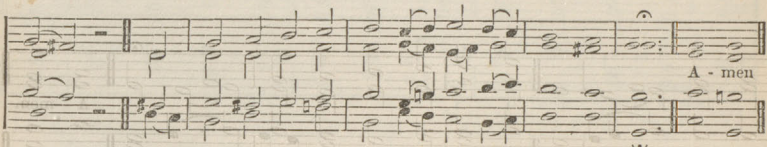
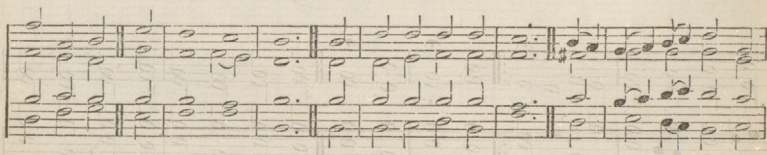
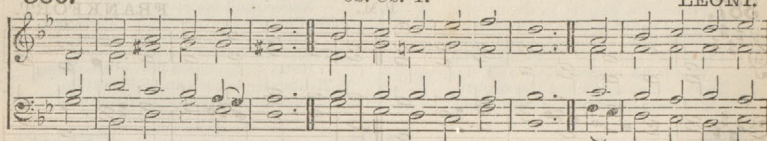
Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice*.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

386.

6s. 8s. 4.

LEONI.



The God of Abra'am praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd:—
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abra'am praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore;
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command;
The waters deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The God, who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy" cry,
"Almighty King;
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee."

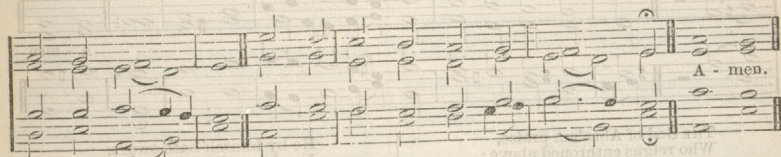
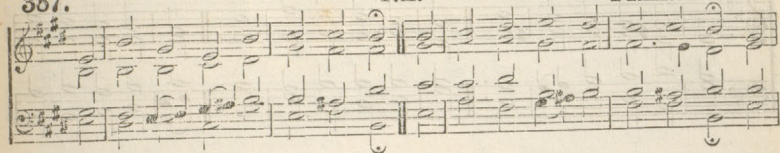
The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry.
Hail, Abra'am's God, and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

387.

P.M.

FRANKFORT.



How bright appears the morning star,
 With mercy beaming from afar ;
 The host of heaven rejoices ;
 O righteous branch, O Jesse's rod,
 Thou Son of man, and Son of God,
 We too will lift our voices,
 Jesu, Jesu,
 Holy, hdy, yet most lowly,
 Draw thou near us ;
 Great Emmanuel, stoop and hear us.

Though circled by the hosts on high,
 He deign'd to cast a pitying eye
 Upon his helpless creature ;
 The whole creation's Head and Lord,
 By highest seraphim adored,
 Assumed our very nature.
 Jesu, grant us,
 Through thy merit, to inherit
 Thy salvation :
 Hear, O hear our supplication.

Then will we to the world make known
 The love thou hast to outcasts shown
 In calling them before thee
 And seek each day to be in thy meet
 To join the throng, who at thy feet
 Unceasingly adore thee.
 Living, dying,
 From thy praises, mighty Jesus,
 Shrink we never ;
 Sing we forth thy name for ever.

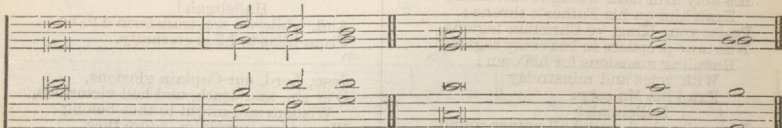
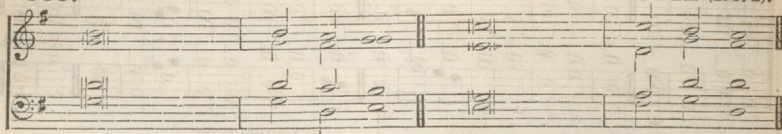
Rejoice, ye heavens ; thou, earth, reply :
 With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
 For this his incarnation.
 Incarnate God, put forth thy power,
 Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
 Till all know thy salvation.
 Amen, amen :
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
 Praise be given
 Evermore by earth and heaven. Amen.

Psalms and Hymns of Praise.

388.

P. M.

TROYTE (No. 2).



The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia!
 To the glory of their King
 Shall the ransom'd people sing, Alleluia!
 And the choirs that dwell on high
 Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia!

They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
 The blessed ones, repeat through that bright
 home, Alleluia!

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
 The shining constellations, join and say, Alleluia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
 Ye winds on pinions light,
 Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
 Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
 In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

Ye floods and ocean billows,
 Ye storms and winter snow,
 Ye days of cloudless beauty,
 Hoar frost and summer glow:
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glorious forests, sing, Alleluia!

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say,
 Alleluia!

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
 Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,
 Alleluia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
 Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
 Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Alleluia!
 Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply,
 Alleluia!

To God, who all creation made,
 The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
 of all things loves: Alleluia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
 Himself approves: Alleluia!

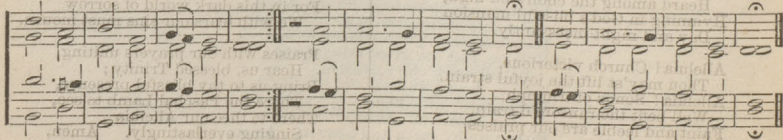
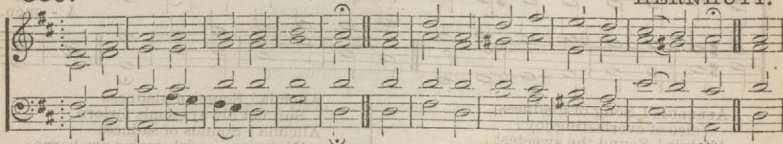
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awak-
 ing, Alleluia!
 And children's voices echo, answer making,
 Alleluia!

Now from all men be outpour'd
 Alleluia to the Lord;
 With Alleluia evermore
 The Son and Spirit we adore.
 Praise be done to the Three in One,
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

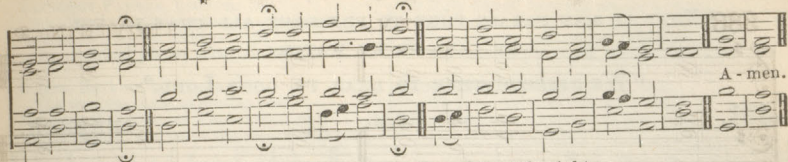
389.

P. M.

HERNHUTT.



Psalms and Hymns of Praise.



PRAISE the Lord through every nation ;
 His holy arm hath wrought salvation ;
 Exalt him on his Father's throne :
 Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
 Who now prepares in heavenly regions
 Unfailing mansions for his own :
 With voice and minstrelsy
 Extol his Majesty :
 Hallelujah !

His praise shall sound all nature round,
 Where'er the race of man is found.

God with God dominion sharing,
 And Man with man our image bearing,
 Gentiles and Jews to him are given :
 Praise your Saviour, ransom'd sinners,
 Of life, through him, immortal winners ;
 Nor longer heirs of earth, but heaven.

O beatific sight,
 To view his face in light :
 Hallelujah !
 And, while we see, transform'd to be
 From bliss to bliss eternally.

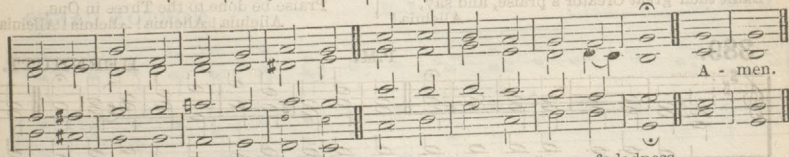
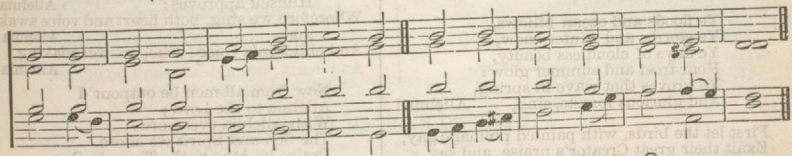
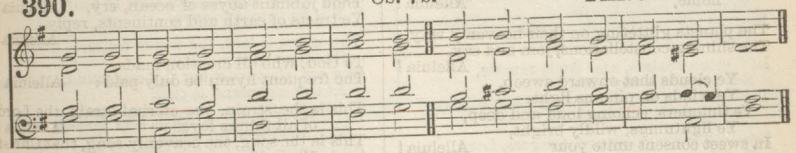
Jesu, Lord, our Captain glorious,
 O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,
 Wisdom and might to thee belong :
 We confess, proclaim, adore thee,
 We bow the knee, we fall before thee,
 Thy love henceforth shall be our song :
 The cross meanwhile we bear,
 The crown ere long to wear.
 Hallelujah !

Thy reign extend world without end,
 Let praise from all to thee ascend. Amen.

390.

8s. 7s.

PANGE LINGUA.



ALLELUIA ! Song of gladness,
 Voice of everlasting joy :
 Alleluia ! Sound the sweetest
 Heard among the choirs on high,
 Hymning in God's blissful mansion
 Day and night incessantly.

Alleluia ! Church victorious,
 Thou may'st lift the joyful strain.
 Alleluia ! Songs of triumph
 Well befit the ransom'd train.
 Faint and feeble are our praises
 While in exile we remain.

Alleluia ! Songs of gladness
 Suit not always souls forlorn.
 Alleluia ! Sounds of sadness
 'Midst our joyful strains are borne ;
 For in this dark world of sorrow
 We with tears our sins must mourn.

Praises with our prayers uniting,
 Hear us, blessed Trinity ;
 Bring us to thy blissful presence,
 There the Paschal Lamb to see,
 There to thee our Alleluia
 Singing everlastingly. Amen.

For those that travel by Land or by Water.

"THAT IT MAY PLEASE THEE TO PRESERVE ALL THAT TRAVEL
BY LAND OR BY WATER:

"WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US, GOOD LORD."

391.

C.M.

FRENCH.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord ;
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide ;
Their help, omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on thee.

When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,

They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, while thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee".

HYMN TO BE USED AT SEA.

392.

Slow and sustained.

L.M.

NORTON CANES.

For those that travel by Land or by Water.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters thou our home.

O Holy Ghost, beneath whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, thy quickening might.

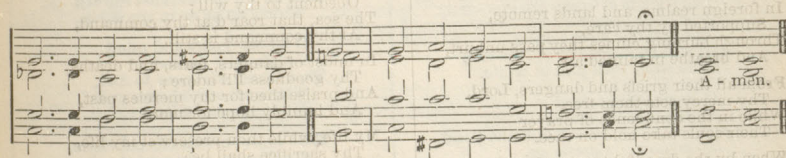
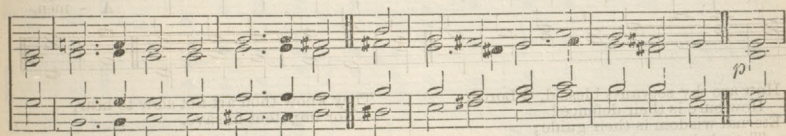
O Jesu, Saviour, at whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid thou the mourner's heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

Great God, Triune Jehovah, thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore ^b.

393.

SIX 8s.

MELITA.



ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and seas.

Ordination or Visitation.

394.

DOUBLE S.M.

KIRKBY LONSDALE.

AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are :
Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below ;
And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

The vineyard of their Lord
Before his labourers lies ;
And lo, we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end :
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain ;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again !

Ordination or Visitation.

"VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS."

395.

P.M.

VENI CREATOR.

Ordination or Visitation.

498

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but One,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

396.

L.M.

WARRINGTON.

A - men.

Pour out thy Spirit from on high,
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

Within thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the Churches be.

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;—

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.

Then, when our work is finish'd here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be thine.

396

Dedication or Consecration of a Church.

"THIS IS NONE OTHER THAN THE HOUSE OF GOD, AND THIS IS THE
GATE OF HEAVEN."

397.

L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.

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.

Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

That glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne^b.

398.

6s. 4s.

CROFT.

Royal Accession—National Hymns.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are fill'd:
On his great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are call'd away*.

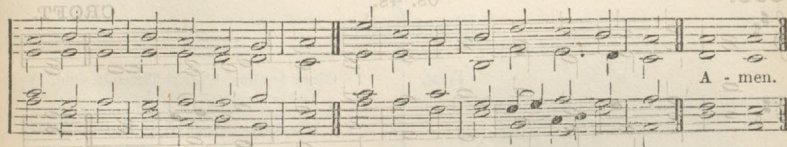
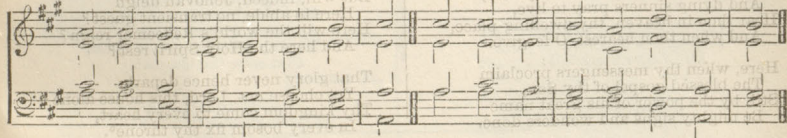
Royal Accession—National Hymns.

"O LORD, SAVE THE QUEEN; AND MERCIFULLY HEAR US WHEN
WE CALL UPON THEE."

399.

L.M.

OLD HUNDREDTH.



O KING of kings; thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head;
And, looking from thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown thyself hast given.

Her may we honour and obey,
Uphold her right and lawful sway:
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordain'd o' thee.

Her with thy choicest mercies bless,
To all her counsels give success:
In war, in peace, thine aid be seen,
Thy strength command—God save the Queen!

And oh! when earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality*.

Doxologies.

400.

6s. 4s.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God 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.

O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter her enemies,
 And make them fall:

Confound their politics;
 Frustrate their knavish tricks:
 On her our hopes we fix;
 God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On her be pleased to pour;
 Long may she reign:
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the Queen!

Doxologies.

a. [L.M.]

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

b. [L.M.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

c. [C.M.]

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

d. [DOUBLE C.M.]

To God, our Benefactor, bring
 The tribute of your praise;
 Too small for an Almighty King,
 But all that we can raise.

Glory to thee, bless'd Three in One,
 The God whom we adore,
 As was, and is, and shall be done,
 When time shall be no more. Amen.

e. [S.M.]

To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever bless'd,
 The One in Three, the Three in One,
 Be endless praise address'd. Amen.

f. [DOUBLE S.M.]

Praise as in ages past,
 Praise as in glory now,
 Praise while eternity shall last,
 To thee, O God, we vow;
 Whom all the heavenly host
 And saints on earth adore;
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be glory evermore. Amen.

Doxologies.

g. [SIX 8s.]

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 Comforter, to thee. Amen.

h. [SIX 8s.]

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory; as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more. Amen.

i. [7s.]

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

k. [SIX 7s.]

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

l. [DOUBLE 7s.]

Holy Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

N.B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines thus:—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Evermore be thou adored,
Holy Father, &c.

m. [8s. 7s.]

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One,
Praise to thine eternal merit,
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

n. [DOUBLE 8s. 7s.]

Let the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before his throne:
Hallelujahs everlasting
Be to him, and him alone. Amen.

o. [8s. 7s. 4.]

Praise the Father throned in heaven;
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise the Spirit freely given;
Praise the blessed Three in One.
Hallelujah!
Long as ceaseless ages run. Amen.

N.B.—By repeating the "Hallelujah" in the fifth line this doxology is applicable to hymns of metre 8s. 7s. 7s.

p. [10s.]

All praise and glory to the Father be
And Son and Spirit, undivided Three,
As hath been always, shall be, and is now,
To thee, O God, the everlasting Thou. Amen.

q. [104TH M.]

By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

r. [6s.]

To Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before thy throne we bow,
And thee our God adore. Amen.

s. [7s. 6s.]

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be thine for evermore. Amen.

t. [6s. 4s.]

To Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore
And shall be evermore:
Let all his name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

u. [8s. 6. 4.]

To Father, Son, and Spirit, praise
From earth and heaven ascend:—
The loftiest notes that saints can raise
World without end. Amen.

S

Doxologies.

v.

[7s.5.]

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujahs round thy throne
Rise eternally. Amen.

w.

[6s. 8s. or 6s. 4s.
Old 148th m.]

O God, for ever bless'd,
To thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confess'd
By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

N.B.—By accentuating the second *è* in "blessèd" and "confessèd," this doxology is suited for Hymn 16, P.M.

x.

[8s. 4s.]

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou One in Three,
Praise to thine eternal merit,
All praise to thee:
From the morning of creation,
From the tribes of every nation,
Glory, power, and adoration,
Thine ever be. Amen.

y.

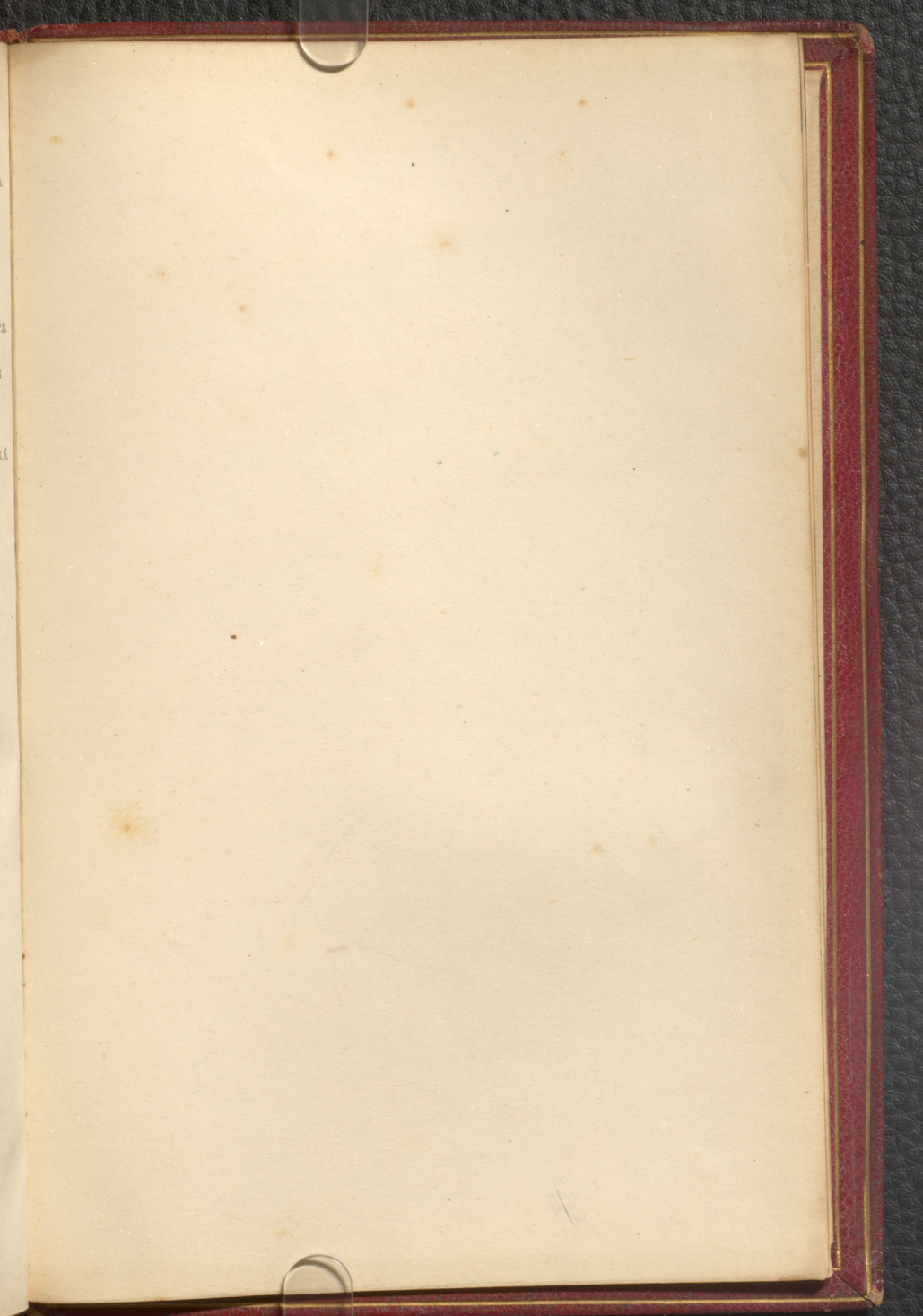
[P.M.]

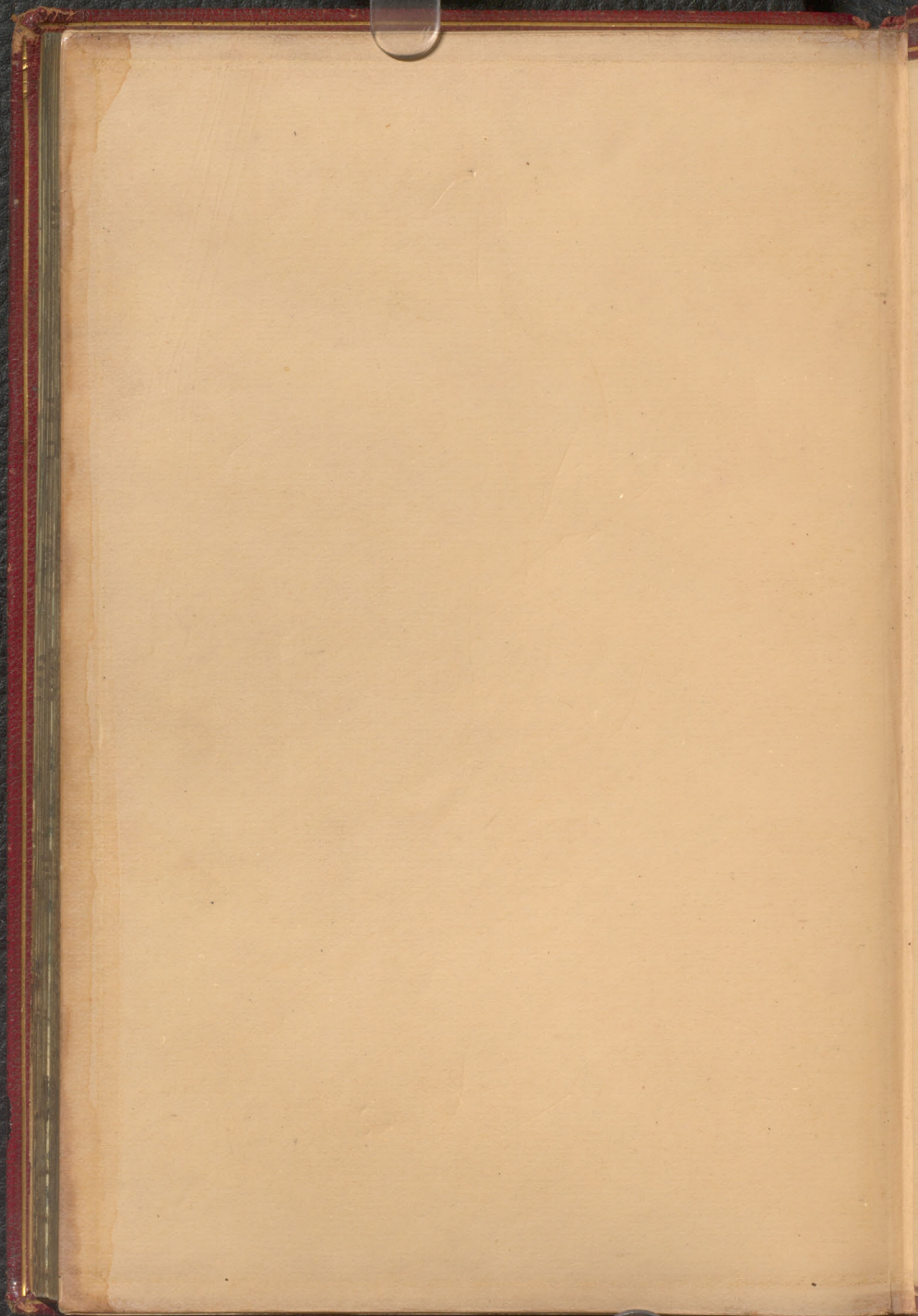
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of our salvation,
From earth and all the heavenly host
To thee be adoration:
As hath been from the ages past,
As shall be while the ages last,
Eternal Hallelujah! Amen.

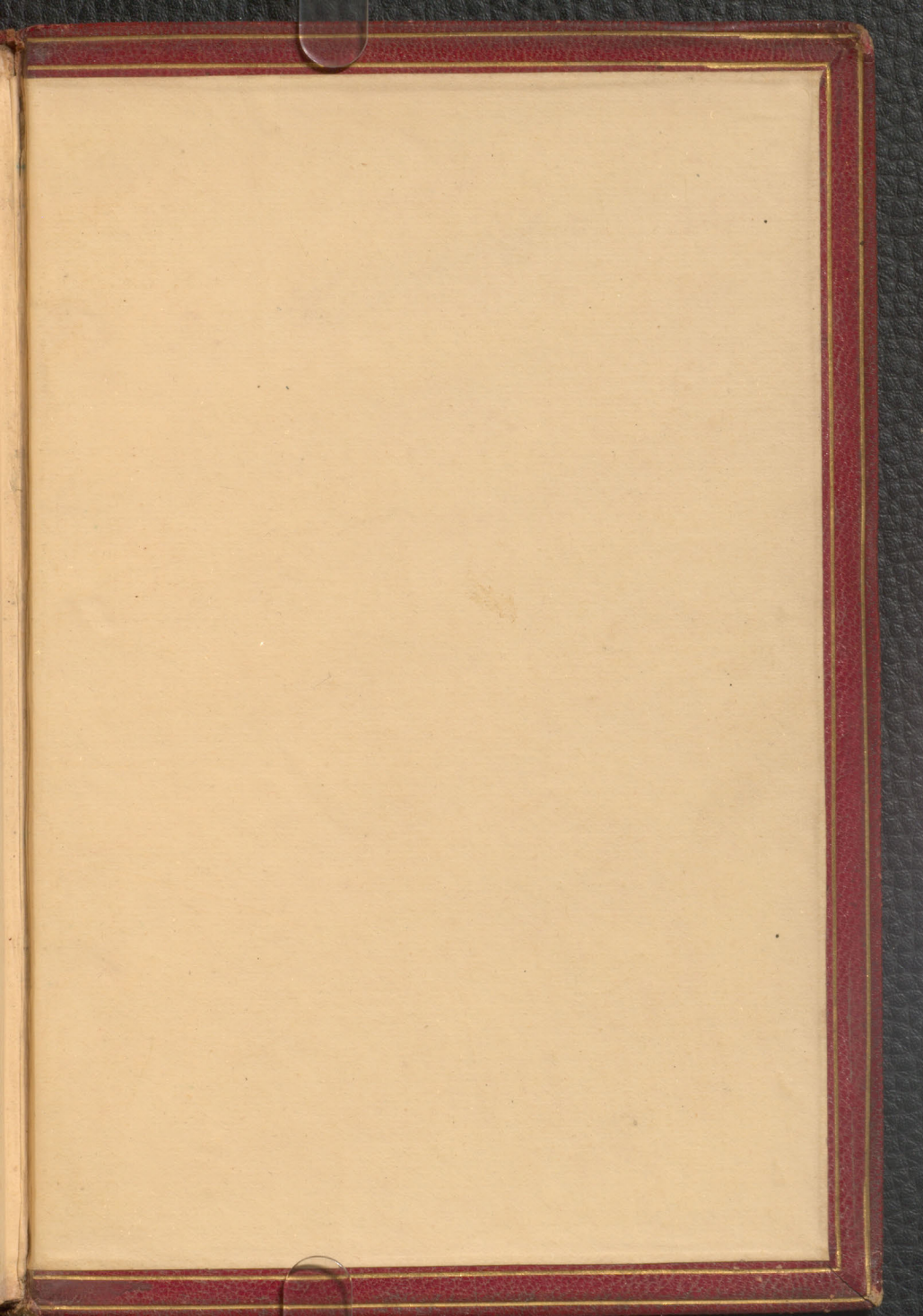
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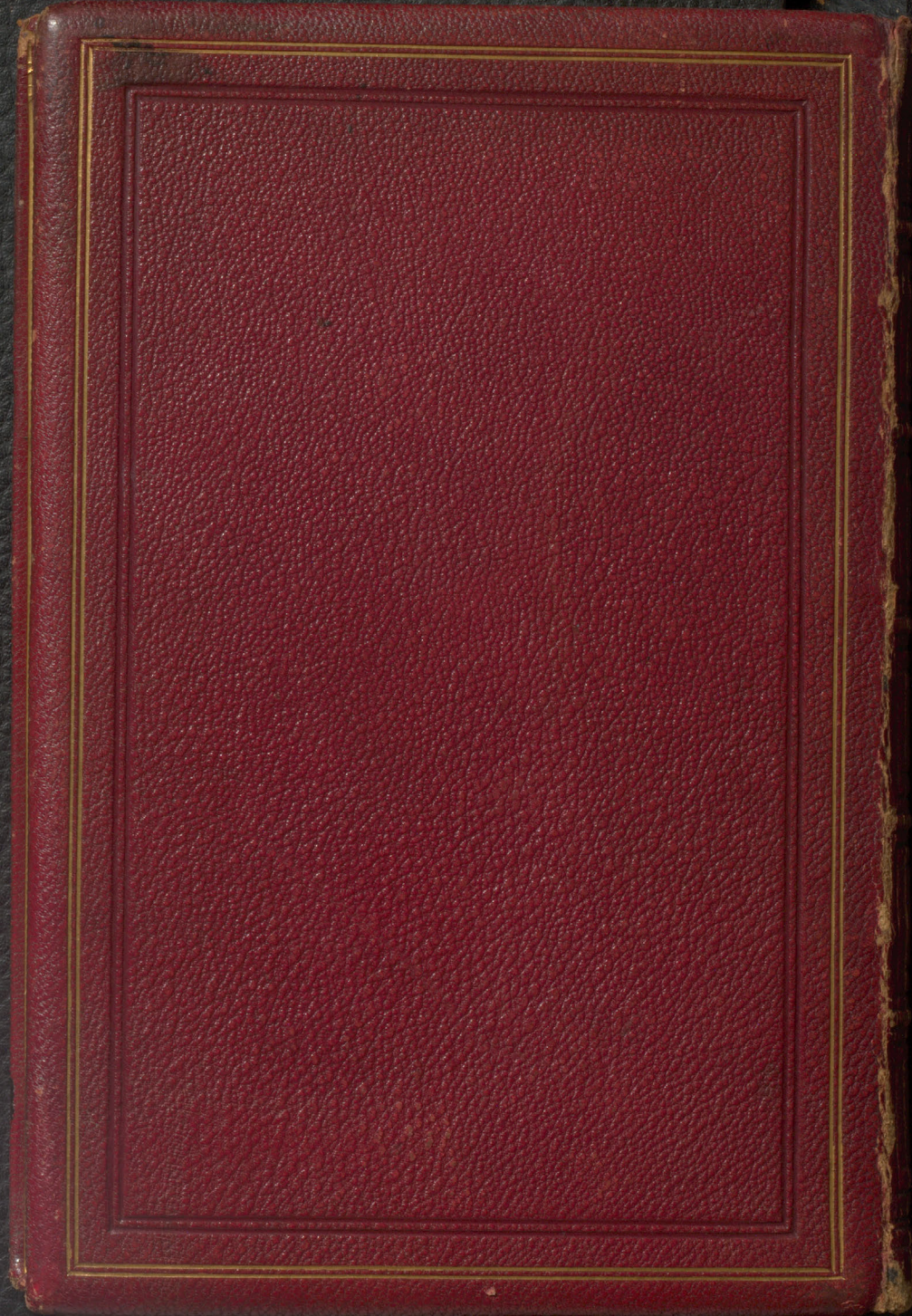
[8s. 6.]

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
Glory to thee, O Lord. Amen.













YES.

