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Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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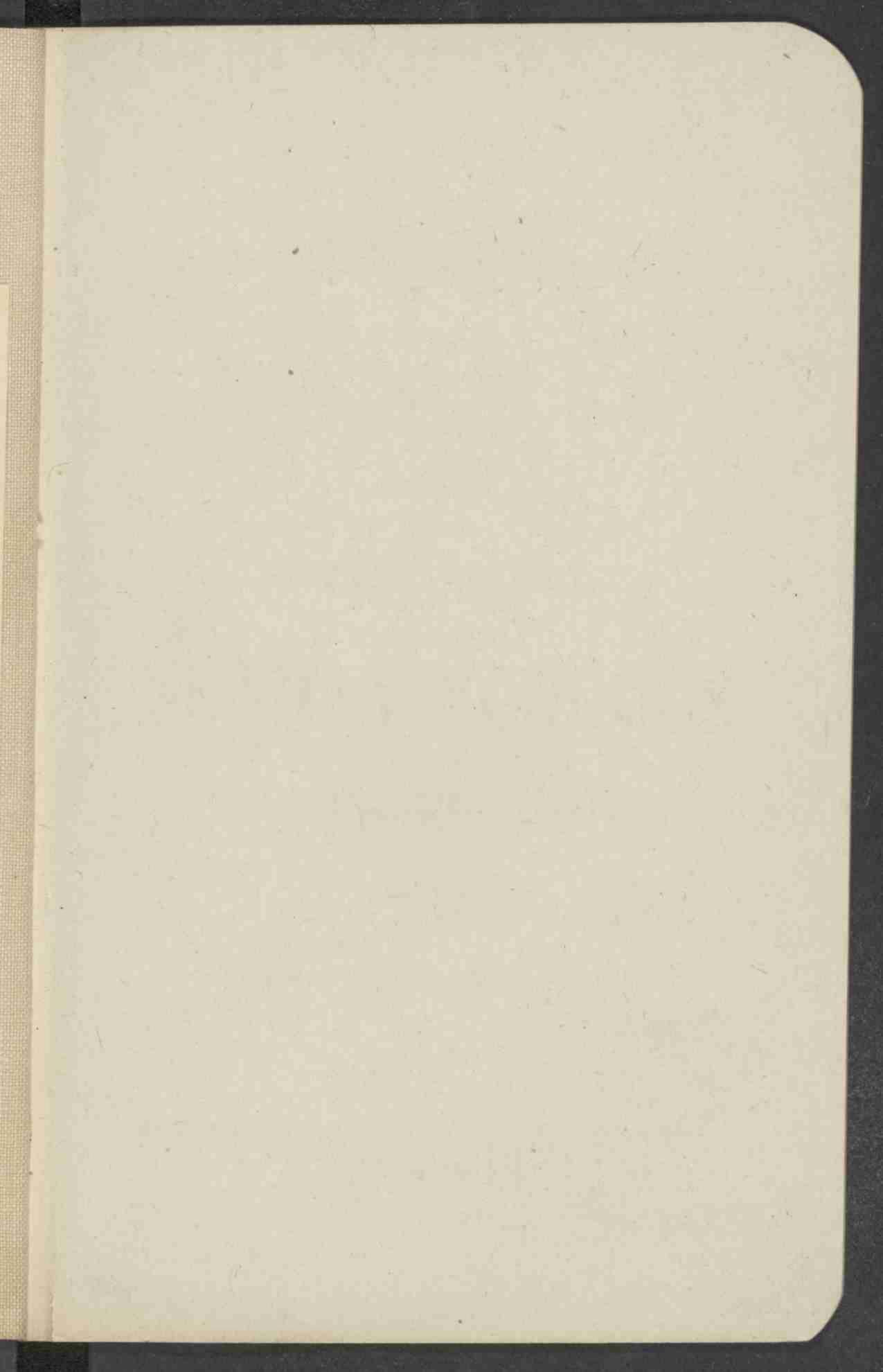
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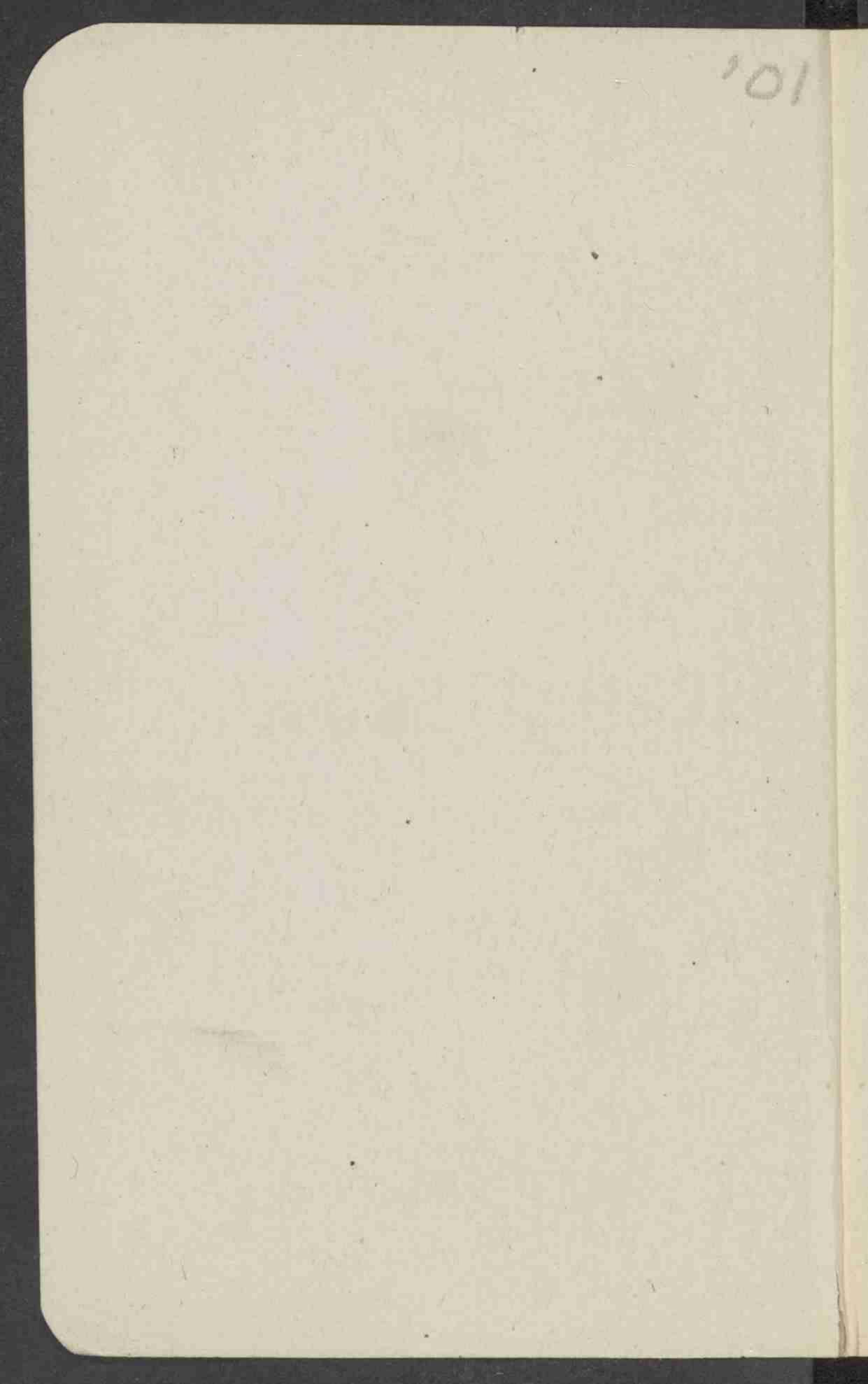
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EMORY UNIVERSITY ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30322







HYMMAL

-FOR-

EVANGELICAL

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

(WORD EDITION).

EDEN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ST. LOUIS. CHICAGO.



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The Ten Commandments.

(Exodus 20, 1-17.)

God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

The Summary of the Law by our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Matth. 22, 37-40.)

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

The Lord's Prayer.

(St. Matth. 6, 9-13.)

Our Father who art in heaven: Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The Beatitudes.

(St. Matth, 5, 3-12.)

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord;

Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

He descended into hell;

The third day He rose again from the dead;

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;

From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

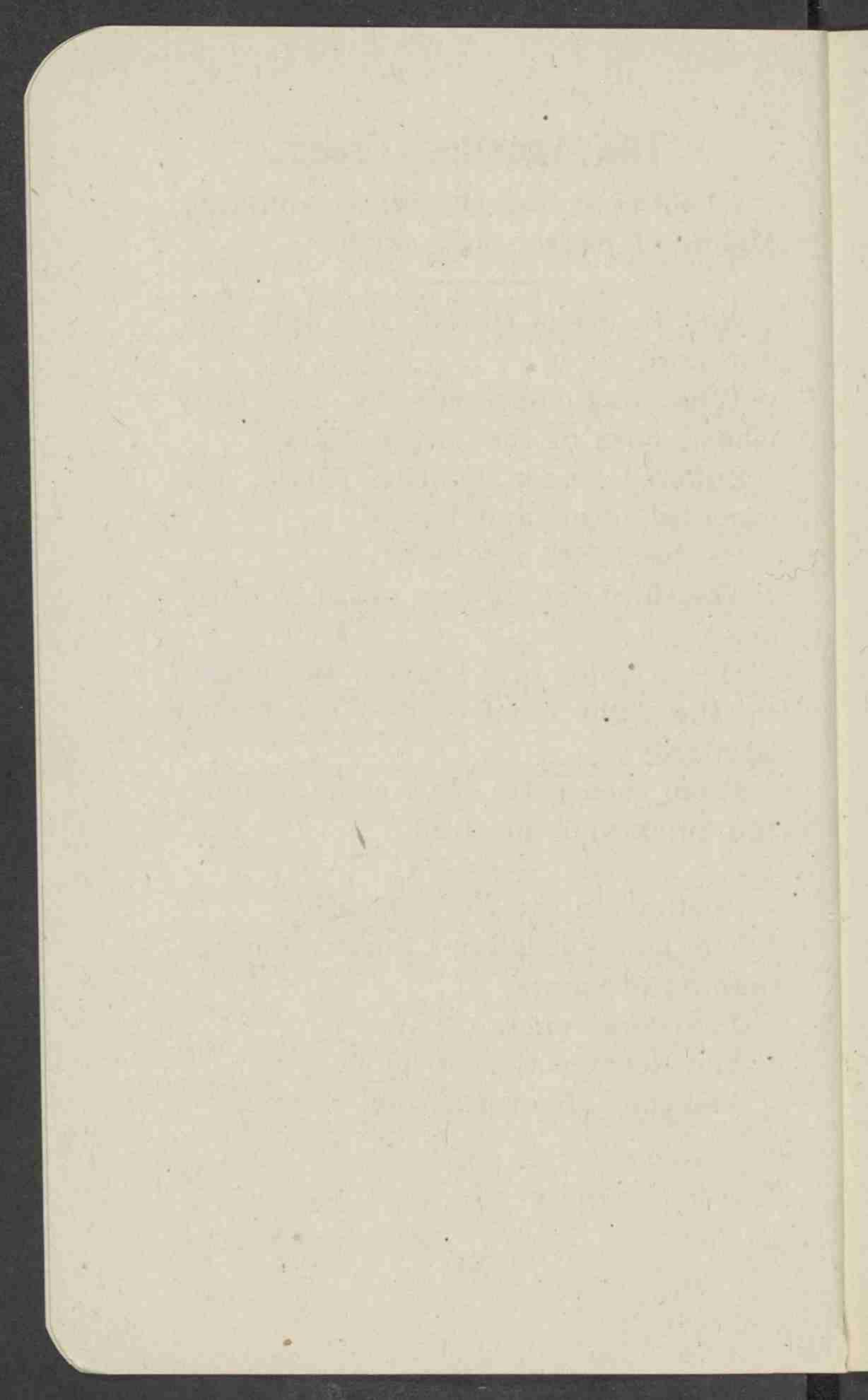
I believe in the Holy Ghost:

The holy Christian Church; the Communion of Saints;

The Forgiveness of sins;

The Resurrection of the body;

And the Life everlasting. Amen.



OPENING AND CLOSING.

- 1 KELSO. 686.—7.7.7.7.7.
 - 1 Ev'ry morning mercies new
 Fall as fresh as morning dew;
 Ev'ry morning let us pay
 Tribute with the early day;
 For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
 Thy compassion doth endure.
 - 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
 Daily doth our sins remove;
 Daily, far as east from west,
 Lifts the burden from the breast;
 Gives unbought, to those who pray,
 Strength to stand in evil day.
 - 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
 That these gifts may never fail;
 And, as we confess the sin
 And the tempter's power within,
 Feed us with the Bread of Life,
 Fit us for our daily strife.
 - As the morning light returns,
 As the sun with splendor burns,
 Teach us still to turn to Thee,
 Ever blessed Trinity,
 With our hands our hearts to raise,
 In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863.

NEANDER. 348.-8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 Hallelujah! fairest morning!
 Fairer than our words can say!
 Down we lay the heavy burden
 Of life's toil and care to-day:
 While this morn of joy and love
 Brings fresh vigor from above.
- 2 Sunday, full of holy glory!

 Sweetest rest-day of the soul!

 Light upon a world of darkness

 From thy blessed moments roll!

 Holy, happy, heavenly day,

 Thou canst charm our grief away.
- In the gladness of His worship
 I will seek my joy to-day:
 It is then I learn the fullness
 Of the grace for which I pray,
 When the word of life is given,
 Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.
- 4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
 As with Thee it has begun;
 And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
 Till earth's days and weeks are done:
 That at last Thy servant may
 Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

Jonathan Krause, 1739. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1858, a. 3 GREENVILLE. 779.—8.7.8.7.D.

1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing On Thy children gathered here;

May they all, Thy Name confessing, Be to Thee forever dear;

May they be like Joseph, loving, Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;

And their faith, like David, proving, Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,

Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them, Holy Spirit from above; Guide them, lead them, go before them,

Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

- 1 Lord of hosts, how bright, how fair, E'en on earth Thy temples are; Here Thy waiting children see Much of heav'n, and much of Thee.
- 2 From Thy gracious presence flows Bliss that softens all our woes; While Thy Spirit's holy fire Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate Thy throne; Here, Thy pardoning grace is known; Here, we learn Thy righteous ways, Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.
- 4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy, We the happy hours employ;
 Love, and long to love Thee more,
 Till from earth to heaven we soar.

 Daniel Turner, 1787, a.
- SICILY. 26.—8.7.8.7.8.7.
- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 O refresh us, O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful, ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found!

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away;
Let no fear of death appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey;
May we ever, may we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.
Anon. 1773. (Ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett.)

ROCKINGHAM. 27.—L.M.

- 1 Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name, In which we here together came; Grant us our few remaining days, To work Thy will and spread Thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
 Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
 Grant that we all may meet above,
 Where we shall better sing Thy love.
- 3 To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glory given, By all on earth, and all in heaven. John Dracup, 1887, alt.

PRAISE TO GOD.

Dix. 794.—7.7.7.7.7.

1 Gracious Father, hear our prayer,
Leave us not, lest we despair;
Let Thine arm our safe-guard be,
Hear the prayer we raise to Thee:
God of Power, and God of Might,
Shield Thy servants in the fight!

- 2 Soldiers of the Cross, we stand, Trusting in Thy powerful hand; Rock of Strength, to Thee we fly! Save us in adversity! God of Power, etc.
- 3 Lasting are Thy mercies, Lord; Truth eternal is Thy word; Thou shalt reign on Zion's throne There Thy glory shall be known. God of Power, etc.
- 4 Songs of triumph we will sing
 To the universal King;
 Sound His mighty praise abroad;
 Glory be to Israel's God!
 God of Power, etc.

Anon.

- 8 RATHBUN. 39.—8.7.8.7.
- 1 God is Love; His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He makes, and woe He lightens:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But His mercy waneth never:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the mist His brightness streameth:

God is Wisdom, God is Love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.
Sir John Bowring, 1825.

P Lyons. 48.—10.10.11.11.

10 worship the King, all glorious above,

And gratefully sing His wonderful love;

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,

Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might! O sing of His grace!

Whose robe is the light; whose canopy space;

His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,

And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,

Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;

Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree;

And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea. 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?

It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;

It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;

And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,

In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless Might! Ineffabic Love! While angels delight to hymn Thee above,

The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,

With true adroation sall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833.

10 ITALIAN HYMN. 8.—6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply;
Praise ye His Name;
His love and grace adore;
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb.".

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name;
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear Name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name;
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising His Name;
To Him our songs we'll bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Rev. James Allen, 1761. alt.

11 AUTUMN. 634.—8.7.8.7.D.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Heare I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Mind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.
Rev. Robert Robinson, 1757.

WIR PFLUEGEN. 803—7.6.7.6.D. (With Refrain.)

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing raik.

REFRAIN.

All good gifts around us

Are sent from heav'n above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
For all His love. [Lord

Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.—Ref.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.—
Refrain.

Matthias Claudius, 1782. Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1861.

13 AZMON. 760.—C. M.

1 Come, Christian children, come and raise

Your voice with one accord; Come, sing in joyful songs and praise The glories of your Lord.

- 2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
 And loudest praises give
 To Him who left His throne above,
 And died that you might live.
- 3 Sing of the wonders of His truth, And read in every page The promise made to earliest youth, Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of His grace; Who made and keeps you His, And guides you to the heavenly place At His right hand in bliss.

Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1830.

14 PANCRATIUS. 762.—C.M.

- 1 God is in heaven. Can He hear A little prayer like mine? Yes, that He can; I need not fear; He'll listen unto mine.
- 2 God is in heaven. Can He see
 When I am doing wrong?
 Yes, that He can; He looks at me
 All day and all night long.
- 3 God is in heaven. Would He know
 If I should tell a lie?
 Yes, though I said it very low,
 He'd hear it in the sky.
- 4 God is in heaven. Does He care
 Or is He good to me?
 Yes; all I have to eat or wear,
 'Tis God that gives it me.
- To go there when I die?
 Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
 He'll call me to the sky.

 Ann Gilbert, 1869.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

15 ANTIOCH. 102.—C.M.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
 and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

16 WILMOT. 103.—8.7.8.7.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo, th' angelic host rejoices; Heav'nly hallelujahs rise. 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of
joy:—

"Cleary in the highest glory:

"Glory in the highest, glory; Glory be to God most high!

- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found,
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
 Loud our golden harps shall sound."
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth His praises sing;
 Glad receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and
 King!"
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him; Learn His Name, and taste His joy: Till in heaven you sing before Him, 'Glory be to God most high!'"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of His glory
 Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood, 1819.

17 HOLY NIGHT. 771.—6.6.7.7.7.

1 Holy night! peaceful night!
Through the darkness beams a light
There, where they sweet vigils keep
O'er the Babe in silent sleep,
Resting in heavenly peace.

- 2 Silent night; holiest night!
 Darkness flies, and all is light!
 Shepherds hear the angels sing:
 "Hallelujah! hail the King!
 Jesus, the Saviour is here!"
- 3 Holiest night! peaceful night! Child of heaven, O how bright Thou didst smile when Thou wast born:

Blessèd was that happy morn, Full of heavenly joy.

- 4 Silent night! holiest night!
 Guiding Star, O lend Thy light!
 See the eastern wise men bring
 Gifts and homage to our King!
 Jesus, the Saviour is here!
- 5 Silent night! holiest night!
 Wondrous Star, O lend Thy light!
 With the angels let us sing
 Hallelujah to our King!
 Jesus, our Saviour is here!
 Joseph Mohr, 1792-1848, tr.

18 ERFURT. 111.—L.M.

- 1 "From heav'n above to earth I come,
 To bear good news to ev'ry home;
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 Whereof I now will say and sing:
- 2 "To you, this night, is born a Child Of Mary, chosen mother mild; This little Child, of lowly birth, Shall be the Joy of all your earth.

3 "Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your Salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free."

4 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are
blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

- 5 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child, Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled, Within my heart, that it may be A quiet chamber kept for Thee.
- 6 My heart for very joy doth leap, My lips no more can silence keep, I too must sing with joyful tongue That sweetest ancient cradle-song:
- 7 Glory to God in highest heaven, Who unto man His Son hath given, While angels sing with pious mirth A glad New Year to all the earth.

Martin Luther, 1535. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

19 ADESTE FIDELES. 109.

1 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.

REFRAIN.

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

O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

- 2 Sing, choirs of Angels, Sing in exultation, Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above: Glory to God In the highest.—Ref.
- 3 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n; Word of the Father, Now in flesh appearing.—Ref.

Anon. (Latin, 17th Century.) Tr. Rev. Frederick Oakley, 1841.

20 GREENVILLE. 779.—8.7.8.7.D.

1 Saw you never, in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver
eyes?

So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a little stranger star, And they knew the King was given, And they followed it from far.

2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?

How they opened all their treasure, Kneeling to that infant King; Gave the gold and fragrant incense, Gave the myrrh in offering?

Was the bright and morning Star?
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And, we too, may seek His cradle;
There our heart's best treasure bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion,

For our Saviour, God, and King. Cecil F. Alexander, 1853.

21 All Glory, Etc. 776.—7.6.7.6.D.

1 All glory, praise, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring

CHORUS.

All glory, praise, and honor To Thee, Redeemer King! To whom the lips of children Made sweet Hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and blessed one.—Cho.

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

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

To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee amidst Thy glory
Our melody we raise.—Cho.

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

Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, 821. Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1856.

22 RINGE RECHT. 164.—8.7.8.7.

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

When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me:

Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
Sir John Bowring, 1825.

23 BRADFORD. 193.—C.M.

1 I know, that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head; He brings salvation near: His presence makes me free indeed, 'And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be; What can withstand His will? The counsel of His grace in me He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I cling unto Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me,
And to Thyself receive. [Lord,

5 When God is mine, and I am His, Of paradise possessed,

I taste unutterable bliss, And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.

24 CORONAE. 199.—8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious:

See the Man of Sorrows, now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Ev'ry knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him

Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His Name:
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!

 Hark, those loud triumphant chords,
 Jesus takes the highest station;

 O what joy the sight affords:

 Crown Him! Crown Him!

 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

 Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809.

25 HARWELL. 201.—8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus, hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and makes it fair:
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy people
here.

When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love Divine.

3 King of Glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
own;

Happy objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."
Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1804, a.

- 1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' Name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fixed this floating ball;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God Who from His altar call; Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His
 grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Rev. Edward Perronet. 1779-80, alt.
Verse 7 added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787.

27 St. Alban. 763.—6.5.6.5. 121.

1 Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin;
By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.

REFRAIN.

Jesus, King of glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.

2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance.
Of our heedless youth.—Ref.

3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;

For the loved ones resting In Thy dear embrace; For the pure and holy We behold Thy face.—Ref.

4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory.—Ref.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.—Ref.
Rev. Edward Harland, 1863.

28 CRUSADERS. 144.—5.6.8.5.5.8.
1 Fairest Lord Jesus,

Ruler of all nature,

O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I
honor,

Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;

Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer, Who makes the woful heart to sing. 3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines
purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
Anon. (German), 1677.

29 ASPIRATION: 787.—7.6.8.6.

1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

2 I want to be like Jesus, So frequently in prayer; Alone upon the mountain top, He met His Father there.

3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me:"
I would obey the call.

6 But O, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.
William Meynell Whittemore, 1842.

CLAUDIA. 772.—6.5.6.5.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,

Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences, Loose our captive chains, Break down every idol Which our soul detains.

30

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle, Son of God Most High, Pitying, loving Saviour, Hear Thy children's cry.

31 MIRIAM. 773.—7.6.7.6.D.

Rev. George R. Prynne, 1856.

Who left His throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love;
It is an oft-told story,
And yet we love to tell
How Christ, the King of glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.

2 We sing the holy Jesus;
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless Child;
O teach us, blessed Saviour,
Thy heavenly grace to seek;
And let our whole behaviour,
Like Thine, be mild and meek.

3 We sing a lowly Jesus;
No kingly crown He had;
His heart was bowed with anguish,
His face was marred and sad;
In deep humiliation
He came, His work to do:
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us be humble too.

4 We sing a mighty Jesus,
Whose voice could raise the dead;
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished souls He fed:
Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame!
Redeemer and life-giver,
We praise Thy holy Name.

The time is drawing near
When Christ with all His angels
In glory shall appear:
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this Thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee,
And see Thee face to face.

Sarah Doudney, 1871.

- 1 Jesus loves me, this I know,
 For the bible tells me so;
 Little ones to Him belong;
 They are weak, but He is strong.
- 2 Jesus loves me, He who died Glory's gate to open wide, He will wash away my sin; Let His little one come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me, loves me still, Though I'm very weak and ill; From His shining throne on high He will watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me; He will stay Close beside me all the way, And, when suff'ring days are past, Take me to His home at last.

Anna Warner, 1859.

NINIA. 799.—11.11. With Refrain.

1 If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad;

He will give me pleasure when my heart is sad.

REFRAIN.

If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be; He is gently calling little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer;

For He loves me dearly, and my sirg did bear.—Ref.

3 If I come to Jesus, He will take my hand;

He will kindly lead me, to a better land.—Ref.

4 There with happy children, robed in snowy white,

I shall see my Saviour in that world so bright.—Ref.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868.

34 MENDEBRAS. 790.-7.6.7.6.D.

1 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour In strains of holy mirth!

Give thanks to Him, O children, Who lived a child on earth!

He loved the little children,
And call'd them to His side,

His loving arms embraced them, And for their sake He died.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee With songs of holy joy;

For Thou on earth didst sojc,urn A pure and spotless boy.

Make us like Thee, obedient, Like Thee from sin-stains free,

Like Thee in God's own temple, In lowly home like Thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee, The lowly maiden's son:

In Thee all gentlest graces Are gathered into one.

O give that best adornment That Christian child can wear,

The meek and quiet spirit Which shone in Thee so fair! We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.
Bishop Wm. W. How, 1872.

HOLY SPIRIT.

Federal Street. 242.—L.M.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above.
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display, That we may know and choose Thy way;

Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart, That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road That we must take to dwell with God; Lead to Thy word, that rules must give, And sure directions how to live.

4 Lead us to Christ, the living Way, Nor let us from His pastures stray, Lead us to heaven, that we may share, Fullness of joy forever there.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720.

- 1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
 Shine upon our nature's night
 With Thy blessed inward light,
 Comforter Divine!
- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord, We are faint, Thy strength afford; Lost, until by Thee restored, Comforter Divine!
- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil; Guide, subdue our wayward will, Things of Christ unfolding still, Comforter Divine!
- 4 In us, for us, intercede,
 And with voiceless groanings plead
 Our unutterable need,
 Comforter Divine!
- 5 In us "Abba, Father," cry, Earnest of our bliss on high, Seal of immortality, Comforter Divine!
- 6 Search for us the depths of God, Bear us up the starry road, To the height of Thine abode, Comforter Divine!

George Rawson, 1853.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

37 NICAEA. 248.—11.12.12.10.

1 Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:

Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty;

God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 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.

3 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.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;

God in Three Persons, Blessed

Trinity! Amen.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827.

MISSIONS.

38 SEAWARD. 299.—11.10.11.10.11.10.

1 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,

Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;

Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,

Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

REFRAIN.

Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;

Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,

Waiting the penitent child to receive:

Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;

He will forgive if they only believe.—Ref. 3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:

Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,

Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.—Ref.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;

Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:

Back to the narrow way patiently win them;

Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.—Ref.
Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1870.

39 Missionary Hymn. 304.-7.6.7.6.D.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver

Their land from error's chain.

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

3 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.

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

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819.

40 Stand up for Jesus. 538 or 306. 7.6.7.6.D. (Or to Webb.)

Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey,
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:

'Ye that are men, now serve Him,'
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield, 1858.

41 HARDINGHAM. 548.—8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 In the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered fruit our hands may gather,
Though we are but weak and few;
Little clusters—
Help to fill the basket too.

2 Toiling early in the morning, Catching moments through the day, Nothing small or lowly scorning, So we work, and watch, and pray; Gathering gladly Free-will offerings by the way:

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And forever and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah!
Singing, all eternity.
Thomas MacKellar, 1845.

Inomas macheman, 1010

1 The fields are all white,
And the reapers are fair;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the nickles we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

4 Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass at length,
We, too, may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.
Anon.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 769.
7.6.7.6.D. (With Refrain.)

Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old story, Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of a'l our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—Ref.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—Ref.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—Ref.
Katherine Hankey, 1870; refrain added.

THE SCRIPTURES.

BELMONT. 766.—C.M.

1 Thy word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers bright and fair;
And ev'ry one who seeks may pluck
A lovely nosegay there.

2 Thy word is like a deep, deep mine; And jewels rich and rare Are hidden in its mighty depths For every searcher there. 3 Thy word is like a starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller,
And make his pathway bright.

4 Thy word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts
It is one song they sing. [unite

5 Thy word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.

6 O may I love Thy precious word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon ne shine!

7 O may I find my armor there,
Thy word my trusty sword!
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

Edwin Hodder, 1868.

THE CONFIRMATION.

45 HOLLEY. 383.-7.7.7.7.

- 1 Thine forever! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne above; Thine forever may we be, Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine forever: Saviour, keep These Thy frail and trembling sheep; Safe alone beneath Thy care, Let us all Thy goodness share.

- 3 Thine forever! O how blest
 They who find in Thee their rest;
 Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
 O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine forever! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee supplied; All our sins by Thee forgiven, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
- 5 Thine forever! Lord of life,
 Shield us through the earthly strife;
 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.

 Mary F. Maude, 1848.
- FREDERICA. 148.—7.7.7.7.D.
 - 1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
 Purchased Thine alone to be,
 By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
 Shed so willingly for me;
 ||: Let my heart be all Thine own,
 Let me live to Thee alone.:||
 - 2 Other Lords have long held sway;
 Now Thy Name alone to bear,
 Thy dear voice alone obey,
 Is my daily, hourly prayer.
 ||: Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
 Nothing else my joy can be.:!!
 - 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;
 Let Thy presence in me shine
 All my homeward way to cheer.
 ||: Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
 O be Thou my All in all.:||
 Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

ETHANY. 840.—6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.
- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou send'st to me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, etc.
- 4. Or if 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, etc.
 Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

ARLINGTON. 391.—C.M.

1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

- 2 Before the cross of Him who died, Behold, I prostrate fall; Let every sin be crucified, Let Christ be all in all!
- 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace, Adopt me for Thine own; That I may see Thy glorious face, And worship at Thy throne!
- 4 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
 My blest atonement prove,
 That I from first to last may be
 The purchase of Thy love!
- To Thee be ever given:
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven!

 Matthew Bridges, 1848.
- Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scattering full and free; Showers, the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me.

REFRAIN.

Even me, even me, Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father, Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st pass me, but the rather Let Thy mercy light on me.—Ref.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,

 Let me love and cling to Thee;

 I am longing for Thy favor;

 When Thou comest, call for me.

 —Ref.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.
 —Ref.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 O forgive and rescue me.—Ref.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of God, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me.—Ref.
- 7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee; While the streams of life are springing:

Blessing others, O bless me.—Ref. Elizabeth Codner, 1860, alt.

PILGRIM SONGS.

MARTYN. 469-7.7.7.7.D.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand.
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 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 to Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

51 TOPLADY. 471.-7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r
- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly: Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment-throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

GERTRUDE. 537.—6.5.6.5. 121.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, Looking unto Jesus Who is gone before: Christ the Royal Master Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See, His banners go.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, Looking unto Jesus Who is gone before.

2 At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On then, Christian soldiers, On to victory: Hell's foundations quiver; At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.—Ref.

3 Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod; We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—Ref.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Ref.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—Ref.
Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the story slowly

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"ChristJesus makes thee whole."
Catherine Hankey, 1866.

54 PILOT. 564.—7.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
 Over life's tempestuous sea;
 Unknown waves before me roll,
 Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
 Chart and compass came from Thee:
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boisterous waves obey Thy will
 When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."
Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871.

FATHERLAND. 136.—5.5.8.8.5.5.

1 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand,
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near.
Let no faithless fears o'ertake us;
Let no faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief:
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, control, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Count Nic. L. von Zinzendorf, 1700-1760. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853. 56 WORK SONG. 547.-7.6.7.5.D.

1 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling,

Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;

Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;

Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute, Something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies;

While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies.

Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more;

Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, 1860.

57 EVENTIDE. 710.—10.10.10.10.

1 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.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;

Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 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!

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847.

58 SAFE GUIDE. 822.-8.7.8.7.8.7.

- 1 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! Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises! Songs of praises!
 I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams, 1773.

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die;

Our earthly friends may fail us, And change with changing years, This Friend is always worthy Of that dear Name He bears.

Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from ev'ry turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
While ev'ry little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For ev'ry one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children Above the bright blue sky, And all who look for Jesus Shall wear it by and by; All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.
Albert Midlane, 1860.

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.

2 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!

3 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.
Andrew Young, 1843.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet; With holy confidence to sing That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me May such a blissful refuge be; Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

62 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS. 784. 7.6.7.6.D.

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark, 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

CHORUS.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast, There by His love o'ershaded Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations.
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.—Cho.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—Cho.
Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, 1868.

PATRIOTIC HYMNS.

63 NAT'L ANTHEM. 645.-6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

Rev. Charles F. Brooks, 1835.
Alt. Rev. John S. Dwight, 1841.

NAT'L ANTHEM. 645.-6.6.4.6.6.4.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing,
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From ev'ry mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

- 2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

65 HAIL COLUMBIA.

1 Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heav'n-born band.
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone Enjoyed the peace your valor won. Let indepence be our boast, Ever mindful what it cost, Ever grateful for the prize, Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united, let us be Rallying 'round our biberty, As a band of brothers join'd, Peace and safety we shall find.

2 Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore,

Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Let no rude foe, with impious hand, Invade the shrine where sacred lies Of toil and blood, the well earn'd prize. While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a manly trust That truth and justice will prevail, And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.—Cho.

3 Behold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands.

The rock on which the storm will beat,

The rock on which the storm will beat,

But armed in virtue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you.

When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.—Cho.
F. Hopkinson, 1789.

1 O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and
Blue.

||: When borne by the Red, White and Blue,:||

Thy banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

2 When war winged its wide desolation,

And threatened our land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With the garlands of victory around her
When so proudly she bore her brave
crew;

With her flag proudly floating before her,

The boast of the Red, White and Blue. ||: The boast of the Red, White and Blue,:||

With her flag proudly floating before her,

The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

3 The Union, the Union forever,
Our glorious nation's sweet hymn,
May the wreaths it has won never
wither,

Nor the star of its glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true;
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and
Blue.

||: Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,:||

The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and
Blue.

67 DOXOLOGY. OLD HUNDREDTH.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693.

