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HYMNAL

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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Music

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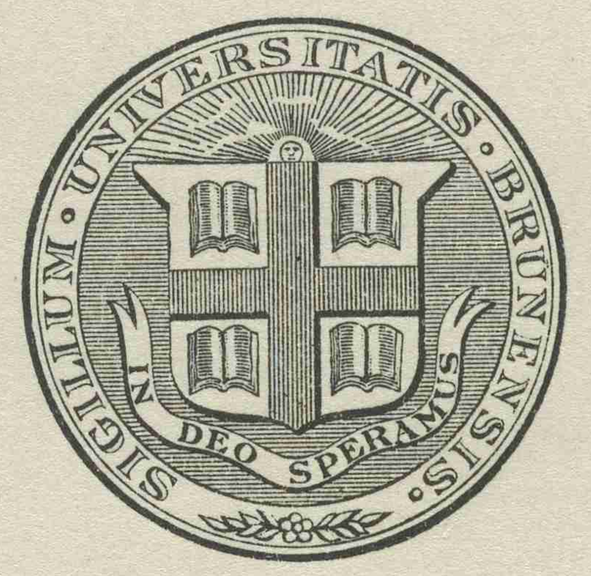

THE HARRIS COLLECTION
OF
AMERICAN POETRY

HYMNAL

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Compiled and Edited By

REV. E. C. CRONK

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FIFTH EDITION

Officially Approved and Recommended by the United Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the South

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PREFACE

A widespread and generally recognized need for a book of dignified, churchly, singable hymns and tunes is the reason for the existence of the Hymnal For The Sunday-School.

The effort of the compiler has been to select hymns that teach truth, and music of real beauty and worth, which will train the Sunday-Schools in the use and appreciation of the great hymns of the Church. While new hymns of worth have been introduced, the effort has been to give the good rather than the new.

A suitable Service for the opening and closing of schools is given. The rubrics give all needed explanation as to its use.

No attempt at classification has been made further than to give a few of the leading hymns under the Church Year. The exhaustive TOPICAL INDEX at the close of the book enables anyone to find any hymn on any subject.

Care has been taken not to infringe upon copyrights, but should any such infringement appear, acknowledgment will gladly be made in future editions of the book, if attention is called to it.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy of many copyright owners for permission to use their music.

We desire, also, to express our appreciation of the valuable suggestions and help given by Mrs. E. C. Cronk, Rev. C. Armand Miller, D.D., Mrs. E. A. Shenk and Rev. C. F. W. Hoppe and others in the preparation of the book.

With the hope and prayer that the Master will use it in the upbuilding and extension of His Kingdom, the Hymnal For The Sunday-School is sent forth on its mission.

June 10, 1910.

E. C. CRONK.

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ORDER OF SERVICE

OPENING SERVICE

¶ A HYMN *of Invocation, or any suitable* HYMN *may be sung; Or*
¶ *The Service shall begin as here follows, all standing to the end of the* PSALM.

The Versicle

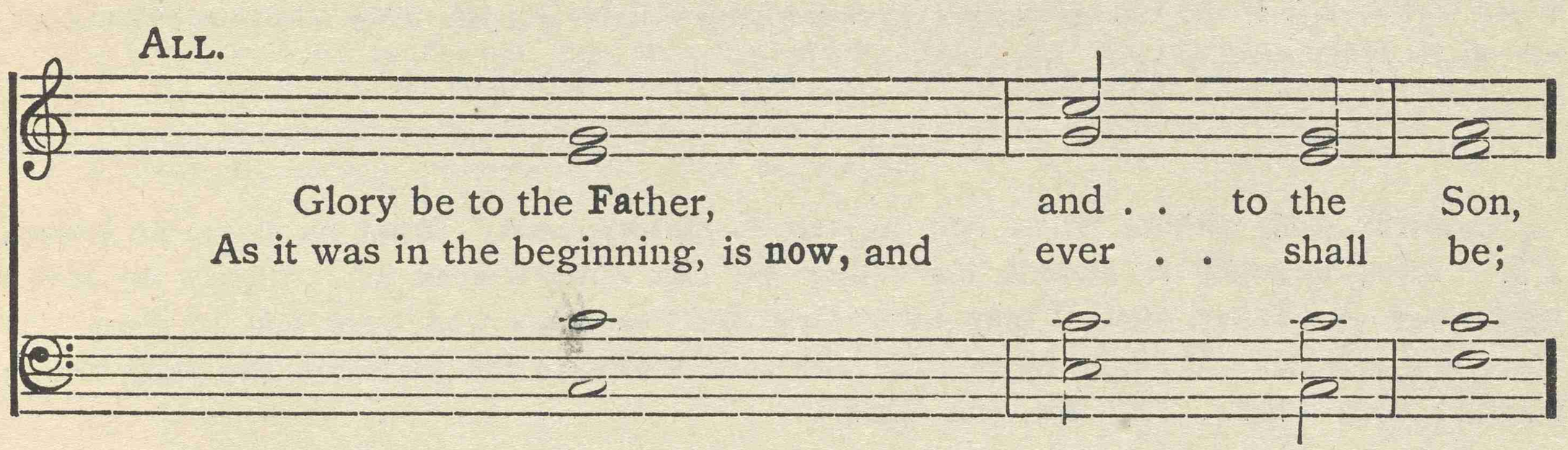
SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, open Thou my lips.

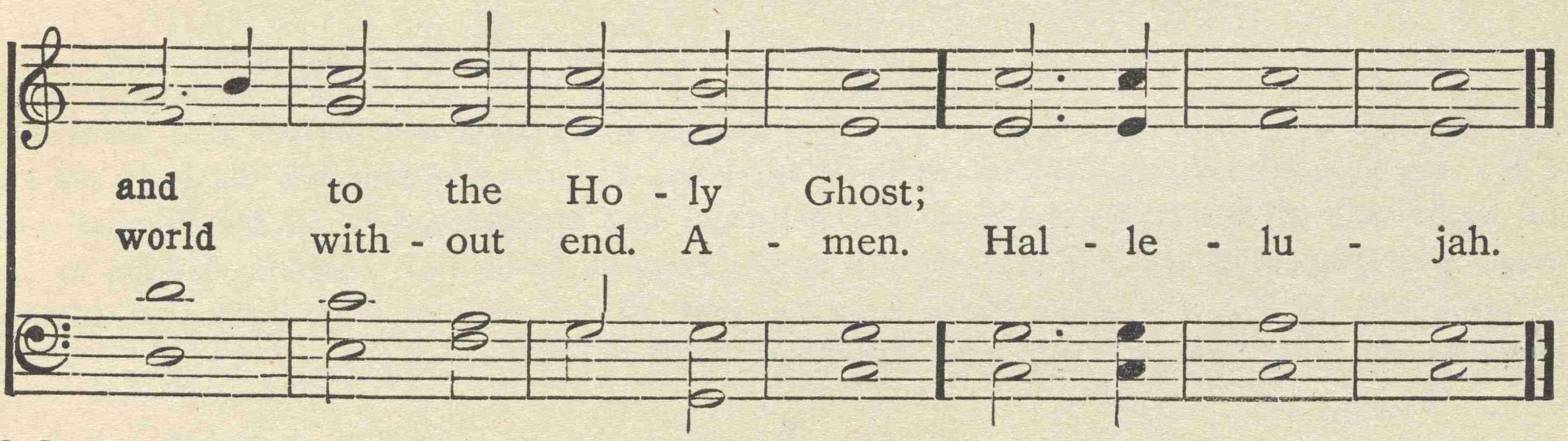
SCHOOL.

SUP'T.—Make haste, O God, to deliver me.

SCHOOL.

ALL.





¶ *During the Passion Season the* HALLELUJAH *is omitted.*

(For Full Matin Service use here the *Venite*, page 24, and a *Hymn*.)

¶ *Then shall be sung, or said, one or more of the* PSALMS.

¶ *At the close of each* PSALM *shall be sung, or said, the* GLORIA PATRI.

The Psalm and the Gloria Patri

¶ *When the* PSALM *is said, the* GLORIA PATRI *may be sung as here given, but when sung the same chant is used for both the* PSALM *and the* GLORIA PATRI.

¶ *Then shall follow*

The Scripture Lesson

¶ *Then, all standing, shall be said the* CREED, *or any other part of*

The Catechism

¶ *Then shall follow*

The Prayer

which may be one of the COLLECTS *here given; or any suitable prayer.* (*For additional* COLLECTS, *see Book of Worship.*)

ALMIGHTY God, without Whose help we can do nothing good: Grant us grace, we beseech Thee, faithfully to perform the duties that now devolve upon us. Engraft thy saving truth upon our hearts, that it may bring forth fruit in those who teach and in those who hear; and graciously build us up in faith and good works, to the praise of Thy Holy Name; through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, from Whom cometh every good and perfect gift, grant us, we beseech Thee, the healthful Spirit of Thy grace, that we may renounce the devil, and all his works, and all his ways, and keep Thy holy will and commandments all the days of our lives. Graft in our hearts the love of Thy Name; increase in us true religion; nourish us in all goodness; and, of Thy great mercy, keep us, that, in the end, we may obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

O LORD, Who didst come to seek and save that which was lost, and to Whom all power is given in heaven and on earth; hear, we beseech Thee, the prayers of Thy Church for those who, at Thy command, go forth to preach the Gospel in all the world. Preserve them from all dangers, to which they may be exposed; and while they plant and water, send Thou the increase, gathering in the multitude of the heathen; so that Thy name may be glorified, and Thy Kingdom come; through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

¶ *After each* COLLECT *or* PRAYER *the School shall sing or say*

¶ *Then shall be sung*

A Hymn

¶ *Then shall follow*

The Instruction for the Day

including all class work.

¶ *The Instruction being ended, the School shall sing*

A Hymn

¶ *Then shall follow any review or drill work from the Desk.*

¶ *If more music is desired than is called for in the regular Service, a number of Hymns may be sung here. If new music is to be learned, it should be done here and not in the Opening or Closing Service.*

¶ *Here any needful announcements may be made.*

CLOSING SERVICE

(For a brief *Closing Service*, use a *Hymn* and The *Lord's Prayer*, after which, if a Minister is present, he shall pronounce the *Benediction*.)

¶ *The* CLOSING SERVICE *shall begin with*

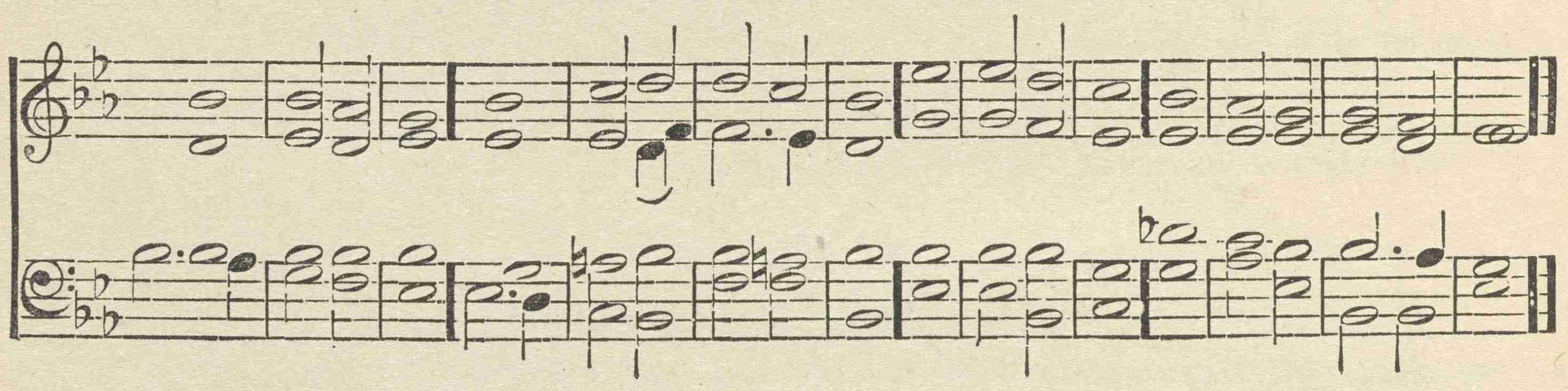
A Hymn

¶ *Then, all standing, shall be sung, or said*

The Canticle

¶ *If the Service be held in the morning the* BENEDICTUS *shall be used; but if the Service be held in the afternoon the Nunc Dimittis with its* VERSICLE *shall be used. Other* CANTICLES *may occasionally be sung at this place. The* MAGNIFICAT *and its* VERSICLE *may be used.*

I. Benedictus



Blessed be the Lord **God** of | Is-ra- | el: ||
For He hath **visited** | and re- | deemed .. His | people;
And hath raised up a **horn** of sal- | va-tion | for us: ||
In the **house** of His | ser-vant | Da- — | vid;

As He spake by the **mouth** of His | ho-ly | prophets: ||
Which have **been** | since the | world be- | gan;
That we should be sav-ed **from** our | en-e- | mies: ||
And from the **hand** of | all that | hate — | us;

To perform the mercy **promised** | to our | fathers: |
And to **remember** His | ho-ly | cov-e- | nant;
The oath which He sware to our **father** | A-bra- | ham: ||
That **He** would | grant — | un-to | us;

That we, being delivered out of the **hand** of our | en-e- | **mies**: ||
Might | serve Him | with-out | fear,
In holiness and **righteousness** be- | fore — | Him: ||
All the | days — | of our | life

And thou, child, shalt be called the **proph**-et | of the | Highest: |
For thou shalt go before the face of the **Lord** | to pre- | pare His | ways;
To give knowledge of **salva**-tion | unto .. His | people: ||
By the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins,

Through the tender **mer**-cy | of our | God: ||
Whereby the Day-spring **from** on | high hath | visit-ed | us;
To give light to them that sit in darkness and **in** the | shadow
.. of | death: ||
To guide our **feet** | into .. the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the **Fa**ther, | and .. to the | Son: ||
And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever .. shall | be: ||
World | with-out | end. A- | men.

The Versicle

SUP'T.—Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense.

II. Nunc Dimittis

Goldwin.

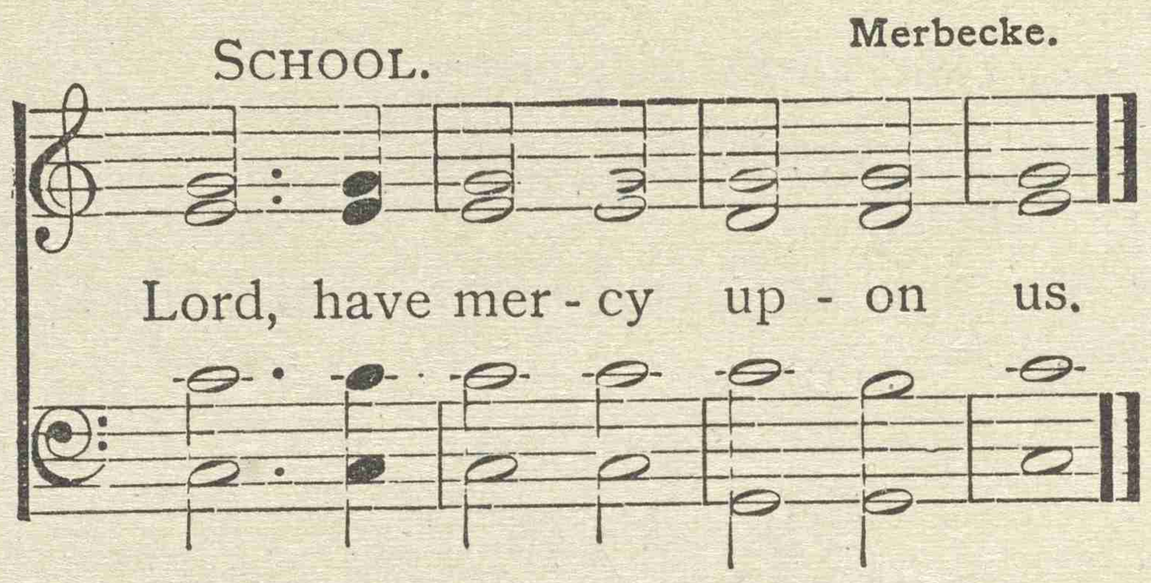
Lord, now lettest Thou Thy **ser**vant de | part in | peace: ||
Ac- | cord-ing | to Thy | word;
For mine eyes have **seen** | Thy sal- | vation: ||
Which Thou hast prepared be**fore** the | face of | al — | **people**;
A **light** to | lighten .. the | Gentiles: ||
And the **glo**ry of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.
Glory be to the **Fa**ther, | and .. to the | Son: ||
And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever .. shall | be: ||
World | with-out | end. A- | men.

¶ *Then shall be said the* PRAYERS *here following, or other suitable prayers, but the* LORD'S PRAYER *shall always be used.*

The Prayers

SUP'T.—Lord, have mercy upon us.

Merbecke.



SUP'T.—Christ, have mercy upon us.

SUP'T.—Lord, have mercy upon us.

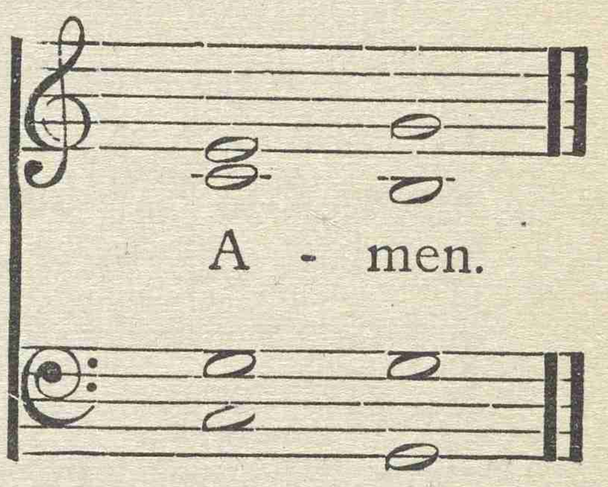
¶ *Then all shall say:*

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 tres passes, as we forgive those who 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, for ever and ever. Amen.

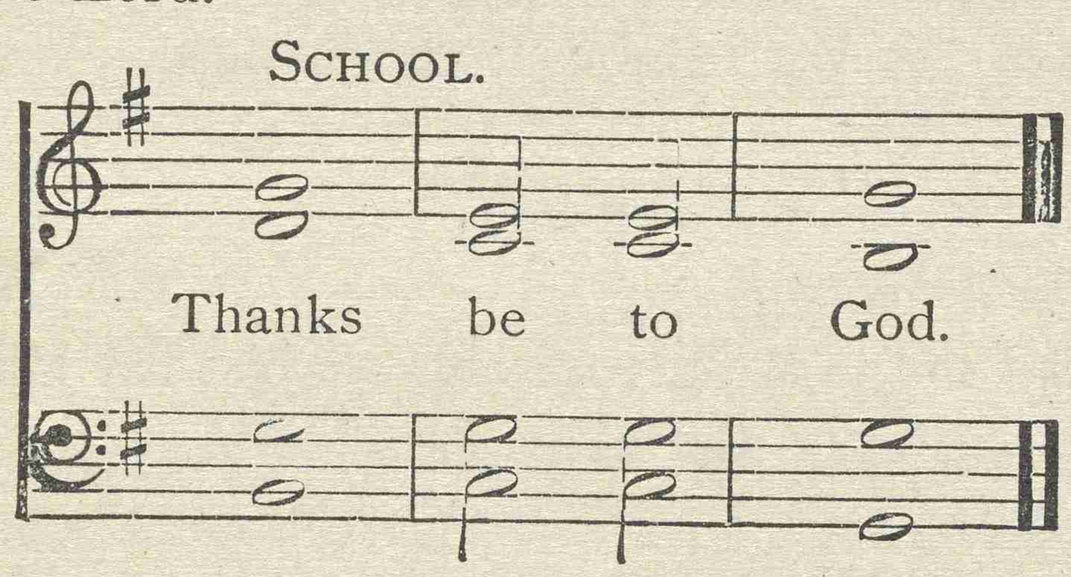
¶ *Then may be sung or said the* BENEDICAMUS *with the* SALUTATION.

SUP'T.—The Lord be with you.

¶ *One or more* COLLECTS *may be used, with the* SALUTATION, *which may be preceded by a* VERSICLE. *After each* COLLECT *the School shall sing, or say:*



SUP'T.—Bless we the Lord.



¶ *This may end the Service; or a closing Hymn may be sung, after which, if a minister be present, he may pronounce the*

Benediction

The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of God, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.

Silent Prayer.

The Ten Commandments.

I. I am the Lord Thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything 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.

II. 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.

III. 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, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

IV. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

V. Thou shalt not kill.

VI. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VII. Thou shalt not steal.

VIII. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

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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.

PSALMS

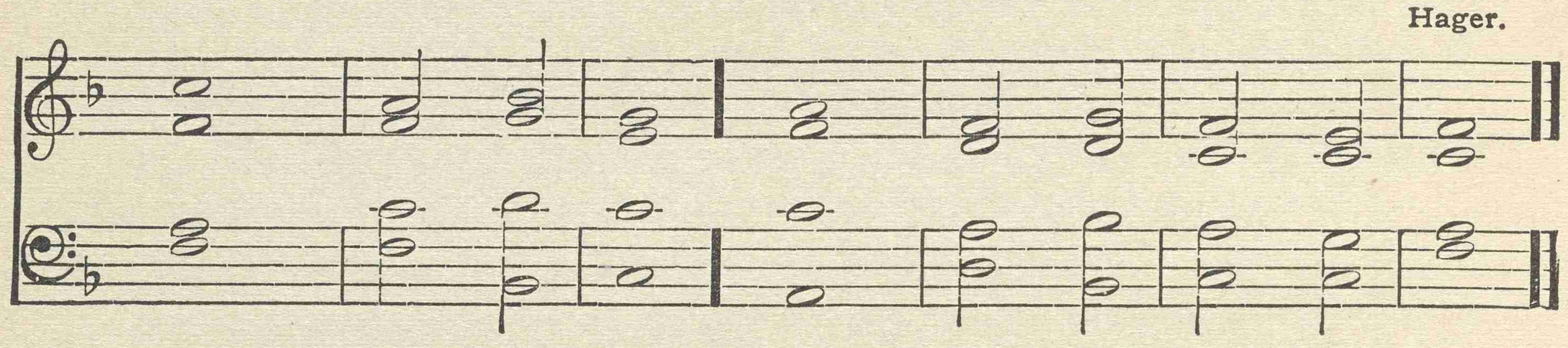
AND

CANTICLES

Psalms.

ADVENT, PSALM 85.

Hager.



LORD, Thou hast been favorable | unto . Thy | land ||
Thou hast brought back the cap- | tivi- | ty of | Jacob.
Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of Thy | people ||
Thou hast | covered | all their | sin.
Thou hast taken away | all Thy | wrath ||
Thou hast turned Thyself from the | fierceness | of Thine | anger.
Turn us, O God of | our sal- | vation ||
And cause Thine | anger . toward | us to | cease.
Wilt Thou be angry with | us for | ever? ||
Wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to | all | gener- | ations?
Wilt Thou not re- | vive us . a- | gain ||
That Thy people | may re- | joice in | Thee?
Shew us Thy | mercy, O | Lord ||
And | grant us | Thy sal- | vation.
I will hear what God the | Lord will | speak ||
For He will speak peace unto His people, and to His saints; but let them not | turn a- | gain to | folly.
Surely His salvation is nigh | them that | fear Him ||
That glory may | dwell | in our | land.
Mercy and truth are | met to- | gether ||
Righteousness and | peace have | kissed each | other.
Truth shall spring | out . of the | earth ||
And righteousness | shall look | down from | heaven.
Yea, the Lord shall give | that . which is | good ||
And our | land shall | yield her | increase.
Righteousness shall | go be- | fore Him ||
And shall set us in the | way of | His | steps.

CHRISTMAS, PSALM 2.

Goss.

WHY do the | heathen | rage ||
And the people im- | agine . a | vain | thing?
The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take | counsel . to- | gether ||
Against the Lord, and against | His A- | nointed, | saying,
Let us break their | bands a- | sunder ||
And cast a- | way their | cords from | us.
He that sitteth in the | heavens . shall | laugh ||
The Lord shall | have them | in de- | rision.
Then shall He speak unto them | in His | wrath ||
And vex them | in His | sore dis- | pleasure.
Yet have I | set My | King ||
Upon My | holy | hill of | Zion.
I will | declare . the de- | cree ||
The Lord hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son; this day have | I be- | gotten | Thee.
Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine in- | herit- | ance ||
And the uttermost parts of the | earth for | Thy pos- | session.
Thou shalt break them with a | rod of | iron ||
Thou shalt dash them in pieces | like a | potter's | vessel.
Be wise now therefore, | O ye | kings ||
Be instructed, ye | judges | of the | earth.
Serve the | Lord with | fear ||
And re- | joice | with | trembling.
Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled | but a | little ||
Blessed are all they that | put their | trust in | Him.

EPIPHANY, PSALM 72.

Elvey.

GIVE the king Thy judgments, | O | God ||
And Thy righteousness | unto . the | King's | Son.
He shall judge Thy people with | righteous- | ness ||
And | Thy | pocr with | judgment.
The mountains shall bring peace | to the | people ||
And the little | hills, by | righteous- | ness.
He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children | of the | needy ||
And shall break in | pieces | the op- | pressor.
They shall fear Thee as long as the sun and | moon en- | dure ||
Through- | out all | gener- | ations.
He shall come down like rain upon the | mown | grass ||
As | showers . that | water . the | earth.
In His days shall the | righteous | flourish ||
And abundance of peace so | long . as the | moon en- | dureth.
He shall have dominion also from | sea to | sea ||
And from the river unto the | ends | of the | earth.
They that dwell in the wilderness shall | bow be- | fore Him ||
And His | enemies . shall | lick the | dust.
The kings of Tarshish and of the isles | shall bring | presents ||
The kings of Sheba and | Seba . shall | offer | gifts.
Yea, all kings shall fall | down be- | fore Him ||
All | nations . shall | serve | Him.
For He shall deliver the needy | when he | crieth ||
The poor also, and | him that | hath no | helper.
He shall spare the | poor and | needy.
And shall save the | souls | of the | needy.
He shall redeem their soul from deceit and | vio- | lence ||
And precious shall their | blood be | in His | sight.
And He shall live, and to Him shall be given of the | gold of | Sheba ||
Prayer also shall be made for Him continually, and | daily . shall | He be | praised.
There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall | shake like | Lebanon ||
And they of the city shall | flourish . like | grass . of the | earth.
His Name shall endure for ever; His Name shall be continued as | long as . the | sun ||
And men shall be blessed in Him; all | nations . shall | call Him | blessed.

EPIPHANY, PSALM 72—Continued.

Blessed be the Lord God, the | God of | Israel ||
Who only | doeth | wondrous | things.
And blessed be His glorious | Name for | ever ||
And let the whole earth be filled with His glory. A- | men, and | A- | men.

✠

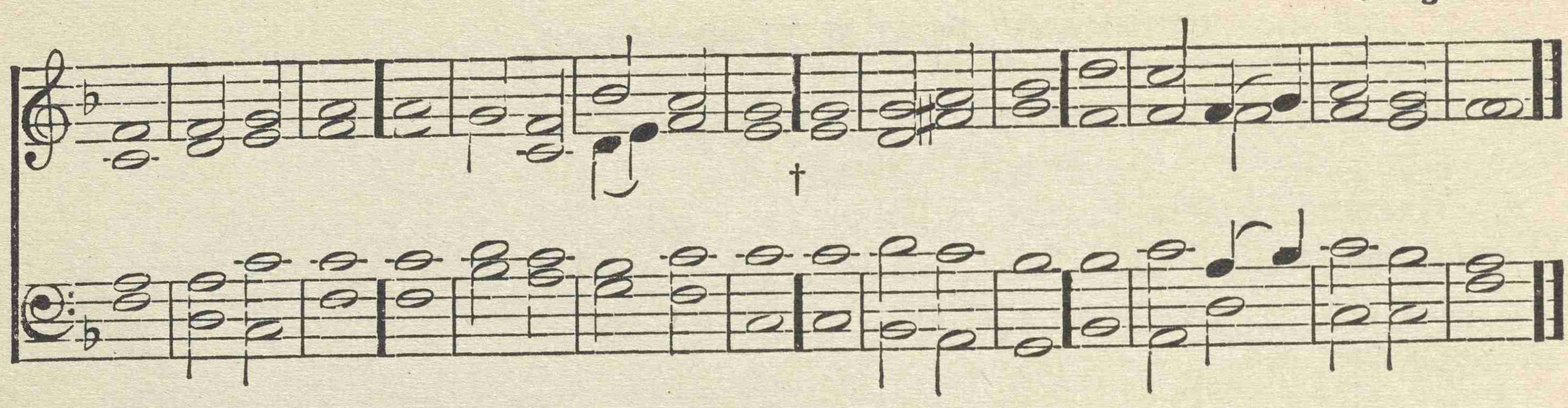
LENT, PSALM 51.

Langdon.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy | loving | kindness ||
According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies, | blot out | my trans- | gressions.
Wash me thoroughly from | mine in- | iquity ||
And | cleanse me | from my | sin.
For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions ||
And my | sin is | ever . be- | fore me.
Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil | in Thy | sight ||
That Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be | clear | when Thou | judgest.
Behold, I was shapen | in in- | iquity ||
And in | sin . did my | mother . con- | ceive me.
Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts ||
And in the hidden part Thou shalt | make . me to | know | wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and | I . shall be | clean ||
Wash me, and | I . shall be | whiter . than | snow.
Make me to hear | joy and | gladness ||
That the bones which Thou hast | broken | may re- | joice.
Hide Thy face | from my | sins ||
And blot out | all . mine in- | iqui- | ties.
Create in me a clean | heart, O | God ||
And re- | new a . right | spirit . with- | in me.
Cast me not a- | way from . Thy | presence ||
And take not Thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation ||
And uphold | me with | Thy free | Spirit.

LENT, PSALM 51—Continued.

Langdon.



Then will I teach trans- | gressors . Thy | ways ||
And sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | Thee.
Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, Thou God of | my sal- | vation ||
And my tongue shall sing aloud | of Thy | righteous- | ness.
O Lord, open | Thou my | lips ||
And my mouth shall | show forth | Thy | praise.
For Thou desirest not sacrifice, else | would I | give it ||
Thou delightest | not in | burnt | offering.
The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit ||
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, | Thou wilt | not de- | spise.
Do good in Thy good pleasure | unto | Zion ||
Build Thou the | walls . of Je- | rusa- | lem.
†Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and | whole burnt | offering ||
Then shall they offer bullocks up- | on Thine | Al- | tar.

†Repeat second half of chant

EASTER, PSALM 16.

Macfarren.

PRESERVE | me, O | God ||
For in Thee | do I | put my | trust.
O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou | art my | Lord ||
My goodness ex- | tendeth | not to | Thee;
But to the saints that are in th. earth, and | to the | excellent ||
In whom is | all | my de- | light.
Their sorrows shall be | multi- | plied ||
That hasten | after . an- | other | god.
Their drink offerings of blood will | I not | offer ||
Nor take up their | names | into . my | lips.

EASTER, PSALM 16—Continued.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and | of my | cup ||
Thou main- | tainest | my | lot.
The lines are fallen unto me in | pleasant | places ||
Yea, I have a | goodly | herit- | age.
I will bless the Lord, Who hath | given . me | counsel ||
My reins also instruct me | in the | night- | seasons.
I have set the Lord | always . be- | fore me ||
Because He is at my right hand, I | shall not | be | moved.
Therefore my heart is glad, and my | glory . re- | joiceth ||
My flesh also shall | rest | in | hope.
For Thou wilt not leave my | soul in | hell ||
Neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy | One to | see cor- | ruption.
Thou wilt shew me the | path of | life ||
In Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are | pleasures . for | ever- | more.

✠

ASCENSION, PSALM 110.

T. Purcell.

The Lord said | unto . my | Lord ||
Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine | ene-mies | Thy | footstool.
The Lord shall send the rod of Thy strength | out of | Zion ||
Rule Thou in the | midst | of Thine | enemies.
Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the | womb . of the | morning ||
Thou hast the | dew | of Thy | youth.
The Lord hath sworn, and will | not re- | pent ||
Thou art a priest for ever after the order | of Mel- | chize- | dek.
The Lord at | Thy right | hand ||
Shall strike through kings in the | day | of His | wrath.
He shall judge among the heathen, He shall fill the places with the | dead | bodies ||
He shall wound the heads | over | many | countries.
He shall drink of the | brook . in the | way ||
Therefore shall He | lift | up the | head.

PENTECOST, PSALM 104.

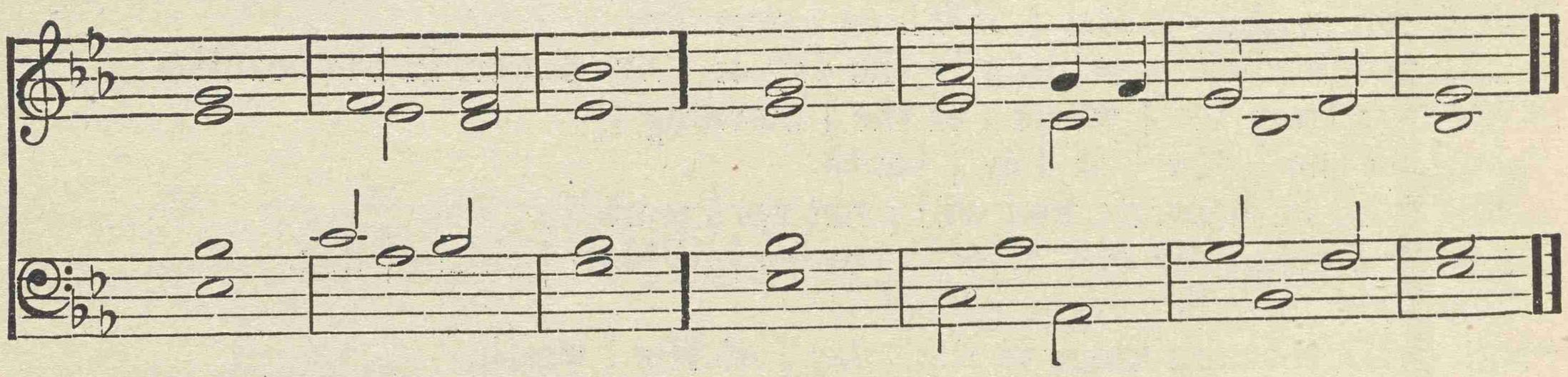
Elvey.

Bless the Lord, | O my | soul ||
O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with | honor —
and | majes- | ty.
Who coverest Thyself with light as | with a | garment ||
Who stretchest out the | heavens | like a | curtain.
Who maketh His | angels | spirits ||
His minis- | ters a | flaming | fire.
O Lord, how manifold | are Thy | works ||
In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is | full of | Thy | riches.
Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, they | are cre- | ated ||
And Thou renewest the | face | of the | earth,
The glory of the Lord shall en- | dure for | ever ||
The Lord shall re- | joice | in His | works.
I will sing unto the Lord as | long . as I | live ||
I will sing praise to my God | while I | have my | being.
My meditation of Him | shall be | sweet ||
I will be | glad | in the | Lord.

✠

TRINITY, PSALM 67.

Goss.

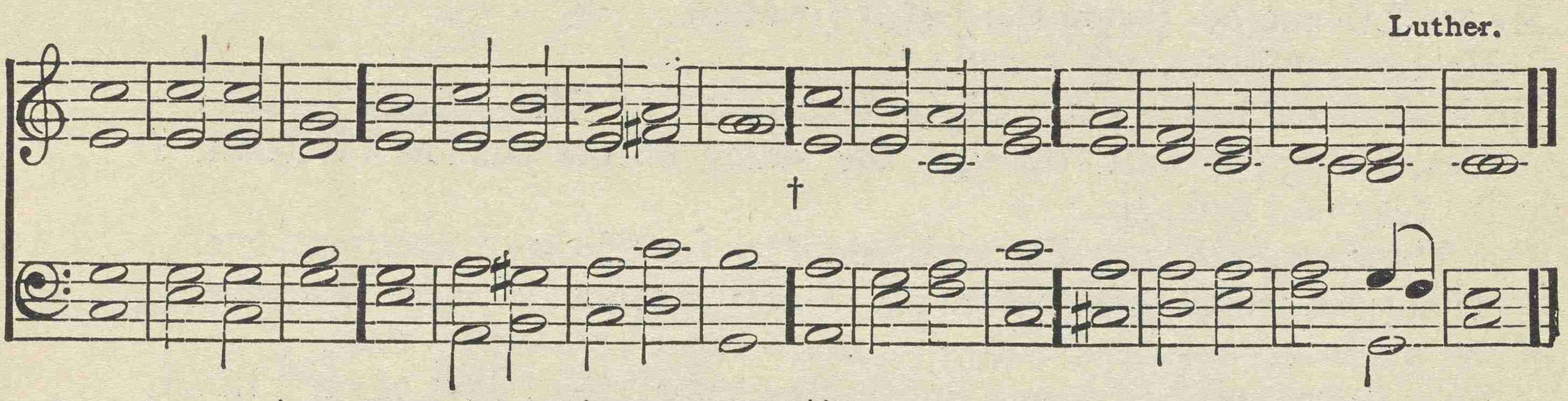


God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ||
And cause His | face to | shine up- | on us.
That Thy way may be | known . upon | earth ||
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
Let the people praise | Thee, O | God ||
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.

O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy ||
For Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations upon | earth.
Let the people praise | Thee, O | God ||
Let | all the | people | praise Thee.
Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ||
And God, even our own | God, shall | bless | us.
God | shall | bless us ||
And all the | ends . of the | earth shall | fear Him.

REFORMATION, PSALM 46.

Luther.



God is our | Refuge . and | Strength ||
A very | present | help in | trouble.
Therefore will not we fear, though the | earth . be re- | moved ||
And though the mountains be carried into the | midst | of the | sea;
Though the waters thereof | roar . and be | troubled ||
Though the mountains | shake . with the | swelling . there- | of.
There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the | city . of | God ||
The holy place of the tabernacles | of the | Most | High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved ||
God shall help her, and | that right | ear- | ly.
The heathen raged, the | kingdoms . were | moved ||
He uttered His | voice, the | earth | melted.
The Lord of | hosts is | with us ||
The God of | Jacob | is our | Refuge.
Come, behold the | works . of the | Lord ||
What desolations | He hath | made . in the | earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the | end . of the | earth ||
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the | chari- ot | in the | fire.
Be still, and know that | I am | God ||
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.
†The Lord of | hosts is | with us ||
The God of | Jacob | is our | Refuge.

†Repeat second half of chant

PSALM 23.

Hawes.

THE Lord | is my | shepherd; ||
I | shall | not | want.
He maketh me to lie down in | green | pastures: ||
He leadeth me be- | side the | still | waters.
He re- | storeth . my | soul: ||
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | Name's | sake ||
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: ||
For Thou art with me; Thy rod, and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies:||
Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup | run-neth | over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life:||
And I will dwell in the | house . of the | Lord for | ever.

✠

PSALM 150.

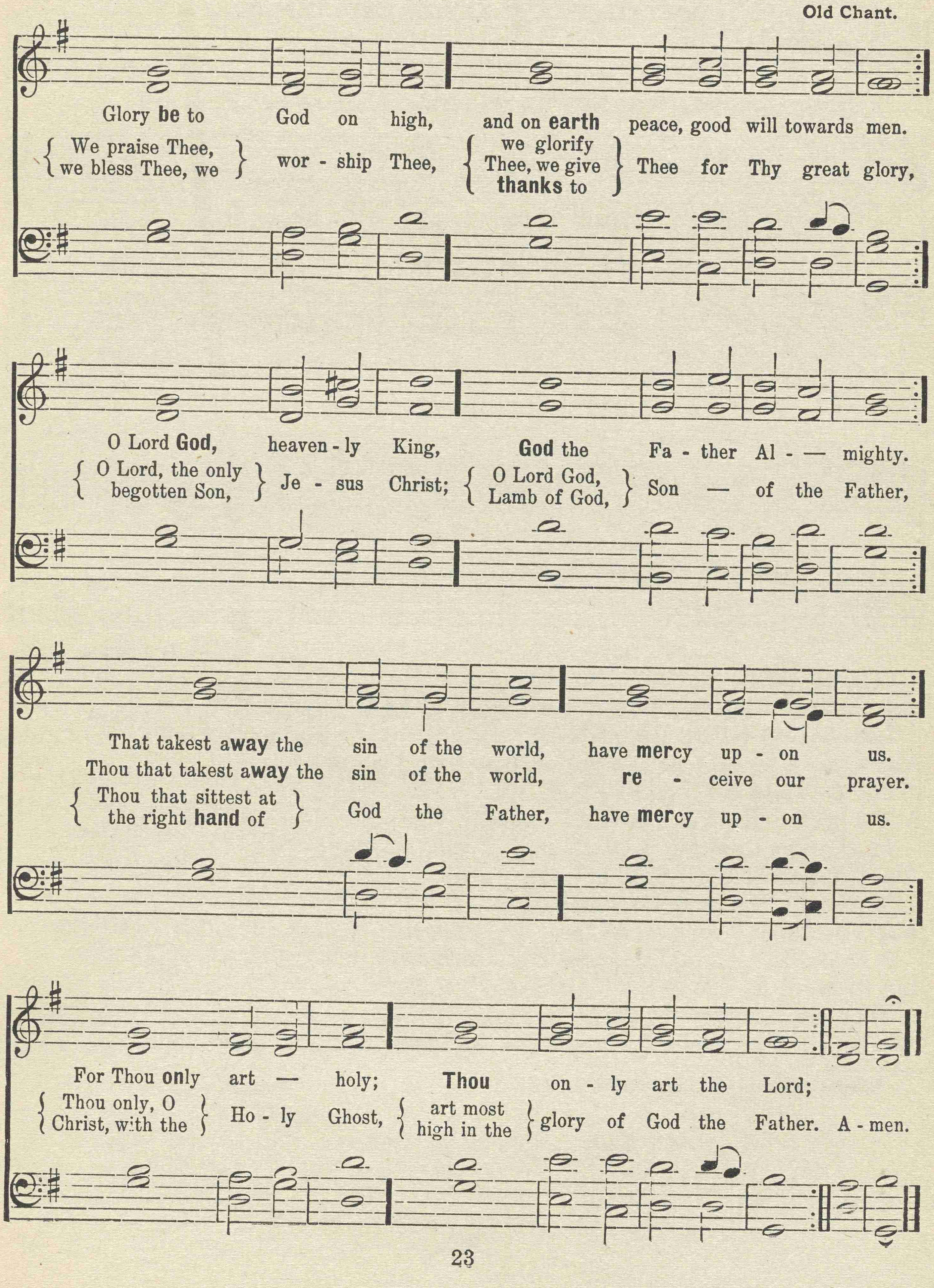
Alfred Bennett.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God in His | sanctu- | ary; ||
Praise Him in the | firma- . ment | of His | power.
Praise Him for His | mighty | acts; ||
Praise Him according | to His | excel- . lent | greatness.
Praise Him with the | sound . of the| trumpet; ||
Praise Him with the | psalter- | y and | harp.
Praise Him with | timbrel . and | dance; ||
Praise Him with stringed | instru- | ments and | organ.
Praise Him upon the | loud | cymbals; ||
Praise Him upon the | high | sounding | cymbals.
Let everything that hath breath | praise the | Lord; ||
Praise | ye | the | Lord.

Canticles

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Old Chant.



INVITATORY AND VENITE EXULTEMUS.

INVITATORY.

Min.—O come, let us worship the Lord.

VENITE EXULTEMUS, PSALM 95.

Boyce.

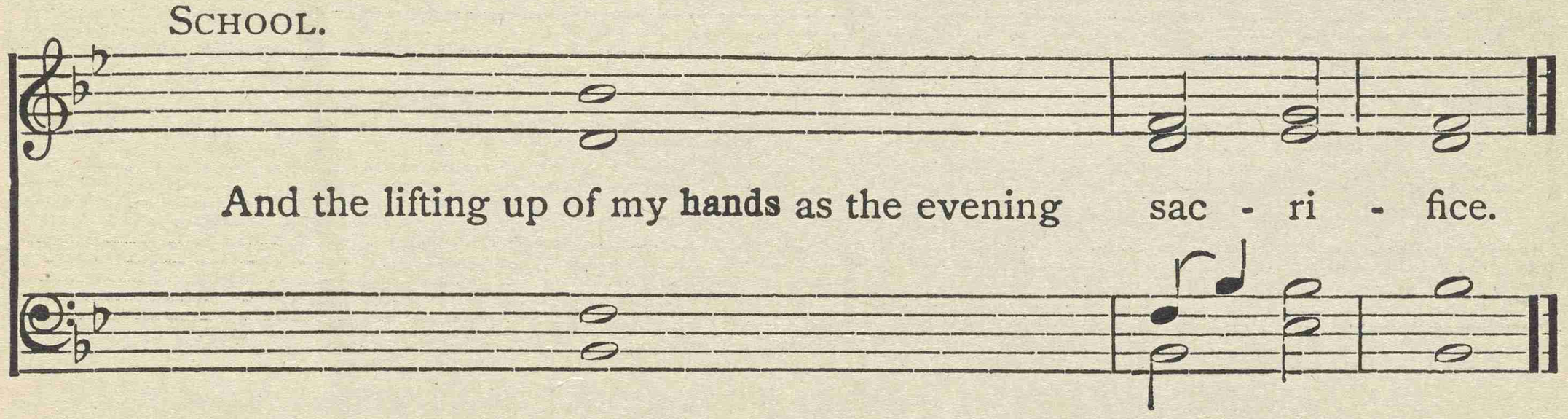
O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord: ||
Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- | vation.
Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving, ||
And make a joyful | noise . unto | Him with | psalms.
For the Lord is a | great | God, ||
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
In His hand are the deep places | of the | earth: ||
The strength of the | hills is | His | also.
The sea is His, and He | made | it: ||
And His hands | form- . ed the | dry | land.
O come, let us worship | and bow | down: ||
Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
†For He | is our | God; ||
And we are the people of His pasture, and the | sheep of | His | hand.

†Repeat second half of chant.

MAGNIFICAT AND ITS VERSICLE

SUP'T.—Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense.

SCHOOL.



MAGNIFICAT

Beethoven.

My soul doth **mag**-ni- | fy the | Lord: ||
And my spirit **hath** re- | joiced . . in | God my | Saviour.
For He | hath re- | garded: ||
The **low** es- | tate of | His hand- | maiden.

For **be hold,** | from hence- | forth: ||
All **gen**-er- | ations . . shall | call me | blessed.
For He that is mighty hath **done** to | me great | things: ||
And | ho-ly | is His | Name.

mf And His **mer**cy is on | them that | fear Him: ||
From **gen**-er- | ation . . to | gen-er- | ation.
He hath showed **strength** | with His | arm:
ff He hath scattered the proud in the **imagin-** | a-tion | of their | hearts.

mf He hath put down the **might**-y | from their | seats: ||
And **exalt**-ed | them of | low de- | gree.
He hath filled the **hun**-gry | with good | things: ||
And the **rich** He | hath sent | empty . . a- | way.

† He hath holpen His servant Israel, in re**mem**-brance | of His | mercy; ||
As He spake to our fathers, to **Abraham**, and | to His | seed, for- | ever.

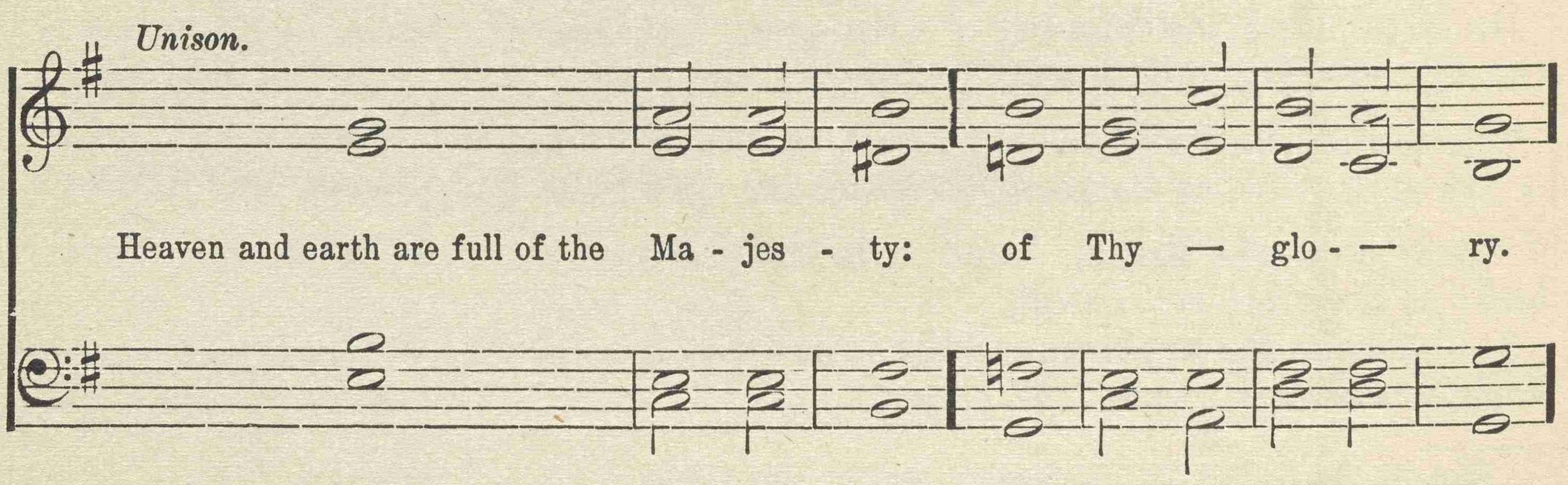
ff Glory be to the **Fa**ther, | and . . to the | Son: ||
And | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is **now**, and | ever . . shall | be: ||
World | with-out | end. A- | men.

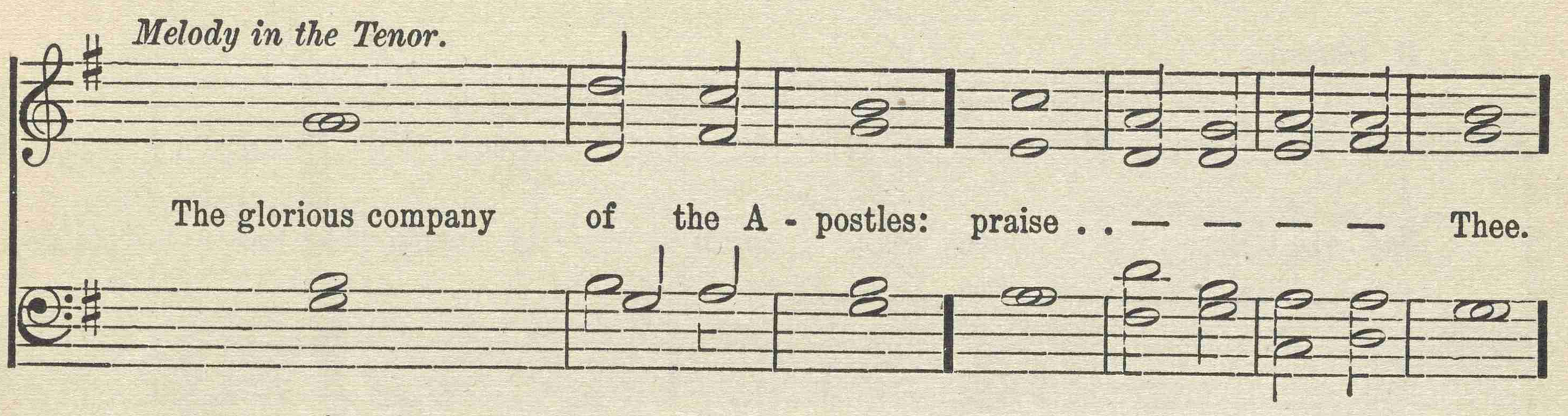
†Repeat the second half of chant in singing this verse.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

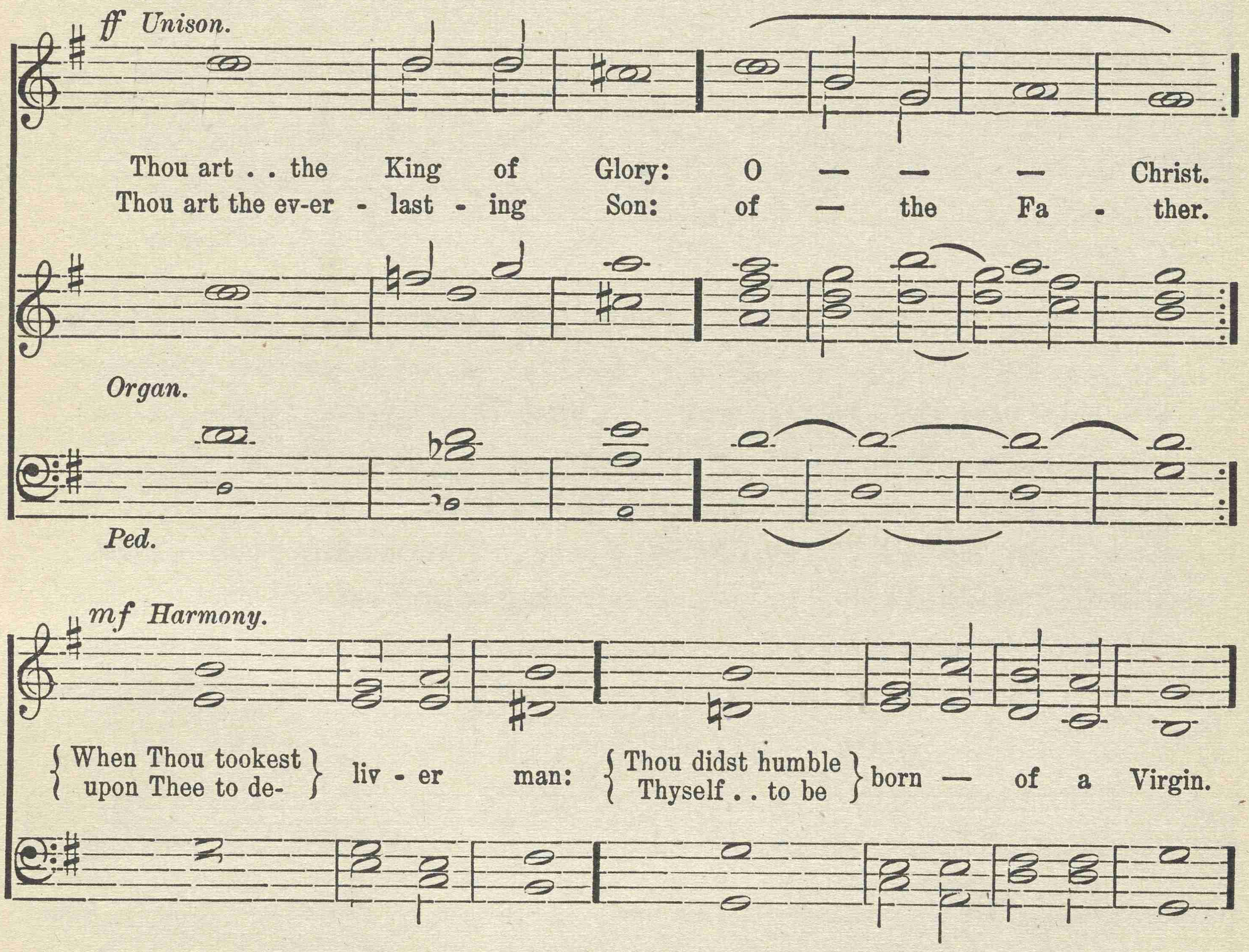
Frederick Iliffe.

All the earth . . doth | **wor-ship** | **Thee:** || the Father . . | **ev-er-** | **last-** — | **ing.**
To Thee all Angels . . | **cry a-** | **loud:** || the heavens, and | **all the** | **powers there-** | **in.**
To Thee Cherubim . . and | **Ser-a-phim:** || con- | **tin-ual-** | **ly do** | **cry,**





The goodly fellowship . . | **of the | Prophets:** ‖ praise . . | — | — | **Thee.**
The noble | **army . . of | Martyrs:** ‖ praise . . | — | — | **Thee.**
The holy Church throughout . . | **all the | world:** ‖ doth | — **ac- | knowl-edge |**
Thee;
The . . | **Fa- — | ther:** ‖ of . . an | **infin-ite | Ma-jes- | ty;**
Thine . . a- | **dora-ble, | true:** ‖ and . . | **on- — | — ly | Son;**
Also . . the | **Ho-ly | Ghost:** ‖ the . . | **Com- — | — fort- | er.**



When Thou hadst overcome . . the | **sharpness . . of | death:** ‖ Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven . . to | **all be- | liev- — | ers.**
Thou sittest at the right . . | **hand of | God:** ‖ in . . the | **glo-ry | of the | Father.**

p Unison.

We be - lieve that Thou shalt come: to be our Judge.

Organ.

ppp Slower.

mf Harmony. *Tempo.*

{ We therefore pray Thee . . } help Thy servants: { Whom Thou hast redeemed . . } with Thy pre - cious blood.

Make them to be numbered . . | **with Thy | saints:** || in glory . . | **ev-er- | last- — | ing.**

O Lord, | **save Thy | people:** || and . . | **bless Thine | her-it- | age.**

Gov- | — **ern | them:** || and . . | **lift them | up for | ev-er.**

Day . . | **by — | day:** || we | **mag-ni- | fy — | Thee.**

And . . we | **worship . . Thy | Name:** || ever . . | **world with- | out — | end.**

Vouch- | **safe O | Lord:** || to keep us this | **day with- | out — | sin.**

O Lord, have mercy up- | **on — | us:** || have . . | **mercy . . up- | on — | us.**

O Lord, let Thy mercy be . . up- | **on — | us:** || as . . our | **trust — | is in | Thee.**

f

O Lord, in Thee . . have I trusted: let me nev - er be con - found - ed. A-men.

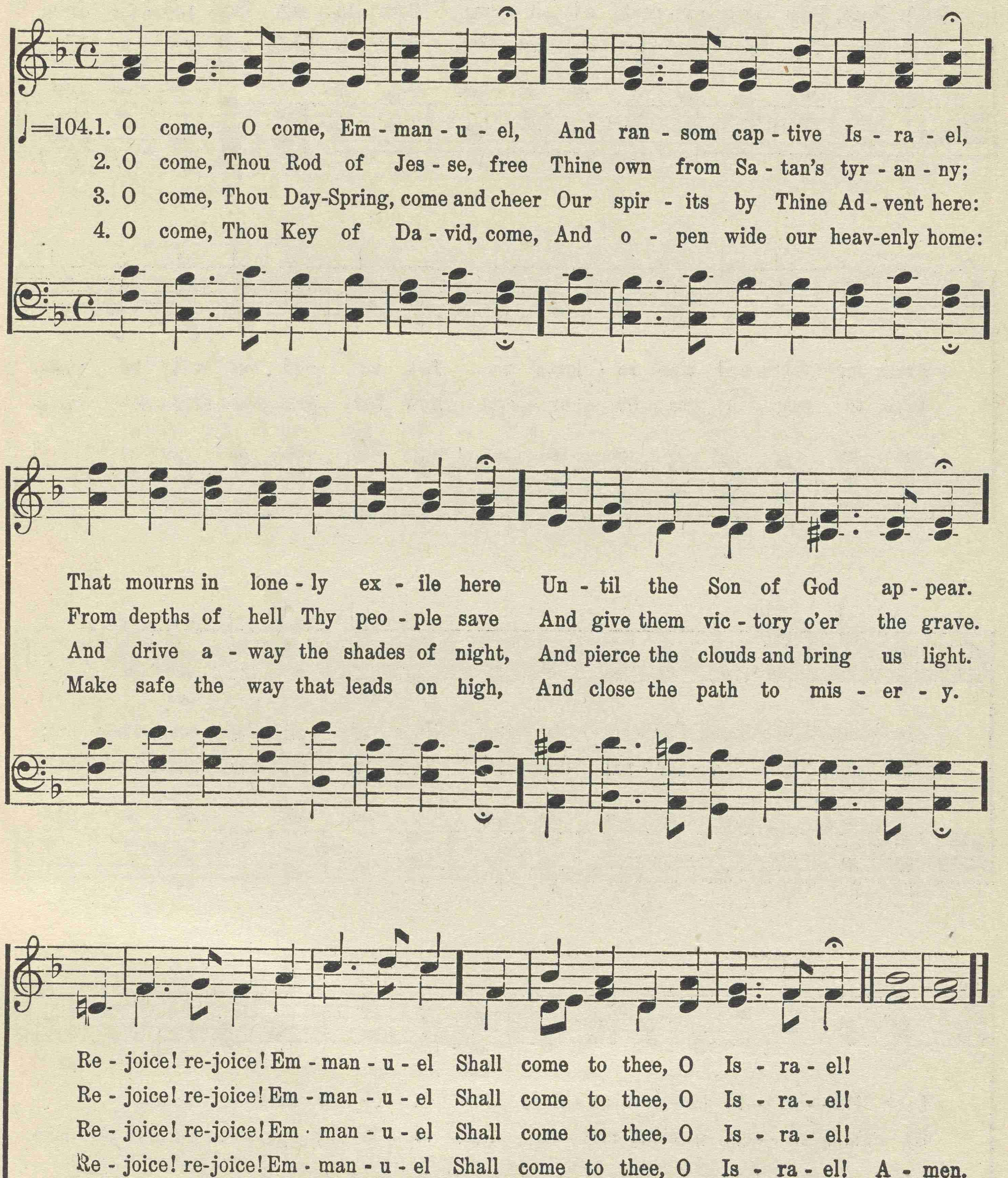
Advent.

1

O COME, O COME, EMMANUEL.

Latin Antiphon. XII Cent.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.

BENISON. L. M. 6 lines.
John Hullah.



COME, THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS.

ST. HILARY. 8s. 7s. D.
Ganther.

Charles Wesley. 1744.

♩=96. 1. Come, Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;
2. Born Thy peo-ple to de-liv-er; Born a Child, and yet a King;

From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Born to reign in us for-ev-er, Now Thy gra-cious king-dom bring.

Is-rael's Strength and Con-so-la-tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
By Thine own e-ter-nal Spir-it, Rule in all our hearts a-lone;

Dear De-sire of ev-'ry na-tion, Joy of ev-'ry long-ing heart.
By Thine all-suf-fi-cient mer-it, Raise us to Thy glo-rious Throne. A-men.

O HOW SHALL I RECEIVE THEE?

Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

ST. THEODULPH. 7s. 6s. D.
Melchior Teschner. 1613.

♩= 102. 1. O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How greet Thee, Lord, a - right?
2. Thy Zi - on palms is strew - ing, And branch-es fresh and fair;
3. I lay in fet - ters groan - ing, Thou com'st to set me free!
4. Love caused Thy In - car - na - tion, Love brought Thee down to me,
5. Re - joice then, ye sad - heart - ed, Who sit in deep - est gloom,

All na - tions long to see Thee, My Hope, my heart's de - light!
My heart, its pow'rs re - new - ing, An an - them shall pre - pare.
I stood, my shame be - moan - ing, Thou com'st to hon - or me!
Thy thirst for my sal - va - tion Pro - cur'd my lib - er - ty.
Who mourn o'er joys de - part - ed, And trem - ble at your doom;

O kin - dle, Lord, most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast,
My soul puts off her sad - ness, Thy glo - ries to pro - claim;
A glo - ry Thou dost give me, A trea - sure safe on high,
O Love be - yond all tell - ing, That led Thee to em - brace,
He Who a - lone can cheer you Is stand - ing at the door;

To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best.
With all her strength and glad - ness She fain would serve Thy Name.
That will not fail nor leave me As earth - ly rich - es fly.
In love all love ex - cell - ing, Our lost and fall - en race!
He brings His pit - y near you, And bids you weep no more. A - men.

4 HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D.
Samuel S. Wesley. 1864.

James Montgomery. 1821.

♩=100. 1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong;
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth;
4. For Him shall pray'r un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend;

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;
And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth.
His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end.

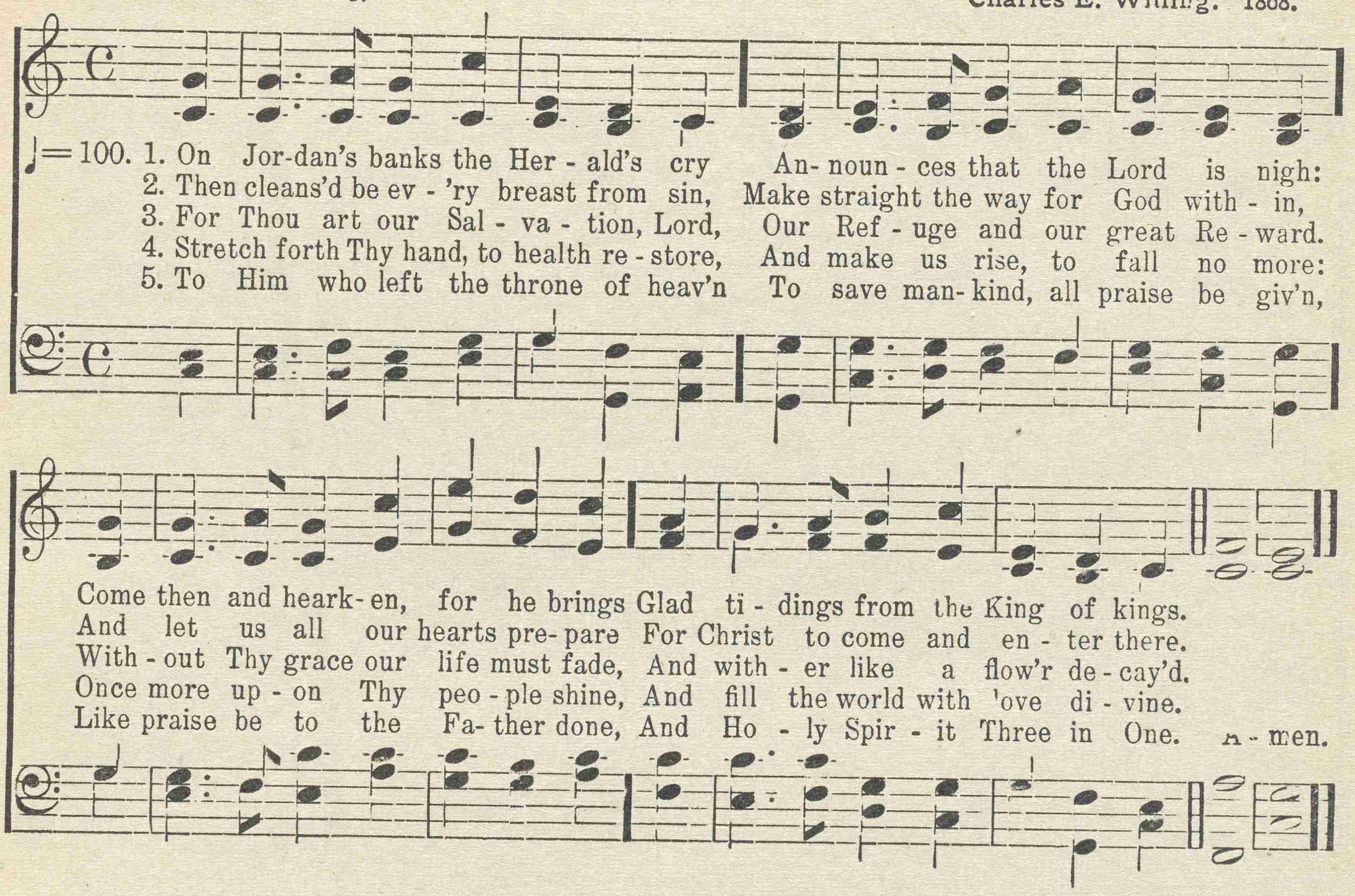
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To give them songs for sigh - ing; Their dark - ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him on the moun - tains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go;
The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move;

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Whose souls, con-demn'd and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in His sight.
And right - eous - ness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
His Name shall stand for ev - er; That Name to us is Love. A - men.

5 ON JORDAN'S BANKS THE HERALD'S CRY.

Charles Coffin. 1736.
Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

ALSTONE. L. M.
Charles E. Willing. 1868.



6 LET THE EARTH NOW PRAISE THE LORD.

Heinrich Held. 1659.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862. Abridged.

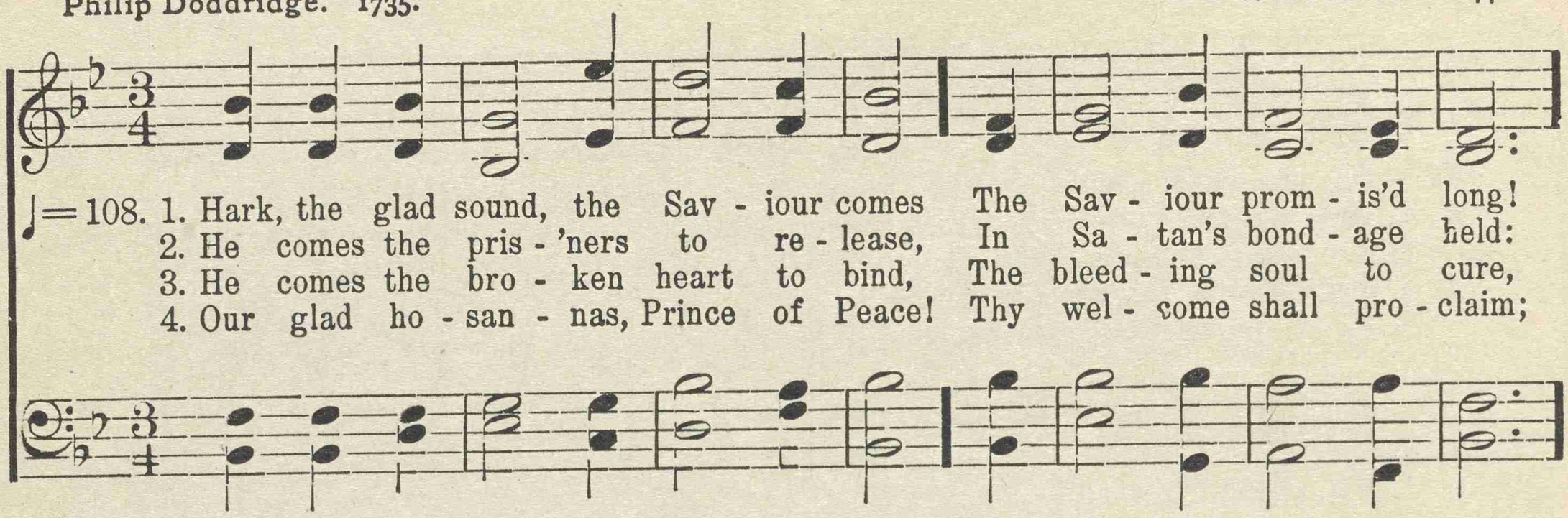
REDEMPTION. 7s.
Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, Halle. 1704.

7 **HARK, THE GLAD SOUND, THE SAVIOUR COMES.**

(First Tune.)

STADE. C. M.
S. H. Stade. 1644.

Philip Doddridge. 1735.

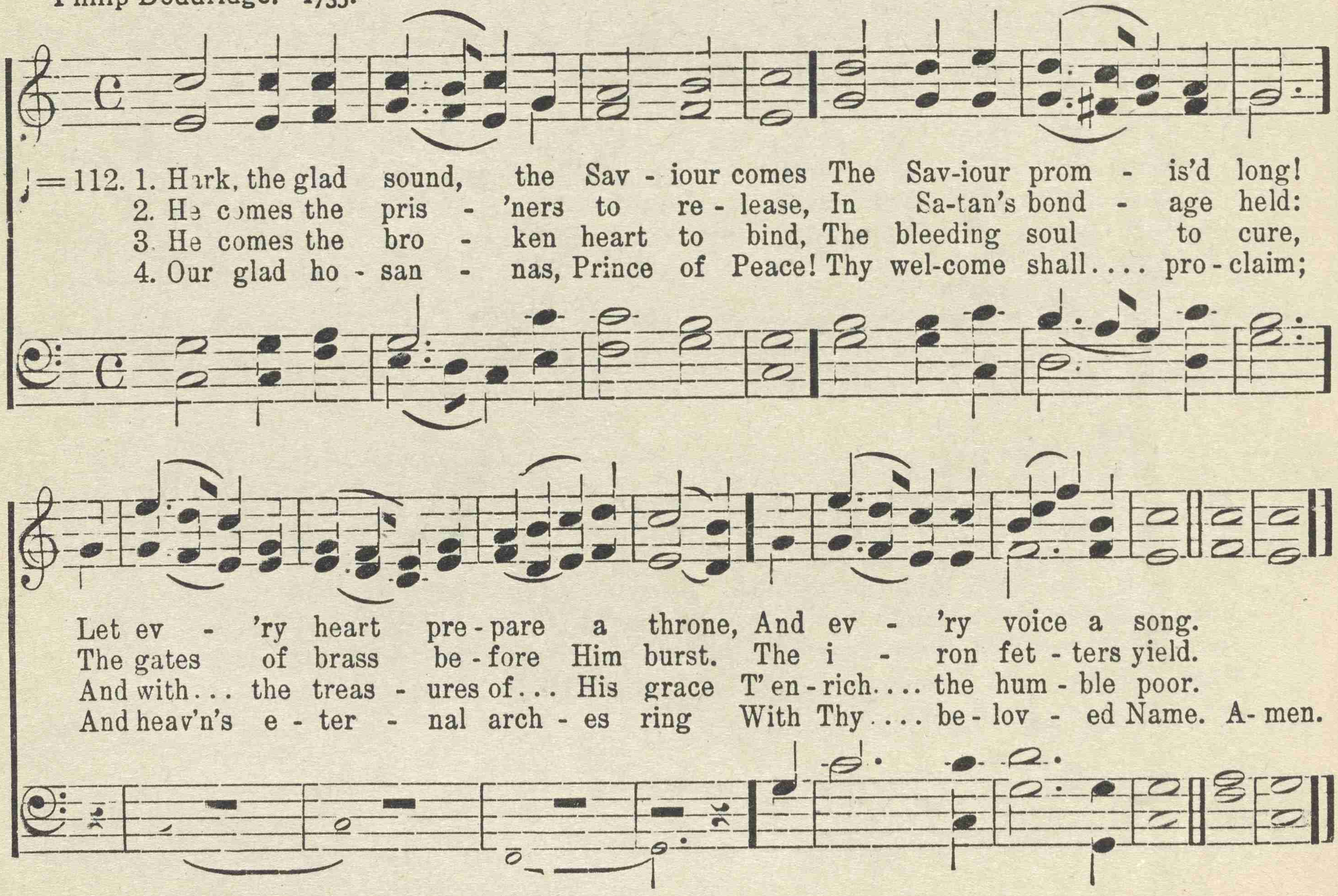


8 **HARK, THE GLAD SOUND, THE SAVIOUR COMES.**

(Second Tune.)

HENRY. C. M.
S. B. Pond. 1834.

Philip Doddridge. 1735.

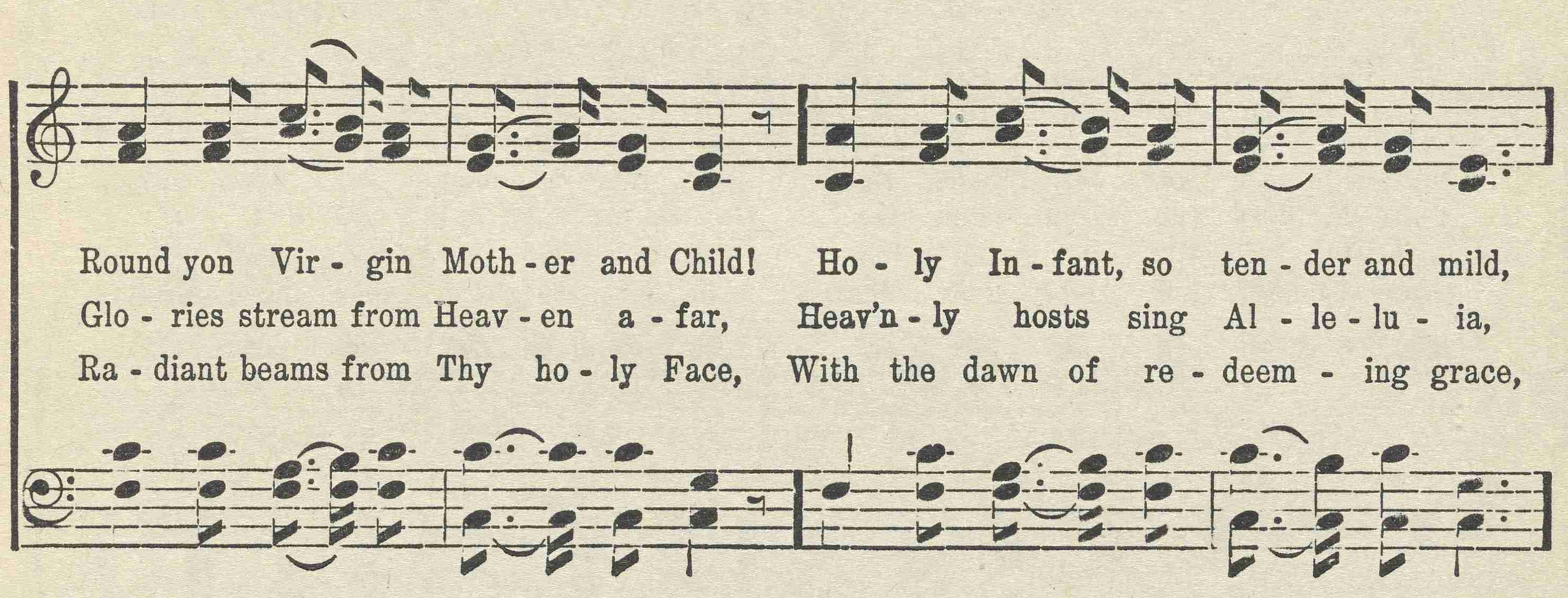


9

SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!

From the German of Joseph Mohr. 1818.

SILENT NIGHT.
Franz Gruber. Dec. 24th, 1818.



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

MENDELSSOHN. 7s. D.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. 1840.

♩=112. 1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dor'd, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail, the heav'n - ly Prince of Peace, Hail, the Sun of Right-eous - ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum - ble home;

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - cil'd!"
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb!
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings.
O, to all Thy - self im - part, Form'd in each be - liev - ing heart!

Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veil'd in flesh the God - head see, Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;

U - ni - ver - sal Na - ture, say, Christ the Lord is born to - day!
Pleased as Man with men t' ap - pear, Je - sus, our Im - man - uel, here!
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - cil'd!"

REFRAIN.

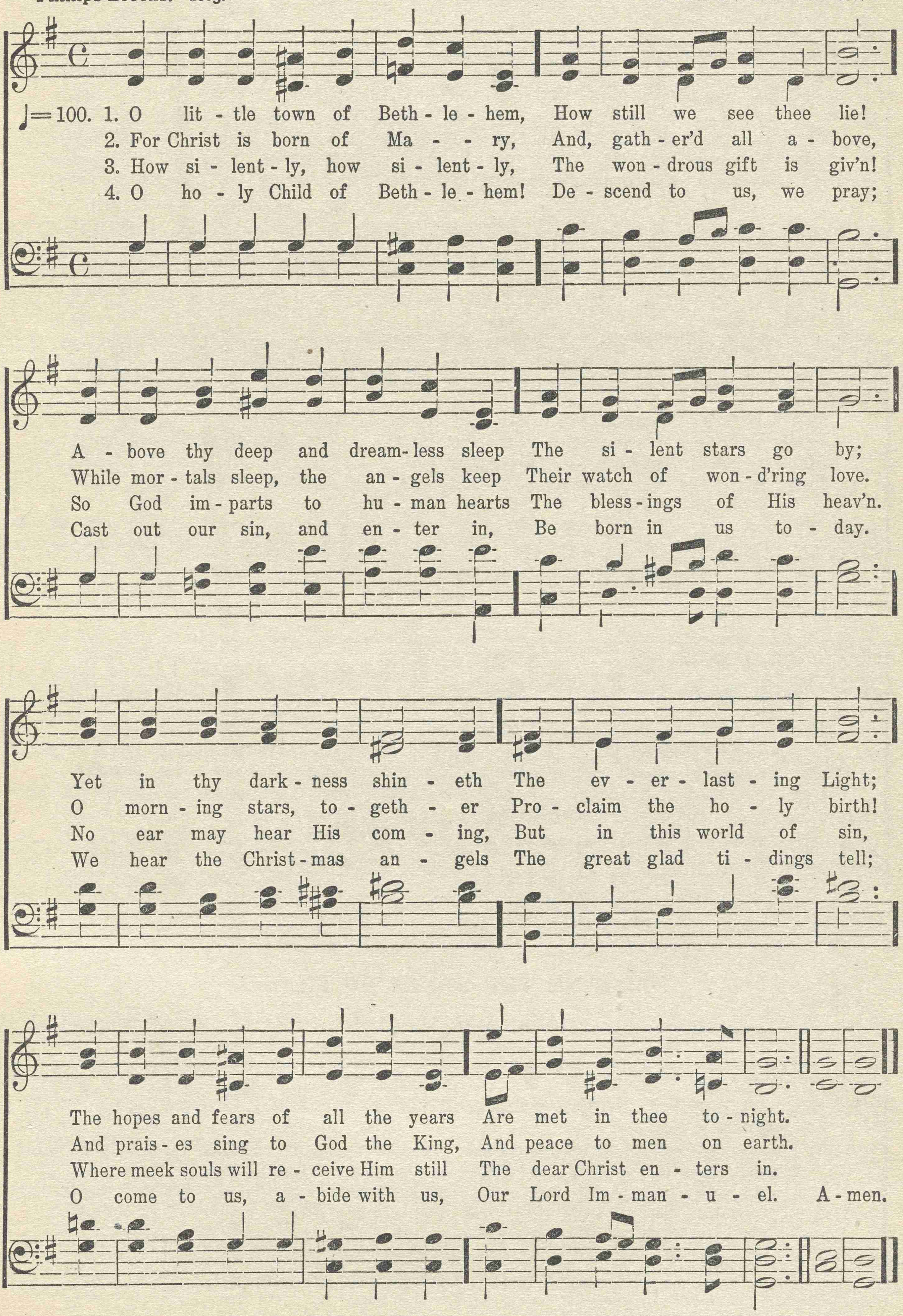
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King. A - men.

11

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

ST. LOUIS.

Phillips Brooks. 1865. Lewis H. Redner. 1880.



12 JOY TO THE WORLD; THE LORD IS COME!

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Isaac Watts. 1719. George F. Handel. 1742.

13 SING YE THE SONGS OF PRAISE.

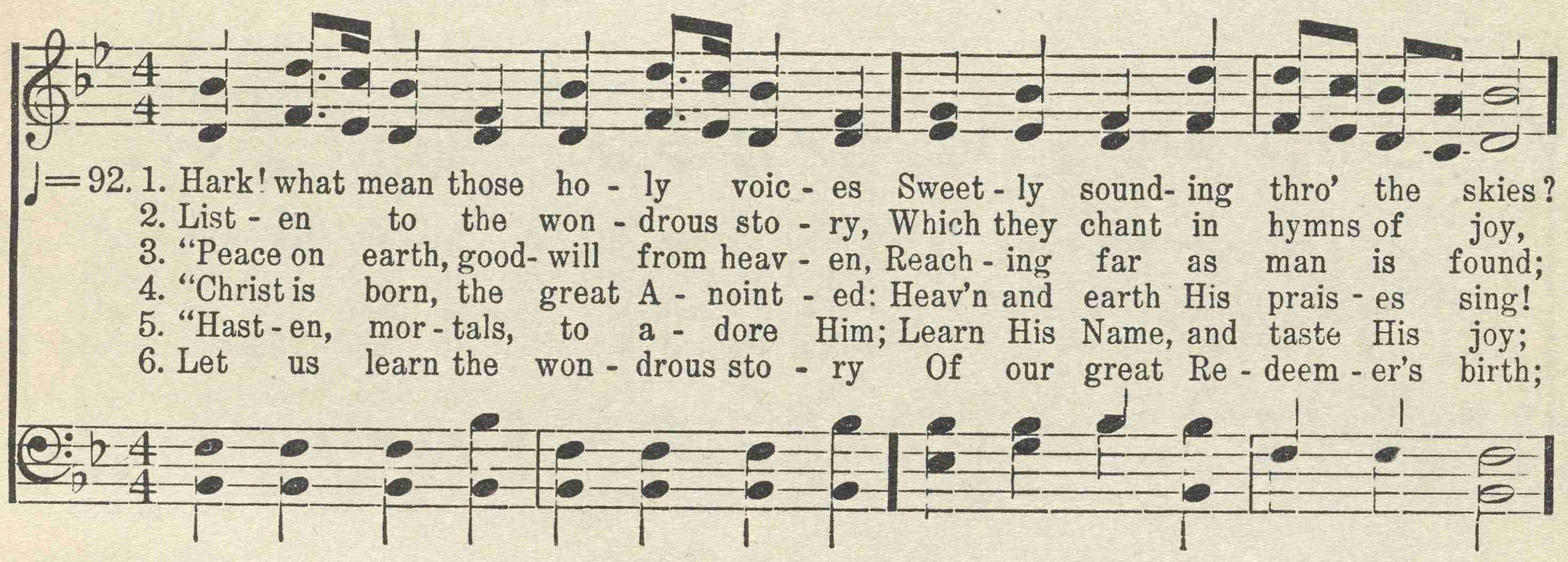
W. Layng. Abridged. (Elementary.) Mrs. C. Farebrother.

SING YE THE SONGS OF PRAISE.—Concluded.

14 HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

John Cawood. 1814.

WILMOT. 8s. 7s.
Carl M. von Weber.



15 COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL, TRIUMPHANTLY SING.

Hymn of 17th Cent.
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.
John Reading. 1680.

♩= 112. 1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - um - phant - ly sing: Come see in the
2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To be born of a
3. Hark, hark to the an - gels, all sing - ing in heav'n, "To God in the
4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, this day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and

man - ger the an - gel's dread King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten, with
Vir - gin He does not de - spise; To Beth - le - hem has - ten, with
high - est all glo - ry be giv'n!" To Beth - le - hem has - ten, with
hon - or thro' heav - en and earth. True God - head in - car - nate, om -

joy - ful ac - cord;... O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
joy - ful ac - cord;... O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
joy - ful ac - cord;... O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
nip - o - tent Word! O come, let us has - ten to wor - ship the Lord!

O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
O come, let us has - ten to wor - ship the Lord! A - men.

16

THE NEW-BORN KING, WHO COMES TO-DAY.

MATERNA. C. M. D.

Moravian.

Samuel A. Ward. 1885.

♩= 104. 1. The new - born King, who comes to - day, Brings ti - dings of great joy,
2. He comes not as a King of earth, In pomp and pride to reign;
3. For us He leaves His Fa - ther's throne, His sap - phire throne on high,
4. Glad Gen - tiles in their east - ern home His ra - diant star be - hold;
5. We join your song, ce - les - tial throng, Whose an - thems nev - er cease;

Which sin can nev - er take a - way, Nor death, nor hell de - stroy;
He seeks a poor and hum - ble birth, But free from sin - ful stain;
And comes to dwell on earth a - lone, For fall - en man to die.
To God their King, they joy to bring Sweet in - cense, myrrh and gold.
We tune our lyres, with an - gel choirs, To hail the Prince of Peace!

Re- joice, ye Gen - tile lands, re - joice, And hail this glo - rious dawn;
Re- joice, ye Gen - tile lands, re - joice, Glad hymns of tri - umph sing,
Re- joice, ye Gen - tile lands, re - joice, And hail Mes - si - ah's dawn;
Re- joice, ye Gen - tile lands, re - joice, In heav'n your prais - es sing;
Re- joice, ye Gen - tile lands, re - joice, And hail Im - man - uel's morn.

For God comes down frail man to crown— The Lord of Life is born!
The Won- der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, He comes, your God and King!
Our God comes down, earth's joy and crown, The King of Love is born.
Be - fore Him fall, the Lord of all, Your Mak - er and your King!
For God comes down frail man to crown, To us a Child is born. A - men.

17 JOY FILLS OUR INMOST HEARTS TO-DAY.

Wm. Chatterton Dix. 1865.

GAUDETE.

Samuel Smith. (1804—1873).

♩= 116. 1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day, The Roy - al Child is born:
2. Low at the cra - dle-throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore:
3. Thou Light of un - cre - a - ted Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child,

And an - gel hosts, in glad ar - ray, His ad - vent keep this morn.
And feel no bliss can ours tran-scend, No joy was sweet be - fore.
That we may keep Thy birth - day bright With ser - vice un - de - filed.

Re - joice, re - joice! Th' In - car - nate Word Has come on earth to
Re - joice, re - joice! Th' In - car - nate Word Has come on earth to
Re - joice, re - joice! Th' In - car - nate Word Has come on earth to

dwell; No sweet - er sound than this is heard— Im - man - u - el.
dwell; No sweet - er sound than this is he rd— Im - man - u - el.
dwell; No sweet - er sound than this is heard— Im - man - u - el. A - men.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

CAROL. C. M. D.

Edmund H. Sears. 1849. Richard S. Willis. 1850.

♩.=54. 1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven sky they come With peace - ful wings un - furl'd;
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph - et - bard for - told,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still ce - les - tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow;
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold!

"Peace to the earth, good- will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n - ly wing,
Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing,
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal splen - dors fling,

The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
And the whole world send back the song, Which now the an - gels sing. A - men.

19 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.

Nahum Tate. 1702.

GABRIEL. C. M. D
Old Carol.

♩= 104. 1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground;
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line
3. Thus spake the ser - aph— and forth - with Ap - pear'd a shin - ing throng

The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
The Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:—
Of an - gels, prais - ing God, who thus Ad - dress'd their joy - ful song:—

"Fear not," said he,— for might - y dread Had seized their trou - bled mind,—
The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - play'd,
"All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;

"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind.
All mean - ly wrapp'd in swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."
Good - will hence-forth from heav'n to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease!" A - men.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

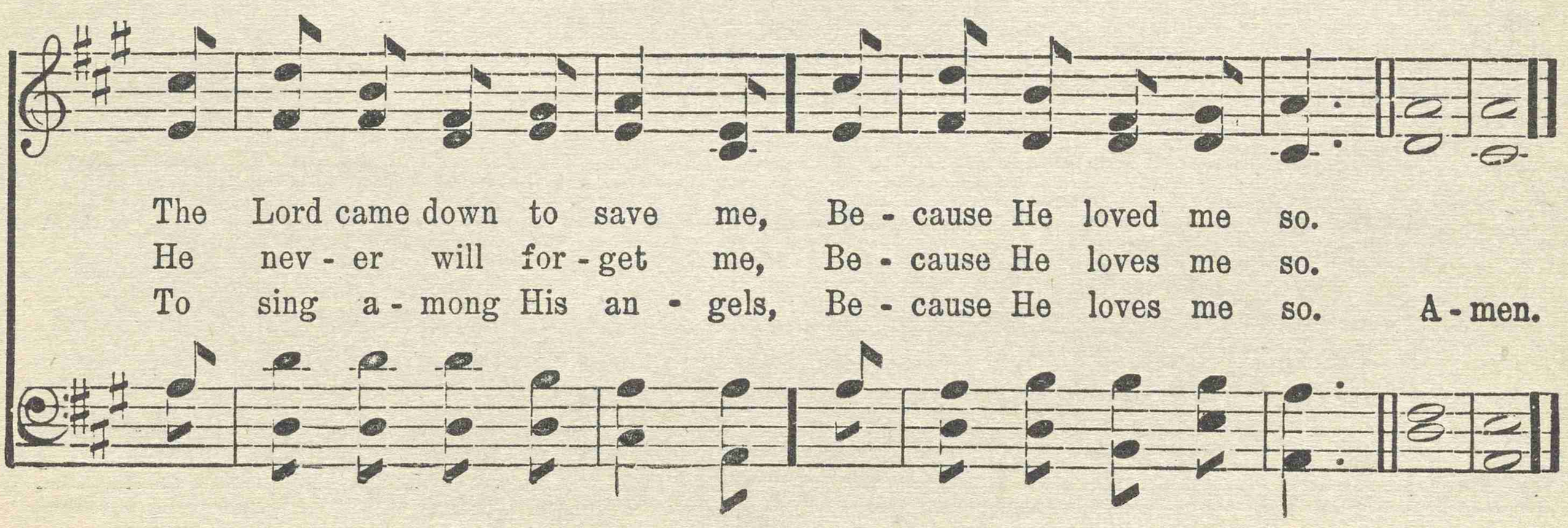
(Elementary.)

Emily Huntington Miller. 1867.

♩= 69. 1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Which an - gel voic - es tell,
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet - est songs I'll raise;

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
And though I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
For He has kind - ly prom - ised That e - ven I may go



The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so. A - men.

21 THOU DIDST LEAVE THY THRONE.

Emily E. S. Elliott. 1864. **Emanuel Schmauk.**

♩= 80. 1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy king-ly crown, When Thou cam-est to earth for me;
2. Heaven's arch - es rang, when the an - gel's sang, Pro - claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree;
3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds had their nest In the shade of the for - est tree;
4. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should set Thy peo - ple free;
5. When the heav'ns shall ring, and the an - gels sing; At Thy com - ing to vic - to - ry,

But in Bethlehem's home, there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
But in low - ly birth, Thou didst come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty.
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee.
But with mock - ing scorn, and with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry.
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee."

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Thy cross is my on - ly plea.
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com-est and call-est for me. A - men.

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22 AWAY IN A MANGER.

Martin Luther. **(Elementary.)** **C. Armand Miller.**

Slowly and smoothly.

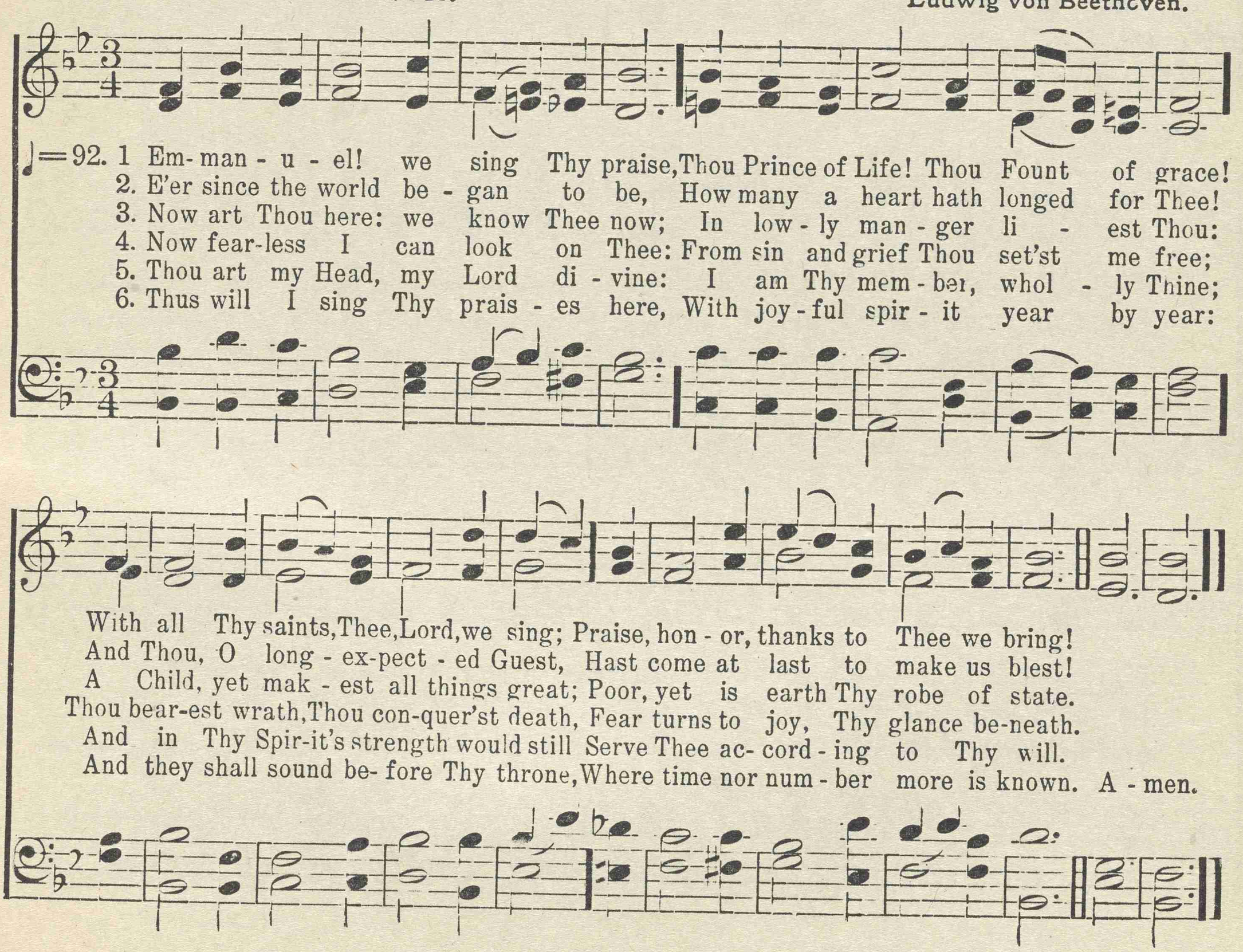
♩= 76. 1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord

AWAY IN A MANGER.—Concluded.

23 EMMANUEL! WE SING THY PRAISE.

Paul Gerhardt. 1653.
From Catherine Winkworth. Tr.

GERMANY. L. M.
Ludwig von Beethoven.



New Year.

24 WHILE WITH CEASELESS COURSE THE SUN.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.
Samuel Webbe. 1792.

John Newton. 1774.

♩= 100. 1. While with cease - less course the sun Hast - ed through the form - er year,
2. As the wing - ed ar - row flies Speed - i - ly, the mark to find;
3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive, Par - don of our sins re - new;

Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here;
As the light - ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind;
Teach us hence-forth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view.

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low,
Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rap - id stream:
Bless Thy Word to young and old, Fill us with a Sav - iour's love;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know.
Up - ward, Lord, our spir - its raise; All be - low is but a dream.
And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee a - bove. A - men.

25 ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1874. Arr. fr. Friedrich Freiherr von Flotow. 1835.

♩=72. 1. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be
2. An - oth - er year of mer - cies, Of faith - ful - ness and grace,
3. An - oth - er year of prog - ress, An - oth - er year of praise;
4. An - oth - er year of serv - ice, Of wit - ness for Thy love;
5. An - oth - er year is dawn - ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be

In work - ing or in wait - ing, An - oth - er year with Thee.
An - oth - er year of glad - ness In the shin - ing of Thy face.
An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy pres - ence "all the days."
An - oth - er year of train - ing For ho - lier work a - bove.
On earth, or else in heav - en, An - oth - er year for Thee! A - men.

26 GREAT GOD! WE SING THAT MIGHTY HAND.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. John Hatton. 1790.

♩=54. 1. Great God! we sing that might - y Hand, By which, sup-port - ed still, we stand:
2. By day, by night, at home, a - broad, Still we are guard-ed by our God;
3. With grateful hearts the past we own; The fu- ture, all to us un-known,
4. In scenes ex - alt - ed or de - press'd, Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;

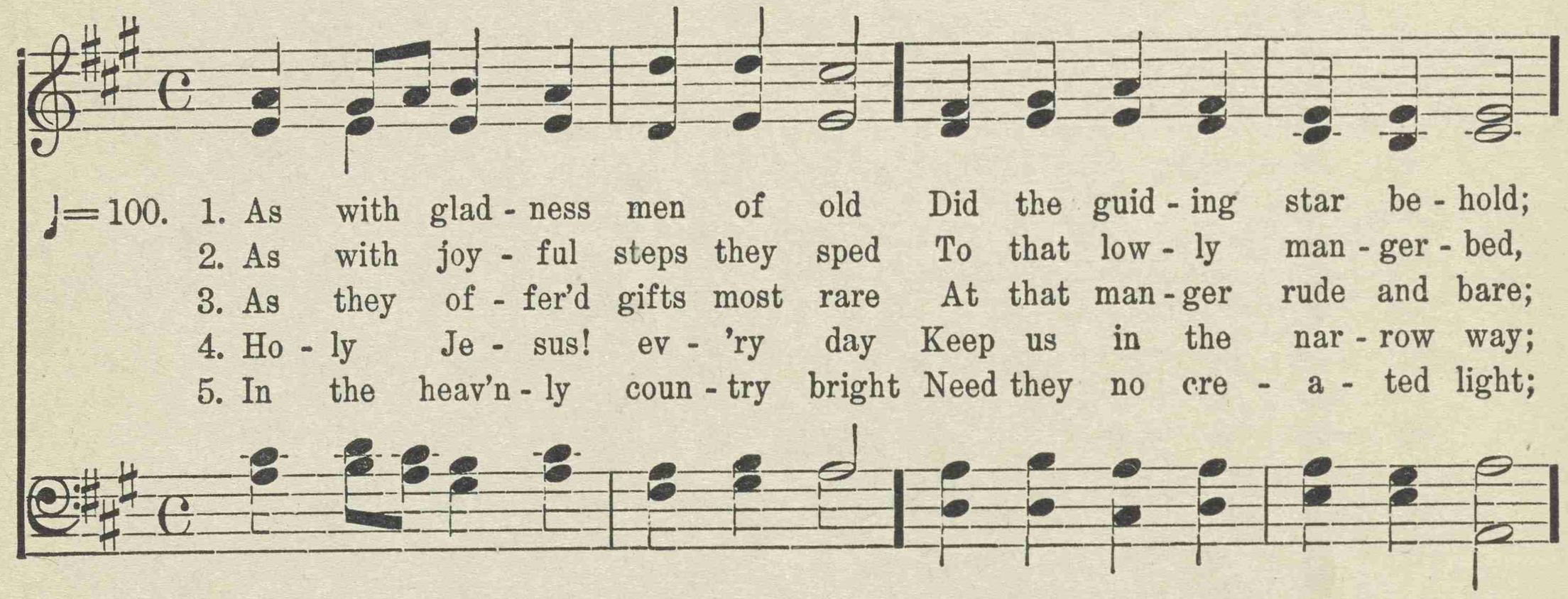
The op-'ning year Thy mer-cy shows; Let mer-cy crown it till it close.
By His in - ces - sant boun-ty fed; By His un - err - ing coun - sel led.
We to Thy guard-ian care com - mit, And, peaceful, leave be- fore Thy feet.
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, Ador'd thro' all our chang-ing days. A - men.

27

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

DIX. 7s. 6 lines.

William C. Dix. 1860. Adapted 1861, from Conrad Kocher's "Treuer Heiland," &c.



LIGHT OF THE WORLD, WE HAIL THEE.

7s. 6s. D.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1837.

J. G. Herzog.

♩=92. 1. Light of the world, we hail Thee Flush - ing the East - ern skies;
2. Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - 'ry heart,
3. Light of the world, be - fore Thee Our spir - its pros - trate fall;
4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine This dark - en'd land of Thine,

Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;
And glo - ri - fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, hum - blest part;
We wor-ship, we a - dore Thee, Thou Light, the life of all,
Till ev - 'ry - thing that's hu - man Be fill'd with what's di - vine;

Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore, Thy
Thou ro - best in Thy splen - dor The sim - ple ways of men, And
With Thee is no for - get - ting Of all Thine hand hath made; Thy
Till ev - 'ry tongue and na - - tion, From sin's do - min - ion free, Rise

light so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.
help - est them to ren - der Light back to Thee a - gain.
ris - ing hath no set - ting, Thy sun - shine hath no shade.
in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from Love and Thee. A - men.

29 BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING.

WESLEY.

Reginald Heber. 1811. Lowell Mason. 1830.

♩=100. 1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,
3. Say, shall we yield Him in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion,
5. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,

Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
O - dors of E - dom and of - f'rings di - vine,
Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure;
Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
Gems of the moun - tain and pearls of the o - cean,
Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,

Guide where our In - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.
Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
Guide where our In - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.

30

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

Sir Robert Grant. 1815.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.
Spanish melody arranged by Benjamin Carr. 1824.

♩=69. 1. Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend th' a - dor - ing knee;
2. By Thy help - less in - fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
3. By Thine hour of dire de - spair, By Thine ag - o - ny of pray'r;
4. By Thy deep ex - pir - ing groan; By the sad se - pul - chral stone;

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies, Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
By Thy days of sore dis - tress In the sav - age wil - der - ness;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pierc - ing spear, the tor - turing scorn;
By the vault whose dark a - bode Held in vain the ris - ing God;

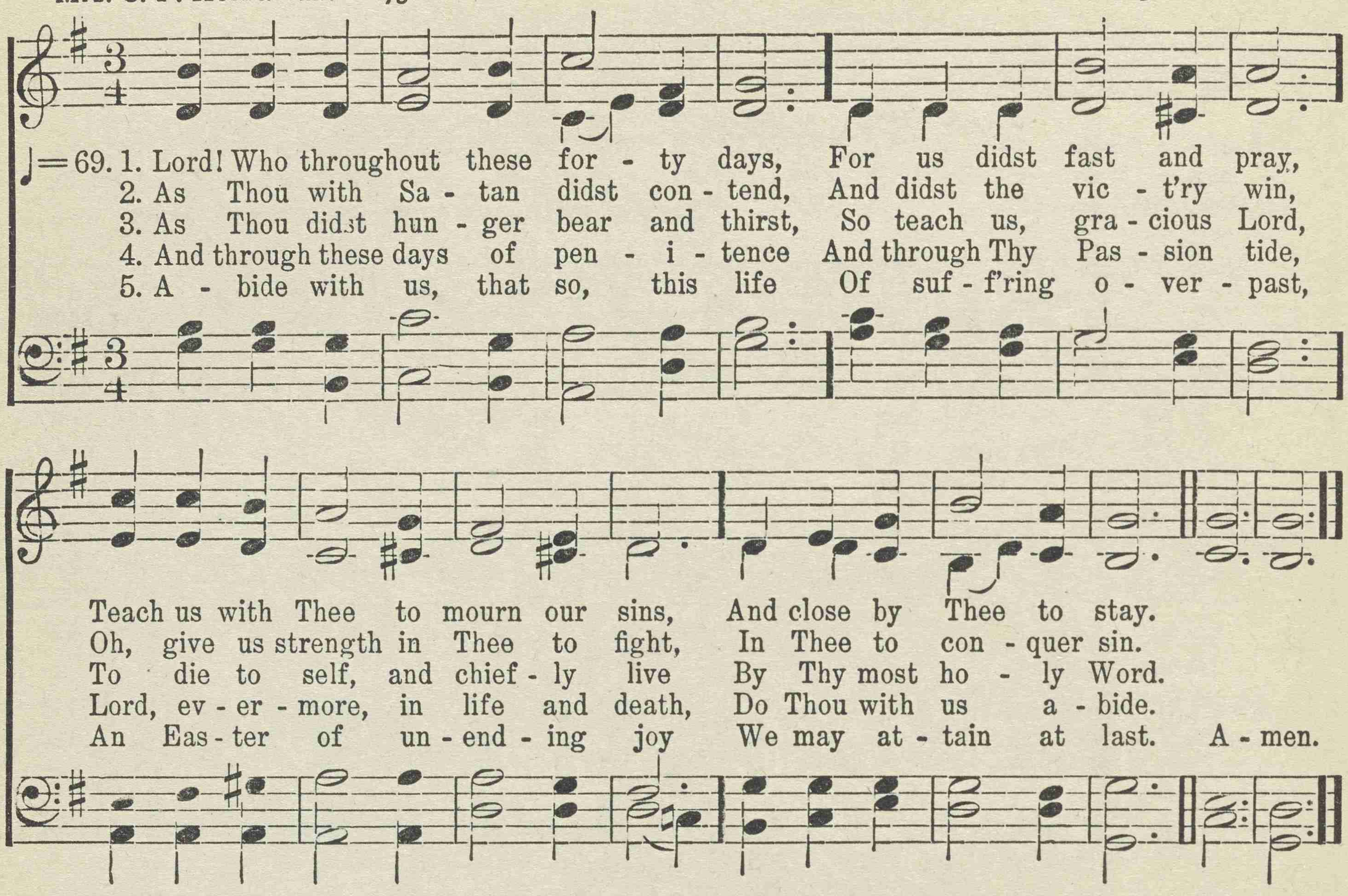
O, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,
By the dread mys - te - rious hour Of th'in - sult - ing tempt-er's pow'r;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - fice;
O, from earth to heav'n re - stor'd, Might - y re - as - cend - ed Lord,

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn Lit - a - ny!
Turn, O turn a fa - v'ring eye, Hear our sol - emn Lit - a - ny!
List - en to our hum - ble cry, Hear our sol - emn Lit - a - ny!
List - en, list - en to the cry Of our sol - emn Lit - a - ny! A - men.

31 LORD! WHO THROUGHOUT THESE FORTY DAYS.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

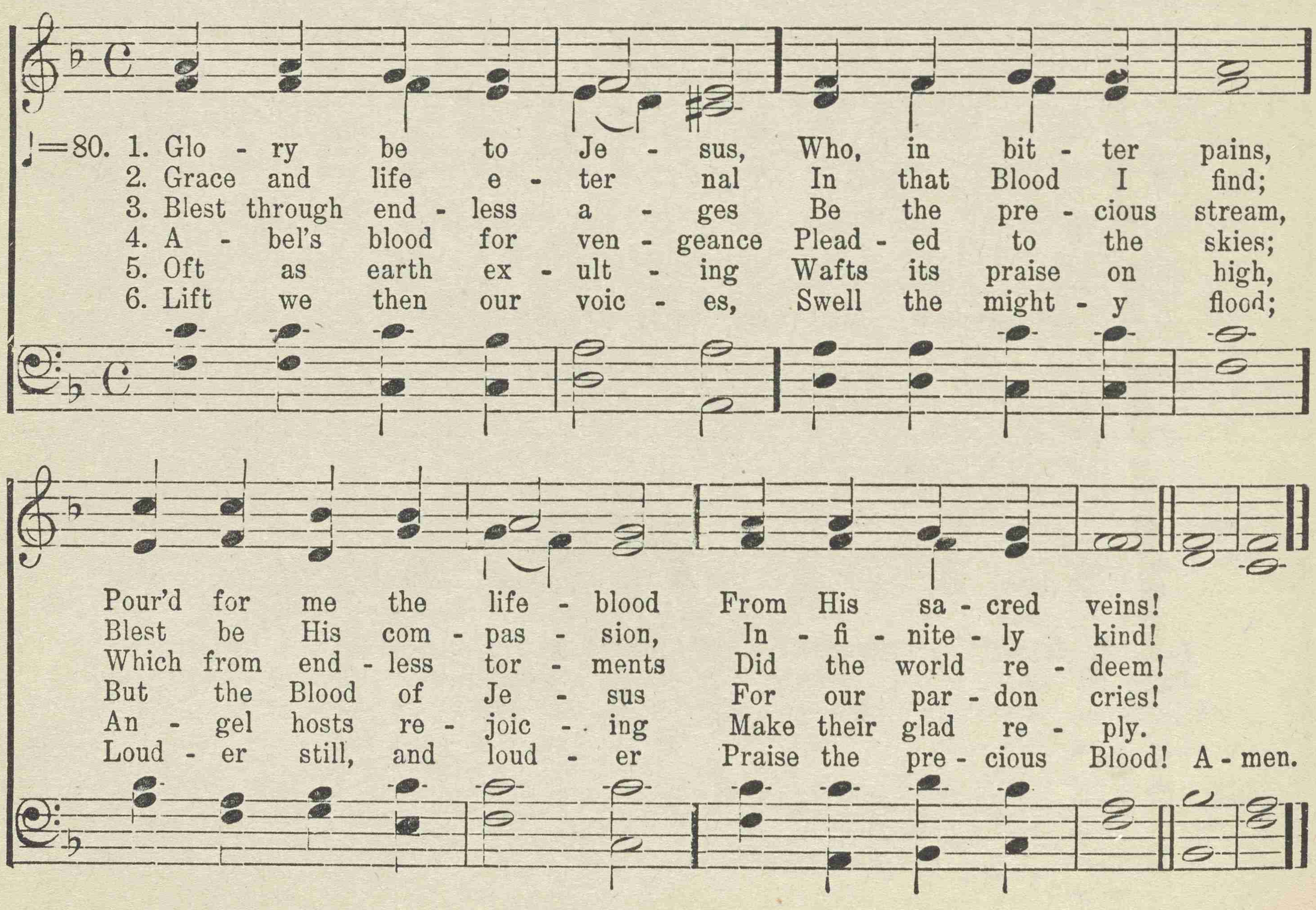
Mrs. C. F. Hernaman. 1873. J. B. Dykes.



32 GLORY BE TO JESUS.

CASWALL. 6s. 5s.

From the Italian, by E. Caswall. 1858. Fr. Filitz. 1847.



33

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

Horatius Bonar. 1845.

CRUCIFIX. 7s. 6s. D.
Greek Melody.

♩=76. 1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All full - ness dwells in Him,
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;

He bears them all, and frees us, From the ac - curs - ed load.
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'n - ly throng,

White, in His Blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song. A - men.

SWEET THE MOMENTS RICH IN BLESSING.

James Allen. 1757.
Walter Shirley. 1770.

RIPLEY. 8s. 7s. D.
Gregorian.

♩=112. 1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the Cross I spend,
2. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore His Cross to lie,
3. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'd bathe;

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
While I see Di - vine com - pas - sion Beam - ing in His gra - cious eye.
Con - stant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing through His death.

Here I'd rest, for - ev - er view - ing Mer - cy poured in streams of blood;
Here it is I find my heav - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze;
Lord, in cease - less con - tem - pla - tion Fix my thank - ful heart on Thee,

Pre-cious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
Love I much? I've much for-giv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And Thine un-veiled glo - ry see. A - men.

35

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

(First Tune.)

VICARIA. L. M.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

J. R. Fairlamb. 1864.

♩=44. 1. When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of nat - ure mine, That were a trib - ute far too small.

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His Blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A - men.

36

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

(Second Tune.)

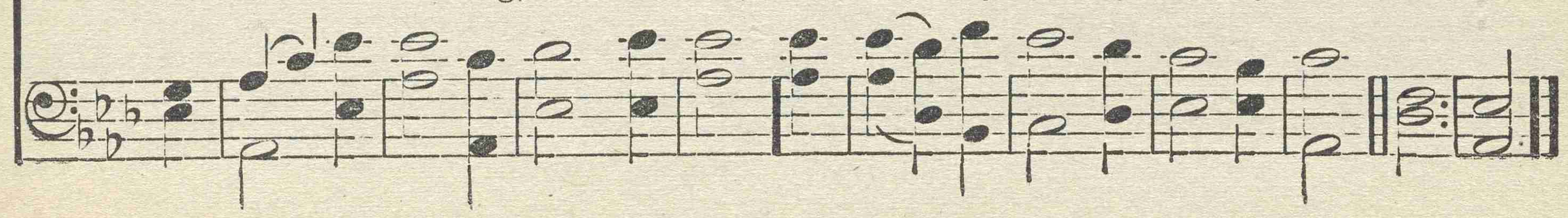
LOUVAN. L. M.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

Virgil C. Taylor. 1849.

♩=72. 1. When I sur - vey the won-drous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of nat - ure mine, That were a trib - ute far too small.

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His Blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all. A - men.



37 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

AVON. C. M.
Hugh Wilson. 1768.

♩= 69. 1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear Cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred Head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And Love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ the might- y Ma - ker died For man the crea-ture's sin!
Dis - solve my heart in thank- ful - ness, And melt my eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way: 'Tis all that I can do. A - men.

38 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

RATHBUN. 8s. 7s.
Ithamar Conkey. 1851.

♩= 84. 1. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam- ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless- ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the Cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the Cross for- sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the Cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus- tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - men.

Palm Sunday.

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39 ONCE WAS HEARD THE SONG OF CHILDREN

Howard Kingsbury. 1850.

CORONAE. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.
William H. Monk.

♩ = 108. 1. Once was heard the song of chil - dren By the Sav - iour when on earth;
2. Palms of vic - t'ry strewn a - round Him, Gar - ments spread be - neath His feet,
3. Bless - ed Sav - iour, now tri - um - phant, Glo - ri - fied and throned on high,
4. God o'er all in heav - en reign - ing, We this day Thy glo - ry sing;

Joy - ful in the sa - cred tem - ple Shouts of youth - ful praise had birth,
Proph - et of the Lord they crowned Him, In fair Sa - lem's crowd - ed street,
Mor - tal lays, from man or in - fant, Vain to tell Thy praise es - say;
Not with palms Thy path - way strew - ing, We would loft - ier trib - ute bring,—

And Ho - san - nas Loud to Da - vid's Son broke forth.
While Ho - san - nas From the lips of chil - dren greet.
But Ho - san - nas Swell the cho - rus of the sky.
Glad Ho - san - nas To our Proph - et, Priest, and King. A - men.

WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

PALM SUNDAY.

J. A. Peter Schultz, d. 1800.
Adap. by H. R. Krauth.

John King. 1830.

♩= 112. 1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne, And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na ren - der The trib - ute of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der,

2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His Love for chil - dren still, Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill: We'll flock a - round His si - lence sham - ing, Might well ho - san - na raise. But shall we on - ly

3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem-er's praise, The stones, our

May be sung after each verse.

And smil'd to hear their song.
To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, To Da - vid's roy - al Son,

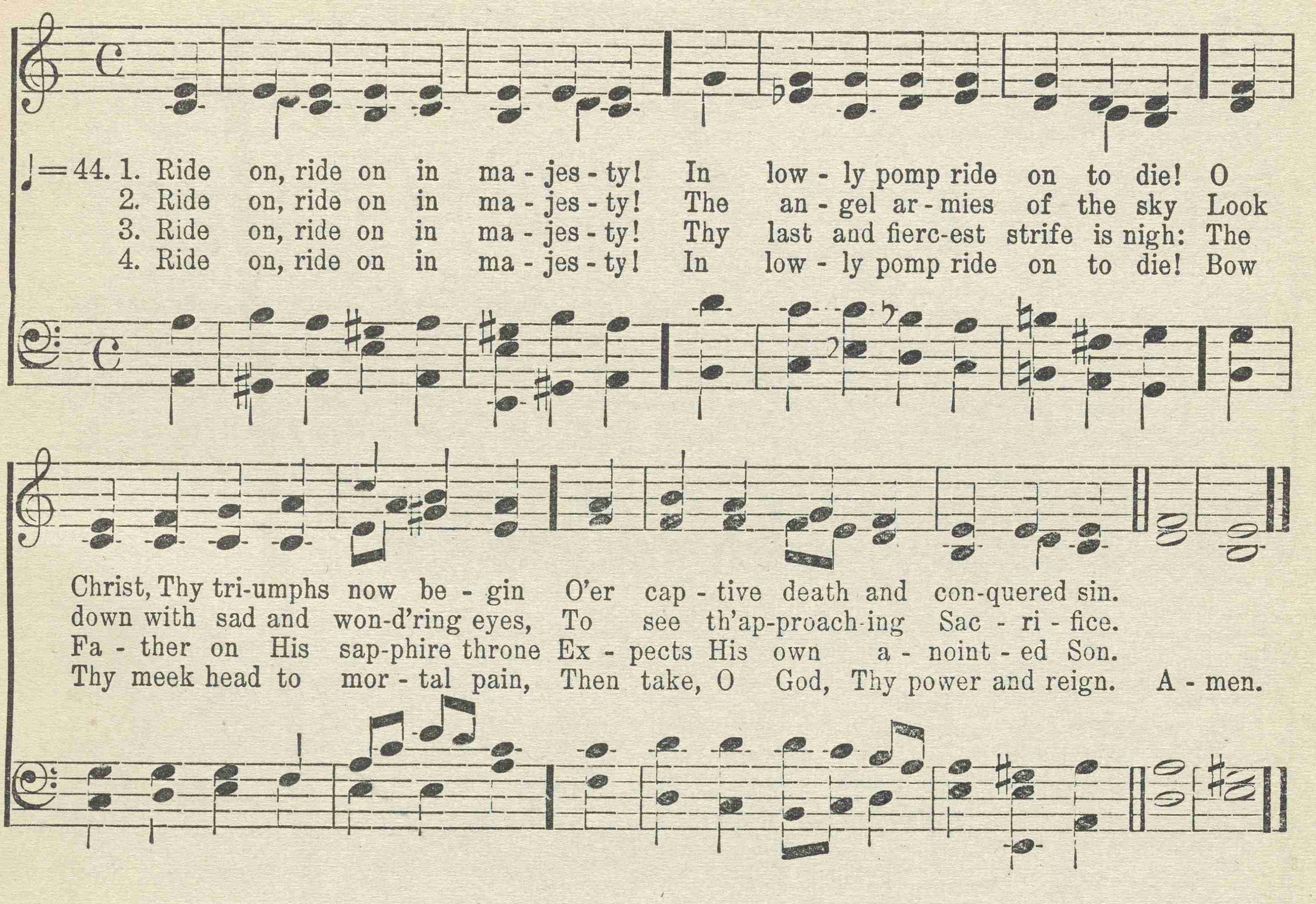
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - - na. A - men.

41 RIDE ON, RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

(First Tune.)

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

VIA PASSIONIS. L. M.
C. Armand Miller. 1908.

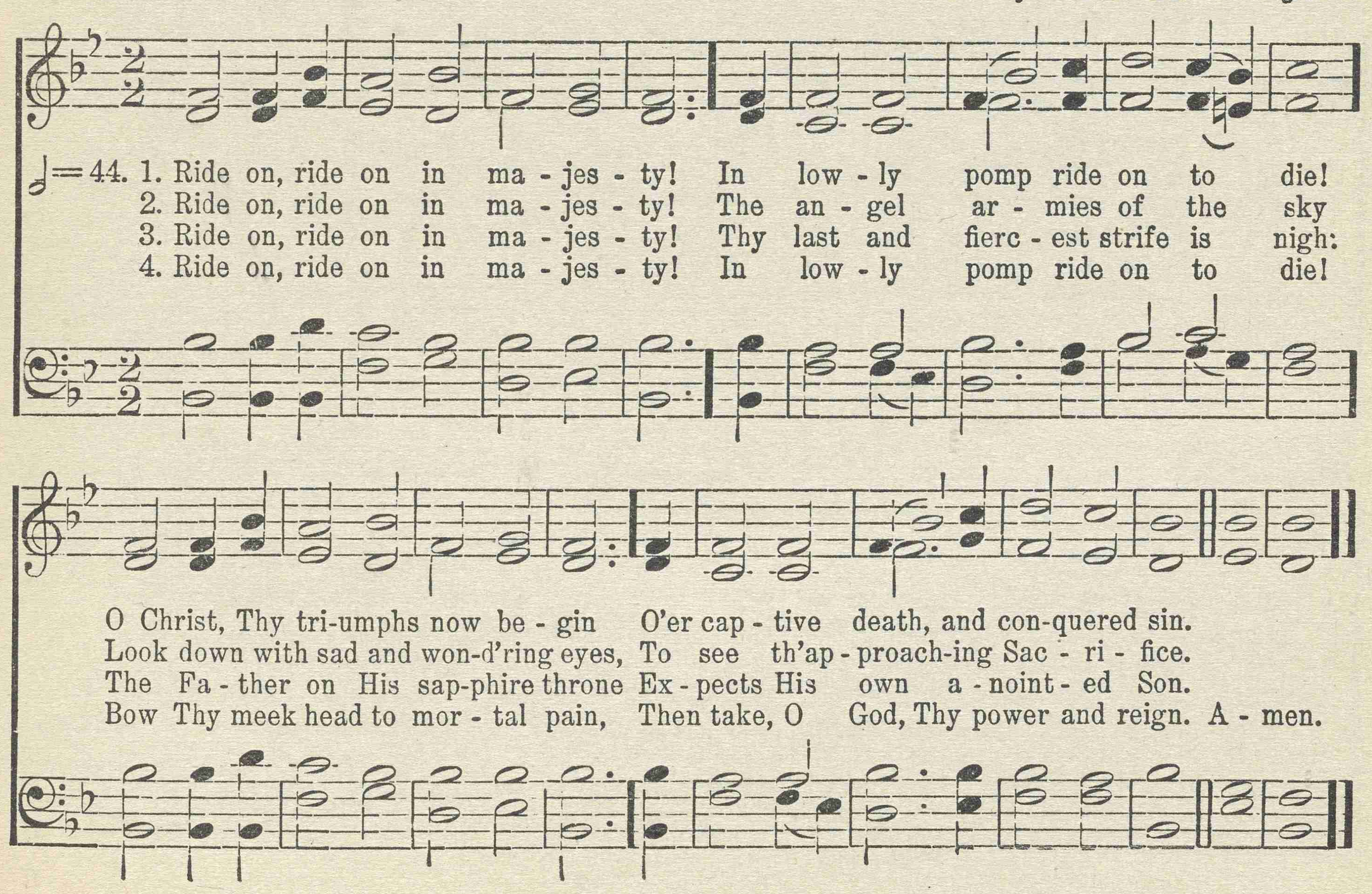


42 RIDE ON, RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

(Second Tune.)

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

WARD. L. M.
Scottish Melody.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1830.



Holy Week.

43 O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED.

Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1153.
Paul Gerhardt. 1653.
James Waddell Alexander. 1830. a.

(First Tune.)

PASSION CHORALE. 7s. 6s. D.
Hans Leo Hassler. 1601.

♩ = 56. 1. O sa - cred Head now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
2. How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
3. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place!
4. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
5. For - bid that I should leave Thee; O Je - sus, leave not me;

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown!
How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end!
In faith may I re - ceive Thee, When death shall set me free.

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered, Was all for sin - ners' gain;
Re - ceive me, my Re - deem - er; My Shep - herd, make me Thine!
O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,
When strength and com - fort lan - guish, And I must hence de - part,

Yet, though de - spis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
Of ev - 'ry good the Foun - tain, Thou art the Spring of mine.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love to Thee.
Re - lease me then from an - guish By Thine own wound - ed heart. A - men.

O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED.

Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1153.
Paul Gerhardt. 1653.
James Waddell Alexander. 1830. a.

(Second Tune.)

ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7s. 6s. D.
F. C. Maker. 1889.

♩=63. 1. O sa - cred Head now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
2. How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
3. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place!
4. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
5. For - bid that I should leave Thee; O Je - sus, leave not me;

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown!
How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end!
In faith may I re - ceive Thee, When death shall set me free.

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd, Was all for sin - ners' gain;
Re - ceive me, my Re - deem - er; My Shep - herd, make me Thine!
O make me Thine for - ev - er, And should I faint - ing be,
When strength and com - fort lan - guish, And I must hence de - part,

Yet, though de - spis'd and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
Of ev - 'ry good the Fount - ain, Thou art the Spring of mine.
Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love to Thee.
Re - lease me then from an - guish By Thine own wound - ed heart. A - men.

45 THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

C. F. Alexander. 1848. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slow.

♪ = 84. 1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough, To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;
And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do. A - men.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

James Montgomery. 1834.

PENITENCE. 6s. 5s. D.
Spencer Lane. 1879.

♩= 76. 1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
2. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
3. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;
Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;
When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call,
Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;
On Thy truth re - ly - ing Through that mor - tal strife,

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life. A - men.

47 GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE.

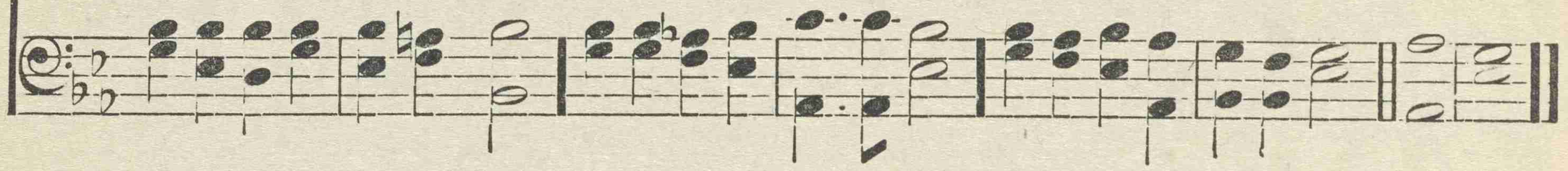
GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.

James Montgomery. 1822-25.

Richard Redhead. 1853.

♩= 69. 1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the temp-ter's pow'r Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see;
2. Fol - low to the judg-ment-hall, View the Lord of life ar-raign'd · O the worm-wood and the gall!
3. Cal v'ry's mournful mountain climb: There, a-dor ing at His feet, Mark that mir - a - cle of time,
4. Ear - ly hast - en to the tomb, Where they laid His breathless clay; All is sol - i - tude and gloom;

Watch with Him one bit-ter hour; Turn not from His griefs a-way; Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.
O the pangs His soul sus-tain'd! Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.
God's own Sac ri fice com-plete: "It is fin-ish'd," hear Him cry: Learn of Je sus Christ to die.
Who hath ta-ken Him a - way? Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes: Sav-iour, teach us so to rise. A - men.

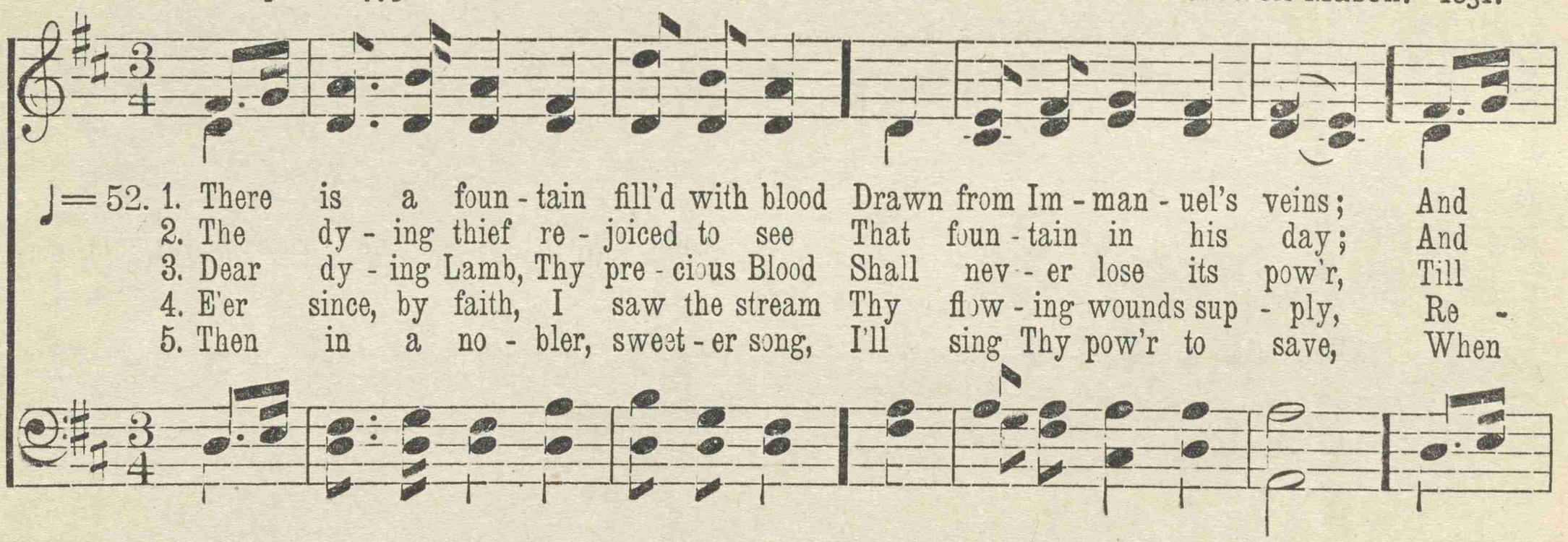


48 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

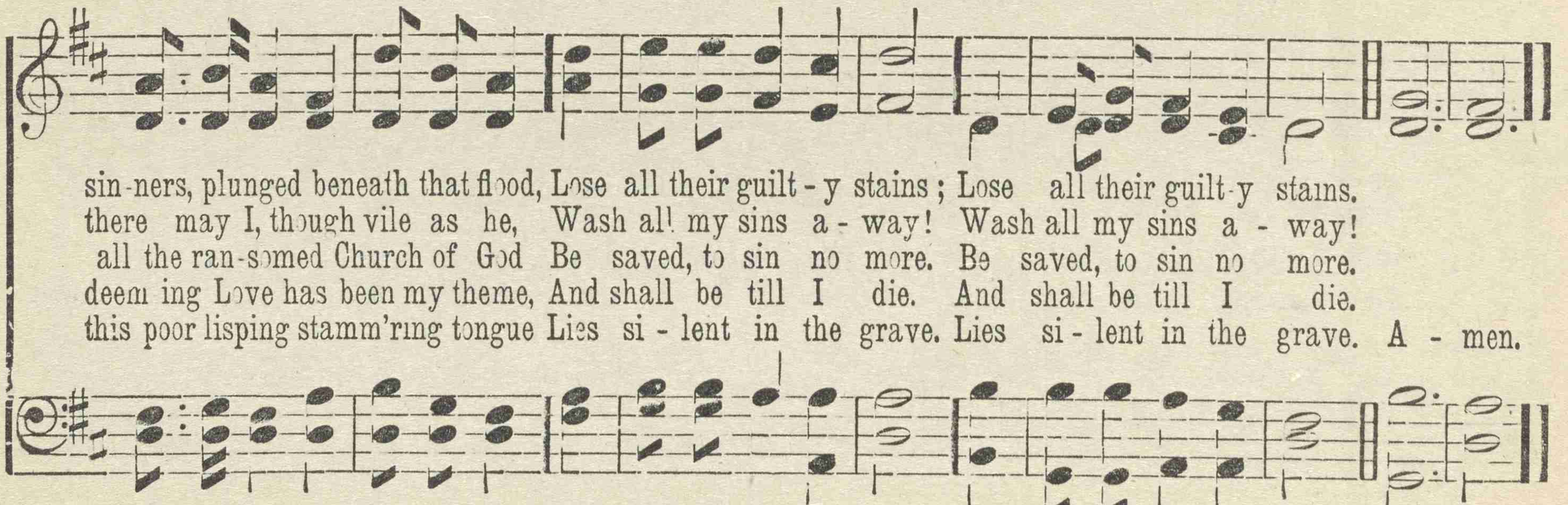
COWPER. C. M.

William Cowper. 1779.

Lowell Mason. 1831.



♩= 52. 1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins; And
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day; And
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious Blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re -
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When



sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains; Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way! Wash all my sins a - way!
all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more. Be saved, to sin no more.
deem ing Love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. And shall be till I die.
this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. Lies si - lent in the grave. A - men.

Easter.

49 HOW CALM AND BEAUTIFUL THE MORN.

Thomas Hastings. 1842.

HASTINGS. C. P. M.
Thomas Hastings, 1830.

♩. = 48. 1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - 'ry tear For your de - part - ed
3. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap -
4. And when the shades of eve - ning fall, When life's last hour draws

tomb, Where Christ the cru - ci - fied was borne, And
Lord, "Be - hold the place, He is not here!" The
pears, A ris - en Lord, to chase a - way Your
nigh, If Je - sus shines up - on the soul, How

veiled in mid - night gloom! O weep no more the Sav - iour slain,
tomb is all un - barred: The gates of death were closed in vain,
un - be - liev - ing fears: O weep no more your com - forts slain,
bliss - ful then to die! Since He hath risen that once was slain,

The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.
The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.
The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.
Ye die in Christ to live a - gain. A - men.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION!

John of Damascus. ab. 760.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862. a.

TOURS. 7s. 6s. D.
Berthold Tours.

♩=112. 1. The day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad!
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right
3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful! Let earth her song be - gin!

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!
The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of res - ur - rec - tion light:
Let all the world keep tri - umph, And all that is there - in:

From death to Life e - ter - nal From earth un - to the sky,
And list'n - ing to His ac - cents, May hear, so calm and plain,
In grate - ful ex - ul - ta - tion Their notes let all things blend,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry.
His own "All hail!"— and, hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our joy that hath no end. A - men.

51 CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Charles Wesley. 1740. (First Tune.) WORGAN. From Lyra Davidica.

♩=80. 1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Hal - - le - lu - ia!
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Hal - - le - lu - ia!
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Hal - - le - lu - ia!
4. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Hal - - le - lu - ia!
5. Soar we now where Christ has led, Hal - - le - lu - ia!
6. Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! Hal - - le - lu - la!

Sons of men and an - gels say. Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Christ has burst the gates of hell! Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Fol'lw - ing our ex - alt - ed Head: Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n: Hal - - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Hal - - - - le - - lu - ia!
Lo! the Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Hal - - - - le - - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids His rise; Hal - - - - le - - lu - ia!
Dy - ing once, He all doth save; Hal - - - - le - - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Hal - - - - le - - lu - ia!
Thee we greet tri - um - phant now; Hal - - - - le - - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns and earth re - ply. Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Lo! He sets in blood no more. Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Christ hath o - pen'd Par - a - dise. Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Where thy vic - to - ry, O Grave? Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies! Hal - - - le - lu - ia!
Hail, the Res - ur - rec - tion Thou! Hal - - - le - lu - ia! A - men.

52

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

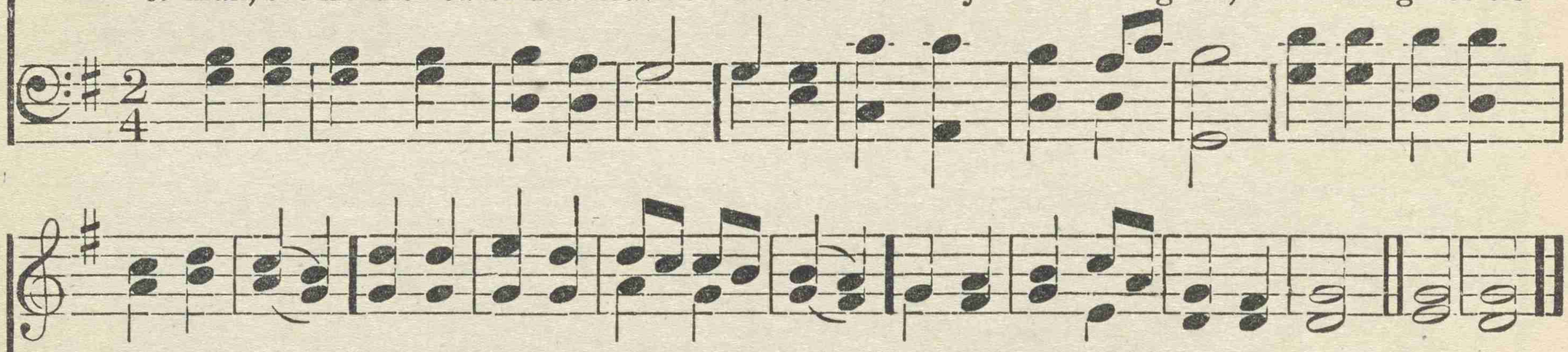
(Second Tune.)

HENDON. 7s.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

Rev. H. A. Caesar Malan. 1827.

♩=88. 1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say, Raise your joys and
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Lo! the Sun's e -
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Death in vain for -
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King; Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Dy - ing once, He
5. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Foll'wing our ex - alt - ed Head: Made like Him, like
6. Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n! Praise to Thee by both be giv'n; Thee we greet tri -



tri - umphs high; Sing ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Sing ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.
clipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more. Lo! He sets in blood no more.
bids His rise; Christ hath o-pen'd Par - a - dise. Christ hath o-pen'd Par - a - dise.
all doth save; Where thy vic-to - ry, O Grave? Where thy vic - to - ry, O Grave?
Him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies! Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
um - phant now; Hail, the Res - ur - rec - tion Thou! Hail, the Res - ur - rec - tion Thou! A - men.

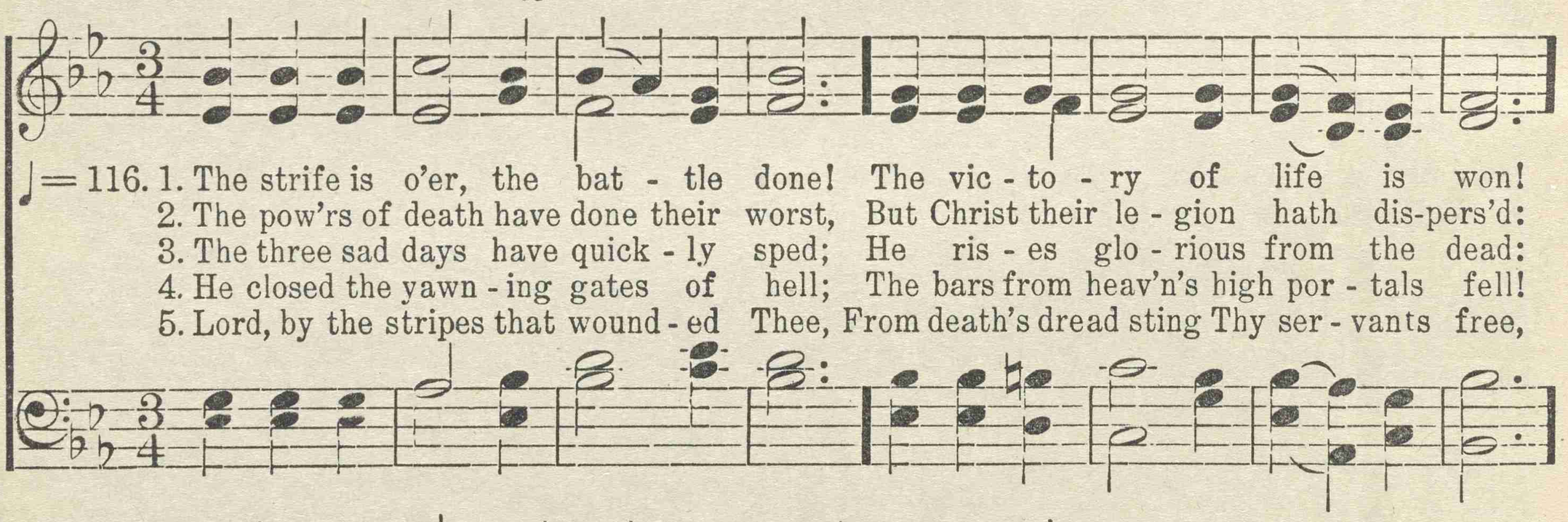
53

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE!

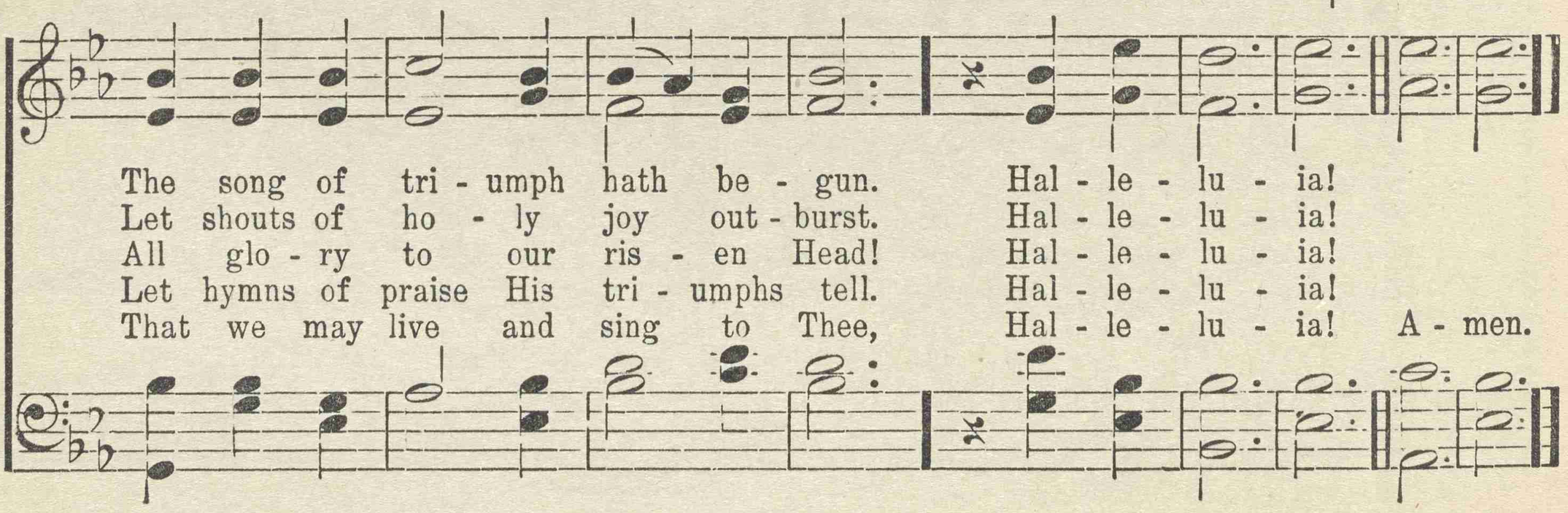
VICTORY. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Ancient Latin. Tr. F. Pott. 1859.

Palestrina.



♩=116. 1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done! The vic - to - ry of life is won!
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gion hath dis-pers'd:
3. The three sad days have quick - ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious from the dead:
4. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from heav'n's high por - tals fell!
5. Lord, by the stripes that wound - ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy ser - vants free,



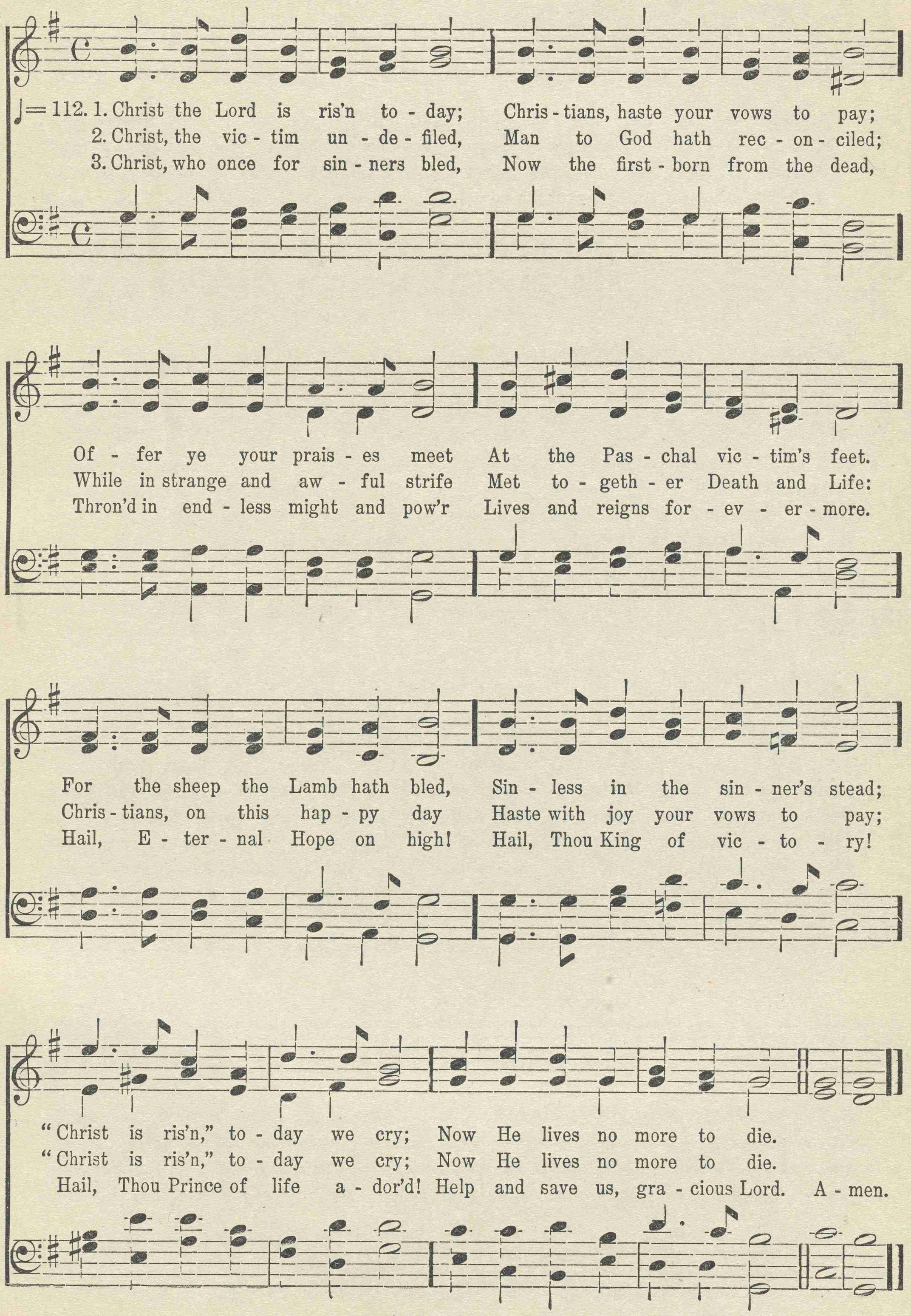
The song of tri - umph hath be - gun. Hal - le - lu - ia!
Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Hal - le - lu - ia!
All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Hal - le - lu - ia!
Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell. Hal - le - lu - ia!
That we may live and sing to Thee, Hal - le - lu - ia! A - men.

54

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Latin Sequence, Tr. by Jane E. Leeson. 1851.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR. 7s. D.
George J. Elvey. 1858.



55 CHRIST IS RISEN! HALLELUJAH!

John S. B. Monsell. 1863. F. C. Maker.

Unison. *Harmony.*

♩=116. 1. Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!
2. Christ is ris - en! all the sad - ness Of our Len - ten fast is o'er,
3. Christ is ris - en! all the sor - row That last ev'n - ing round Him lay,
4. Christ is ris - en! hence-forth nev - er Death nor hell shall us en - thrall,

Unison. *Harmony.*

Sing His prais - es! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead!
Through the o - pen gates of glad - ness He re - turns to life once more!
Now hath found a glo - rious mor - row In the ris - ing of to - day;
Be we Christ's, in Him for ev - er We have tri - umph'd o - ver all;

Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears,
Death and hell be - fore Him bend - ing, He doth rise the Vic - tor now,
And the grave its first fruits giv - eth, Spring - ing up from ho - ly ground,
All the doubt - ing and de - jec - tion Of our trem-bling hearts have ceas'd,

rit.

Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing, Glo - ry round His wound-ed brow:
He was dead, but now He liv - eth, He was lost, but He is found:
'Tis His day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Let us rise and keep the Feast:

CHRIST IS RISEN! HALLELUJAH!—Concluded.

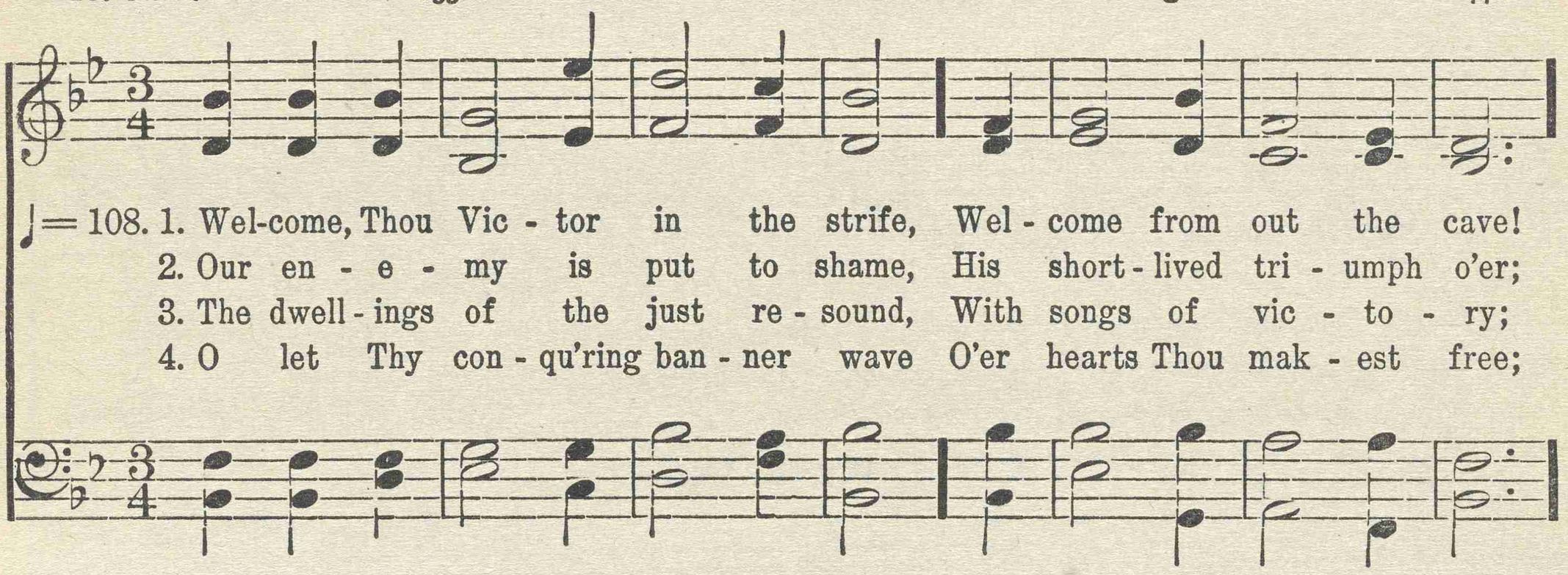
CHORUS. *Unison.* *Harmony.*

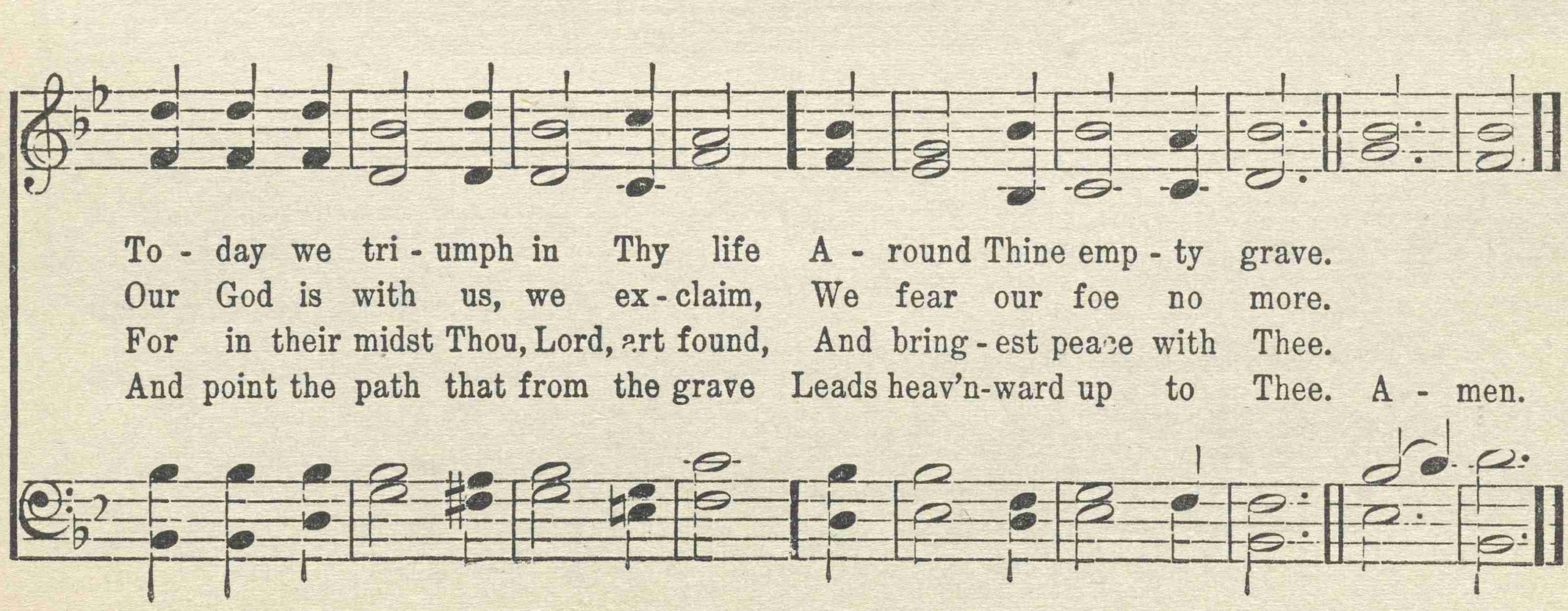
Unison. *Harmony.*

56 WELCOME, THOU VICTOR IN THE STRIFE.

Benjamin Schmolk. 1712.
Tr. Cath. Winkworth. 1855.

STADE. C. M.
Sigmund C. Stade. 1644.





GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGELS.

♩= 126. 1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bring - ing joy - ful ti - dings
2. In the dread - ful des - ert, where the Lord was tried, There the faith - ful an - gels
3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still, Who, in light and dark-ness,
4. Fa - ther, send Thine an - gels un - to us, we pray; Leave us not to wan - der,

Trebles.

to the sons of men. They who first at Christ - mas, throng'd the heav-'n-ly way,
gath - er'd at His side. And when in the gar - den, grief and pain and care
did His Fa - ther's will. And the tomb de - sert - ed shin - eth like the sky,
all a - long our way, Let them guard and guide us, where - so - e'er we be,

CHORUS.

Now be - side the tomb-door sit on East - er day.
Bow'd Him down with an - guish, they were with Him there.
Since He pass'd out from it in - to vic - to - ry.
Till our res - ur - rec - tion brings us home to Thee.

f An - gels, sing His tri - umph,

Slower.

p

as you sang His birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," "Peace, good-will on earth." A - men.

THE WORLD ITSELF KEEPS EASTER DAY.

Emanuel Schmauk.

♩=104. 1. The world it - self keeps East - er Day, And East - er larks are sing - ing;
2. There stood three Ma - rys by the tomb, On East - er morn - ing ear - ly,
3. But ear - lier still the an - gel sped, The news of com - fort giv - ing;
4. The world it - self keeps East - er Day, And East - er larks are sing - ing;

And East - er flow'rs are bloom - ing gay, And East - er buds are spring - ing.
When day had scarce - ly chased the gloom, And dew was white and pearl - y.
And "Why," he said, "a - mong the dead, Thus seek ye for the Liv - ing?"
And East - er flow'rs are bloom - ing gay, And East - er buds are spring - ing.

The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are liv - ing too:
With lov - ing, but with err - ing mind, They come, the Prince of Life to find:
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest; Tell Pe - ter first, and then the rest."
The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are liv - ing too:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - - - ia! A - men.

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59 TO HIM WHO FOR OUR SINS WAS SLAIN.

Arthur T. Russell. 1851

Emanuel Schmauk.

♩=104. 1. To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His dy - ing pain,..
2. To Him the Lamb our sac - ri - fice, Who gave His soul our ran - som price,..
3. To Him Who died that we might die To sin, and live with Him on high...
4. To Him Who rose that we might rise And reign with Him be - yond the skies..
5. To Him Who now for us doth plead, And help - eth us in all our need..
6. To Him Who doth pre - pare on high Our home in im - mor - tal - i - ty,....
7. To Him Whom Heav'n's bright hosts a - dore, And give all glo - ry ev - er - more..
8. While tongues can speak and a - ges run, To God th'E - ter - nal Three in One,..

cresc.

.....1.–8. Sing we Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

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60 YE HAPPY BELLS OF EASTER DAY.

Organ.

♩=126. 1. Ye hap - py bells of Eas - ter - Day!
2. Ye glo - ry - bells of Eas - ter - Day!
3. Ye mer - cy - bells of Eas - ter - Day!
4. Ye vic - tor - bells of Eas - ter - Day!

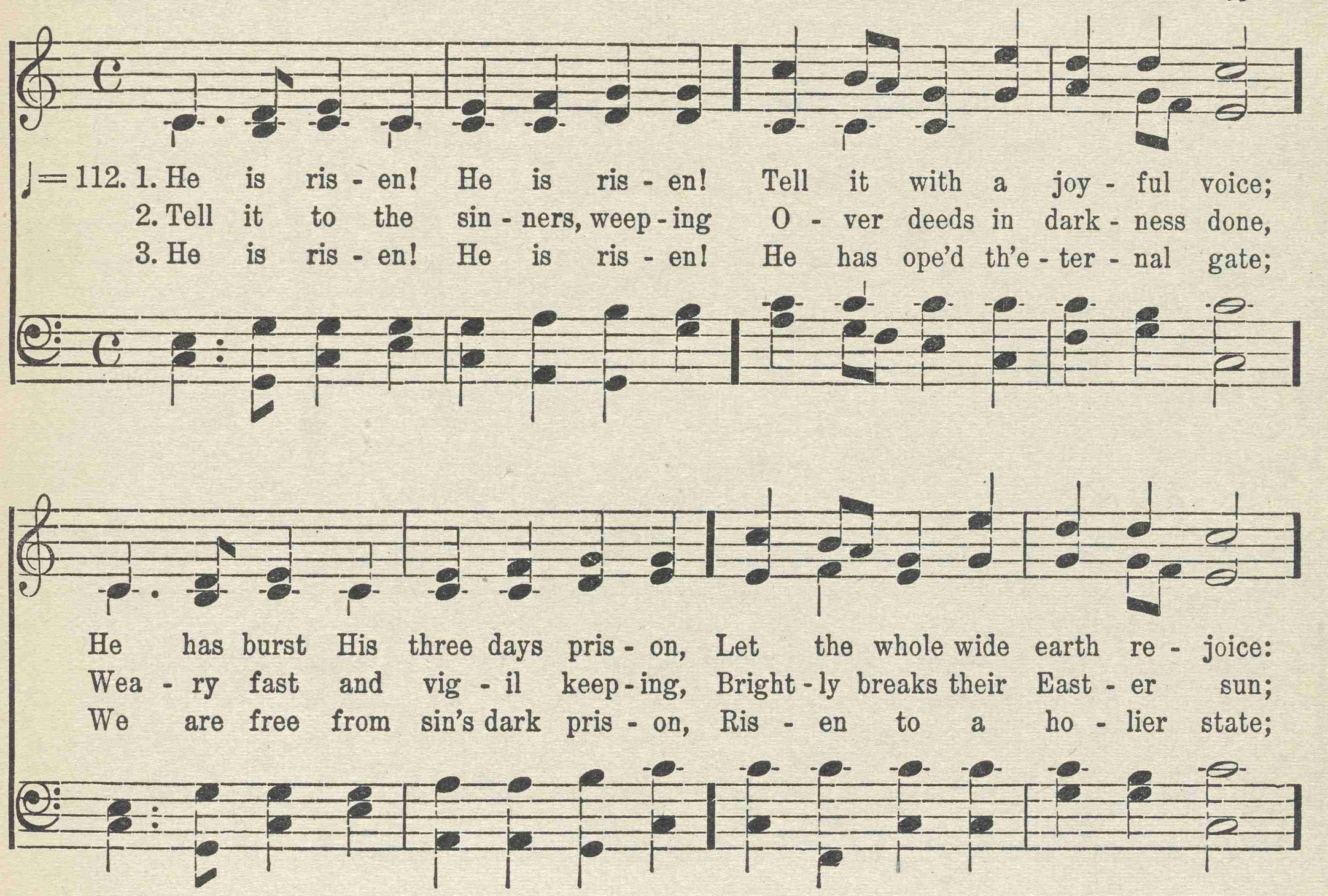
Ring, ring your joy Thro' earth and sky, Ye ring a glo - rious word.
The hills that rise A - gainst the skies, Re - ech - o with the word—
His ten - der side Was riv - en wide, Where floods of mer - cy poured:
The thorn - y crown He lay - eth down: Ring! ring! with strong ac - cord—

YE HAPPY BELLS OF EASTER DAY.—Concluded.

61

HE IS RISEN! HE IS RISEN!

NEANDER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.
Joachim Neander. 1679.



Ascension.

62 A HYMN OF GLORY LET US SING.

Venerable Bede. d. 735.
Tr. Elizabeth Rundell Charles. 1858.

PARK STREET. L. M.
F. M. A. Venua. 1788.

♩=100. 1. A hymn of glo - ry let us sing; New hymns through-
2. May our af - fec - tions thith - er tend, And thith - er
3. Be Thou our pres - ent Joy, O Lord, Who wilt be

out the world shall ring; By a new way none
con - stant - ly as - cend, Where, seat - ed on the
ev - er our Re - ward: And as the count - less

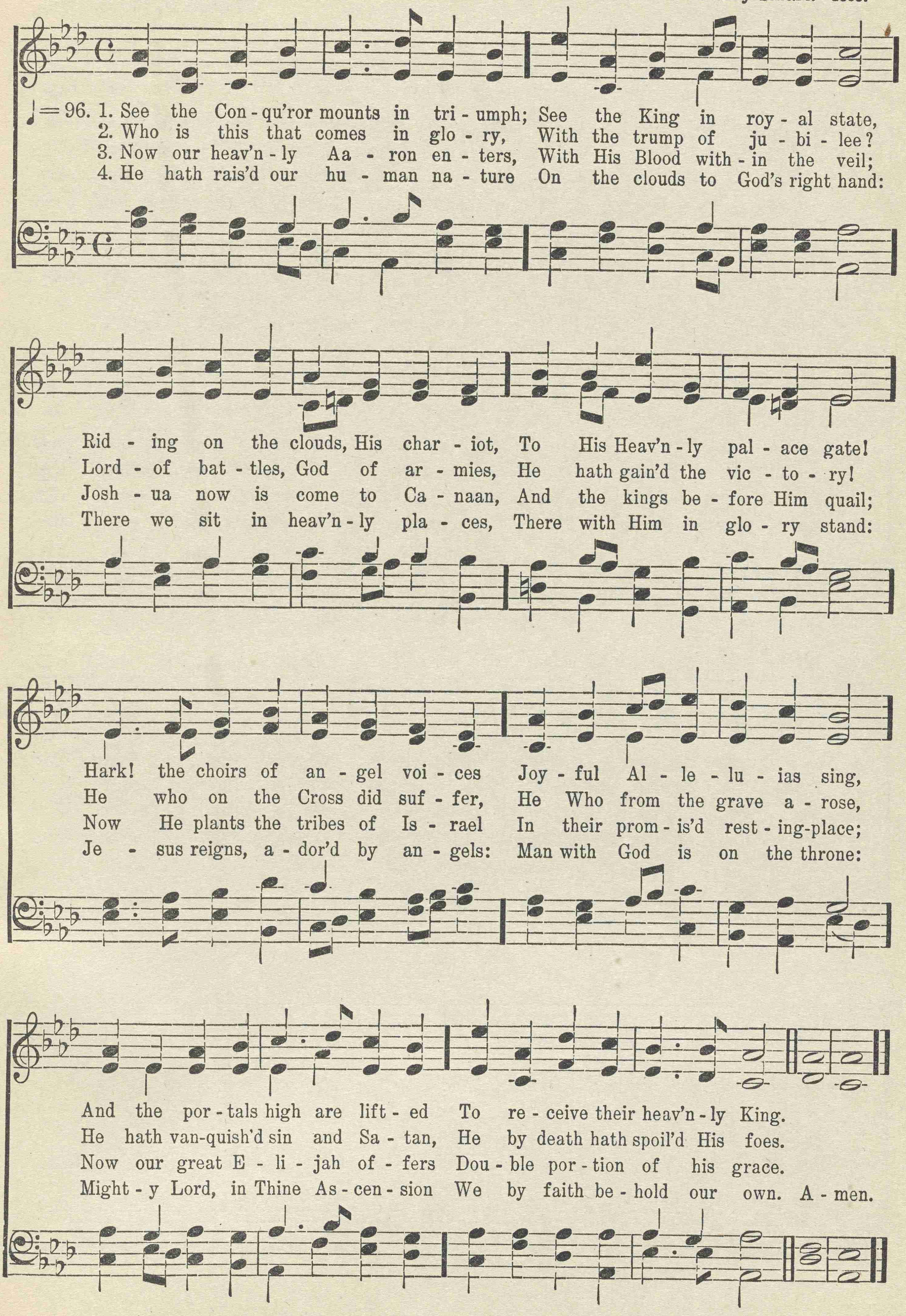
ev - er trod, Christ mount - eth to the throne of God,
Fa - ther's throne, Thee, reign - ing in the heav'ns, we own!
a - ges flee, May all our glo - ry be in Thee!

Christ mount - eth to the throne of God.
Thee reign - ing in the heav'ns we own!
May all our glo - ry be in Thee! A - men.

SEE THE CONQUEROR MOUNTS IN TRIUMPH.

Christopher Wordsworth. 1862.

REX GLORIAE. 8s. 7s. D.
Henry Smart. 1868.



LOOK, YE SAINTS! THE SIGHT IS GLORIOUS.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

CORONAE. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
William H. Monk. 1871.

♩= 100. 1. Look, ye saints! the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of
2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels crown Him; Rich the tro - phies
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown'd Him, Mock - ing thus the
4. Hark! those bursts of ac - clam - a - tion; Hark! those loud tri -

sor - rows now; From the fight re - turn'd vic - to - rious,
Je - sus brings; On the seat of pow'r en - throne Him,
Sav - iour's claim; Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him,
um - phant chords, Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion;

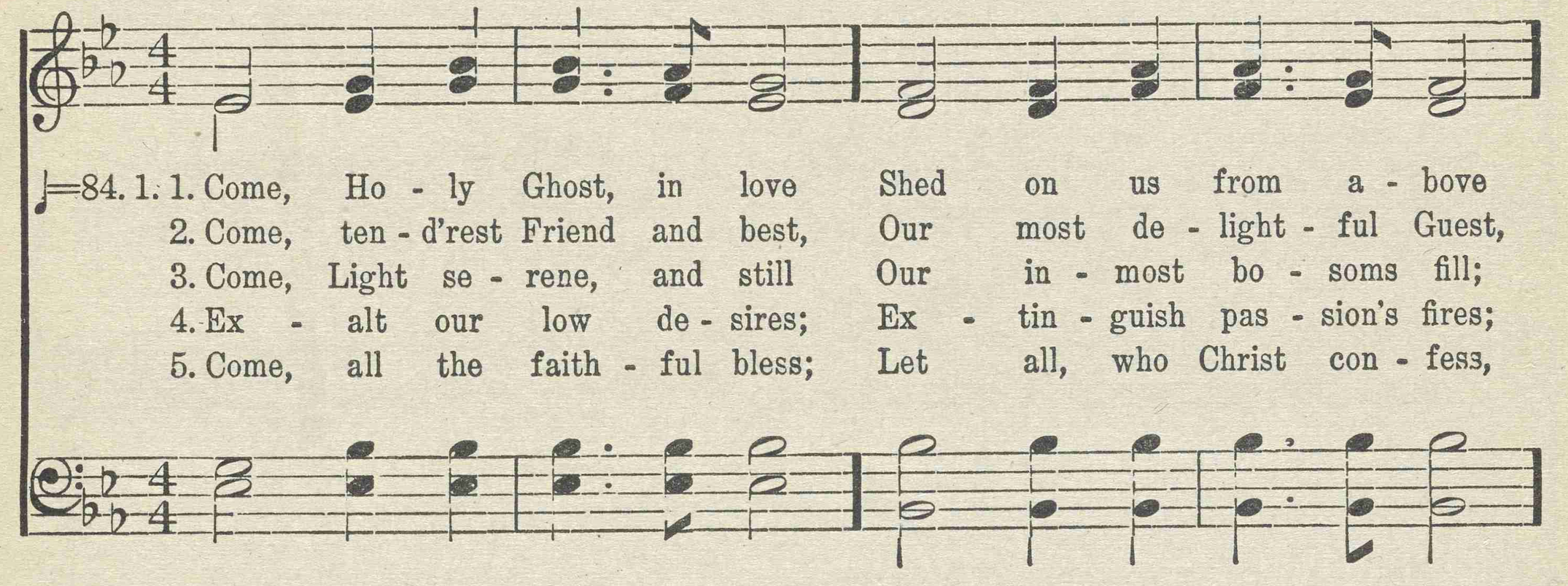
Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow: Crown Him! Crown Him!
While the vault of heav - en rings; Crown Him! Crown Him!
Own His ti - tle, praise His name; Crown Him! Crown Him!
O what joy the sight af - fords! Crown Him! Crown Him!

Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.
Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame.
King of kings, and Lord of lords. A - men.

65 COME, HOLY GHOST, IN LOVE.

Sequence of XII Cent.
Tr. Ray Palmer. 1858.

OLIVET. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Lowell Mason. 1831.



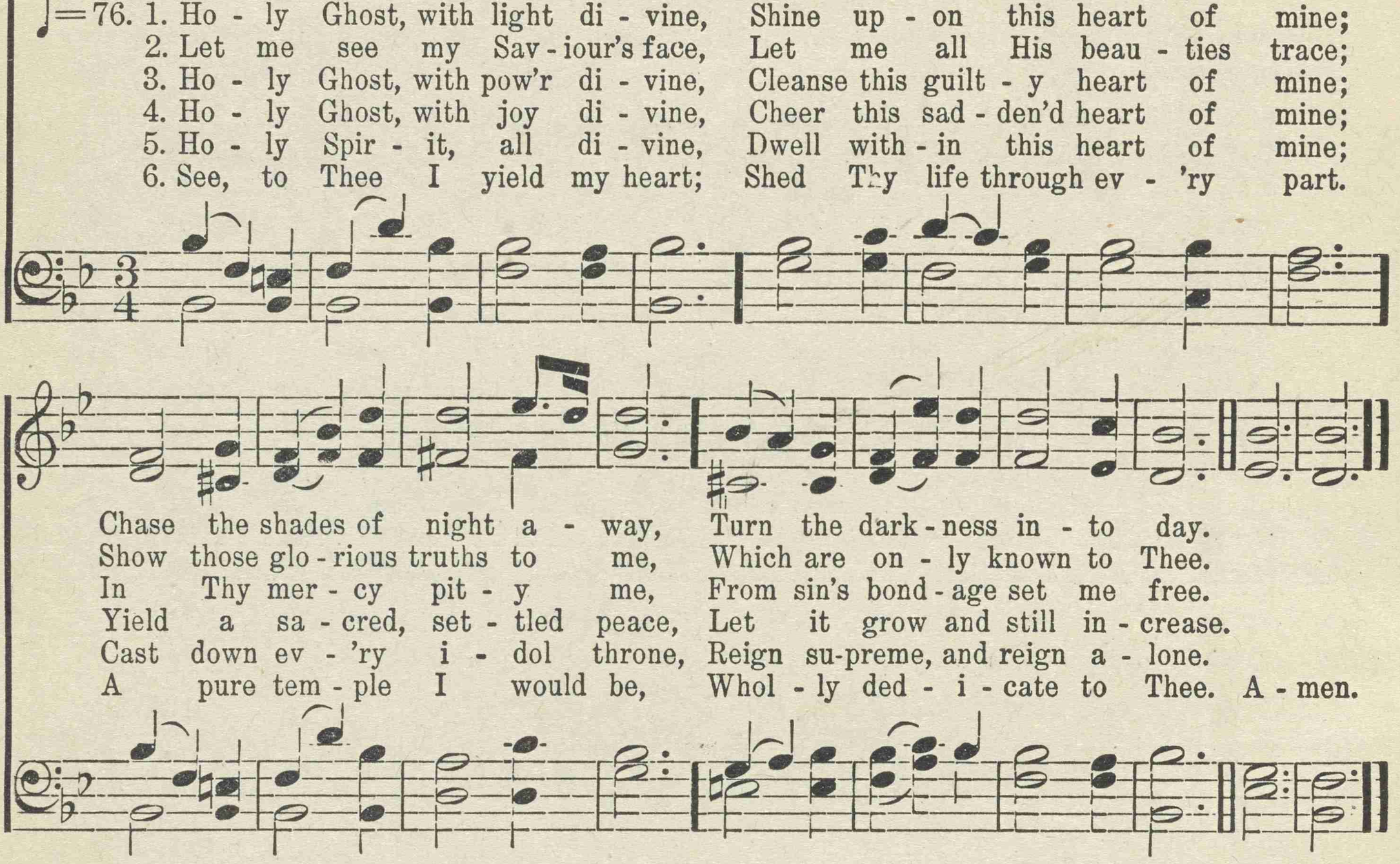
66

HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

Andrew Reed. 1842.

LAST HOPE. 7s.
Louis M. Gottschalk. 1854.

♩=76. 1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Let me see my Sav - iour's face, Let me all His beau - ties trace;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - den'd heart of mine;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
6. See, to Thee I yield my heart; Shed Thy life through ev - 'ry part.



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark - ness in - to day.
Show those glo - rious truths to me, Which are on - ly known to Thee.
In Thy mer - cy pit - y me, From sin's bond - age set me free.
Yield a sa - cred, set - tled peace, Let it grow and still in - crease.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme, and reign a - lone.
A pure tem - ple I would be, Whol - ly ded - i - cate to Thee. A - men.

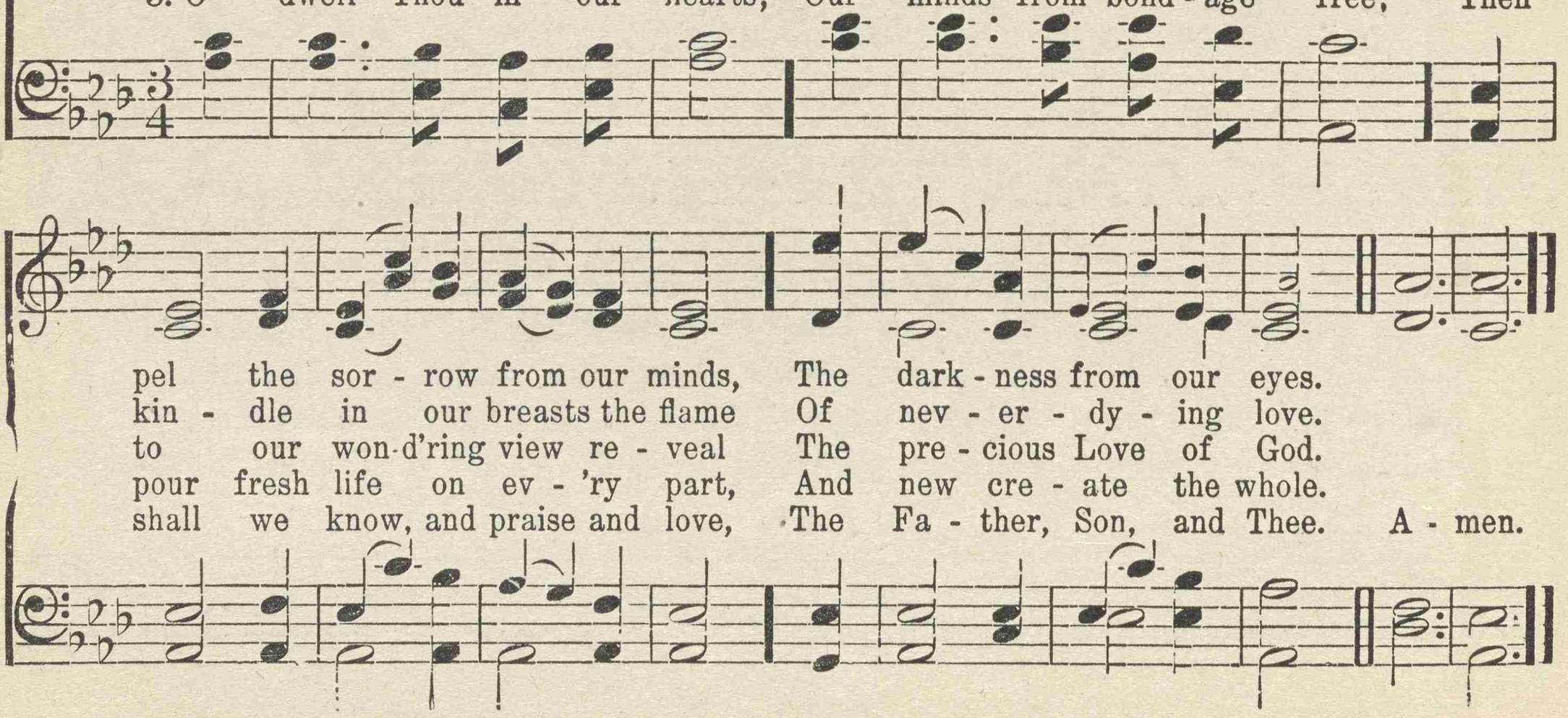
67

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, COME.

Joseph Hart. 1759.

LEIGHTON. S. M.
H. W. Greatorex. 1849.

♩=63. 1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come: Let Thy bright beams a - rise: Dis -
2. Re - vive our droop - ing faith; Our doubts and fears re - move; And
3. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' Blood; And
4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To
5. O dwell Thou in our hearts; Our minds from bond - age free; Then



pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.
kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
to our won-d'ring view re - veal The pre - cious Love of God.
pour fresh life on ev - 'ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.
shall we know, and praise and love, The Fa - ther, Son, and Thee. A - men.

Trinity.

68 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

NICÆA.

Reginald Heber. 1827. John B. Dykes. 1861.

♩= 84.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y;
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly: there is none be - side Thee,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y;

God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

69

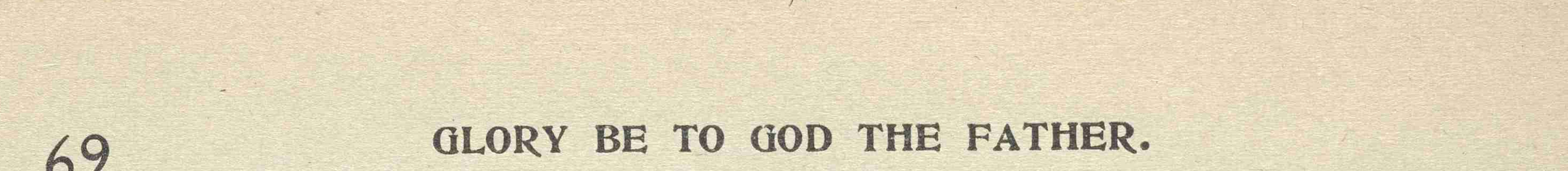
GLORY BE TO GOD THE FATHER.

ST. RAPHAEL. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

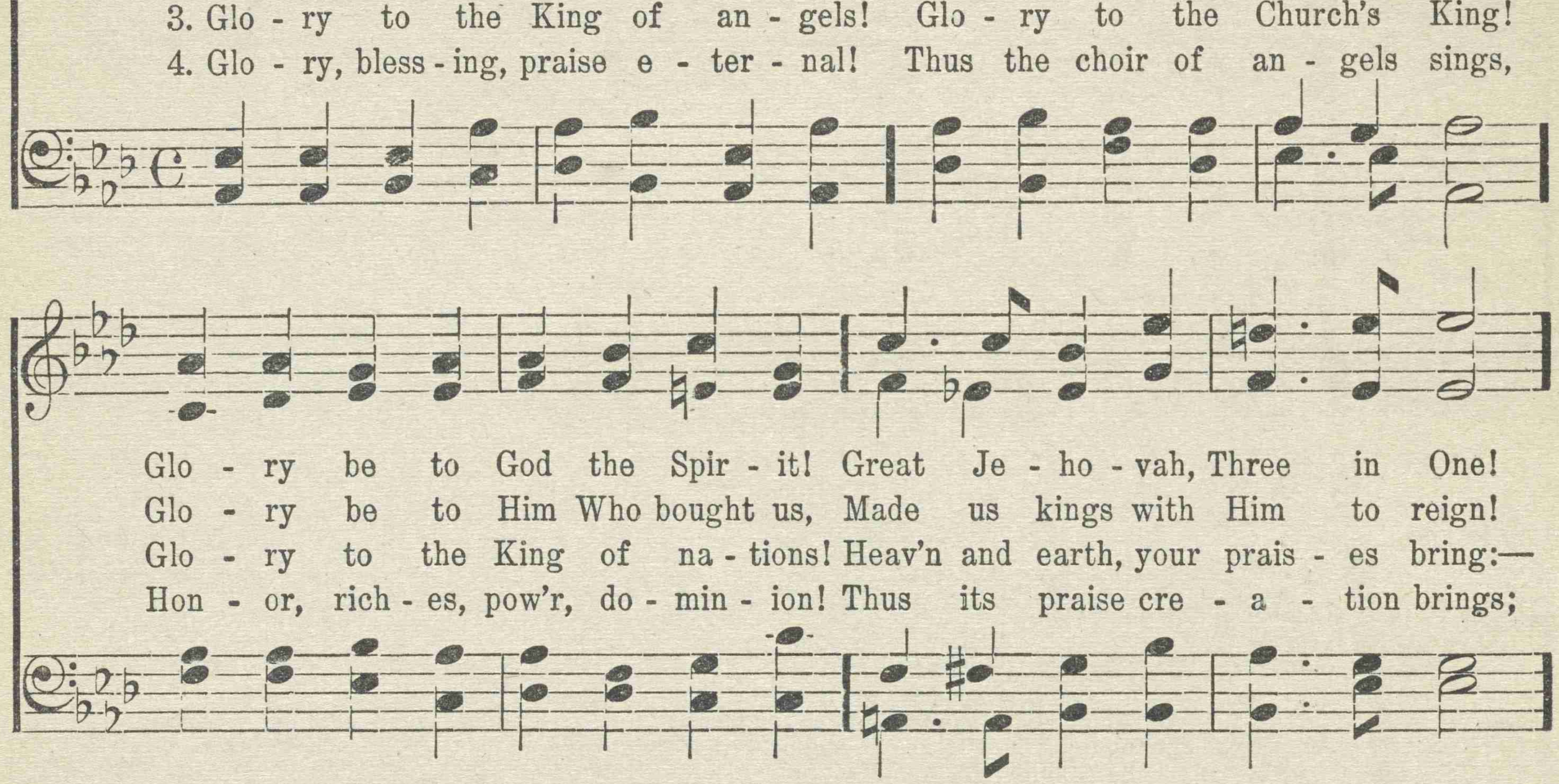
Horatius Bonar. 1868.

Edward J. Hopkins

♩= 100. 1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther! Glo - ry be to God the Son!
2. Glo - ry be to Him Who loved us, Wash'd us from each spot and stain!
3. Glo - ry to the King of an - gels! Glo - ry to the Church's King!
4. Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal! Thus the choir of an - gels sings,



Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it! Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!
Glo - ry be to Him Who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glo - ry to the King of na - tions! Heav'n and earth, your prais - es bring:—
Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion! Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings;



Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, To the Lamb that once was slain.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, To the King of glo - ry bring.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to the King of kings. A - men.

70

TO GOD ON HIGH, ALL GLORY BE!

C. A. M.

C. Armand Miller.

♩= 92. 1. To God on high, all glo - ry be And peace on earth, good will to men;
2. Have mer - cy on us, Christ our Lord, Thou Who dost take earth's sin a - way,
3. For Thou art ho - ly, Lord a - lone, Thou Christ, Who with the Ho - ly Ghost,

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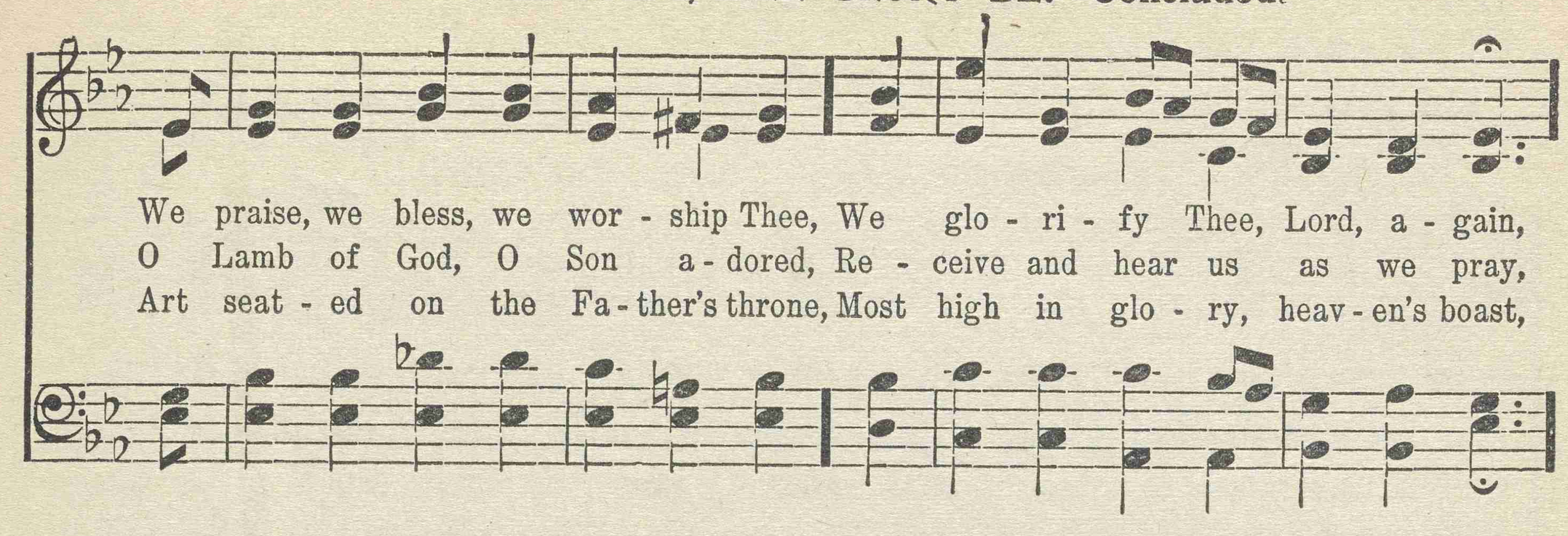
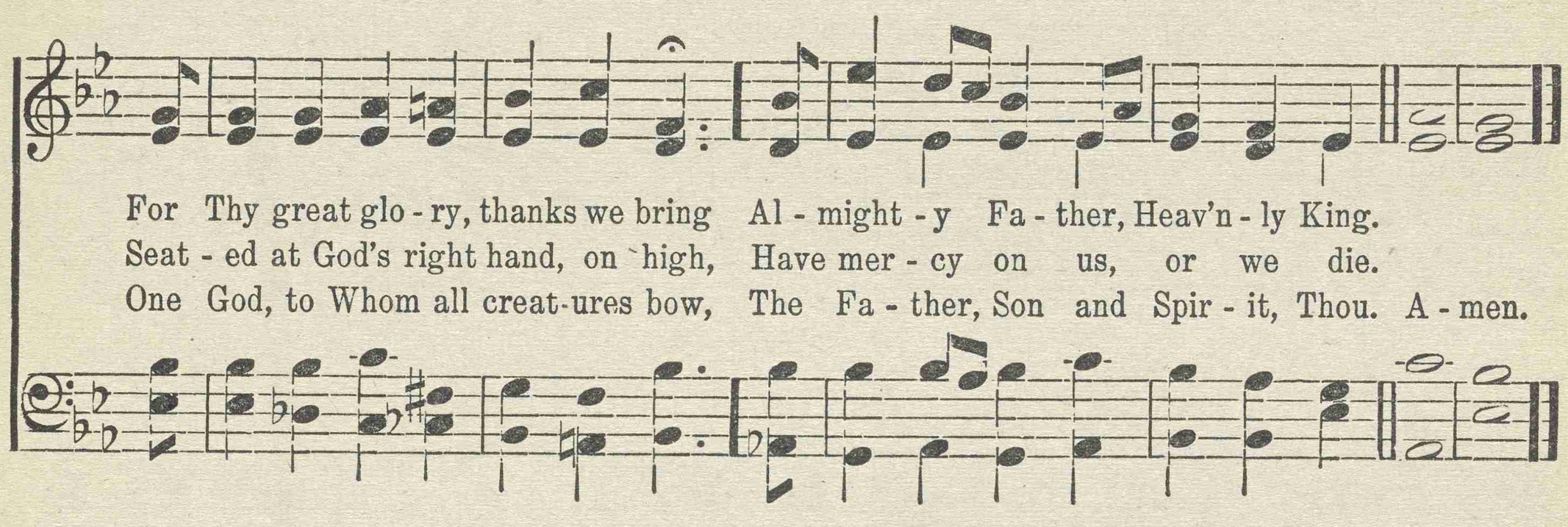
TO GOD ON HIGH, ALL GLORY BE.—Concluded.





71 HOLY FATHER, HEAR MY CRY.

Horatius Bonar. 1843.

HORTON. 7s.
C. Von Warlensee. 1780.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Authorship uncertain.
Whitfield's coll. 1757. a.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
Felice de Giardini. 1769.

♩=100. 1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Je - sus, our Lord, de - scend; From all our foes de - fend,
3. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
4. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
5. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be,

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - g'\ - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Nor let us fall; Let Thine al - might - y aid Our sure de -
Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou Who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign Ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
fence be made; Our souls on Thee be stay'd; Lord hear our call!
Word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - men.

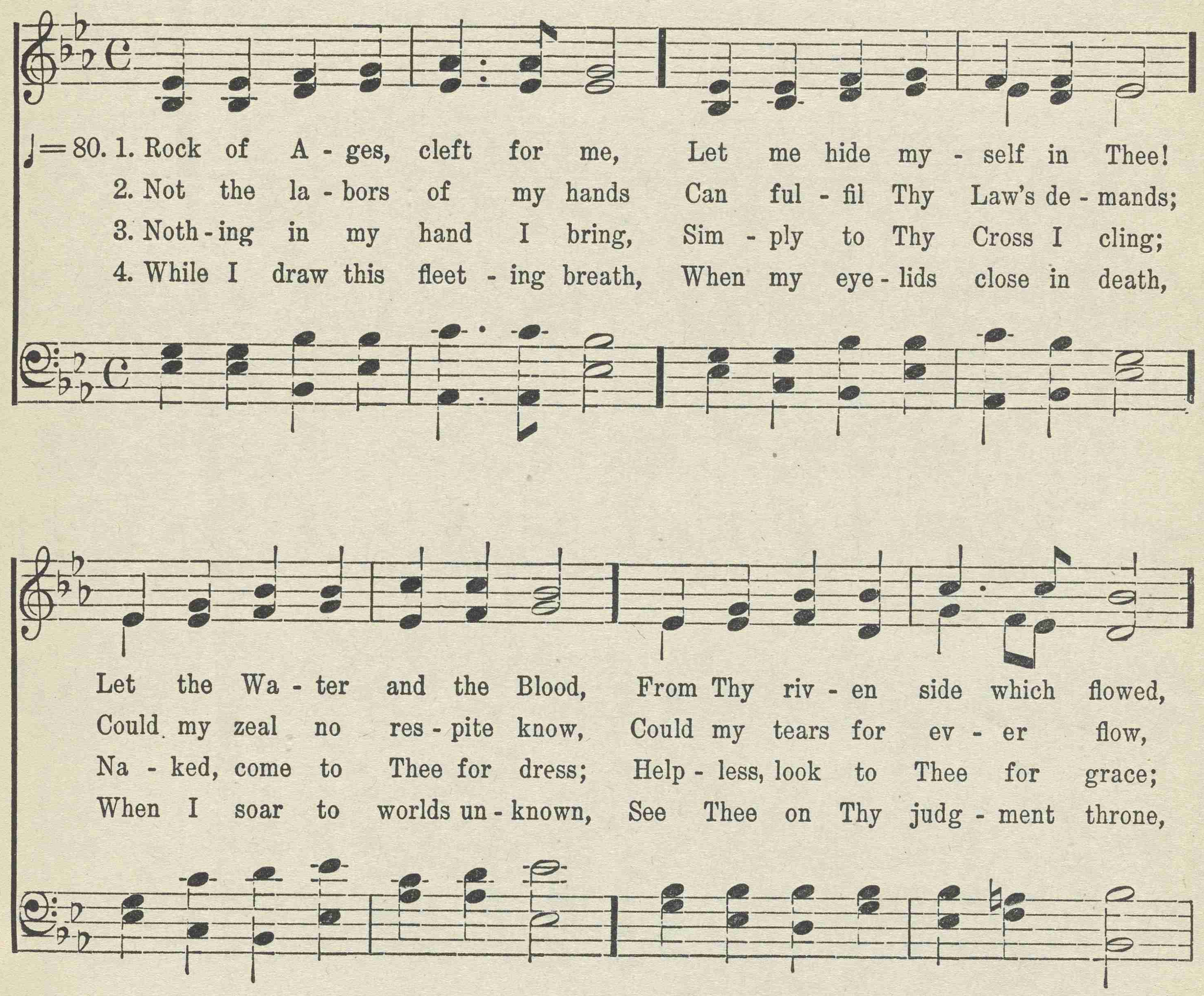
73

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

(First Tune.)

Augustus M. Toplady. 1776. a.

GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6 lines.
Richard Redhead. 1853.



74 ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

(Second Tune.)

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.
Thomas Hastings.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1776. a.

♩= 58. 1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee!
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy Law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy Cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Let the Wa - ter and the Blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for ev - er - flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,

Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!
Foul, I to the Foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - men.

75 THEE WILL I LOVE, MY STRENGTH, MY TOWER

Johann Scheffler. 1657.
Tr John Wesley. 1739.

SCHEFFLER. L. M. 6 lines.
Pub. by J. B. Koenig. 1738.

♩= 92. 1. Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r, Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
2. I thank Thee, un - cre - a - ted Sun, That Thy bright beams on me have shin'd;
3. Up - hold me in the doubt - ful race, Nor suf - fer me a - gain to stray;
4. Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown; Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!

THEE WILL I LOVE, MY STRENGTH, MY TOWER.—Concluded.

Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all my works, and Thee a - lone:
I thank Thee, Who hast o - ver-thrown My foes, and healed my wound - ed mind;
Strength-en my feet with stead - y pace Still to press for - ward in Thy way;
Thee will I love, be - neath Thy frown Or smile, Thy scep - tre or Thy rod,

Thee will I love, till the pure fire Fill my whole soul with chaste de - sire.
I Thank Thee, Whose en - liv-'ning voice Bids my freed heart in Thee re - joice.
That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.
What though my flesh and heart de - cay? Thee shall I love in end - less day. A - men.

76 I LOVE THY ZION, LORD.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.
A. A. Williams. 1770.

Timothy Dwight. 1800. a.

♩=84. 1. I love Thy Zi - on, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode; The
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend; To
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav - 'nly ways, Her
5. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour and our King, Thy
6. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The

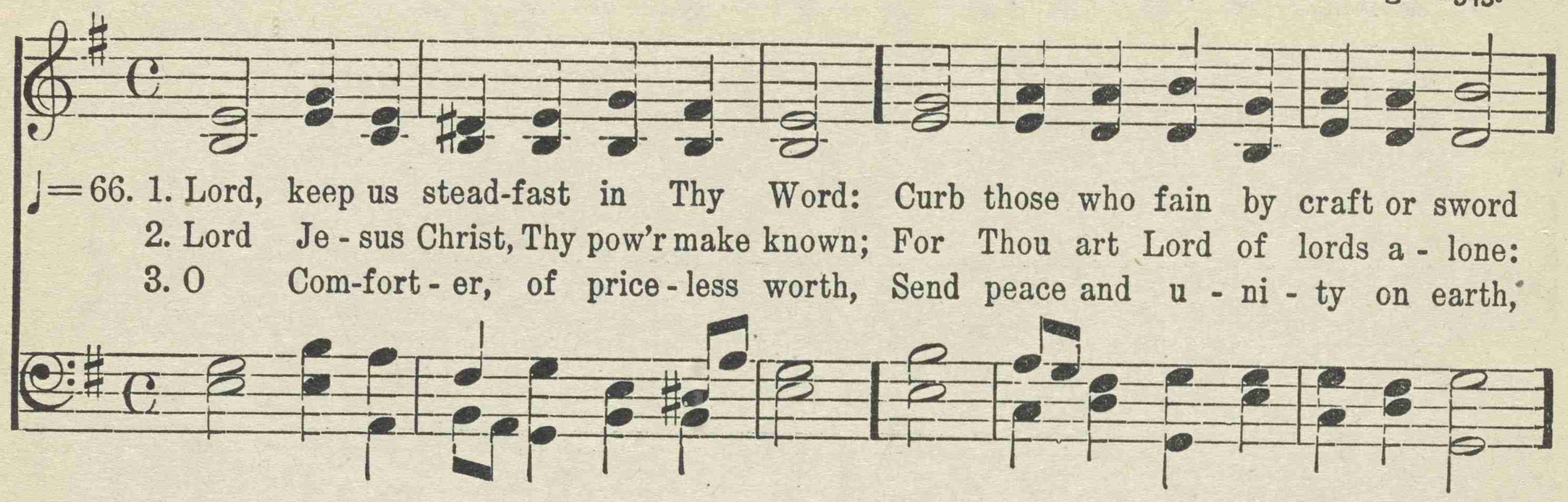
Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious Blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv -'rance bring.
bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n. A - men.

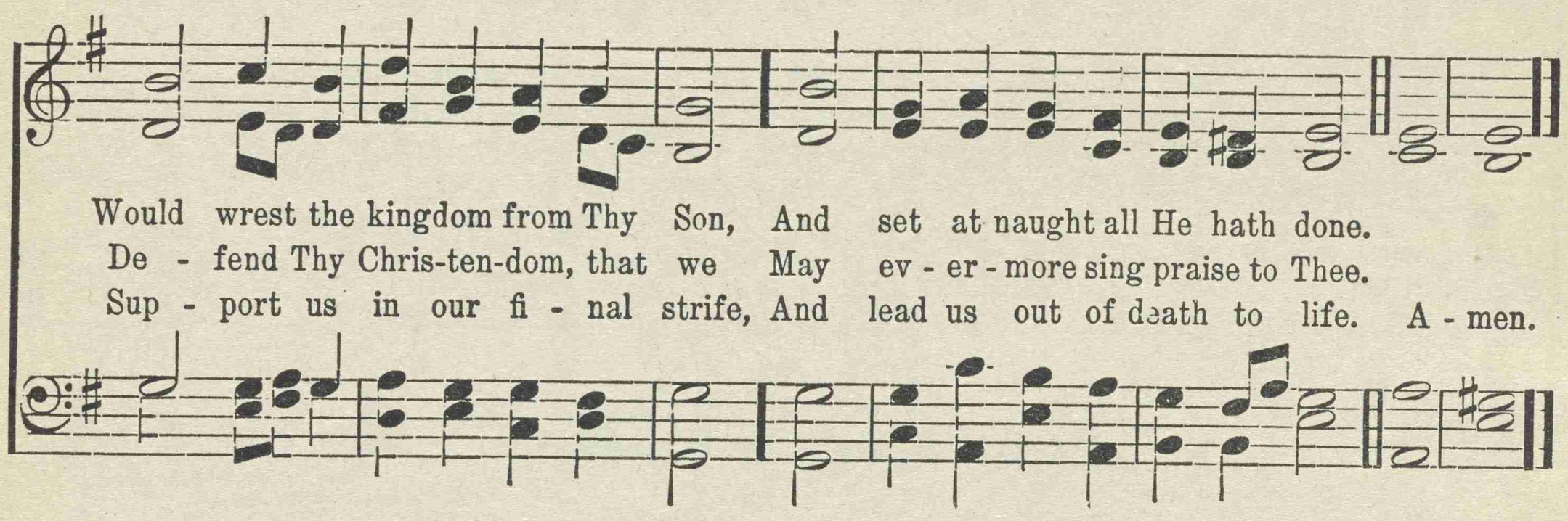
77 LORD, KEEP US STEADFAST IN THY WORD.

Martin Luther. 1541.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

(First Tune.)

WITTENBERG. L. M.
"Geistliche Lieder," Wittenberg. 1543.



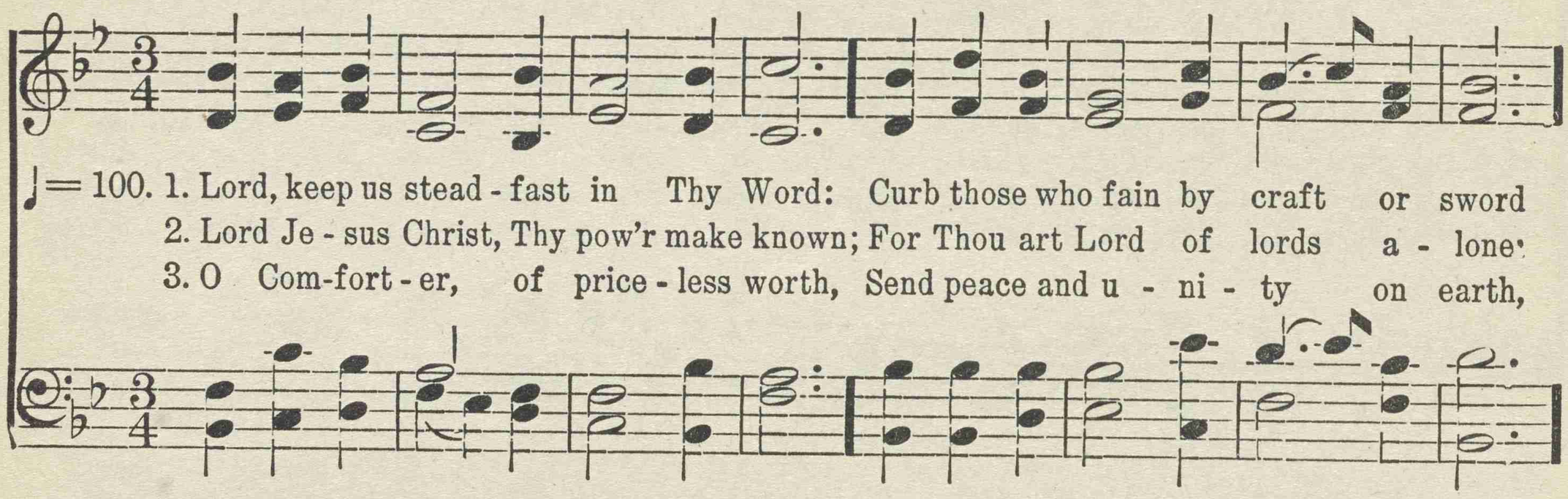


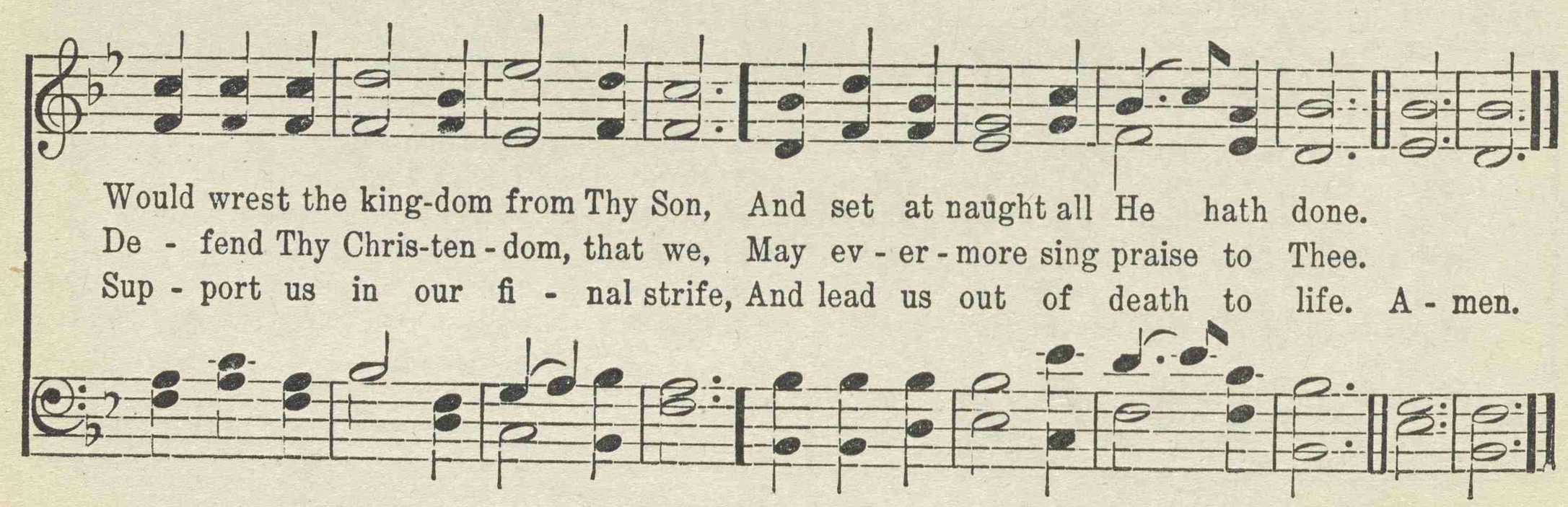
78 LORD, KEEP US STEADFAST IN THY WORD.

Martin Luther. 1541.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

(Second Tune.)

MENDON. L. M.
Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1832.





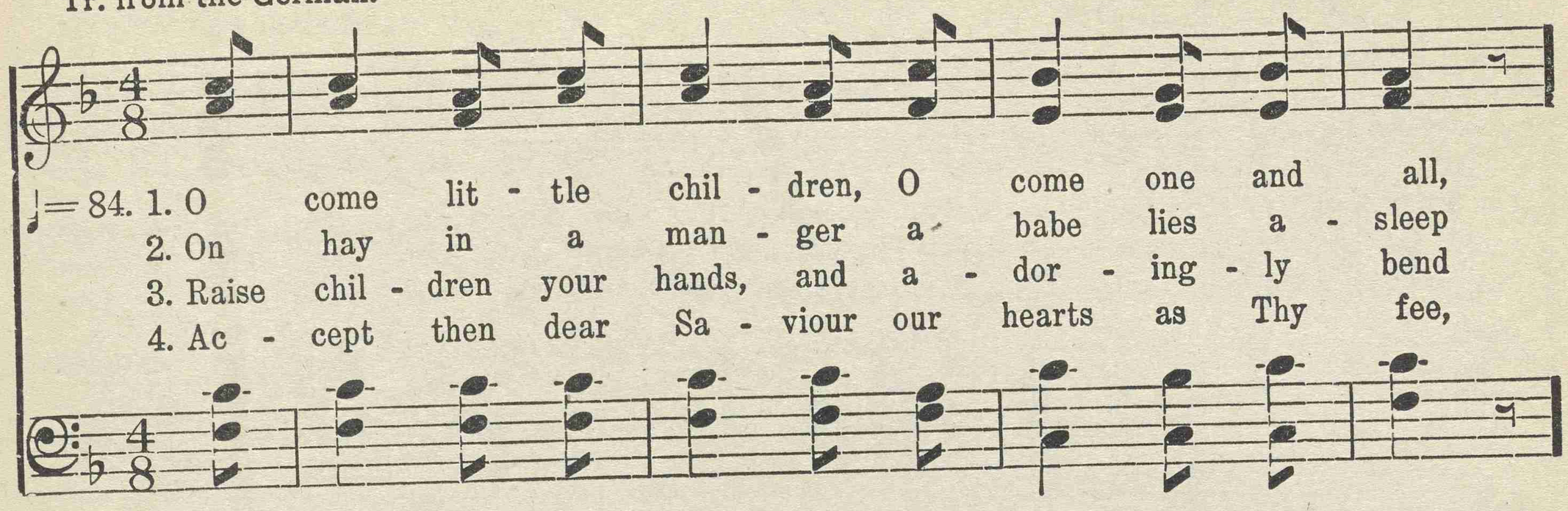
79

O COME LITTLE CHILDREN.

(Elementary.)

Tr. from the German.

J. A. P. Schultz. 1800.



80 ARM OF THE LORD, AWAKE.

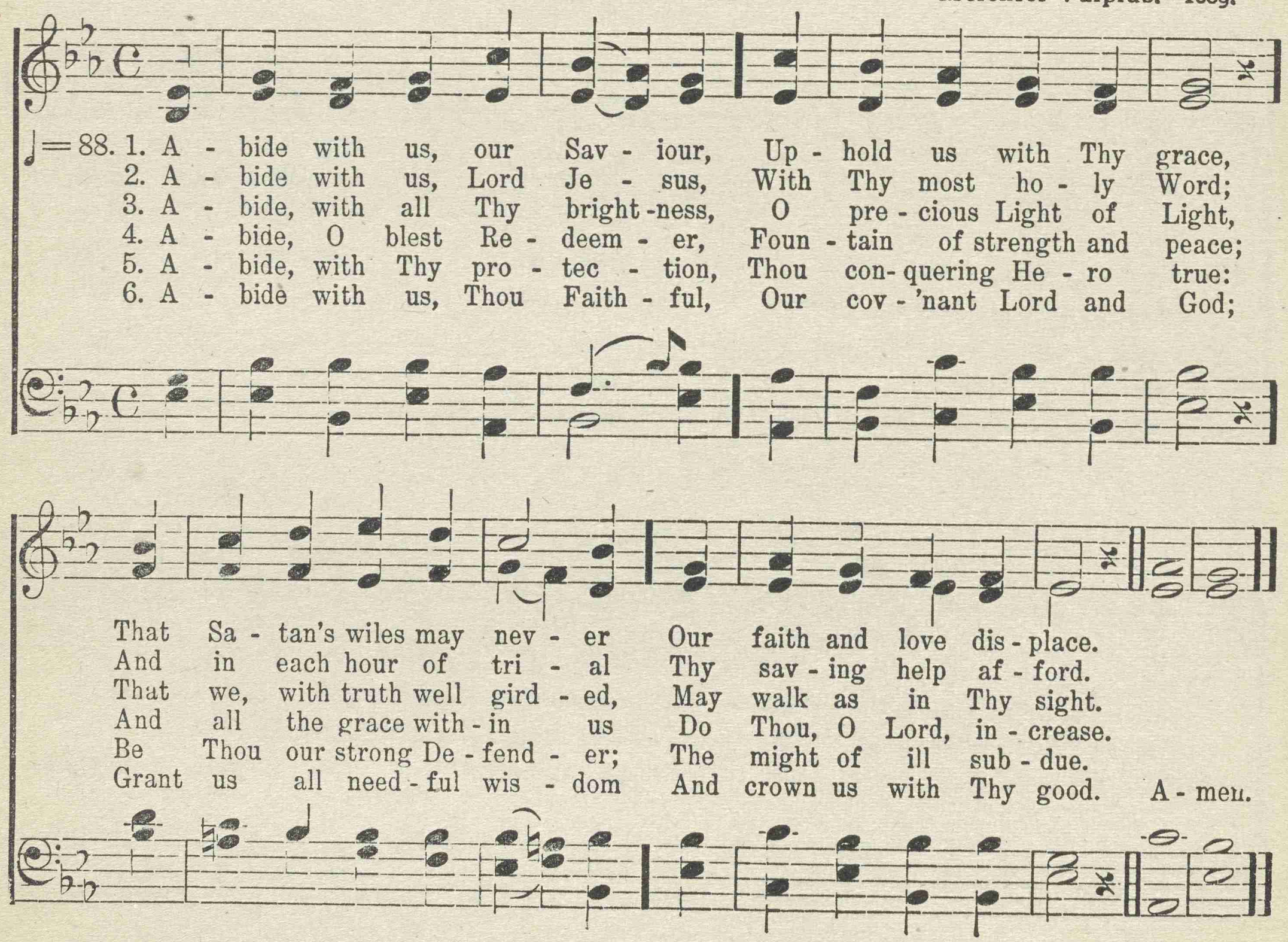
William Shrubsole.

TRURO. L. M.
Dr. Burney.

81 ABIDE WITH US, OUR SAVIOUR.

Joshua Stegmann. 1628.
Tr. Joseph A. Seiss. 1899.

LINCOLN. 7s. 6s.
Melchior Vulpius. 1609.



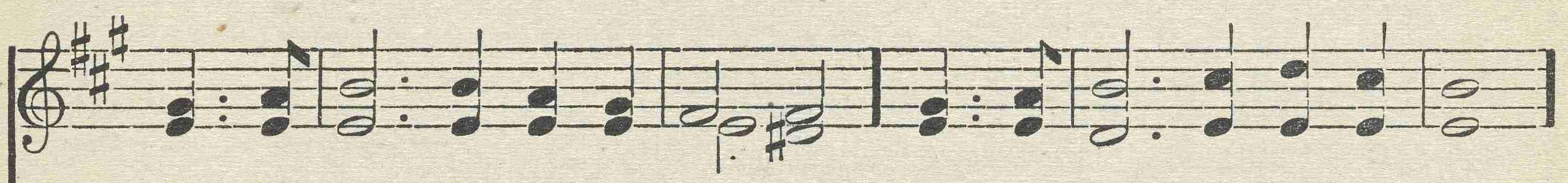
SAVIOUR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe. 1851.

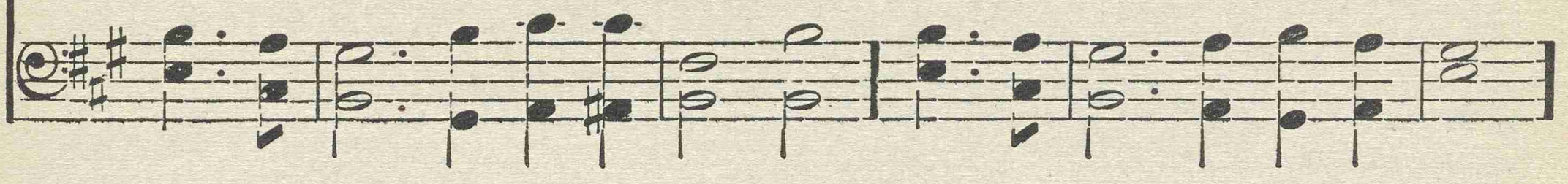
EPIPHANY. 8s. 7s. D.
Basel. 1745.

♩= 76. 1. Sav - iour, sprink - le ma - ny na - tions, Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be!
2. Far and wide, though all un - know - ing, Pants for Thee each mor - tal breast:
3. Sav - iour, lo! the isles are wait - ing, Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the sight,

By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee!
Hu - man tears for Thee are flow - ing, Hu - man hearts in Thee would rest.
For Thy Spir - it new - cre - at - ing, Love's pure flame, and wis - dom's light.



Of Thy Cross the won-drous sto - ry Be it to the na - tions told,
Thirst - ing as for dews of ev - en, As the new - mown grass for rain,
Give the word and of the preach - er Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,



Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold!
Thee they seek, as God of heav - en, Thee as man for sin - ners slain.
Till on earth, by ev - 'ry creat - ure, Glo - ry to the Lamb be sung. A - men.

83 O WORSHIP THE KING.

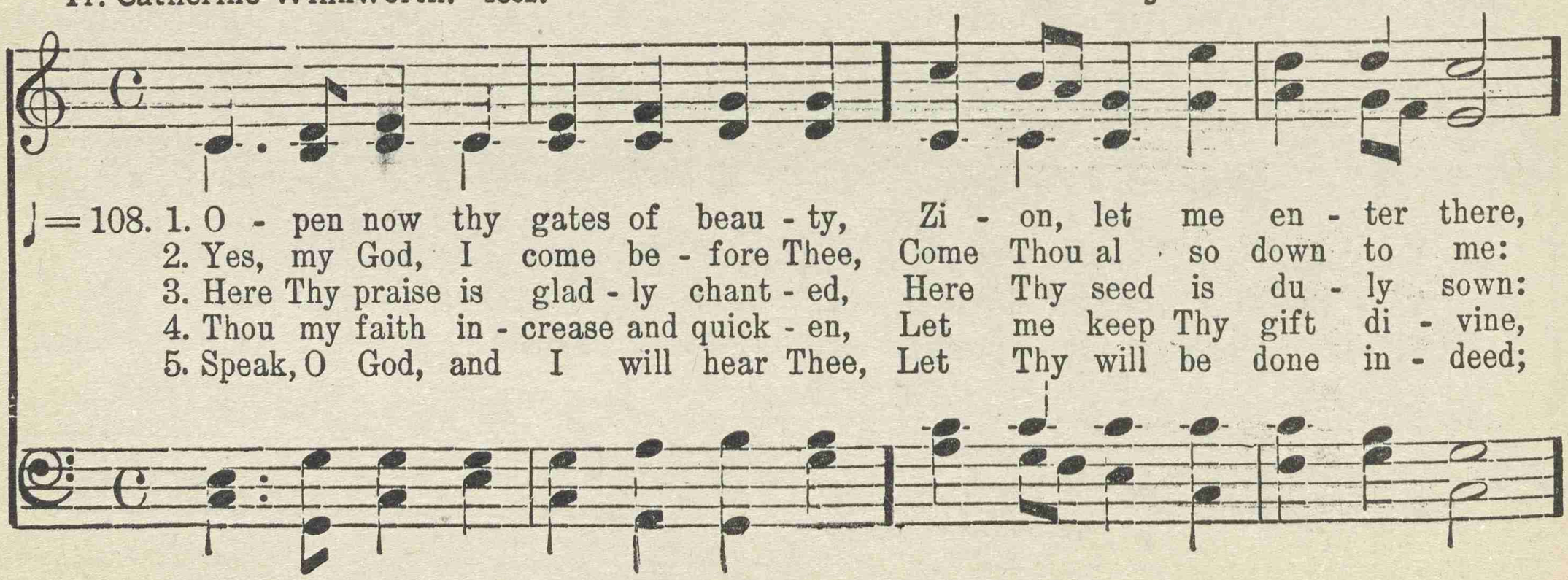
Sir Robert Grant. 1833.

LYONS. 10. 10. 11. 11.
Franz Joseph Haydn. 1770.

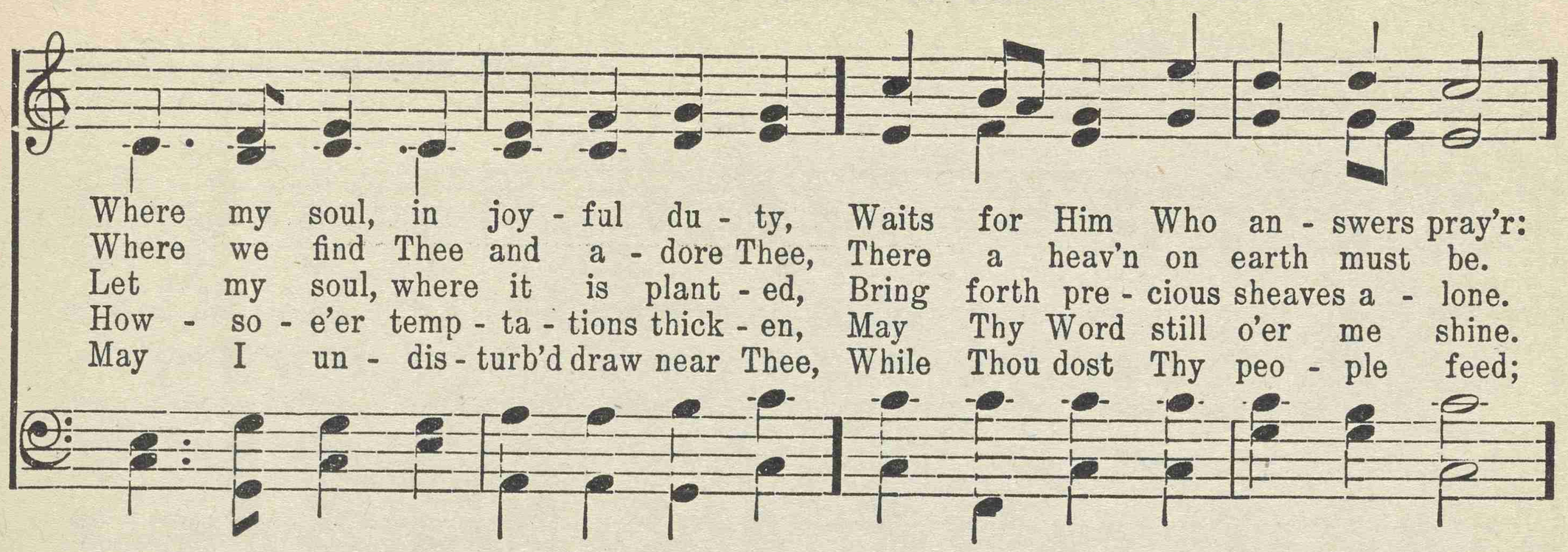
84 OPEN NOW THY GATES OF BEAUTY.

Benjamin Schmolcke. 1734.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

NEANDER. 8. 7 8. 7. 7. 7.
Joachim Neander. 1680.



OPEN NOW THY GATES OF BEAUTY.—Concluded.

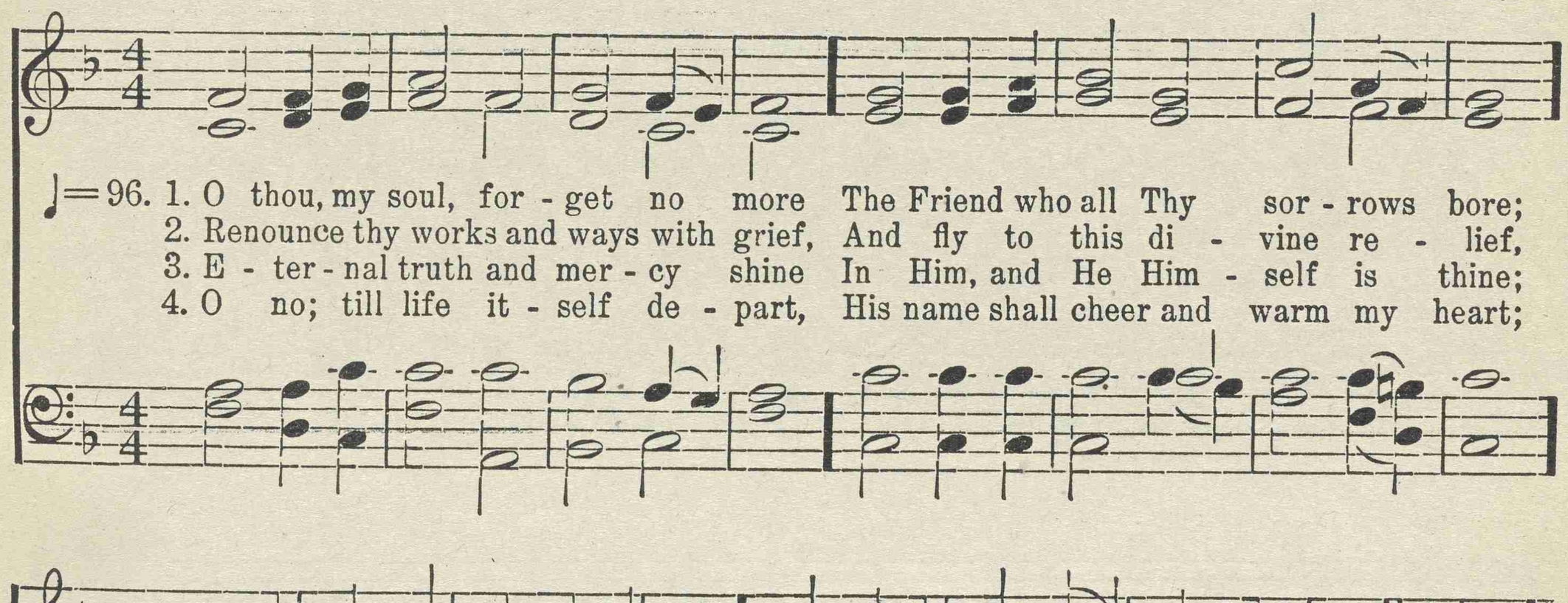


85

O THOU, MY SOUL, FORGET NO MORE.

Krishna Pal. 1764—1822.
Tr. J. Marshman. 1801.

REPENTANCE. L. M.
T. E. Perkins.



ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s. 7s. 6 lines.

Rev. Thomas Kelley.

Henry Smart. 1867.

♩= 108. 1. On the moun - tain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred
2. Has thy night been long and mourn - ful? Have thy friends un -
3. God, thy God, will now re - store thee; He Him - self ap -
4. En - e - mies no more shall trou - ble; All thy wrongs shall

her - ald stands, Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing,
faith - ful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scorn - ful,
pears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee;
be re - dressed; For thy shame thou shalt have dou - ble,

Zi - on long in hos - tile lands. Mourn - ing cap - tive!
By thy sighs and tears un - moved? Cease thy mourn - ing!
Here their boasts and tri - umphs end; Great de - liv - 'rance,
In thy Ma - ker's fa - vor bless'd; All thy con - flicts,

mourn - ing cap - tive! God Him - self will loose thy bands.
cease thy mourn - ing! Zi - on still is well be - loved!
great de - liv - 'rance Zi - on's King vouch - safes to send!
all thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest! A - men.

87

O SAVIOUR, PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1870.

NORWICH. 7s. 6s. D.
Arthur H. Mann.

♩=96. 1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love!
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought.
3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. O grant the con - sum - ma - tion, Of this our song a - bove,

O Name of might and fa - vor All oth - er names a - bove!
Thy - self the Rev - e - la - tion Of Love be - yond our thought;
The glo - ry that ex - cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love;

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where per - fect prais - es - ring,

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.
And ev - er - more - con - fess Thee Our Sav - iour and our King. A - men.

88

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

S. Baring-Gould. 1865.

ST. GERTRUDE.
A. S. Sullivan.

♩= 120. 1. On- ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March- ing as to war, With the Cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Broth - ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King- doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On- ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri - umph - song: Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban- ners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church pre - vail: We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' count- less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
With the Cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

89

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.
George W. Martin. 1862.
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan.

Phoebe Cary. 1852. a.

♩=92. 1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
2. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down,
3. Per - haps my wear - y feet Have al - most reach'd the brink;

Near - er my home, to - day, am I, Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Where suf - f'rers lay a - side the cross, And win and wear the crown;—
I may be near - er home to - day, Far near - er than I think.

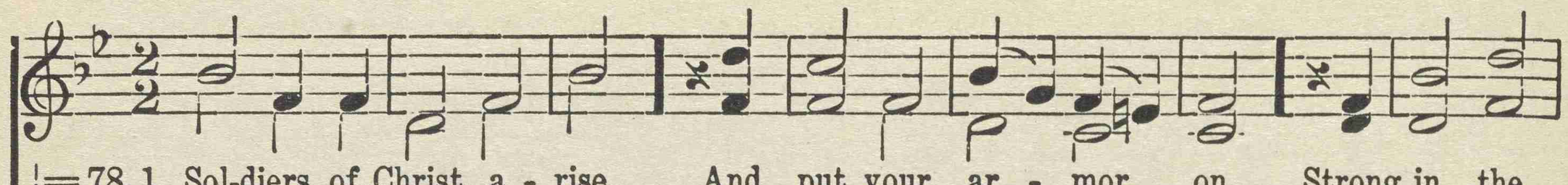
Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be; Near -
Near - er death's si - lent stream That winds 'mid shades un - known,— Near -
Je - sus! to Thee I cling; O strength - en Thou my faith! Up -

er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
er the ra - diant shores that gleam With glo - ry from the throne.
hold me when I cross the stream,— The cold, dark stream of death. A - men.

90 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

Charles Wesley. **Isaac Smith. 1770.**



♩= 78. 1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y power; Who in the
3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued; But take, to
4. That hav-ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past, Ye may o'er -
5. From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray: Tread all the
6. Still let the Spir - it cry, In all His sol - diers, "Come," Till Christ the

strength which God sup - plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:
come through Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the well-fought day.
Lord de - scends from high, And takes the con- qu'ror home. A - men.

91 O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

SAXBY. L. M.

Rev. Washington Gladden. **Rev. Timothy R. Matthews.**

♩= 80. 1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear win - ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu - ture's broad'ning way;

Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o - ver wrong;
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live. A - men.

92

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

S. D. Phelps, D. D. Robert Lowry.

♩=76. 1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me,
3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to Thee—
4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free—

Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee;
That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see
In joy, in grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee;

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,
Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare!
Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done,
And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be,

Some off - 'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some - thing for Thee.
Some wan - d'rer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee. A - men.

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93

SPEED AWAY, SPEED AWAY.

Fanny J. Crosby. I. B. Woodbury.

♩= 112. 1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light, To the lands that are
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word, To the na-tions that
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes- sage of rest, To the souls by the

ly - ing in dark-ness and night; 'Tis the Mas-ter's command; go ye forth in His name,
know not the voice of the Lord; Take the wings of the morn-ing and fly o'er the wave,
temp-ter in bond-age op-pressed; For the Sav-iour has purchased their ransom from sin,

The won - der - ful Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your
In the strength of your Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once
And the ban - quet is read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make

hand, to the work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
more, not a mo-ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
haste, there's no time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

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CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS.

Matthew Bridges. 1852. a.

DIADEMATA. S. M. D.
George J. Elvey. 1868.

♩=100. 1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Son of God Be - fore the worlds be - gan,
3. Crown Him the Lord of Life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
4. Crown Him of lords the Lord, Who o - ver all doth reign,
5. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n, En - thron'd in worlds a - bove,

Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
And ye, who tread where He hath trod, Crown Him the Son of Man.
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
Who once on earth the In - car - nate Word For ran - som'd sin - ners slain,
Crown Him the King to Whom is giv'n The won - drous name of Love.

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
Who ev - 'ry grief hath known That wrings the hu - man breast,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high,
Now lives in worlds of light, Where saints with an - gels sing
Crown Him with ma - ny crowns As thrones be - fore Him fall,

And hail Him as thy cho - sen King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
And takes and bears them for His own, That all in Him may rest.
Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Their songs be - fore Him day and night, Their God,—Re - deem - er,— King.
Crown Him, ye kings, with ma - ny crowns, For He is King of all. A - men.

95 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS!

Rev. George Duffield. 1858.

WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.
George J. Webb. 1839.

♩=110. 1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the Cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.
Forth in the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes:
Put on the Gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

96

HIDE THOU ME.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. Robert Lowry.

♩= 56. 1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in

fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the
glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the

mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my

ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee. A - men.

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THE CHILDREN'S TE DEUM.

(Elementary.)

Josephine Pollard. Henry Tucker.

CHORUS. *Vigoroso.*

♩= 112. We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou Who on - ly art di - vine; No name is wor - thy such hom - age as Thine; Our hearts ad - o - ra - tion for ev - er we will glad - ly bring To Thee our Re - deem-er, Cre - a - tor and King.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. To meet the glad ech - oes our voic - es we raise, And join with our
2. For mer - cies un - num - bered, for ten - der - est care, For bless - ings Thy
3. For all the sweet prom - is - es faith - ful - ly giv'n, For all the bright
4. Our voic - es in cho - rus ex - ult - ing - ly rise. To join with the

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CHORUS.

souls in the an - them of praise;
chil - dren so boun-teous - ly share
hopes that look for - ward to heav'n
an - gels whose song fills the skies;

We praise Thee, we bless Thee!

Thou Who on - ly art Di - vine; For no name is wor - thy such hom - age as Thine:

SOLO.

With an - gels in glo - - - ry, we her - - - ald the sto - ry,
Now joy - ful - ly blend - - ing with rap - - - ture as - cend - ing,
Our hearts warm-ly glow - - ing with mel - - - o - dy flow - ing,
Ye an - gels in glo - - ry still her - - - ald the sto - ry

3

D. C.

Glad tid - - ings of joy and peace thro' our Sav - iour and King.
Our trib - - ute of praise to Thee Bless - ed Sav - iour and King.
All glo - - ry and praise to Thee Bless - ed Sav - iour and King.
Sing prais - es for - ev - er - more to our Sav - iour and King.

THE CHILDREN'S TE DEUM.—Concluded.

CODA, AFTER LAST VERSE.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou Who on - ly art di - vine;

No name is wor - thy such hom - age as Thine; Our hearts ad - o -

ra - tion for - ev - er we will glad - ly bring To Thee our Cre - a - tor, Re -

deem - er and King. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

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

98 SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

HURSLEY. L. M.

John Keble. 1827. Peter Ritter.

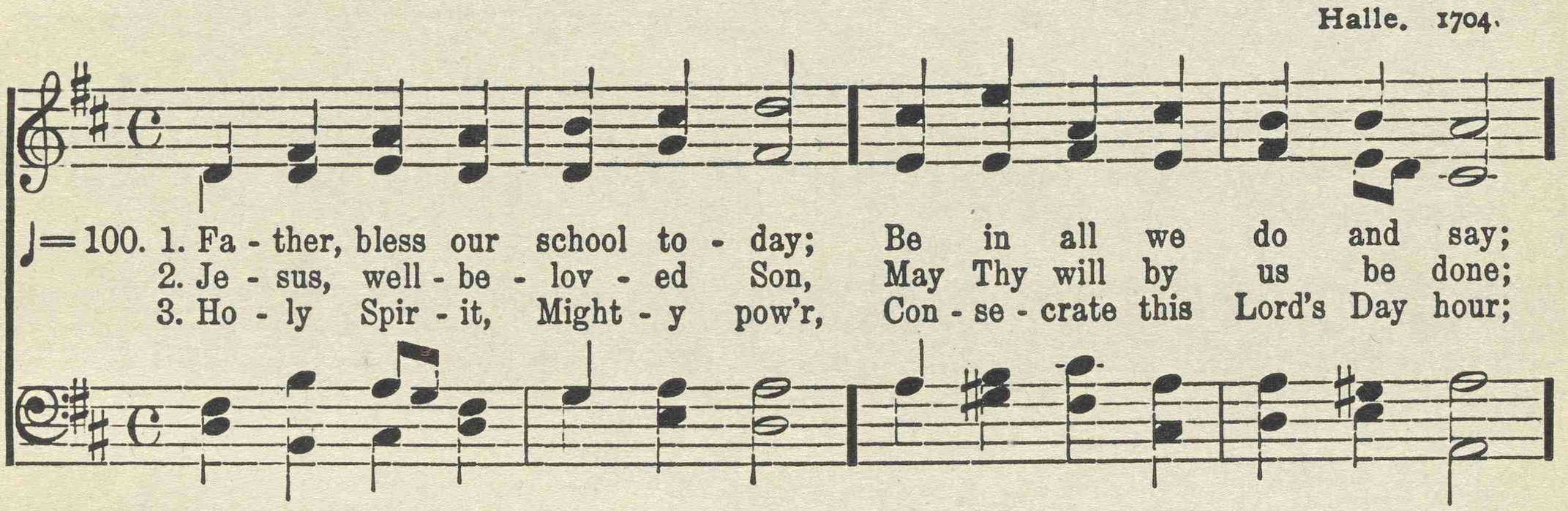
♩= 92. 1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gent - ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wan - d'ring child of Thine Have spurn'd to-day the voice di - vine,
5. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With bless-ings from Thy bound-less store;
6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be-gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
Be ev - 'ry mourn-er's sleep to-night, Like in-fant's slum-bers, pure and light.
Till in the o - cean of Thy Love We lose our-selves in Heav'n a - bove. A - men.

99 FATHER, BLESS OUR SCHOOL TO-DAY.

REDEMPTION. 7s.

Halle. 1704.



♩= 100. 1. Fa - ther, bless our school to - day; Be in all we do and say;
2. Je - sus, well - be - lov - ed Son, May Thy will by us be done;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Might - y pow'r, Con - se - crate this Lord's Day hour;

Be in ev - 'ry song we sing, Ev - 'ry pray'r to Thee we bring.
Come and meet with us to - day; Teach us, Lord, Thy - self, we pray.
Un - to us Thine unc - tion give; Touch our soul's that we may live. A - men.

100 COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

Henry Alford. 1844.
Revised. 1865.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR. 7s. D.
George J. Elvey. (1816—).

♩=100. 1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest Home.
2. We our - selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield:
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;

All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
From His field shall in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way;

God our Mak - er doth pro - vide, For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;

Come, to God's own tem - ple come, Raise the song of Har - vest Home.
Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more. A - men.

101 TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

(First Tune.)

Frances Ridley Havergal. 1874. AVE MARIS STELLA. 7s. D.

♩= 92. 1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King;
3. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;

Take my mo - ments and my days,— Let them flow in cease - less praise;
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee:
Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne:

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold;
Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;

Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as Thou shalt choose.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A - men.

102 TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

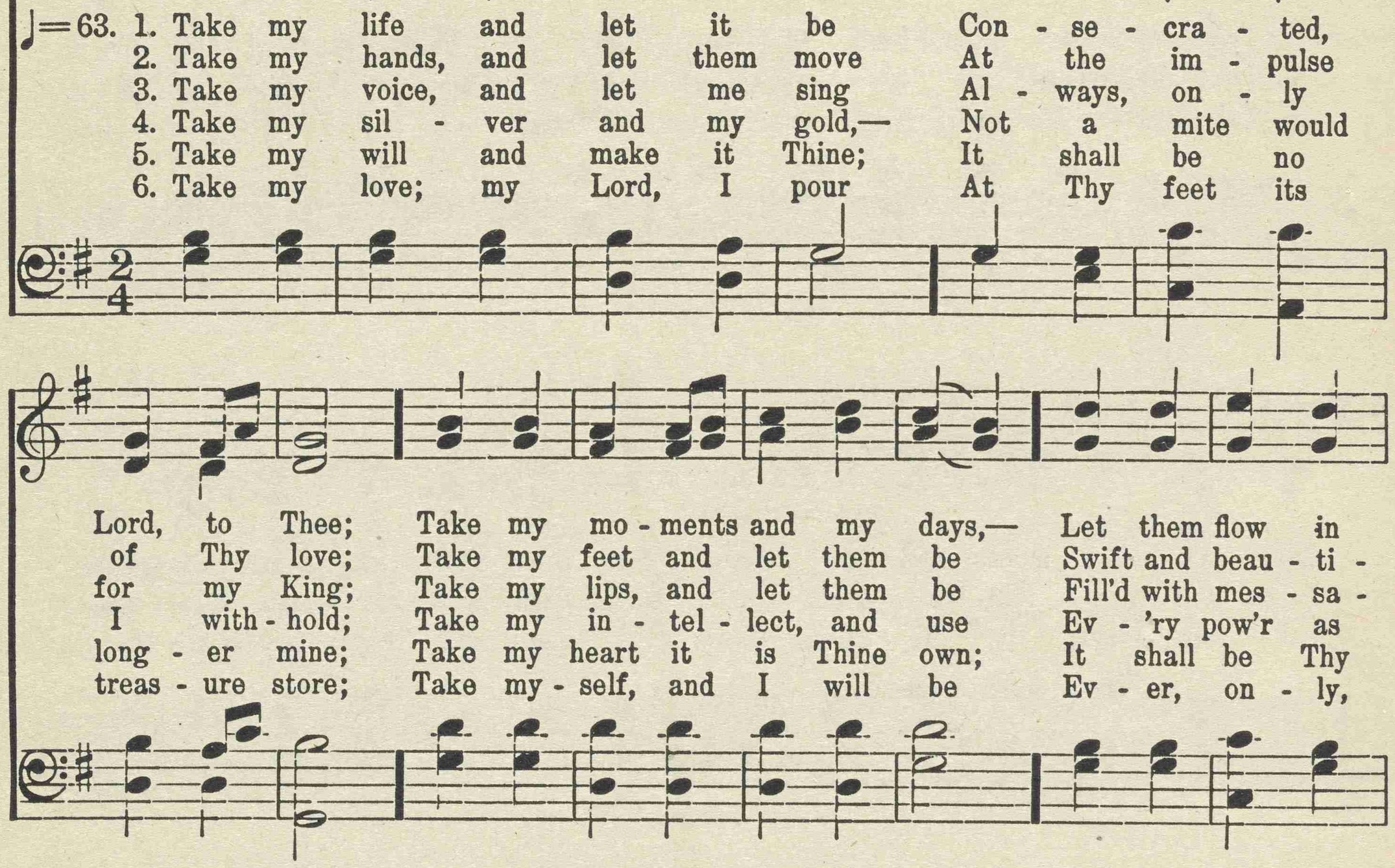
(Second Tune.)

HENDON. 7s.

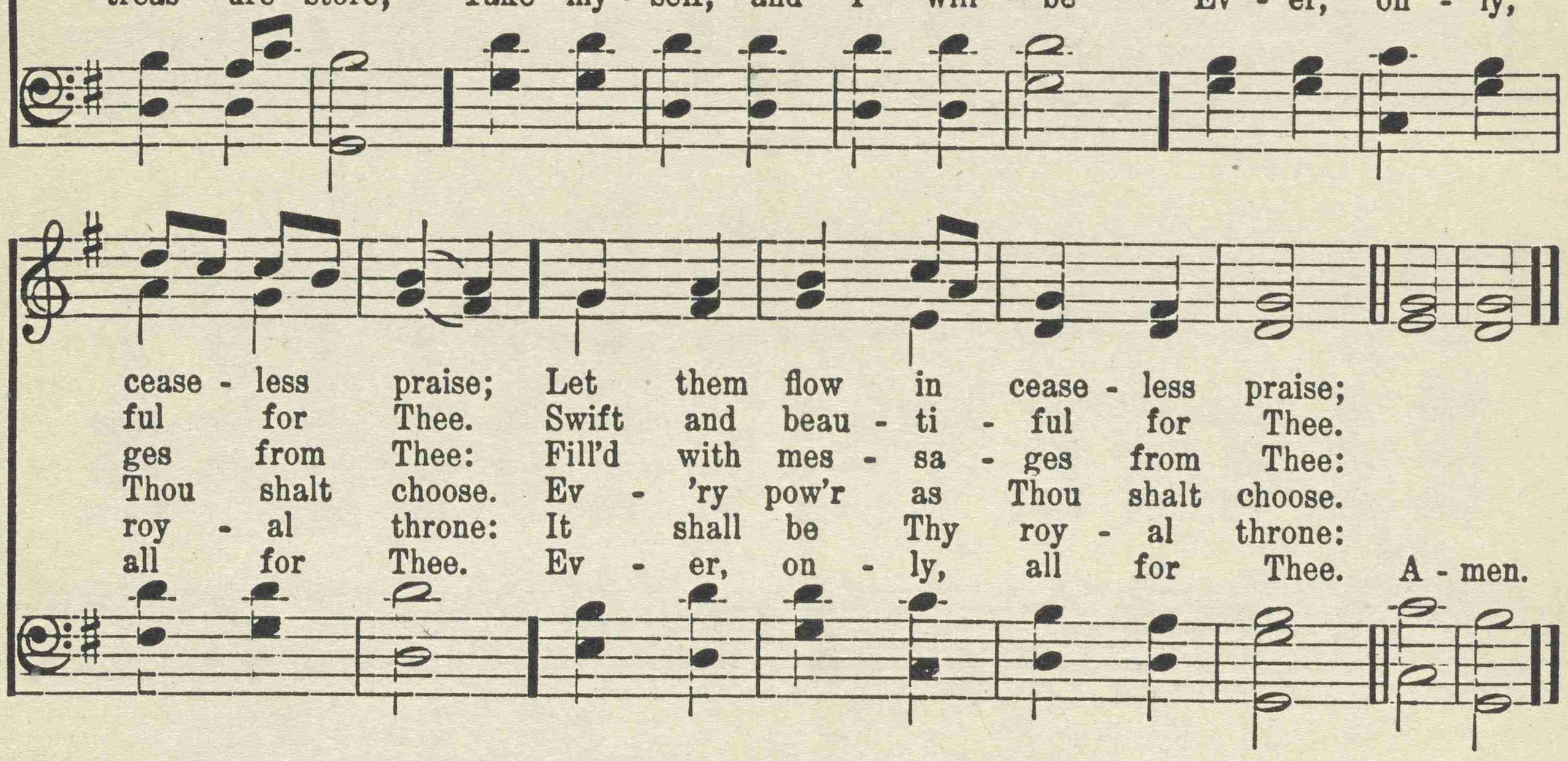
Frances Ridley Havergal. 1874.

H. A. C. Malan. 1827.

♩=63. 1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its



Lord, to Thee; Take my mo - ments and my days,— Let them flow in
of Thy love; Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
for my King; Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa -
I with - hold; Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as
long - er mine; Take my heart it is Thine own; It shall be Thy
treas - ure store; Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly,

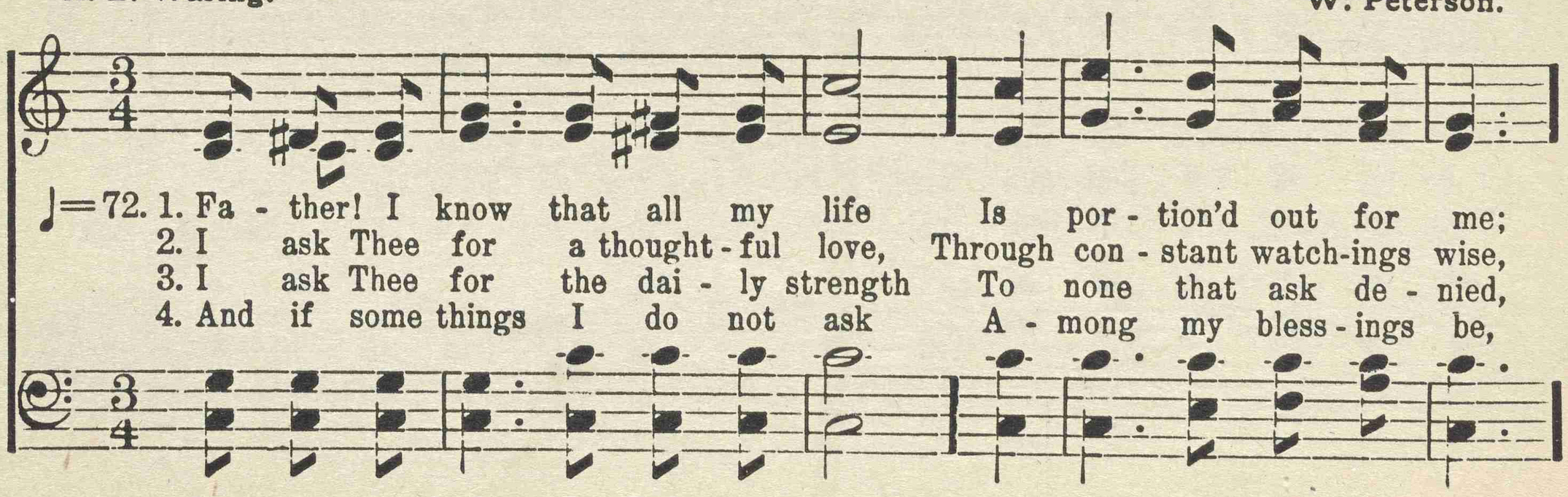


cease - less praise; Let them flow in cease - less praise;
ful for Thee. Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
ges from Thee: Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee:
Thou shalt choose. Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
roy - al throne: It shall be Thy roy - al throne:
all for Thee. Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A - men.

103 FATHER! I KNOW THAT ALL MY LIFE.

A. L. Waring.

W. Peterson.



♩=72. 1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is por - tion'd out for me;
2. I ask Thee for a thought - ful love, Through con - stant watch-ings wise,
3. I ask Thee for the dai - ly strength To none that ask de - nied,
4. And if some things I do not ask A - mong my bless - ings be,

The chan - ges that will sure - ly come, I do not fear to see:
To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, To wipe the weep - ing eyes,—
A mind to blend with out - ward life, While keep - ing at Thy side,—
I'd have my spir - it fill'd the more With grate - ful love to Thee,

I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
A heart at leis - ure with it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
Con - tent to fill a lit - tle space, If Thou be glo - ri - fied.
And care - ful less to serve Thee much Than please Thee per - fect - ly. A - men.

104 ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID.

Stephen, the Sabaite. 725—794.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1853.

STEPHANOS.
Henry Williams Baker. 1868.

♩=76. 1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?—
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?—
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?—
5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?—
6. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?—
7. Find - ing, foll'w - ing, keep - ing, strug - gling, Is He sure to bless?—

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown in ver - y sure - ty; But of thorns."
"Ma - ny a sor - row, ma - ny a la - bor, Ma - ny a tear."
"Sor - row van - quish'd, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan pass'd."
"Not till earth and not till heav - en, Pass a - way."
"Saints, a - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, 'yes.'" A - men.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

Martin Luther. 1529.

EIN FESTE BURG.
Martin Luther. 1529.

♩=66. 1. A might - y For - tress is our God, A trust - y Shield and Weap - on;
2. With might of ours can naught be done, Soon were our loss ef - fect - ed;
3. Though dev - ils all the world should fill, All watch - ing to de - vour us,
4. The Word they still shall let re - main, And not a thank have for it,

He helps us free from ev - 'ry need That hath us now o'er - tak - en.
But for us fights the Val - iant One Whom God Him - self e - lect - ed.
We trem - ble not, we fear no ill, They can - not o - ver - pow'r us.
He's by our side up - on the plain, With His good gifts and Spir - it.

The old bit - ter foe Means us dead - ly woe: Deep guile and great might
Ask ye, Who is this? Je - sus Christ it is, Of Sab - a - oth Lord,
This world's prince may still Scowl fierce as he will, He can harm us none,
Take they then our life, Goods, fame, child and wife; When their worst is done,

Are his dread arms in fight, On earth is not his e - qual.
And there's none oth - er God, He holds the field for ev - er.
He's judg'd, the deed is done, One lit - tle word o'er - throws him.
They yet have noth - ing won, The King - dom ours re - main - eth. A - men.

106 DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST.

Mary A. Lathbury.

CHAUTAUQUA.
Wm. F. Sherwin.

♩= 80. 1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni - verse, Thy home,

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her ev'n - ing lamps a - light
Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em - brace.

CHORUS.

Thro' all the sky.
For Thou art high.
} Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of

Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are

prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

107 CHRIST FOR THE WORLD WE SING.

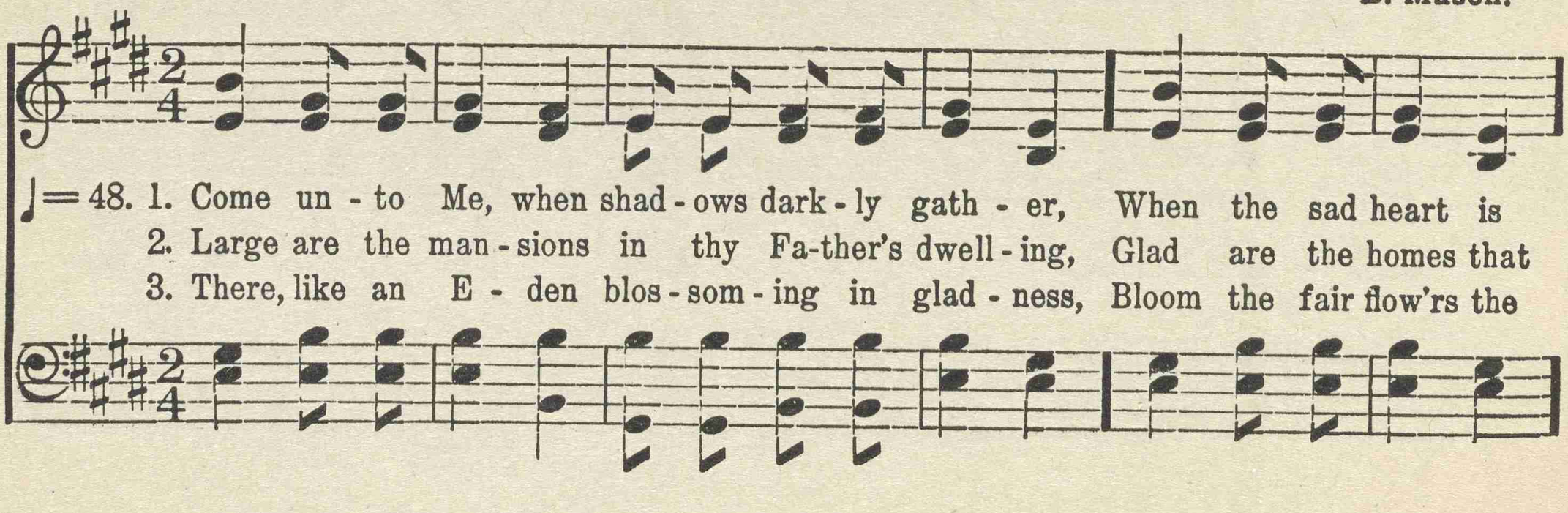
Rev. Samuel Wolcott.

FIAT LUX.
Rev. John B. Dykes. 1875.

108 COME UNTO ME, WHEN SHADOWS DARKLY GATHER.

Mrs. C. H. Esling.

L. Mason.

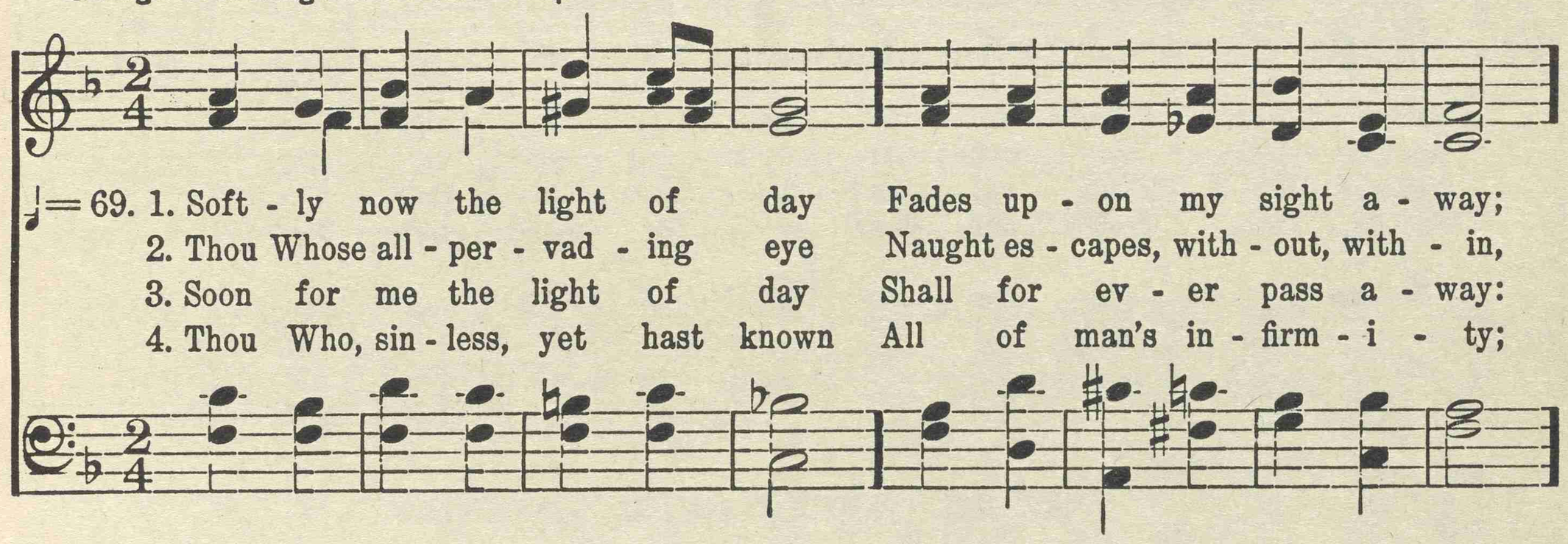


COME UNTO ME, WHEN SHADOWS DARKLY GATHER.—Concluded.

109 SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

George Washington Doane. 1824.

WEBER. 7s.
Carl M. von Weber. 1826.



110 BEAUTIFUL SAVIOUR! KING OF CREATION.

From Münster Gesangbuch. 1677.
Tr. Joseph A. Seiss. 1873.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.
Silesian Melody. 1842.

♩= 108. 1. Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour! King of Cre - a - tion! Son of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair are the wood - lands, Robed in
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light, Bright the
4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour! Lord of the na - tions! Son of

God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd
flow'rs of bloom - ing Spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
spark - ling stars on high; Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines
God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o -

serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
pur - er; He makes our sorr'w - ing spir - it sing.
pur - er, Than all the an - gels in the sky.
ra - tion, Now and for ev - er - more be Thine! A - men.

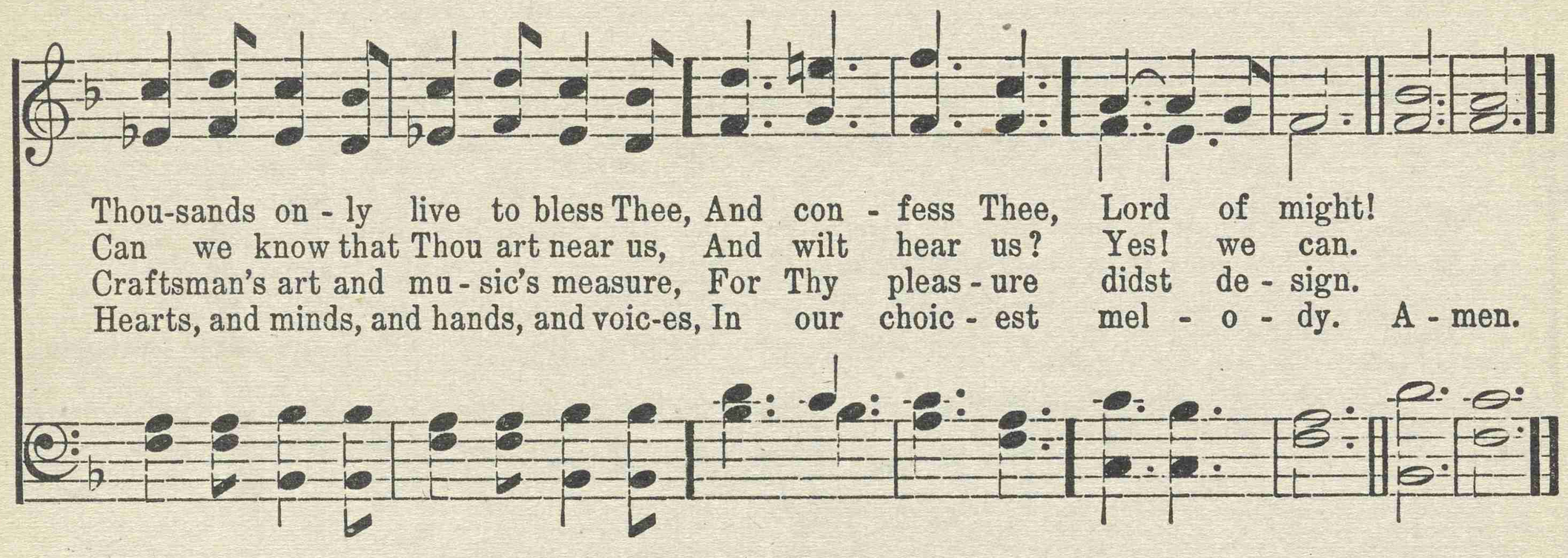
111 ANGEL VOICES EVER SINGING.

Francis Pott. 1866.

ANGEL VOICES.
Sir Arthur S. Sullivan. 1872.

♩.=54. 1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing, Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou Who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Yea, we know that Thou re - joic - est O'er each work of Thine:
4. Here, Great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee,

ANGEL VOICES EVER SINGING.—Concluded.



112

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL AND FAIR.

(Elementary.)

7s.
English.

113 AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN.

Thomas Ken.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.
Barthelemon. 1780.

♩=88. 1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept, And hast re - fresh'd me while I slept:
3. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my sins as morn - ing dew;
4. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest this day, All I de - sign, or do, or say;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par-take.
Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thy - self my spir - it fill.
That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite. A - men.

114 AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

Isaac Watts. 1721-24.

ARLINGTON. C. M.
Thomas A. Arne.

♩=72. 1. Am I a sol - dier of the Cross, A foll'w - er of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow'r - y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign: In - crease my cour - age, Lord:
5. Thy saints, in all this glo - rious war, Shall con - quer, though they die;
6. When that Il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through blood-y seas?
Is this vain world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word?
They see the tri - umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic - t'ry through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine. A - men.

115 SING TO THE LORD OF HARVEST.

SALVATORI. 7s. 6s. D.

John S. B. Monsell. 1866.

S. Salvatori.

116 SAVIOUR, TEACH ME DAY BY DAY.

Jane Elizabeth Leeson. 1842. Alt. and abridged.

FERRIER. 7s.
J. B. Dykes.

♩= 96. 1. Sav - iour, teach me day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be - dience all her joy;
5. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him Who first lov'd me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him Who first lov'd me.
Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him Who first lov'd me.
Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov - ing Him Who first lov'd me.
Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love Who first lov'd me. A - men.

117 NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

♩= 54. 1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad - ows of the ev'n - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.

ev'n - ing Steal a - cross the sky.

118 TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

ALFORD.

Henry Alford. 1867. Rev. John B. Dykes. 1875.

♩= 104. 1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. O then what rap - tur'd greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,
4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;

The ar - mies of the ran - som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!
What knit - ting sev - er'd friend-ships up, Where part - ings are no more!
Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy pow'r, and reign;

'Tis fin - ish'd, all is fin - ish'd, Their fight with death and sin:
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
Then eyes with joy shall spark - le, That brimm'd with tears of late,
Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions— Thine ex - iles long for home—

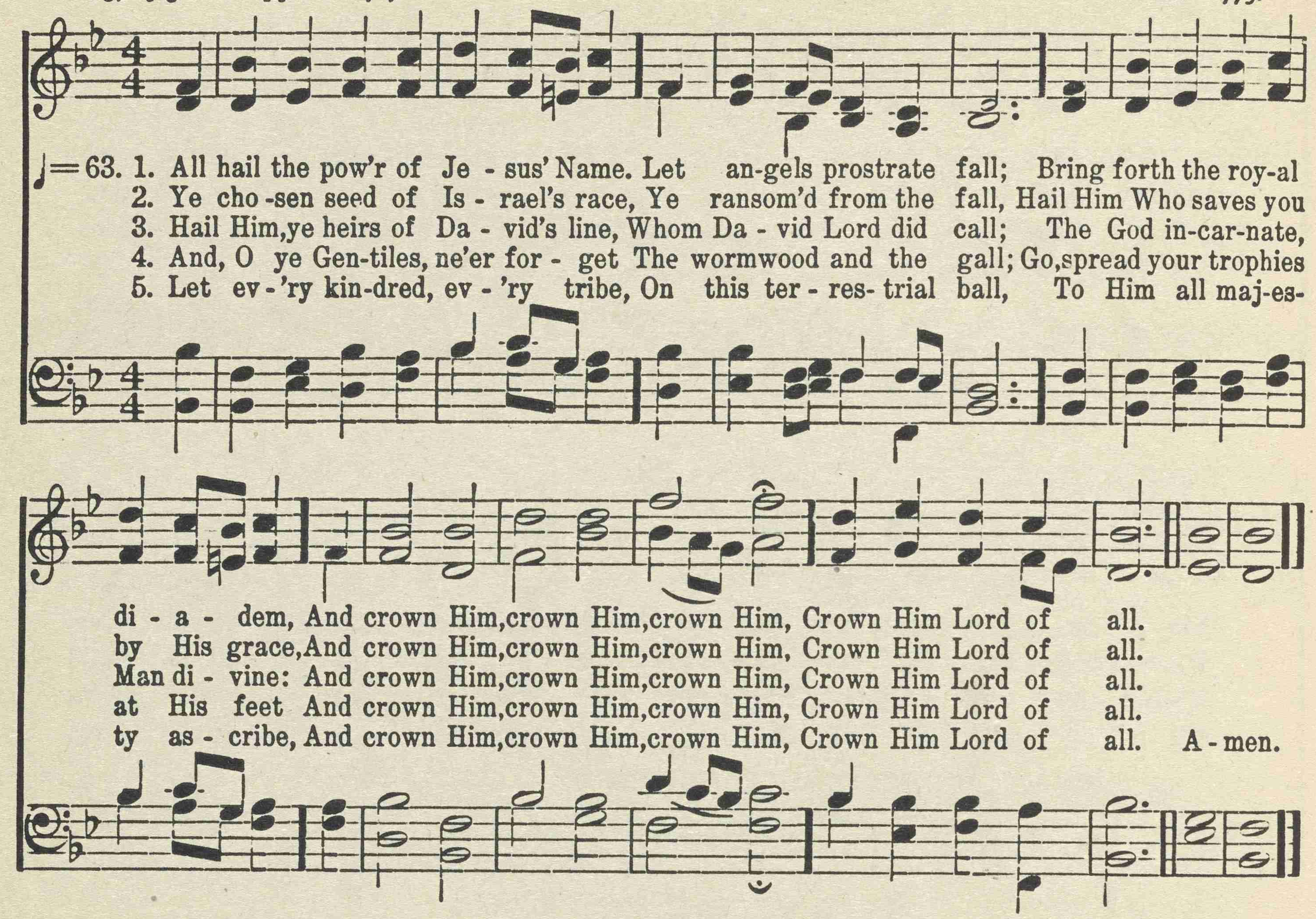
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its for - mer woes, A thou - sand fold re - paid!
Or - phans no long - er fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
Show in the heav'ns Thy prom - ised sign, Thou Prince and Sav - iour, come! A - men.

119 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

Edward Perronet. 1780.
V. 5, by John Rippon. 1787.

(First Tune.)

MILES LANE.
William Shrubsole. 1779.



120 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

Edward Perronet. 1780.
V. 5, by John Rippon. 1787.

(Second Tune,)

CORONATION.
Oliver Holden. 1793.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.—Concluded.

121 SING TO THE LORD MOST HIGH.

Timothy Dwight. 1800.

DARWALL. H. M.
John Darwall. 1770.

122 ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1847.

EVENTIDE. 10s.
W. H. Monk. 1861.

♩=84. 1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens:
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. Not a brief glance I beg, a pass - ing word, But as Thou dwell'st with
4. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy grace can
5. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and
6. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes, Shine through the gloom, and

Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail and com - forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing, pa - tient,
foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can
tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, Thy vic - to -
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows

flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
see: O Thou Who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me.
be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.

123 SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

John Ellerton. 1866.

ELLERS. 10s.
Edwards J. Hopkins. 1866.

♩=98. 1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way, With Thee be - gan, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace, through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row,

SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.—Concluded.

part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease,
Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free,
and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease,

Then low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
That in this house have call'd up - on Thy Name.
For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

124 FOR A SEASON CALLED TO PART.

SOLITUDE. 7s.
L. T. Downes.

John Newton. 1776. a.

♩ = 69. 1. For a sea - son call'd to part, Let us now our - selves com - mend
2. Je - sus, hear our hum - ble pray'r: Ten - der Shep - herd of Thy sheep,
3. What we each have now been taught, Let our mem - o - ries re - tain:
4. Then, if Thou in - struc - tion bless, Songs of prais - es shall be giv'n;

To the gra-cious eye and heart Of our ev - er - pres - ent Friend.
Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep.
May we, if we live, be brought Here to meet in peace a - gain.
We'll our thank-ful - ness ex - press, Here on earth and when in heav'n. A - men.

125 FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD.

Dean Alford.

ST. BOTOLPH.
H. Smart.

♩= 108. 1. Forward! be our watch-word, Step and voi - ces join'd, Seek the things be - fore us,
2. Forward when in child - hood Buds the in - fant mind; All thro' youth and man - hood,
3. Forward, flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, Till each yearn-ing pur - pose
4. Glo - ries up - on glo - ries, Hath our God pre - pared, By the souls that love Him
5. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a - bid - eth,

Not a look be - hind Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
Not a thought be - hind: Speed thro' realms of na - ture, Climb the steps of grace;
Spring to glo-rious birth; Sick, they ask for heal - ing, Blind, they grope for day;
One day to be shared; Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard;
That fair home is ours; Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold:

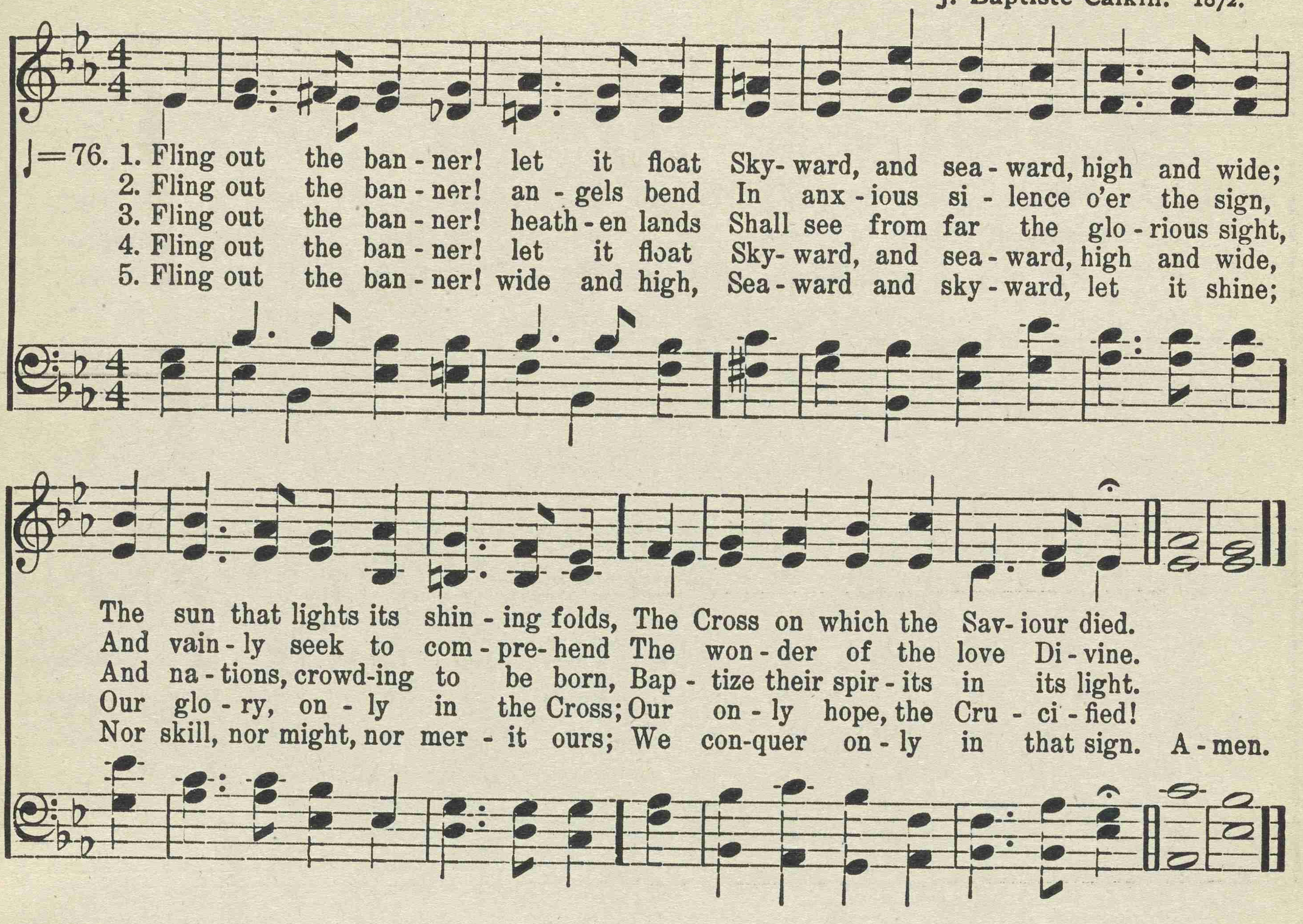
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap - tain led? Forward, thro' the des - ert,
Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Fa- ther's face. Forward, all the life - time
Pour up - on the na - tions Wis - dom's lov - ing ray. Forward, out of er - ror,
Nor of these hath ut - tered Thought or speech or word. Forward, marching east- ward
Flows the glad-d'ning riv - er Shed - ding joys un - told: Thith-er, on-ward thith - er,

Through the toil and fight, Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light.
Climb from height to height: Till the head be hoar - y, Till the eve be light!
Leave be - hind the night: Forward thro' the dark - ness, Forward in - to light.
Where the heav'n is bright. Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight!
In the Spir- it's might: Pil- grim to your coun - try, Forward in - to light. A - men.

126 FLING OUT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

Bishop George W. Doane.

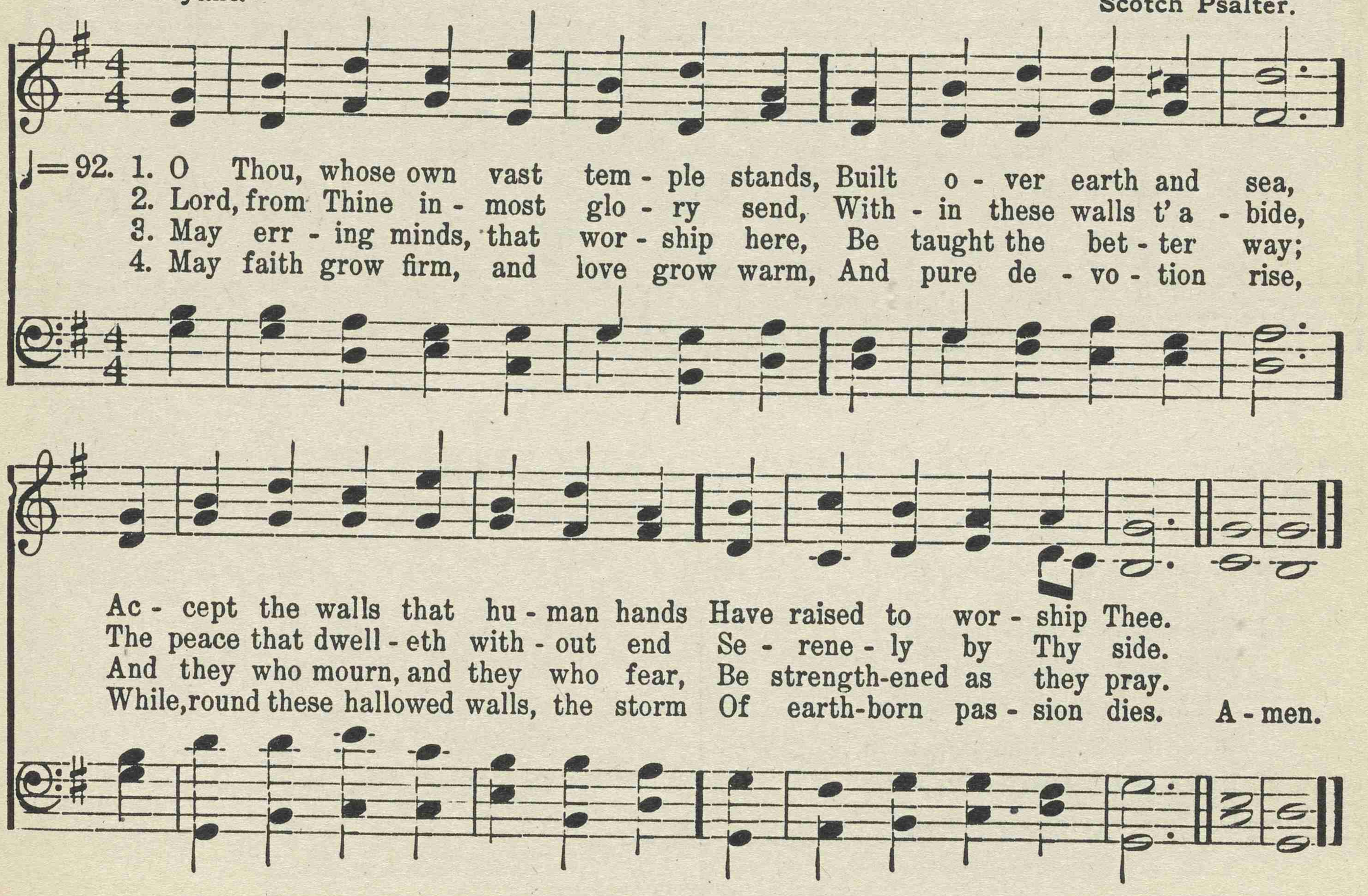
CAMDEN. L. M.
J. Baptiste Calkin. 1872.



127 O THOU, WHOSE OWN VAST TEMPLE STANDS.

W. C. Bryant.

YORK. C. M.
Scotch Psalter.



128 JEHOVAH, THEE TO PRAISE.

AMERICA. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Handel.
Adapted by Henry Carey. 1739.

Harriett R. Spaeth. 1883.

129 GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND!

Charles Timothy Brooks 1835.
Revised by John S. Dwight. 1841.

Tune.—AMERICA.

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!

130 MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

Samuel F. Smith. Tune.—AMERICA.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every 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!

131 O LORD OF HEAVEN, AND EARTH, AND SEA.

Christopher Wordsworth. 1863. ALMSGIVING. 8. 8. 8. 4. J. B. Dykes. 1875.

132 JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE.

LAST HOPE. 7s.

William Walsham How. 1854. a.

Louis M. Gottschalk. 1854.

♩=80. 1. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove!
2. Je - sus! Name of price - less worth To the fall - en sons of earth,
3. Je - sus! Name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child,
4. Je - sus! on - ly Name that's giv'n Un - der all the might - y heav'n.
5. Je - sus! Name of won - drous Love! Hu - man Name of Him a - bove!

Name at which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
For the prom - ise that it gave— "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."
When the cup of hu - man woe First He tast - ed here be - low.
Where - by man, to sin en - slav'd. Bursts his fet - ters, and is sav'd.
Plead - ing on - ly this, we flee, Help - less, O our God, to Thee. A - men.

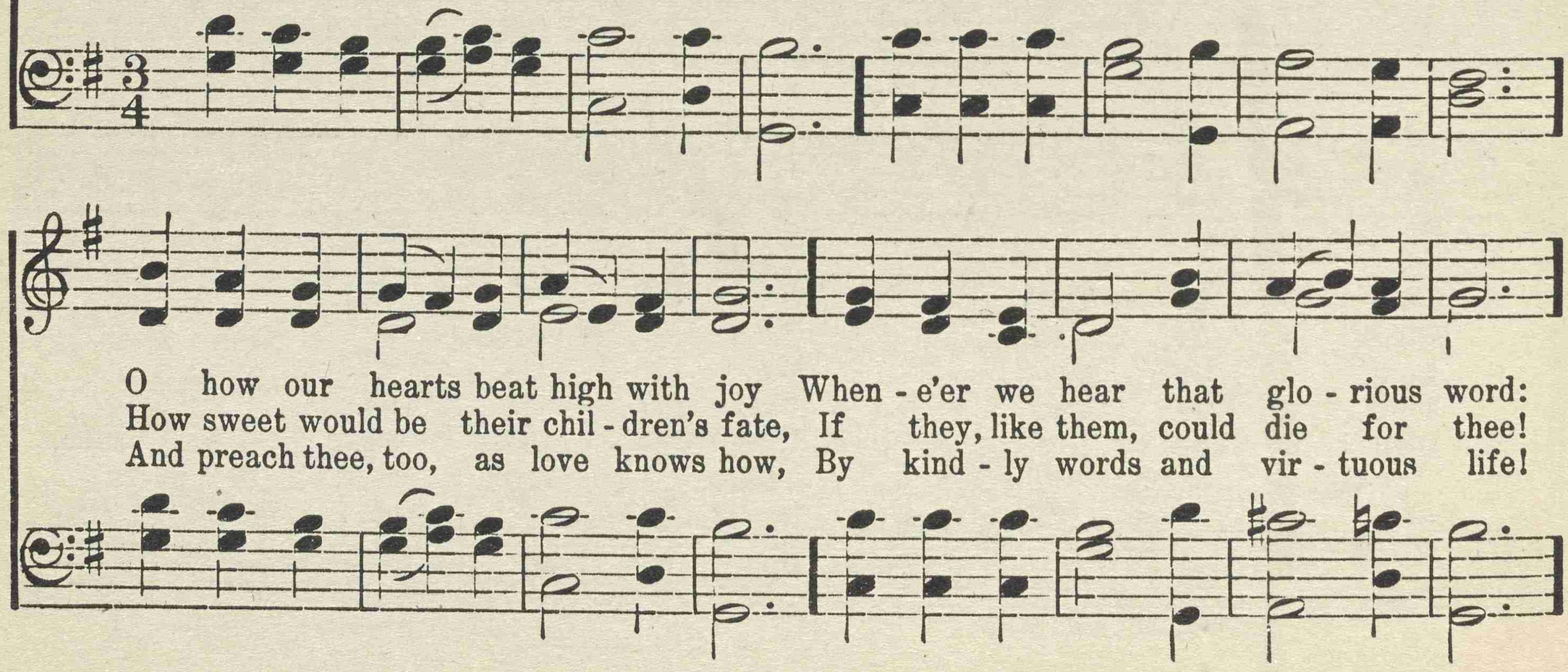
133 FAITH OF OUR FATHERS! LIVING STILL.

ST. CATHARINE. L. M. 6 lines.

F. W. Faber.

J. G. Walton.

♩=110. 1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chain'd in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



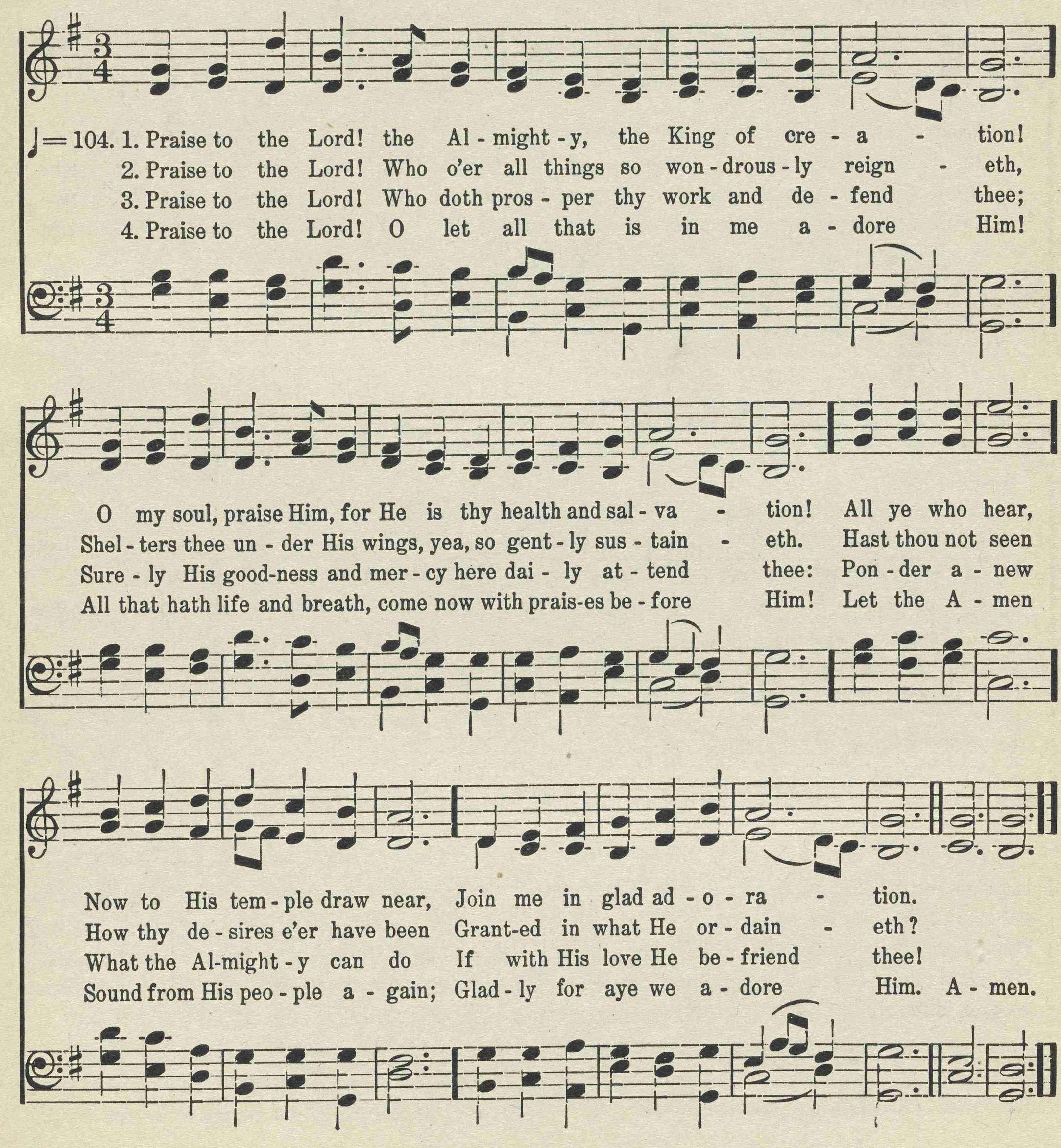
O how our hearts beat high with joy When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life!

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS! LIVING STILL.—Concluded.

134 PRAISE TO THE LORD! THE ALMIGHTY.

Joachim Neander. 1679.
Tr. Miss Winkworth. 1863.

Stralsund. 1665.



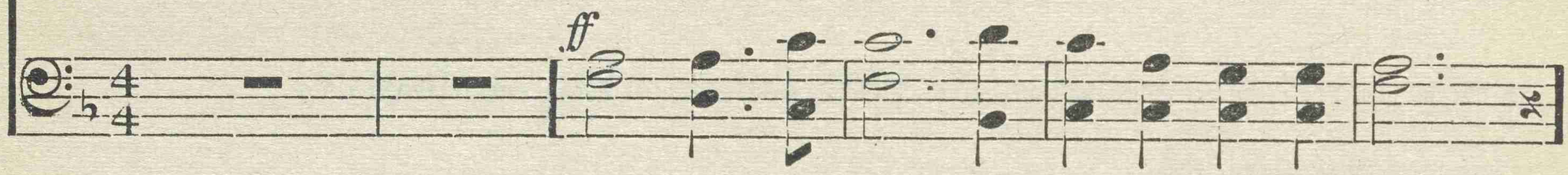
135 GOD OF OUR FATHERS, WHOSE ALMIGHTY HAND.

Daniel C. Roberts. George W. Warren.

Trumpets, before each verse.

♩= 100.

1. God of our fa - thers, Whose al - might - y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,



Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fense;
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

Of shin - ing worlds in
Be Thou our Rul - er,
Thy true re - lig - ion
Fill all our lives with

splen-dor through the skies,
Guar-dian, Guide, and Stay,
in our hearts in - crease,
love and grace di - vine,

Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
Thy boun-teous good-ness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er thine. A - men.

By permission.

136 BROTHERHOOD HYMN, FOR MEN'S MEETINGS.

C. Armand Miller.

(Tune above.)

1 Hark to the call! Hark to the trumpet's sound!
Cohorts of sin encircle us around.
Stern is the fray, all Satan's hosts oppose,
Who can refuse to march against our foes?

2 Soldiers of Christ, to arms, and take your stand!
Forth to the fight! Our Captain gives command,
Strong Son of God! He leads His Church to war.
We falter not, while He goes on before.

3 Christ is our strength; 'tis He Who makes us strong.
We live in Him, to Him our lives belong.
His Church we love, His Cross is all our boast!
Him we would praise, with all His ransomed host!

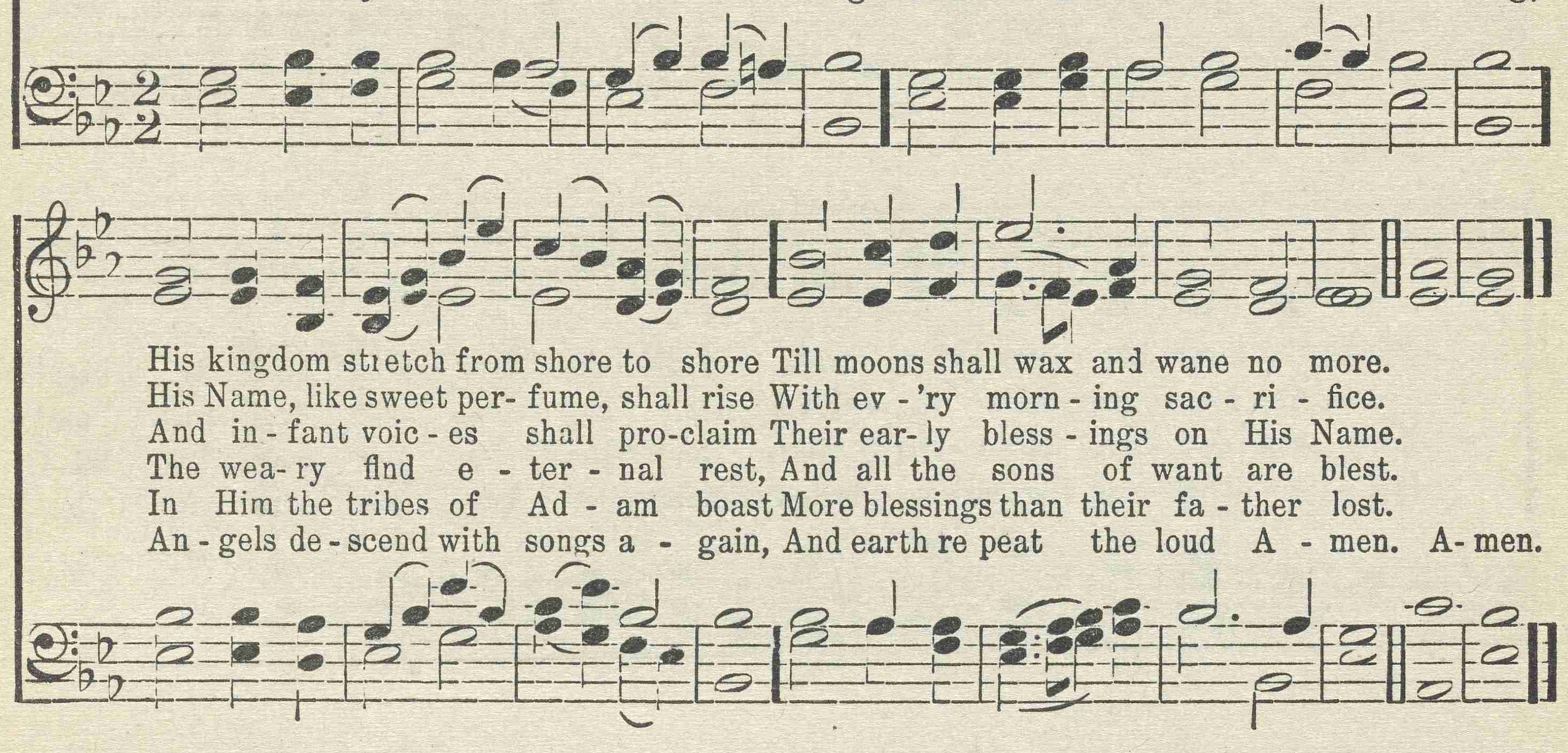
4 Brothers are we, and brothers to our Lord;
One in His life and nourished by His Word;
One in His love Who crowns our lives with good;
"Quit ye like men," be strong in brotherhood.

137 JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

DUKE STREET. L. M.
John Hatton. 1800.

♩=54. 1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive jour - neys run;
2. For Him shall end- less prayer be made, And end-less prais- es crown His head;
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His Love with sweet - est song;
4. Bless-ings a - bound wher- e'er He reigns; The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
5. Where He dis-plays His heal - ing power Death and the curse are known no more;
6. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu- liar hon - ors to our King;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His Name, like sweet per- fume, shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voic - es shall pro-claim Their ear- ly bless - ings on His Name.
The wea- ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
In Him the tribes of Ad - am boast More blessings than their fa - ther lost.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re peat the loud A - men. A- men.

138 JESUS CALLS US, O'ER THE TUMULT.

C. F. Alexander.

JUDE.
W. H. Jude.

♩=50. 1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest- less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us— from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold- en store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav- iour, may we hear Thy call;

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, Chris- tian, fol- low Me!
From each i - dol that would keep us,— Say-ing, Chris- tian, love Me more!
Still He calls, in cares and pleas- ures,— Christian, love Me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all! A - men.

139 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(First Tune.)

Charles Wesley. 1740.

REFUGE. 7s. D.
From Beethoven.

♩= 92. 1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right - eous - ness:
Thou of life the Fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

140 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(Second Tune.)

C. Wesley. 1740.

MARTYN. 7s. D.
Simeon Marsh. 1834.

♩.= 40. 1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name; I am all un - right - eous - ness:
Thou of life the Fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

141 I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

F. Whitfield. 1855.

ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7s. 6s. D.
F. C. Maker. 1889.

♩=80. 1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
2. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus; I need a Friend like Thee,

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;
A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.
A Friend to soothe and pit - y, A Friend to care for me.

I need the cleans - ing fount - ain Where I can al - ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt-ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
To tell my ev - 'ry tri - al And all my sor - rows share. A - men.

142 O ZION, HASTE, THY MISSION HIGH FULFILLING.

Mary A. Thomson.

TIDINGS.
James Walch.

♩=120. 1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God, in whom they
3. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
4. He comes a - gain; O Zi - on ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - 'ry

world that God is Light; That He who made all na- tions is not will - ing
live and move, is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;
heart His sav - ing grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
Thro' thy neg - lect, un - fit to see His face.
} Pub - lish glad ti - dings;

Ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - demption and re - lease. A - men.

143 FOR ALL THY SAINTS.

William Walsham How. 1864.

SARUM. 10. 10. 10. 4.
Sir Joseph Barnby. 1869.

♩ = 96. 1. For all Thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true and bold, Fight as the
4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine! We fee - bly
5. The gold - en ev'n - ing bright-ens in the west; Soon, soon to
6. But lo! their breaks a yet more glo - rious day; The saints tri -
7. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest coast, Through gates of

faith be - fore the world con - fess'd, Thy name, O Je - sus,
Cap - tain in their well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with them, the
strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in
faith - ful war - riors comes the rest; Sweet is the calm of
um - phant rise in bright ar - ray; The King of glo - ry
pearl streams in the heav'n - ly host, Sing - ing to Fa - ther,

be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.
drear, the Light of light. Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.
vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.
Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.
Par - a - dise the blest. Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.
pass - es on His way. Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia.
Son and Ho - ly Ghost. Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

144 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

G. Gessner. 1843.
Tr. Harriett R. Spaeth. 1895.

H. G. Nägeli. 1836.

♩ = 96. 1. Praise ye the Lord In sim - ple joy - ous meas - ure;
2. Though chil - dren, we Thy glo - rious praise are tell - ing;
3. Thy praise a - lone Our hearts would ren - der ev - er;
4. Our stam - mer - ing, Our fee - ble voice Thou hear - est;
5. In glo - ry we, Our heav'n - ly Fa - ther prais - ing,

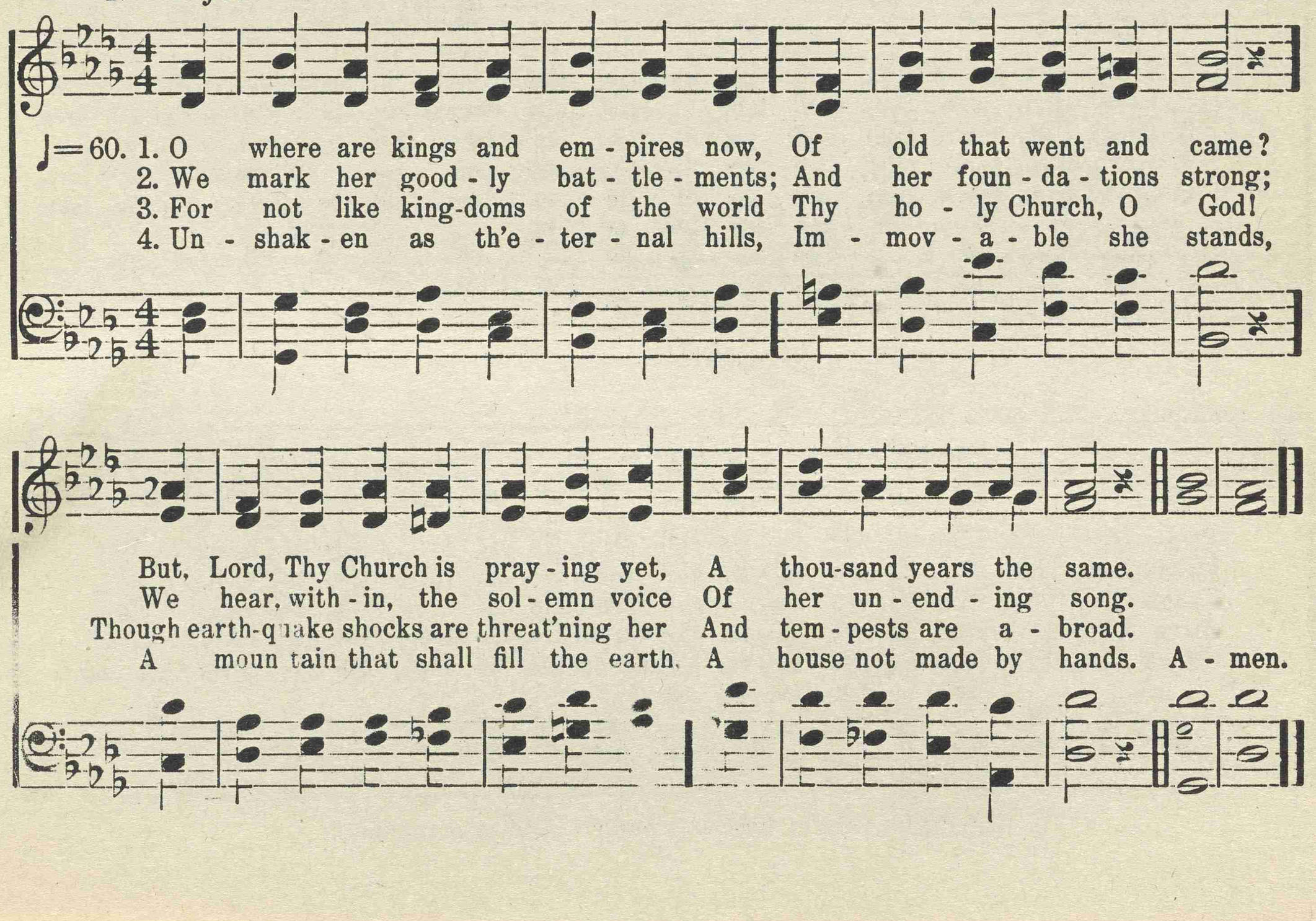
PRAISE YE THE LORD.—Concluded.

145 O WHERE ARE KINGS AND EMPIRES NOW.

BACHMAN. C. M.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe. 1839. C. Armand Miller. 1908.

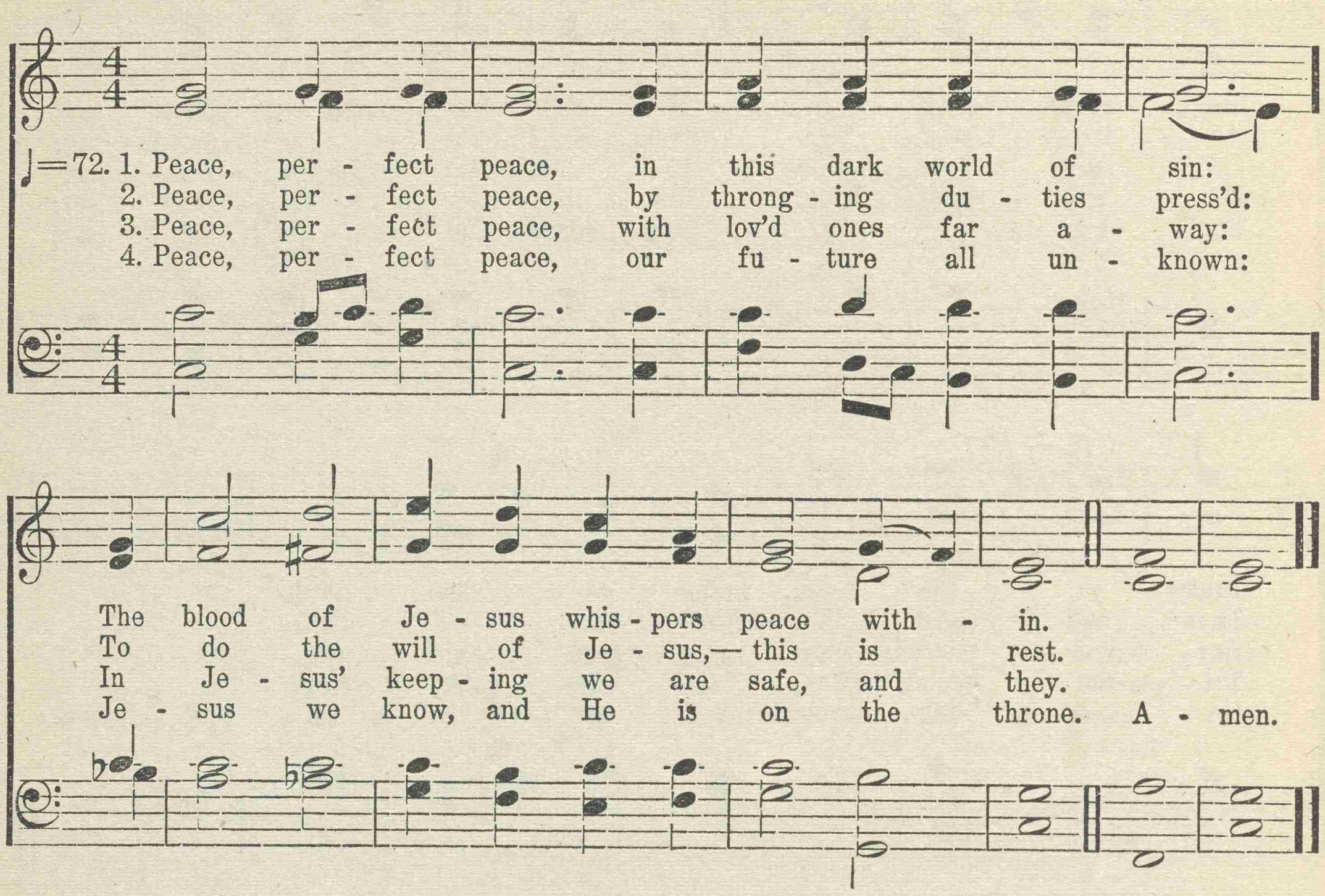
Not too fast.



146. PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

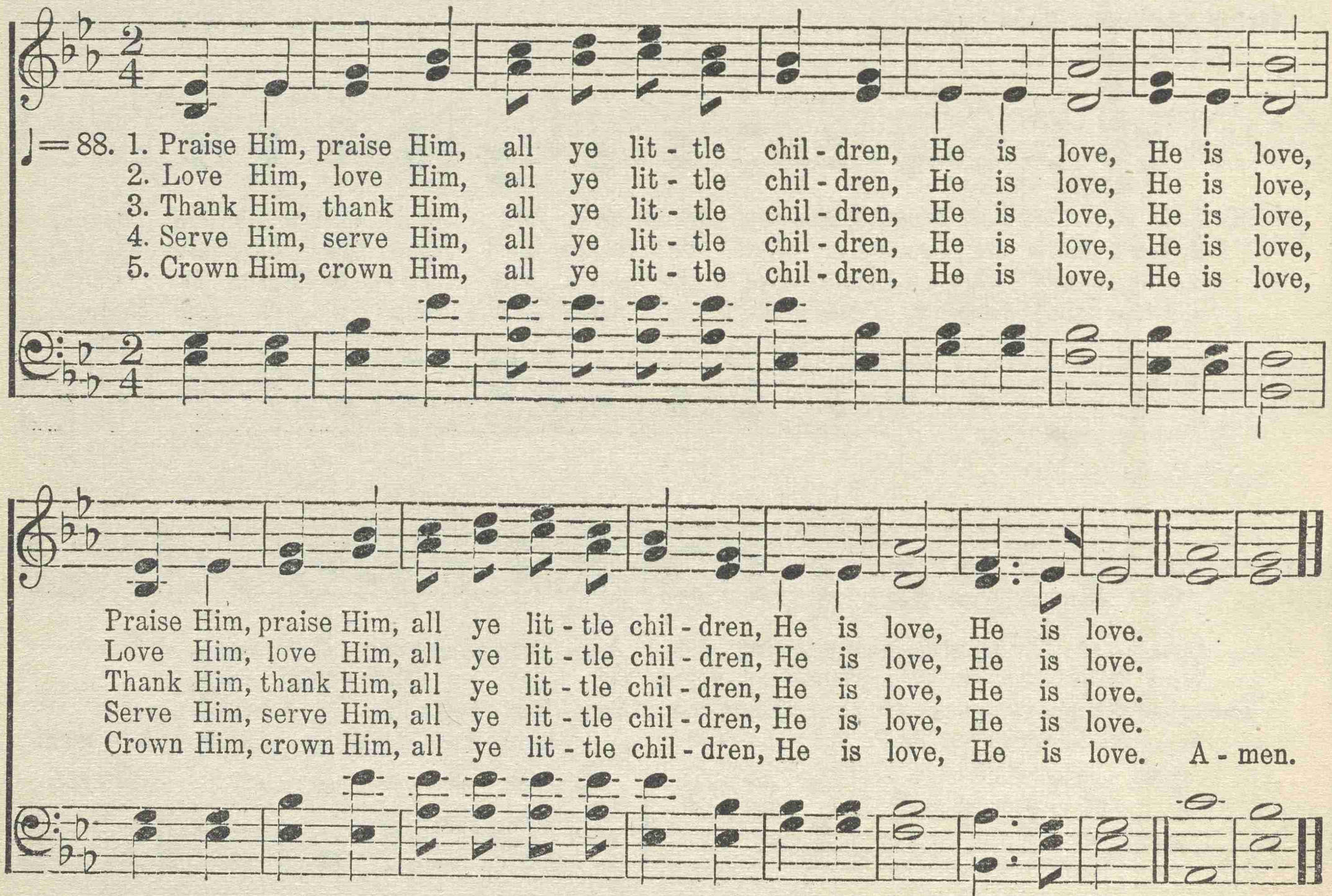
E. H. Bickersteth.

PAX TECUM.
G. T. Caldbeck.



147 PRAISE HIM, PRAISE HIM.

Anon. (Elementary.) Arr. by Hurbert P. Main.



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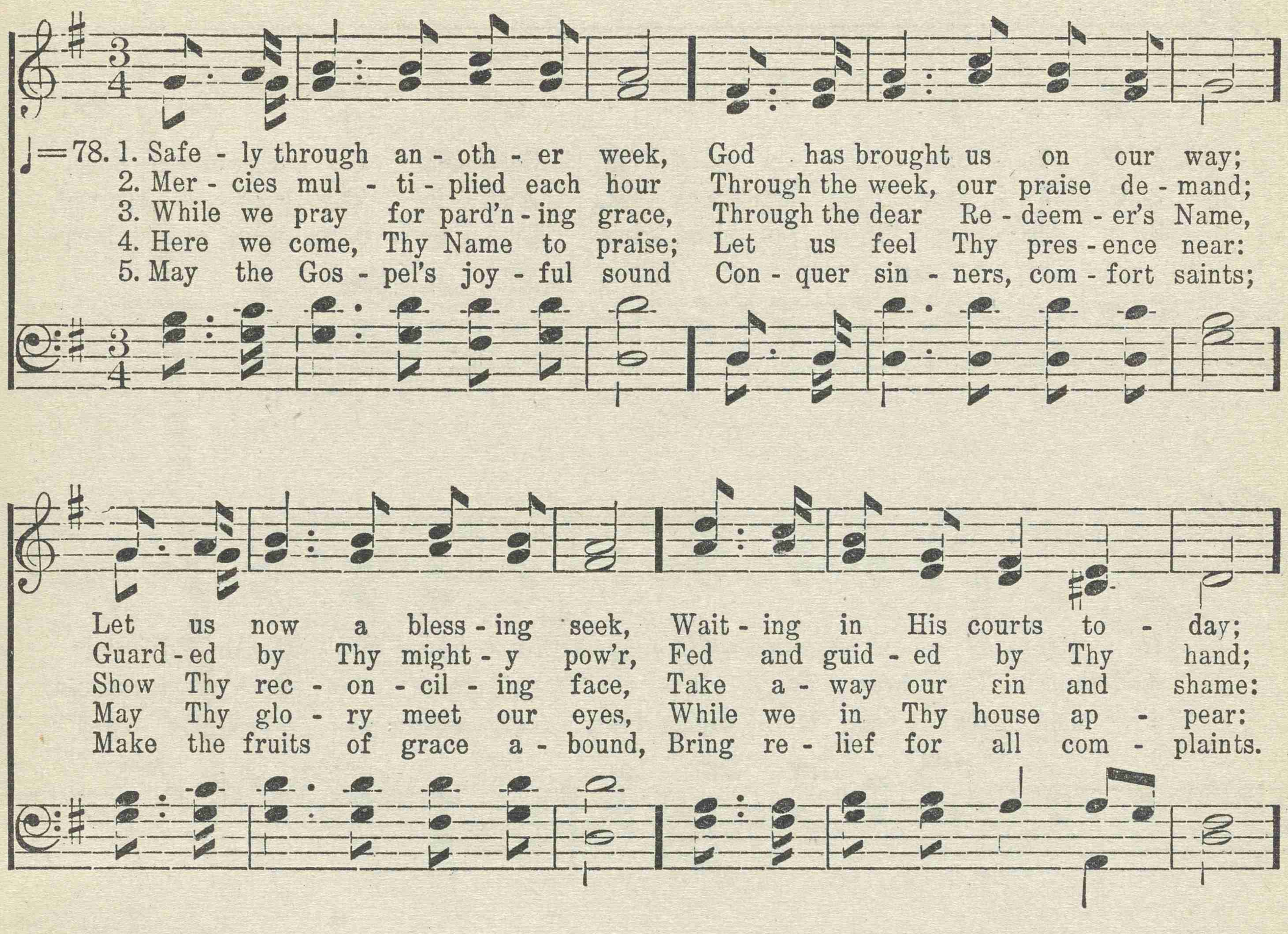
148 SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

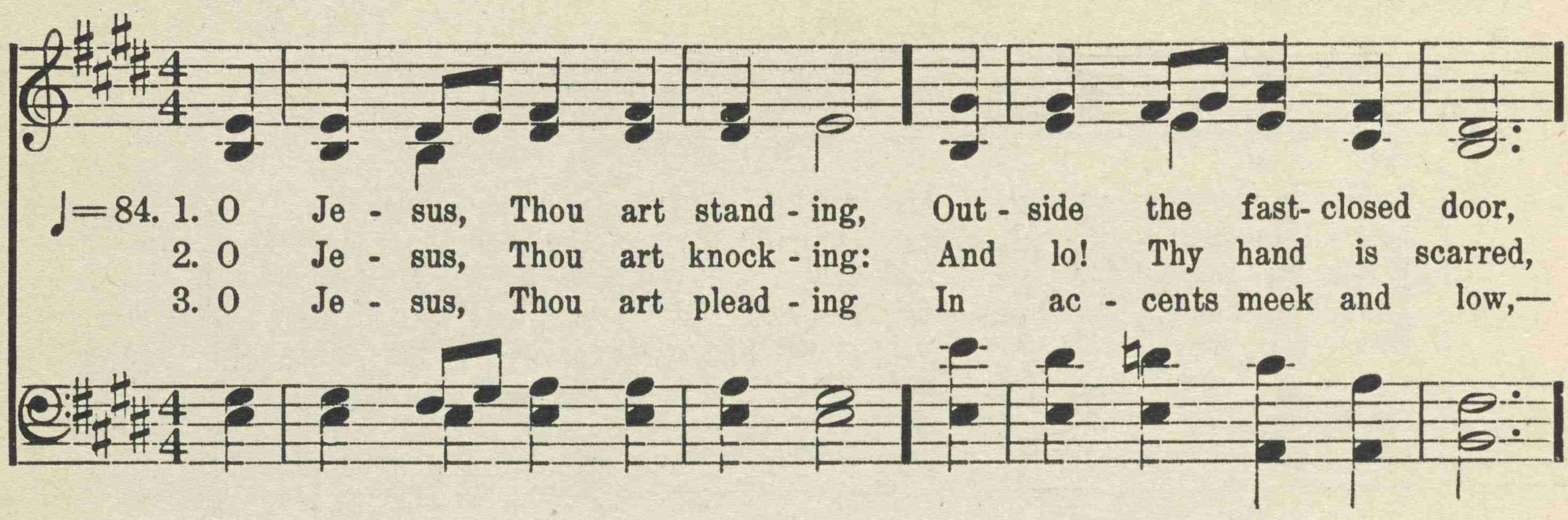
John Newton. 1774. a.

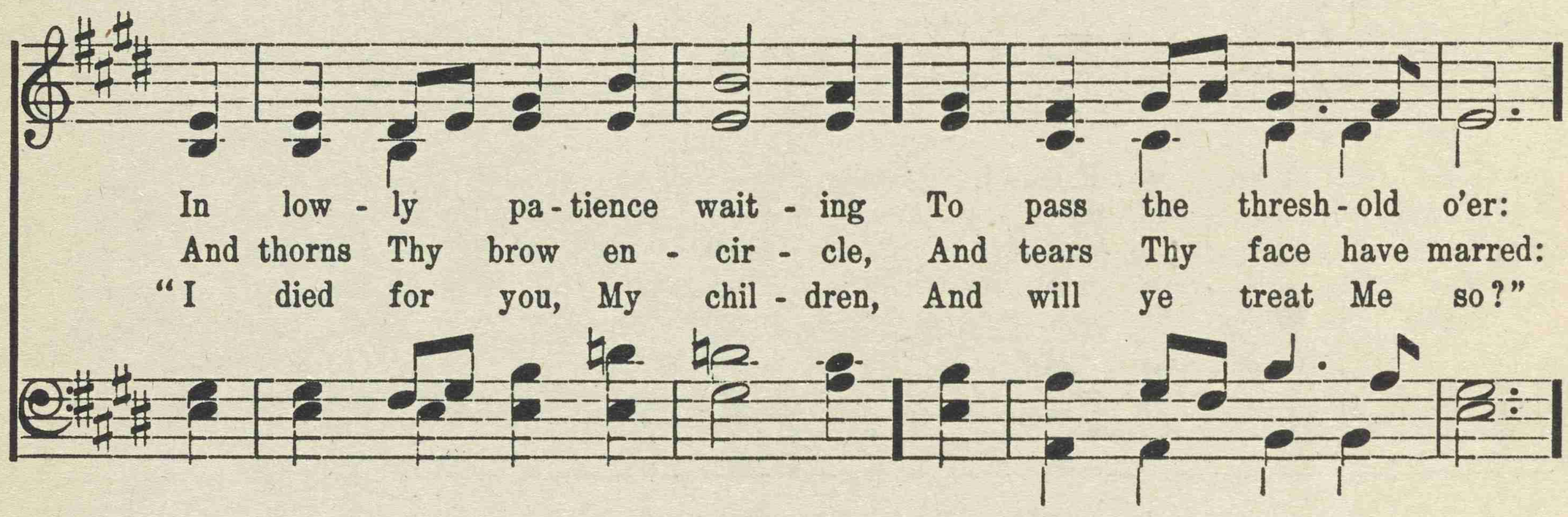
SABBATH. 7s. D.
Lowell Mason. 1824.

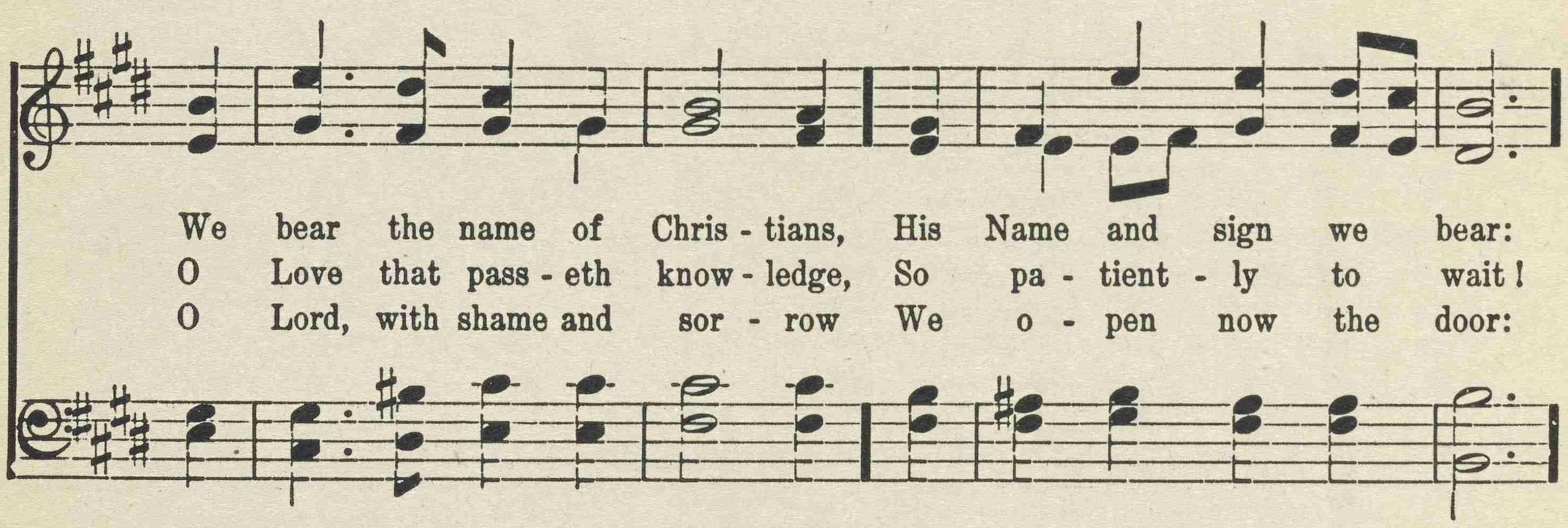


149 O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

William Walsham How. 1867. ST. HILDA. 7s. 6s. D.







150 O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.

J. E. Bode. 1869.

DAY OF REST.
J. W. Elliott.

♩= 90. 1. O Je - sus, I have prom - is'd To serve Thee to the end;
2. Oh, let me feel Thee near me! The world is ev - er near;
3. Oh, let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents dear and still,
4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - is'd To all who fol - low Thee,
5. Oh, let me see Thy foot - marks, And in them plant my own.

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
I see the sights that daz - zle; The tempt - ing sounds I hear;
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will!
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be;
My hope to fol - low du - ly Is in Thy strength a - lone.

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
Oh, speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol!
And, Je - sus, I have prom - is'd To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me, Up - hold me to the end!

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou will be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
Oh, speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou Guar - dian of my soul!
Ah, give me grace to fol - low, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
At last in heav'n re - ceive me, My Sav - iour and my Friend! A - men.

151 SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

James Edmeston. 1820.

SARDIS. 8s. 7s.
Beethoven.

♩= 69. 1. Sav - iour, breathe an ev'n - ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Though de- struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee,
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con-fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
An - gel-guards from Thee sur-round us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He Who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in bright and death- less bloom. A - men.

152 MY FATHER, FOR ANOTHER NIGHT.

W. H. Baker. 1875.

SAWLEY. C. M.
James Walch. 1860.

♩= 100. 1. My Fa- ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest, For all the
2. Now with the new- born day I give My - self a - new to Thee, That as Thou
3. Whate'er I do, things great or small, Whate'er I speak or frame, Thy glo - ry
4. My Fa- ther, for His sake I pray Thy child ac - cept and bless; And lead me

joy of morn - ing light, Thy ho - ly Name be blest.
will - est I may live, And what Thou will - est, be.
may I seek in all, Do all in Je - sus' Name.
by Thy grace to - day, In paths of right - eous - ness. A - men.

153 MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT!

Banjamin Schmolcke. 1784.
Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853.

LADD. 6s. D.
F. F. Buermeyer. 1887.

♩= 92. 1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine!
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! If need - y here and poor,
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Though seen through many a tear,
4. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! When death it - self draws nigh,
5. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me:

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure.
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear:
To Thy dear wound - ed side I would for ref - uge fly.
Each chang - ing fut - ure scene I glad - ly trust with Thee.

Through sor - row or through joy Con - duct me as Thine own,
The man - na of Thy Word Let my soul feed up - on;
Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - row'd oft a - lone,
Lean - ing on Thee, to go Where Thou be - fore hast gone:
Thus to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done!
If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
The rest as Thou shalt please: My Lord, Thy will be done!
And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

By permission.

154 NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

Martin Rinkart. 1644.
Tr. Miss Winkworth. 1858. a.

NUN DANKET.
J. Crüger. 1649.

♩=80. 1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es,
2. O may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,

Who won - drous things hath done, In Whom His earth re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him Who reigns With Them in high - est heav - en;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath bless'd us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plex'd,
The One e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more! A - men.

155 THERE IS A NAME I LOVE TO HEAR.

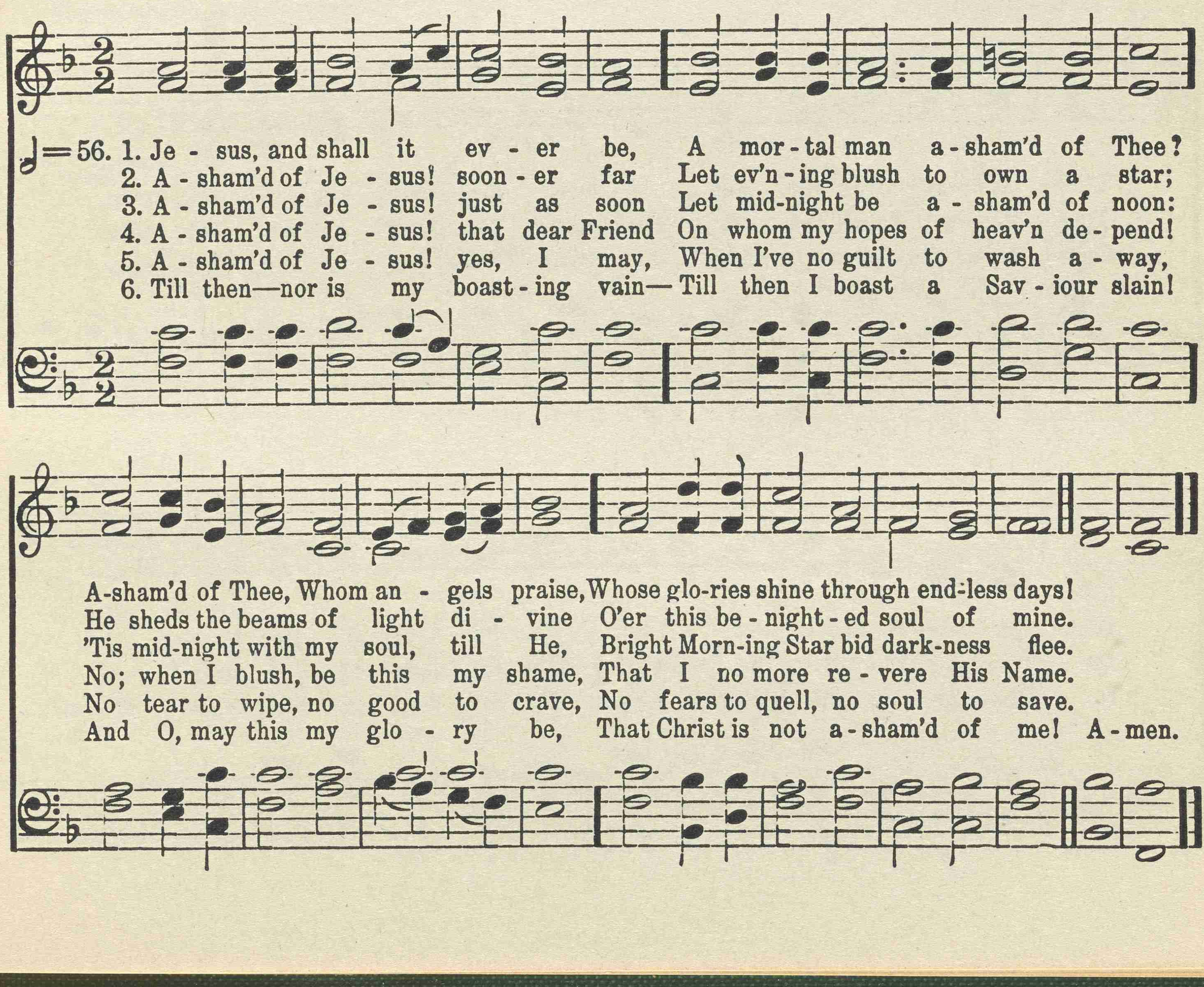
F. Whitfield.

EVAN. C. M.
William H. Havergal. 1846.

156 JESUS, AND SHALL IT EVER BE.

Joseph Grigg. 1765.
Revised by Benjamin Francis. 1787.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.
Henry K. Oliver. 1848.



157 THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

Reginald Heber. 1827.

VINDEX. C. M. D.
Henry S. Cutler. 1872.

♩= 94. 1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came:

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

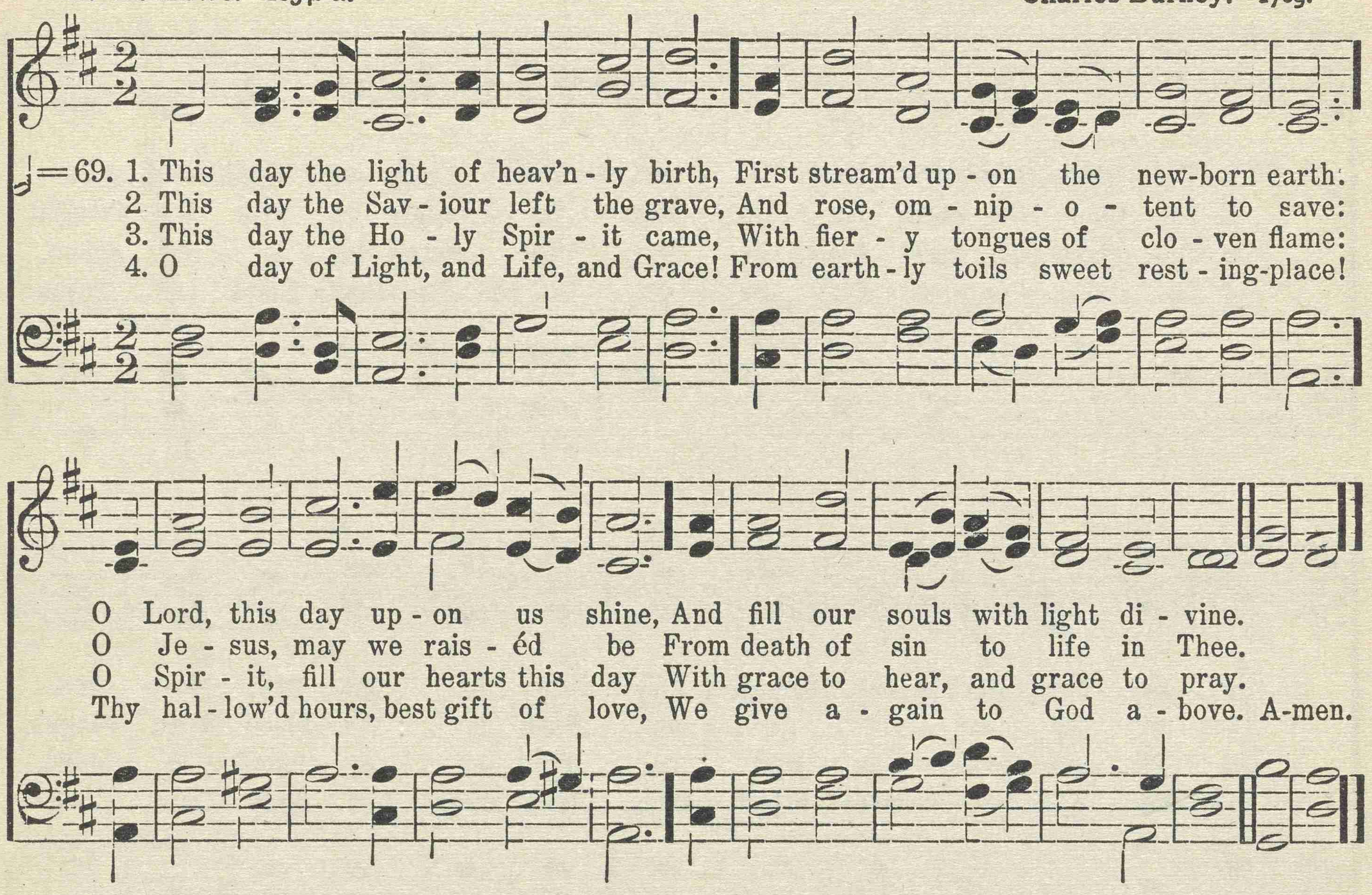
Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climbed the diz - zy steep to heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:

Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low— He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
O God! to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train! A - men.

158 THIS DAY THE LIGHT OF HEAVENLY BIRTH.

W. W. Howe. 1854. a.

TRURO. L. M.
Charles Burney. 1769.



159 THINE FOREVER! GOD OF LOVE.

Mary Fowler Maude. 1847.

INNOCENTS. 7s.

160 THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.

Rev. J. Demster Hammond. William James Kirkpatrick. 1885.

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THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

The whole wide world,..... the whole wide world,

Pro - claim the gos - pel ti - dings through the whole wide world,

Lift up the Cross for Je - sus, His ban - ner be un - furled,

Till ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him, through the whole wide world. A - men.

161 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

John Henry Newman. 1833.
V. 4 by Joseph A. Seiss. 1902.

LUX BENIGNA.
John B. Dykes. 1867.

♩=92. 1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on
4. Till then, a-long the path Thy-self hast trod, Je-sus, lead on:

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on:
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone;
Be Thou my Strength, my Help, O Son of God, Till heav'n is won,—

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
I lov'd the gar-ish day, and, spite of fears,.....
And with the morn those an-gel fa-ces smile.....
Till with Thy fold-ed flock my soul shall rest.....

The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
Pride rul'd my will, Re-mem-ber not past years!
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while!
In that calm peace where all Thy saints are blest. A-men.

162 THY WORD, O LORD, THY PRECIOUS WORD ALONE.

LUX BENIGNA.
John B. Dykes. 1867.

163

CLOSE TO THEE.

F. J. Crosby. S. J. Vail.

♩ = 60. 1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me through the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:

All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the

long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee. A - men.

164 TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.

Rev. Edgar Page. Ira D. Sankey.

♪=116. 1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path be drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past;

E - ven when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;

Trust - ing Him what- e'er be - fall, Trust ing Je - sus, that is all. A - men.

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165 AWAKE, MY SOUL! STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.
George F. Handel. 1728.

♩= 92. 1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee
4. Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my

vig - or on; A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal,
full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod,
from on high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize
race be - gun; And crown'd with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet

And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
And on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
To thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
I'll lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - men.

166 THOU, WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD.

John Marriott. 1813.

DORT. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Lowell Mason. 1832.

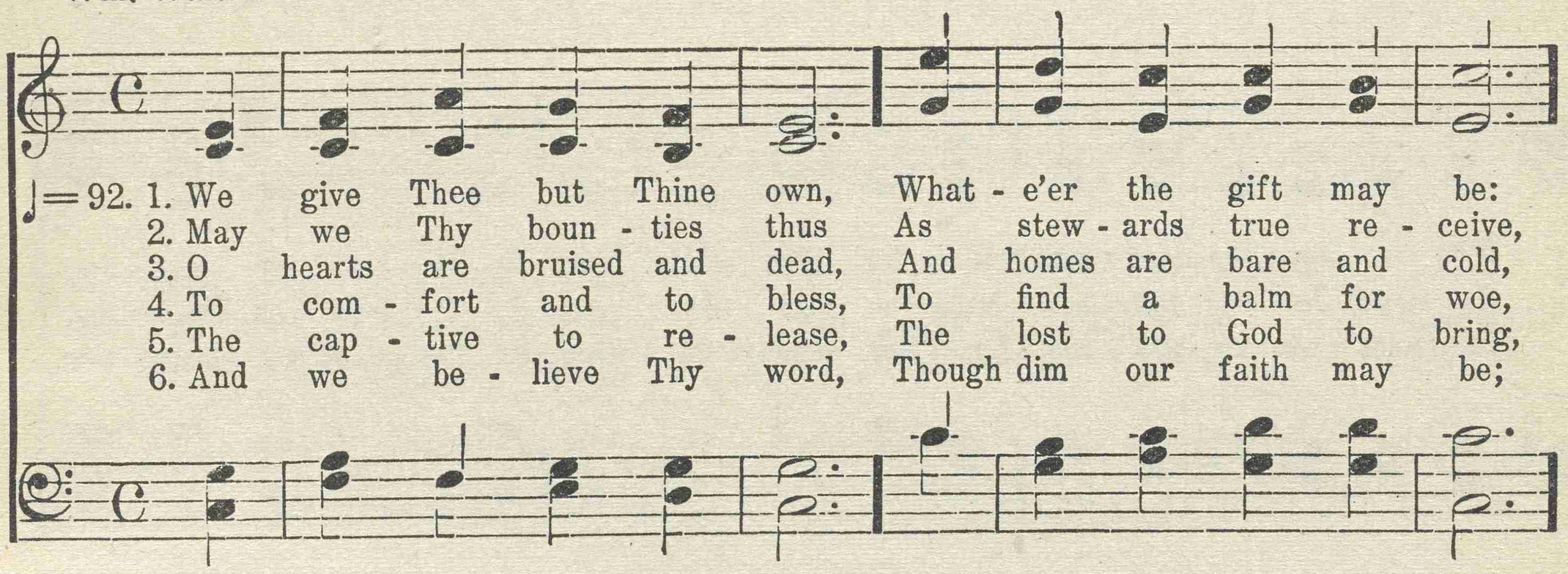
♩= 100. 1. Thou, Whose al - might - y Word Cha - os and dark - ness heard, And took their flight;
2. Thou, Who didst come to bring, On Thy re - deem - ing wing, Heal - ing and sight,
3. Spir - it of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, ho - ly Dove, Speed forth Thy flight;
4. Ho - ly and bless - ed Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty, Wis - dom, Love, Might,

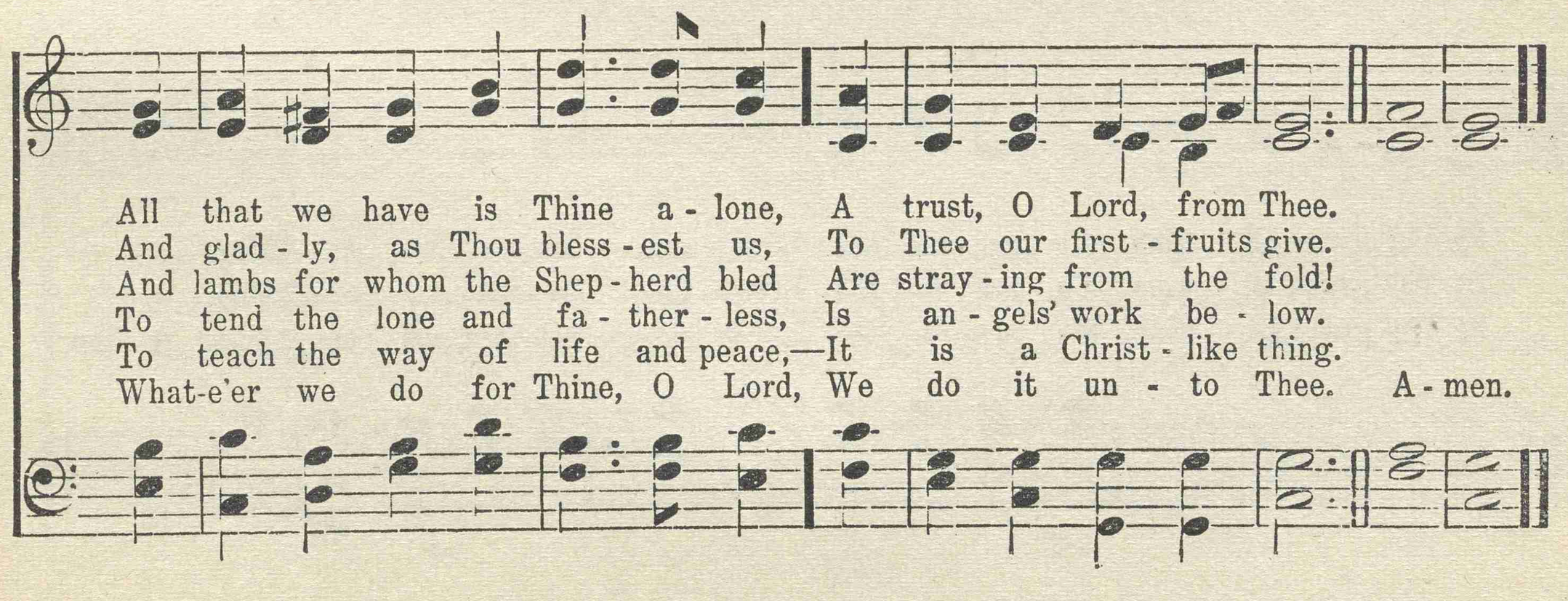
THOU, WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD.—Concluded.

167 WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN.

ST. GEORGE. S. M.

Wm. Waltham Howe. 1860. Henry J. Gauntlett. a. 1876.





168 WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

Frances R. Havergal.

ARMAGEDDON.
J. Goss, arr.

♩= 126. 1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood,

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war-rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain - ing,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,

By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. A-men.

169 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Mrs. A. L. Coghill. Lowell Mason.

♩=96. 1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:

cres.

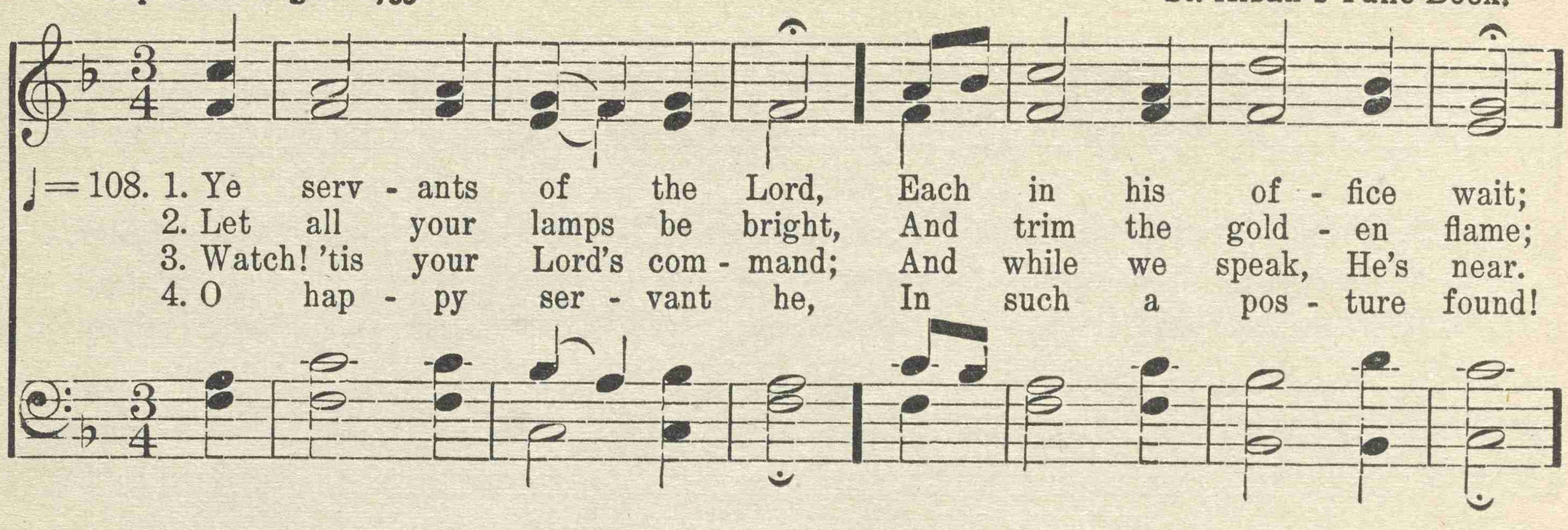
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute, Some - thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er. A - men.

170 YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

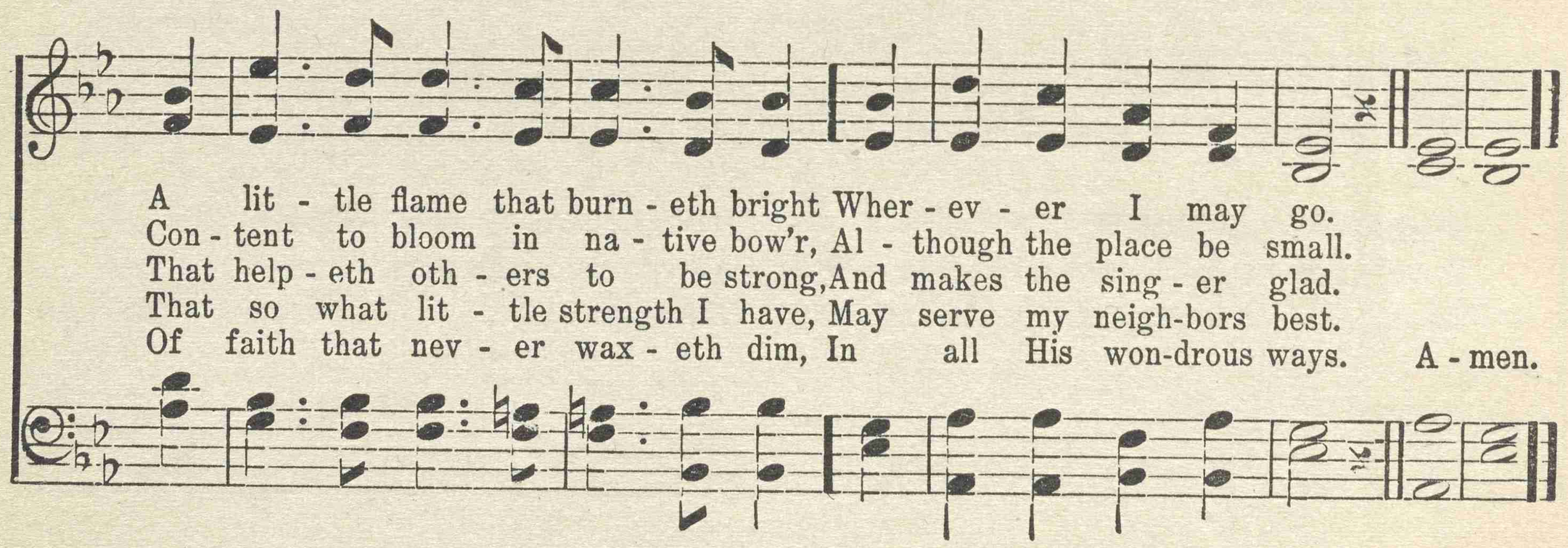
HOLBORN. S. M.
St. Alban's Tune Book.



171 GOD MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT.

Matilda Betham Edwards. 1873.

Fr. Pira.



172 NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE.

THESSALONICA. S. M. D.

Horatius Bonar. 1864. German, arr. by Goss.

♩= 100. 1. Not what these hands have done Can save this guilt - y soul;
2. Thy grace a - lone, O God, To me can par - don speak;
3. I bless the Christ of God; I rest on love di - vine;

Not what this toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole.
Thy pow'r a - lone, O Son of God, Can this sore bond - age break.
And with un - fal - t'ring lip and heart I call this Sav - iour mine.

Not what I feel or do Can give me peace with God;
No oth - er work save Thine, No mean - er blood will do;
'Tis He that sav - eth me, And free - ly par - don gives;

Not all my pray'rs, and sighs, and tears Can bear my aw - ful load.
No strength, save that which is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
I love be - cause He lov - eth me; I live be - cause He lives. A - men.

173 GOD IS LOVE; HIS MERCY BRIGHTENS.

STOCKWELL. 8s. 7s.

Sir John Bowring. 1825. a. Darius E. Jones. 1847.

♩=56. 1. God is Love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move:
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His change- less good-ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:

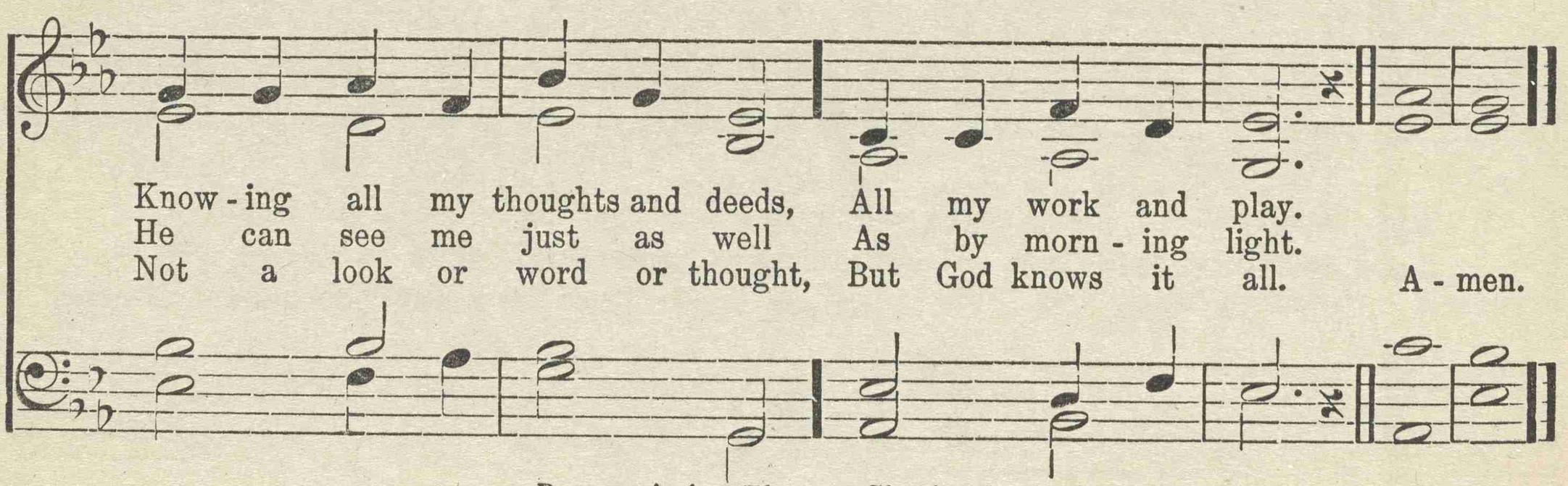
rit.

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is Wis-dom, God is Love.
But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is Wis-dom, God is Love.
From the gloom His brightness stream-eth; God is Wis-dom, God is Love.
Ev - 'ry- where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is Wis-dom, God is Love. A - men.

174 GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME.

(Elementary.) Eleanor Smith.

♩=100. 1. God is al - ways near me, Hear - ing what I say,
2. God is al - ways near me, In the dark - est night,
3. God is al - ways near me, Though so young and small,



Know - ing all my thoughts and deeds, All my work and play.
He can see me just as well As by morn - ing light.
Not a look or word or thought, But God knows it all. A - men.

By permission Thomas Charles Co.

175 GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

AUSTRIA. 8s. 7s. D.

John Newton. 1779.

Franz Joseph Haydn. 1797.

♩= 92. 1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, Cit - y of our God;
2. See the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's Cit - y I, through grace, a mem - ber am,

He, Whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.
Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy Name.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er, Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage?
Fad - ing is the world-ling's pleas - ure, All His boast - ed pomp and show;

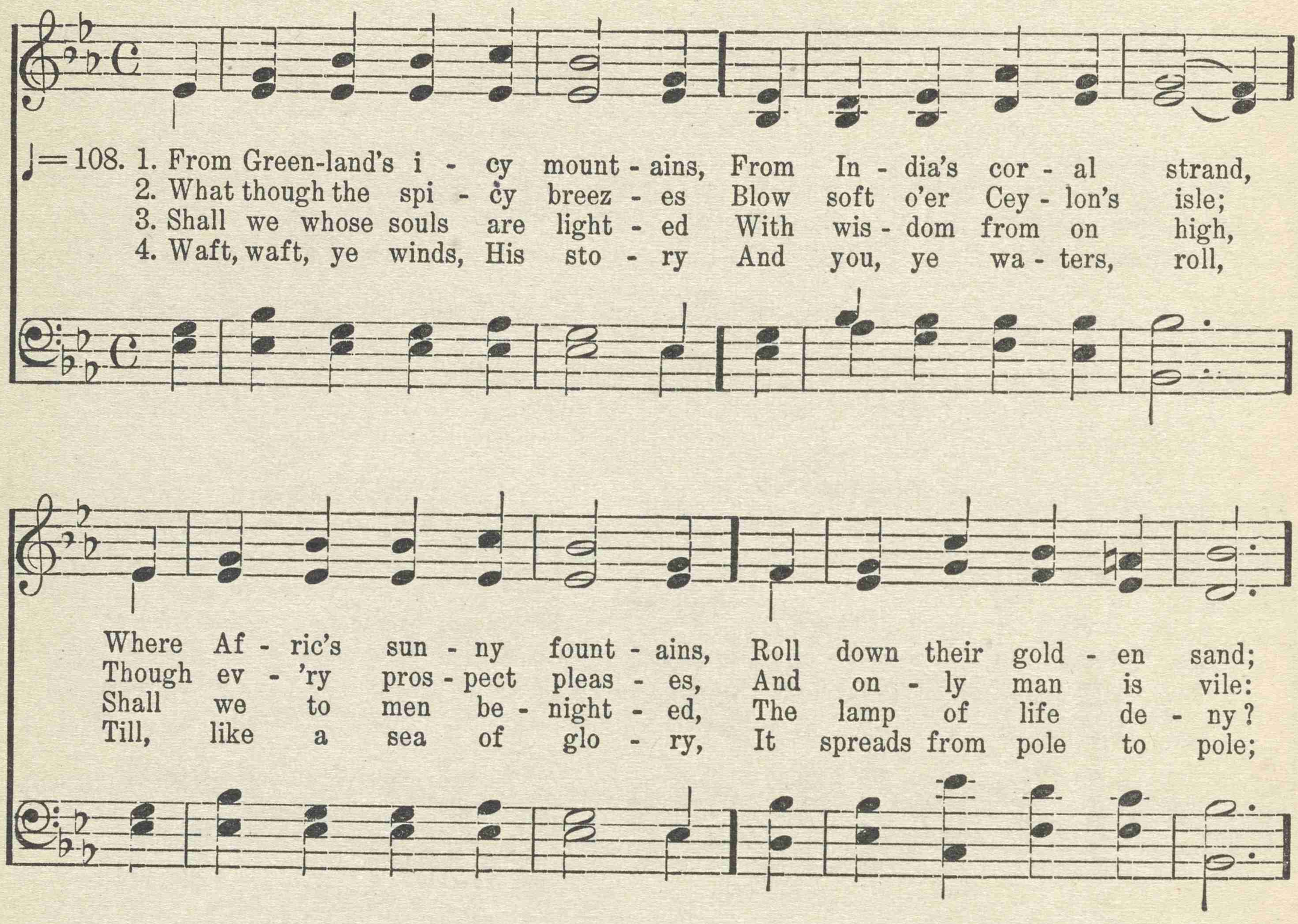
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Sol - id joys and last - ing treas-ure None but Zi - on's chil - dren know. A - men.

176 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. 6s. D.

Reginald Heber. 1819.

Lowell Mason. 1829.



177 GOD CALLING YET!—SHALL I NOT HEAR?

Gerhard Tersteegen. ab. 1730
From Jane Borthwick. Tr. 1853.

BERA. L. M.
John E. Gould. 1849.

♩=50. 1. God call-ing yet!—shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet!—shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet!—and shall He knock? And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God call-ing yet!—and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
5. Ah, yield Him all: in Him con-fide: Where but with Him doth peace a-bide?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?
And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still: can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
I wait, but He does not for-sake: He calls me still:—my heart, a-wake!
Break loose, let earth-ly bonds be riv'n, And let the spir-it rise to heav'n! A-men.

178 THE KING OF LOVE MY SHEPHERD IS.

Sir Henry Williams Baker. 1863.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s. 7s.
John B. Dykes.

♩=94. 1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ters flow My ran-somed soul He lead-eth,
3. Per-verse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me,
5. Thou spread'st a ta-ble in my sight, Thy unc-tion grace be-stow-eth;
6. And so through all the length of days Thy good-ness fail-eth nev-er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er.
And where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
And on His shoul-der gen-tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy Cross be-fore to guide me.
And, O what transport and de-light From Thy pure chal-ice flow-eth.
Good Shep-herd! may I sing Thy praise With-in Thy house for-ev-er. A-men.

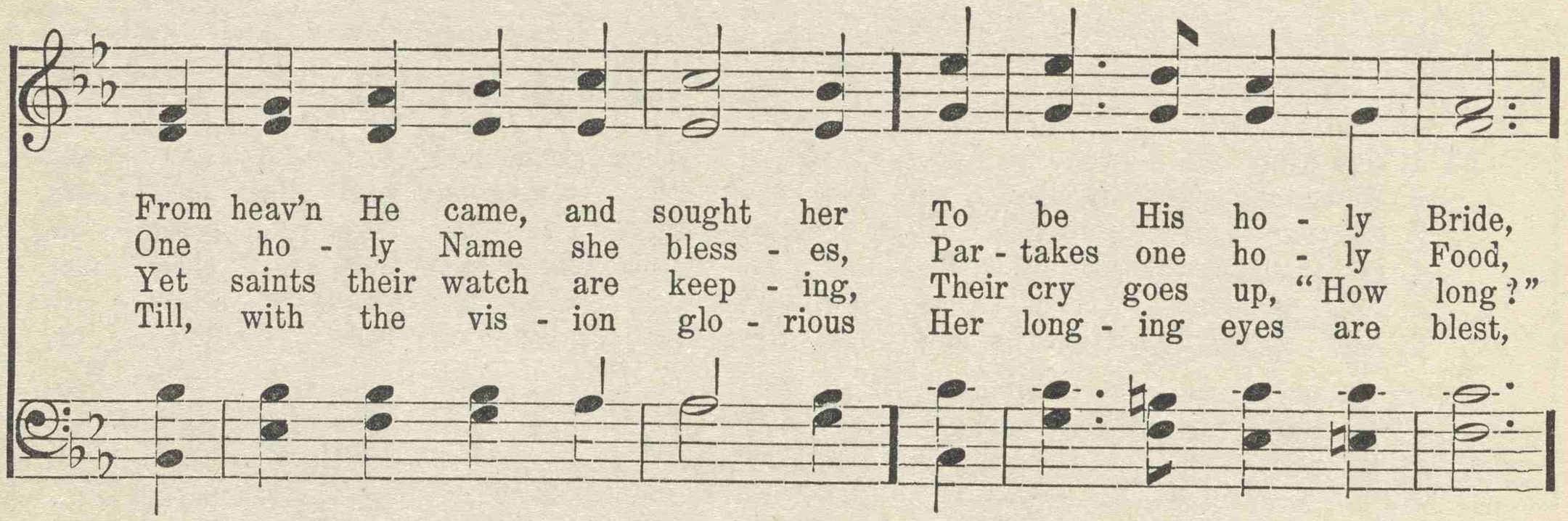
179 THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

Samuel J. Stone. 1866.

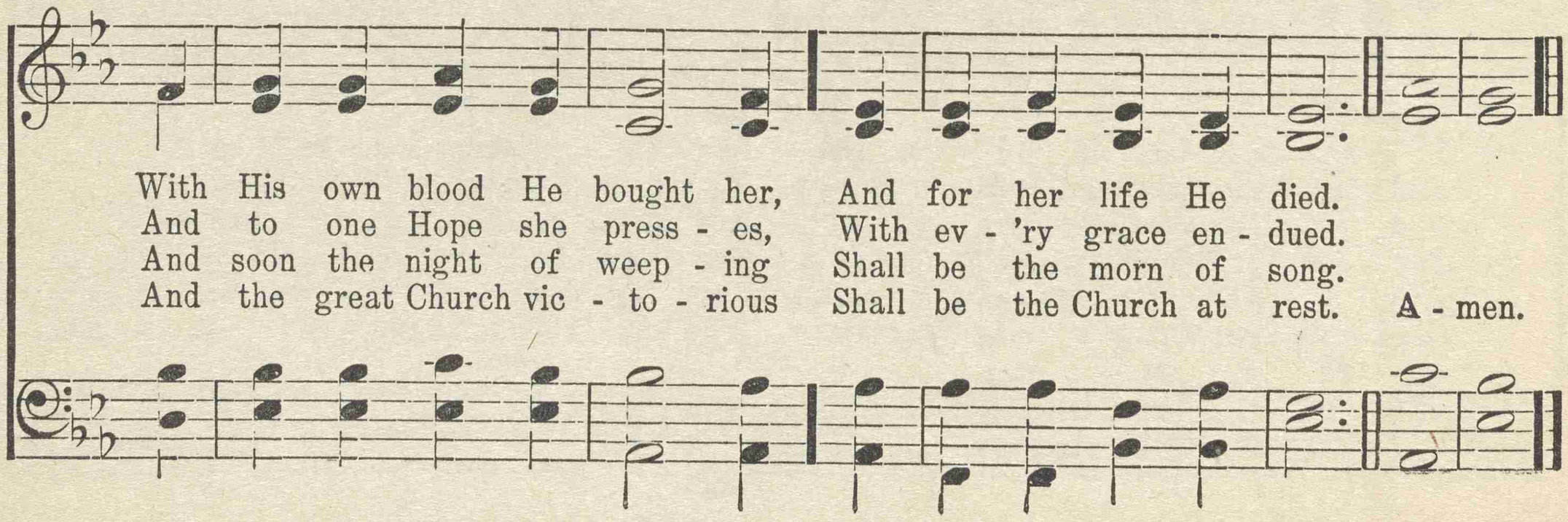
AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D.
Samuel S. Wesley.

♩= 108. 1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Though, with a scorn - ful won - der, Men see her sore op - prest,
4. Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - trest;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;



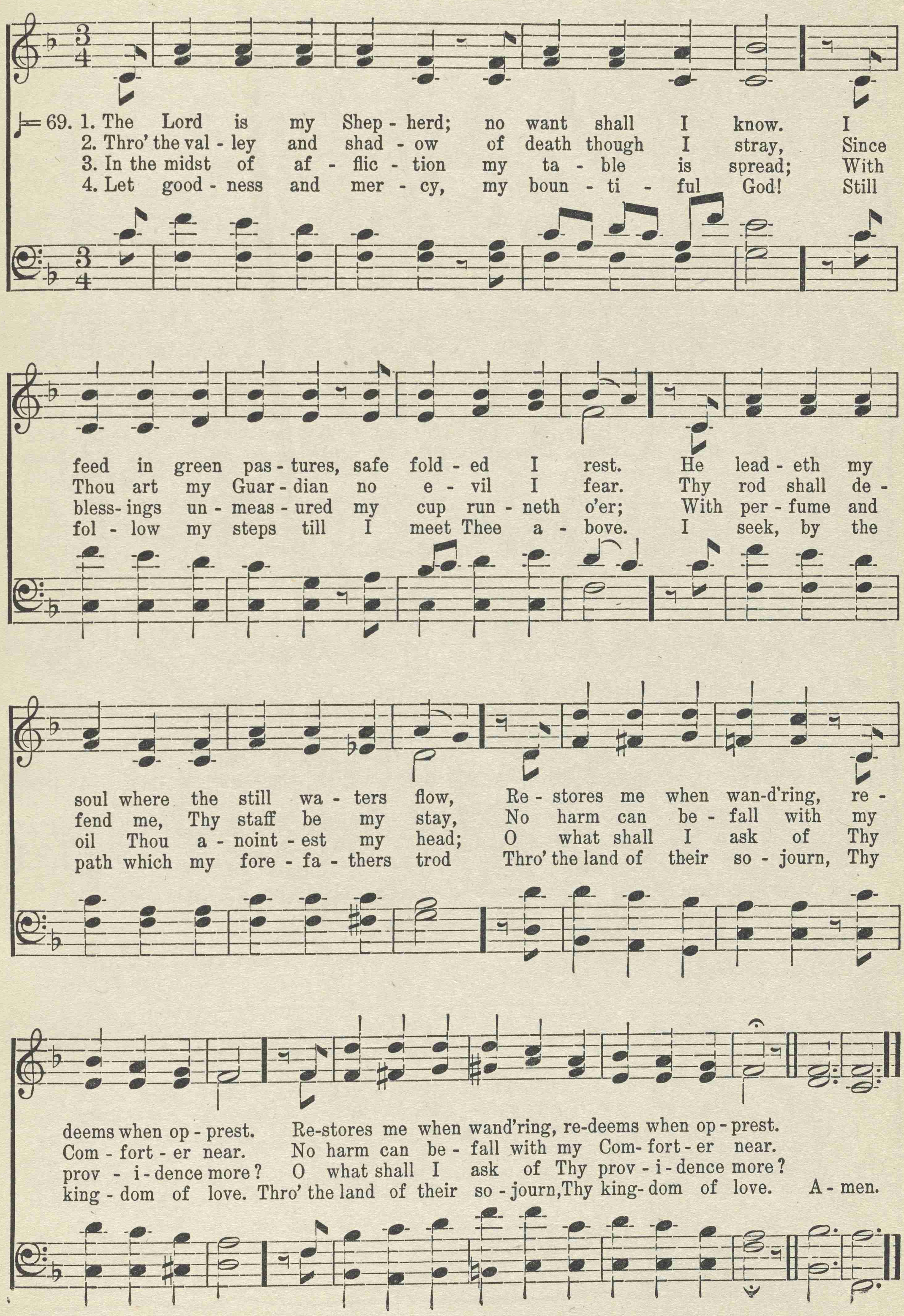
From heav'n He came, and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride,
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly Food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till, with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one Hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest. A - men.

180 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

James Montgomery. T. Koschat.



181 THE FIELDS ALL ARE WHITE.

Rev. W. H. Cooke. (Elementary.) Rev. C. Armand Miller.

♩=100. 1. The fields all are white, And the reap - ers are few; We
2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak; We
3. We'll work by our pray'rs, By the pen - nies we bring, By
4. We will bring Him our hearts, We will give Him our love, We will
5. Un - til by and by, As the years pass at length, We,

chil - dren are will - ing, But what can we do? To work for our Lord,
can - not teach oth - ers; How then shall we seek To work for our Lord,
small self - de - ni - als— The least lit - tle thing May work for our Lord,
joy in the mis - sion, Sent down from a - bove, To work for our Lord,
too, may be reap - ers, And go forth in strength To work for our Lord,

To work for our Lord, To work for our Lord in His har - vest.
To work for our Lord, To work for our Lord in His har - vest.
May work for our Lord, May work for our Lord in His har - vest.
To work for our Lord, To work for our Lord in His har - vest.
To work for our Lord, To work for our Lord in His har - vest. A - men.

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182 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

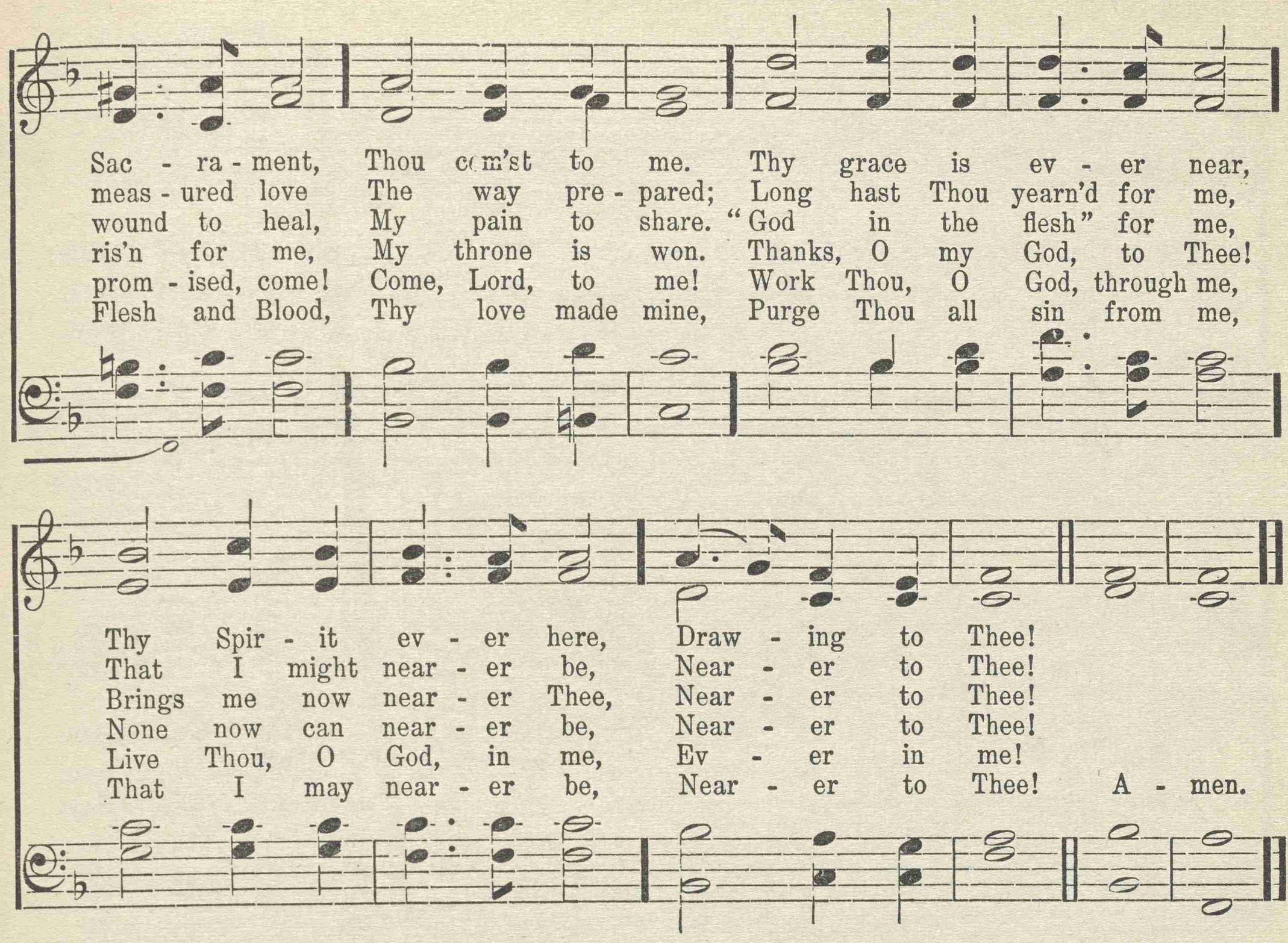
KEDRON. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

H. E. Jacobs. 1887. A. B. Spratt.

♩=80. 1. Near - er, my God to Thee! Near - er to Thee! Thro' Word and
2. A - ges on a - ges rolled, Ere earth ap - peared, Yet Thine un -
3. Thy Son has come to earth, My sin to bear, My ev - 'ry
4. Lo! all my debt is paid, My guilt is gone. See! He has
5. Wel - come, then, to Thy home, Blest One in Three! As Thou hast
6. By the Bap - tis - mal stream, Which made me Thine, By the dear

Ped.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!—Concluded.



183 THE LORD BE WITH US AS WE BEND.

KEITH. C. M.
O. B. Keith.

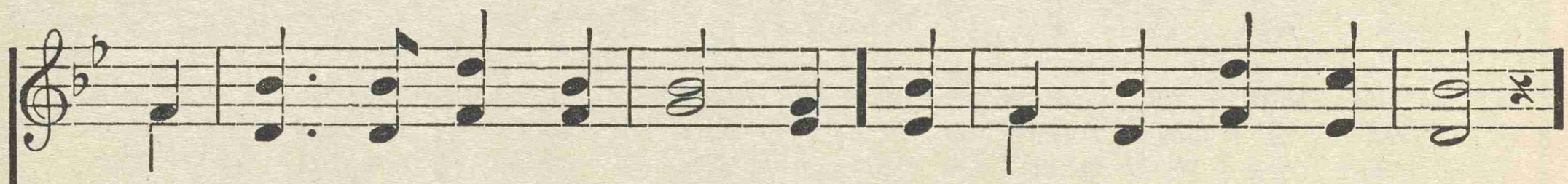
John Ellerton. 1870.

184 THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Rev. Samuel F. Smith. 1832.

WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.
George J. Webb. 1839.

♩=112. 1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See heath - en na - tions bend - ing, Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thy on - ward way;



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion Nor in thy rich - ness stay:

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph - ant reach their home;

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre- pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come." A - men.

185 HE LEADETH ME! O BLESSED THOUGHT.

J. H. Gilmore. W. B. Bradbury.

♩=80. 1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought, Oh! words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

What- e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea,— Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor - dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith- ful fol- lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A - men.

186 HEAVENLY FATHER, SEND THY BLESSING.

BETHANY. 8s. 7s. D.

Christopher Wordsworth. 1869.

Henry Smart. 1867.

♩= 100. 1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gath - er'd here,
2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meek - ness Didst vouch-safe a Child to be,
3. Spread Thy gold - en pin - ions o'er them, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove,

May they all Thy Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear.
Guide their steps and help their weak - ness, Bless and make them like to Thee;
Guide them, lead them, go be - fore them, Give them peace, and joy, and love.

May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;
Bear Thy lambs, when they are wea - ry, In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Thy true temp - les, Ho - ly Spir - it, May they with Thy glo - ry shine,

And their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Stead-fast un - to death en - dure.
Thro' life's des - ert, dry and drear - y, Bring them to Thy heav'n-ly rest.
And im - mor - tal bliss in - her - it, And for - ev - er - more be Thine. A - men.

187 HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

Rev. Frederick W. Faber. 1854.

VOX ANGELICA.
Henry Smart. 1867.

♩= 100. 1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wear - y souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'n - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments

o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come:" And, through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thou-sands meek - ly steal - ing,
dark-some night be past; All jour - neys end in wel - come to the wear - y,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

REFRAIN.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shep-herd, turn their wear - y steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. An - gels of Je - sus,
And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - men.

188 THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS.

REST. S. M.

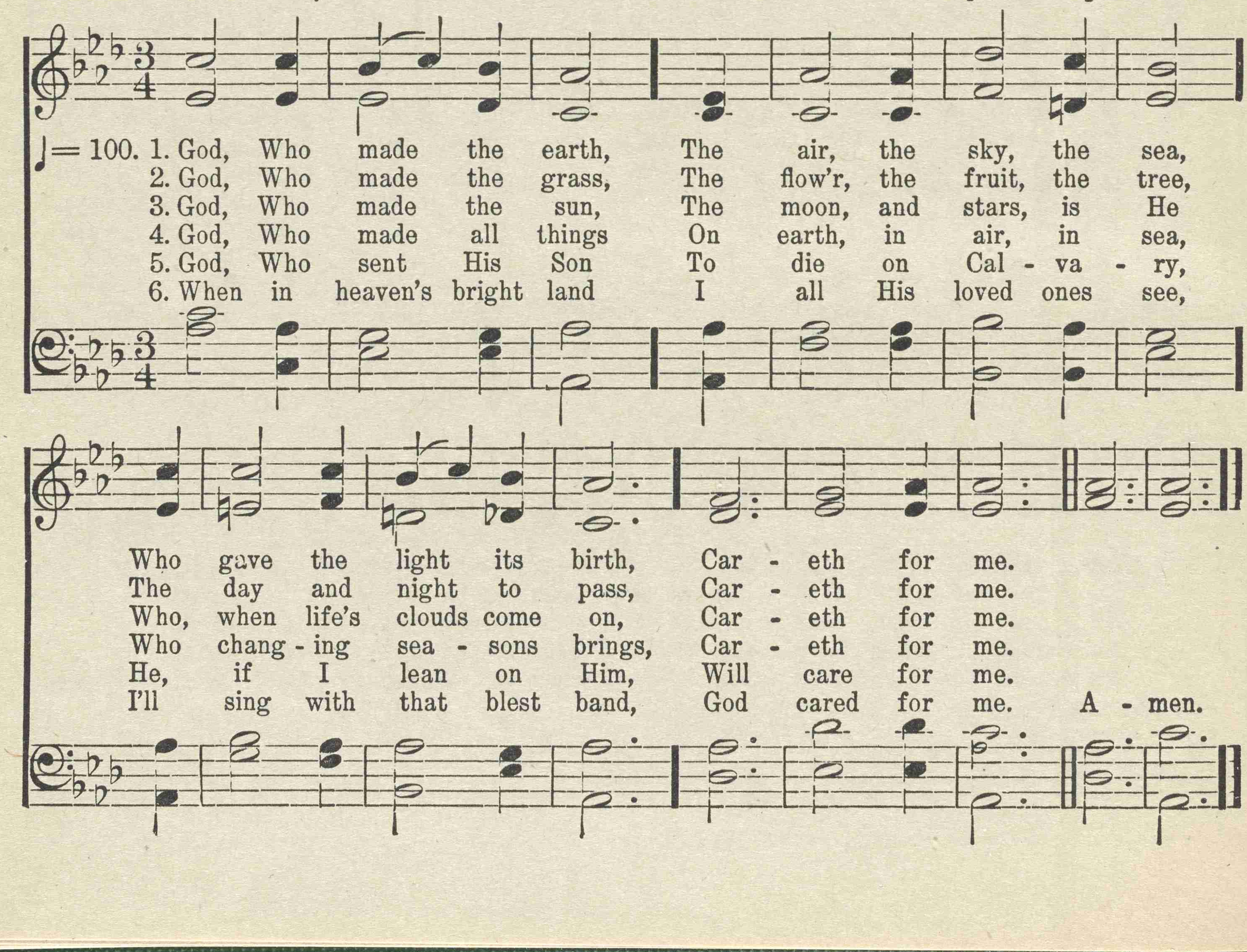
Isaac Watts. 1719.

Goodrich's Service and Tune Book.

189 GOD, WHO MADE THE EARTH.

Sarah B. Rhodes. 1870.

Adapted from J. E. Roe.



190 GREAT IS THE LORD OUR GOD.

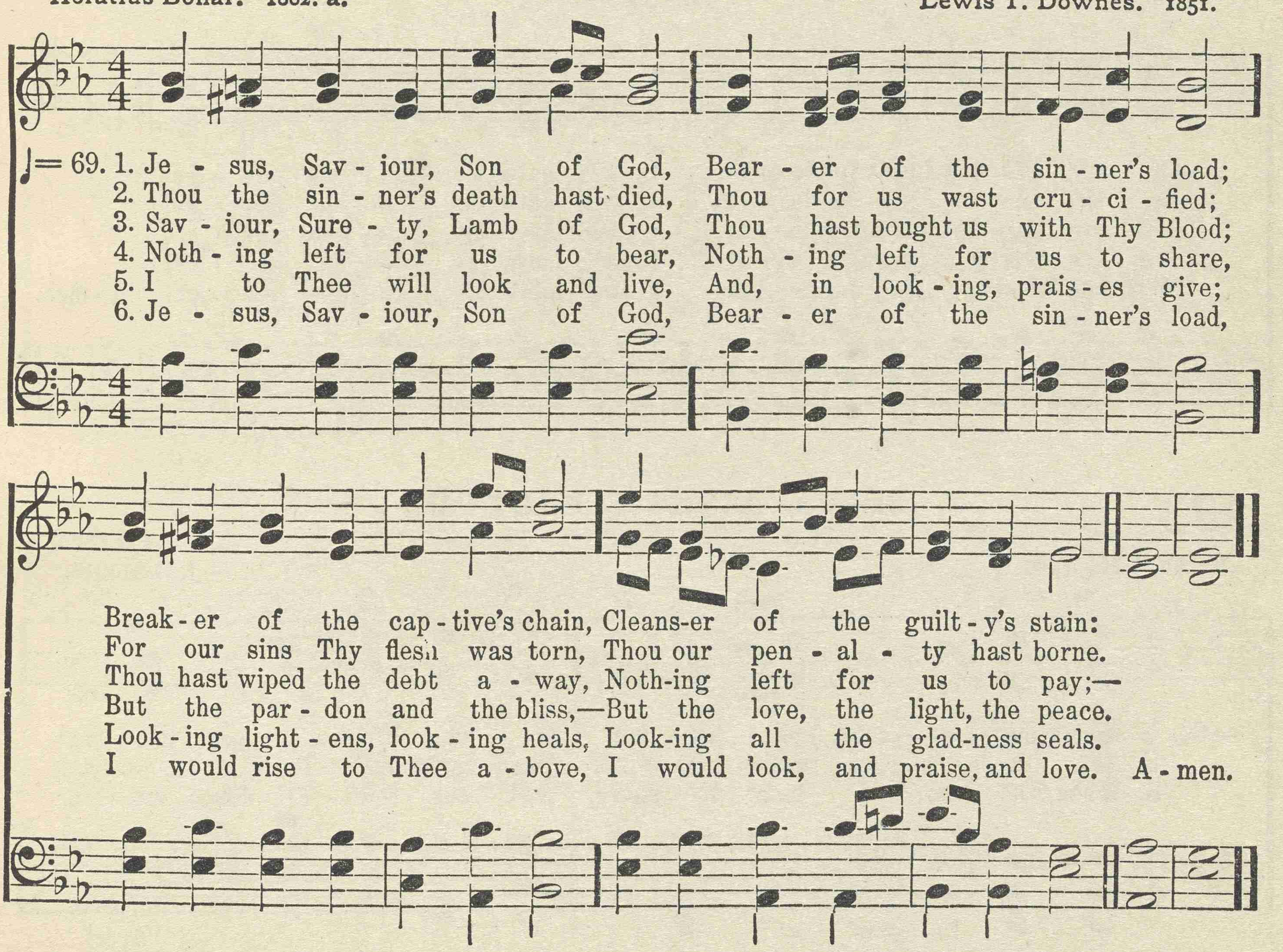
Isaac Watts. 1719.

DOVER. S. M.
English Harmony by J. Goss.

191 JESUS, SAVIOUR, SON OF GOD.

Horatius Bonar. 1862. a.

SOLITUDE. 7s.
Lewis T. Downes. 1851.



192 I WILL LEAVE MY JESUS NEVER!

Christian Keimann. 1658.
Tr. Unknown. 1864.

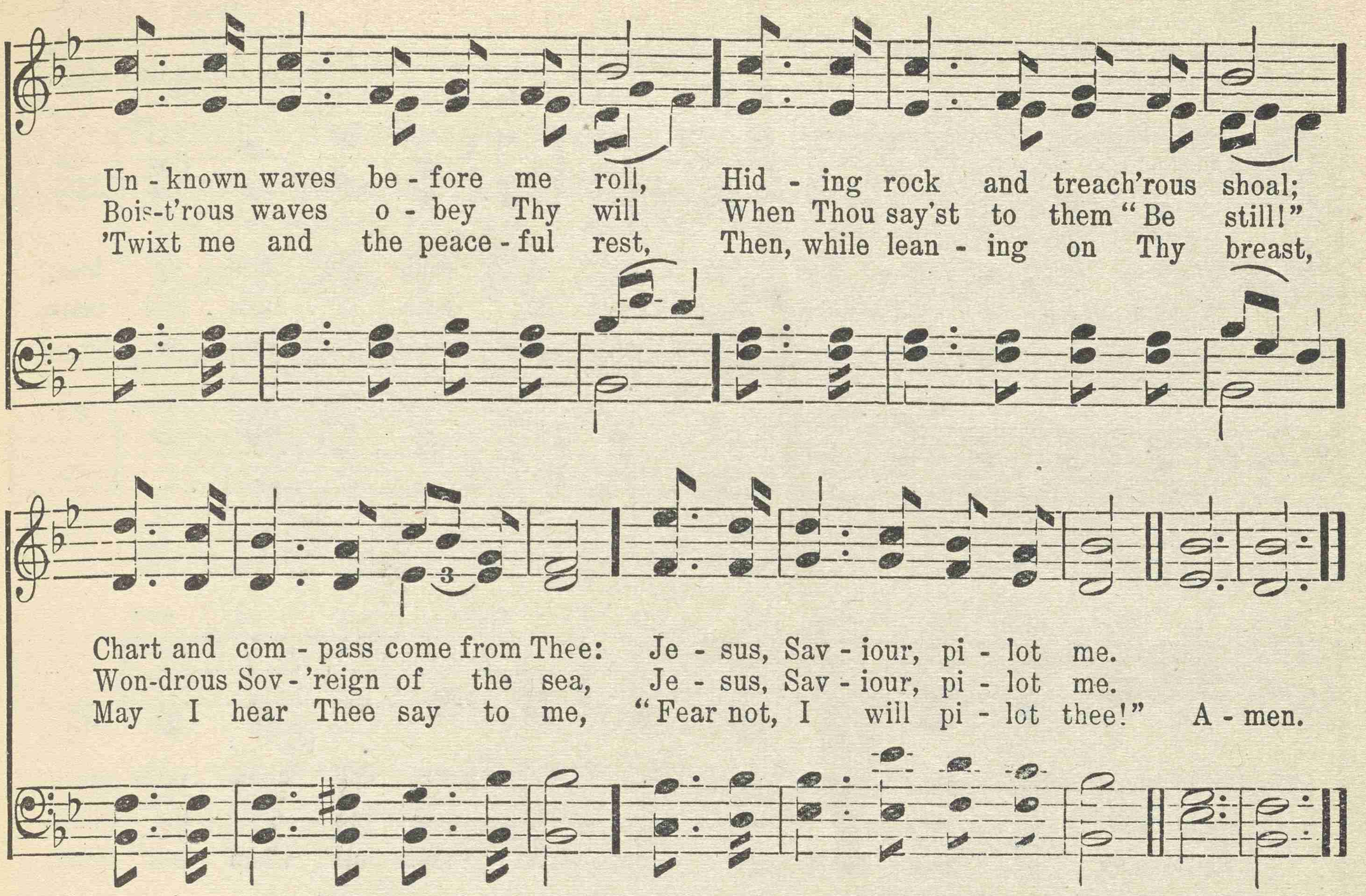
17th Century.

193 JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Edward Hopper.

PILOT.
J. E. Gould.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. Concluded.



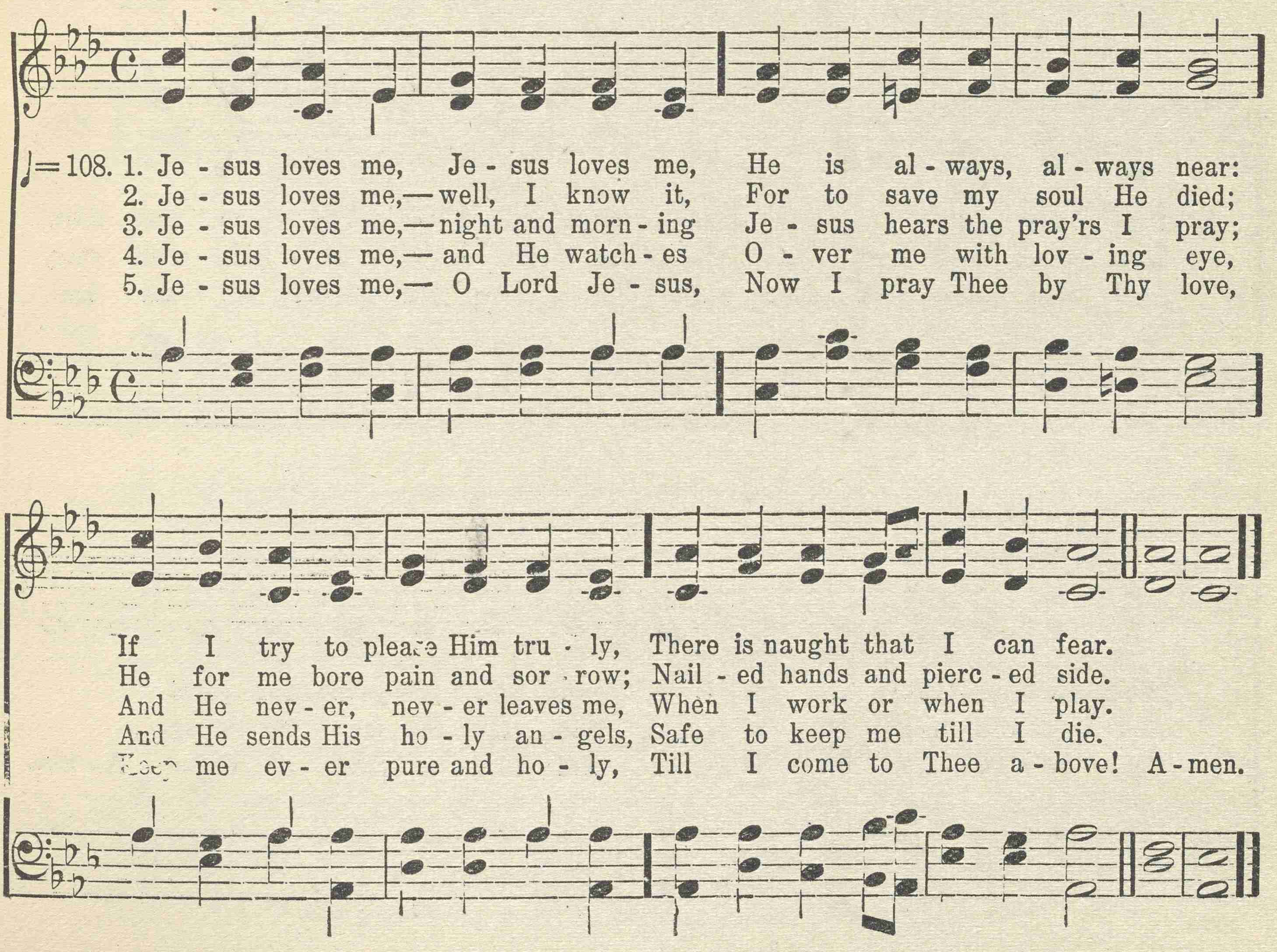
194

JESUS LOVES ME, JESUS LOVES ME.

BROCKLESBURY. 8s. 7s.

(Elementary.)

Claribel.



195 JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Bernard de Morlaix, about 1150.
John Mason Neale. Tr.

EWING. 7s. 6s. D.
A. Ewing. 1853.

♩= 98. 1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2. And when I fain would sing them My spir - it fails and faints
3. There is the Throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
And vain - ly would it im - age Th' as - sem - bly of the saints.
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;

I know not, O I know not, What so - cial joys are there!
They stand, those halls of Zi - on, Con - ju - bi - lant with song,
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight,

What ra - di - ance of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare!
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white! A - men.

196 I AM THINE, O LORD.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

♩=76. 1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore the throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

REFRAIN.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com - mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the Cross where Thou hast died, Draw me

near - er, near - er, near- er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A - men.

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197

HUMBLE PRAISES, HOLY JESUS.

(Elementary.)

Composite.

VESPER HYMN.
Demetrius Bortniansky.

♩=69. 1. Hum - ble prais - es, ho - ly Je - sus, In - fant voi - ces raise to Thee:
2. Gra - cious Sav - iour, be Thou with us; Let Thy mer - cy rich - ly flow:

In Thy mer - cy, O re - ceive us! Suf - fer us Thy lambs to be.
Give Thy Spir - it, Bless - ed Je - sus! Light and life on us be - stow.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Hal - le - lu - ia, sweet - ly sing - ing, Joy - ful trib - ute now we bring,

Hal - le - lu - ia, Hal - le - lu - ia! Hal - le - lu - ia, to our King. A - men.

198 I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

Horatius Bonar. 1846.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.
Rev. John B. Dykes. 1868.

p *pp rall.* *mf a tempo.*

♩=76. 1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live.
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.

p *cres.*

♩=88. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

cres. *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that Light of life I'll walk, Till trav'l - ing days are done. A - men.

199 HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

John Newton. 1779.

ST. PETER. C. M.
Alexander R. Reinagle. 1830.

200 MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

W. H. Doane.

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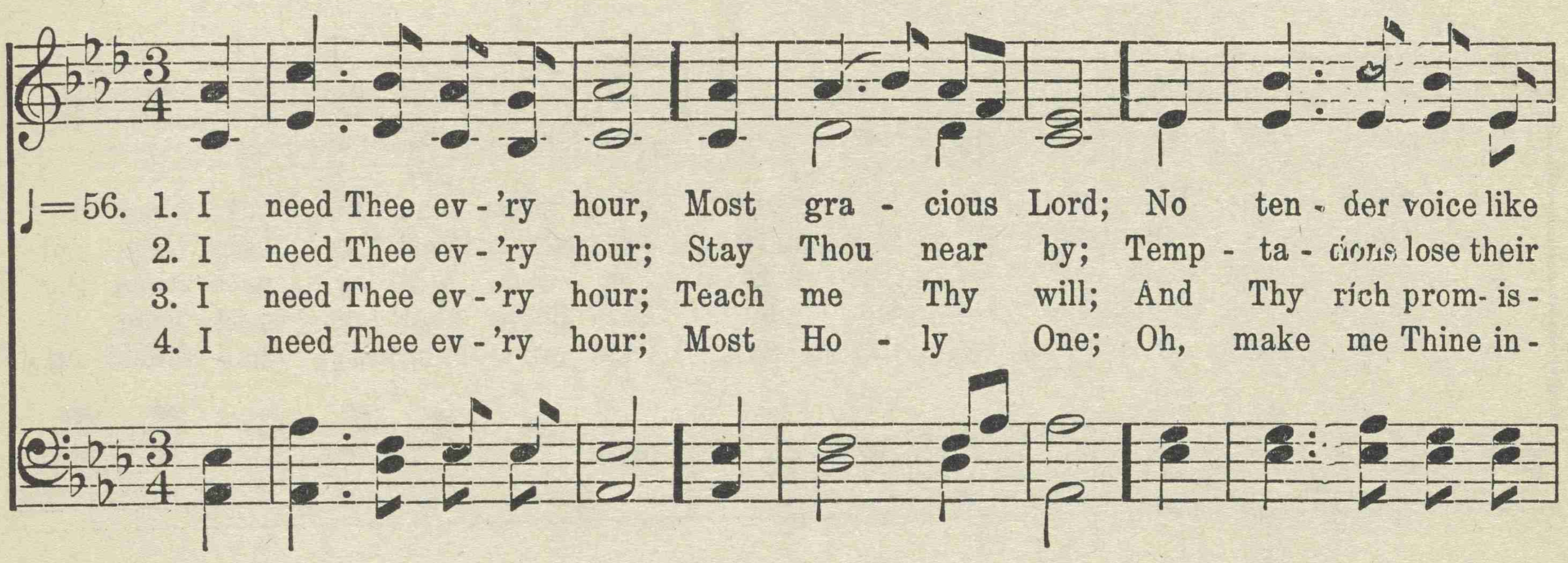
MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.—Concluded.

201 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Annie S. Hawks. Robert Lowry.



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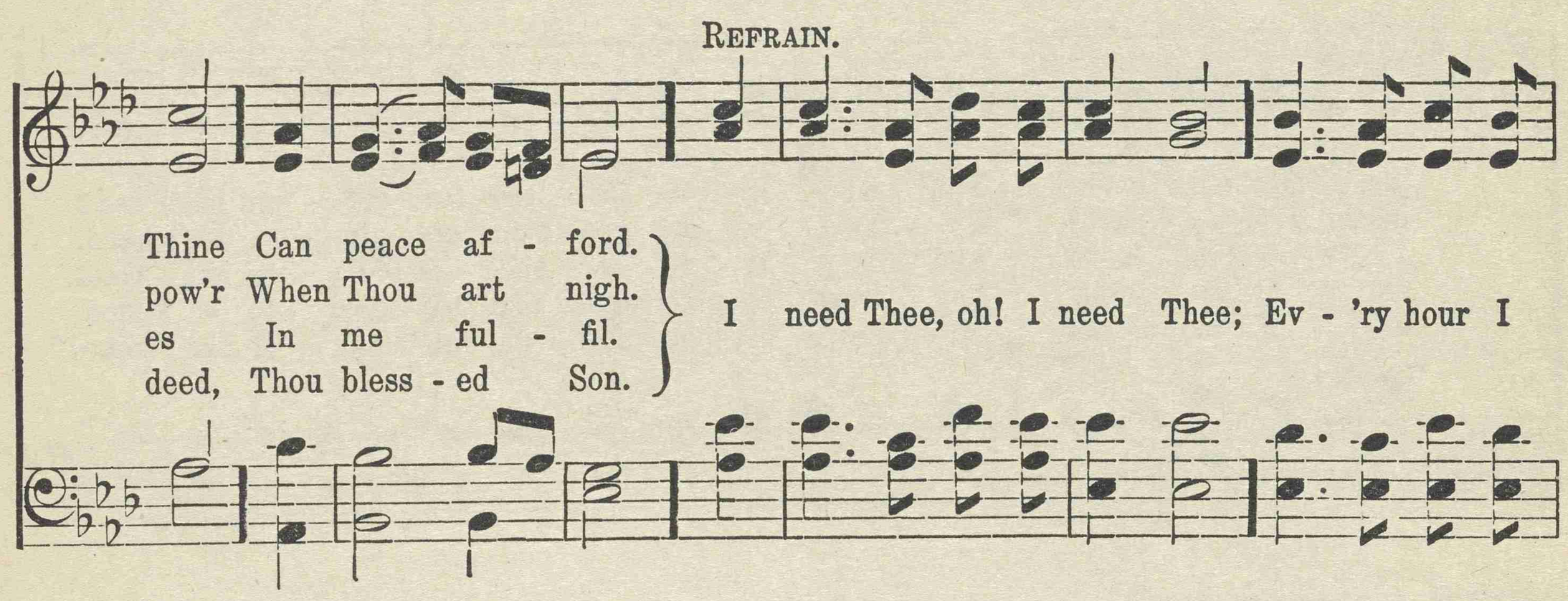

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202 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

George Keith. 1787.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.
John Reading. 1680.

♩=112. 1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - may'd, For I am thy
3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When through fie - ry tri - als thy path - way shall lie, My grace, all - suf -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee: I
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en -

you He hath said,— You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake." A - men.

203 LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

Charles Wesley. 1742. a.

BEECHER. 8s. 7s. D.
John Zundel. 1870.

♩=88. 1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3 Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
Gra - cious - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy temp - les leave!
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee!

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

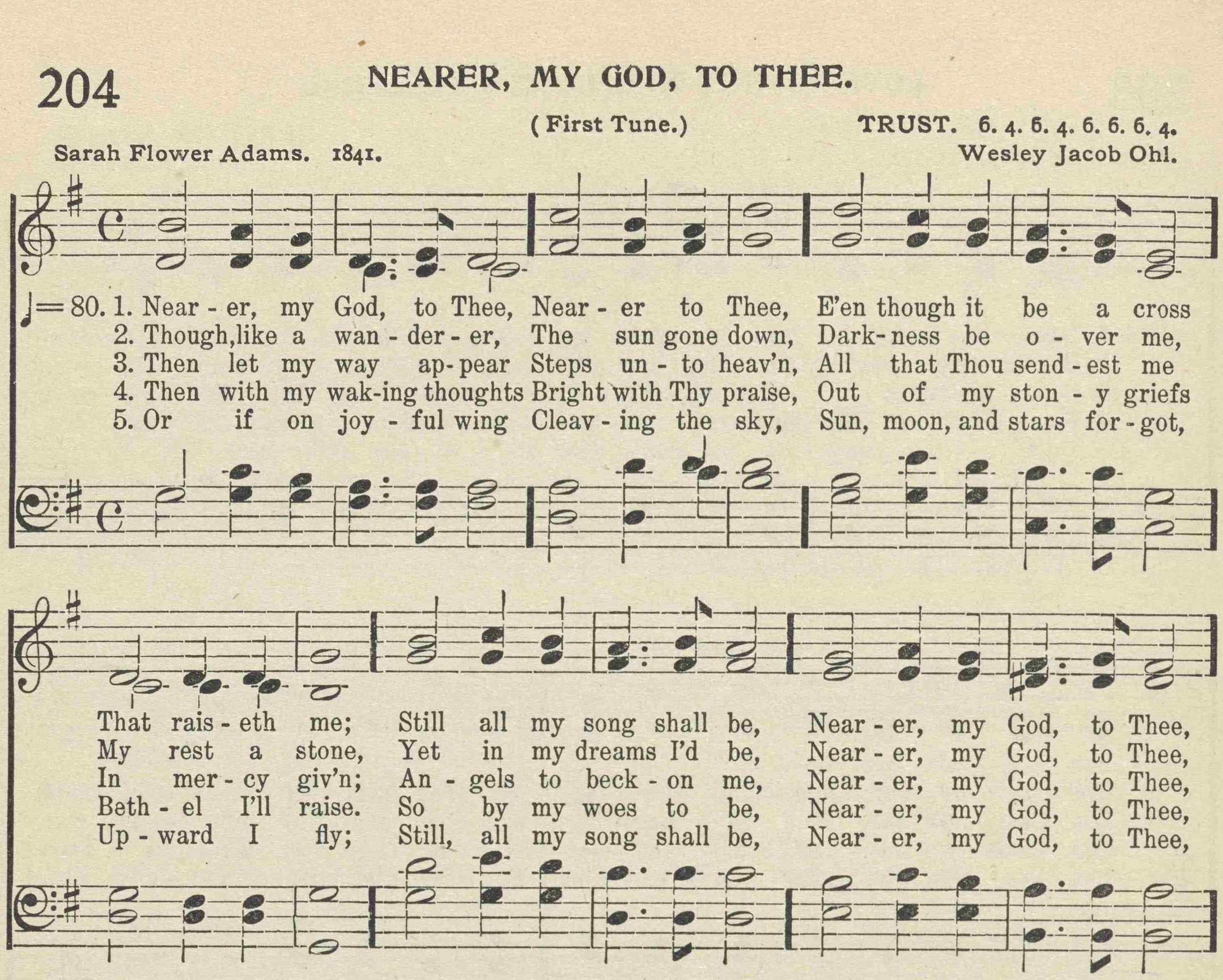
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry tremb - ling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy pre - cious love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise. A - men.

204 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(First Tune.) TRUST. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sarah Flower Adams. 1841. Wesley Jacob Ohl.

♩= 80. 1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross
2. Though, like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. Then let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n, All that Thou send - est me
4. Then with my wak-ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,



That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise. So by my woes to be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still, all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

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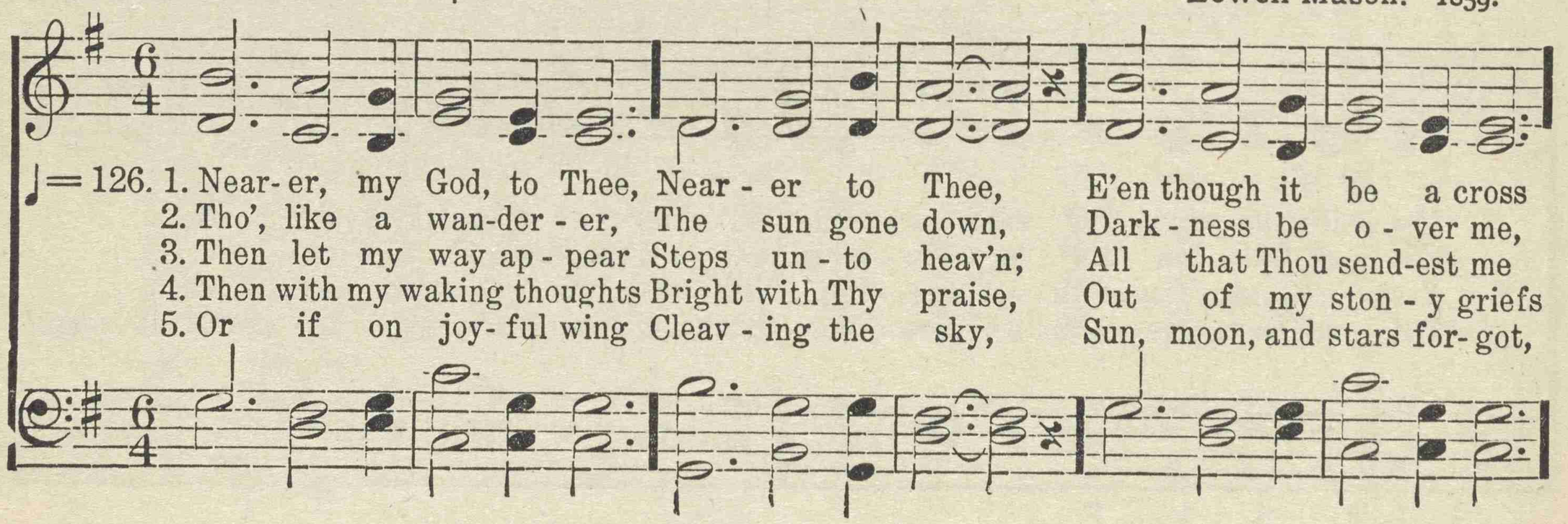
205 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(Second Tune.) BETHANY. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sarah Flower Adams. 1841. Lowell Mason. 1859.



♩= 126. 1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross
2. Tho', like a wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. Then let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me
4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.—Concluded.

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise. So by my woes to be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly; Still, all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee! A - men.

206 LORD, THY WORD ABIDETH.

Henry William Baker. 1861.

♩=84. 1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps guid - eth;
2. When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
3. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us,
4. Who can tell the pleas - ure, Who re - count the treas - ure,
5. Word of mer - cy, giv - ing Suc - cor to the liv - ing;
6. O that we, dis - cern - ing Its most ho - ly learn - ing,

Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
Word of con - so - la - tion, Mes - sage of sal - va - tion.
Then its light di - rect - eth, And our way pro - tect - eth.
By Thy Word im - part - ed, To the sim - ple - heart - ed?
Word of life, sup - ply - ing Com - fort to the dy - ing;
Lord, may love and fear Thee, Ev - er - more be near Thee! A - men.

207 I DO NOT ASK, O LORD.

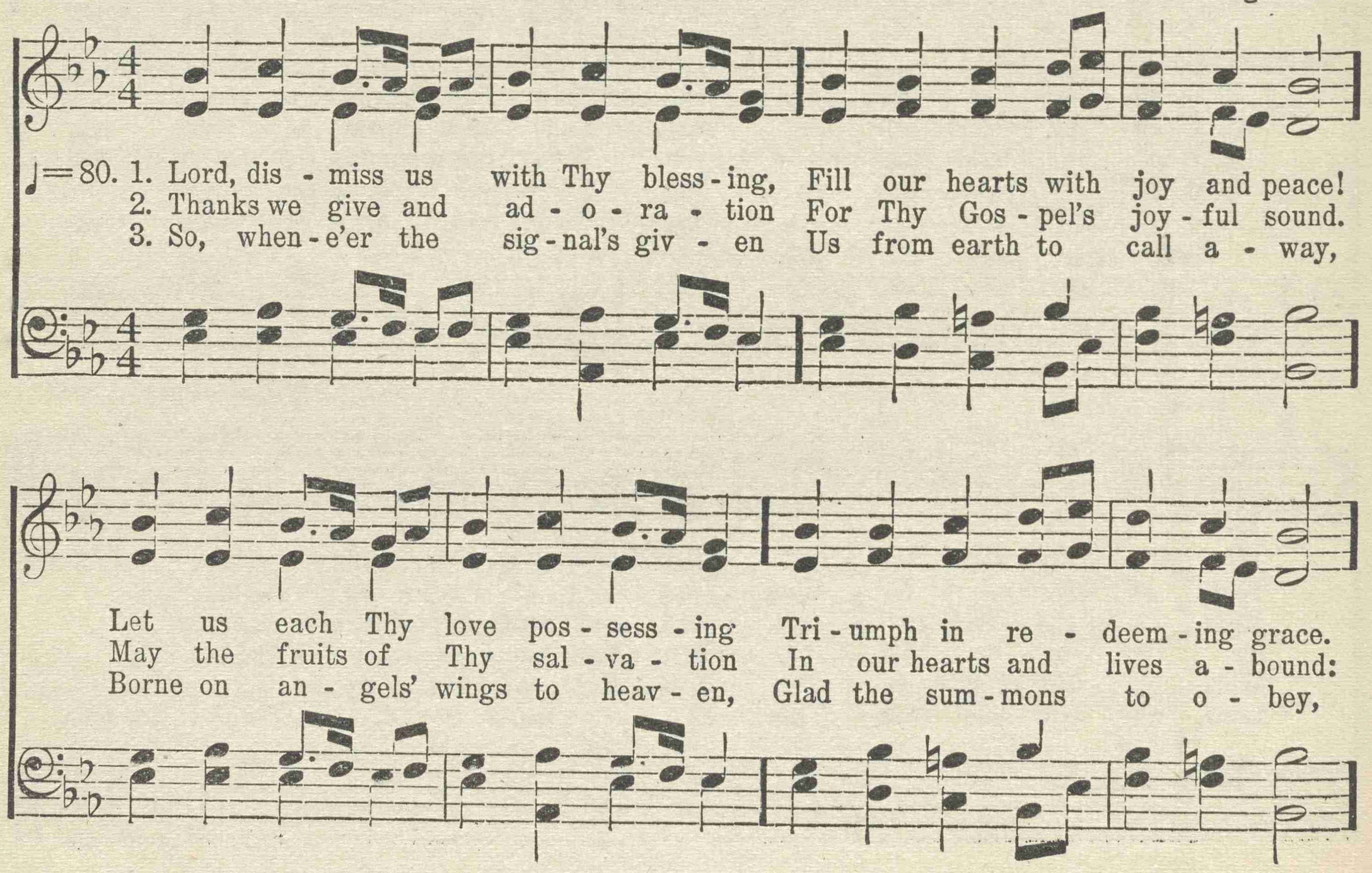
A. A. Procter. 1862.

SUBMISSION.
A. L. Peace. 1889.

208 LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

John Fawcett? 1773.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s. 7s. 6 lines.
Marcantoine Portogallo.

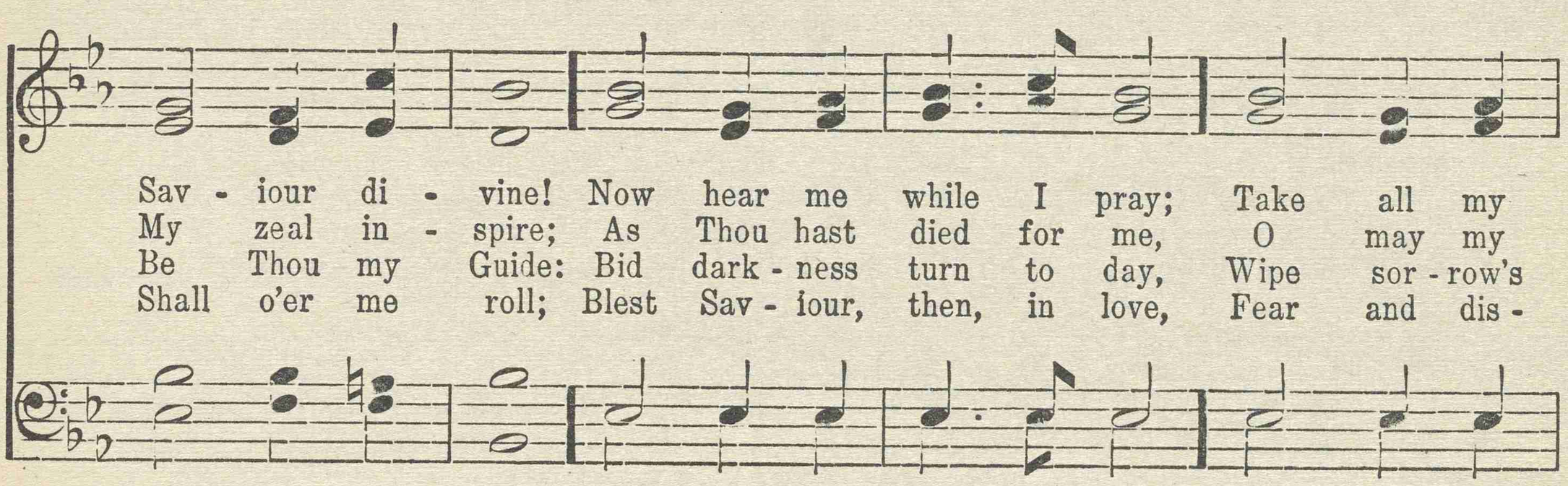


LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.—Concluded.

209 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Ray Palmer. 1830.

OLIVET. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.
Lowell Mason. 1831.



210 I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.

Jemima Luke. 1841. (Elementary.) Greek Melody.

♩=92. 1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earn - est - ly
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For all who are wash'd and for - giv'n; Full ma - ny dear chil - dren are
5. But thou - sands and thou - sands who wan - der and fall, Nev - er heard of that heav - en - ly home I wish they could know there is
6. And O, how I long for that glo - ri - ous time, The sweet - est and bright - est and best, When the dear lit - tle child - ren of

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove;
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."
room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.
ev - er - y clime, Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. A - men.

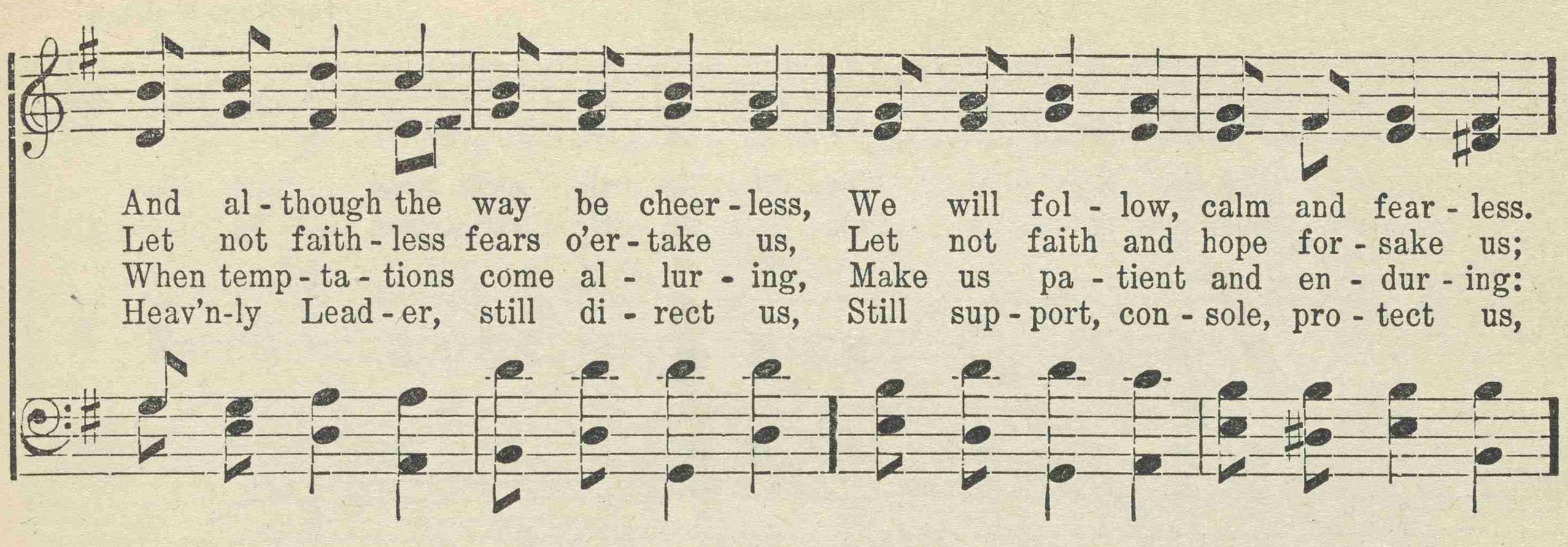
211 JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

Nikolas Ludwig Count Zinzendorf. 1721.
Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853. a.

A. Drese. 1698.

♩=69. 1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won!
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near,
3. When we seek re - lief From a long - felt grief,
4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won;

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.—Concluded.



212 LORD, SPEAK TO ME.

F. R. Havergal. 1872.

CANONBURY. L. M.
Robert Schumann. 1839.

213

FATHER IN HEAVEN.

(Elementary.) Adapted from Kuhlau.

♩= 100. 1. Fa - ther in heav - en, bless Thy lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - ered be -
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, help Thy lit - tle chil - dren To please Thee

fore Thee on this Thy ho - ly day. For the morn - ing sun - shine,
ev - er.... in their work and play; Help them to be truth - ful,

for the day we thank Thee, Oh, Sun of Love, shine, shine in our hearts, we pray!
gen - tle, kind and lov - ing, To be like Je - sus, and fol - low Him al - way. A - men.

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214

HE IS WITH THEE.

Frances R. Havergal. C. Armand Miller.

♩= 52. 1. "I am with thee!" He hath said it, In His truth and ten - der grace;
2. He is with thee!— in thy dwell - ing, Shield-ing thee from fear of ill;
3. He is with thee!— with thee al - ways, All the nights and all the days;
4. He is with thee!— thine own Mas - ter, Lead - ing, lov - ing to the end;

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HE IS WITH THEE.—Concluded.

Slow.

Seal'd the prom - ise, grand - ly spo - ken, With how
All thy bur - dens kind - ly bear - ing, For thy
Nev - er fail - ing, nev - er frown - ing, With His
Bright - 'ning joy and light - 'ning sor - row, All to -

rit.

ma - ny a might - y to - ken, Of His love and faith - ful - ness.
dear ones gent - ly car - ing, Guard-ing, keep - ing, bless - ing still.
lov - ing kind - ness crown - ing, Tun - ing all thy life to praise.
day yet more to - mor - row, King and Sav - iour, Lord and Friend. A - men.

215 JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

(Elementary.)

Mary L. Duncan. 1841.

BATTY. 8s. 7s.
Moravian. 1745.

♩ = 76. 1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Through the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light.
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me: List - en to my ev'n - ing pray'r.
Take us, Lord, at last, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell. A - men.

216 ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME.

Fanny J. Crosby. Robert Lowry.

♩= 66. 1. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; Cheers each wind - ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav - iour leads me; Oh, the ful - ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove;

Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it cloth'd, im - mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush - ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end - less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way;

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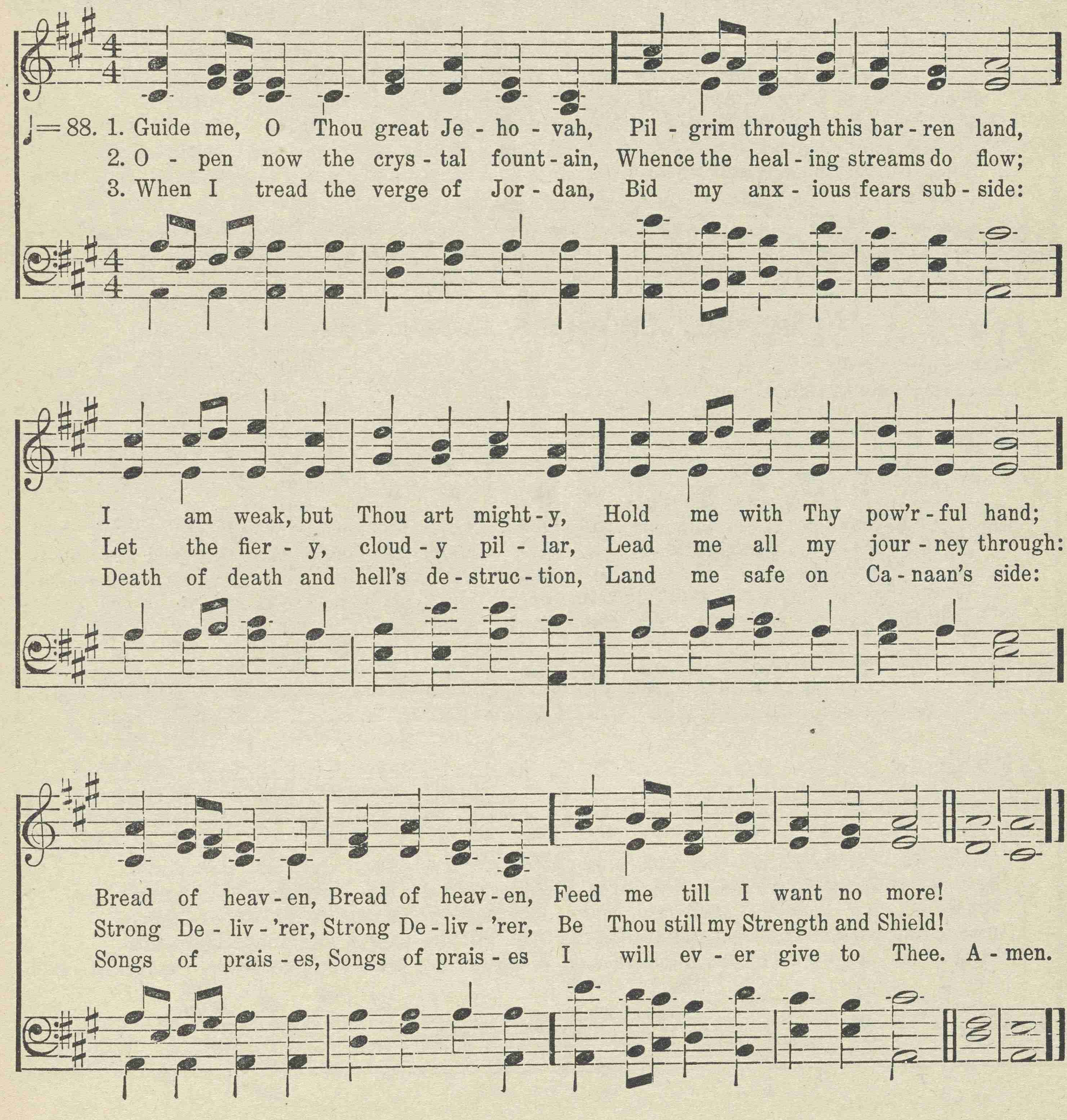
ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME.—Concluded.

217 GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

William Williams. 1745.
Tr. from the Welsh by Peter Williams. 1772.

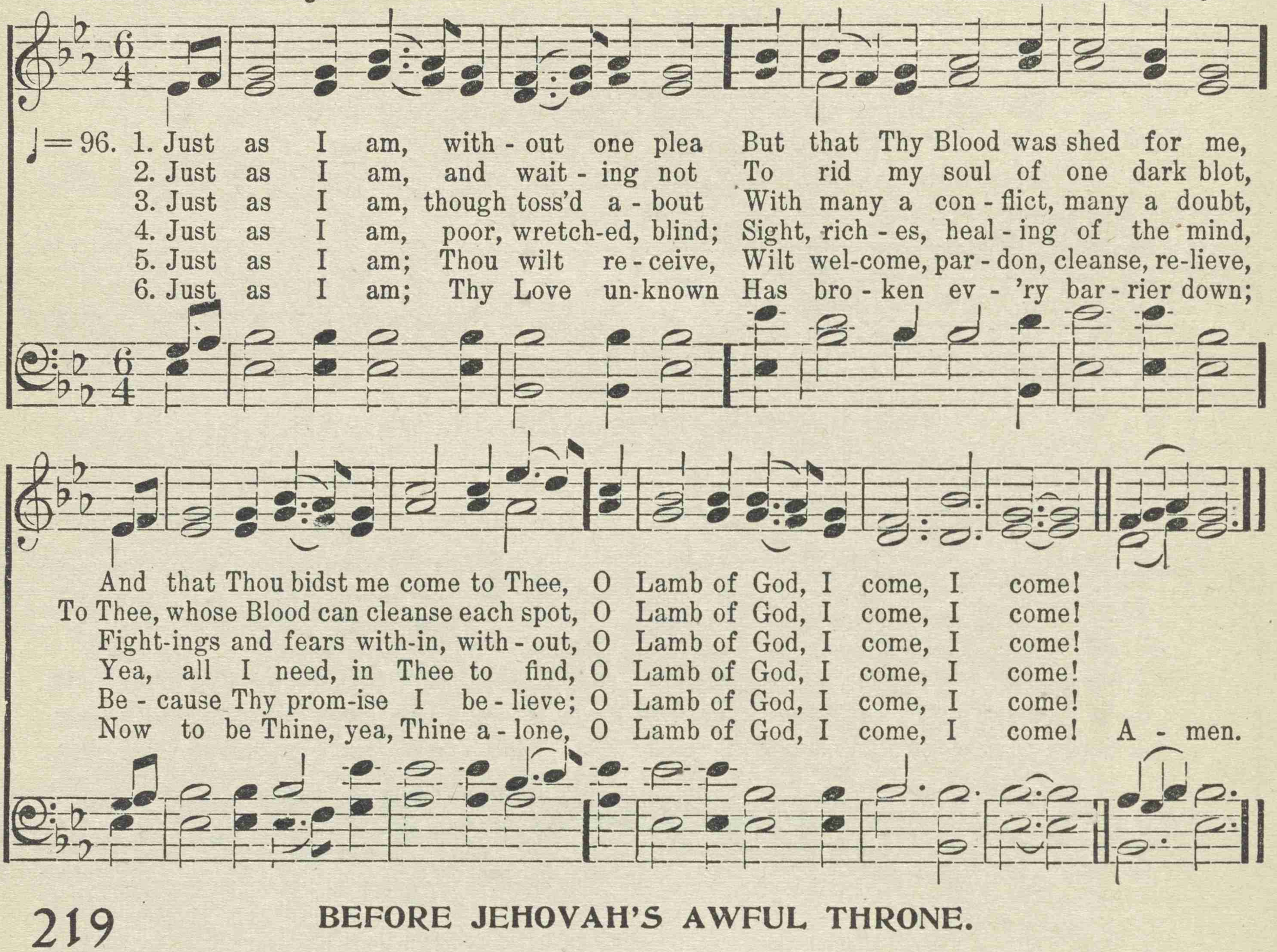
DISMISSAL. 8s. 7s. 6 lines.
William L. Viner.



218 JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA.

Charlotte Elliott. 1836.

WOODWORTH. L. M.
William B. Bradbury.



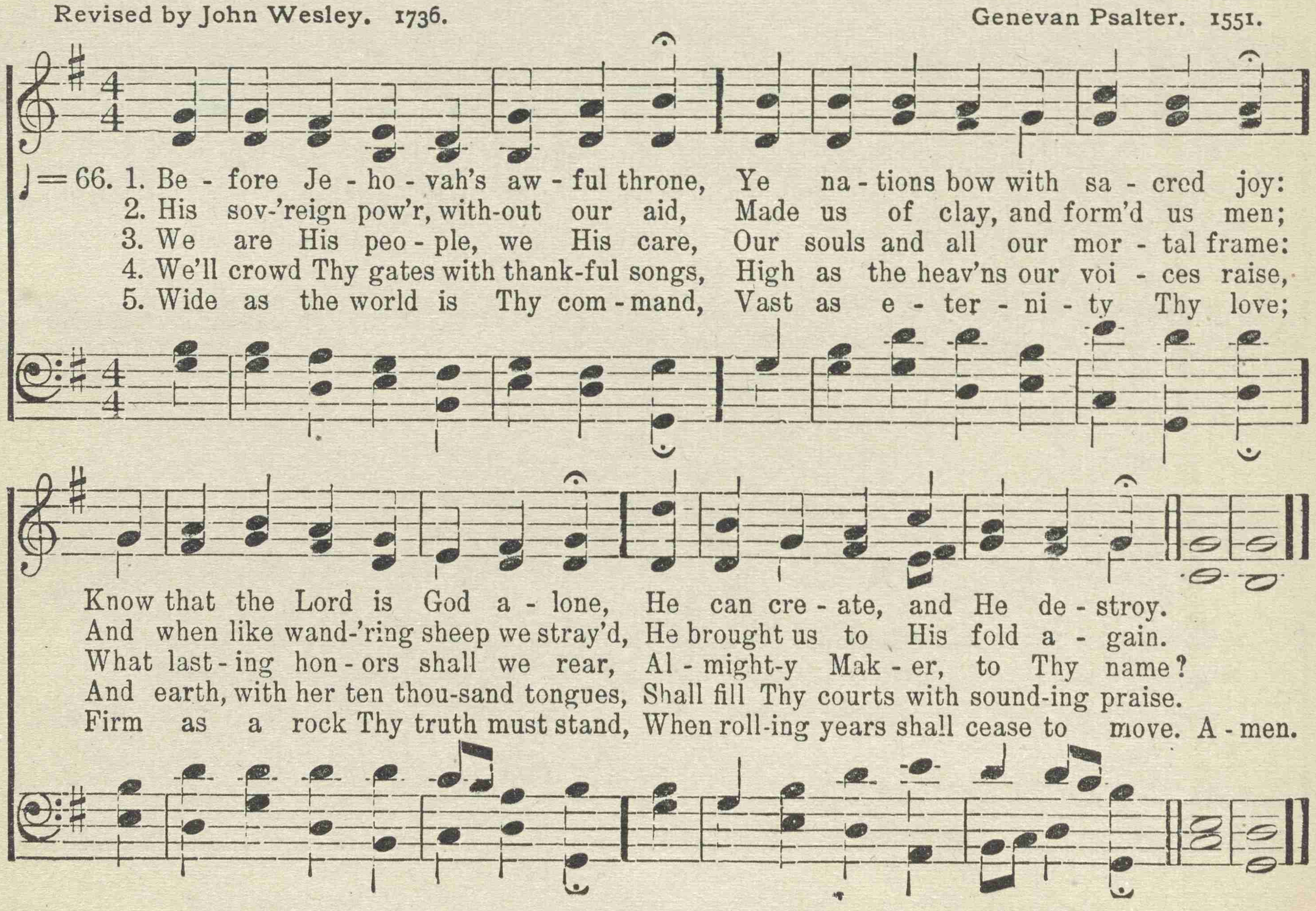
♩= 96. 1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretch-ed, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am; Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve,
6. Just as I am; Thy Love un-known Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A-men.

219 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

Isaac Watts. 1719.
Revised by John Wesley. 1736.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.
Genevan Psalter. 1551.



♩= 66. 1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions bow with sa-cred joy:
2. His sov-'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
3. We are His peo-ple, we His care, Our souls and all our mor-tal frame:
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-ful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi-ces raise,
5. Wide as the world is Thy com-mand, Vast as e-ter-ni-ty Thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy.
And when like wand-'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to His fold a-gain.
What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al-might-y Mak-er, to Thy name?
And earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sound-ing praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move. A-men.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 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.

2 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.

3 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4 S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

5 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given:
Crown Him in every song;
To Him our hearts belong;
Let all His praise prolong,
On earth, in heaven.

6 7s.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

7 7s. 6 lines.

PRAISE the Name of God most high;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

8 7s. D.

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.

9 7s. 6s. D.

TO God, the ever-glorious,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all-victorious,
Thrice Holy Three in One;
The God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be now and evermore.

10 8s. 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

11 8s. 7s. 6 lines.

PRAISE and honor to the Father;
Praise and honor to the Son;
Praise and honor to the Spirit:
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

12 8s. 7s. D.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless Love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above;
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

13 8.7.8.7.4.7.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

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Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the Lord:
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water:
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season.
His leaf also shall not wither:
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so:
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment:
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 8

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth:
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies:
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers:
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him:
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels:
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands:
Thou hast put all things under his feet;
All sheep and oxen:
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O Lord, our Lord:
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM 19

THE heavens declare the glory of God:
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech:
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language:
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth:
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun:
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever:
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.
Who can understand his errors:
Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight:
O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM 24

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof:
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas:
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord:
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart:
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord:
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him:
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory:

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory:
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

PSALM 34

I WILL bless the Lord at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord:
The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
O magnify the Lord with me:
And let us exalt his name together.
I sought the Lord, and he heard me:
And delivered me from all my fears.
They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces were not ashamed.
This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him:
And saved him out of all his troubles.
The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him:
And delivereth them.
O taste and see that the Lord is good:
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
O fear the Lord, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
What man is he that desireth life:
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
Keep thy tongue from evil:
And thy lips from speaking guile
Depart from evil, and do good:
Seek peace, and pursue it.
The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous:
And his ears are open unto their cry.
The face of the Lord is against them that do evil:
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth:
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.
The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart:
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.
Evil shall slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants:
And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM 84

HOW amiable are Thy tabernacles:
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found a house:
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts:
My King, and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house:
They will be still praising Thee.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee:
In whose heart are the ways of them.
Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well:
The rain also filleth the pools.
They go from strength to strength:
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
Behold, O God our shield:
And look upon the face of Thine anointed.
For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand:
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and shield:
The Lord will give grace and glory;
No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly:
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.

PSALM 98

O SING unto the Lord a new song:
For he hath done marvellous things.
His right hand, and his holy arm:
Hath gotten him the victory.
The Lord hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.
He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:
Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
Sing unto the Lord with the harp:
With the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
With trumpets and sound of cornet:
Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof:
The world, and they that dwell therein.
Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills be joyful together before the Lord:
For he cometh to judge the earth.
With righteousness shall he judge the world:
And the people with equity.

PSALM 100

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands:
Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting:
And his truth endureth to all generations.

PSALM 119—Part XIV

THY word is a lamp unto my feet:
And a light unto my path.
I have sworn, and I will perform it:
That I will keep thy righteous judgments.
I am afflicted very much:
Quicken me, O Lord, according unto thy word.
Accept, I beseech thee, the free will offerings of my mouth, O Lord:
And teach me thy judgments.
My soul is continually in my hand:
Yet do I not forget thy law.
The wicked have laid a snare for me:
Yet I erred not from thy precepts.
Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever:
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always:
Even unto the end.

PSALM 121

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills:
From whence cometh mine help.
My help cometh from the Lord:
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel:
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day:
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in:
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM 122

I WAS glad when they said unto me:
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates:
O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel,
to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
For there are set thrones of judgment:
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls:
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes:
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
Because of the house of the Lord our God:
I will seek thy good.

PSALM 125

THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion:
Which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.
As the mountains are round about Jerusalem:
So the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.
For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous:
Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.
Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good:
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity:
But peace shall be upon Israel.

PSALM 130

OUT of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice:
Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.
If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities:
O Lord, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with Thee:
That Thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord:
My soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning:
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
Let Israel hope in the Lord:
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with Him is plenteous redemption:
And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

PSALM 139

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me:
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.
Thou compassest my path and my lying down:
And art acquainted with all my ways.
For there is not a word in my tongue:
But, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.
Thou hast beset me behind and before:
And laid thine hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me:
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go from thy Spirit:
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning:
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me:
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me:
Even the night shall be light about me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts;
And see if there be any wicked way in me:
And lead me in the way everlasting.

PSALM 142

I CRIED unto the Lord with my voice:
With my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.
I poured out my complaint before him:
I shewed before him my trouble.
When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path:
In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.
I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me:
Refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.
I cried unto thee, O Lord:
I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.
Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low:
Deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.
Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name:
The righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

PSALM 145

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King:
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee:
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised:
And his greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall praise thy works to another:
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty:
And of thy wondrous works.
And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts:
And I will declare thy greatness.
They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness:
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion:
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
The Lord is good to all:
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord:
And thy saints shall bless thee.
They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom:
And talk of thy power;
To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts:
And the glorious majesty of his kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom:
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall:
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
The eyes of all wait upon thee:
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest thine hand:
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
The Lord is righteous in all his ways:
And holy in all his works.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him:
To all that call upon him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him:
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
The Lord preserveth all them that love him:
But all the wicked will he destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord:
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.