Journal.

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HYMNAL

— OF THE —

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

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Hymn N

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PREFACE.

THIS HYMNAL is offered to supply a real demand. The German Evangelical Synod of North America, organized over fifty years ago, is confronted by the necessity of giving to its children a Hymnal in the language of the country. The rising generation of this church, though of German ancestry, is gradually, in some sections even rapidly, drifting away from the language and customs of its forefathers, and is in danger of becoming estranged to a church, all of whose services hitherto have been conducted in the German language.

While there are many Hymnals in the English language, yet there is none that contains a sufficient number of the beautiful, lofty and dignified German chorales, to merit its introduction into the Evangelical congregations, with whom the knowledge of these chorales is the very essence of their musical taste and education.

In the General Conference of the Synod, held at Elmhurst, Illinois, A. D. 1895, it was resolved to publish a Hymnal in the English language, which should meet the requirements of the Evangelical Church. This work was assigned to the Rev. C. G. Haas, who in compliance with his instructions has endeavored to compile a Hymnal, based upon the noble German chorales with the very cream of English and American hymns, thereby giving to the Church at large a book, which, while being both a SELECTION and COLLECTION of choice tunes and distinctive Evangelical hymns, will very likely have a wide and lasting influence upon the hymnological literature of America, and tend greatly to improve it. The aggressiveness in eliminating a host of old English tunes, which have become obsolete and worthless, may call forth severe criticism from some quarters; yet we trust that the very fact that we

have departed from this ultra-conservativeness and have given space only to the most exquisite music of ancient and modern date, will enhance the book in the eyes of all those who thoroughly examine it, and who deeply appreciate that which is beautiful, that which is sublime, and who believe with Jeremy Taylor, that "A church tune should be a holy thing, fit for a seraph to sing and angels to hear."

Melodies of rare metre and merit, never before published in America, have been adopted and new translations of choice German hymns introduced. The arrangement of hymns according to the Church-year and under many miscellaneous headings facilitates their selection.

A noteworthy department of hymns is the one entitled: "Children's Services," containing fifty-one carefully selected hymns and tunes especially adapted for children. This department—with other hymns and melodies throughout the book, which children can easily learn to sing, as auxiliaries—may well serve for Sunday School use. A great many of the Sunday School songbooks now extant lack altogether the sacred character and elevating influence which they necessarily should have. The heart of the child is very tender and susceptible, and therefore ought to be given that only which is truly elevating and sacred. Children should be taught to sing the same beautiful hymns, which they sing when older in the church. What they learn while young, will remain with them through life; and church-singing, which oftentimes is so lamentably poor, almost impossible without a strong choir, would surely be greatly improved. Let members of ONE CHURCH, young and old, have ONE BOOK!

To the hymns proper are added occasional Anthems and Canticles, also an appendix, comprising the Gospels and Epistles of the Church-year, Prayers that may be used for devotions at home and Psalms selected for Responsive Reading.

And now remains only the agreeable duty to record our deep sense of the great kindness shown to us in the hearty co-operation of many friends. The Editor would express his sincere gratitude to all who have answered his inquiries or in any way lightened his labors, most especially to Mr. U. C. Burnap, Mus. Doc., who has taken so deep an interest in the Hymnal and given him the benefit of his special knowledge and experience of long standing in the adaptation of melodies to the respective hymns with which they are associated, and who has so liberally contributed original and other compositions, not published hitherto in America. Thanks are due to the composers Chas. Geo. W. Jungk and Frederick G. Haas, who have set to music the hymns assigned to them.

Thanks are also given to the following owners of copyright tunes, who have generously permitted the use of them:—

Mr. Louis H. Redner;
Mr. Beekman F. Ilsley;
The Rev. J. Nevett Steele, Mus. Doc.;
The Rev. Robert Lowry;
The Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, D. D.
Mr. Ernest Carter;
Mr. Walter B. Gilbert, Mus. Doc.;
Mr. U. C. Burnap, Mus. Doc.;
The Rev. C. L. Hutchins, D. D.

Grateful acknowledgment is also made for kindness received from many known and unknown friends for permission to use the several hymns against which their names are placed, especially to the following:—

The Rev. Robert Lowry;
The Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, D. D.;
The Rev. Daniel March, D. D.;
The Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D.;
The Rev. Dennis Wortman, D. D.;
The Rev. Louis J. Benson;
Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the hymns of Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Greenleaf Whittier;
Miss A. M. Longfellow for the hymns of the late Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

Probably there are some copyright tunes and hymns used for which no permission has been obtained. It is hoped that such an accidental infringement of the Copyright Act will be readily forgiven, as every effort has been made to find the various owners and to solicit their permission previous to insertion. In future editions such omissions will be gladly rectified and acknowledged, if those whose rights have been trespassed upon will kindly give notice of the same.

The work is now submitted to the members of the Evangelical Church and to all lovers of hymns and tunes with the earnest hope that, by God's blessing, it may be acceptable and of some use in the private circle of the home as well as for the public services of the Church.

Board of Publication.

St. Louis, October 14th, 1898.

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The Ten Commandments.

(Exodus 20, 1-17.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

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

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

Musical Responses, see Chant No. 918.

The Summary of the Law by our Lord Jesus Christ.

(St. Matth. 22, 37-40.)

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith:

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

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

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

The Lord's Prayer.

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

Our Father who art in heaven:
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The Beatitudes.

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

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.
Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye, when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

See Chant No. 919.

The Apostles' Creed.

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

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord;
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;
Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;
He descended into hell;
The third day He rose again from the dead;
He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;
From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost:
The holy Christian Church; the Communion of Saints;
The Forgiveness of sins;
The Resurrection of the body;
And the Life everlasting. Amen.

OPENING SENTENCES.

R. Farrant, 1530?—1580.

1 The *Lord* is in His | ho-ly | temple ‖ let all the *earth* keep | si- · lence be- | fore— | Him.—*Hab. ii. 20.*

2 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness ‖ *fear* be- | foreHim | all the | earth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9.*

W. Russell, 1777—1813.

3 Let the words of my mouth, and the medi*ta*tion | of my | heart ‖ be acceptable in Thy sight, O *Lord* my | strength and | my re- | deemer.—*Ps. xix. 14.*

4 O send out Thy light and Thy *truth* that | they may | lead me ‖ and bring me unto Thy *holy* | hill and | to Thy | dwelling.—*Ps. xliii. 3.*

J. Stainer, 1840—

5 This is the *day* which the | Lord hath | made ‖ we will re*joice* | and be | glad in | it. *Ps. cxviii. 24.*

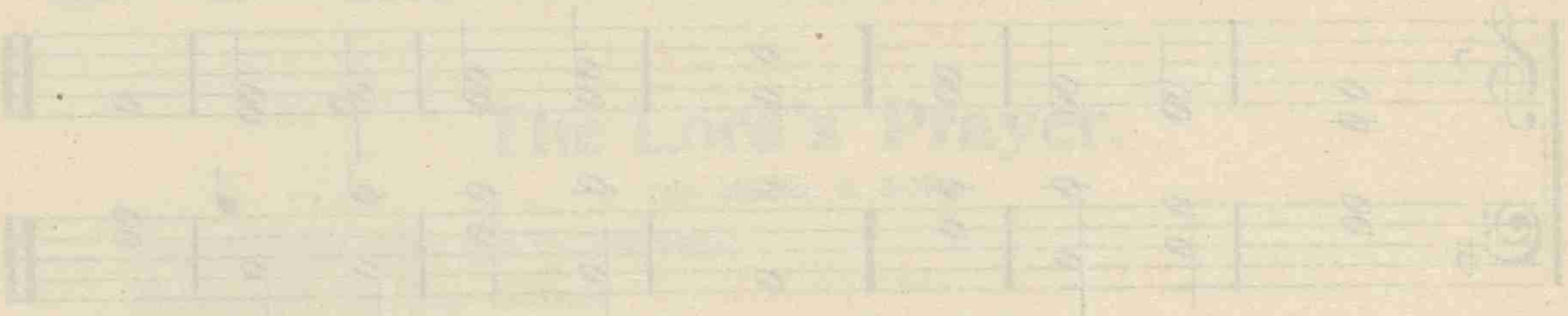
6 I was glad when they *said* | un-to | me ‖ Let us *go* into the | house— | of the | Lord. *Ps. cxxii. 1.*

Pray for the *peace* | of Je- | rusalem ‖ *they* shall | prosper · that | love— | Thee.—*Ps. cxxii. 2.*

R. Langdon, 1729—1803.

7 I will arise and *go* | to my | Father ‖ *and* | will say | un-to | Him ‖ Father, I have sinned against *heaven* and be- | fore— | Thee ‖ and am no more wor*thy* to be | call-ed | Thy— | son.—*Luke xv. 18, 19.*

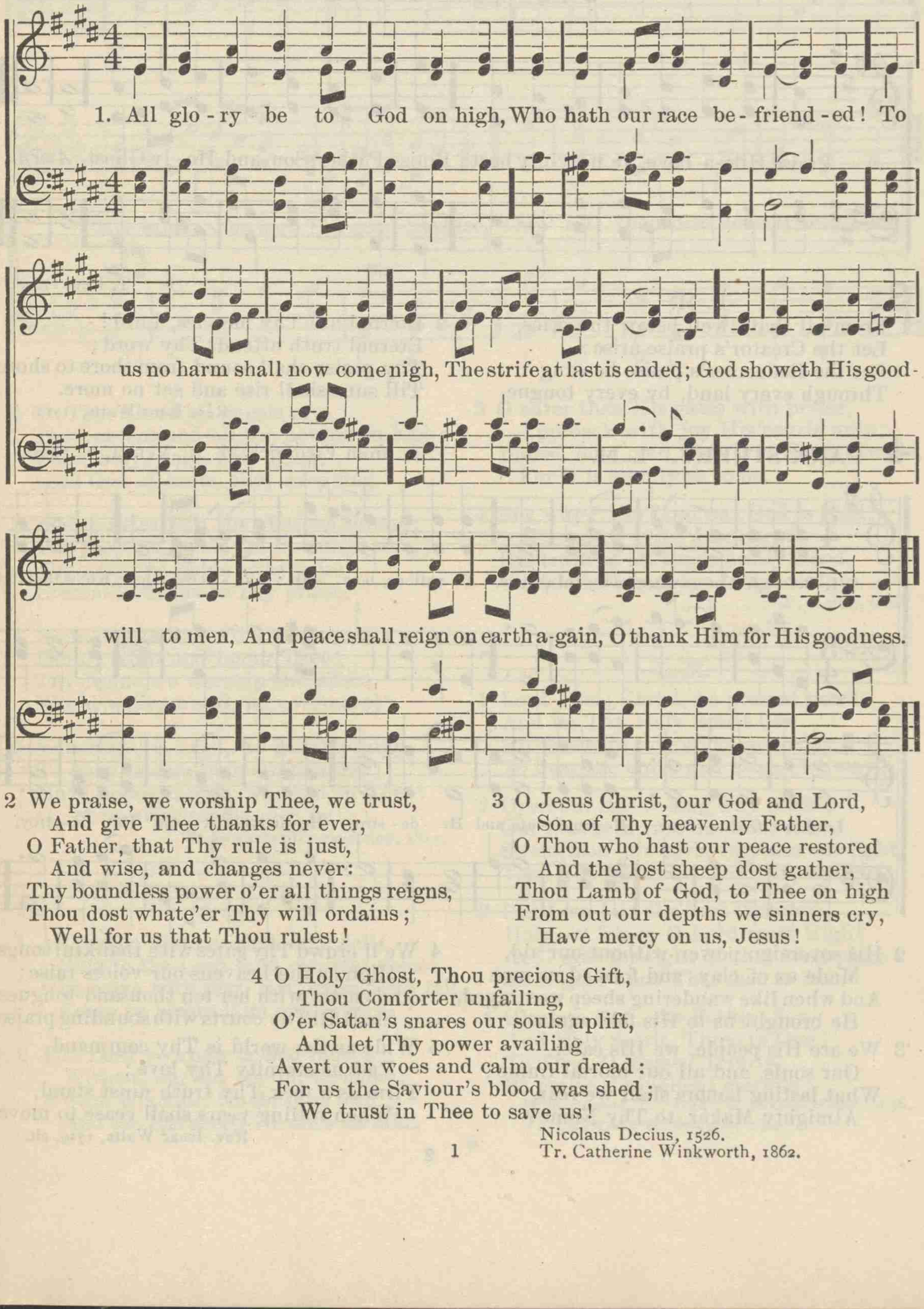
8 From the rising of the sun even unto the going *down* | of the | same ‖ My ***Name*** shall be | great a- | mong the | Gentiles ‖ and in every place incense shall be offered unto My *Name* and a | pure— | offering ‖ for My Name shall be great among the hea*then* | saith the | Lord of | hosts.—*Mal. i. 11.*



I. WORSHIP.

At the Opening of Service.

1 SOLI DEO GLORIA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. Nicolaus Decius, 1526.



2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
And give Thee thanks for ever,
O Father, that Thy rule is just,
And wise, and changes never:
Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
Thou dost whate'er Thy will ordains;
Well for us that Thou rulest!

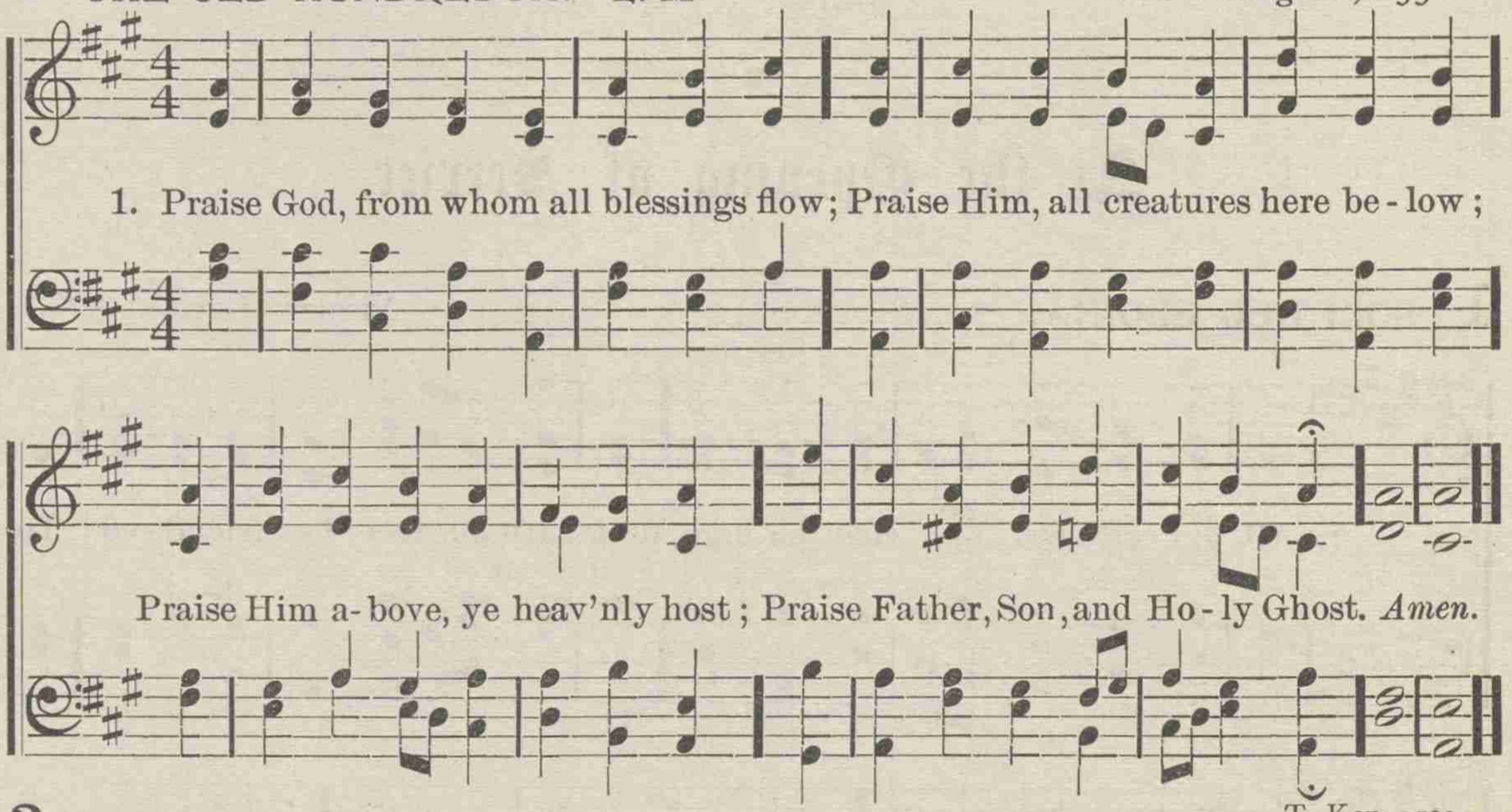
3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of Thy heavenly Father,
O Thou who hast our peace restored
And the lost sheep dost gather,
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high
From out our depths we sinners cry,
Have mercy on us, Jesus!

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread:
For us the Saviour's blood was shed;
We trust in Thee to save us!

Nicolaus Decius, 1526.
1 Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1862.

2 THE OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M

Louis Bourgeois, 1551.



T. Ken, 1709.

3 L. M.

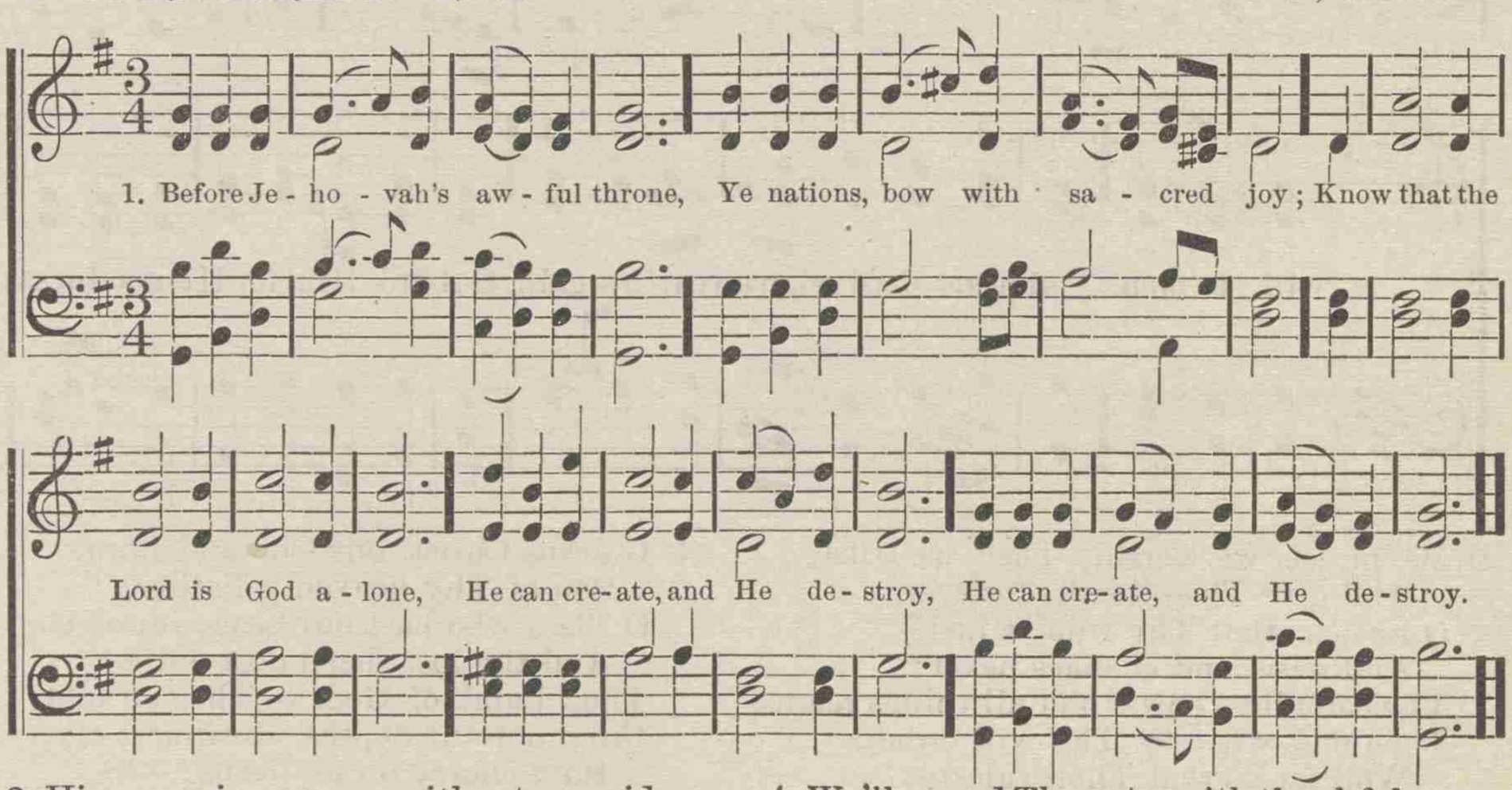
1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

4 PARK STREET. L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

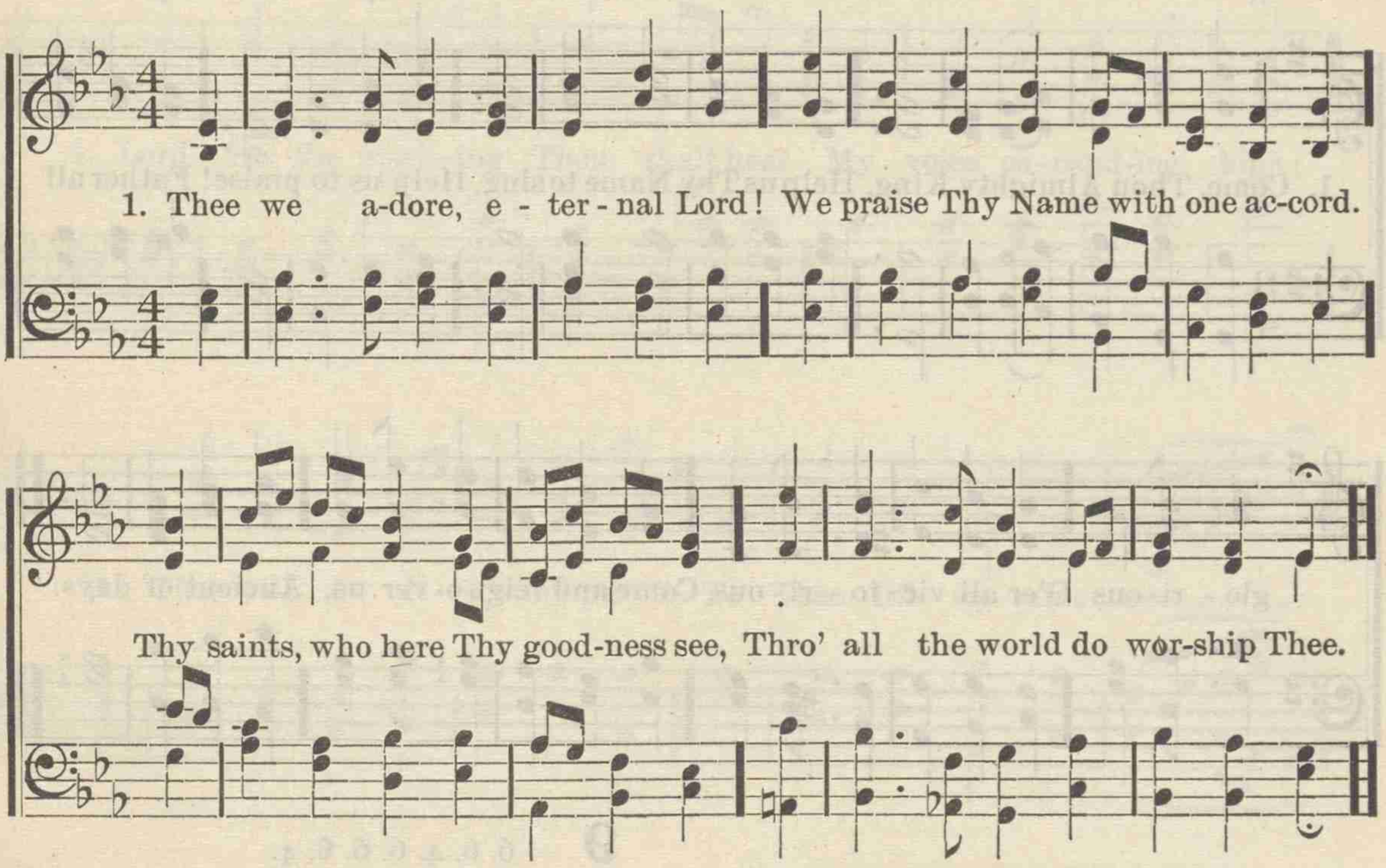
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719, alt.

5 SAMSON. L. M.

Arr. from Georg Friedrich Händel, 1742.



2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
Thy martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee!
Thy Name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore!

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
Have mercy, Lord! we trust in Thee;
O, let us ne'er confounded be!

Tr. in Cotterill's Selection, 1815.

6 L. M.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

W. Kethe, 1561.

7 L. M.

1 Lord Jesus Christ, be present now!
And let Thy Holy Spirit bow
All hearts in love and fear to-day,
To hear the truth and keep Thy way.

2 Open our lips to sing Thy praise,
Our hearts in true devotion raise,
Strengthen our faith, increase our light,
That we may know Thy Name aright:

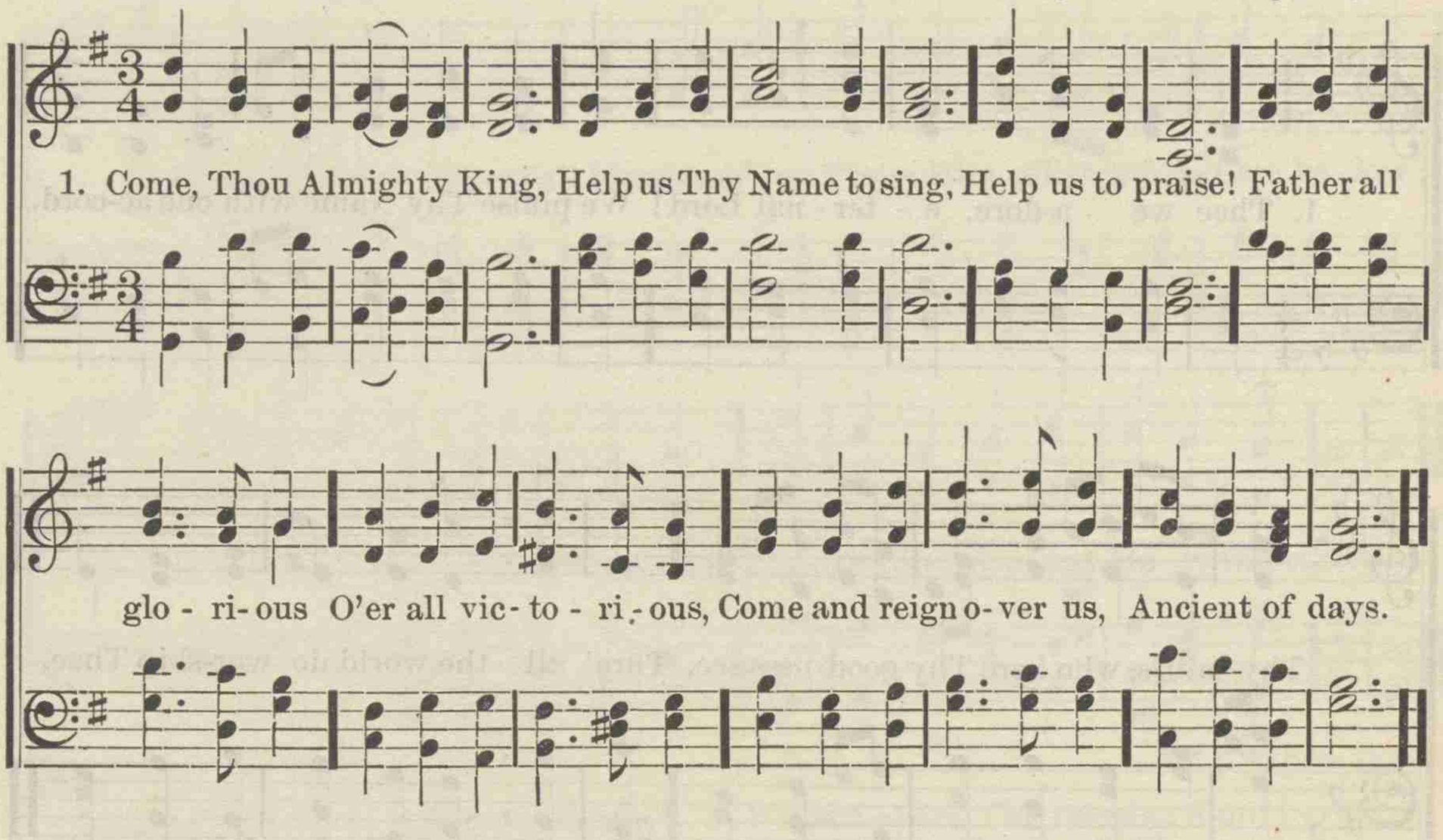
3 Until we join the host that cry
Holy art Thou, O Lord most High!
And 'mid the light of that blest place
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.

4 Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O blessed Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

Wm. August. II., Duke of Saxe-Weimar, 1638.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1862.

8 ITALIAN HYMN. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

F. de Giardini, 1769.
Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.



2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Unknown, c, 1757.

9 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

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

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

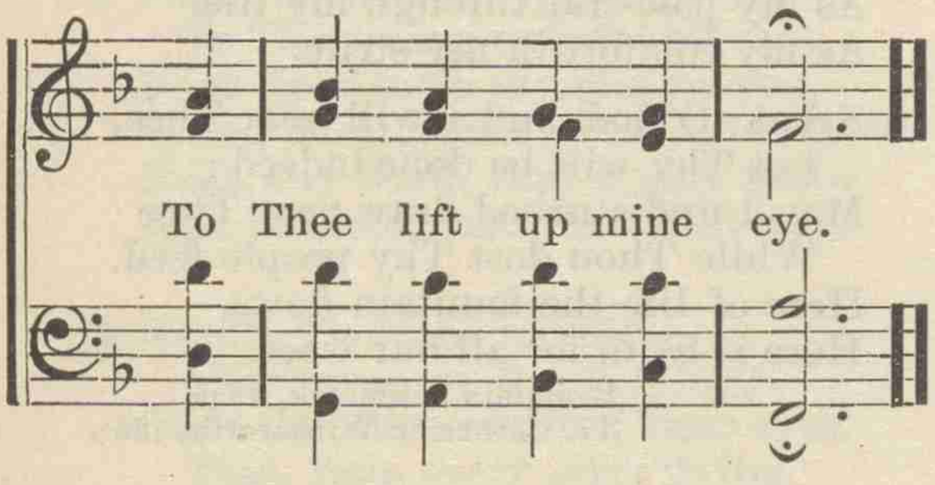
3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name;
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

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

Rev. James Allen, 1761. alt.

10 HERMANN. C. M.

Nicolaus Hermann, 1560.



2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne
‖: Our songs and our complaints. :‖

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight
‖: Nor dwell at Thy right hand. :‖

4 Now to Thy house I will resort
To taste Thy mercies there,
I will frequent Thy holy court
‖: And worship in Thy fear. :‖

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
‖: And plain before my face. :‖

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

11 C. M.

1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,—
‖: A multitude unknown. :‖

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear,
‖: One Shepherd and one fold. :‖

3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
‖: The Church triumphant's song. :‖

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above,
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
‖: And everlasting love." :‖

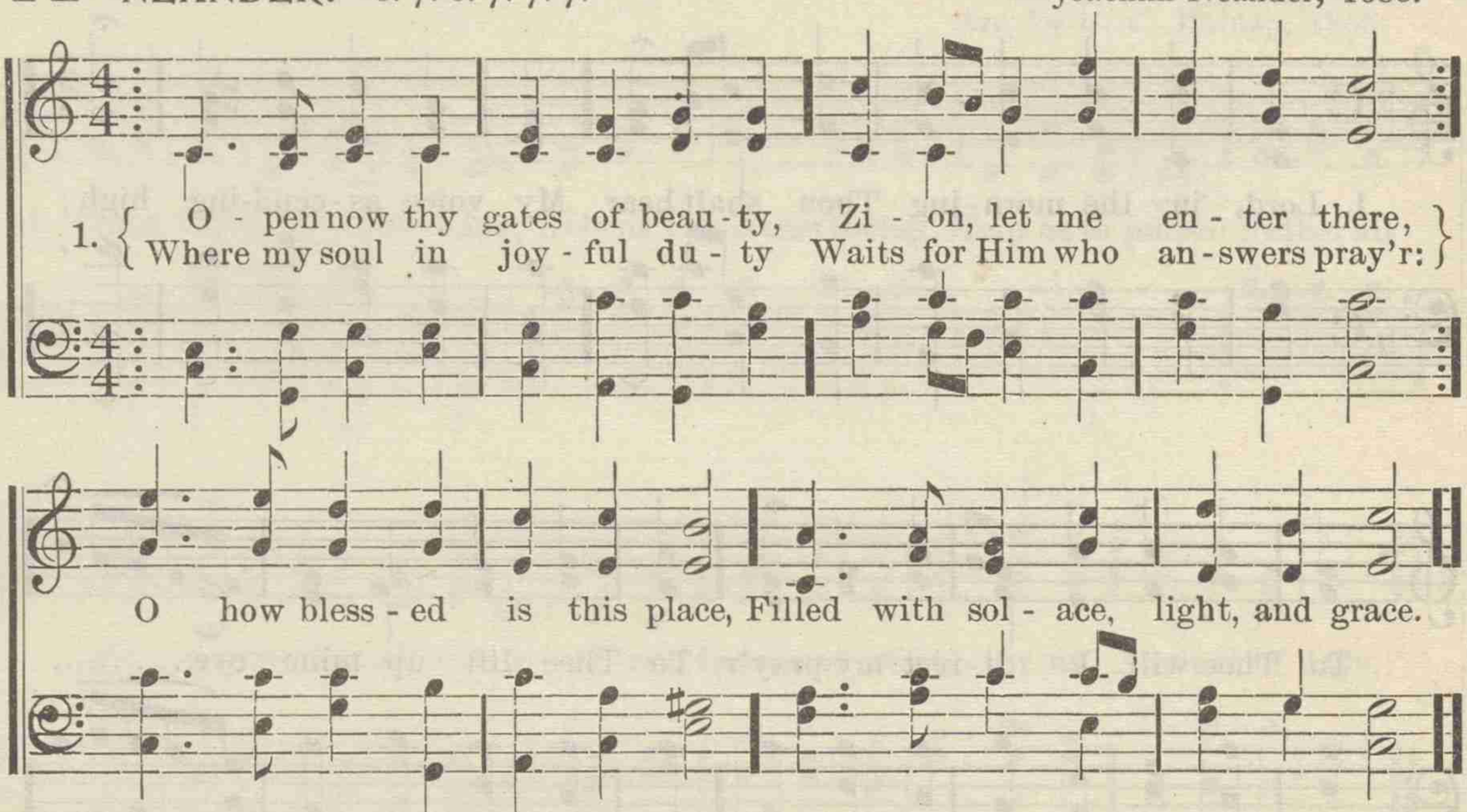
5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save:
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
‖: Thy victory, O grave?" :‖

6 Then hallelujah, power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
‖: Renew the song in heaven. :‖

James Montgomery, 1822.

12 NEANDER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joachim Neander, 1680.



2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown;
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone;
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

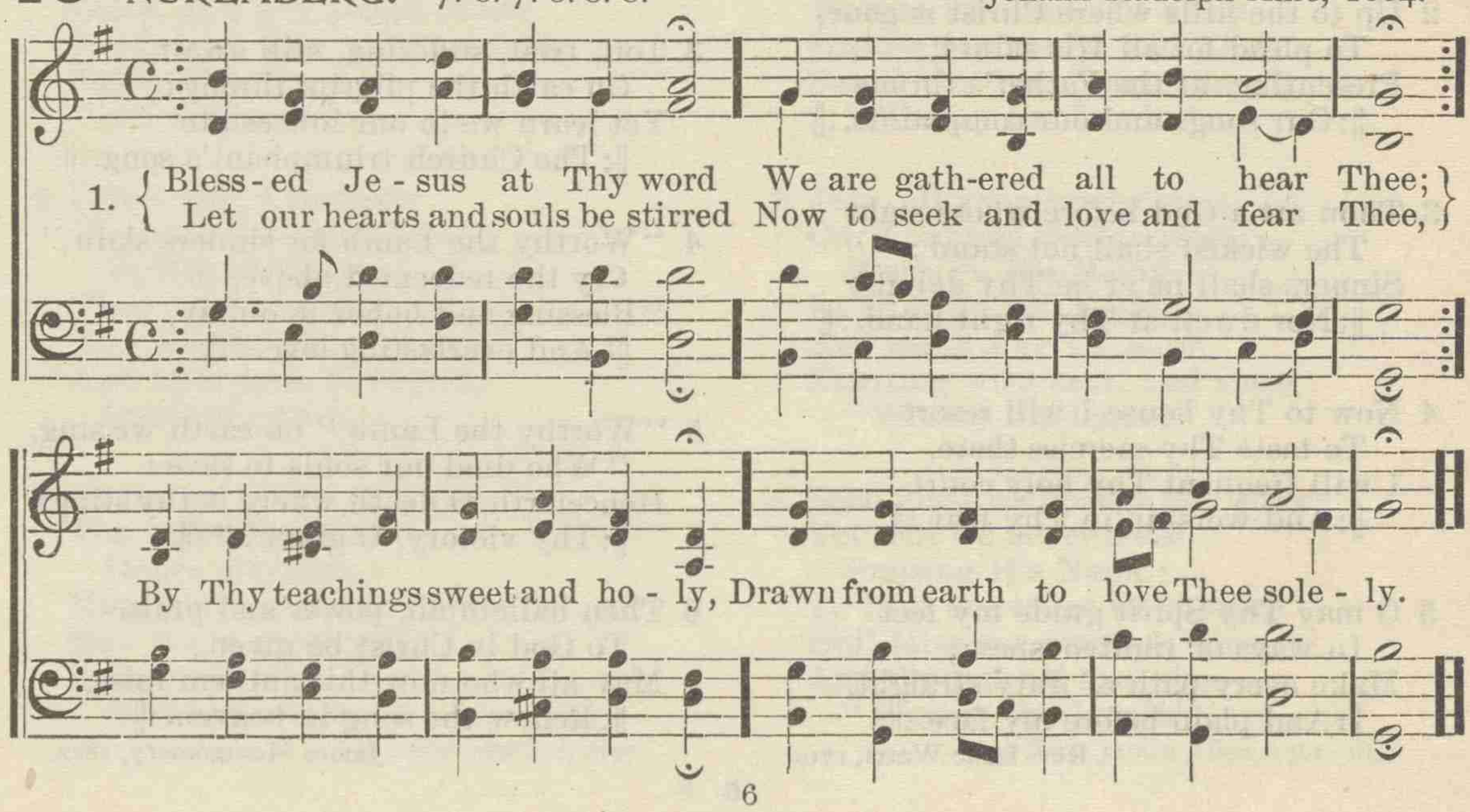
4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May Thy word still o'er me shine;
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1732.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863.

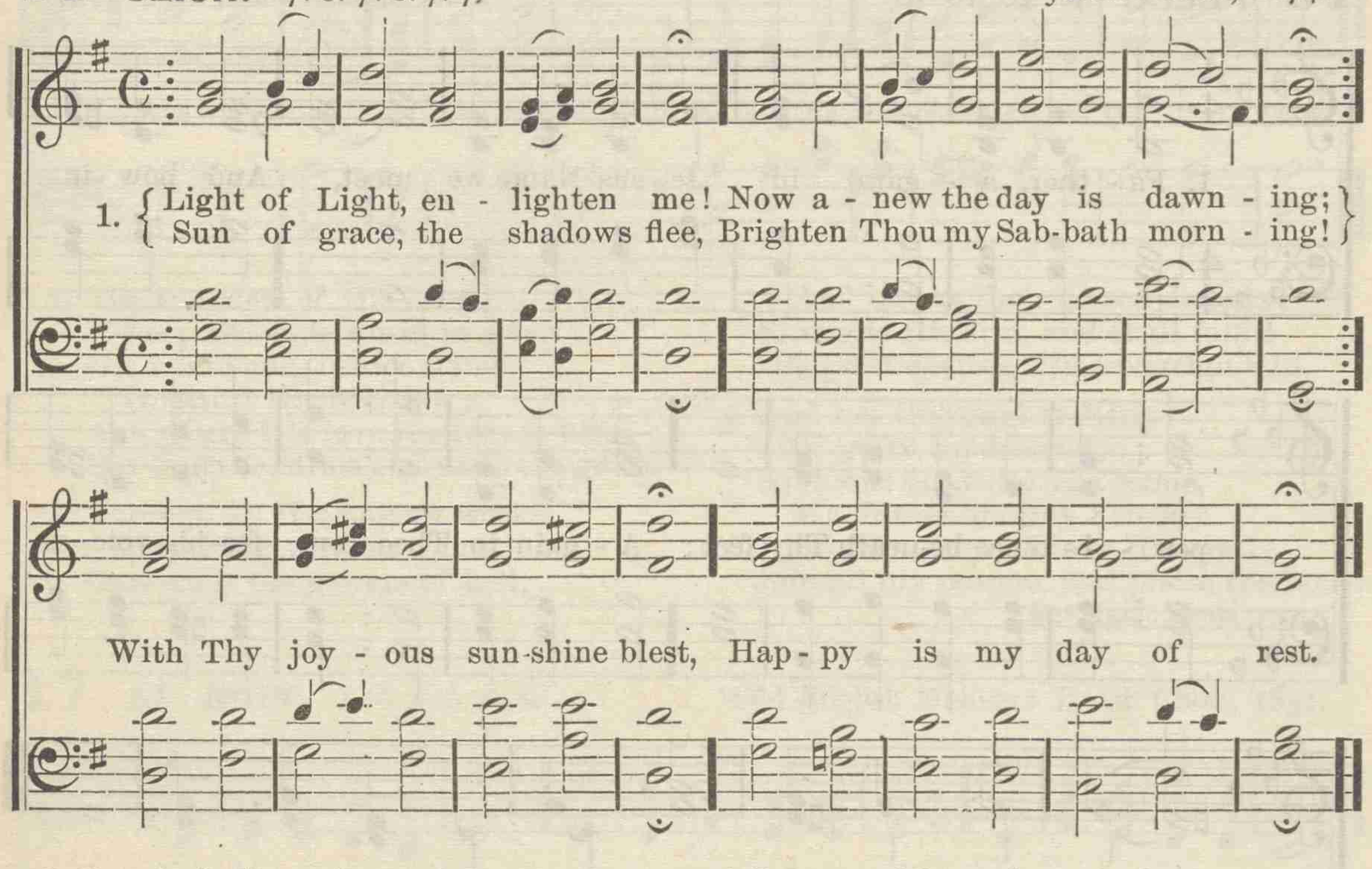
13 NÜREMBERG. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1664.



14 ULICH. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Johann Ulich, 1674.



2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me.
Bless Thy word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt a while from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste, inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessèd Love, who diedst to win me:
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1715.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

13 NÜREMBERG. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of Light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading;
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Tobias Clausnitzen, 1668.
Tr. Anon.

15 FELIX. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

(Or to Longwood.)

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare!
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

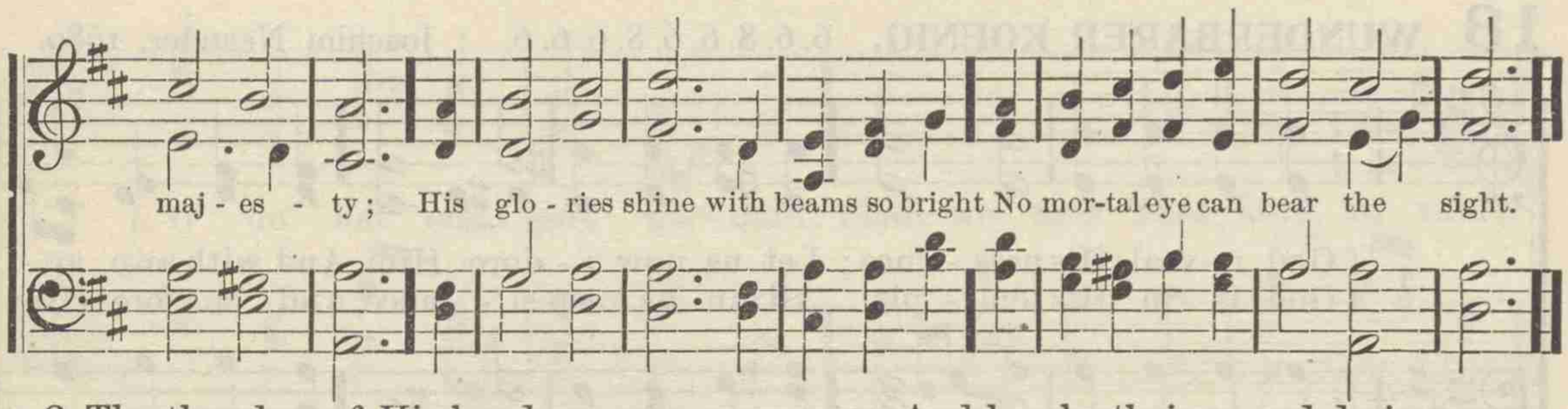
3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 O by that Name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

Lady L. E. G. Whitmore, 1824.

16 DARWALL. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Rev. John Darwall, 1770.



2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His mighty works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will He write His Name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His Name, I love His word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

17 ST. JOHN. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Old English Melody: Parish Choir, 1851.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Century.)
Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837.

18 WUNDERBARER KOENIG. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. Joachim Neander, 1680.

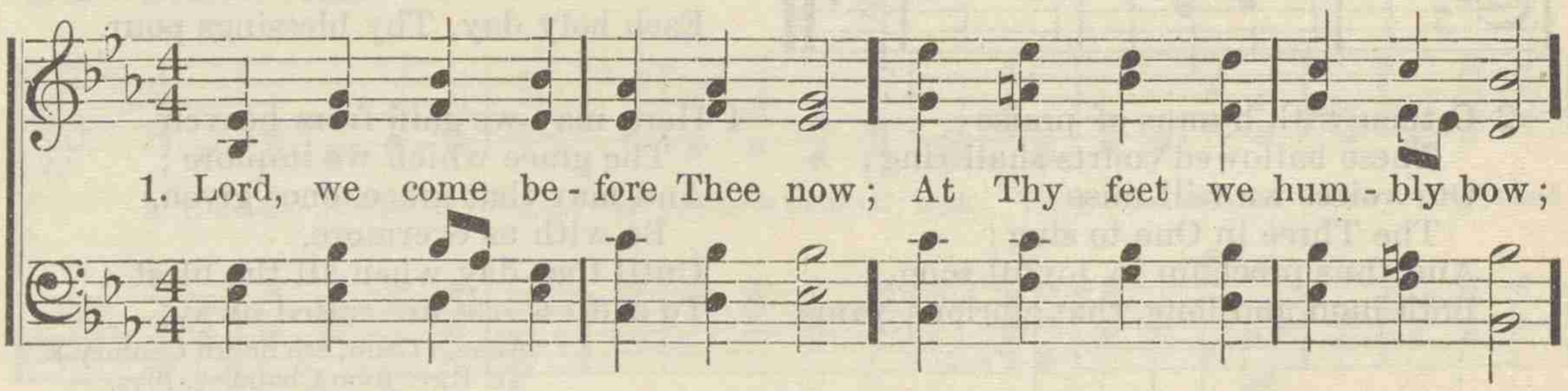
2 God reveals His presence
Whom angelic legions
Serve with awe in heavenly regions:
Holy, Holy, Holy
Sing the hosts of heaven;
Praise to God be ever given:
Condescend—to attend
Graciously, O Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3 O majestic Being,
Were our soul and body
Thee to serve at all times ready:
Might we, like the angels
Who behold Thy glory
In submission sink before Thee,
And through grace—all our days
In our whole demeanor,
Give Thee praise and honor.

4 Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry;
Make us Thy blest sanctuary.
O vouchsafe Thy presence;
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal Thyself still clearer;
Us direct—and protect,
Thus we in all places,
Shall show forth Thy praises.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697—1769.
Tr. Moravian Collection.

19 KULBACH. 7. 7. 7. 7. E. Th. Reinhard, 1828.



2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Rev. William Hammond, 1745.

20 DUKE STREET. L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1793.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own;
The sheep that on His pastures live.

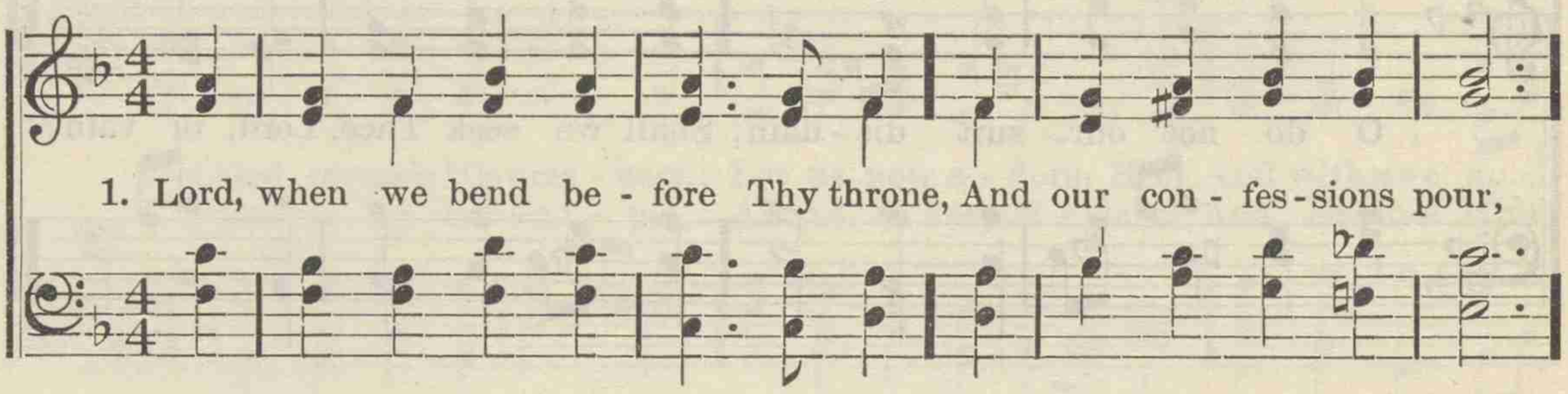
3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

21 DALEHURST. C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872.



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

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

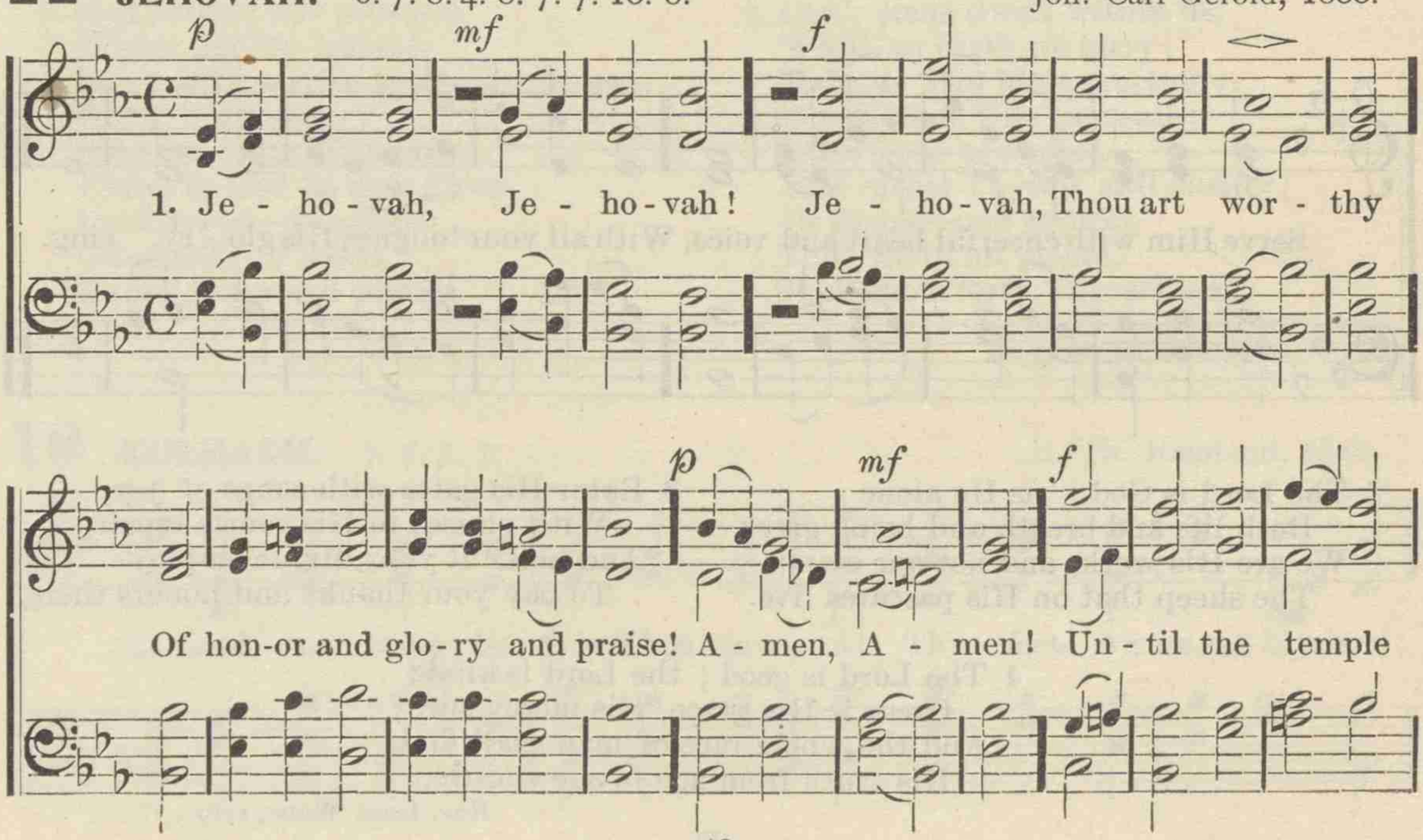
4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

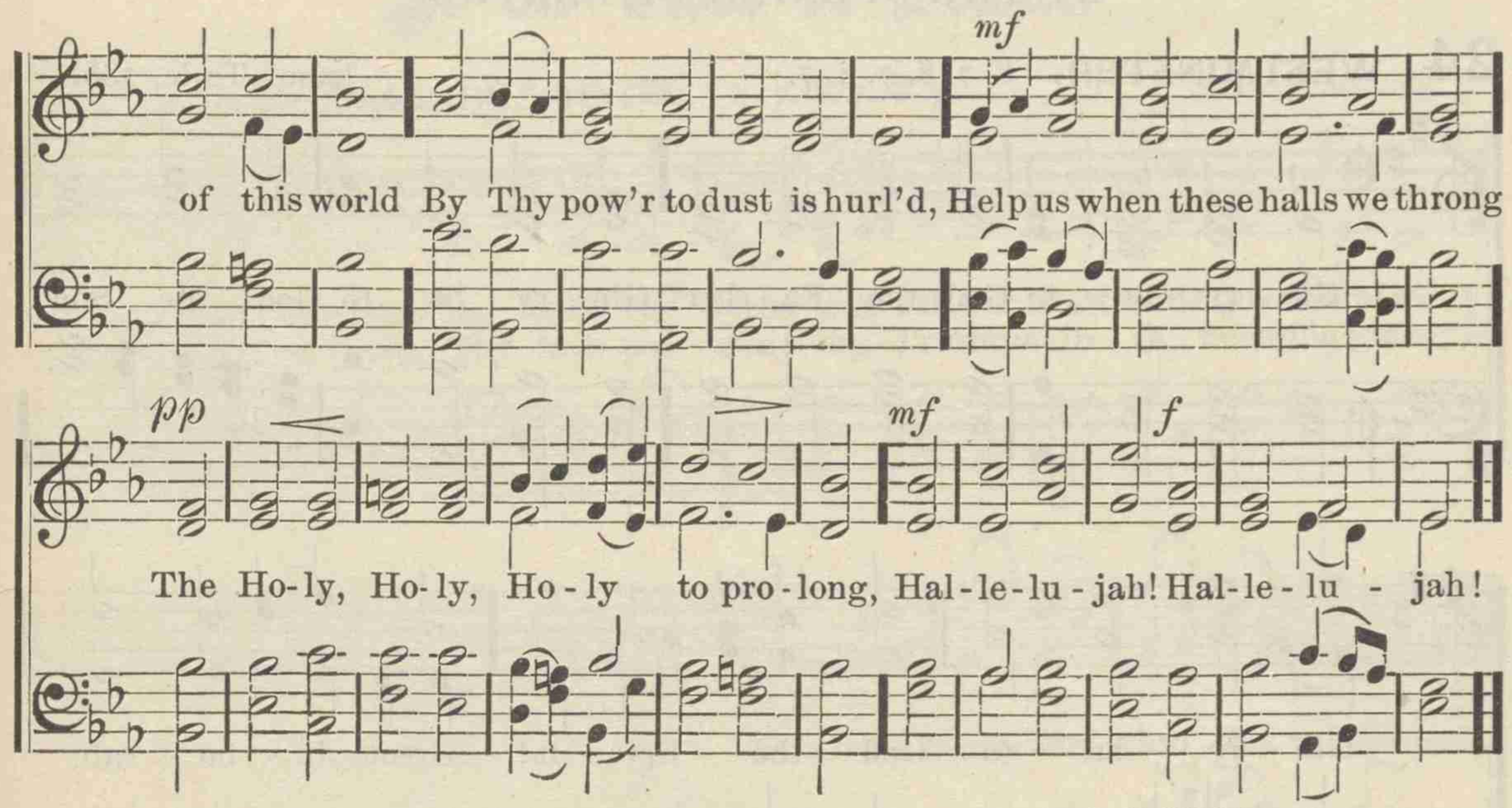
5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802.

22 JEHOVAH. 6. 7. 8. 4. 8. 7. 7. 10. 8.

Joh. Carl Gerold, 1800.

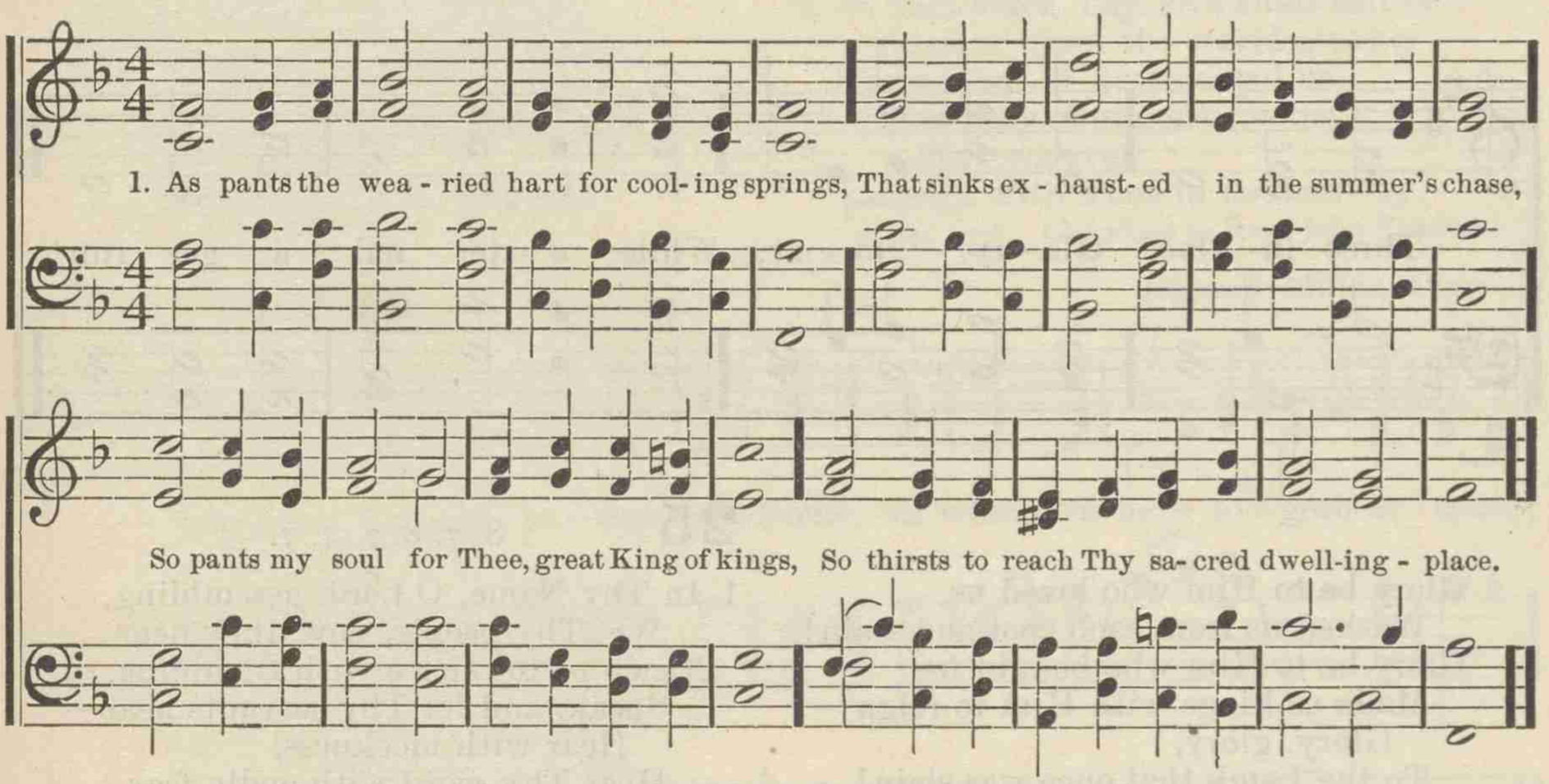




G. K. Pfeffel, 1776.
Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

23 TOULON. 10. 10. 10. 10.

The Geneva Psalter, 1551.



2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious days;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

Rev. Robert Lowth, 1787. *Ab.*

24 WESTMINSTER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

James Turle, 1862.

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

25 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

1 In Thy Name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before—
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1815.

At the Close of Service.

26 SICILIAN MARINERS HYMN. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Sicilian Melody.

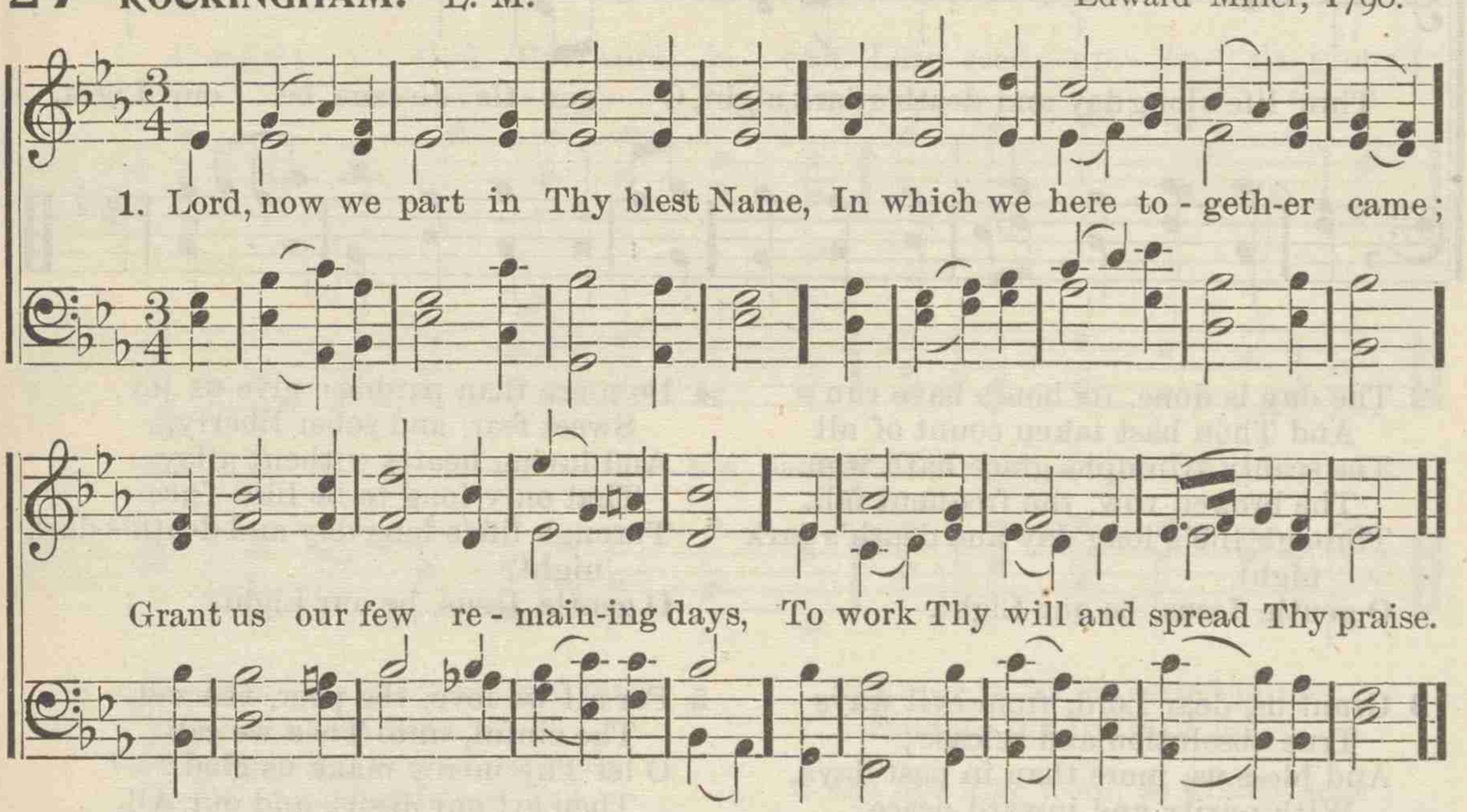
2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

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

Anon. 1773. (Ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett.)

27 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Edward Miller, 1790.



2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing Thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

John Dracup, 1787. alt.

28 ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 61.

William H. Monk, 1861.

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

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

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

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

29 VULPIUS. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Melchior Vulpius, 1609.

2 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Sustain us by Thy word,
That we with all Thy people
To life may be restored.

3 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Thou Light of endless Light;
Increase to us Thy blessings,
And save us by Thy might.

Joshua Stegmann, 1632.

30 TIVERTON. C. M.

"Grigg:" Rippon's Selection, 1806.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in praying souls
To bring forth fruits of love.

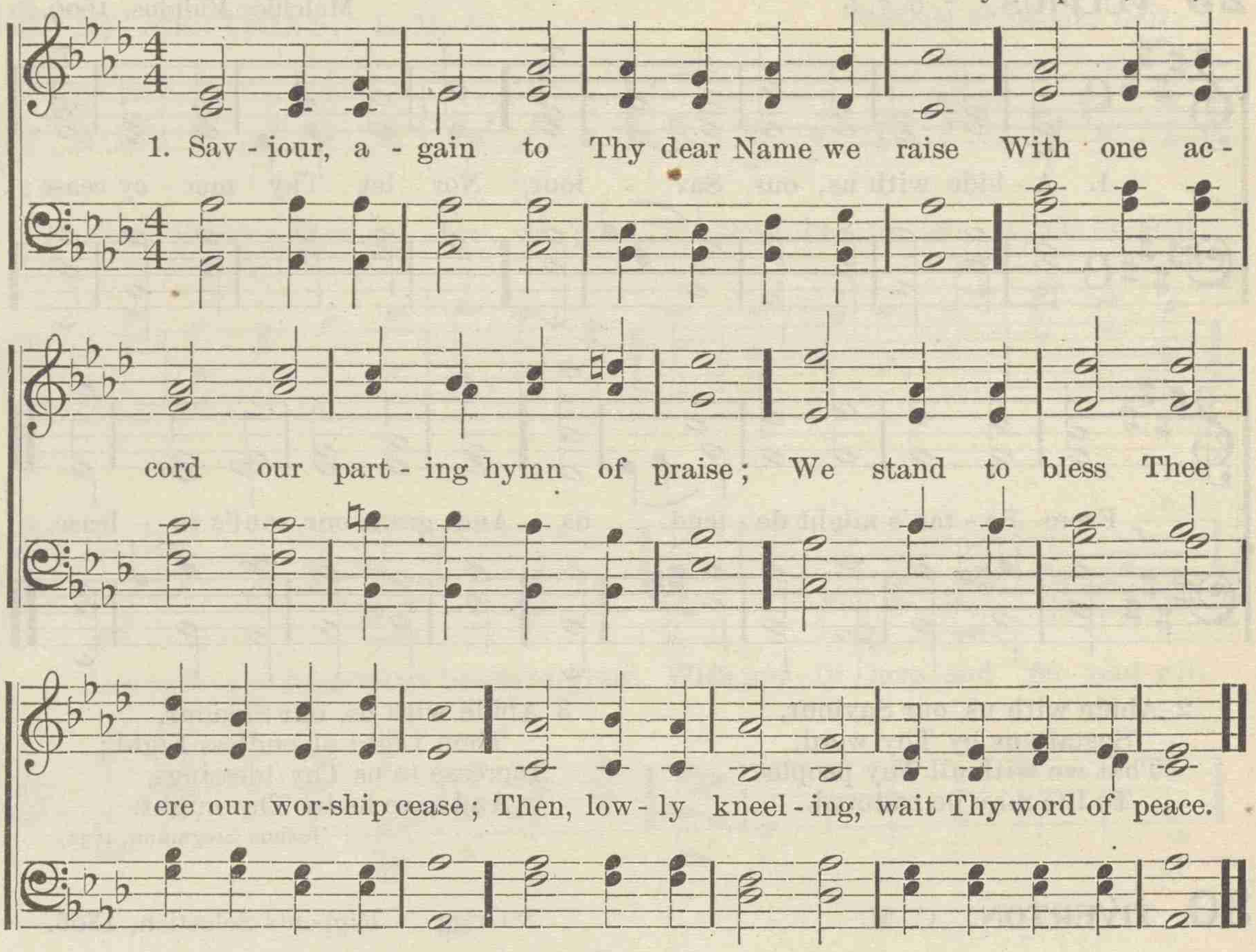
3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it, in converted minds,
Produce the fruits of joy.

4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.

Rev. John Cawood, 1816.

31 ELLERTON. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867.



2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

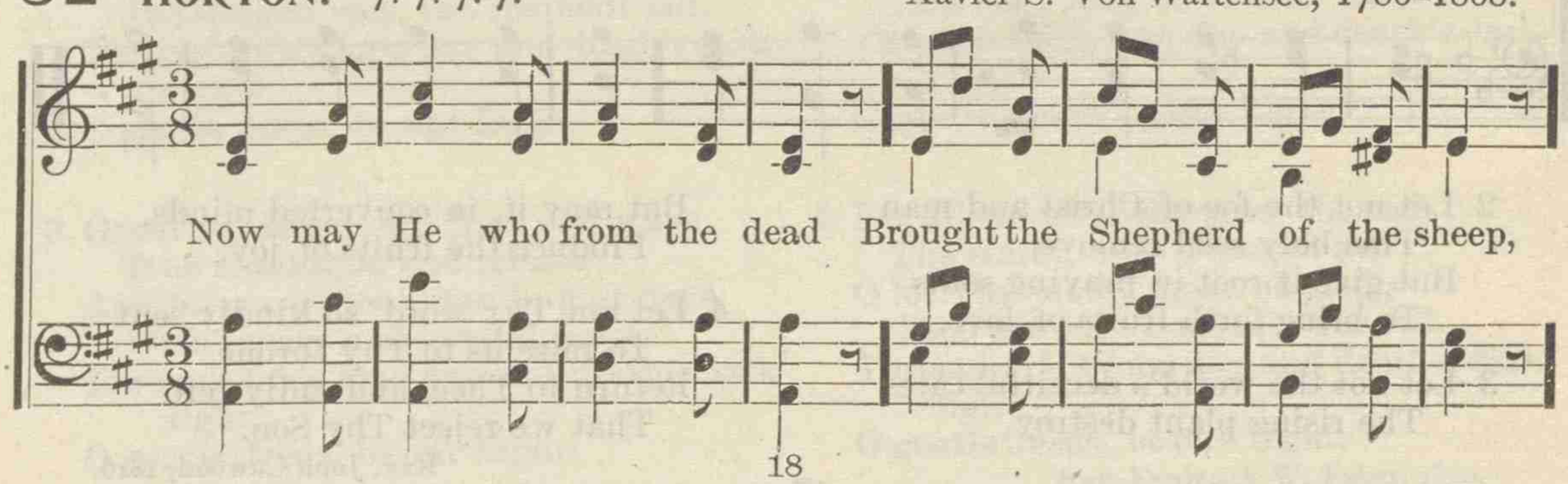
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1866.

32 HORTON. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Xavier S. Von Wartensee, 1786–1868.



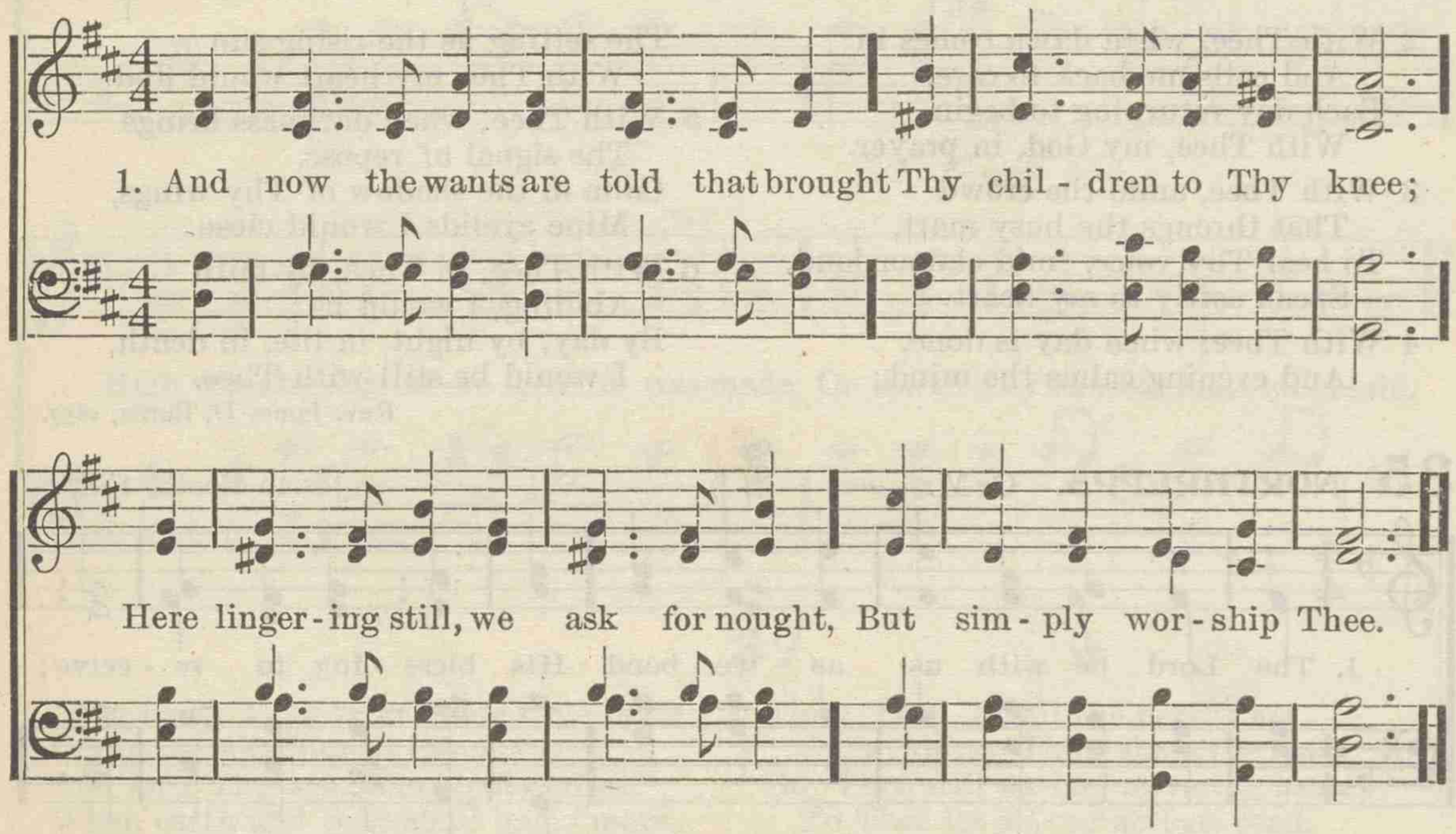
2 May He teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

33 ELM. C. M.

J. Varley Roberts, 1889.



2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence Divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

5 O Thou, above all blessings blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,-
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

Rev. William Bright, 1865.

34 THATCHER. S. M.

Arr. from Georg Friedrich Händel, 1732.

2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

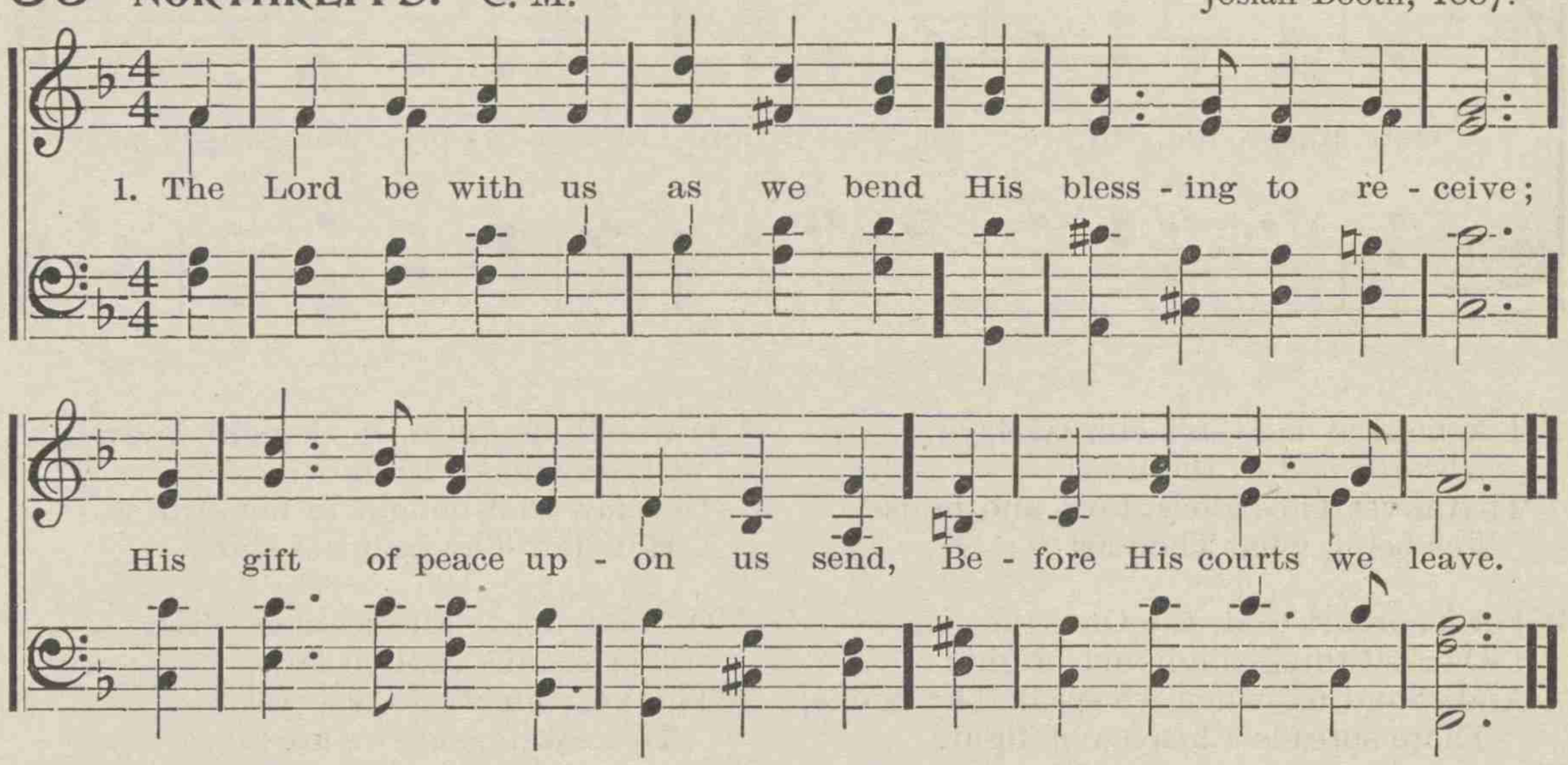
5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857.

35 NORTHREPPS. C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887.



2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

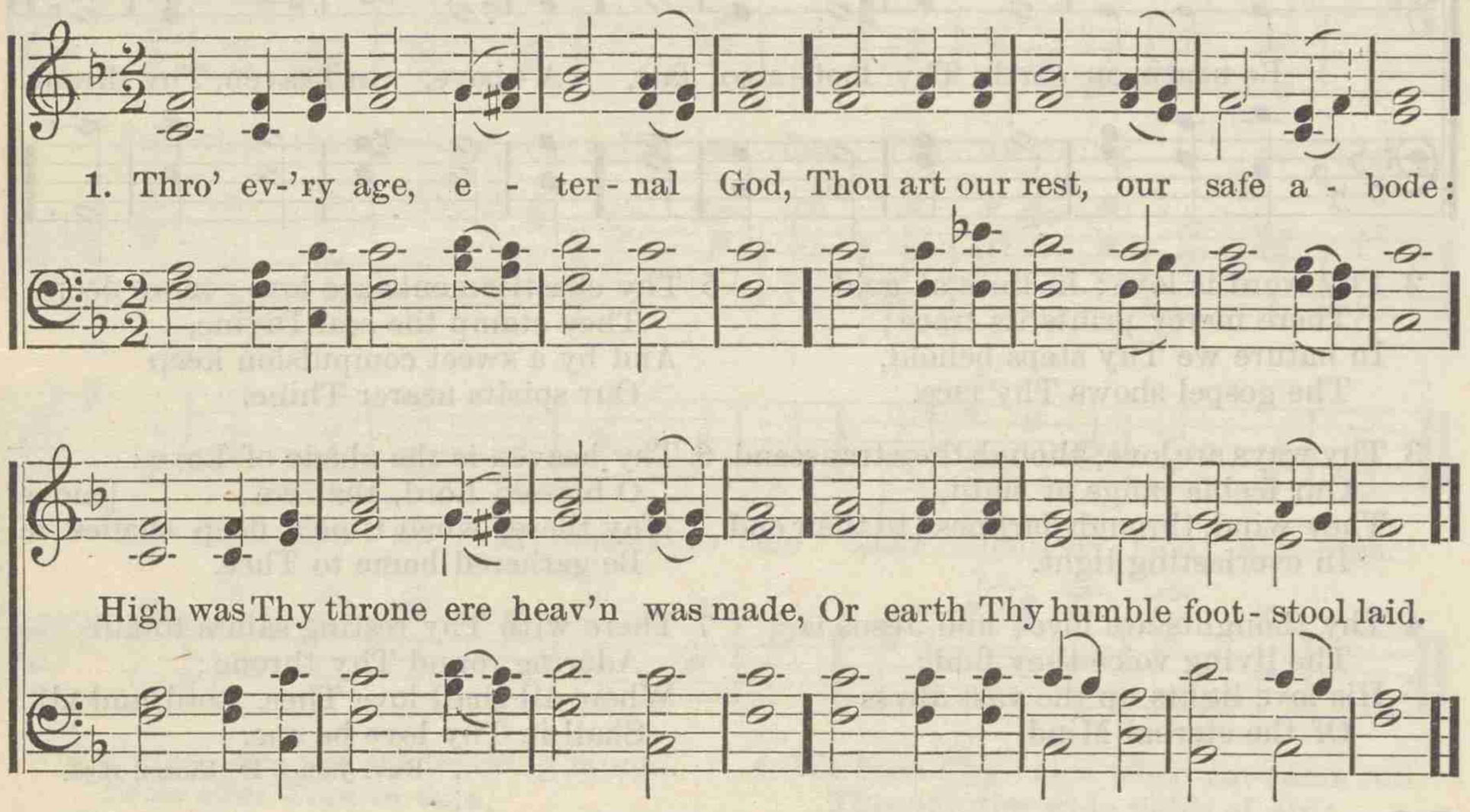
4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

God, the Father Almighty.

36 **HAMBURG.** L. M. Lowell Mason, 1825.



37 L. M.

2 Long hadst Thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream—
An empty tale—a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 Thou, Lord, of all the parent art,
Of all things Thou alone the end,
On Thee still fix our wavering heart,
To Thee let all our actions tend.

2 Thou, Lord, art Light; Thy native ray
No change, nor shadow ever knows;
To our dark souls Thy Light display,
The glory of Thy face disclose.

3 Thou, Lord, art Love; the Fountain Thou
Whence mercy unexhausted flows;
On barren hearts, O shed it now,
And make the desert bear the rose!

4 So shall our every power to Thee
In love and holy service rise;
And body, soul, and spirit be
Thy ever-lasting sacrifice.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670—1739.
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1736.

38 BEATITUDO. C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.

2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind, through darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find:
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the eternal Mind.

5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal Divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

6 Thy heaven is the abode of Love:
O blessèd Lord, that we [move,
May there, when time's deep shades re-
Be gathered home to Thee.

7 There with Thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round Thy throne;
Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
Shall in Thy love be one.

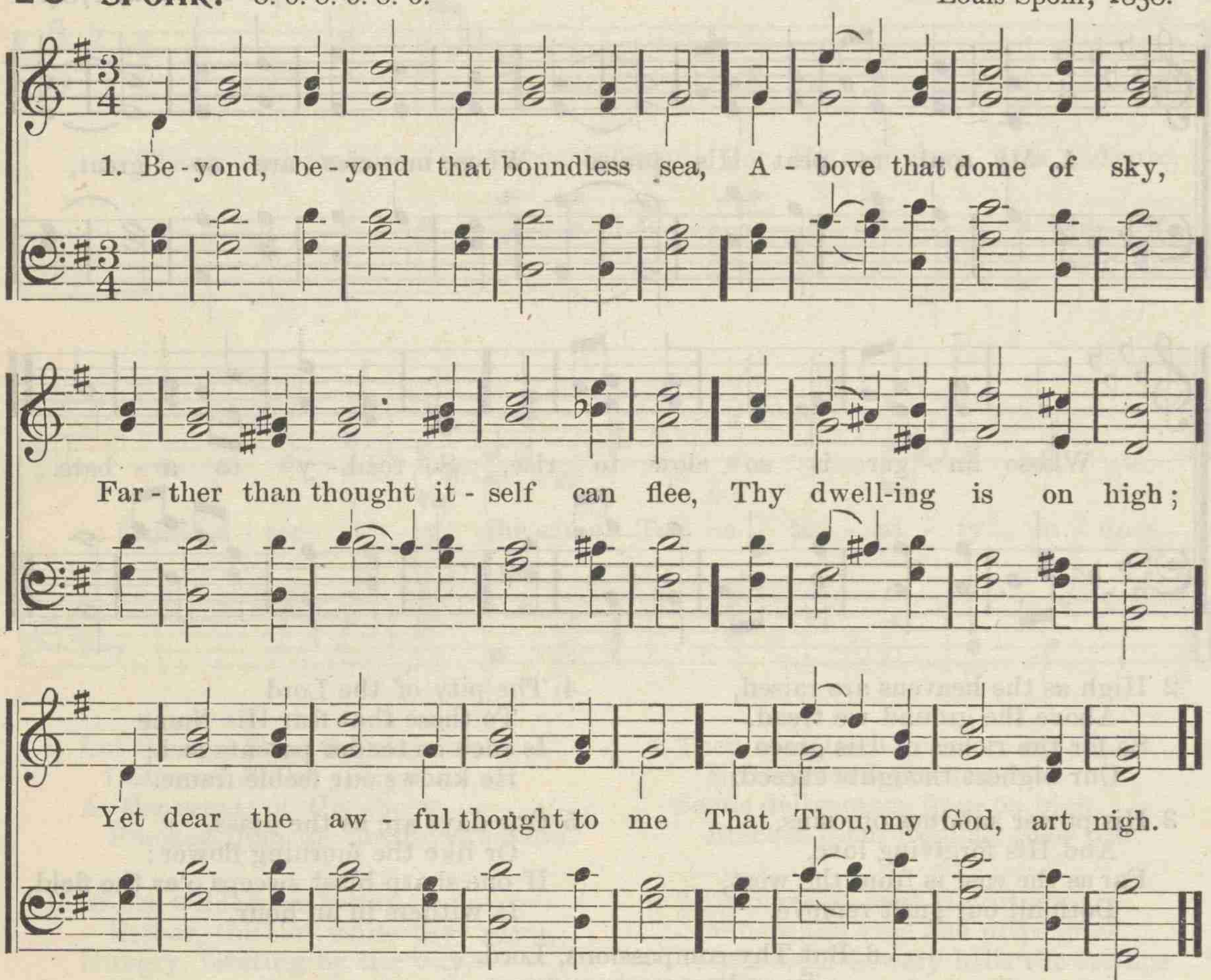
Rev. James D. Burns, 1858.

39 RATHBUN. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamar Conkey, 1851.

40 SPOHR. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Louis Spohr, 1850.



2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main.

3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honor of Thy Name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest flame,
Nor in the solar blaze.

4 We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there;
Where shall I find Him, O my soul!
Who yet is everywhere?

5 O, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight
There does His Spirit rest;
O come, Thou Presence infinite!
And make Thy creature blest.

Josiah Conder, 1830.

39 RATHBUN. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

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

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

41 CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784.

2 High as the heavens are raised,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear His Name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

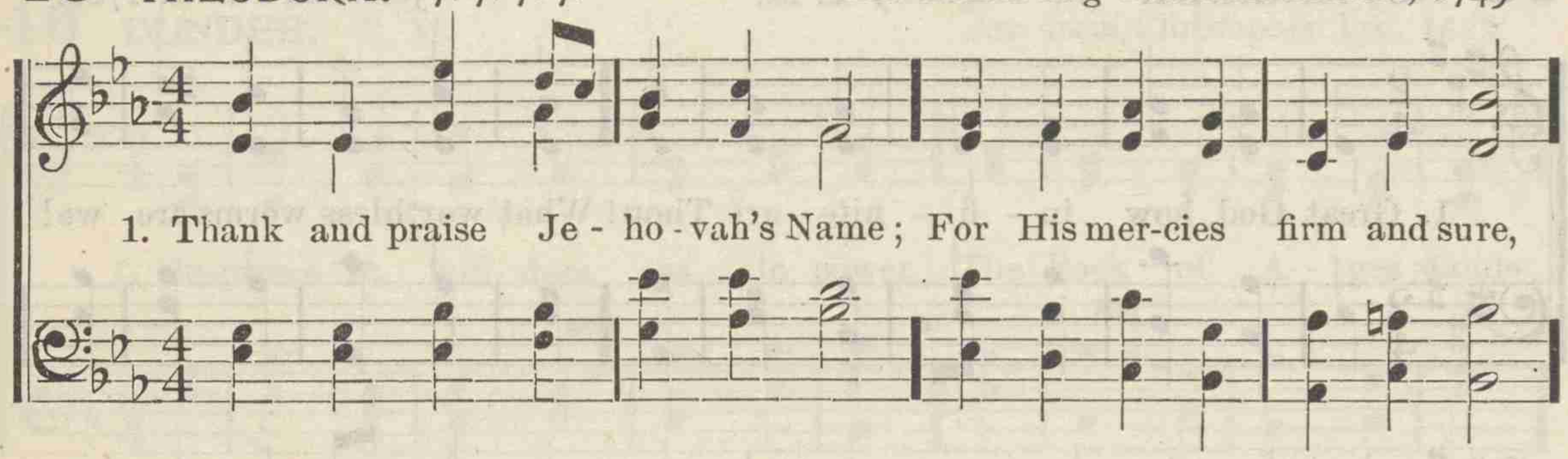
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

42 STUTTGART. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Gotha Cantional, 1715.

43 THEODORA. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Georg Friedrich Händel, 1749.



2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race,
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

James Montgomery, 1822.

42 STUTTGART. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

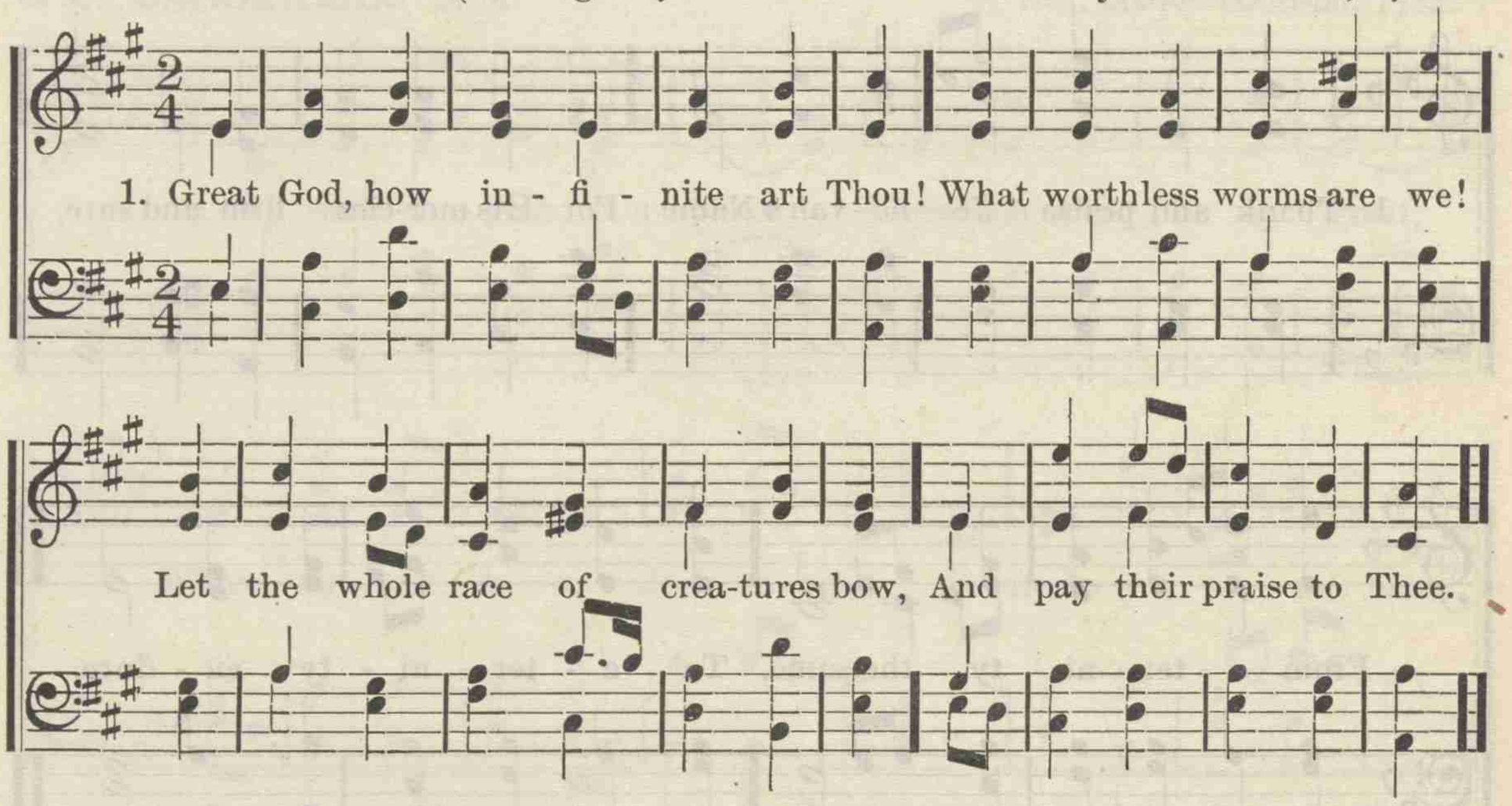
5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.

6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1824.

44 NOTTINGHAM. (St. Magnus.) C. M.

Jeremiah Clarke, 1700.



2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

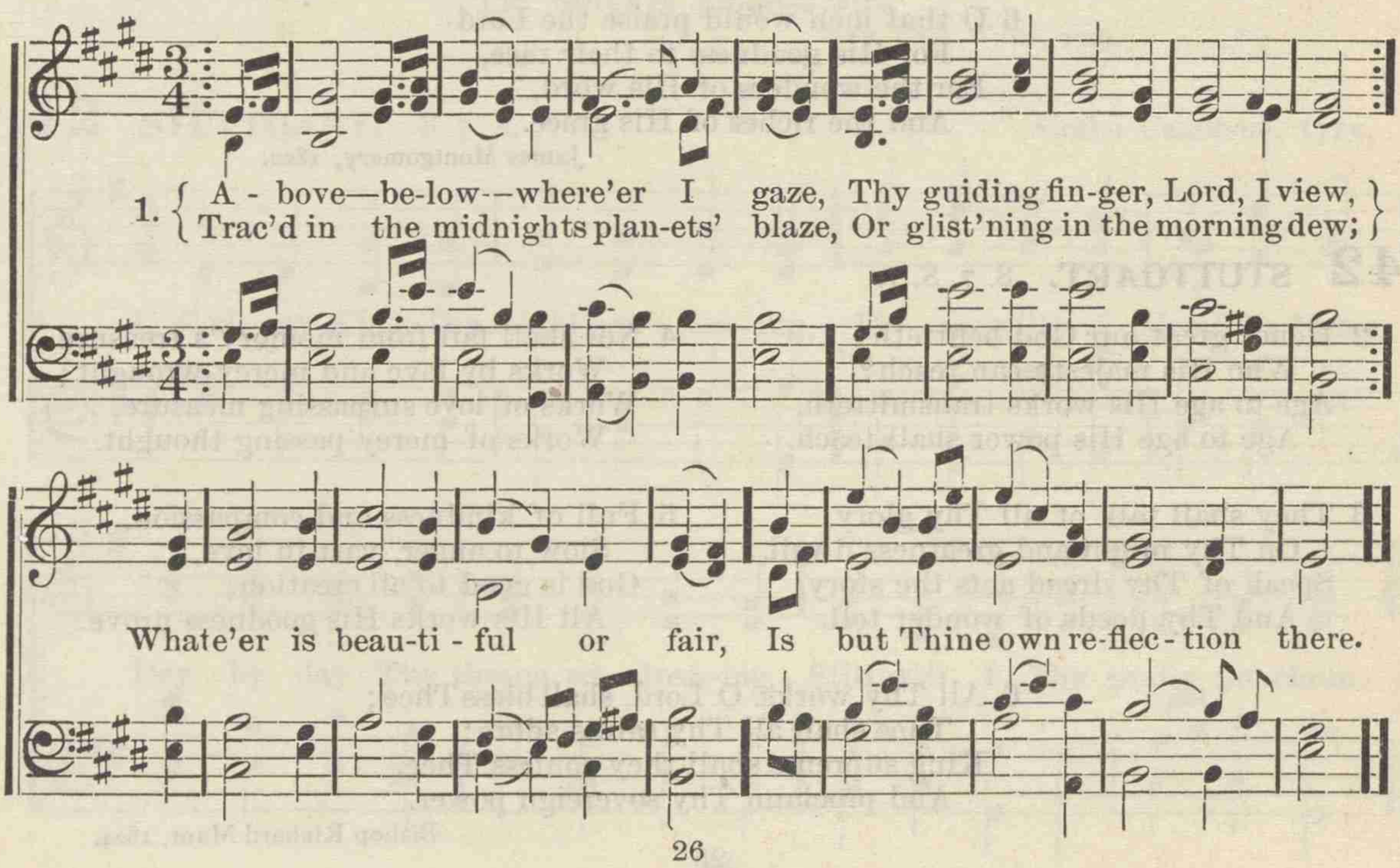
4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

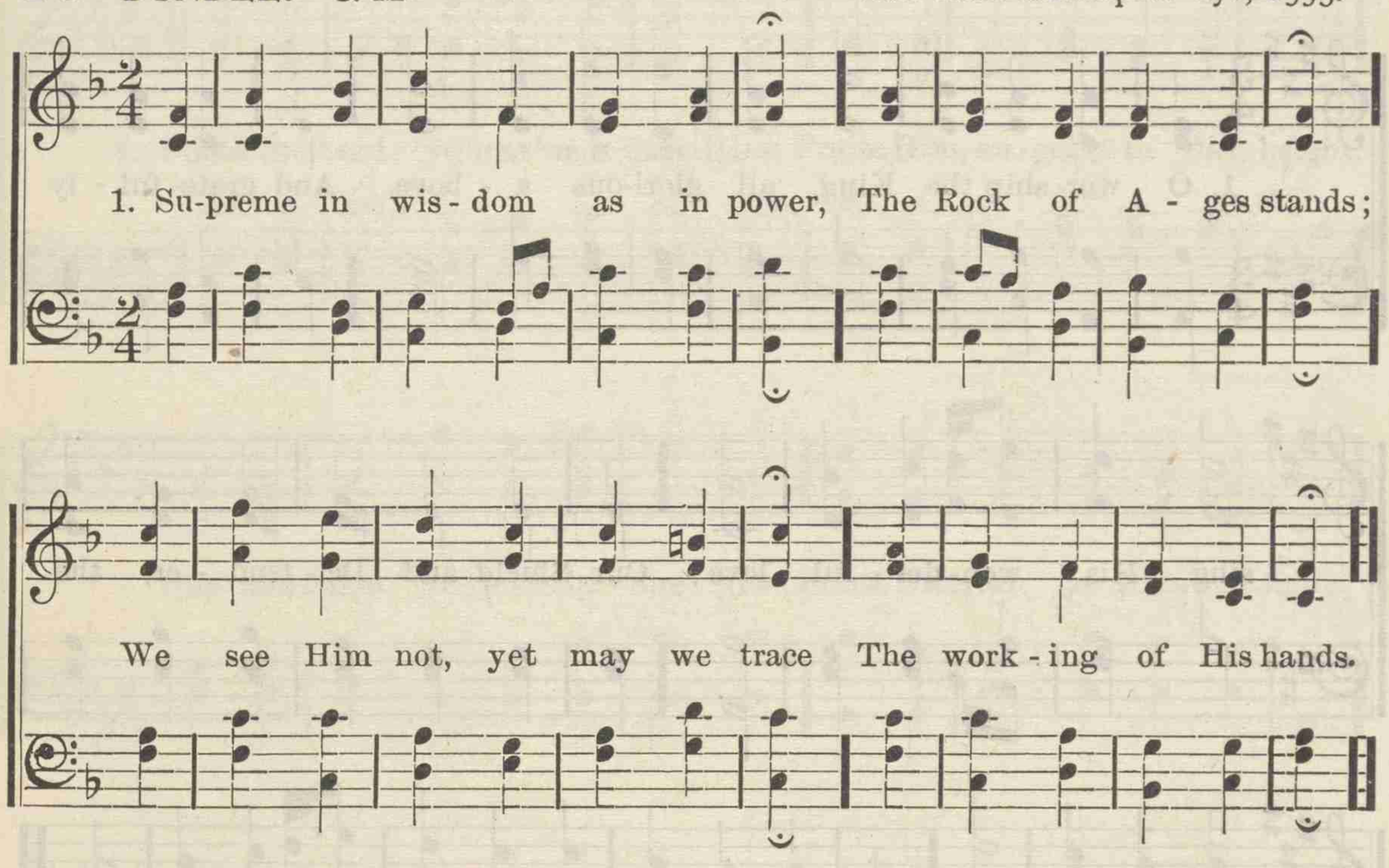
45 YOAKLEY. L. M. 61.

William Yoakley, 1820.



46 DUNDEE. C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553.



47 C. M.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life Divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar—
Their wings are faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707, *alt.*

1 My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright,
How glorious is Thy mercy seat
In depths of burning light.

2 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

4 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On Thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1848.

45 YOAKLEY. L. M. 61.

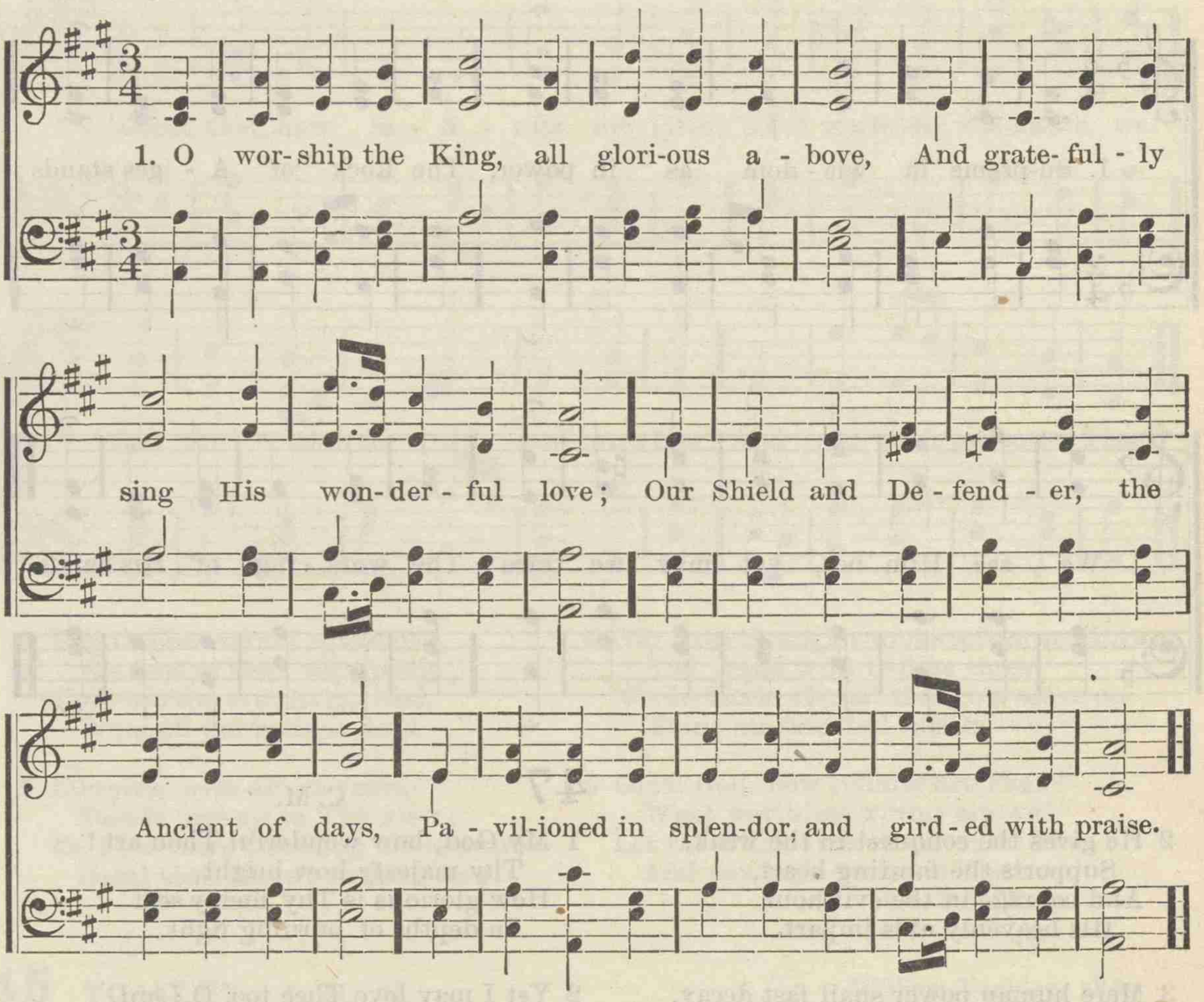
2 I hear Thee in the stormy wind
That turns the ocean wave to foam;
Nor less Thy wondrous power I find
When summer airs around me roam;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself—for Thou art everywhere.

3 I find Thee in the noon of night,
And read Thy Name in every star
That drinks in splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming car:
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes—not Thy diadem.

Anon.

48 LYONS. 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. from Michael Haydn, 1737—1806.



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

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree;
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

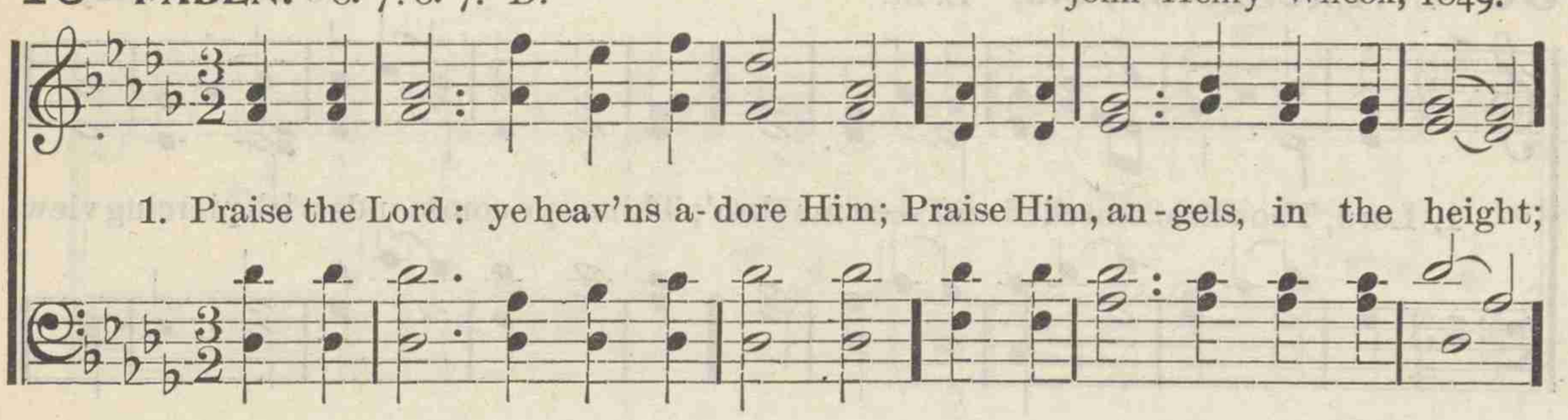
5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833.

49 FABEN. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Henry Wilcox, 1849.



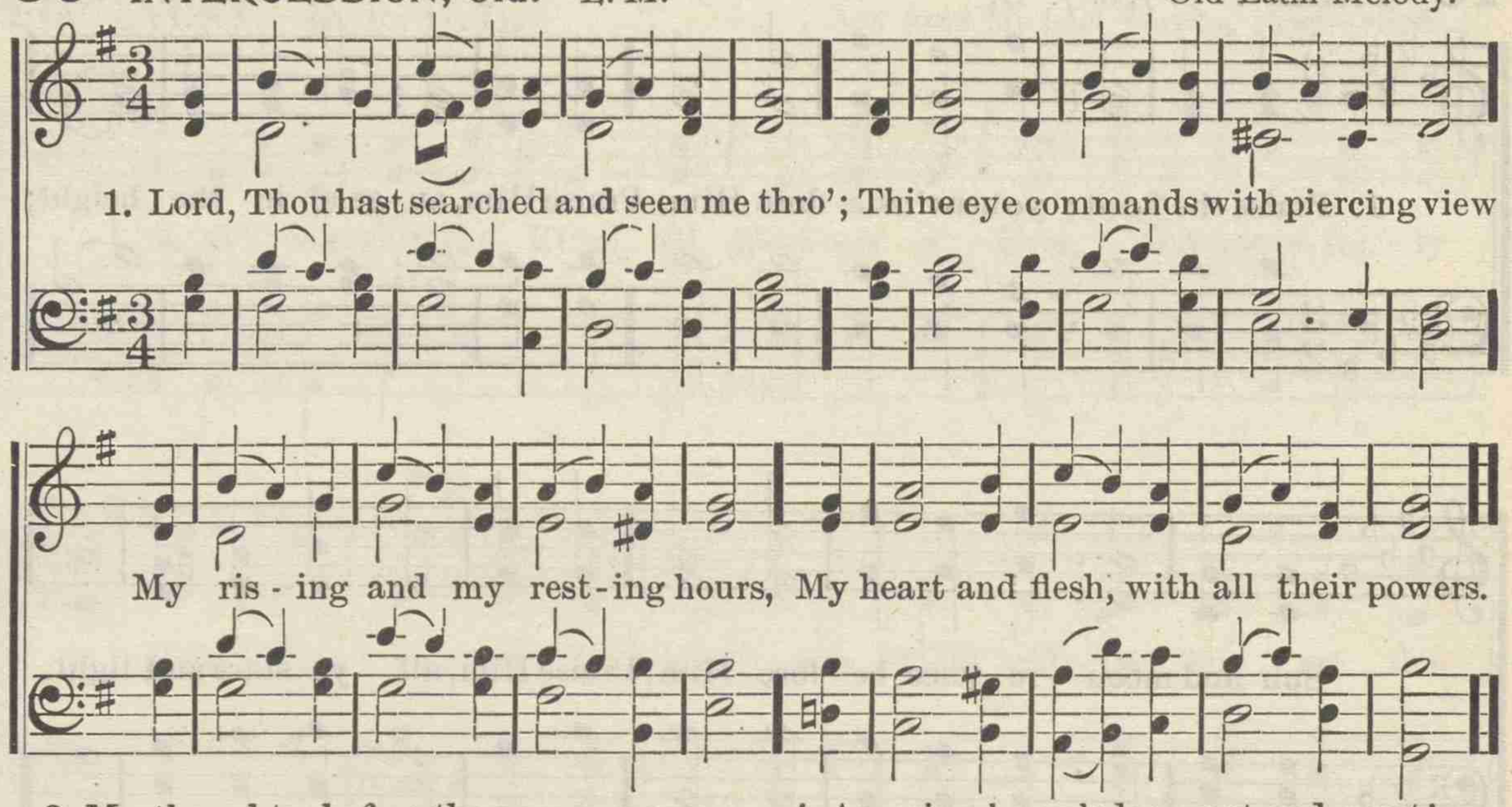
2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

3 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto Thee;
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
All the saints in heaven adore Thee;
We would bow before Thy Throne:
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done.

Verses 1, 2, Anon. c. 1801; verse 3, Edward Osler, 1836.

50 INTERCESSION, Old. L. M.

Old Latin Melody.



2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

51 HUMILITY. L. M.

Samuel P. Tuckerman, 1848.

2 Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head
As His rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

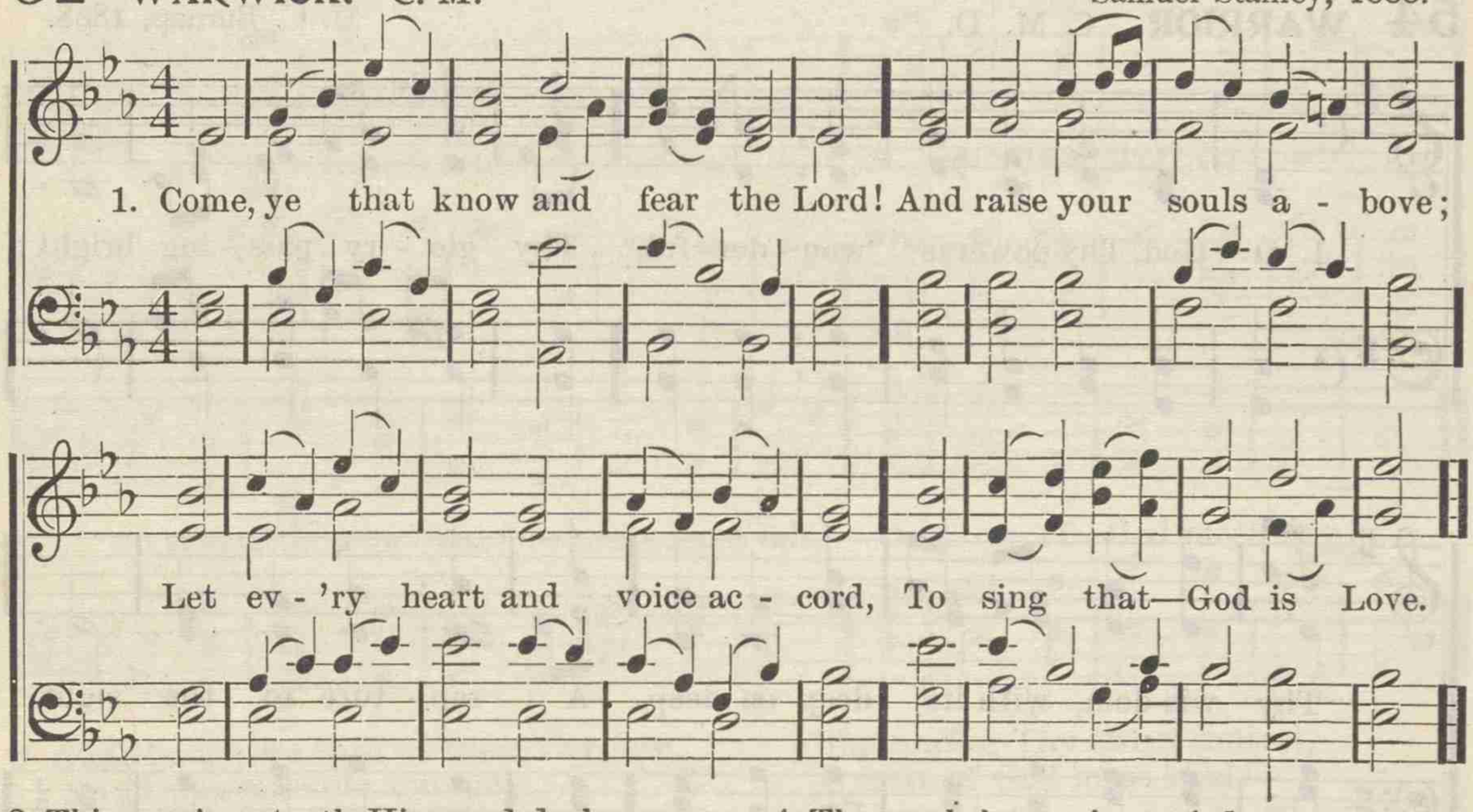
3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west
As His forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those He loves.

4 How slowly doth His wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And, if He lets His anger burn,
How soon His frowns to pity turn!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

52 WARWICK. C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800.



2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that—God is Love.

3 Behold His loving-kindness waits
For those who from Him rove,
And calls for mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is Love.

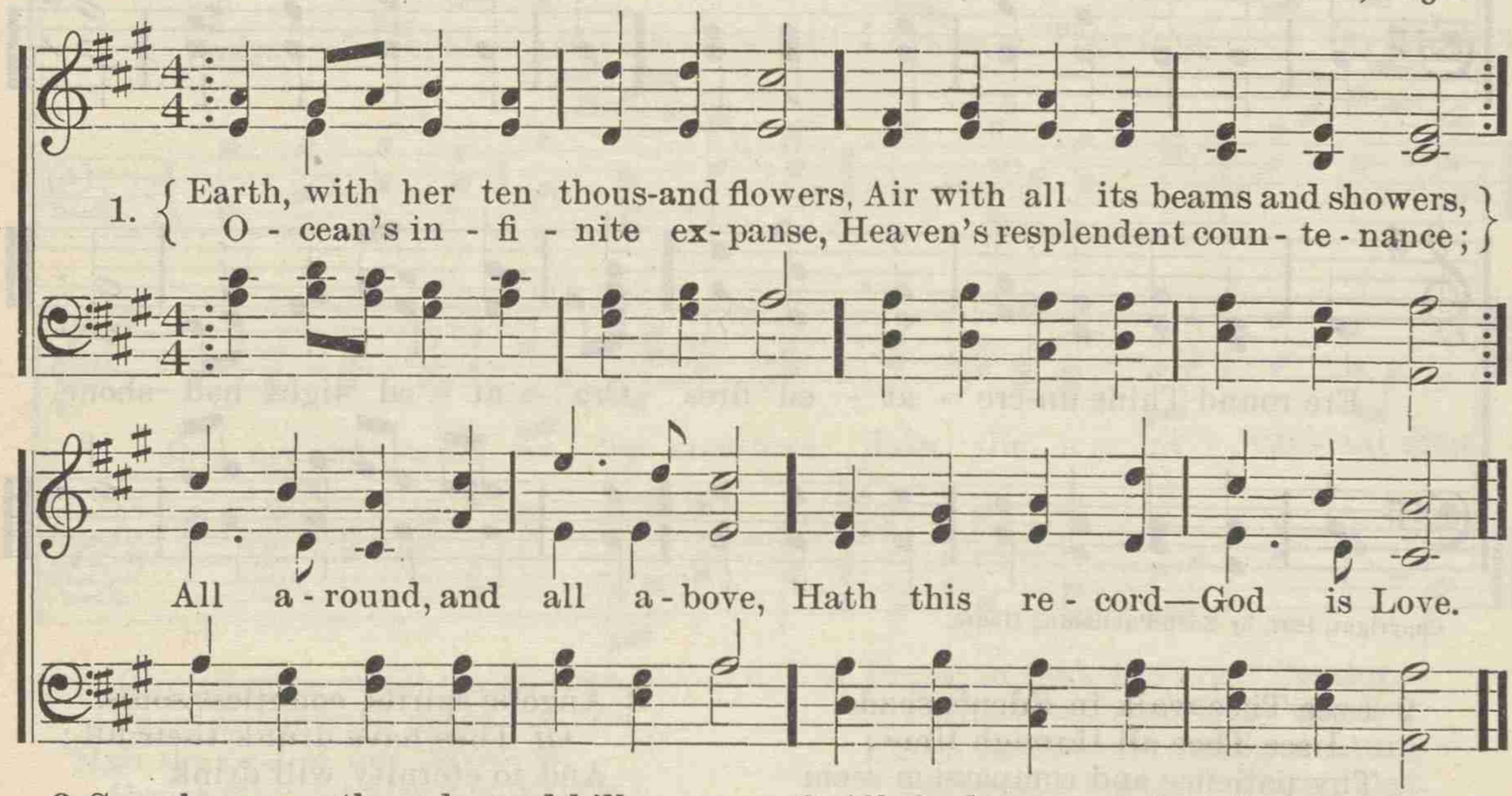
4 The work begun is carried on,
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is Love.

5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is Love.

Rev. George Burder, 1832.

53 DIX. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838.



2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is Love.

3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is Love.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, 1834.

54 WARRIOR. C. M. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1898.

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2 I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.
I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

3 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.
O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

55 MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from Gioacchino Rossini, 1792–1868.

2 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

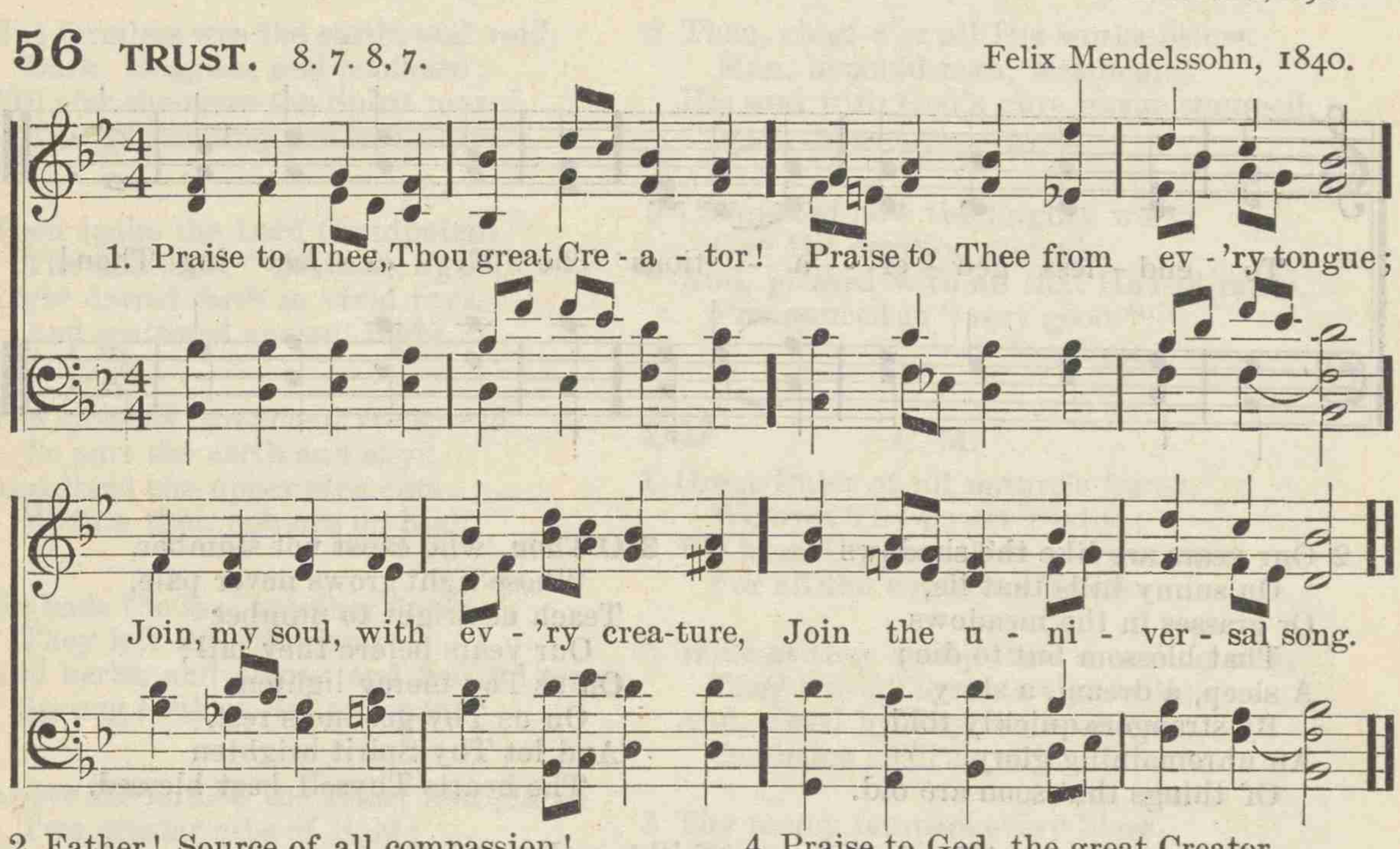
3 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

4 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee!

Eliza Scudder, 1890.

56 TRUST. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Felix Mendelssohn, 1840.



2 Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love Divine!

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sonnd His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise Him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

5 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Rev. John Fawcett, 1767.

57 ST. THEODULPH. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 1615.

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

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

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

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860.

58 DOWNS. C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832.

2 But formless was the earth, and void,
Dark, sluggish, and confused;
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,
And quickening power diffused.

3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
The mandate, "Be there light:"
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scattered ancient night.

4 The glorious firmament He spread,
To part the earth and sky;
And fixed the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.

5 He bade the seas together flow;
They left the solid land:
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at His command.

6 Above He formed the stars; and placed
Two greater orbs of light;
The radiant sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth:
Some formed within the watery deep,
Some from the teeming earth.

8 Then, chief o'er all His works below,
Man, honored man, was made;
His soul with God's pure image stamped,
With innocence arrayed.

9 Completed now the mighty work,
God His creation viewed;
And, pleased with all that He had made,
Pronounced it "very good."

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

59 C. M.

1 Great Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own Thy power Divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work Thy sovereign will;
And, awed by Thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

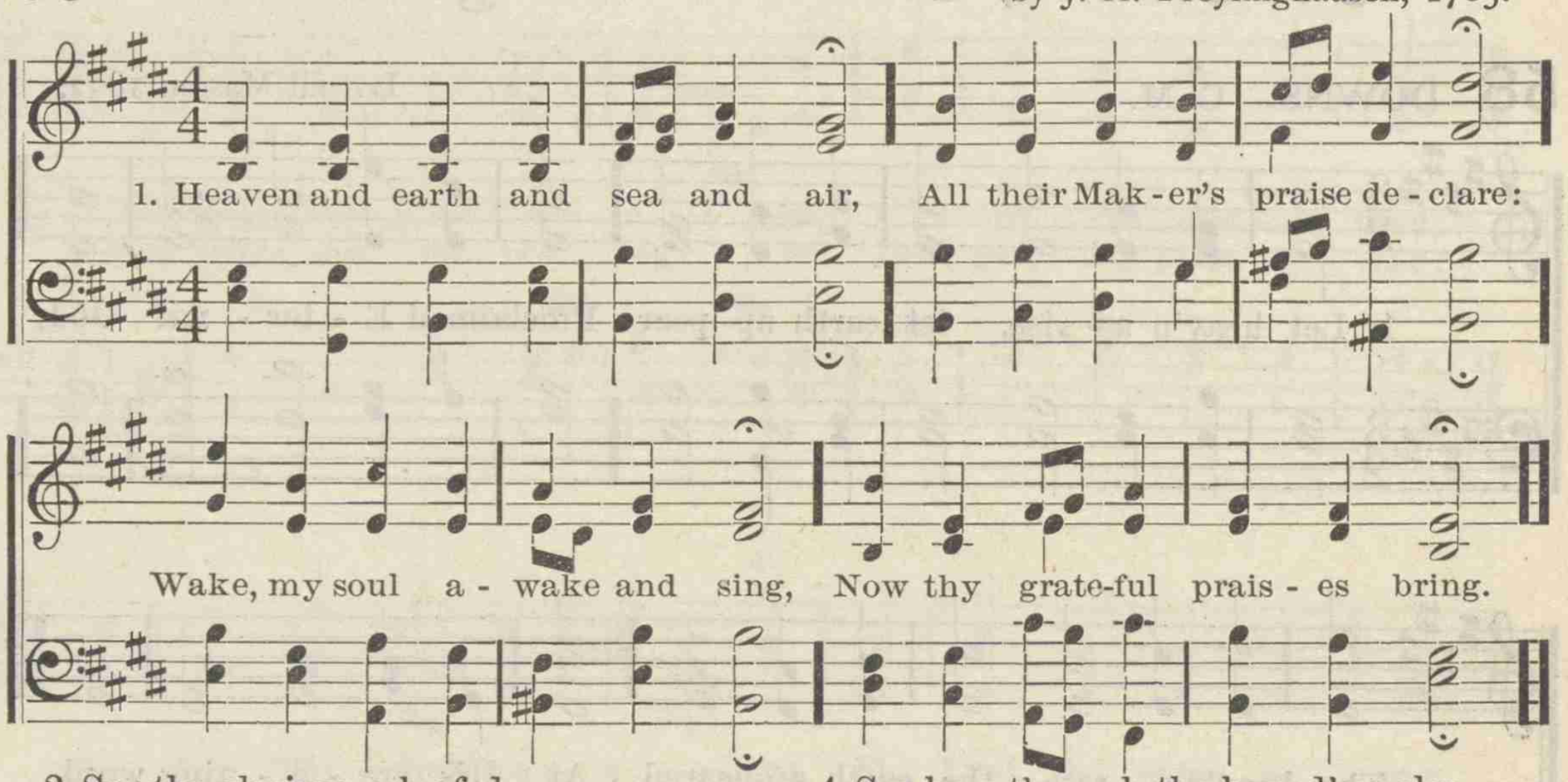
3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek Thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

60 POSEN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Georg C. Strattner,
by J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705.



2 See the glorious orb of day
Breaking through the clouds his way:
Moon and stars with silvery light
Praise Him through the silent night.

3 See how He hath everywhere
Made this earth so rich and fair;
Hill and vale and fruitful land,
All things living, show His hand.

4 See how through the boundless sky
Fresh and free the birds do fly;
Fire and wind and storm are still
Servants of His royal Will.

5 See the water's ceaseless flow,
Ever circling to and fro:
From the sources to the sea,
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

Joachim Neander, 1640-1680.

61 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1731–1776.

2 The creature of Thy hand,
On Thee alone I live;
My God, Thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

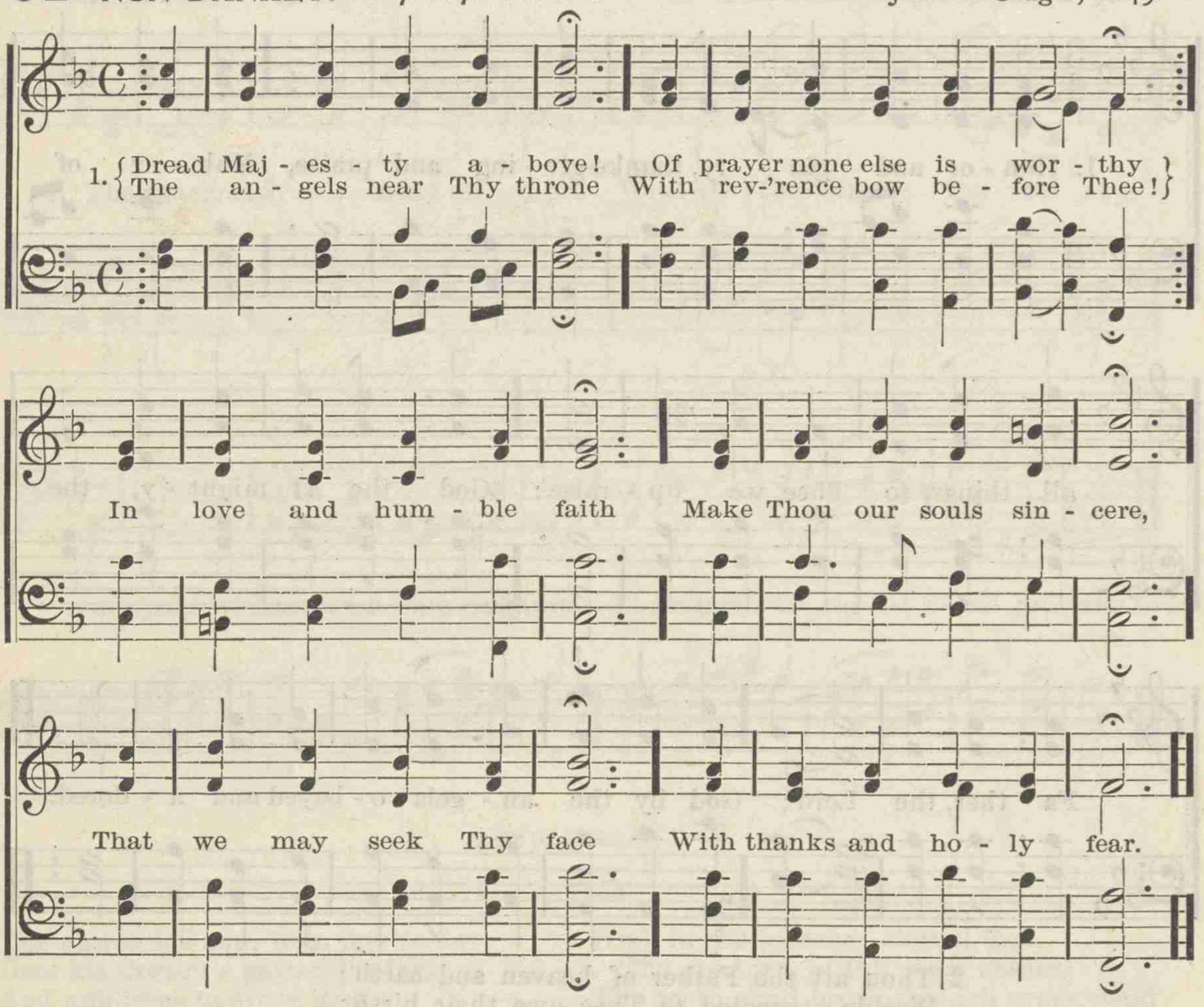
3 O what can I impart,
When all is Thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas, how poor!

4 Shall I withhold Thy due?
And shall my passions rove?
Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with Thy love.

Anne Steele, 1760.

62 NUN DANKET. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Johann Crüger, 1649.



2 Thou callest what was not
To life and conscious pleasure;
And beings round Thee spread
In numbers without measure;
Thy nature all is love,
And works of boundless skill
Unceasingly employed,
Thy schemes of love fulfill.

3 Thou speakest, and 'tis done;
When but Thy word was given,
The frame of nature rose—
The earth and starry heaven.
Thy will throughout the world
Such deeds of power show,
As creatures else would think
Beyond all power to do.

4 'Tis Thine alone, to live
And reign supreme for ever.
Life's Thine to give or take,
We breathe but by Thy favor.
The soul that rules in us
We have, Most High, from Thee;
Were such Thy will, it dies,
But Thou must ever be.

5 What we, immortal King,
Are of Thy nature knowing,
Thou hast Thyself revealed,
Thy works and counsels showing.
Creation speaks Thy power,
More clearly still Thy Son
Displays Thy wondrous grace,
And makes Thy mercy known.

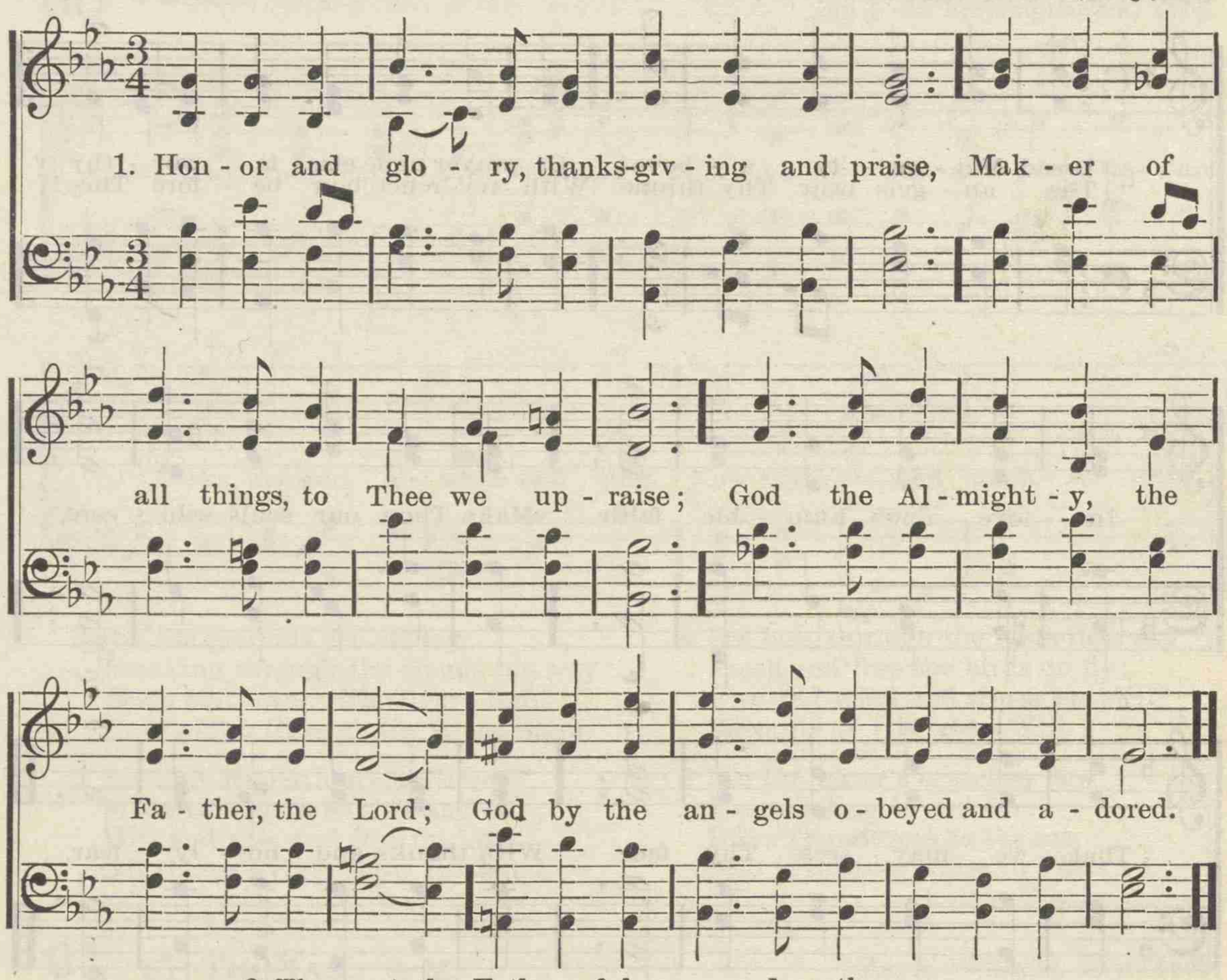
6 Yet, what we learn of Thee
With shadows here is shrouded;
But soon we hope a light
And vision all unclouded,
When we to God shall come,
No shade or veil between;
And there His glory see,
As we ourselves are seen.

7 Meantime would we below
Ne'er cease our honors bringing;
Despise not, Lord, the praise
Our stammering tongues are singing:
When we shall rise to Thee
In realms of light above,
In higher, nobler strains,
We'll sing the God of love.

Joh. Sam. Dieterich, 1721–1797, Tr.

63 THORNE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward H. Thorne, 1834—



2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,
Started to light and to life at Thy word.

3 Onward the sun and the moon on their march
Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;
Stars yet unknown. and whose light is to come,
Find in creation their place and a home.

4 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,
Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,
All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.

5 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,
Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call
Thee the Creator, the Father of all.

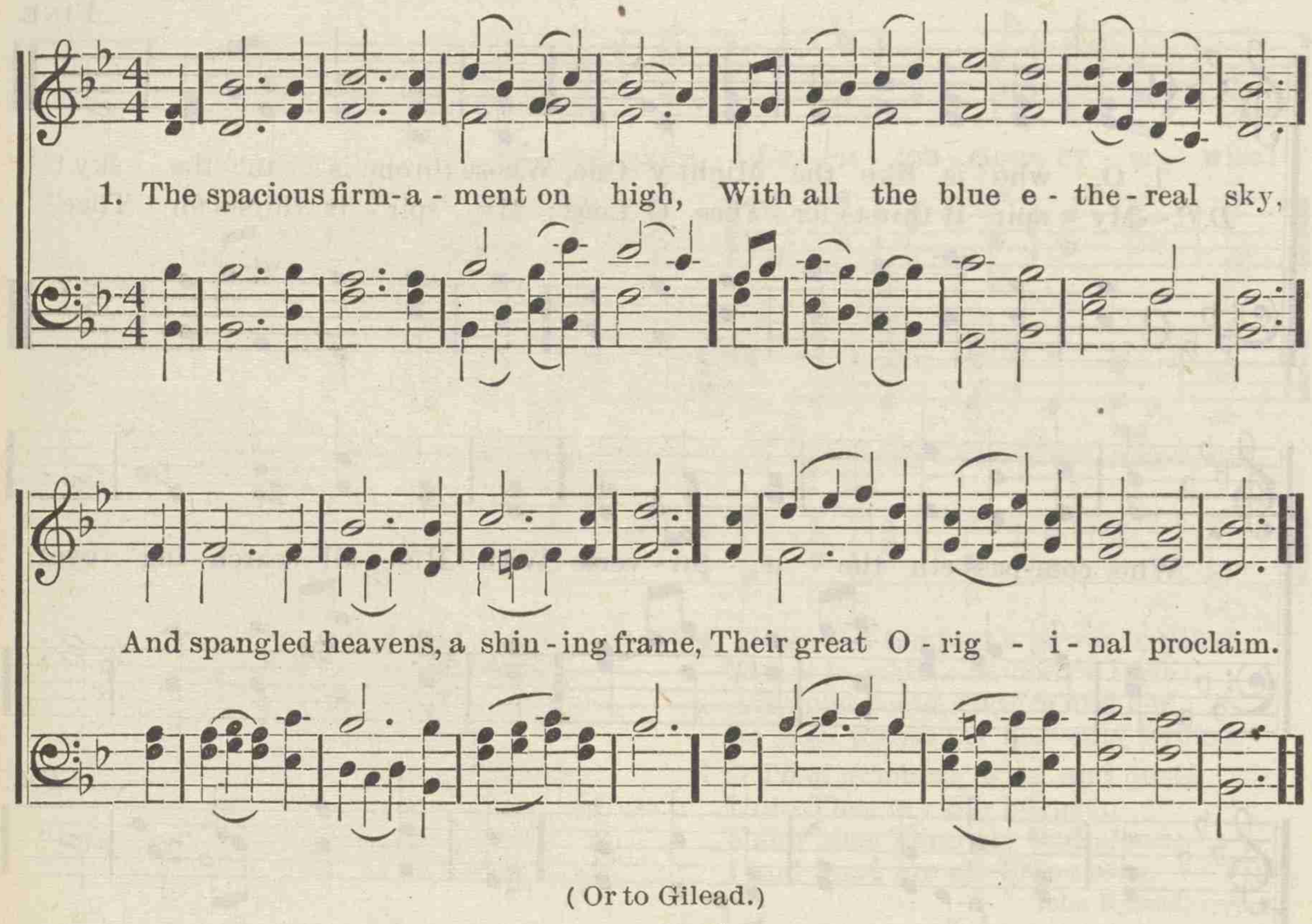
6 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;
Sharing our nature, though sinless, Thy Son
Came to redeem us, by Satan undone.

7 God in three Persons! give ear to our prayer;
Thought, word, and deed in Thine image repair;
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;
And, at Thine advent, Lord, pardon the past.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1868.

64 CREATION. L. M.

Arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798.



(Or to Gilead.)

65 L. M.

1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

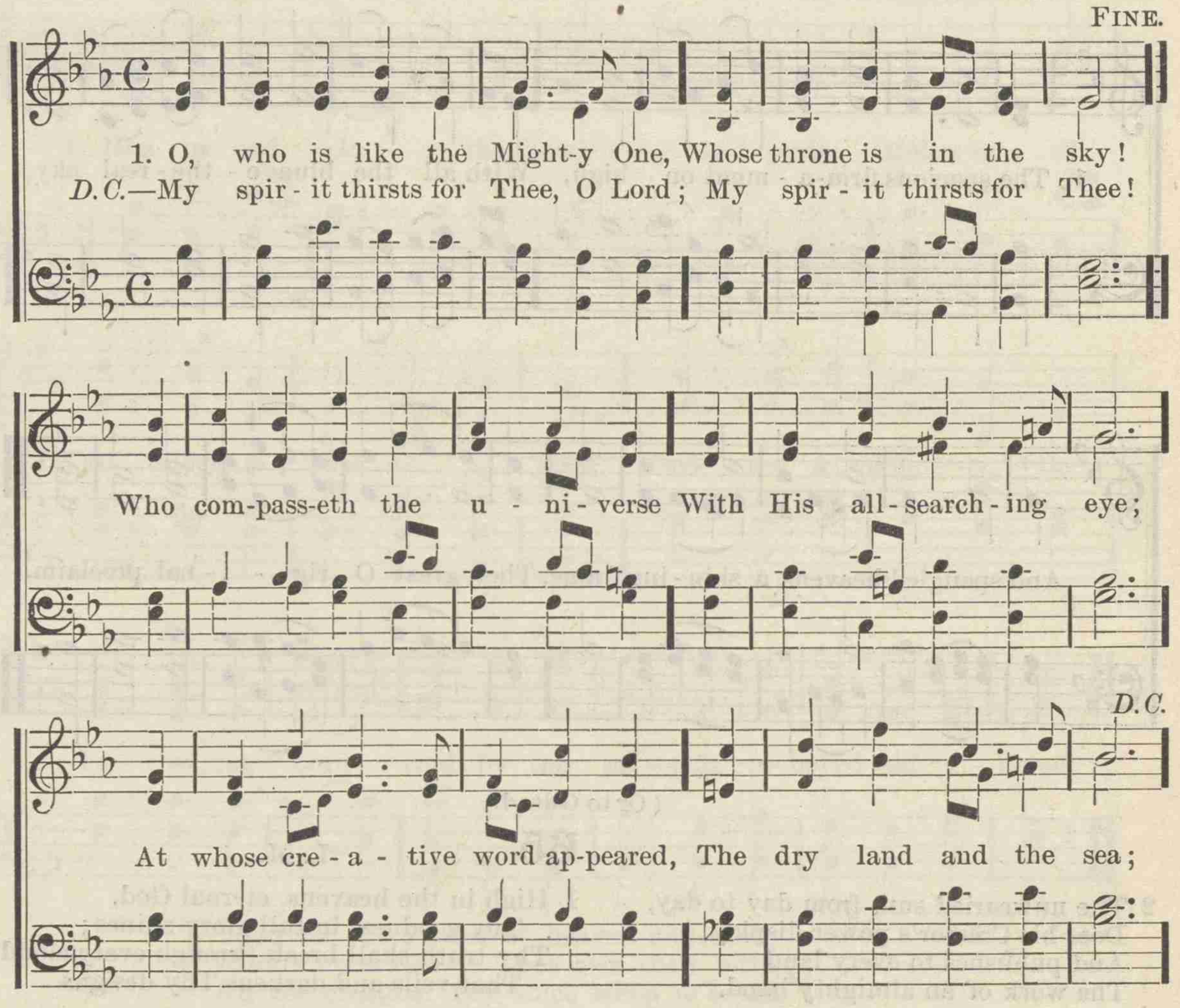
5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they sing,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712.

66 DESIDERIUM DEI. C. M. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 Around Him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light;
Before Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite, day and night,
In mercy turneth He:
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee!

3 Yea, though His works are infinite,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall:
Who listens to the raven's cry,
Will bend His ear to me;
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord!
My spirit thirsts for Thee!

David M. Moir, 1846.

67 C. M. D.

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

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

2 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1712.

68 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790.

2 Thou didst form me in the womb;
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by Thy wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief:

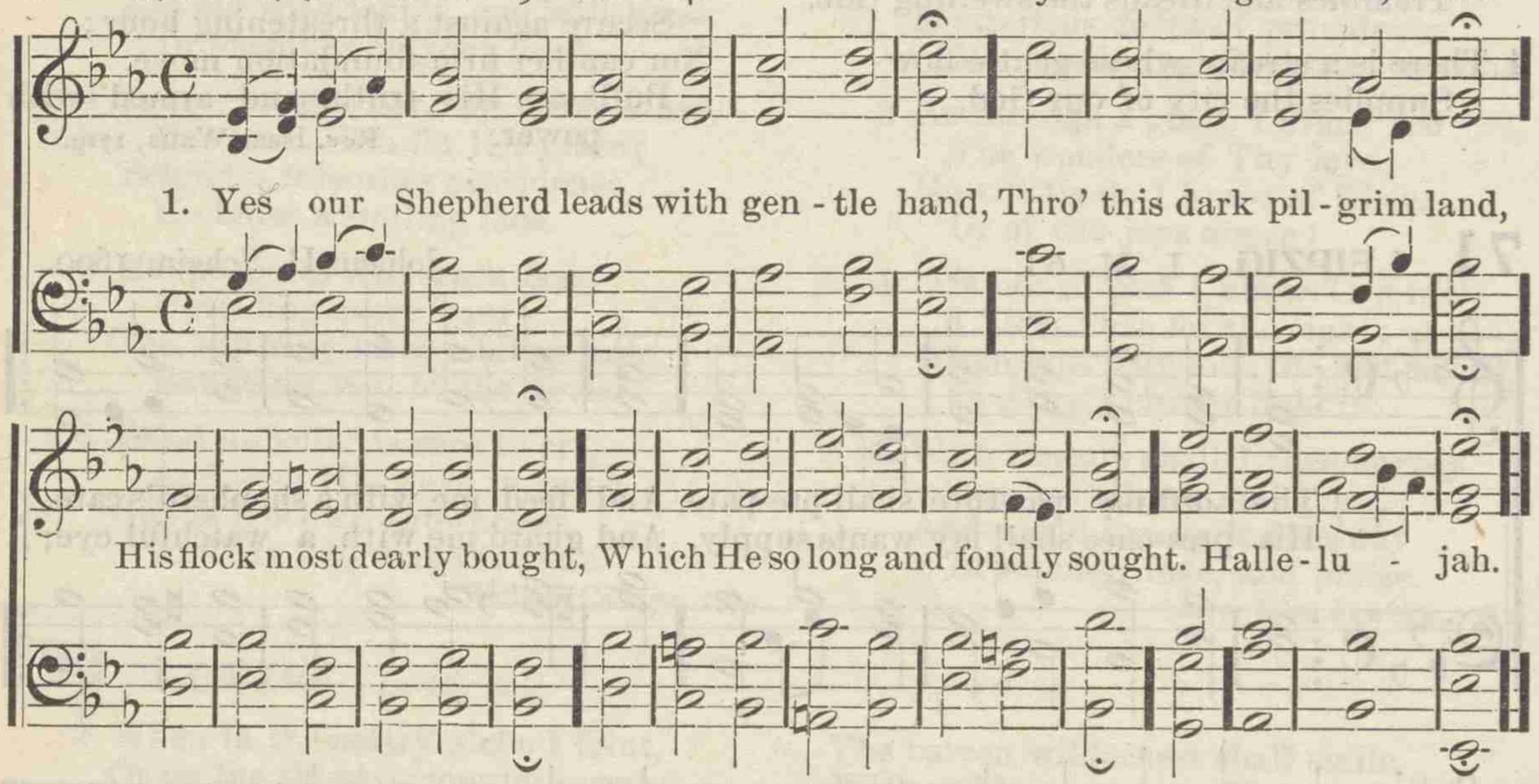
4 Times the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's Love:
All must come, endure and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 O Thou gracious, wise, and just!
Unto Thee my life I trust;
Know that Thou art God alone;
I and mine are all Thine own.

John Ryland, 1777, a.

69 RESURRECTION. 9. 6. 6. 8. 4.

Johann Georg Beutler, 1810.



2 When in clouds and mist the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar [lujah!
A bright and safely guiding star. Halle-

3 Tenderly He watches from on high
With an unwearied eye;
He comforts and sustains, [lujah!
In all their fears and deepest pains. Halle-

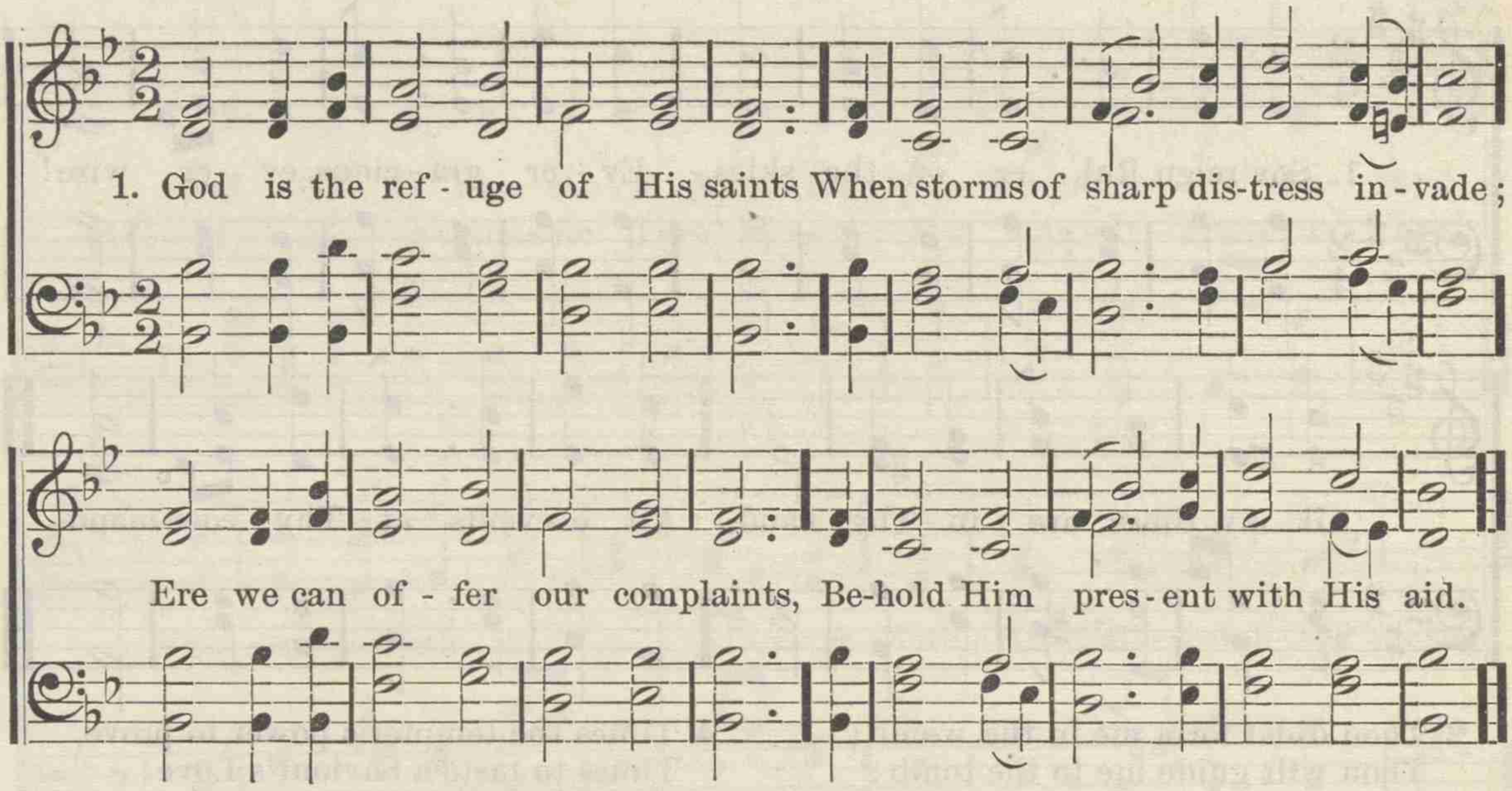
4 Through the dreary desert He will guide
To the green fountain-side;
Through dark and stormy night, [lujah!
Unto a land of peace and light. Halle-

5 Yes! His "little flock" are ne'er forgot;
His mercy changes not:
Our home is safe above, [lujah!
Within His arms of faithful love. Halle-

Fried Ad. Krummacher, 1805.
Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

70 WARD. L. M.

Old Scotch Melody, arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830.



2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

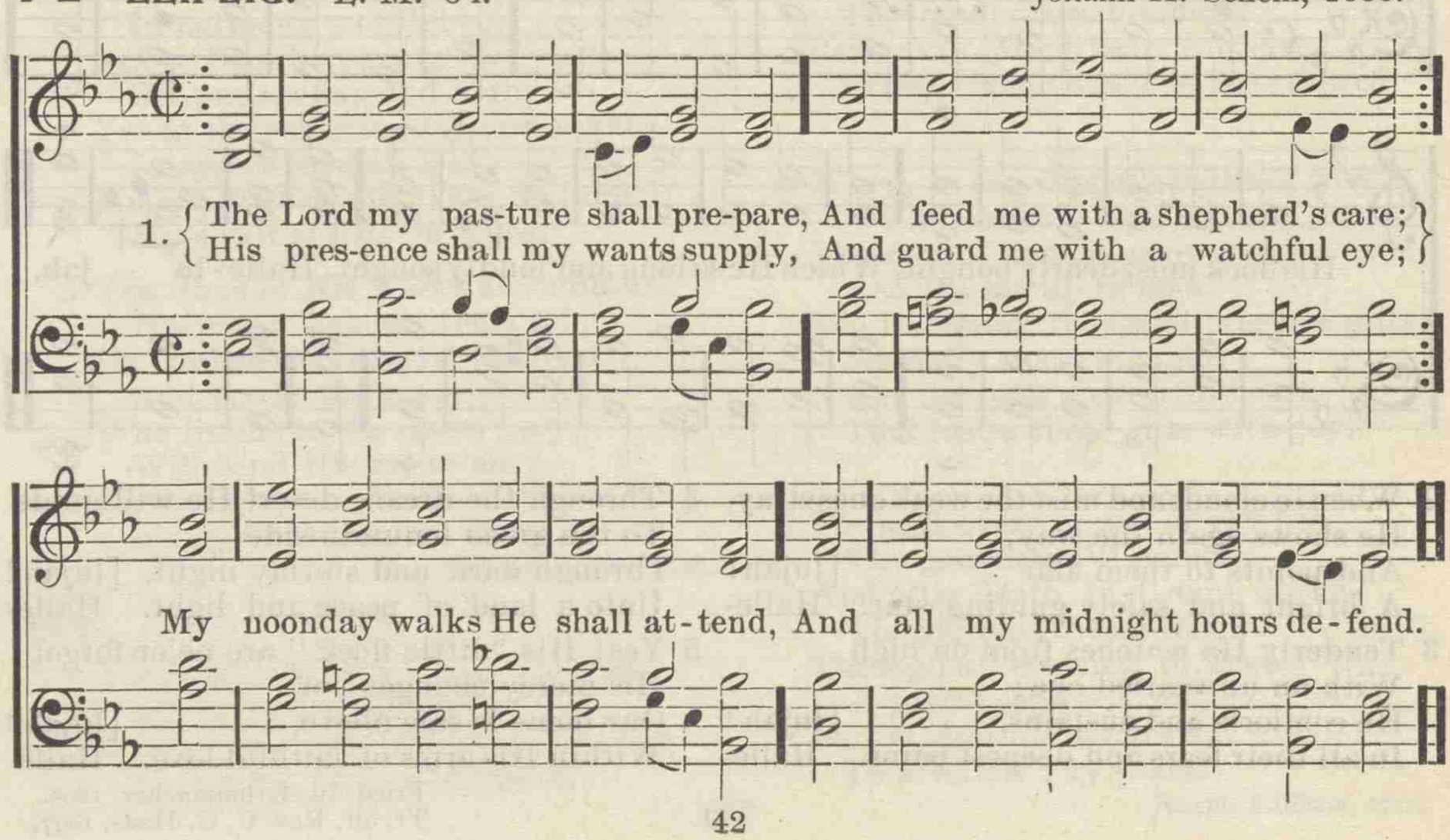
5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

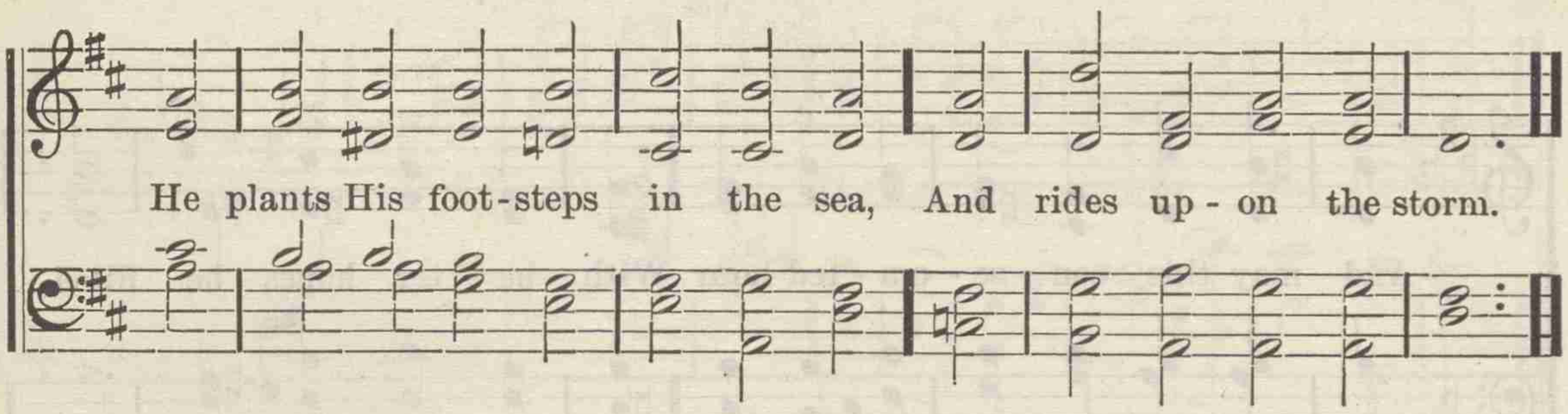
71 LEIPZIG. L. M. 61.

Johann H. Schein, 1600.



72 SUTHER. C. M.

Rev. W. Leigh, 1867.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

William Cowper, 1774.

73 C. M.

1 Thy way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of Thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of Thy love;
How little do I know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 'Tis but in part I know Thy will:
I bless Thee for the sight;
When will Thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

5 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782.

71 LEIPZIG. L. M. 61.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

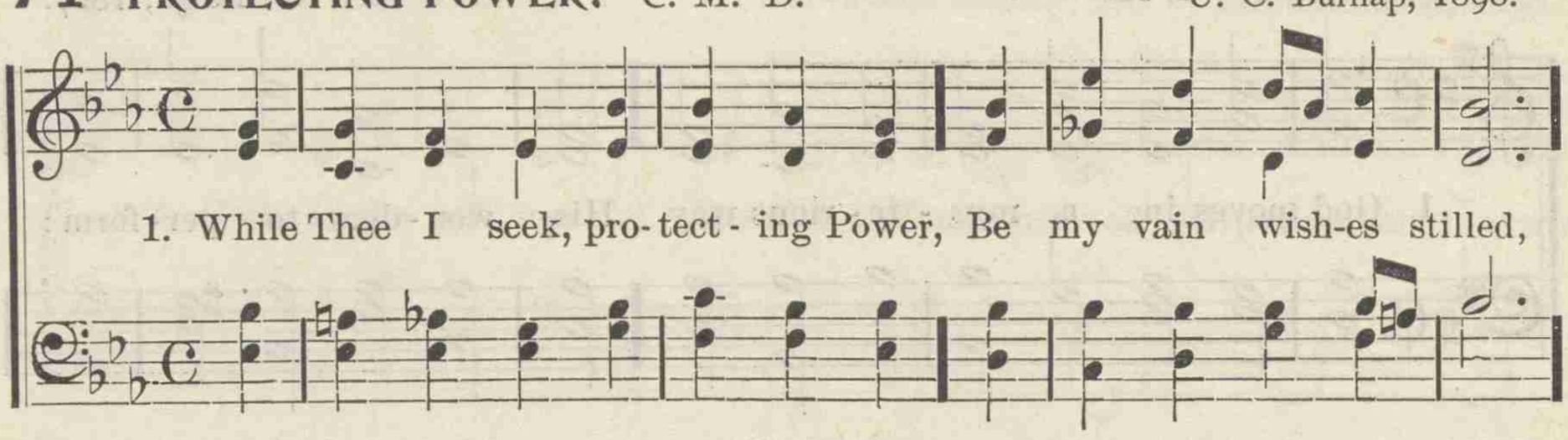
3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

74 PROTECTING POWER. C. M. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see.
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

75 OCTAVIUS. L. M.

George Frederick Root, 1820–1882.

(Or to Creation.)

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

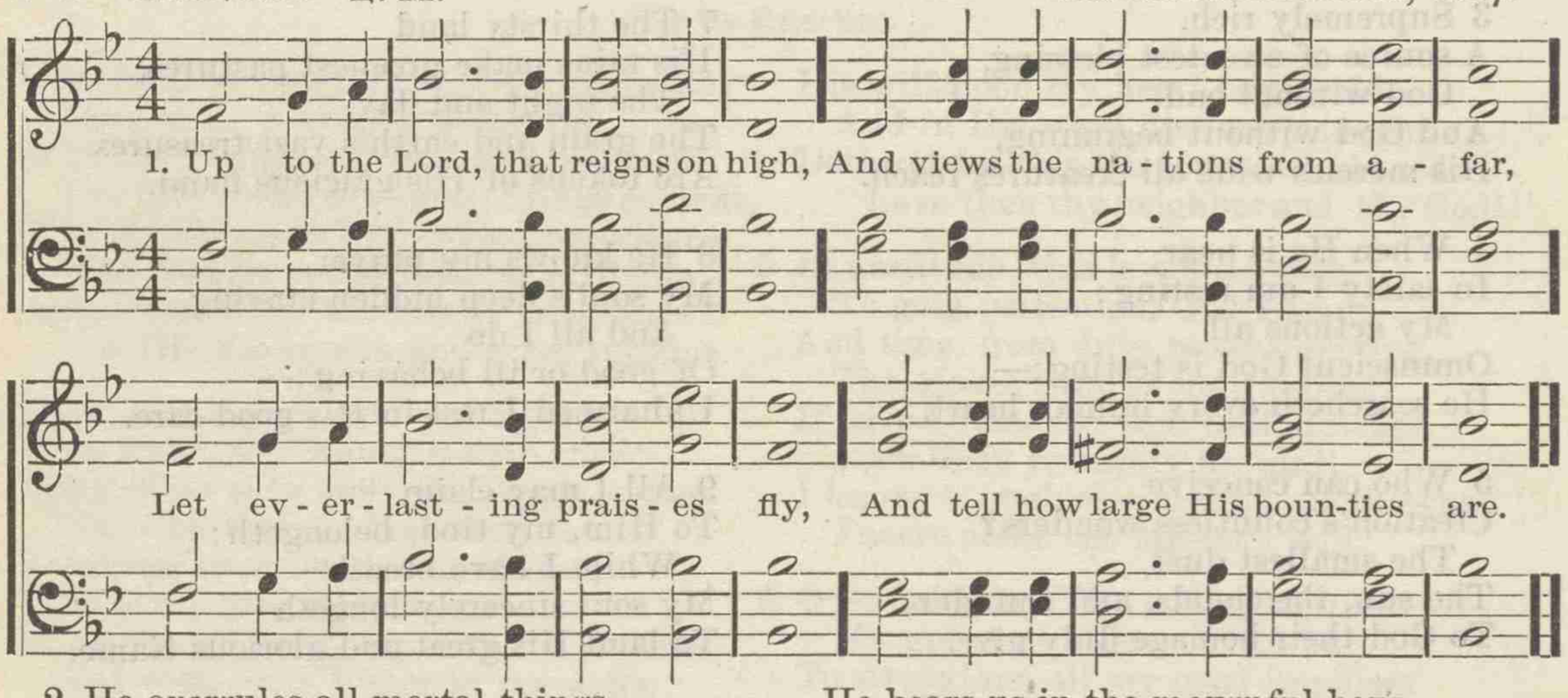
5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall [ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder, 1824.

76 GILEAD. L. M.

Etienne Henri Mehul, 1807.



2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

4 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our song should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

77 KALLENBACH. 4. 7. 4. 7. 8.

Christ. Ernst Kallenbach, 1775.

2 His robe is light,
His law eternal justice;
His government,
The life of man controlling,
Is wisdom, truth, and righteousness.

3 Supremely rich,
A source of sweetest blessing,
God without end,
And God without beginning,
His mercies wide all creatures reach.

4 When He is near
In safety I am resting;
My actions all
Omniscient God is testing;—
He searcheth every human heart.

5 Who can conceive
Creation's countless wonders?
The smallest dust,
The sun, the clouds, and thunders
To God their homage duly give.

6 The bladed plant,
The flower, the springing fountains,
The air, the sea,
The meadows, dales, and mountains
Are rivals grand in nature's chant.

7 The thirsty land
His rains make greenest pastures,
The night and day,
The grain and earth's vast treasures
Are tokens of His gracious hand.

8 He knows my prayer,
My soul's deep hidden craving,
And all I do
Of good or ill behaving;—
Unharmed I rest in His good care.

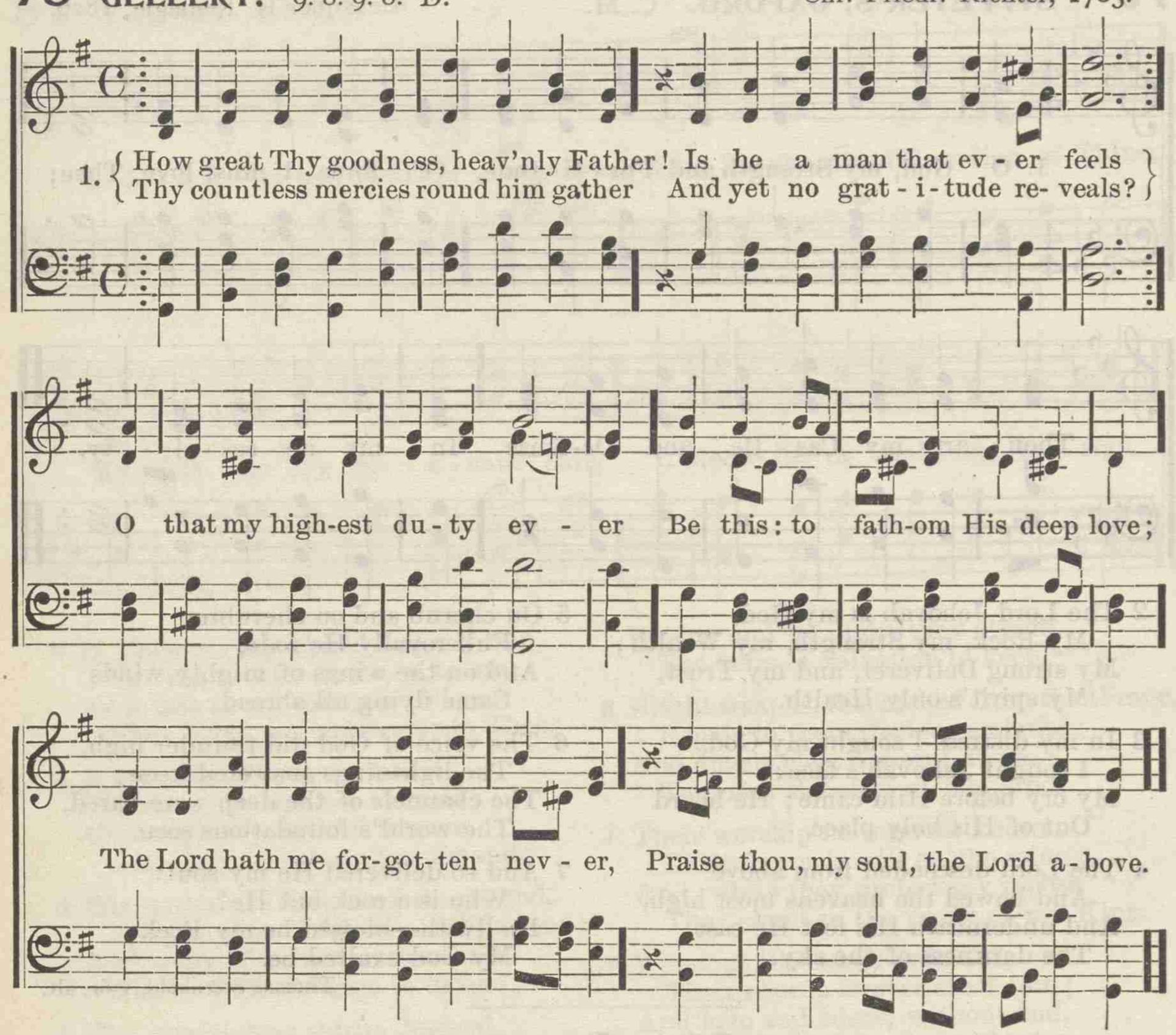
9 All I may claim
To Him, my God, belongeth;
While I have breath
My soul sincerely longeth
To laud His great and glorious Name.

10 God is my Shield,
My good and sure Defender;
What care I now
For worldly pomp and splendor,—
'Gainst fiercest foe the sword I wield.

Chr. F. Gellert, 1715–1769.
Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1898.

78 GELLERT. 9. 8. 9. 8. D.

Chr. Friedr. Richter, 1703.



(Or to Knecht.)

2 Who hath in heavenly wisdom made me?
Thou God, who art omnipotent
Who hath by patient guidance led me?
The One; whose counsel brings content,
Who giveth peace to troubled conscience,
Who fills my heart with hope Divine
And drives away the fear of vengeance?
'Tis His strong arm and grace sublime.

3 Look, O my soul, into yon regions
To which thy Maker calleth thee;
When thou with glorious, happy legions
Thy God forever clear shalt see.
Rejoicing sweet beyond is offered,
To every soul eternal life
Since Jesus Christ, the Saviour, suffered
And rose,—the Victor in the strife.

4 O worship God in truth and spirit,
His loving-kindness understand!
His solemn call, O seek to heed it,
Press onward under His command;
His will upon my heart impressèd,
And in His word distinctly taught,
Doth render this the law most blessed:
"Love thou thy neighbor and thy God!"

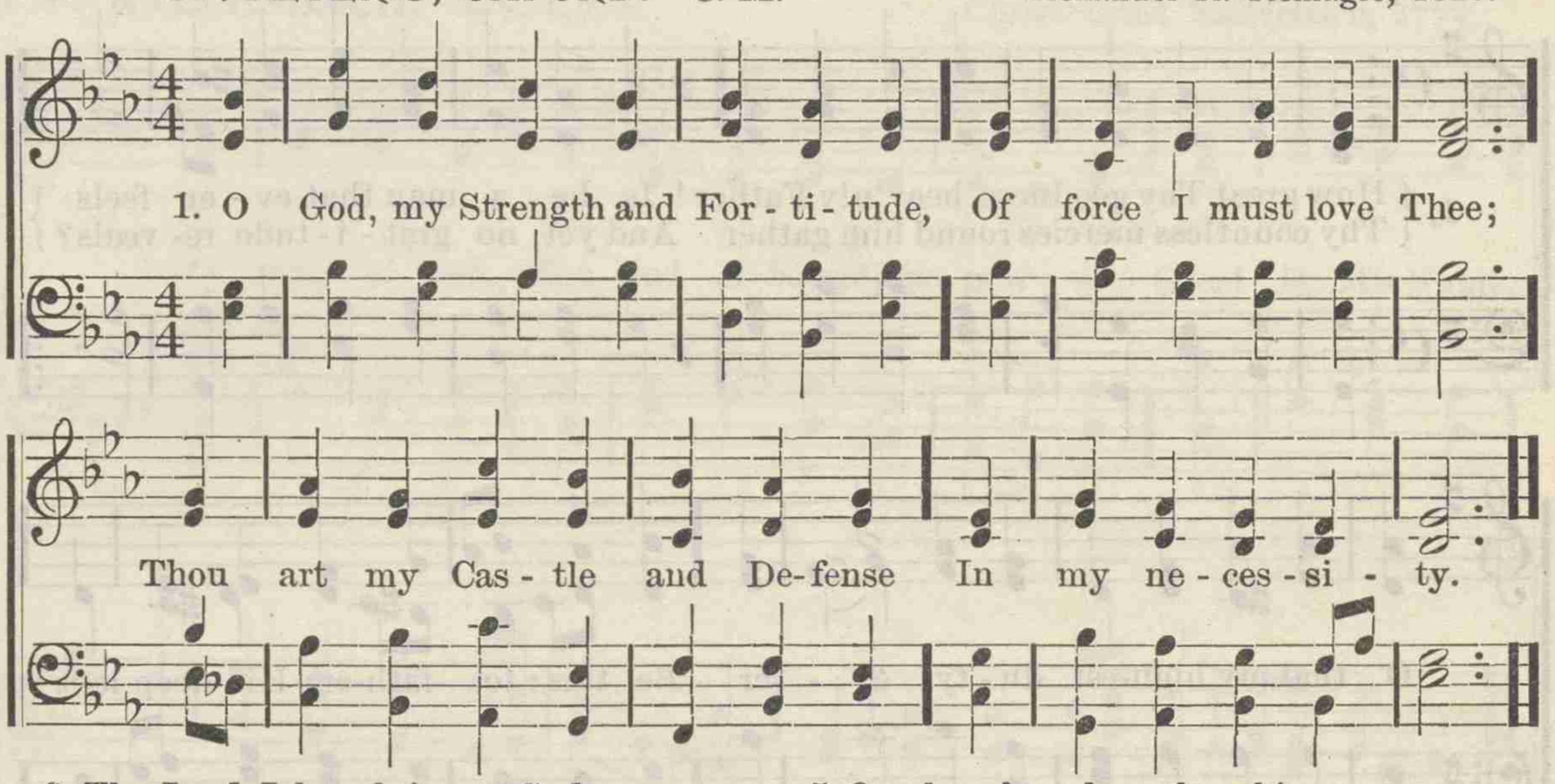
5 In gratitude, this law observing,
To gain perfection, God I fear;
And thus, from duty never swerving,
The Maker's image may appear!
If love Divine my soul doth quicken
Each duty promptly to fulfill,
I know, though sins around me thicken,
I serve alone the Master's will.

6 O God display Thy loving-kindness
My grandest vision e'er to be,
To strengthen all my good impulses
My life and all to give to Thee;
Thy love my comfort when I languish,
My guide in days of sunshine clear;
In death's approach,—the final anguish,—
Allay all doubt, allay all fear.

Chr. F. Gellert, 1715–1769.
Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1898.

79 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826.



2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My Rock, my Strength, my Wealth;
My strong Deliverer, and my Trust,
My spirit's only Health.

3 In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face:
My cry before Him came; He heard
Out of His holy place.

4 The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

6 The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.

7 And so delivered He my soul:
Who is a rock but He?
He liveth—blessèd be my Rock;
My God exalted be.

Thomas Sternhold, 1561, alt.

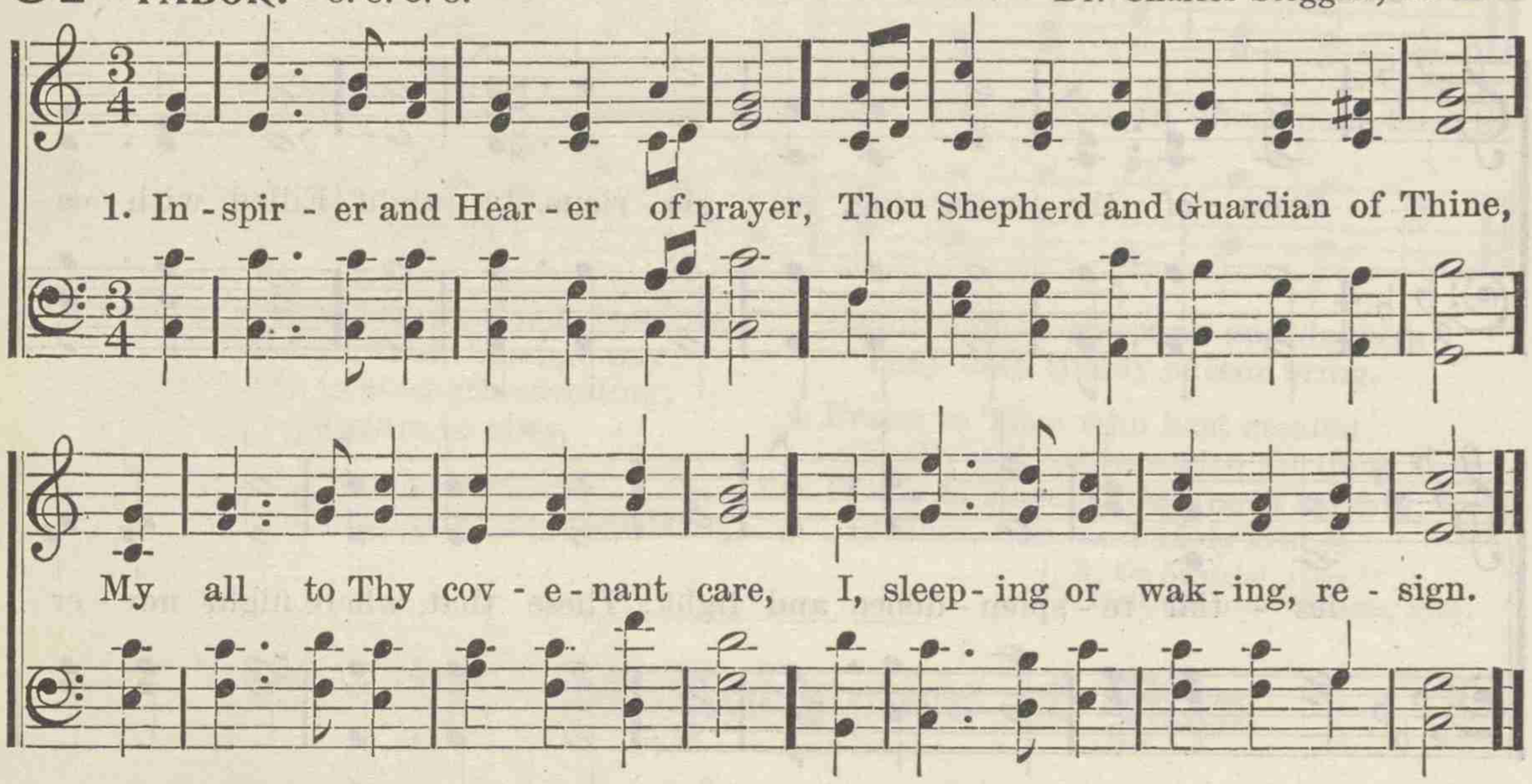
The Angels.

80 ST. JOHN. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Old English Melody: Parish Choir, 1815.

81 TABOR. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Dr. Charles Steggall, 1826.



2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

5 Thy ministering spirits descend.
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

6 Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

7 Their worship no interval knows:
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

8 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1774.

80 ST. JOHN. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

2 Their golden crowns they fling
Before His throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night:
"Earth, heaven, and sea, Thy praise declare;
For Thine they are, and Thine shall be.

3 "O Holy, Holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art, and art to be;
Nor time shall see Thy sway depart.

4 "Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true Thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light:
Let all above, and all below,
Conspire to show Thy power and love.

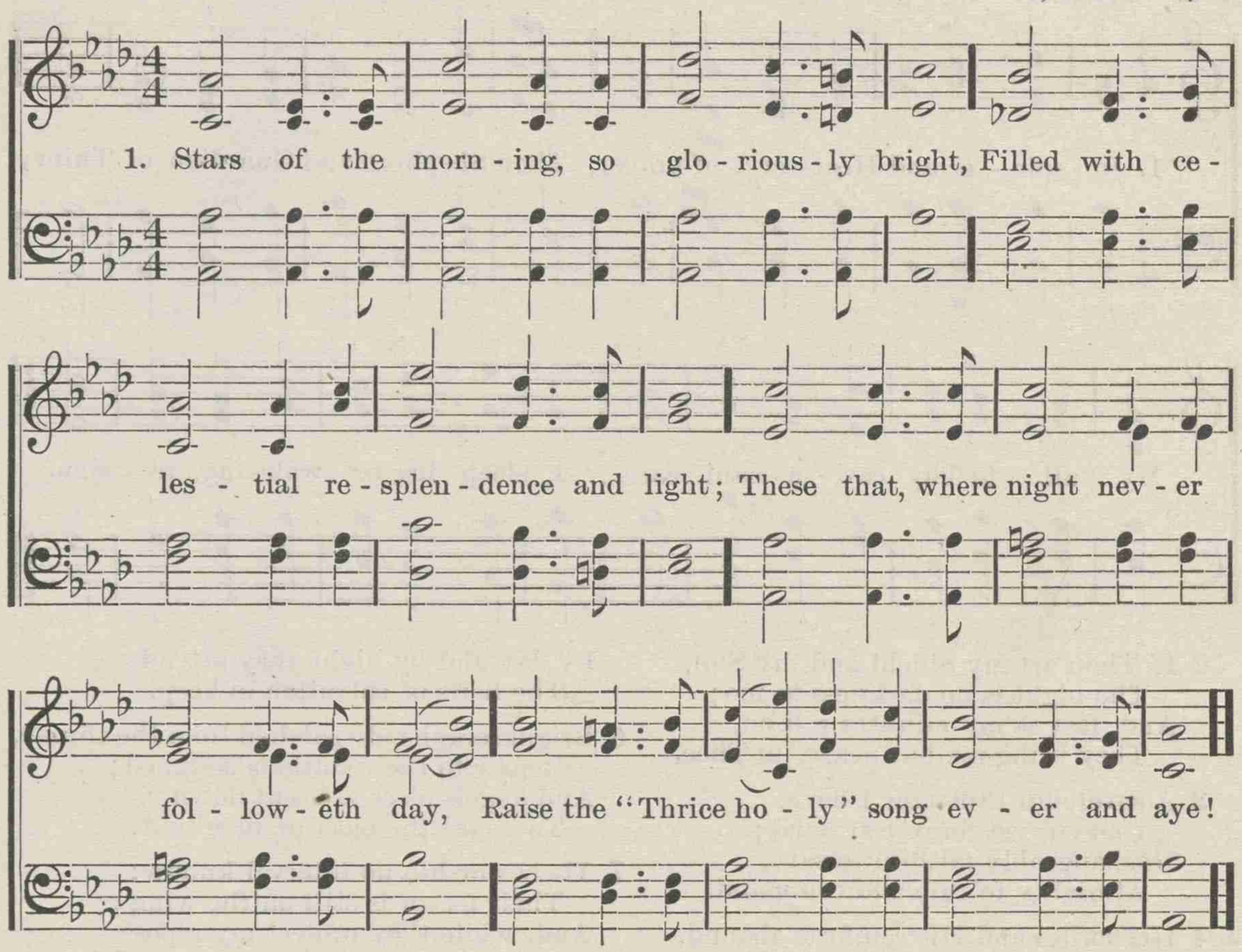
5 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy Name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng from every shore,
And all adore in one loud song."

6 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own, first, last, and best;
God ever blest, and God alone.

Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., 1823.

82 COSTA. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Sir Michael Costa, 1816–1884.



2 These are Thy counselors: these dost Thou own,
God of Sabàoth! the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy ministers; these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

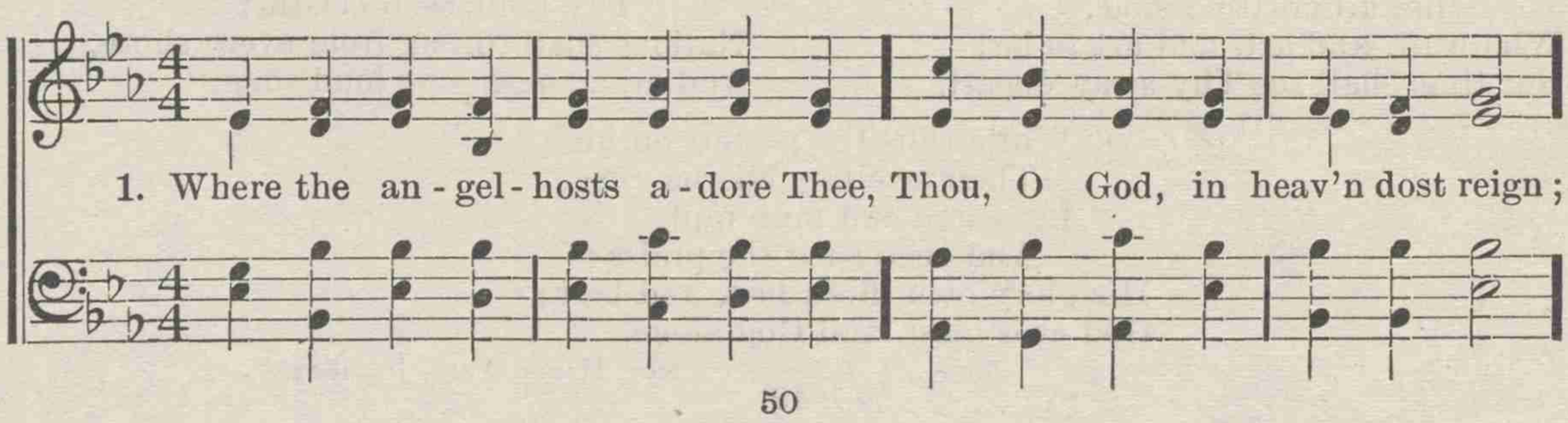
3 When by Thy word earth was first poised in space;
When the far planets first sped on their race;
When was completed the six days' employ,
Then "all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

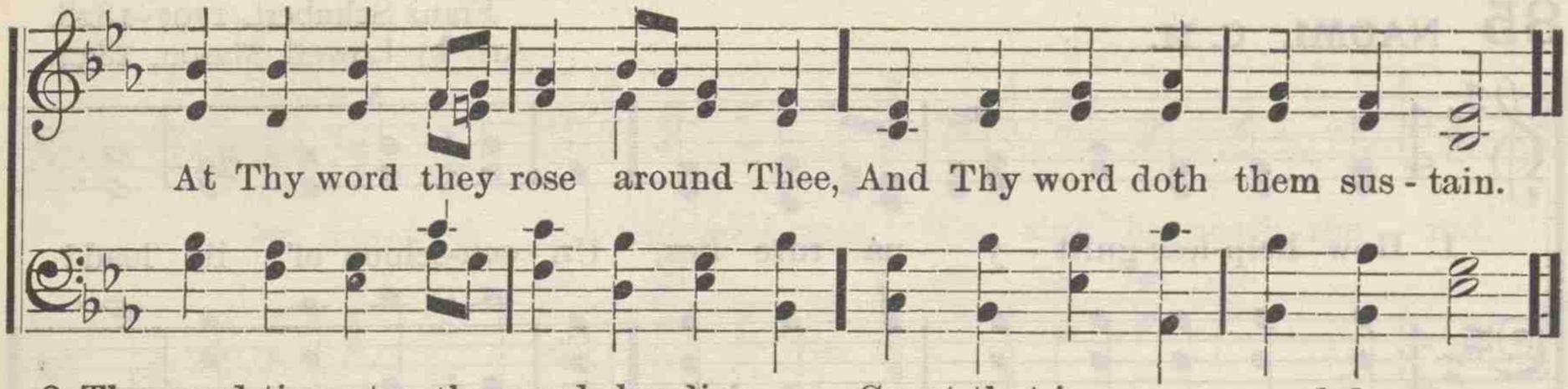
4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore!

St. Joseph of the Studium, 850.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1854.

83 RINGE RECHT. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Gnaudauer Choralbuch, 1735.





2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending
At Thy throne, their homage pay;
Flames of fire in strength excelling,
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,
Thee they serve, their Lord and King;
Grant that in our cares and dangers
They may timely succor bring.

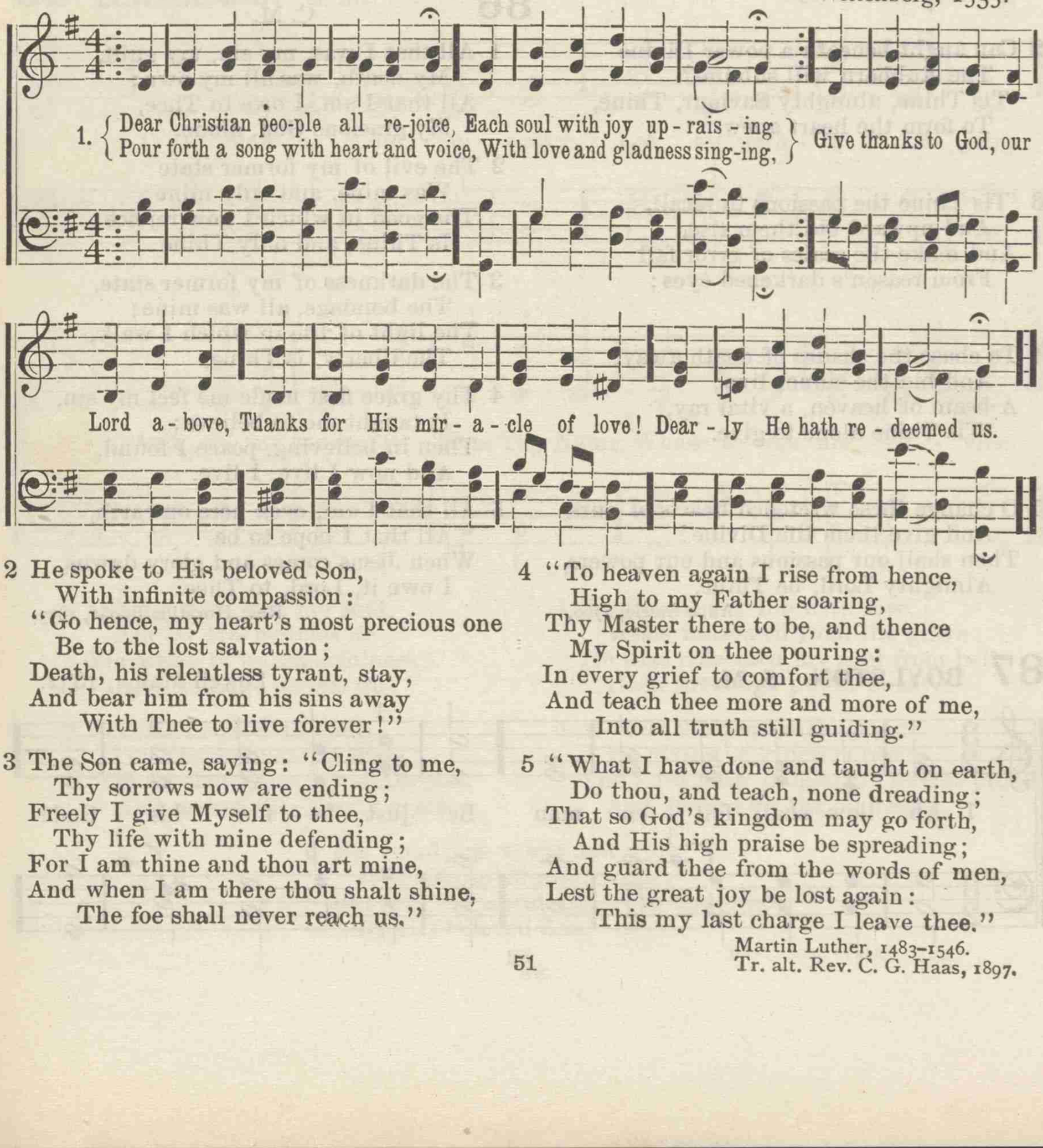
4 Praise to Thee who hast created
Earth and heaven with all their host;
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. B. De Santeüil, 1680.
Tr. Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

The Fall and Redemption of Man.

84 LUTHER'S HYMN. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Joseph Klug's Geistliche Lieder,
Wittenberg, 1535.



2 He spoke to His belovèd Son,
With infinite compassion:
"Go hence, my heart's most precious one
Be to the lost salvation;
Death, his relentless tyrant, stay,
And bear him from his sins away
With Thee to live forever!"

3 The Son came, saying: "Cling to me,
Thy sorrows now are ending;
Freely I give Myself to thee,
Thy life with mine defending;
For I am thine and thou art mine,
And when I am there thou shalt shine,
The foe shall never reach us."

4 "To heaven again I rise from hence,
High to my Father soaring,
Thy Master there to be, and thence
My Spirit on thee pouring:
In every grief to comfort thee,
And teach thee more and more of me,
Into all truth still guiding."

5 "What I have done and taught on earth,
Do thou, and teach, none dreading;
That so God's kingdom may go forth,
And His high praise be spreading;
And guard thee from the words of men,
Lest the great joy be lost again:
This my last charge I leave thee."

Martin Luther, 1483–1546.
Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

85 NAOMI. C. M.

Franz Schubert, 1797–1828.
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1832.

86 C. M.

1 All that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1853.

2 Can aught beneath a power Divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, almighty Saviour, Thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life Divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

87 BOYLSTON. S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832.

2 If He our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who that tries the awful strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

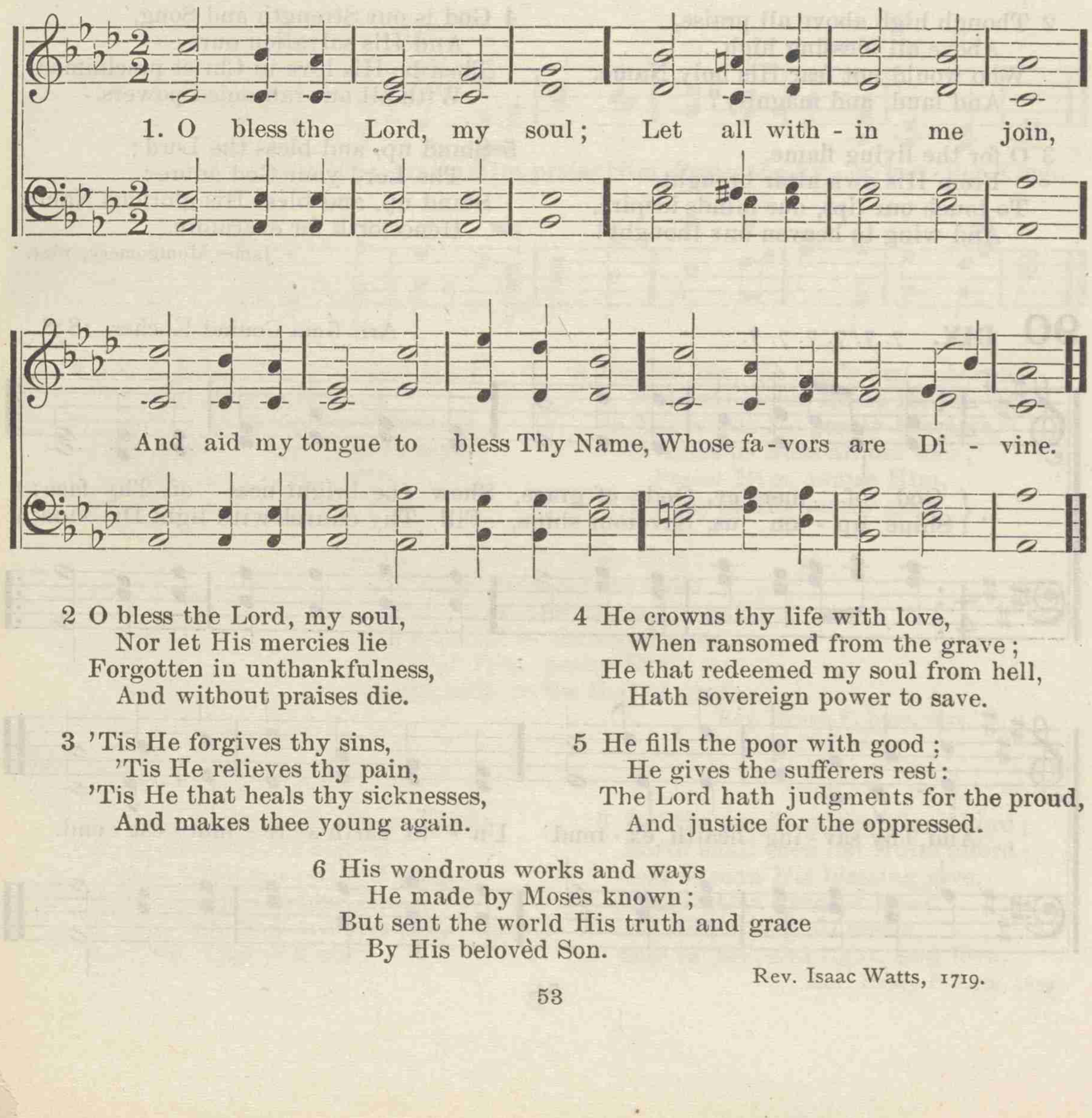
4 The mountains, in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,—
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None,—none can meet Him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707, alt.

88 CLEVELAND. S. M.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovèd Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

89 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Arr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

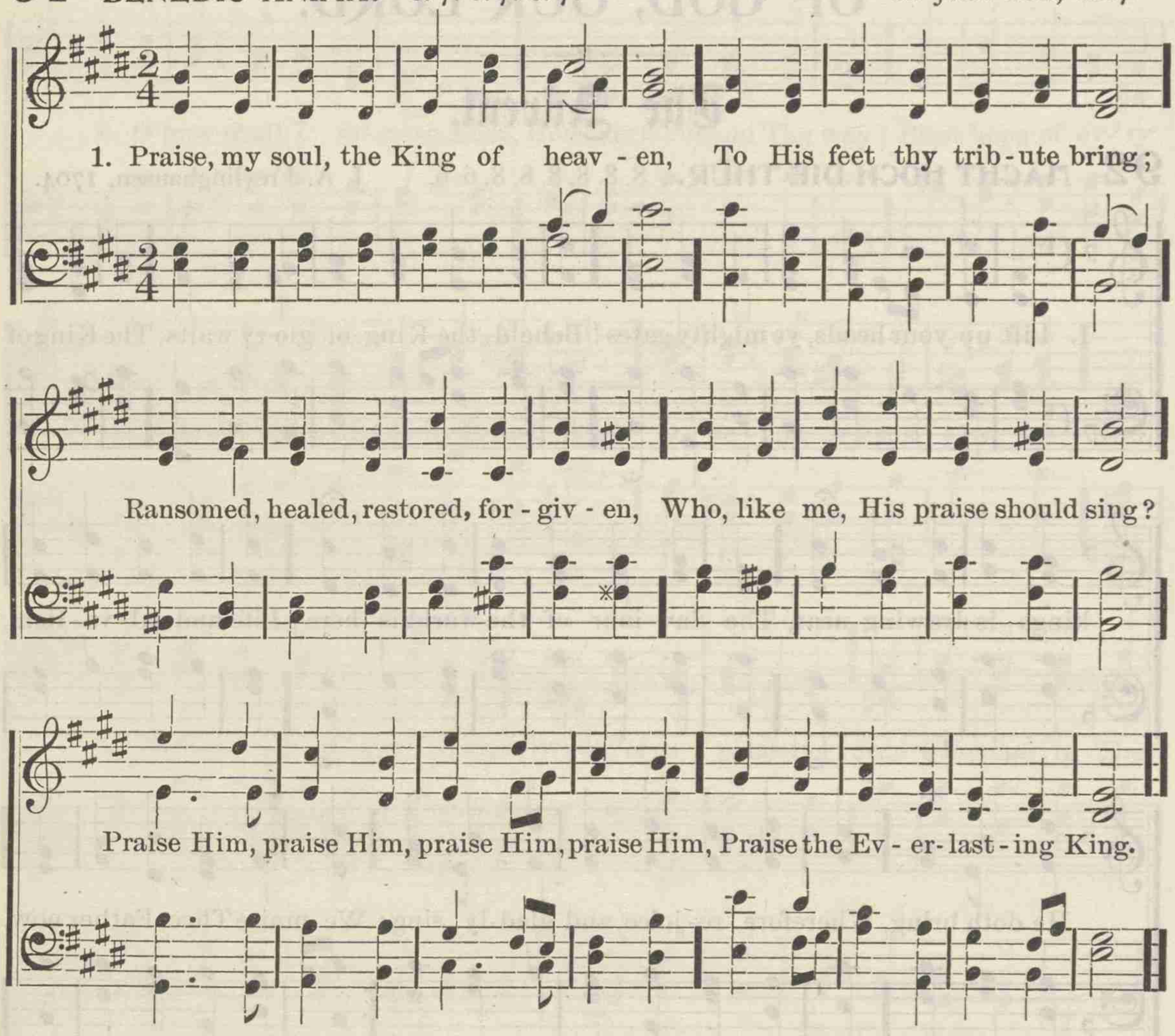
5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1824.

90 DIX. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838.

91 BENEDIC ANIMA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. Sir John Goss, 1867.



2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress:
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

90 DIX. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

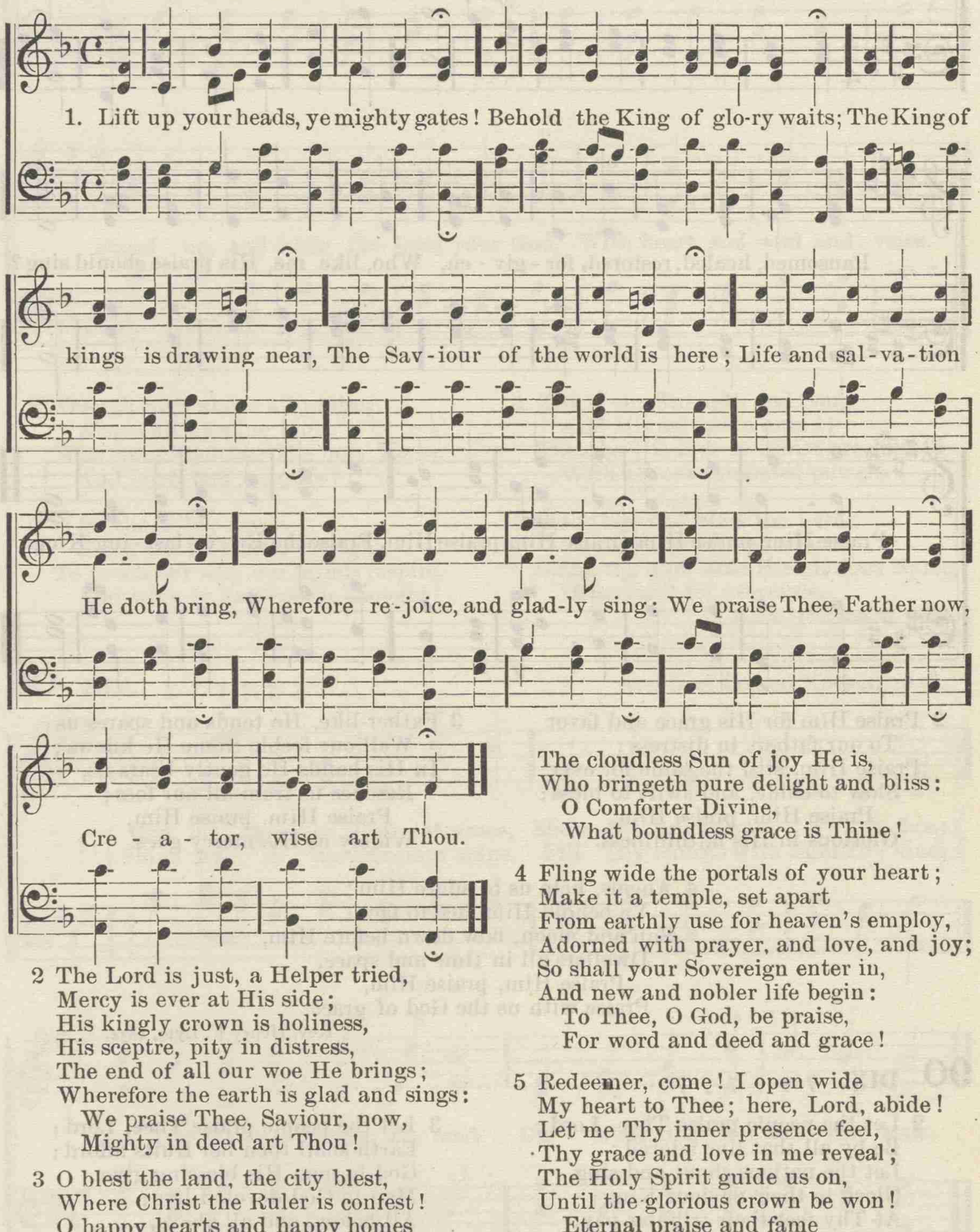
3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, OUR LORD.

The Advent.

92 **MACHT HOCH DIE THÜR.** 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. 6. J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704.



2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:
We praise Thee, Saviour, now,
Mighty in deed art Thou!

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss:
O Comforter Divine,
What boundless grace is Thine!

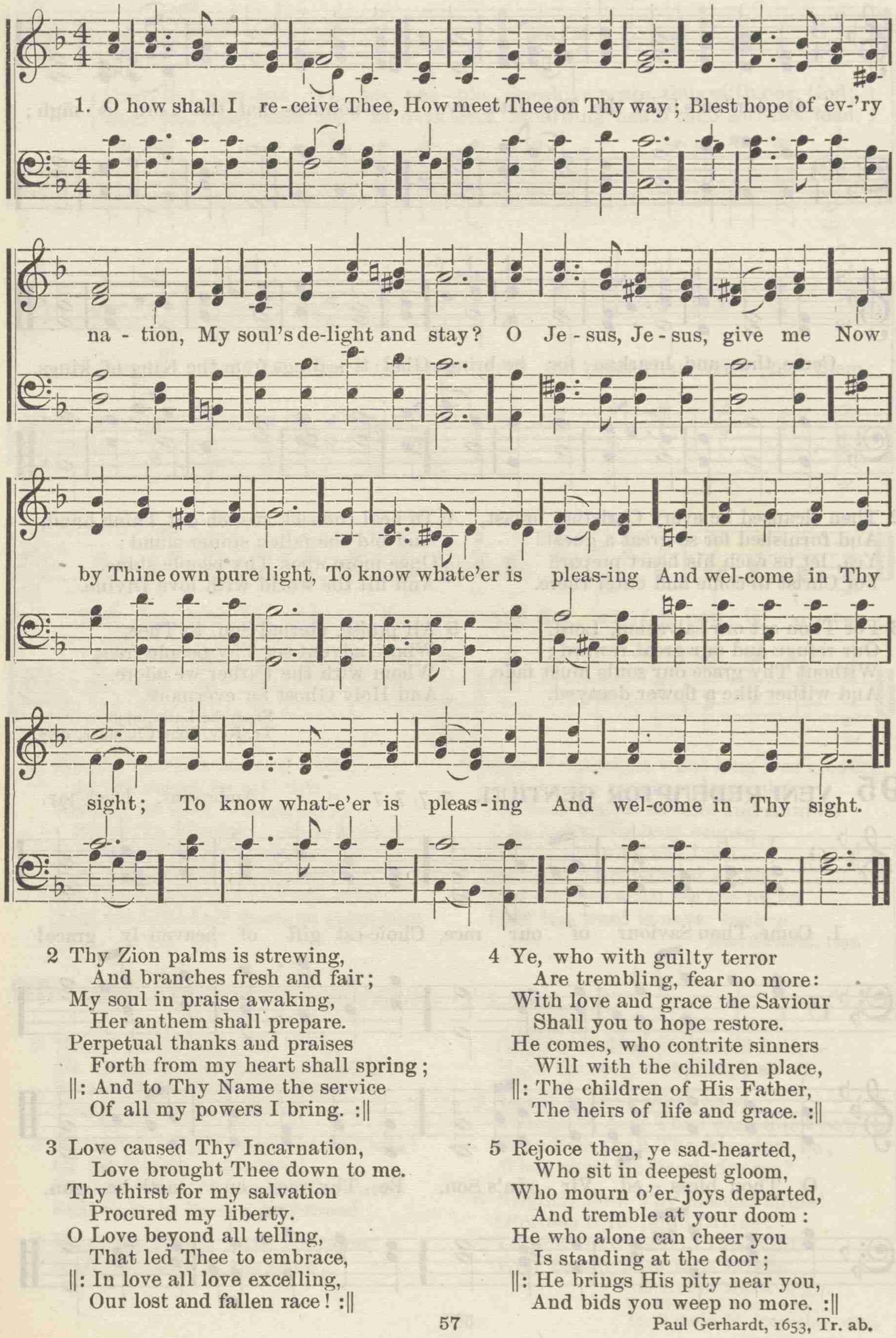
4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin:
To Thee, O God, be praise,
For word and deed and grace!

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal;
The Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy Name.

Georg Weissel, 1633.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855, a.

93 HÄNDEL. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Georg Friedrich Händel, 1741.



2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My soul in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
‖: And to Thy Name the service
Of all my powers I bring. :‖

3 Love caused Thy Incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me.
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
O Love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
‖: In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race! :‖

4 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
‖: The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace. :‖

5 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He who alone can cheer you
Is standing at the door;
‖: He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more. :‖

Paul Gerhardt, 1653, Tr. ab.

94 GERMANY. L. M.

Ludwig von Beethoven, 1815.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest!
Yea, let us each his heart prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

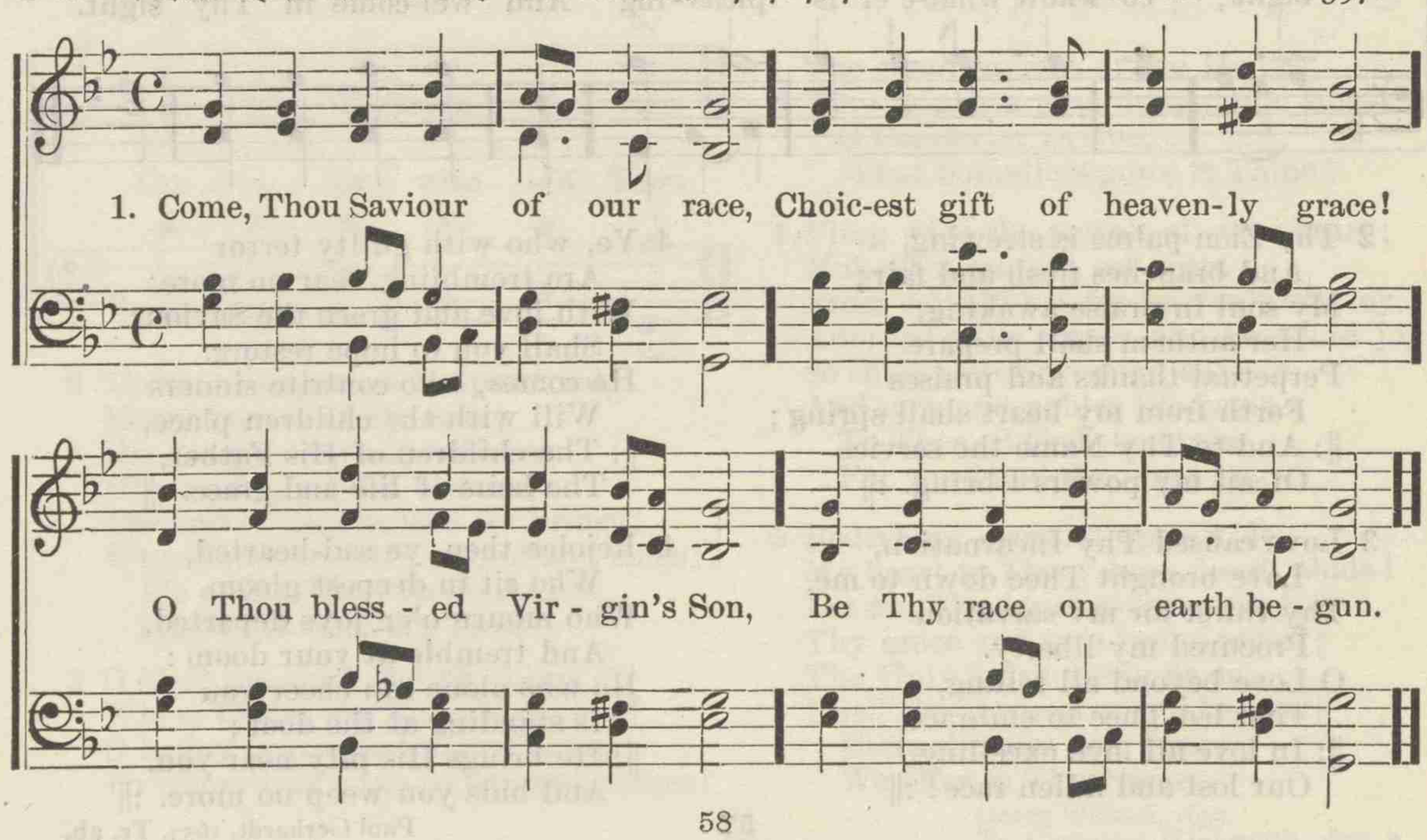
4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand:
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love Divine.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent set Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

From the Latin, 1736.
Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837.

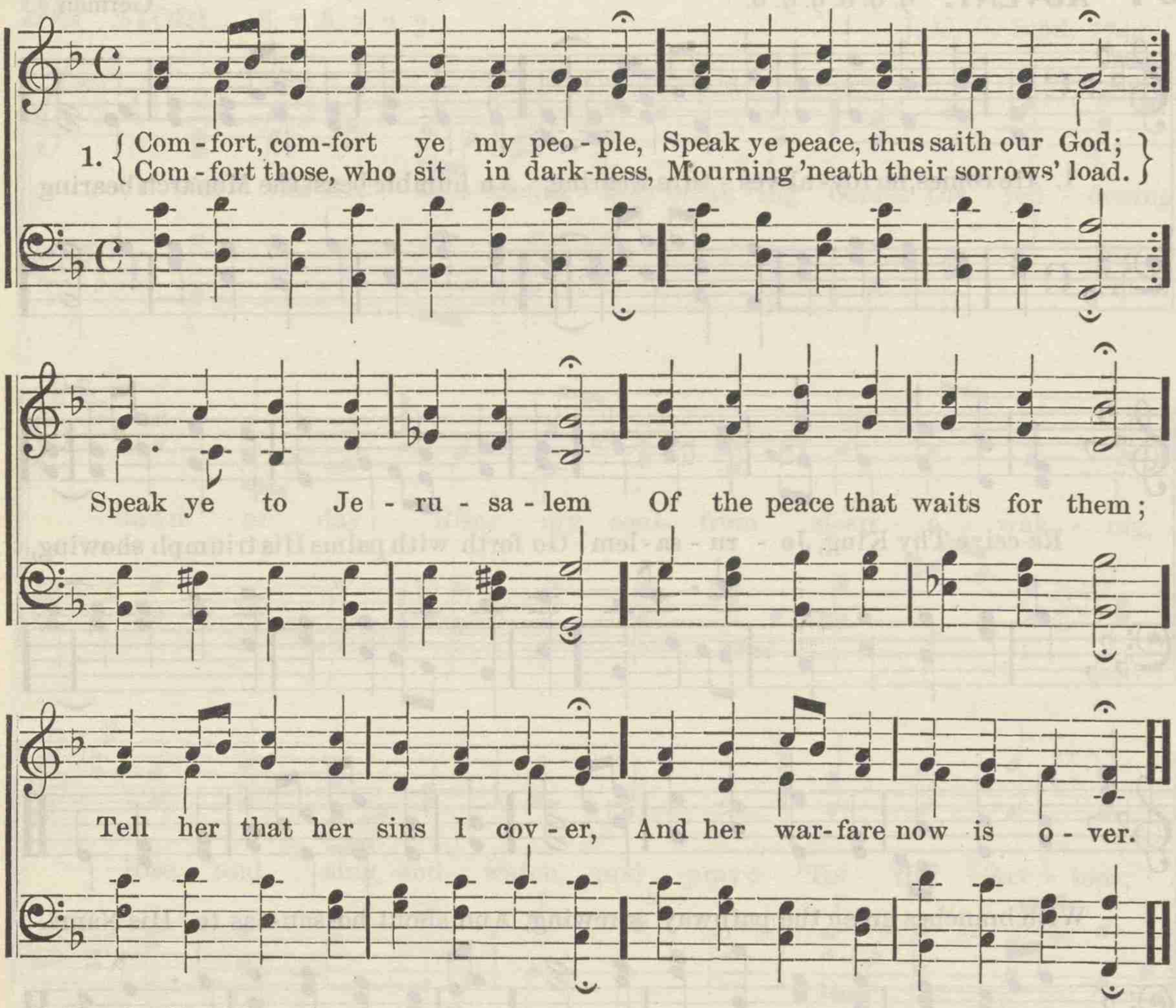
95 VENI REDEMPTOR GENTIUM. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Ambrosius. Died 397.



96 LÜNEBURG. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

Johann Schop, 1642.



2 For the herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance
Since the kingdom now is here.
O, that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

3 Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain:
Let your hearts be true and humble
As befits His holy reign;
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad
And all flesh shall see the token
That His word is never broken.

John Olearius, 1671.

95 VENI REDEMPTOR GENTIUM. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Not of mortal blood or birth,
He descends from heaven to earth:
By the Holy Ghost conceived,
Truly man to be believed.

3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child!
Of the Virgin, undefiled!
Though by all the world disowned,
Still to be in heaven enthroned.

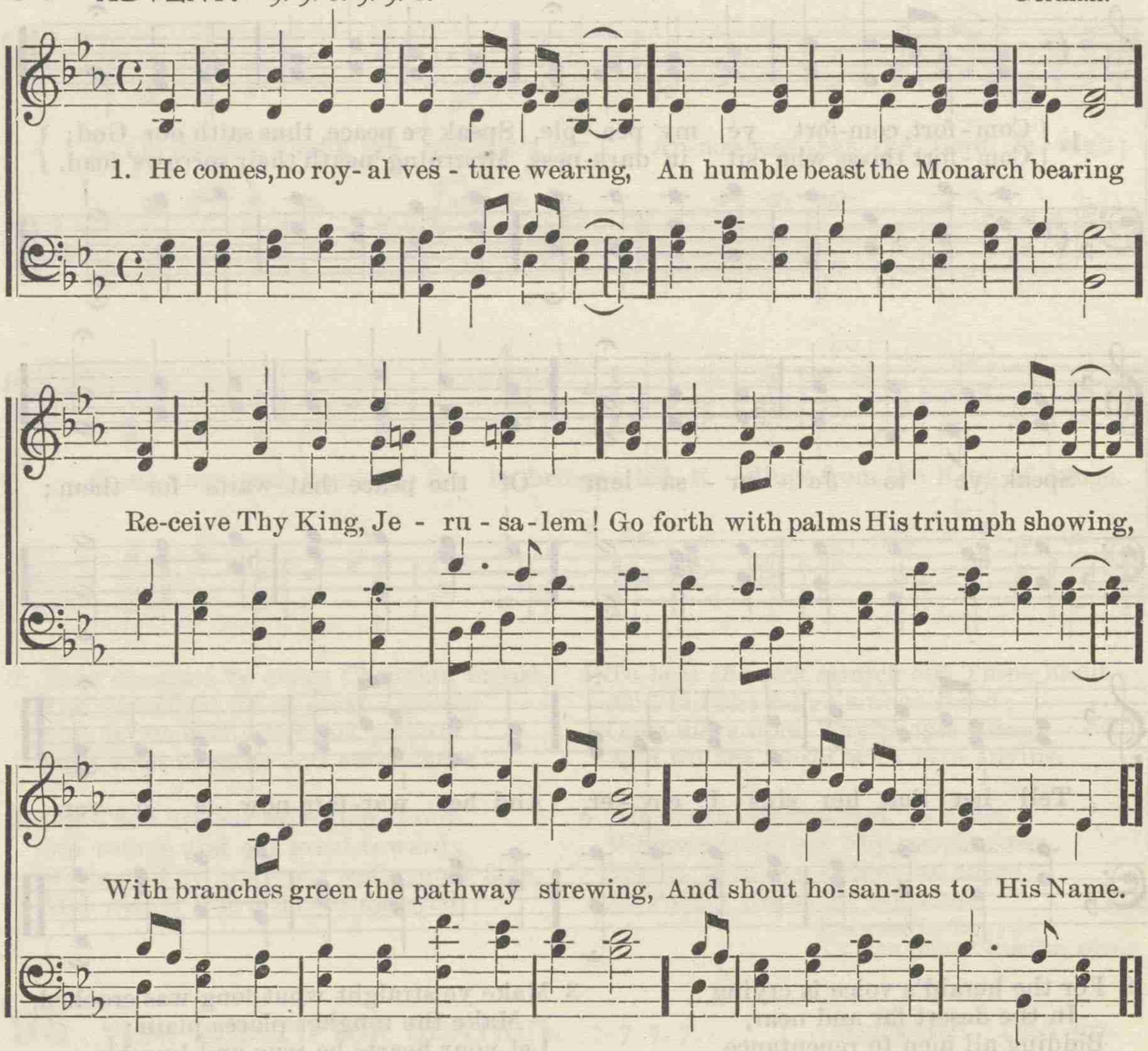
4 From the Father forth He came,
And returneth to the same;
Captive leading death and hell,—
High the song of triumph swell.

5 Equal to the Father now,
Though to dust Thou once didst bow;
Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;
When shall we its glories see?

6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine!
Glorious is its light Divine:
Let not sin o'ercloud this light,
Ever be our faith thus bright.

Ambrose of Milan, d. 397.
Tr. Martin Luther, 1524.
Tr. William M. Reynolds, 1850.

97 ADVENT. 9. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8. German.



2 O Sovereign, by no host attended!
Strong Champion, by no spear defended!
O Prince of Peace, and David's Son!—
Thy throne, from whose approach for ever,
The kings of earth Thy steps would sever,
Is by Thee, without battle, won.

3 Unto the empire Thou hast founded,
Though not of earth, nor by earth bounded,
All earthly realms shall subject be:
Forth into every land and nation,
Thy servants, armed with Thy salvation,
March to prepare a way for Thee.

4 And at Thy coming, clothed with power,
The sullen storm forgets to lower,
And waves grow calm beneath Thy tread;
The bonds, by man's rebellion blighted,
In a new covenant are united,
And sin and death in fetters led.

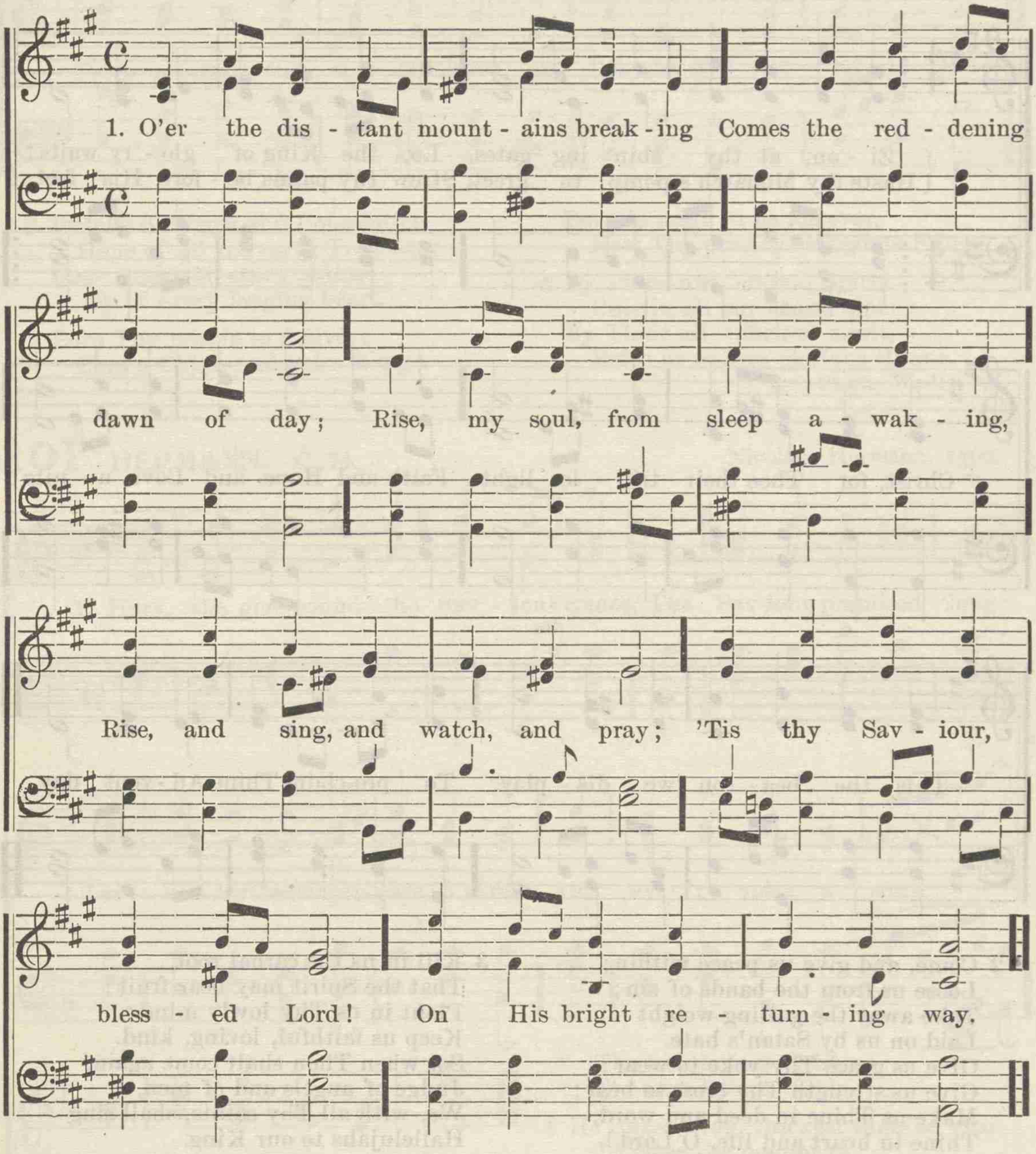
5 O Lord of grace and truth unending,
And love all reach of thought transcending,
Revisit us, so sorely tried!
Thine Advent once again is needed,
To form anew Thy peace, unheeded
By worldly haughtiness and pride.

6 O let Thy light, which ne'er shall vanish,
From earth the power of darkness banish!
The lurid flames of discord quell;
That we, the thrones and people loyal,
As brethren 'neath Thy sceptre royal,
In Thy great Father's house may dwell.

Friedrich Rückert, b. 1789, Tr.

98 STÖRL. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7

J. G. C. Störl, 1744.



2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour, blessed Lord!
When wilt Thou return to me?

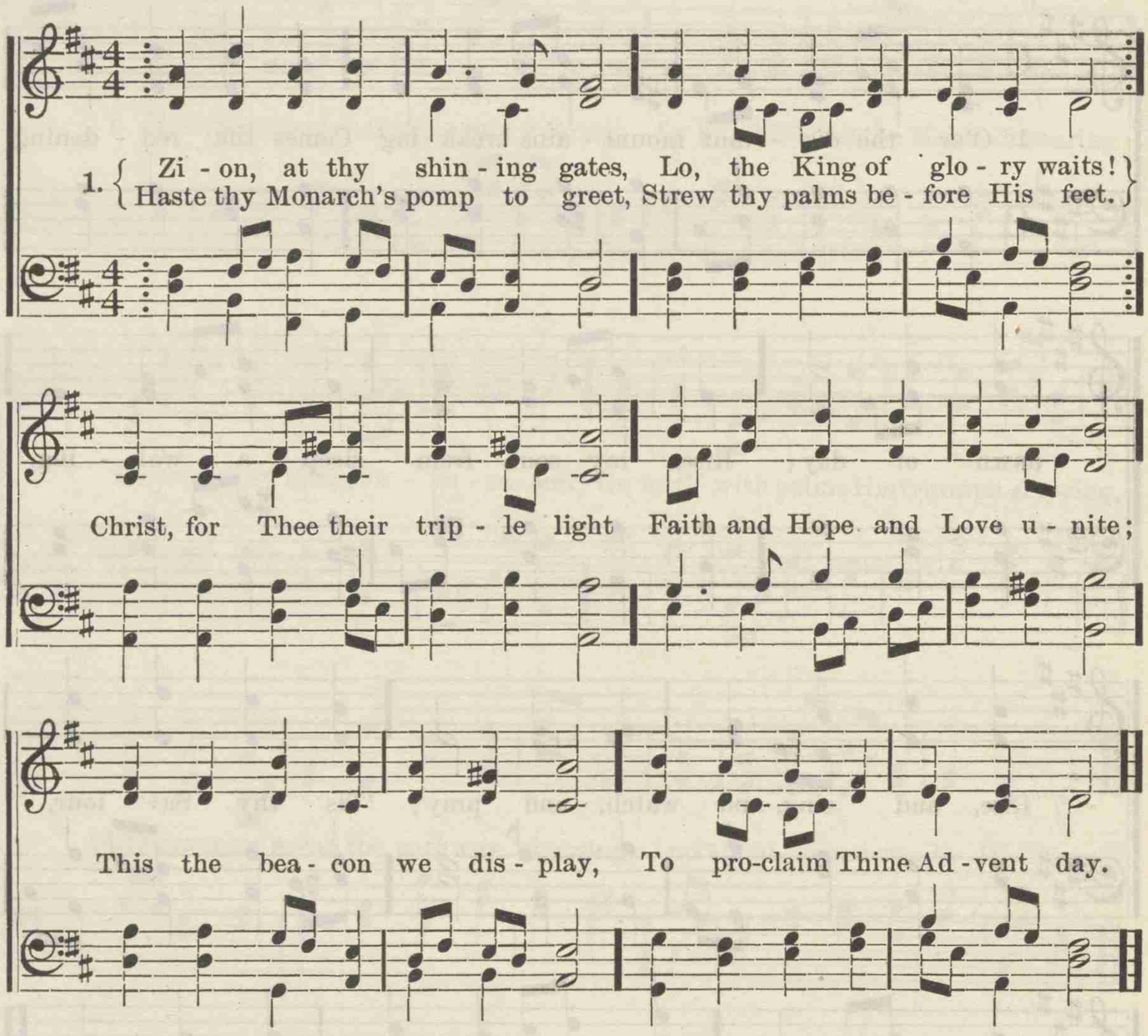
3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour, blessed Lord!
In Thy bright, Thy promised land,

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come my Saviour, blessed Lord!
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

99 SALZBURG. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Joh. Rosenmüller, 1652.



2 Come, and give us peace within;
Loose us from the bands of sin;
Take away the galling weight
Laid on us by Satan's hate.
Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;
Give us strength Thy cross to bear;
Make us Thine in deed and word,
Thine in heart and life, O Lord!

3 Kill in us the carnal root,
That the Spirit may bear fruit;
Plant in us Thy lowly mind;
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.
So, when Thou shalt come again,
Judge of angels and of men,
We, with all Thy saints, shall sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

Rev. Benj. H. Kennedy, 1804.

100 STUTTGART. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Gotha Cantional, 1715.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744

101 HERMANN. C. M.

Nicolaus Hermann, 1560.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire,
His holy breast inspire.

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

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And would with treasures of His grace
Enrich the humble poor,
Enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name,
With Thy belovèd Name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735.

The Nativity.

102 ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. from Georg Friedrich Händel, 1742.

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

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

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

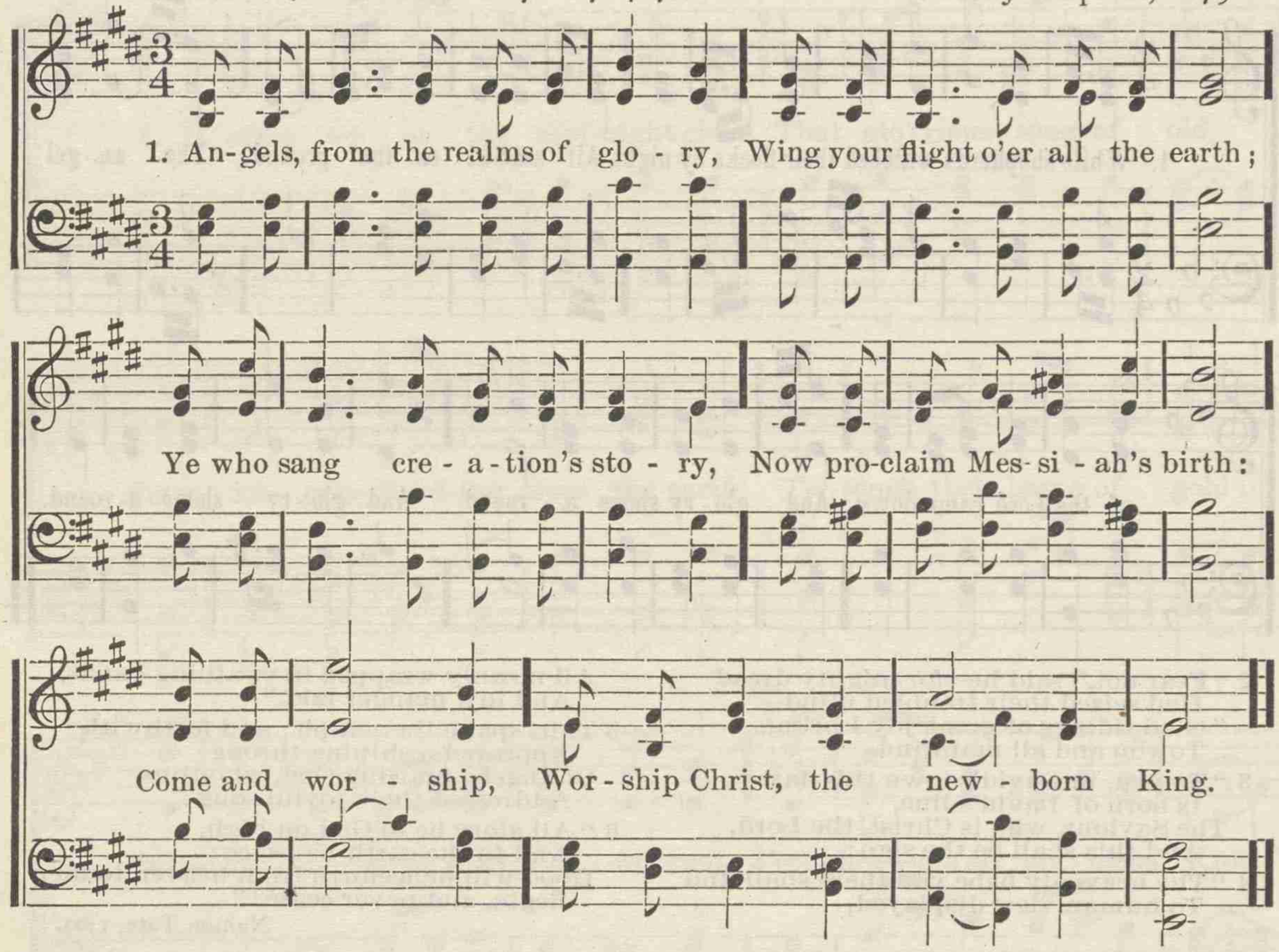
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

103 WILMOT. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Carl Maria von Weber, 1786–1826.

104 WILDERSMOUTH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879.



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

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

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

5 All creation, join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son;
Evermore your voices raising
To the Eternal Three in One:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1816: doxology added.

103 WILMOT. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:—
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy:
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

Rev. John Cawood, 1819.

105 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Arr. from Georg Friedrich Händel, 1750.

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

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

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

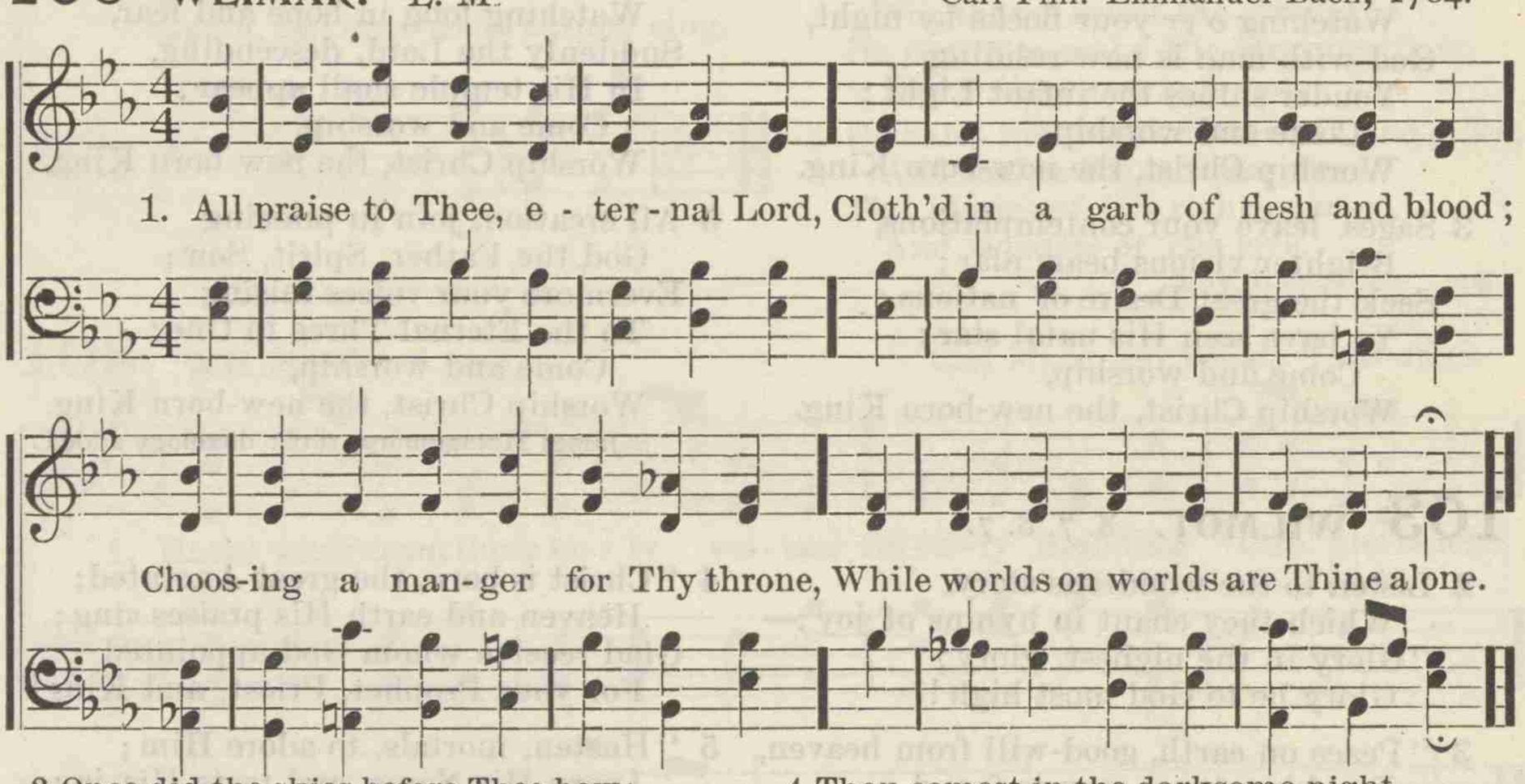
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

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

Nahum Tate, 1703.

106 WEIMAR. L. M.

Carl Phil. Emmanuel Bach, 1784.



2 Once did the skies before Thee bow:
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now;
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3 A little Child, Thou art our Guest
That weary ones in Thee may rest:
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

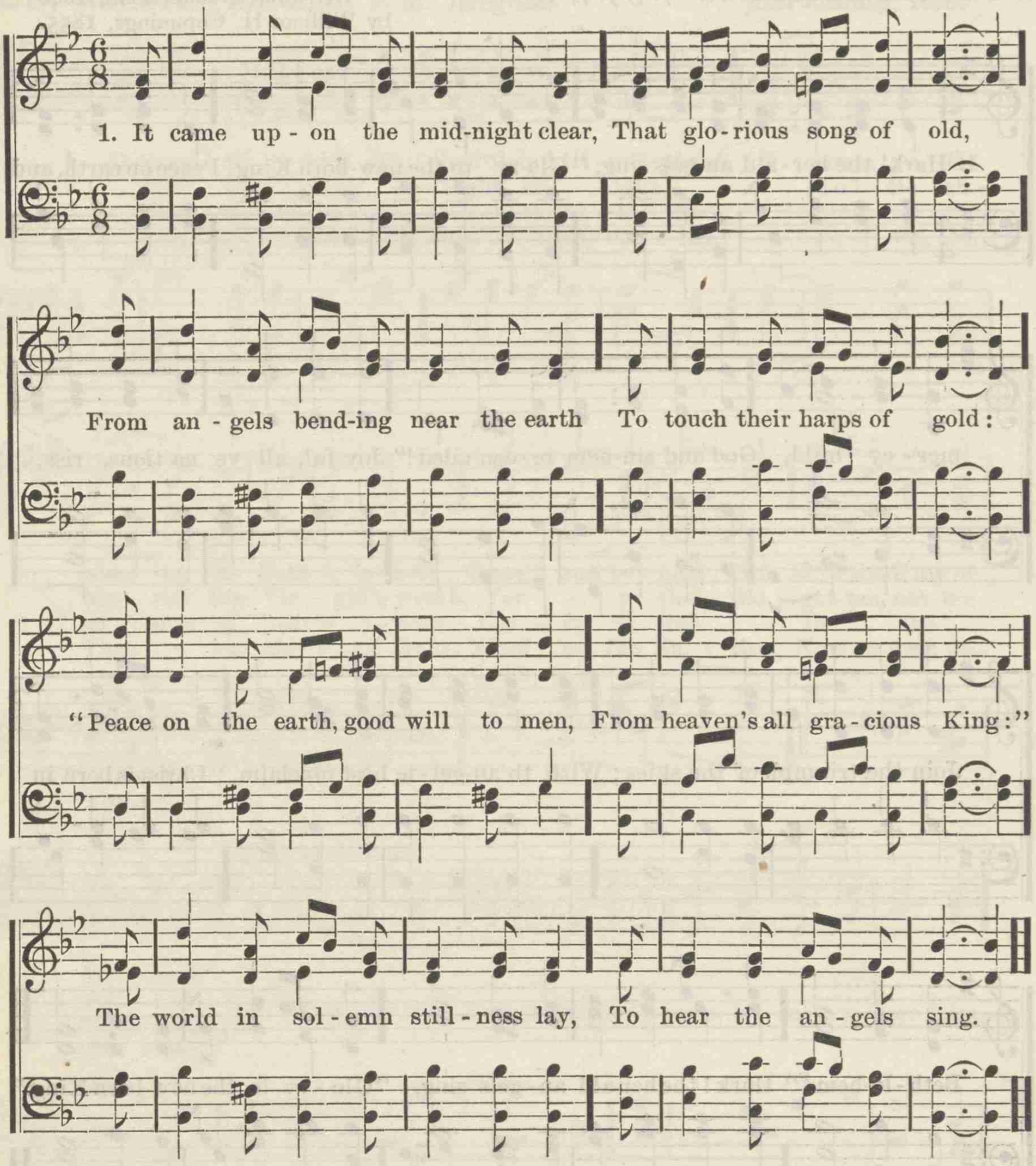
4 Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms Divine,
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

1st v. Ancient Requiem: others, Martin Luther, 1523.

107 CAROL. C. M. D.

R. Storrs Willis, 1850.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

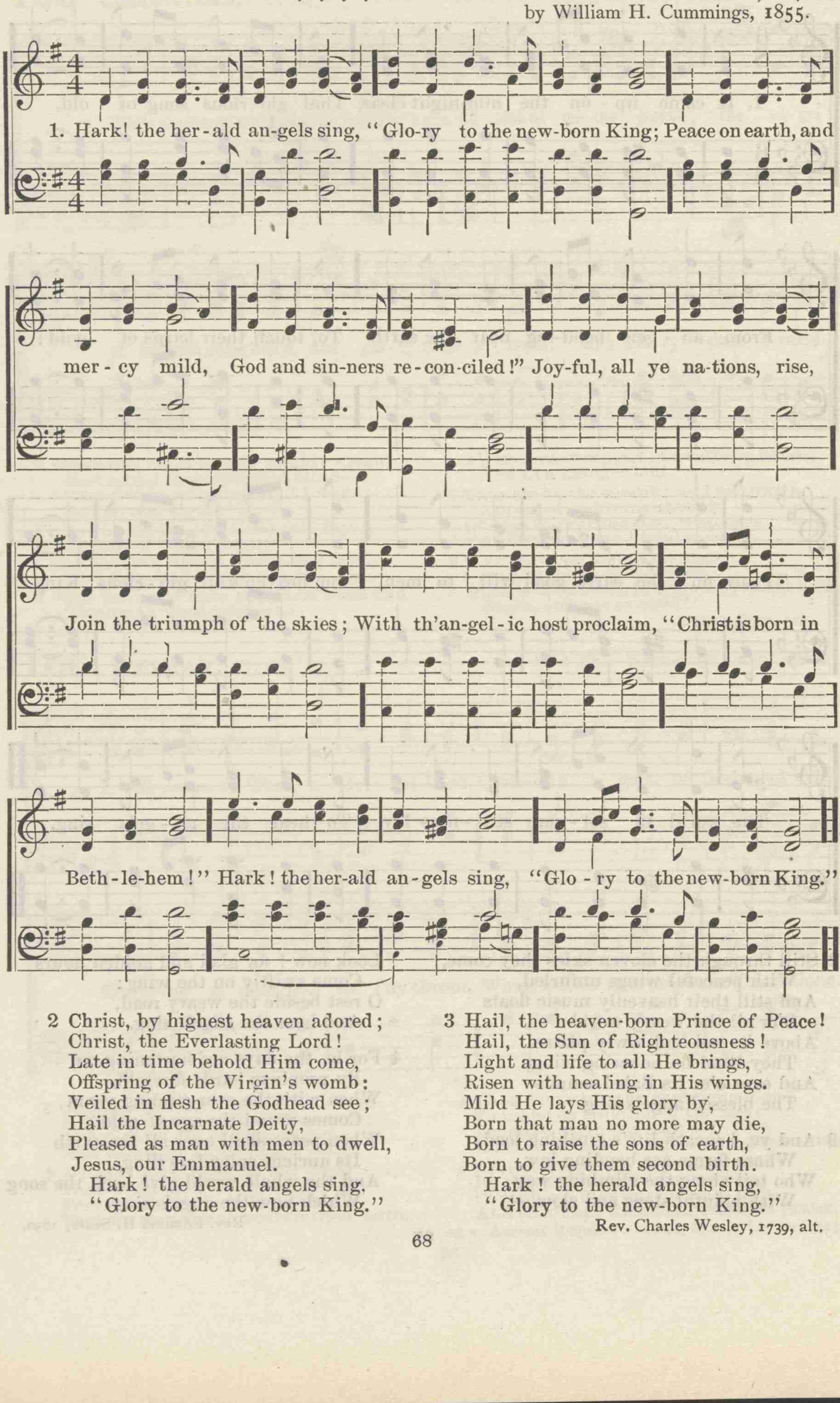
3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. Edmund H. Sears, 1850.

108 MENDELSSOHN. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1855.



2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

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

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

109 ADESTE FIDELES. P. M. Irregular. John Reading, 1680.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joyful and tri - um - phant, O come, ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ver - y God, Be - got-ten, not cre -
3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye cit - i-zens of heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God In the
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morn - ing, Je - sus, to Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap -

After each verse.

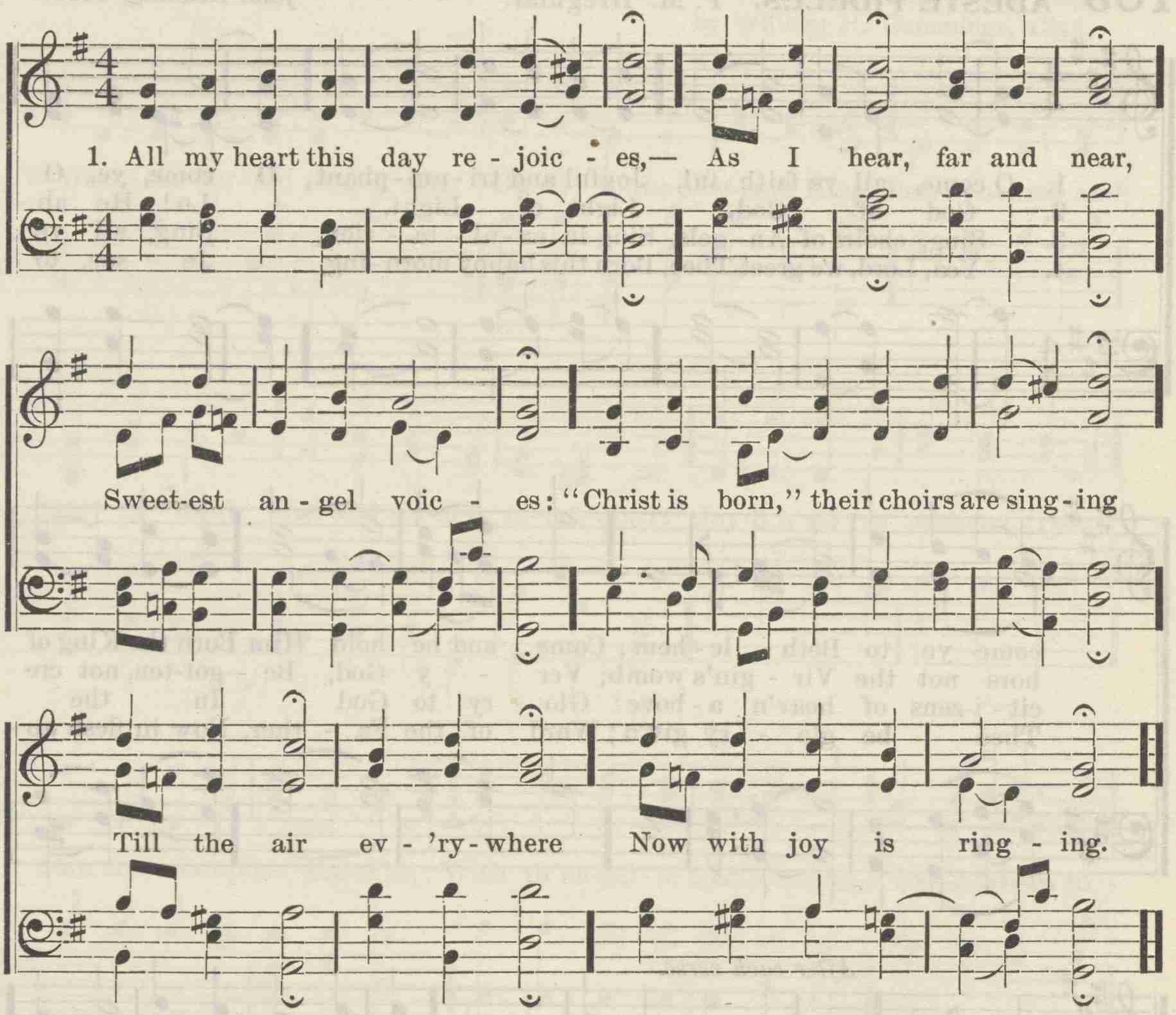
An - gels;
at - ed;
high - est;
pear - ing;
} O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

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

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

110 BONN. 8. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6.

Johann Georg Ebeling, 1666.



2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come: from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross, pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

5 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin, deep within,
Long and sore have smarted:
From the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near; One is here
Mighty for their healing.

6 Hither come, ye poor and wretchèd;
Know His will is to fill
Every hand outstretchèd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget all regret
Fill your hearts with treasure.

7 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest
Calm I rest, on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

8 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee,
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

111 ERFURT. L. M.

German, 1540.

2 "To you, this night, is born a Child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little Child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the Joy of all your earth.

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

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

5 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

6 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep,
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song:

7 Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given,
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

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

112 L. M.

1 Emmanuel! we sing Thy praise,
Thou Prince of Life! Thou Fount of Grace!
With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing;
Praise, honor, thanks, to Thee we bring!

2 E'er since the world began to be,
How many a heart hath longed for Thee!
And Thou, O long-expected Guest,
Hast come at last to make us blest!

3 Now art Thou here: we know Thee now;
In lowly manger liest Thou:
A Child, yet makest all things great;
Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of state.

4 Now fearless I can look on Thee:
From sin and grief Thou set'st me free:
Thou bearest wrath, Thou conquerest death,
Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.

5 Thou art my Head, my Lord Divine:
I am Thy member, wholly Thine;
And in Thy Spirit's strength would still
Serve Thee according to Thy will.

6 Thus will I sing Thy praises here,
With joyful spirit year by year:
And they shall sound before Thy throne,
Where time nor number more is known.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

113 ST. LOUIS. 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Lewis H. Redner, 1868.

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2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

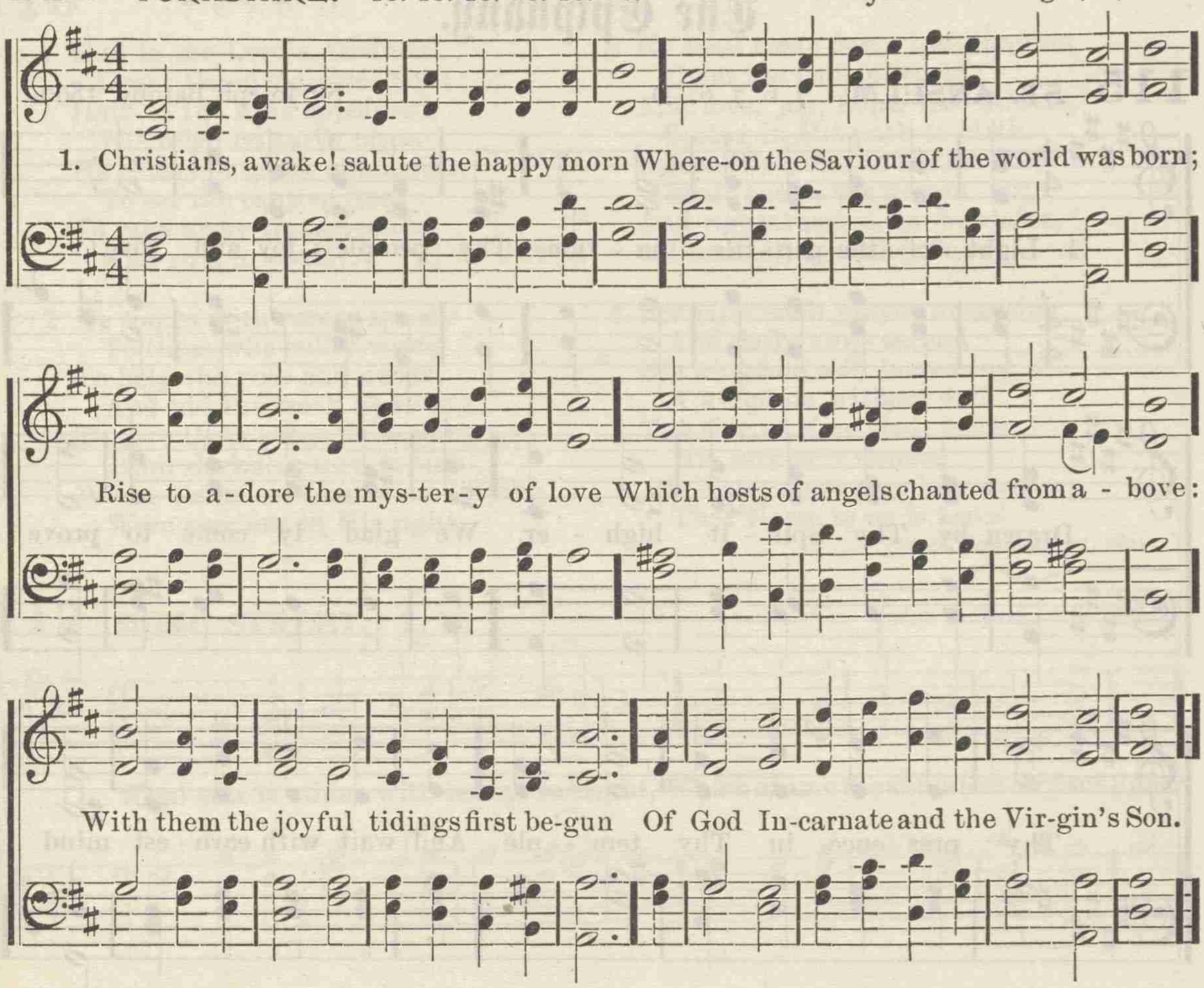
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Bishop Philip Brooks, 1835–1893.

114 YORKSHIRE. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

John Wainwright, 1760.



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

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

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame.

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

John Byrom, publ. 1773.

The Epiphany.

115 **ST. ANSELM.** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869.

2 Yes, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
E'en now, in every place
Where Thy true word hath promised
That they should see Thy face.
Thou yet wilt gently grant us,
Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,
As once that aged seer.

3 Be Thou our joy, our brightness,
That shines 'mid pain and loss,
Our Sun in times of terror,
The glory round our cross;
A glow in sinking spirits,
A sunbeam in distress,
Physician, Friend in sickness,
In death our happiness.

4 Let us, O Lord, be faithful
With Simeon to the end,
That so his dying song may
From all our hearts ascend:
"O Lord, let now Thy servant
Depart in peace for aye,
Since I have seen my Saviour,
Have here beheld His day."

5 My Saviour, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of faith:
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he saith.
Within Thy heart abiding,
As Thou dost dwell in me,
No pain, no death hath terrors
To part my soul from Thee!

Johann Frank, 1674, Tr.

116 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

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

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing;
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

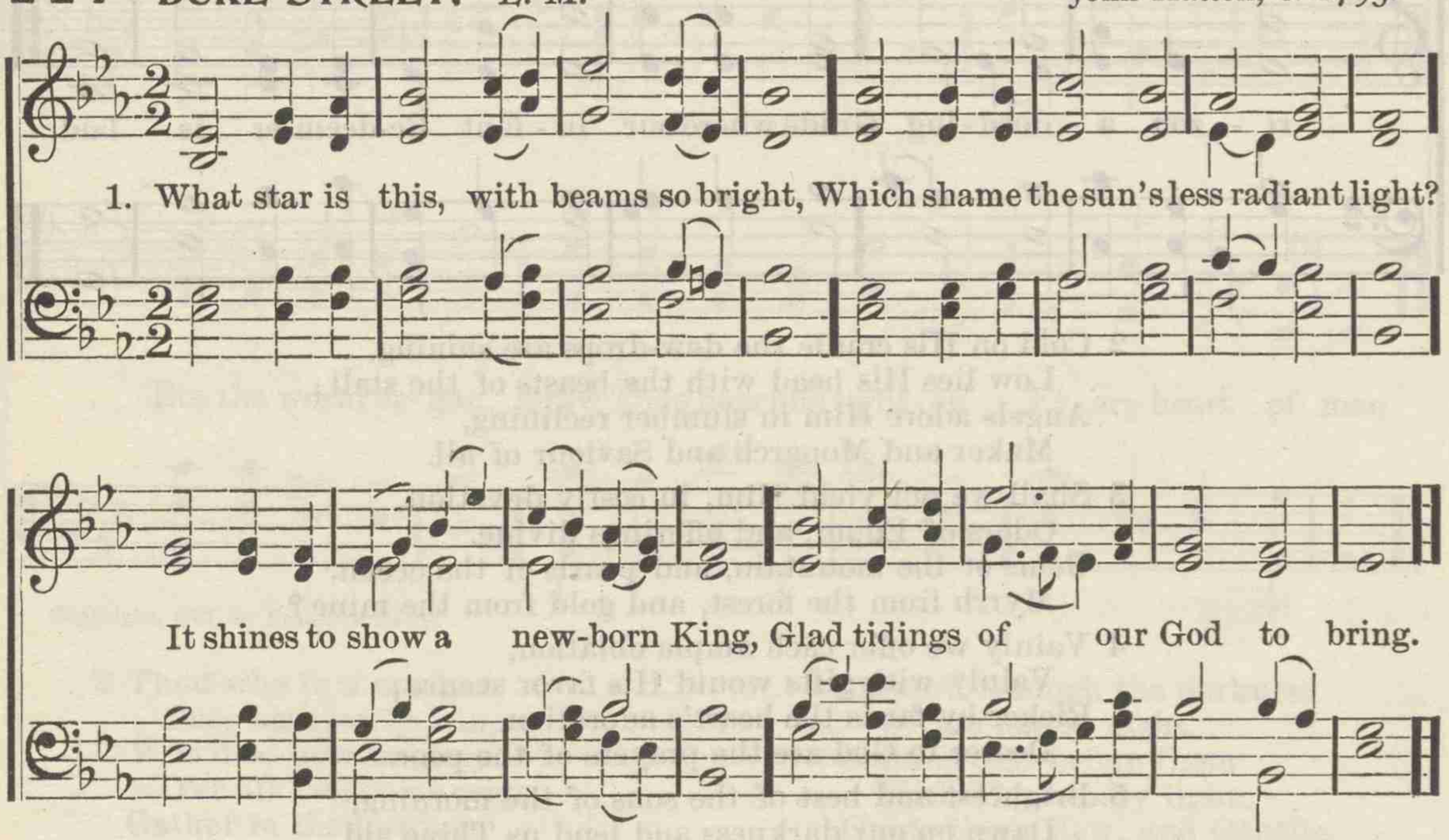
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821.

117 DUKE STREET. L. M.

John Hatton, c. 1793.



2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,—
"From Jacob shall a Star proceed:"
And lo, the eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

4 True love can brook no dull delay,
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,
They leave at once, at God's high call.

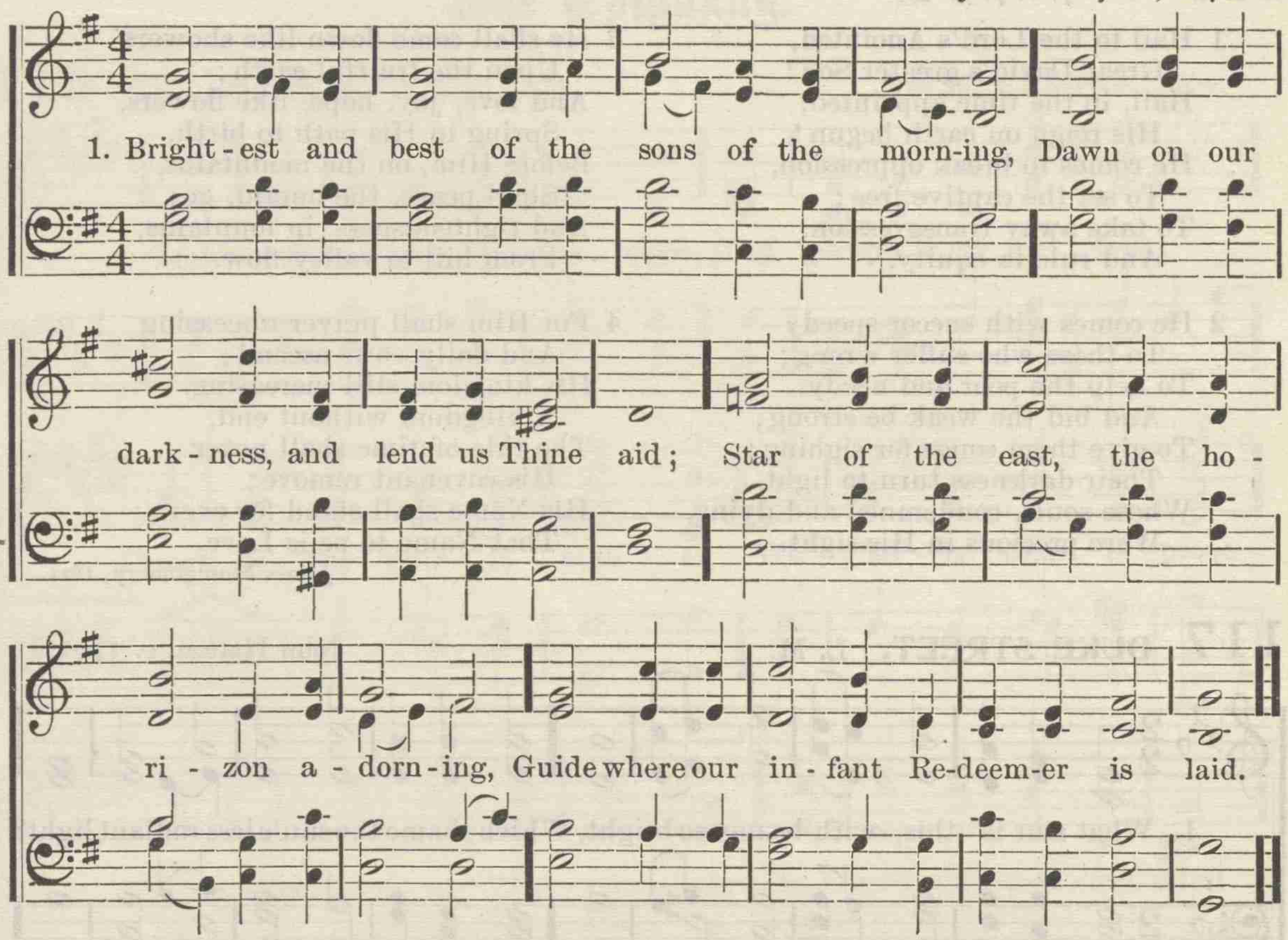
5 O Jesus, while the star of grace
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well!

6 To God the Father, God the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise!

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

118 NINIAN. 11. 10. 11. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1872.



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

3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine.
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

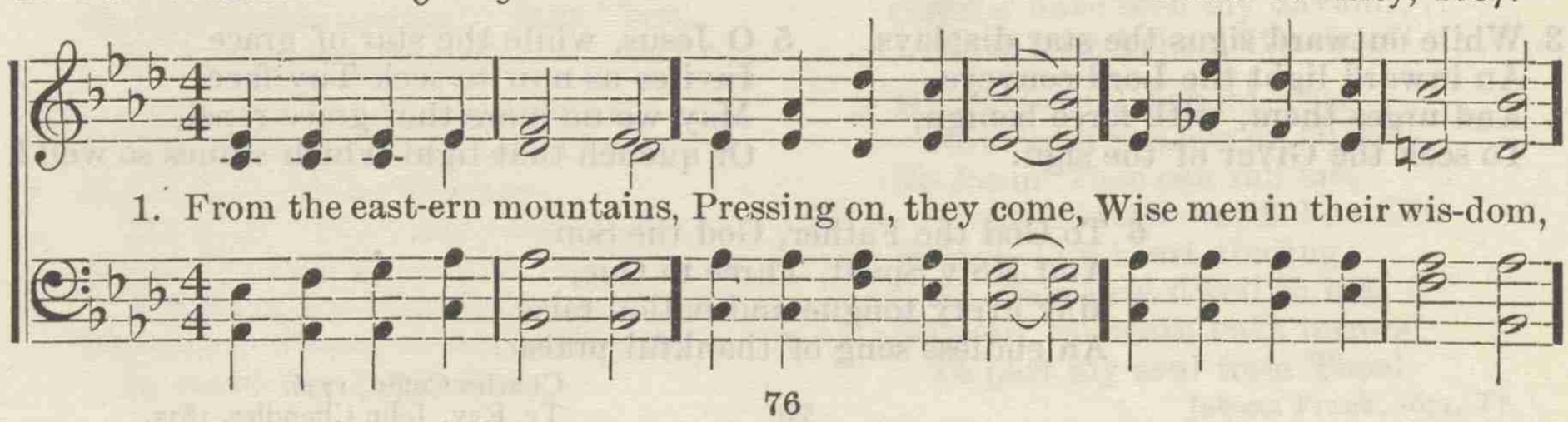
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

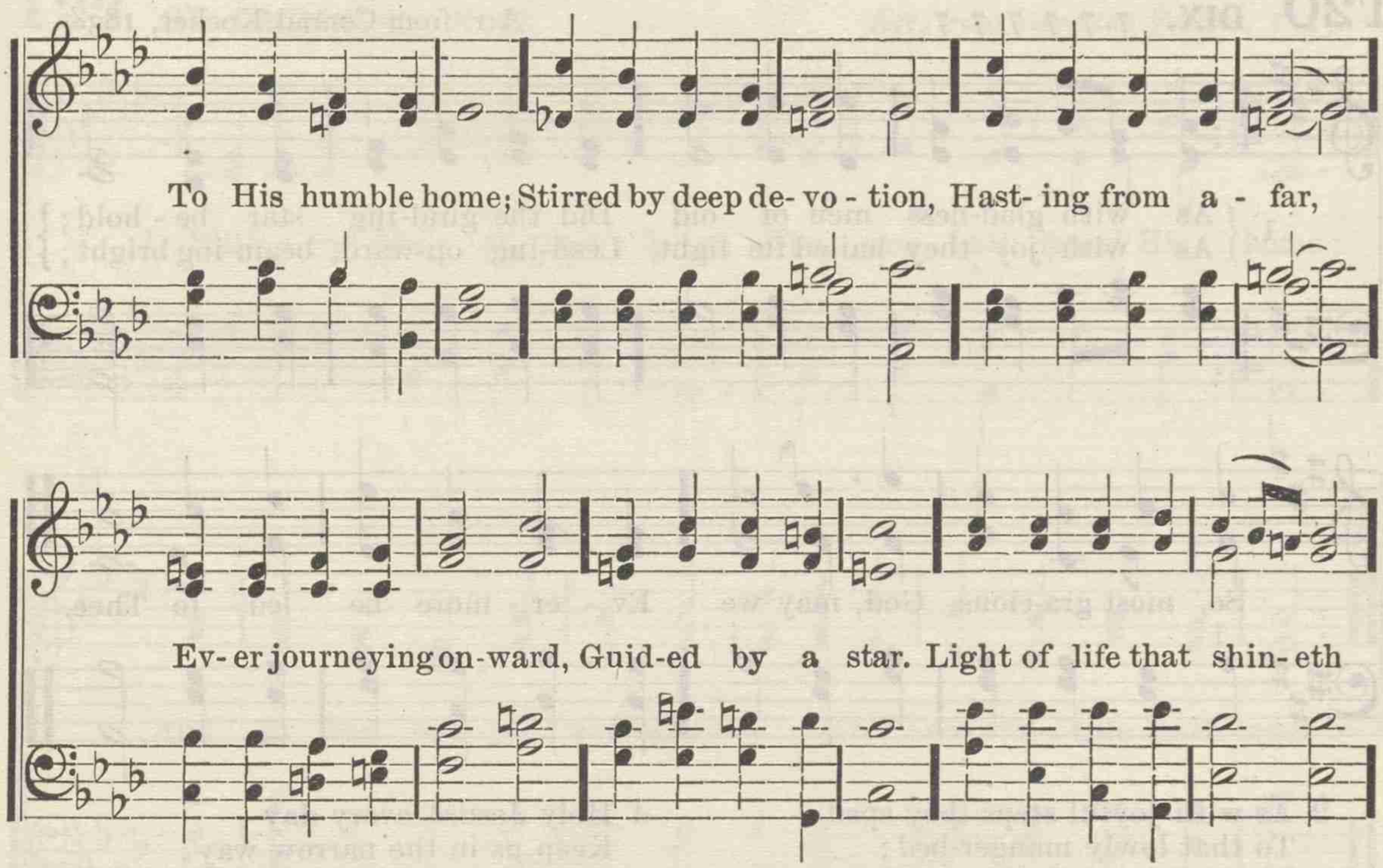
5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811.

119 DANIA. 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Frank G. Ilsley, 1887.





Copyright, 1887, by Frank G. Ilsley.

2 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of life, etc.

3 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way:
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of life, etc.

4 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew, and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.
Light of life, etc.

5 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of life, etc.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1873

120 DIX. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838.

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

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

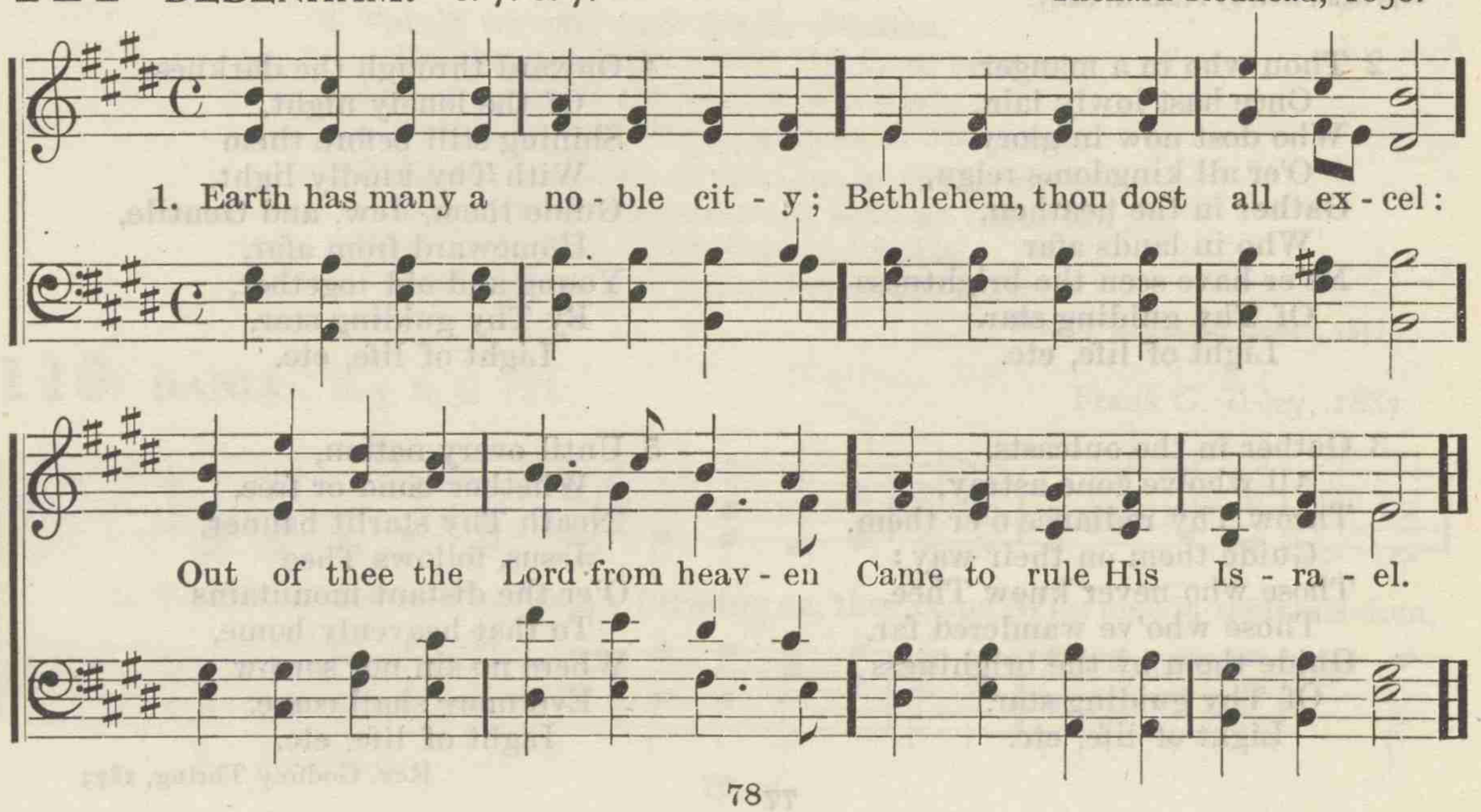
4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heav'nly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing
Hallelujah to our King.

William C. Dix, 1861.

121 DEBENHAM. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Richard Redhead, 1850.



122 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

Arr. from Genevan Psalter, 1543.

2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the earthly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls
And teach us by Thy grace,
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One.

Bishop James Russell Woodford, 1863.

121 DEBENHAM. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

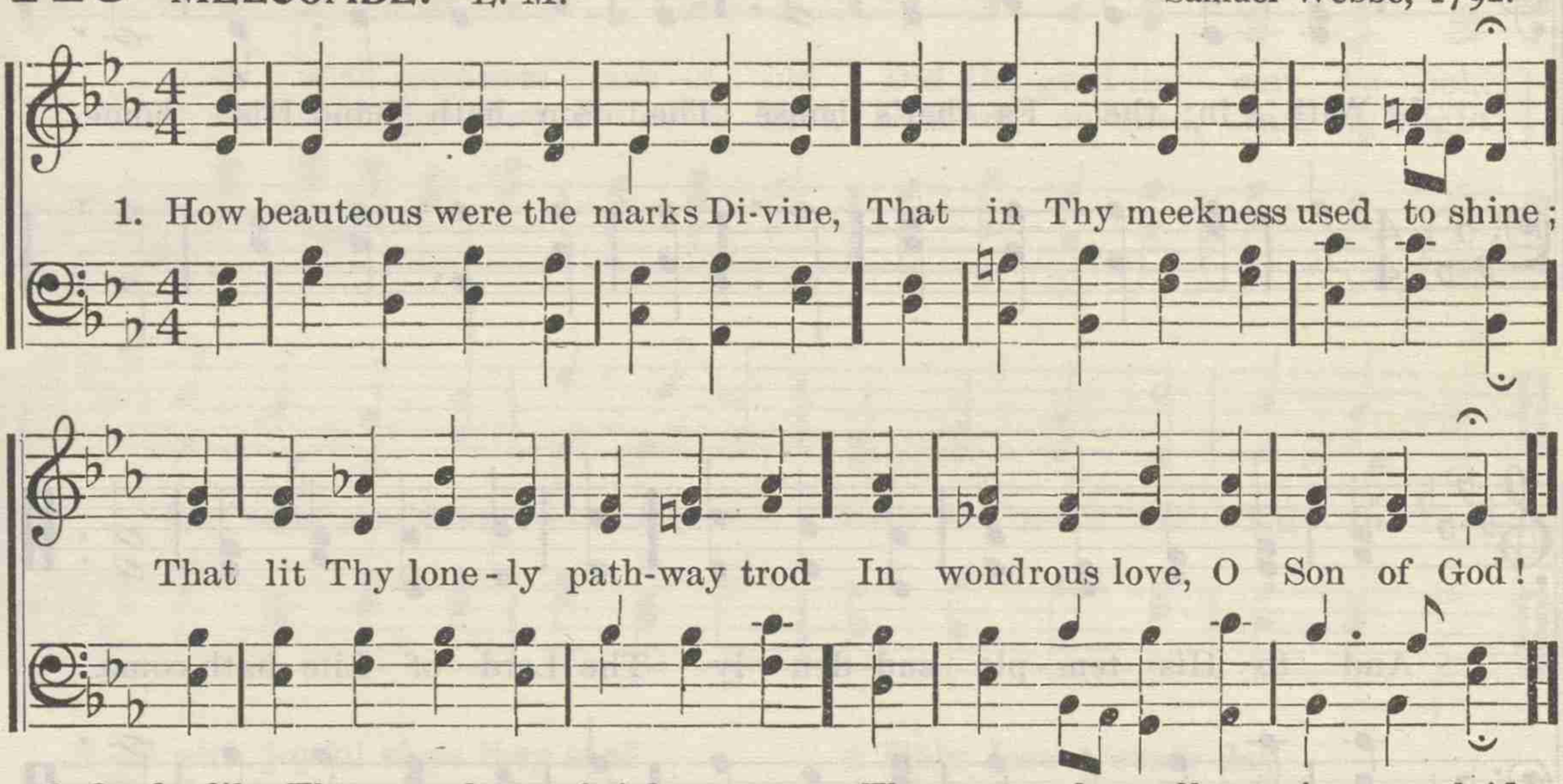
5 Jesus, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

Aurelius Prudentius, 400.
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, died 1878.

The Teaching, Character and Example.

123 MELCOMBE. L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1792.



2 O who like Thee so calm, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, Thou Light of light?
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!

3 O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before;
So meek, forgiving, Godlike, high,
So glorious in humility!

4 And all Thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;

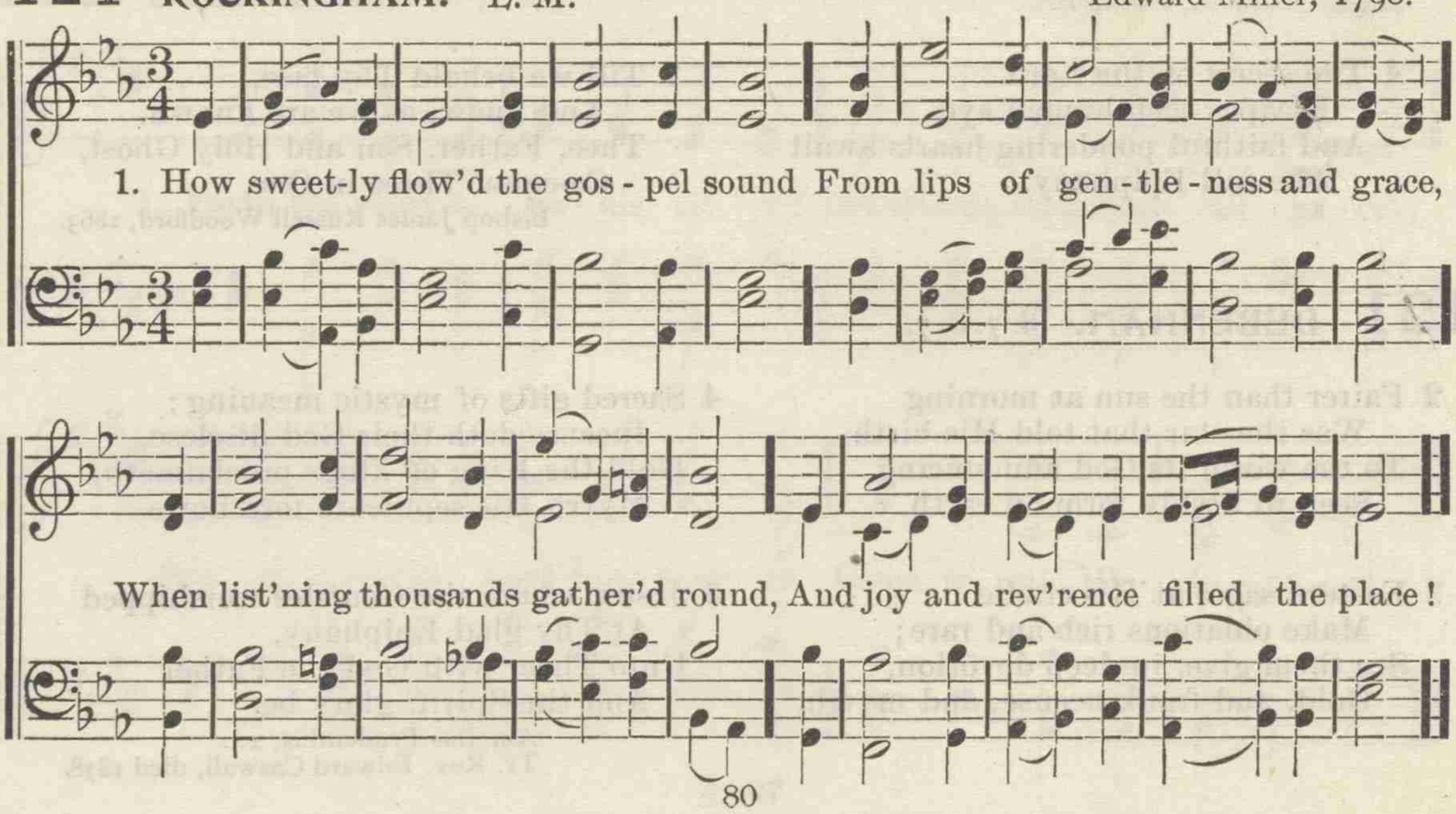
5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

6 O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
An give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1840.

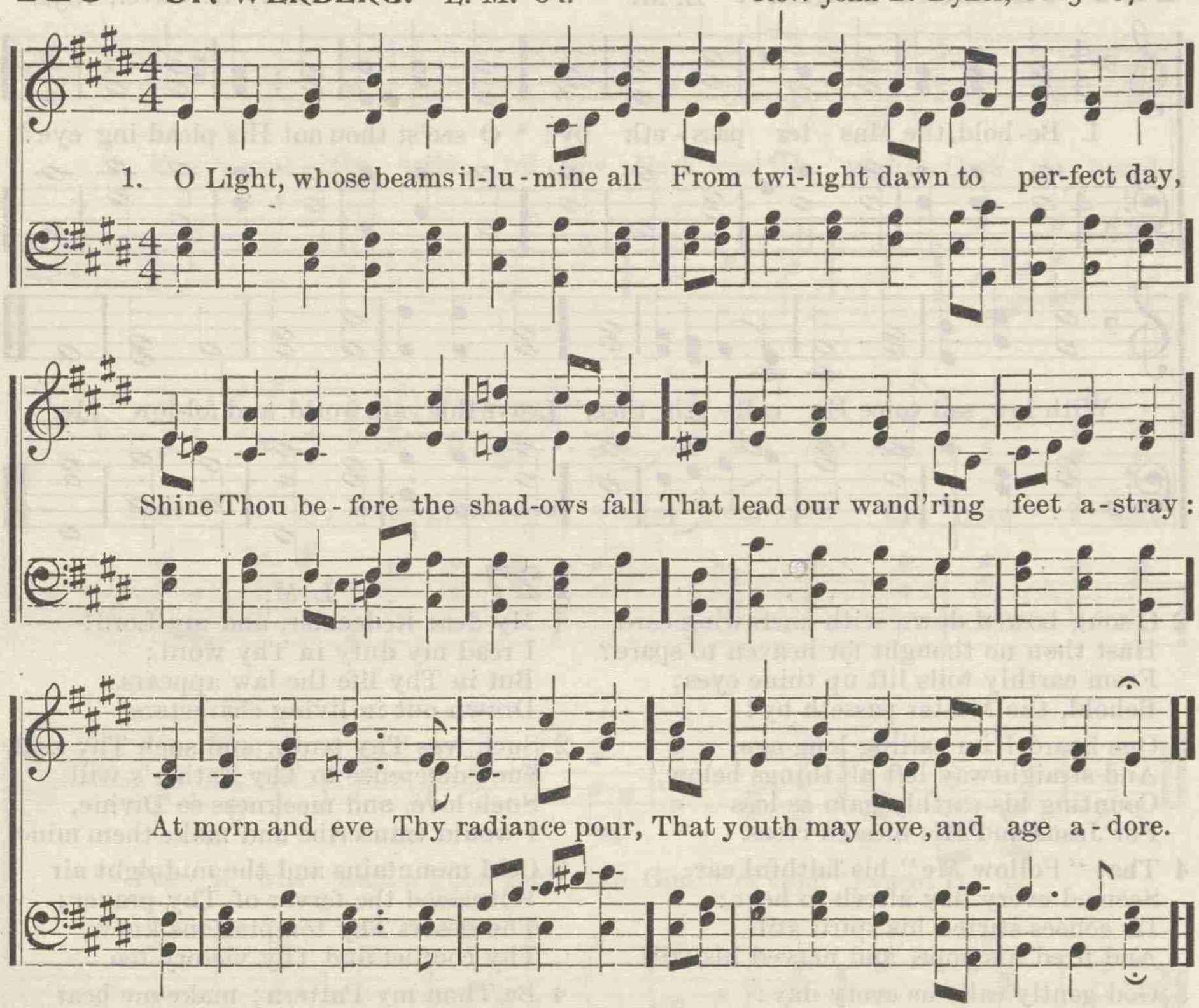
124 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Edward Miller, 1790.



125 ST. WERBERG. L. M. 61.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



(Or to Leipzig.)

2 O Way, thro' whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
The joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

Rev. Edward H. Plumptre, 1864.

124 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

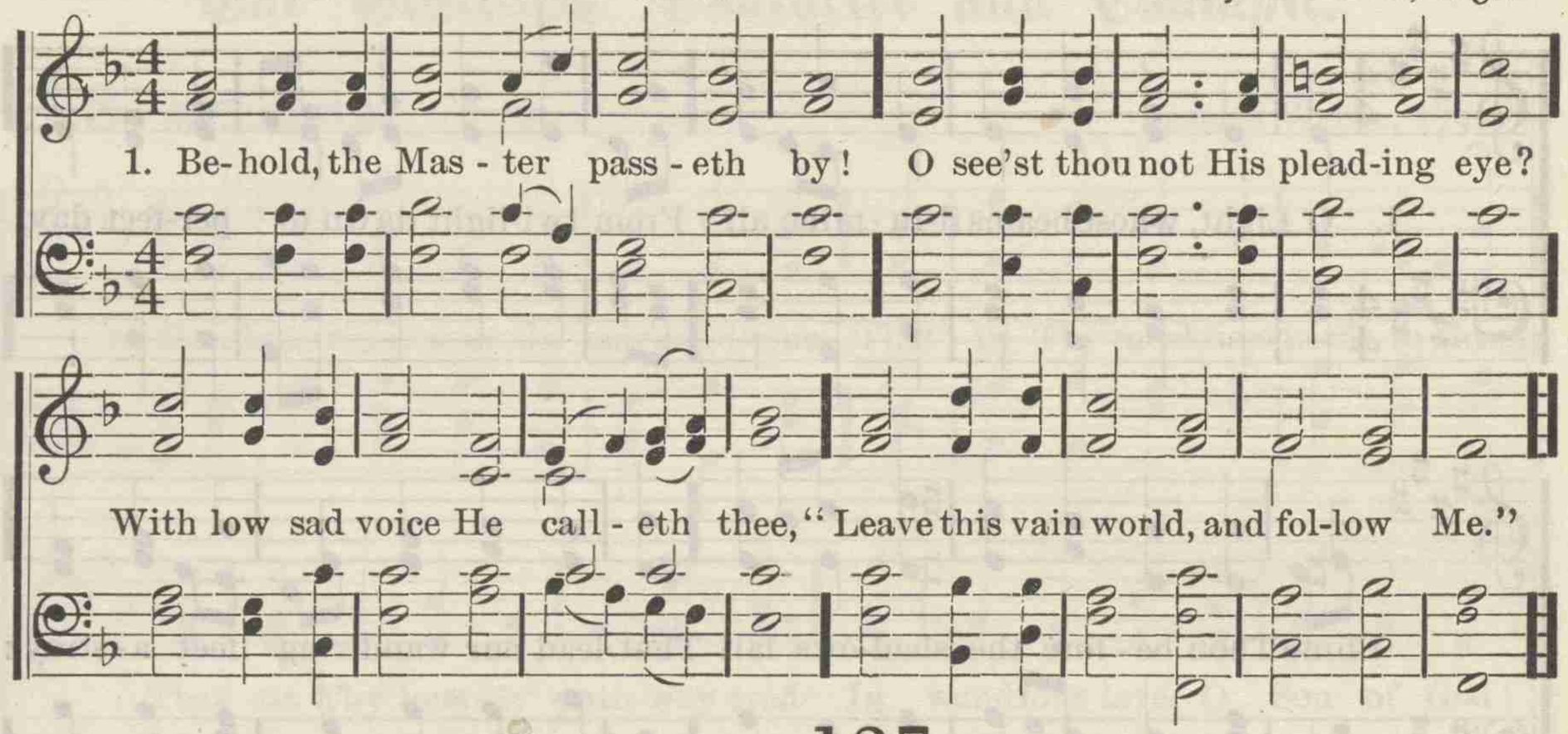
3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring, 1823.

126 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832.



2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eyes;
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessèd cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed every day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Bishop William W. How, alt. 1871.

127 L. M.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so Divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

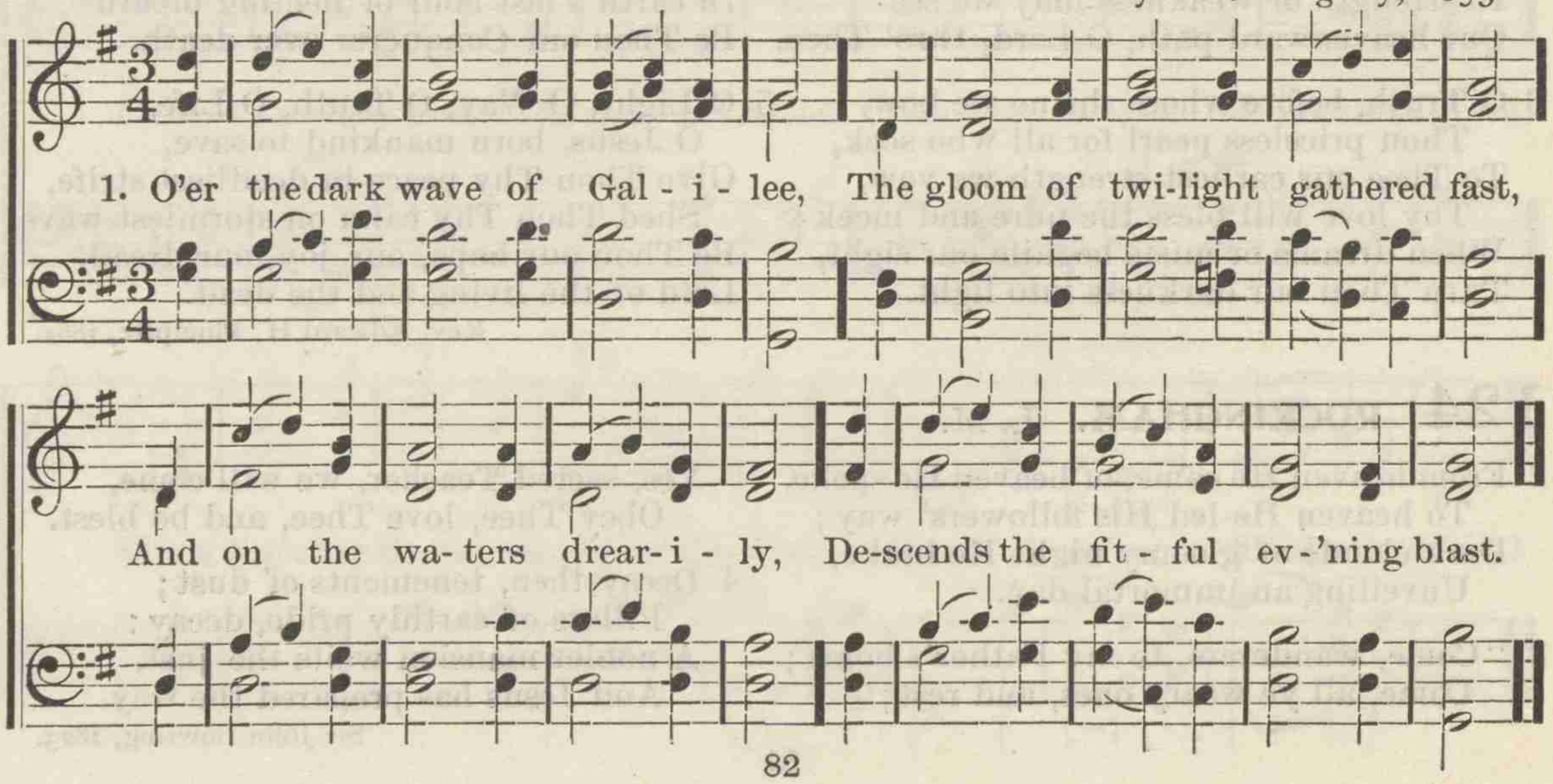
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

128 WARNER. L. M.

Gioacchino Rossini, 1792-1863.
Arr. by Geo. Kingsley, 1853.



129 ST. SOPHRONIUS. 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

Arthur H. Brown, 1830–

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower the crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth,
"Peace! It is I."

Anatolius of Constantinople, 458.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

128 WARNER. L. M.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3 Still near the lake, with weary tread
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on His lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay His head.

5 Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race
And through His poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

Wm. Russell.

130 EVAN. C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846.

131 C. M.

2 For, ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sin than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

1 Thou art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

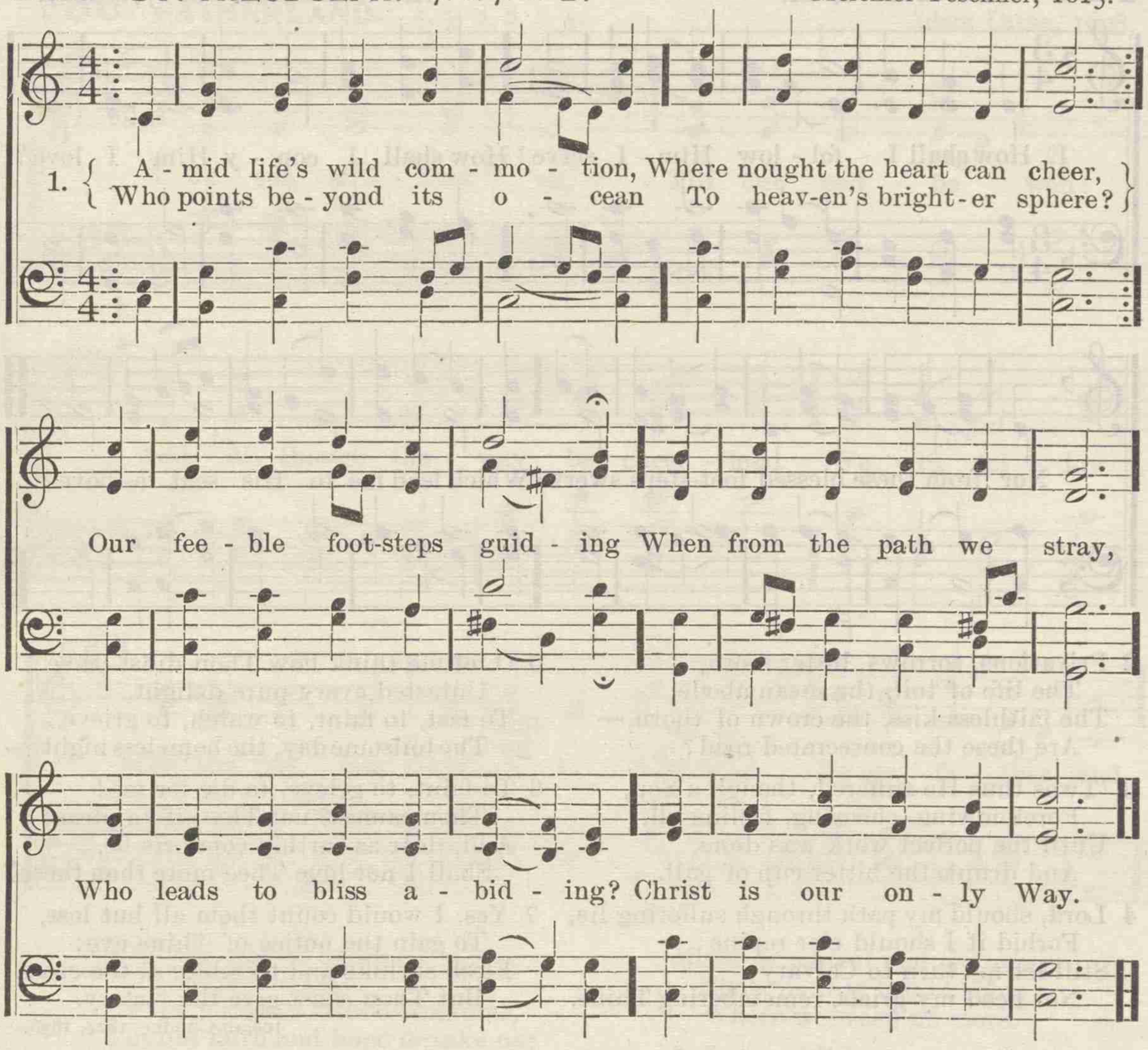
Bishop George W. Doane, 1824.

132 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837.

133 ST. THEODULPH. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 1615.



2 When doubts and fears distress us,
And all around is gloom,
And shame and fear oppress us,
Who can our souls illume?
Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,
And making all things bright,
The Sun of truth is beaming
In glory on our sight.

3 Who fills our hearts with gladness
That none can take away?
Who shows us, midst our sadness,
The distant realms of day?
Mid fears of death assailing,
Who stills the heart's wild strife?
'Tis Christ! our Friend unfailing,
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

C. Jul. Aschenfeldt, 1792-1856, Tr.

132 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

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

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

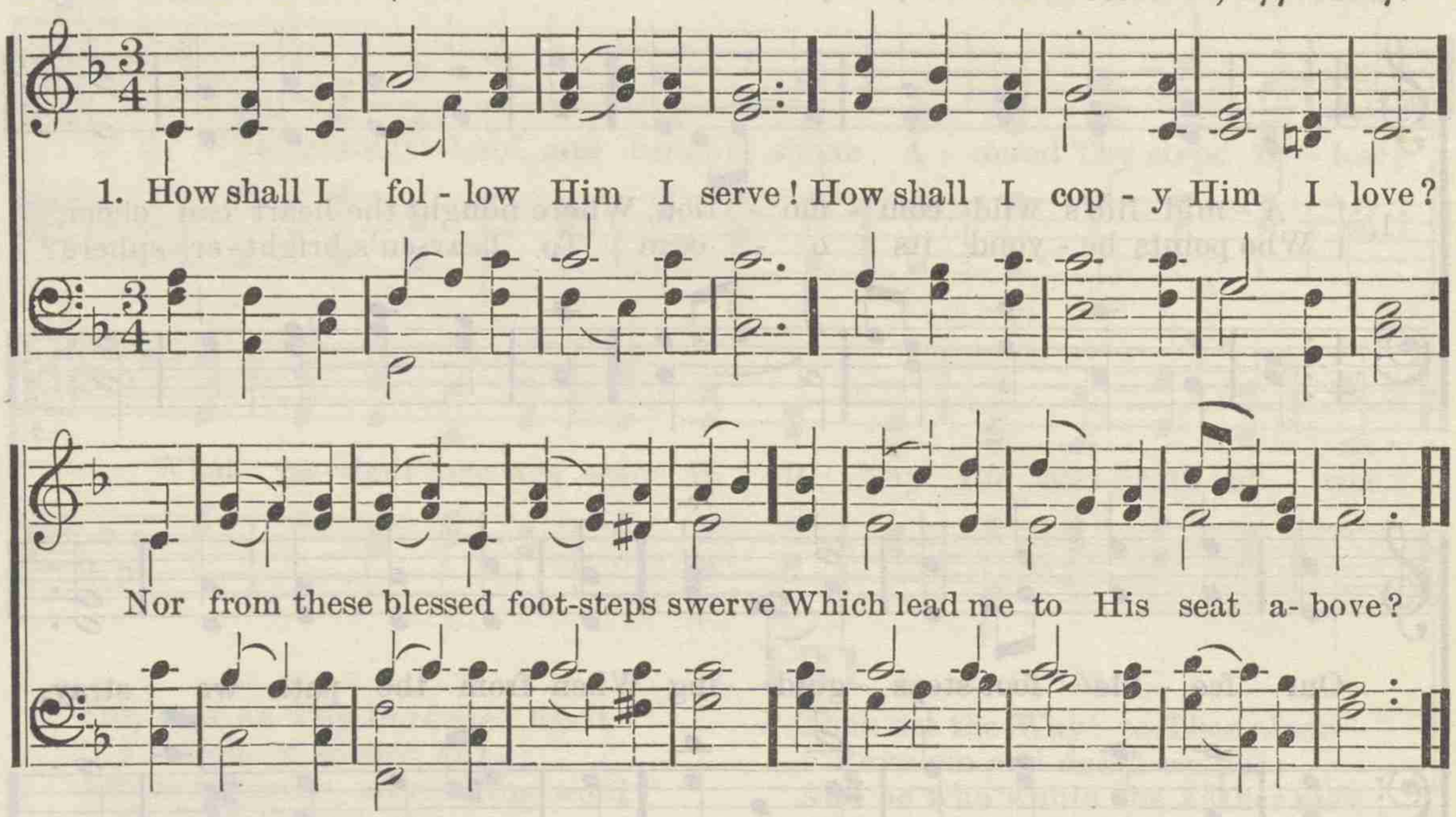
4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessèd hill.

5 By faith His boundless glories there
Our wondering eyes behold;
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

134 ALSACE. L. M.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1770–1827.



2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

7 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

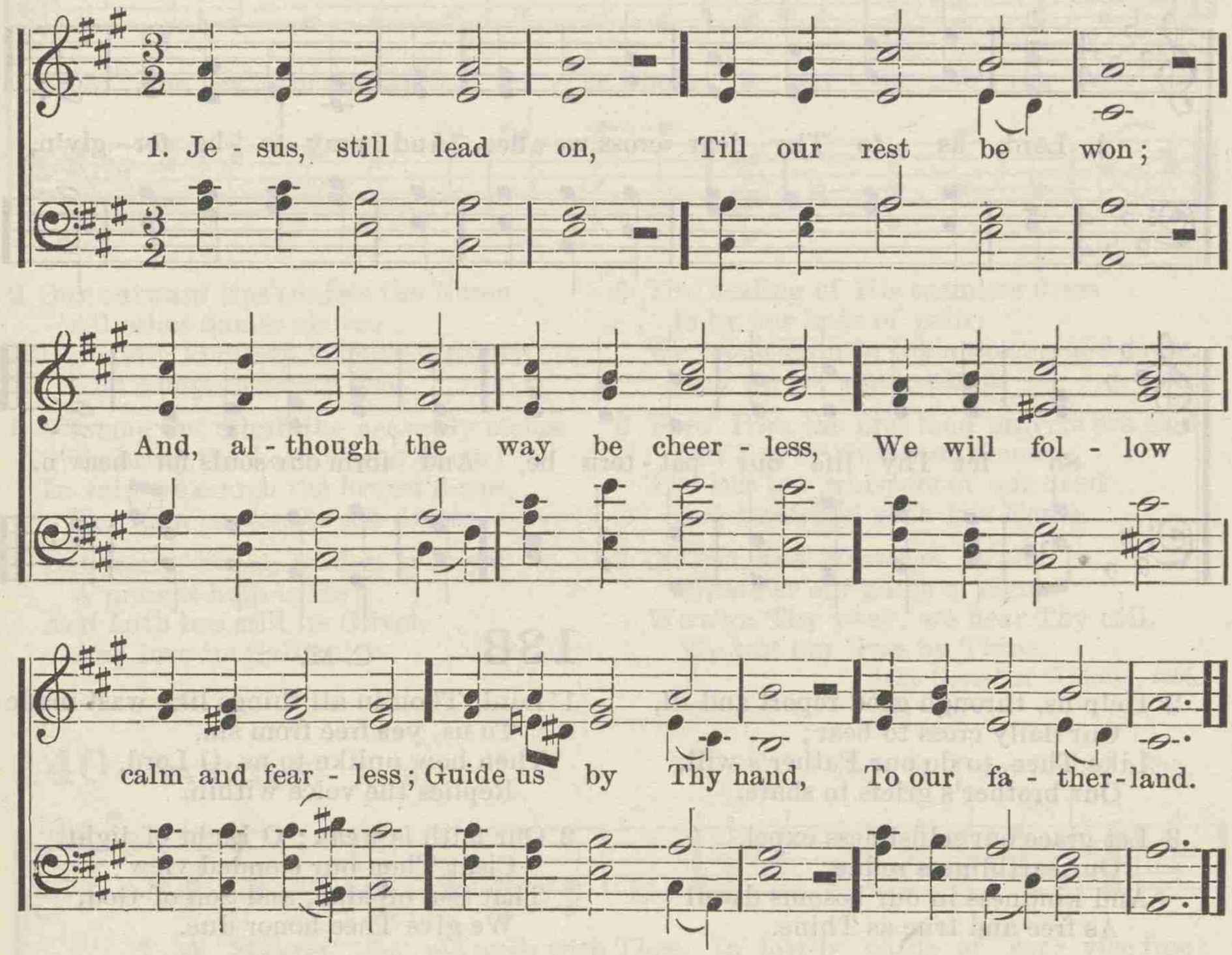
Josiah Conder, 1824, 1836.

135 QUEBEC. L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866.

136 FATHERLAND. 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

Adam Drese, 1698.



2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near.
Let no faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

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

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

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1700–1760.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853.

135 QUEBEC. L.-M.

2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And He Himself to this world came.

3 For us baptized, for us He bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore,
For us temptations sharp He knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

4 For us He preaches and He prays,
Would do all things, would try all ways;
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

5 For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed,
For us He bore the cross's death,
For us at length gave up His breath.

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

7 All honor, laud, and glory be,
O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee:
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father, and to Paraclete.

Anon. (Latin, 15th cent.)
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1854.

137 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826.

138 C. M.

1 Lord, Thou in all things like wast made
To us, yet free from sin,
Then how unlike to us, O Lord,
Replies the voice within.

2 Our faith is weak; O Light of light,
Clear Thou our clouded view;
That Son of Man, and Son of God,
We give Thee honor due.

3 O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.

4 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne:
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succoring Thine own.

5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Most blest in earth and heaven.

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"

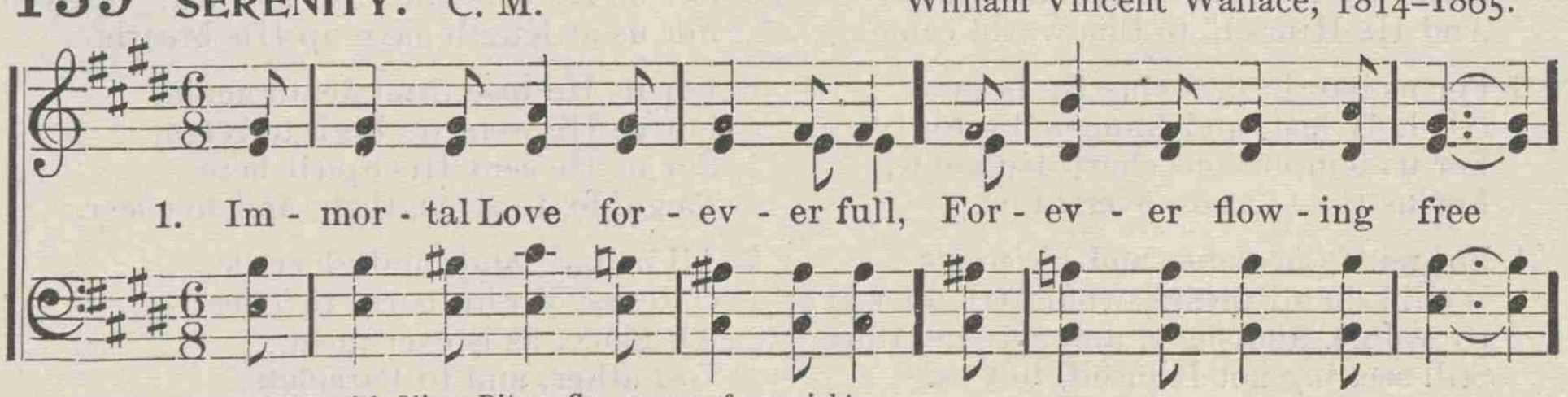
5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838.

139 SERENITY. C. M.

William Vincent Wallace, 1814–1865.



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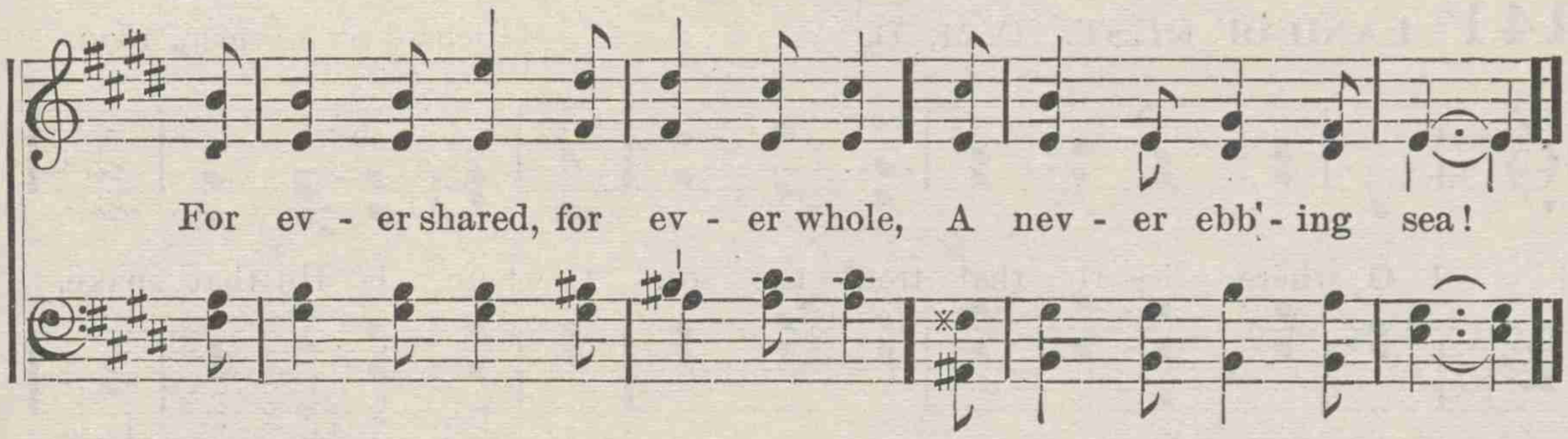


2 Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

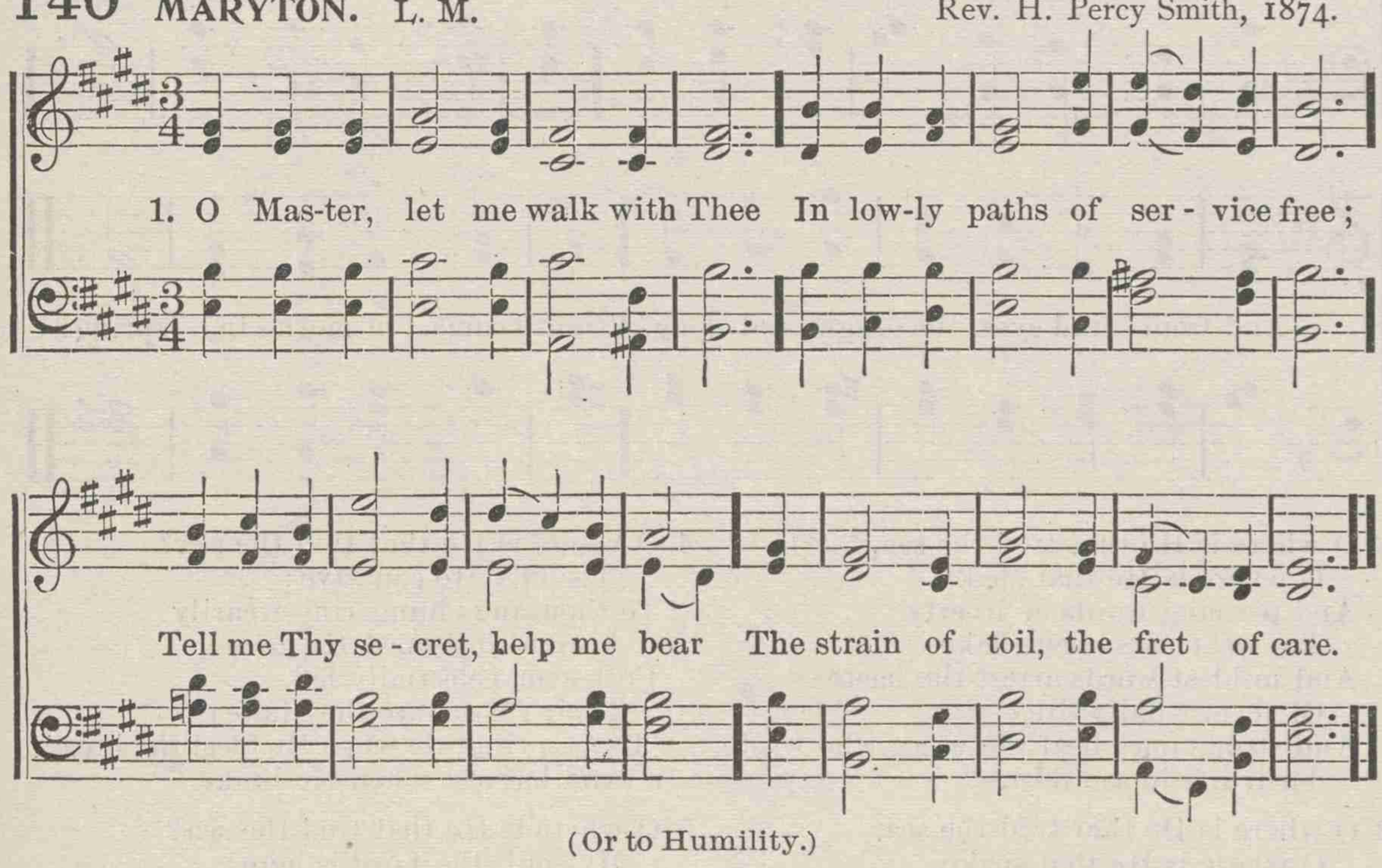
6 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

7 O Lord, and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866.

140 MARYTON. L. M.

Rev. H. Percy Smith, 1874.



(Or to Humility.)

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Rev. Washington Gladden, 1879.

141 LAND OF REST. C. M. D.

Richard S. Newman, 1879.

2 O where is He that trod the sea,
O where is He that spake,
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake;
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's daily fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire?

3 O where is He that trod the sea,
O where is He that spake,
And dark waves rolling heavily
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, "'Tis He can save?"

4 O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal He gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
And harvest when He brake.

5 O where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy.
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, 1855.

142 BAVARIA. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698.
Arr. by Ernst I. Erbe, 1895.

2 All is dying: hearts are breaking,
Which to ours were once fast bound;
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

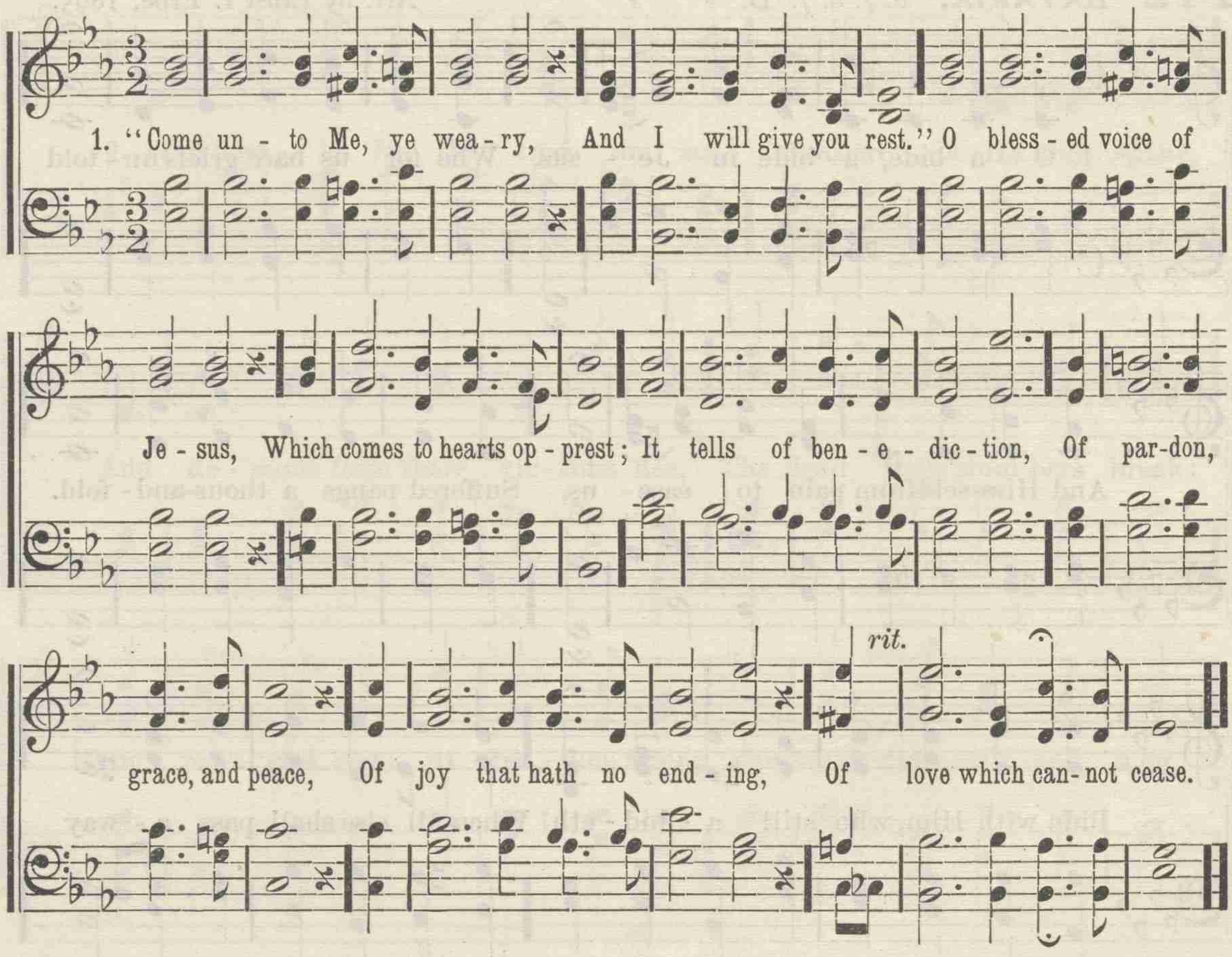
3 Every thing we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave
Earthly joys and pleasures perish
And whate'er the world e'er gave:
All is fading, all is fleeing,
Earthly flames must cease to glow;
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

4 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus stands above the dust;
"Lean on Me alone," He sayeth,
"Hope and love and firmly trust!"
O abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself for ever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives!

Carl Philip Spitta, 1801–1859.

143 THALBERG. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sigismond Thalberg, 1850.



2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night:
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

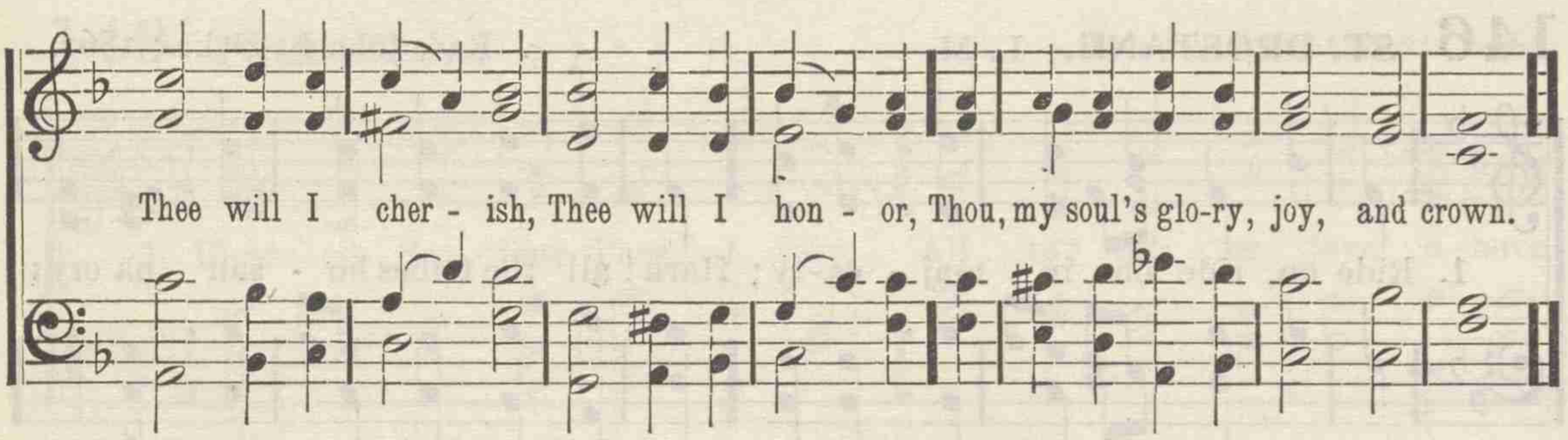
3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O, peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife:
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made me mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us,—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,—
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William C. Dix, 1867.

144 CRUSADERS' HYMN. 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

German.
Arr. by R. Storrs Willis, 1850.



2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. (German), 1677.

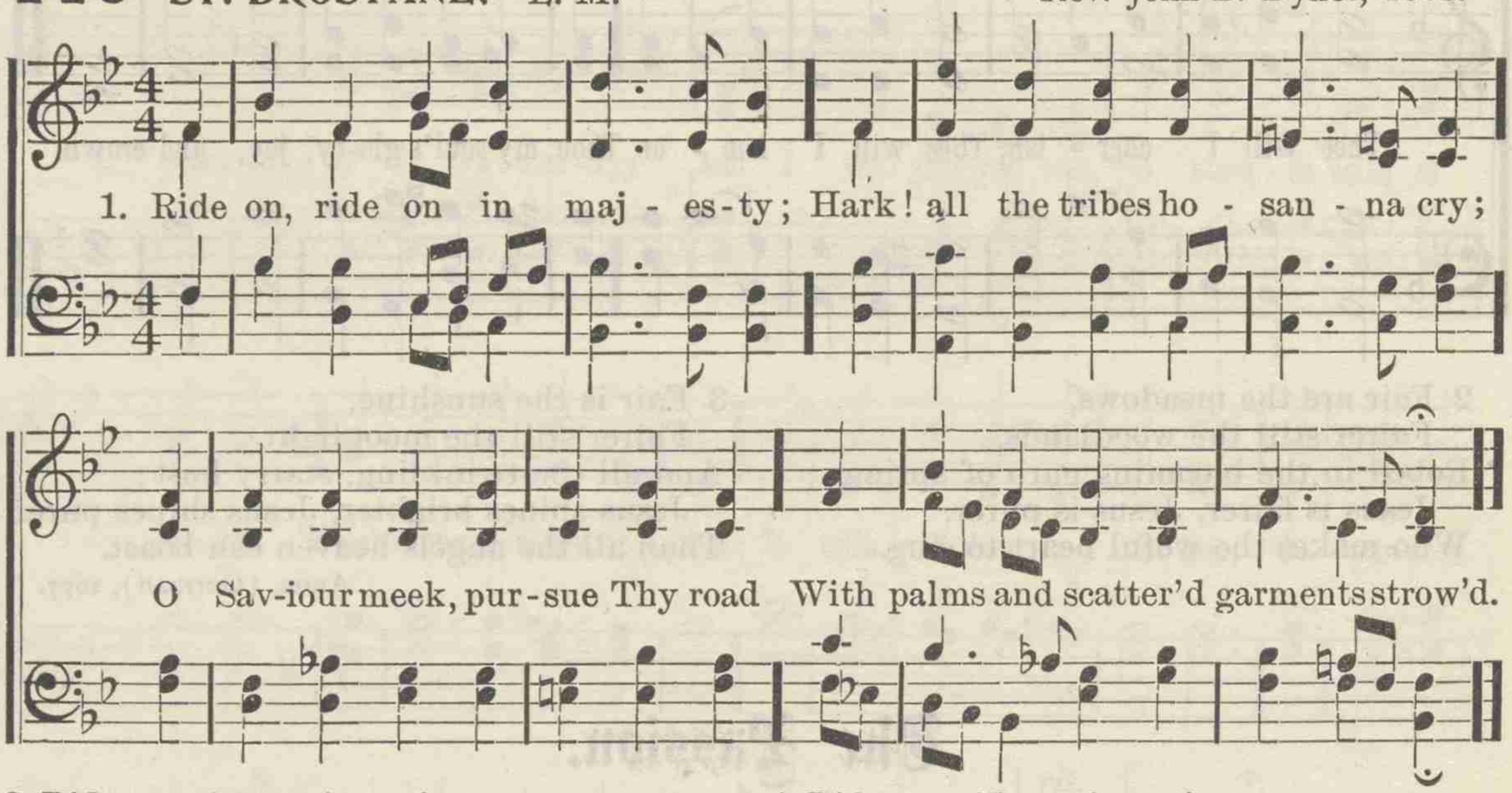
The Passion.

145 **AGNUS DEI.** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. Nicolaus Decius, 1526.

Nicolaus Decius, 1526.

146 ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes; 1862.



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

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

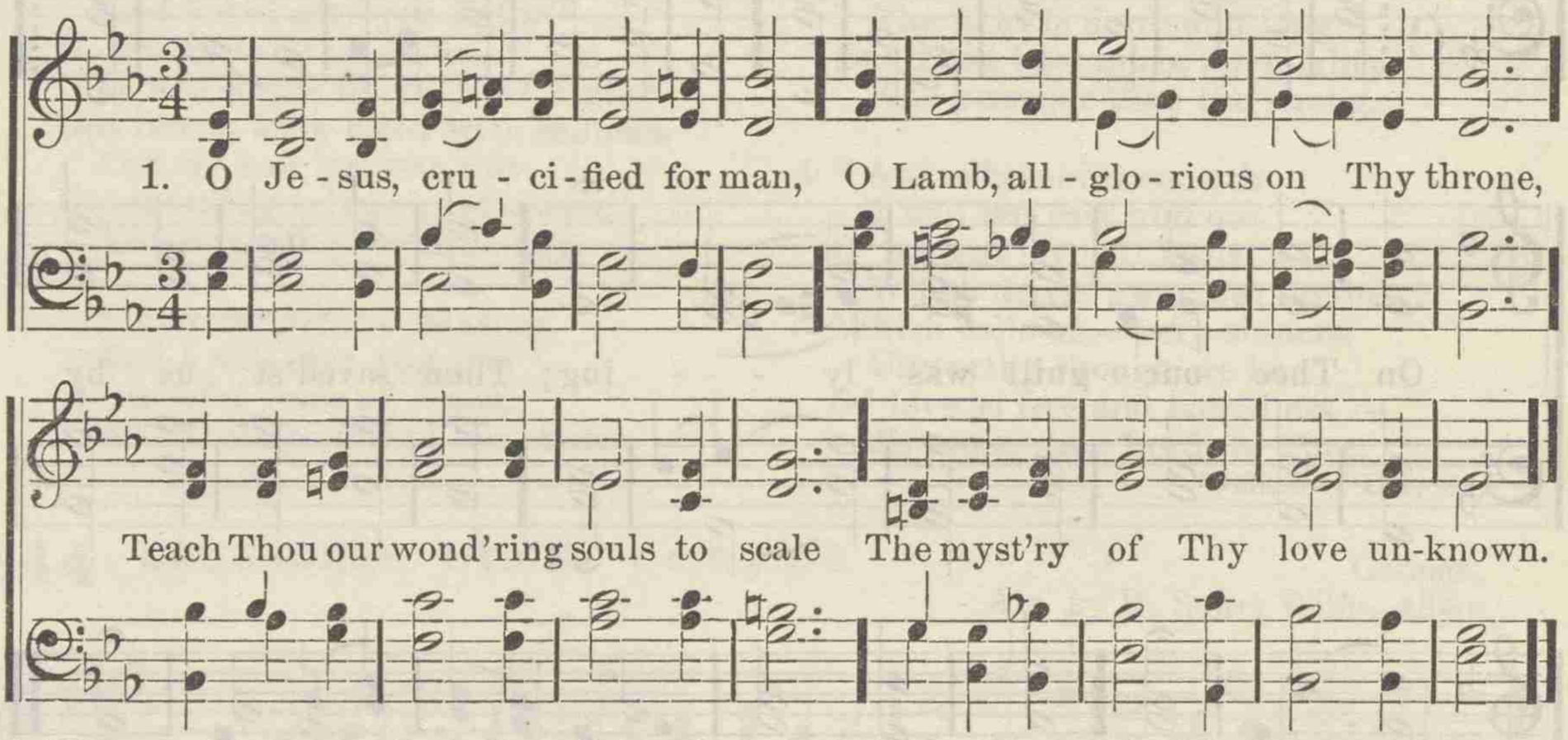
4 Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

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

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827.

147 ANGELUS. L. M.

Johann G. W. Scheffler, 1657.



2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
O may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

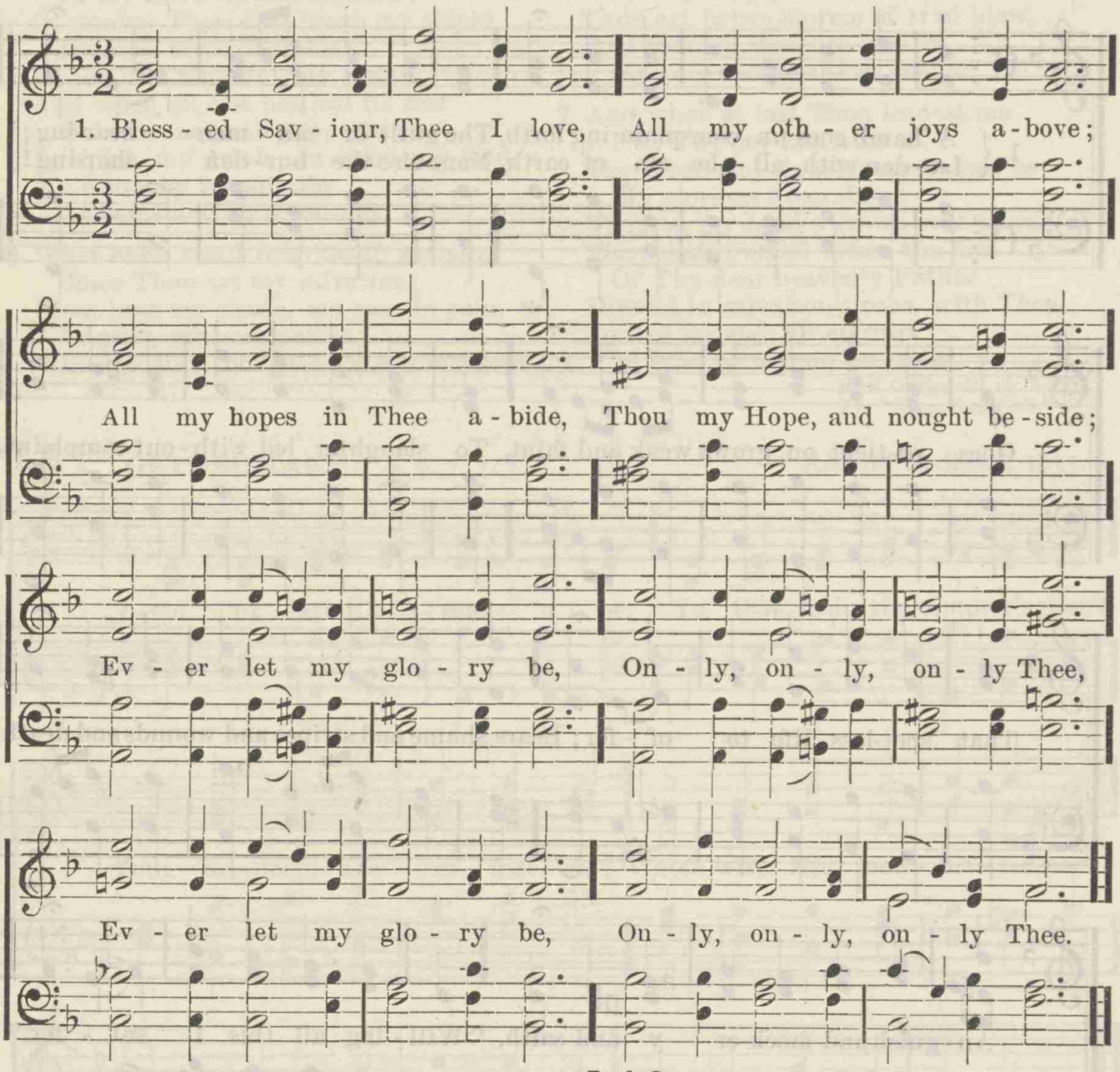
4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

Bishop William W. How, 1871

148 FREDERICA. 7. 7. 7. 7 D.

Hymns of the Church, 1869.



2 Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away;
Clouds they are that hide my day:
‖: Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus, crucified for me. :‖

3 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from Thy piercèd hand
Now I take, while here I stand;
‖: Only then I live to Thee,
When Thy wounded side I see. :‖

4 Blessèd Saviour, Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
‖: Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee! :‖

Rev. George Duffield, 1851.

149 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

1 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
‖: Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone. :‖

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
‖: Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be. :‖

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
‖: Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

150 BABYLON. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. Wolfgang Dachstein, 1524.

2 That Lamb is Lord of death and life,
God over all for ever;
The Father's Son, whom to that strife
Love doth for us deliver!
O mighty Love! what hast Thou done!
The Father offers up His Son—
The Son content descendeth!
O Love, O Love! how strong art Thou!
In shroud and grave Thou lay'st Him low
Whose word the mountain rendeth!

3 Jesus, I never can forget
The pangs Thou hast sustainèd:
I'll Thee, long as my pulse doth beat,
Adore with thanks unfeignèd;
Yea, Thou shalt be my soul's delight;
In danger's path, in sorrow's night,
My guide and consolation:
In life and death I will be Thine,
And on Thy faithfulness recline
With humble resignation.

4 My song in Thy great loveliness
Both day and night shall centre;
Amidst all wants and feebleness
I'll on Thy service venture.
My life's whole stream for Thee shall flow;
O may, by all I speak or do,
Thy holy Name be praisèd,
And all that Thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
Forever I'll impress it.

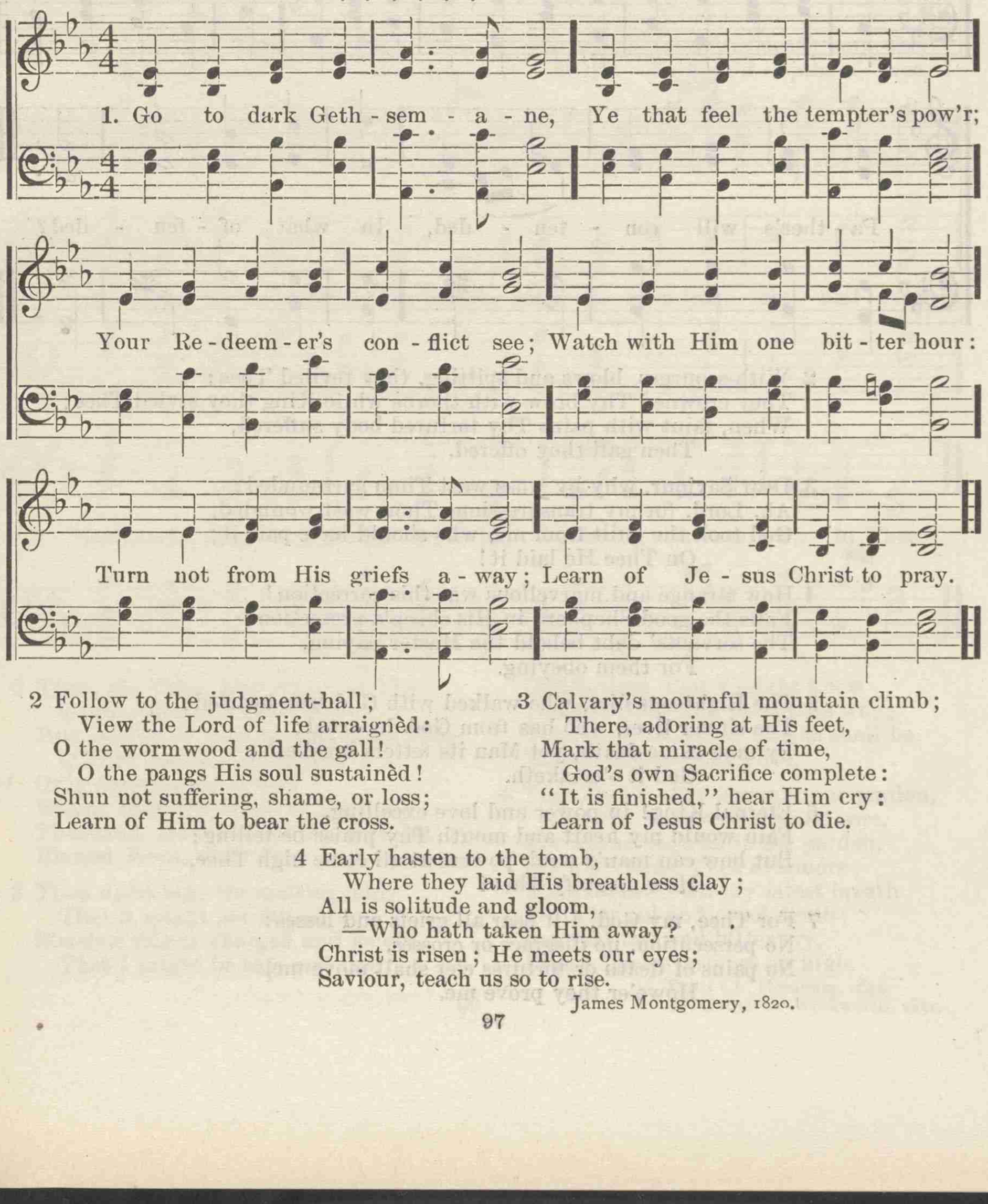
5 True comfort Thou to me canst yield
In my life's various stations;
In combat Thou dost prove my shield,
In grief, my exultation;
In joy, the music of my feast;
And when all else has lost its zest
This manna shall support me
In thirst, my drink; in want, my food,
My company in solitude,
At home and on a journey.

6 What harm can I from death sustain,
Since Thou art my salvation;
From heat my shade, my ease in pain,
In grief, my consolation;
When gloomy thoughts oppress my breast,
Thou, Lord, alone canst give me rest;
'Tis by Thy power I conquer:
Thou art, when storms of trial blow,
And toss my vessel to and fro,
My sure and steadfast anchor.

7 And when at last Thou leadest me
Into Thy joy and heaven,
Thy blood and righteousness shall be
My glorious decoration:
Thou on my head a crown wilt place,
Then shall I stand before the face
Of Thy dear heavenly Father
Dressed in salvation's robe, with Thee
To live through all eternity
In bliss no tongue can utter.

Paul Gerhardt, 1606–1676.
Tr. "Moravian Coll."

151 GETHSEMANE. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Richard Redhead, 1853.



2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraignèd:
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustainèd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

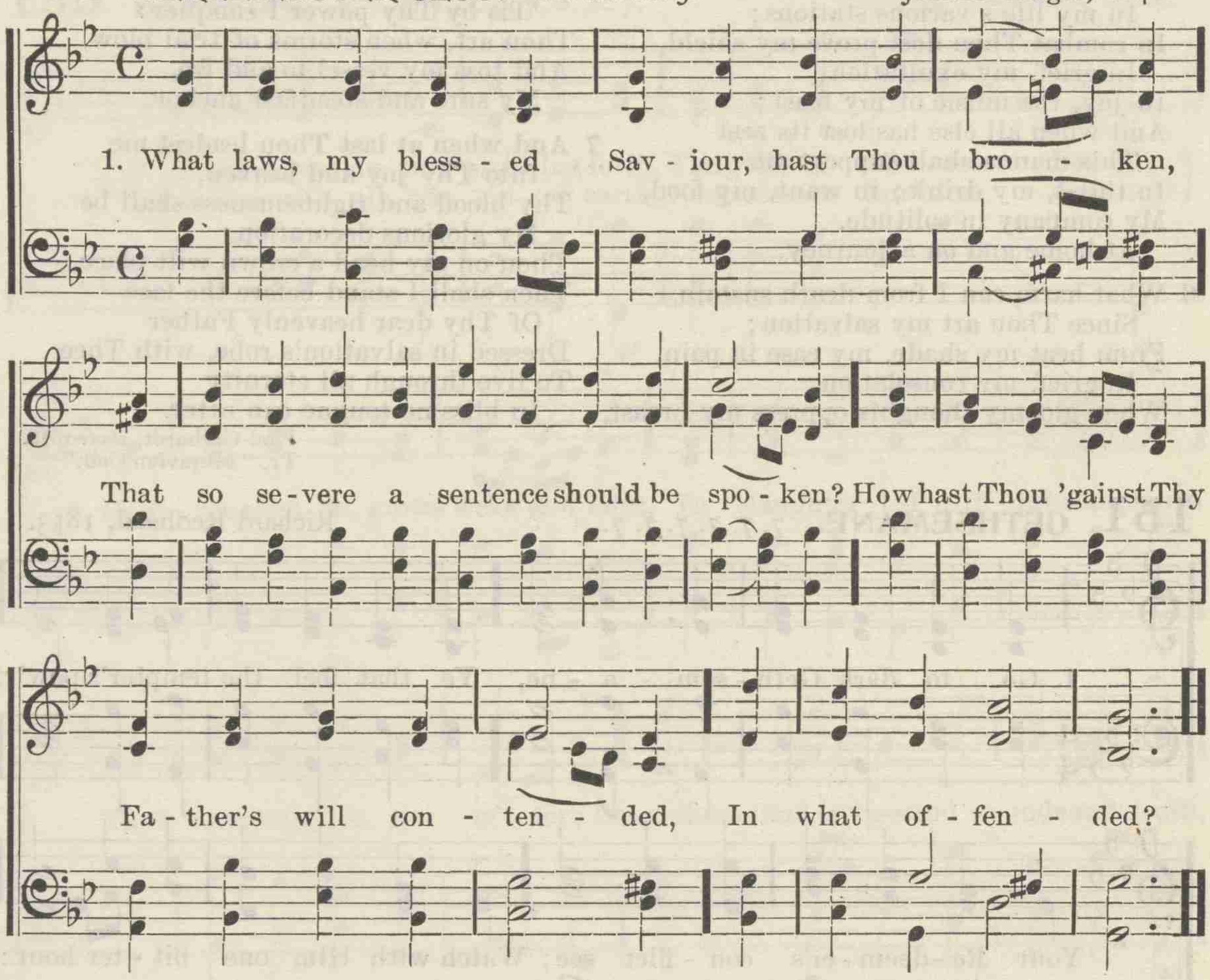
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
—Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820.

152 HERZLIEBSTER JESU. 11. 11. 11. 5.

Johann Crüger, 1640.



2 With scourges, blows and spitting, they reviled Thee:
They crowned Thy brow with thorns while King they styled Thee;
When, faint with pains Thy tortured body suffered,
Then gall they offered.

3 Dear Saviour, why by woes wast Thou surrounded?
Ah, Lord, for my transgressions Thou wast wounded,
God took the guilt from me, who should have paid it;
On Thee He laid it!

4 How strange and marvellous was this correction!
Falls the good Shepherd in His sheep's protection;
The servants' debt behold the Master paying,
For them obeying.

5 The Righteous dies, who walked with God true-hearted:
The sinner lives, who has from God departed;
By man came death, yet Man its fetters breaketh;
God it o'ertaketh.

6 Eternal King! in power and love excelling,
Fain would my heart and mouth Thy praise be telling;
But how can man's weak powers at all come nigh Thee,
How magnify Thee?

7 For Thee, my God, I'll bear all griefs and losses:
No persecution, no disgrace or crosses,
No pains of death or tortures e'er shall move me,
Howe'er they prove me.

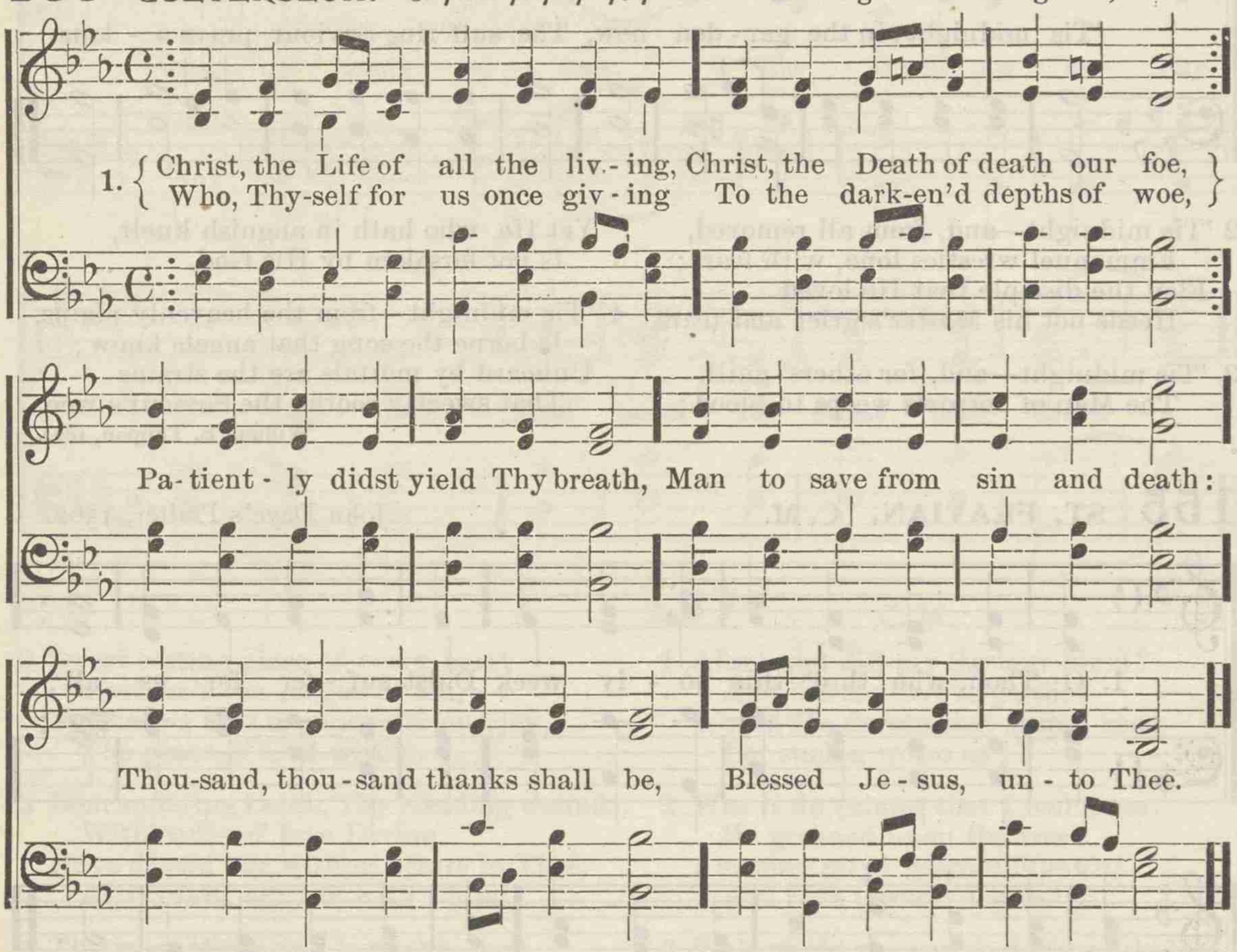
8 This, though at little value Thou dost set it,
Yet Thou, O gracious Lord, wilt not forget it;
E'en this Thou wilt accept with grace and favor,
My blessèd Saviour.

9 But since I have not strength to flee temptation
To crucify each sinful inclination,
O let Thy Spirit, grace, and strength provide me,
And gently guide me.

10 And when, O Christ, before Thy throne so glorious,
Upon my head is placed the crown victorious,
Thy praise I will, while heaven's full choir is ringing,
Be ever singing.

Johann Heermann, 1630.
Tr. Frances Eliz. Cox, 1841.

153 GUETERSLOH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch, 1661.



2 Thou, ah, Thou, hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God!
Only thus for me to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

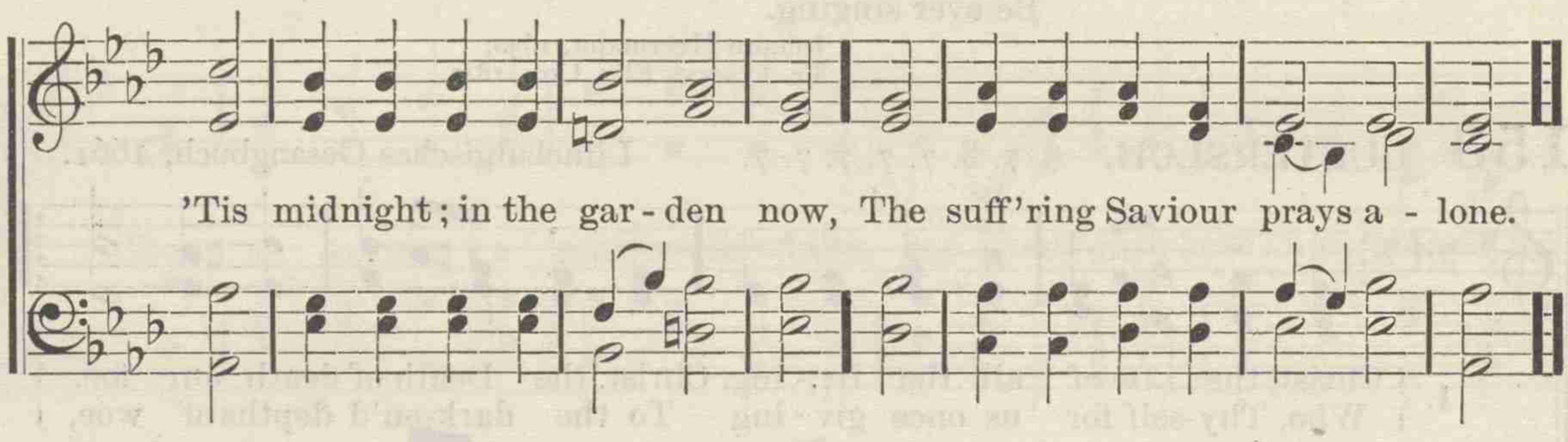
3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with my latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death;
For that last and bitter cry,
Praise Thee evermore on high.

Ernst Ch. Homburg, 1659.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1851.

154 OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1853.



2 'Tis midnight—and, from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

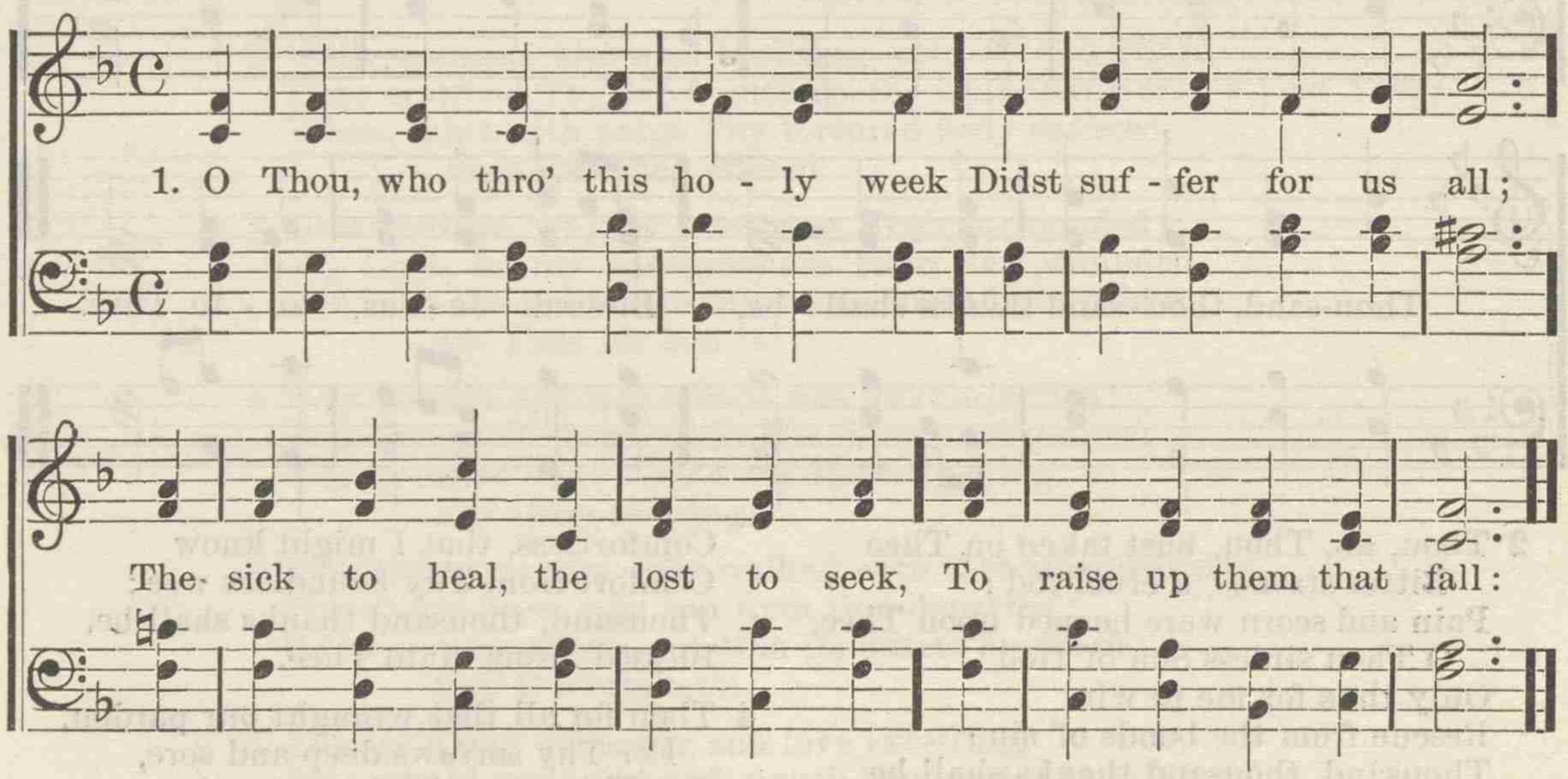
3 'Tis midnight—and, for others' guilt,
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight—from the heavenly plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822.

155 ST. FLAVIAN. C. M.

John Daye's Psalter, 1562.



2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hand the victory won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 To God, the blessèd Three in One,
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1842.

156 MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from Gioacchino Rossini, 1792–1868.

157 C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When He, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

2 Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

3 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love Divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And linked our life with Thine.

4 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all, below, above,
Redeemed and blest by Thee.

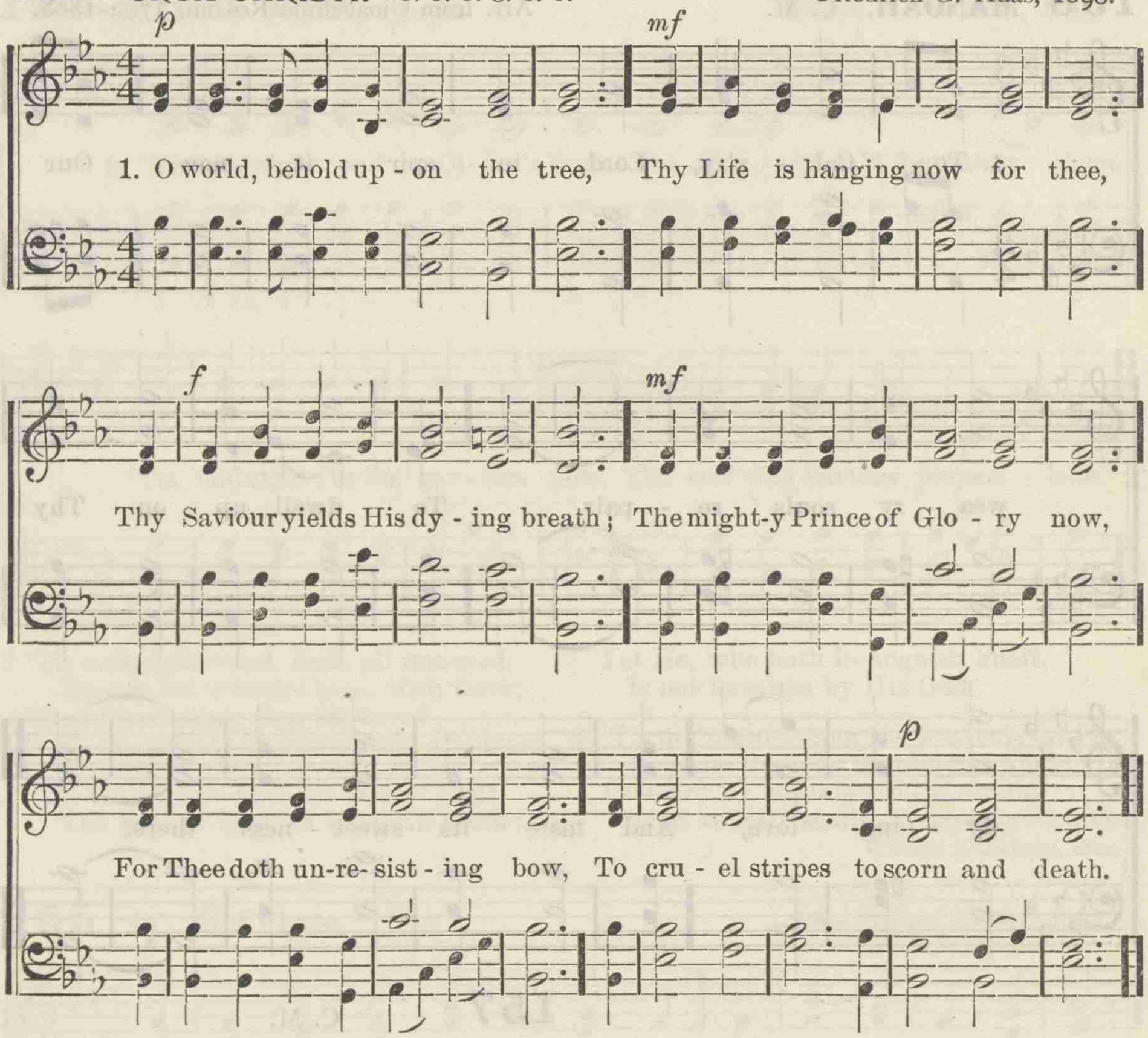
5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessèd brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

6 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call!
Come, claim Thine ancient power and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

Sir Samuel Denny, 1839.

158 CRUX CHRISTI. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Friedrich G. Haas, 1898.



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2 Draw near, O world! and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How sore His conflict with the foe;
And hark! how from that noble heart
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start,
From depths of yet unfathomed woe.

3 Alas! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus?
For Thou art good, hast wrongèd none;
As we and ours too oft have done:
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us.

4 I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony.
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

5 'Tis I to whom these pains belong,
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains;
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,
For she hath well deserved such pains.

6 Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,
That weighed my spirit to the ground.
Yea: Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee:
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

7 Thy cross shall be before my sight
My hope, my joy by day and night,
Whate'er I do, where'er I rove;
And, gazing, I will gather thence
The form of spotless innocence,
The seal of faultless truth and love.

8 And I will nail me to Thy cross,
And learn to count all things but dross
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take:
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,
With all the strength that in me lies,
Will I cast from me and forsake.

9 Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppressed,
Shall be with me, when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
And enter with Thee into rest.

Paul Gerhardt, 1606–1676, Tr.

159 ECCE AGNUS. 6. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4. Old Melody.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast;
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

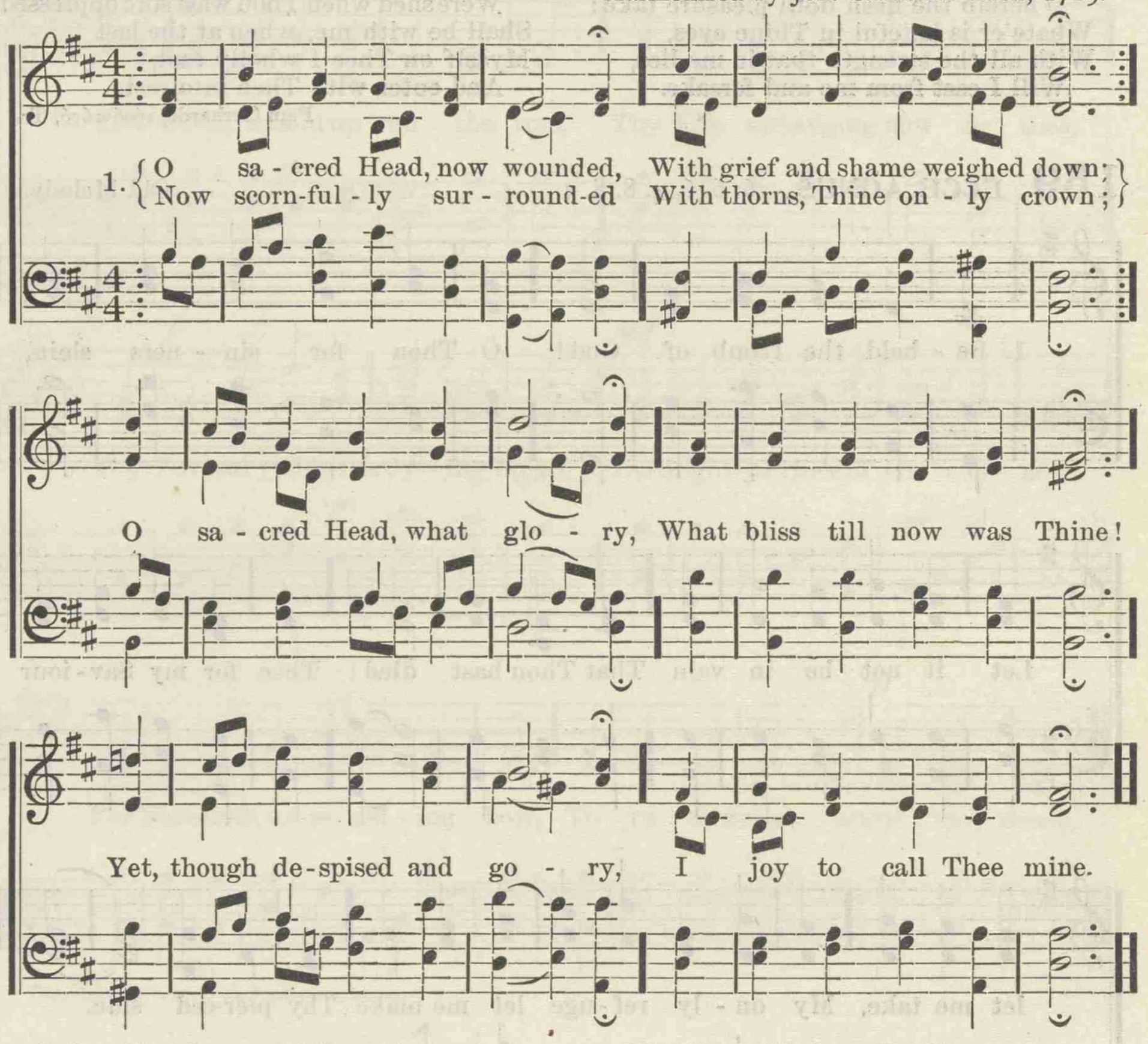
3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;
Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us, with all Thy blessèd saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

160 PASSION CHORALE. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601.
Harmonized by Joh. Sabastian Bach, 1729.



2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

4 Receive me, my Redeemer:
My Shepherd, make me Thine;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

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

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

7 And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By Thine own pain and woe.

8 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Ascribed to Benard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153.
Tr. Paul Gerhardt, 1656.
Tr. Rev. James W. Alexander, 1830.

161 LUDWIGSBURG. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Louis Bourgeois, 1500–1565 (?)

2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Though we see Thee wounded bleeding,
See Thy thorn-encircled brow?
Yet Thy sinless death hath brought us
Life eternal, peace and rest;
Only what Thy grace hath taught us
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning,
With more fervent love for Thee;
May our eyes be ever turning
To Thy cross of agony;
Till in glory, parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven in our hearts for ever,
Dwell the cross, the Crucified.

Jerome Savonarola, d. 1498, **Tr.**

162 STRENGTH AND STAY. 11. 10. 11. 10. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came:
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

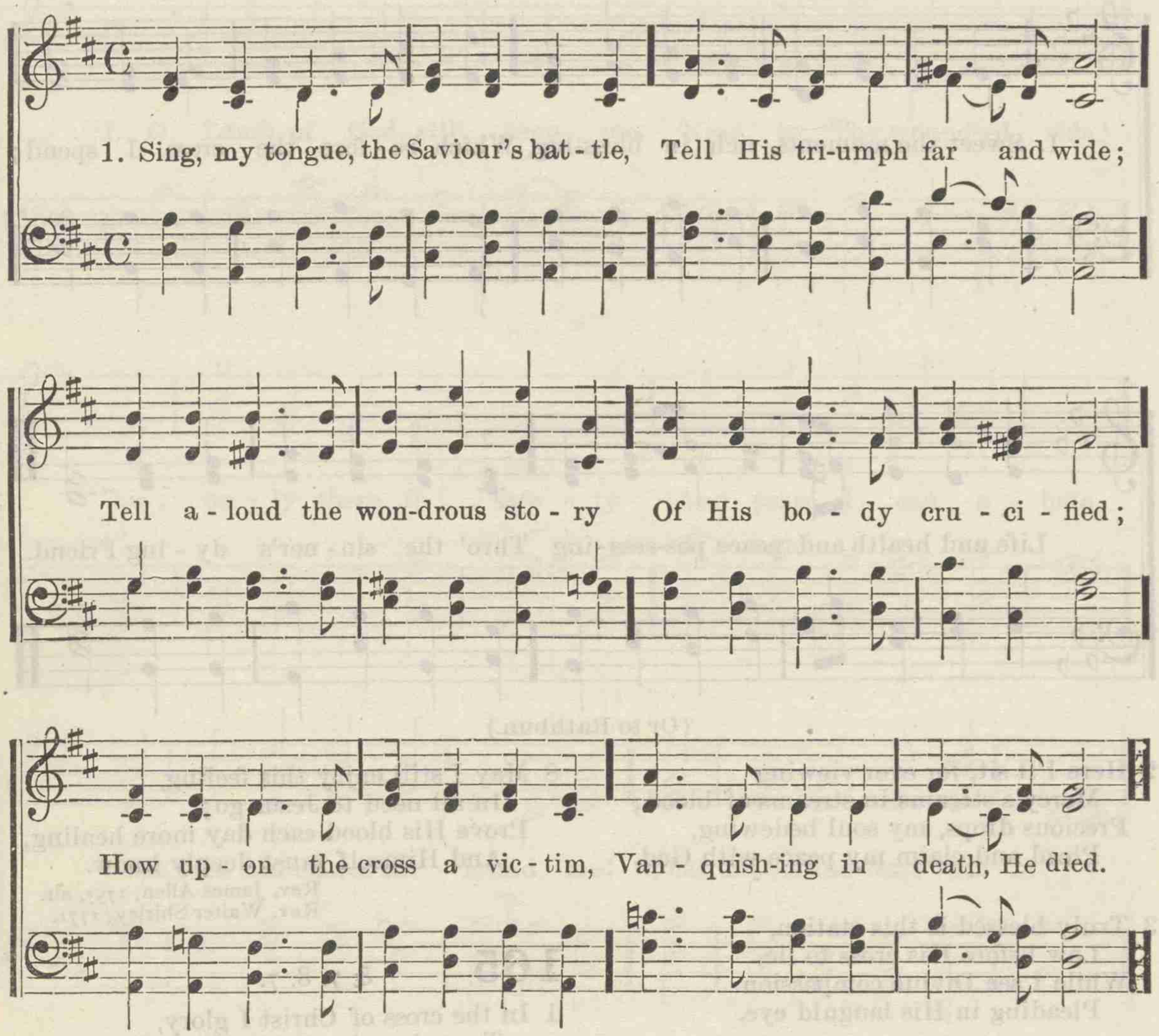
3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain.

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5 O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

Rev. Jacques Bridaine, 1701–1767.
Tr. Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1887.

163 GLORIOSI PRAELIUM. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. Henry Lahee, 1872.



2 Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man has sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second tree prepare,
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

3 So, when now at length the fullness
Of the time foretold drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high,
From the Virgin's womb appearing
Clothed in our humanity.

4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain;
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
He, the Lamb upon the altar
Of the cross, for us was slain.

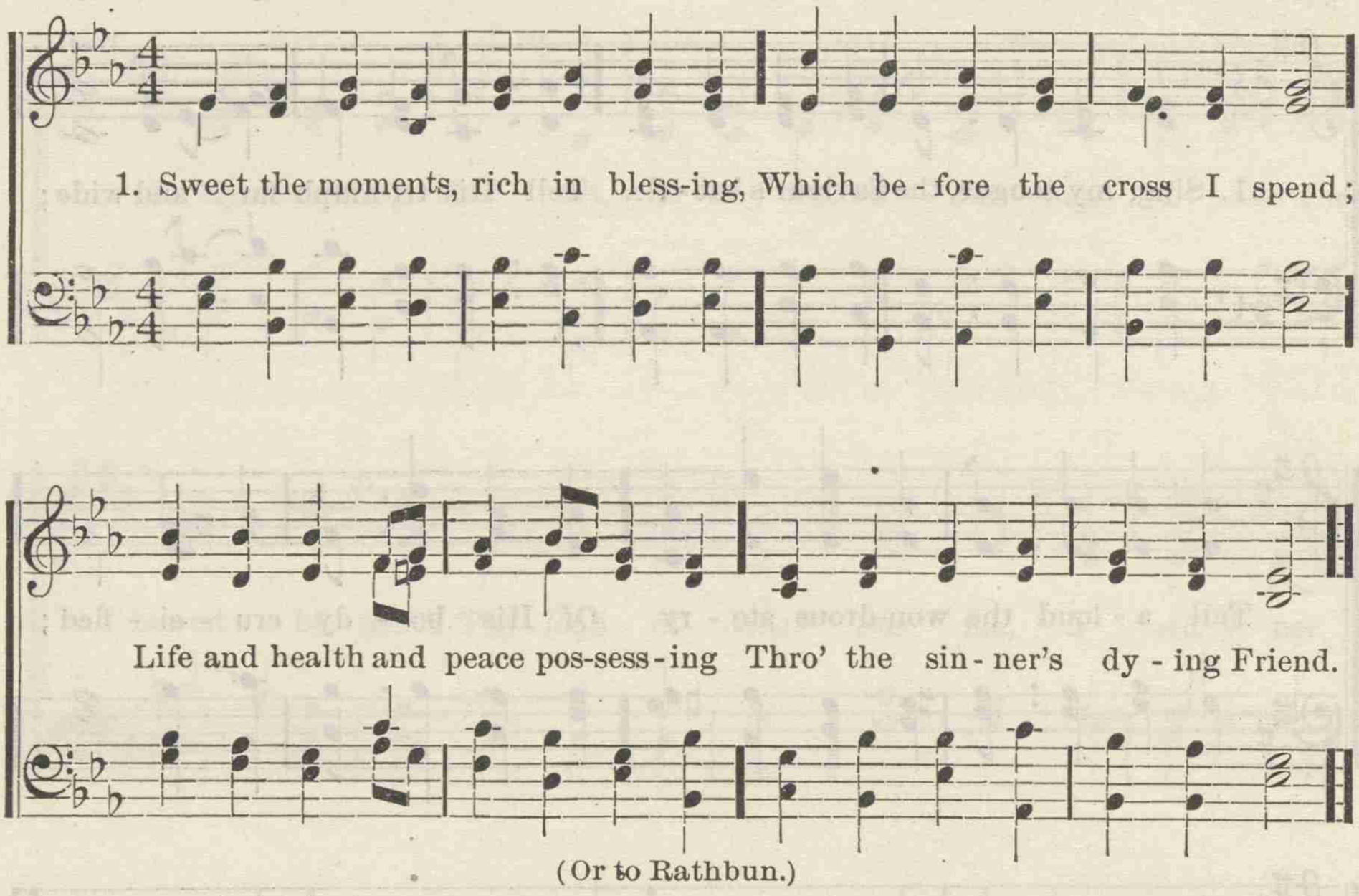
5 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches
See the thorns upon His brow;
Nails His tender flesh are rending;
See, His side is piercèd now;
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

6 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honor, glory and dominion
And eternal victory.

Venantius Fortunatus, 575.
Tr. Rev. Edw. Caswall, 1814–1878.

164 RINGE RECHT. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Gnaudauer Choralbuch, 1735.



(Or to Rathbun.)

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

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Pleading in His languid eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

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

8 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself must deeply know.

Rev. James Allen, 1757, alt.
Rev. Walter Shirley, 1771.

165 8. 7. 8. 7.

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

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

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

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

166 DIES DOMINICA. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1860.

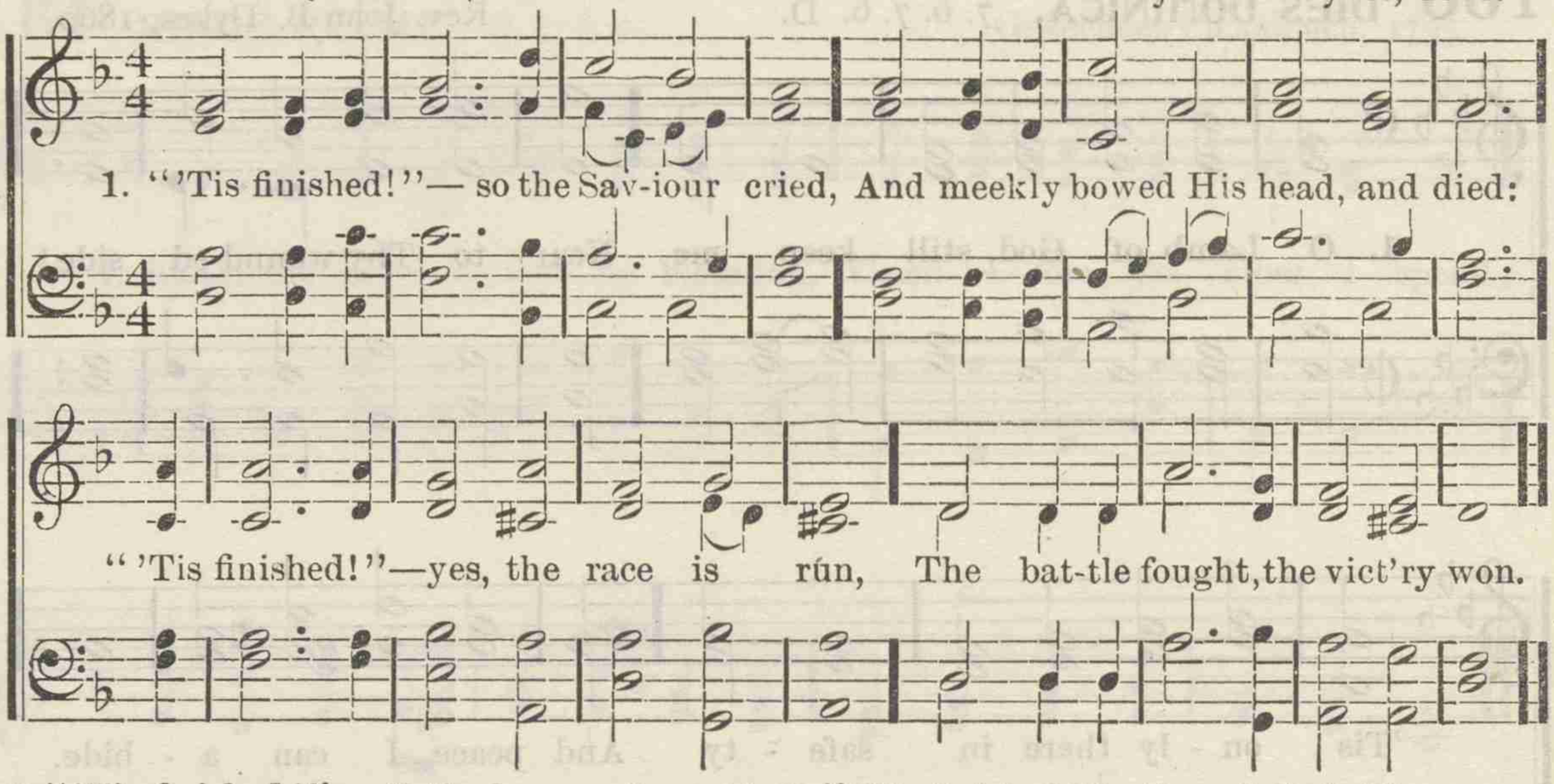
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er ev'ry hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy pow'r and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842.

167 ST. CROSS. L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1860.



2 "'Tis finished!"—all the heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

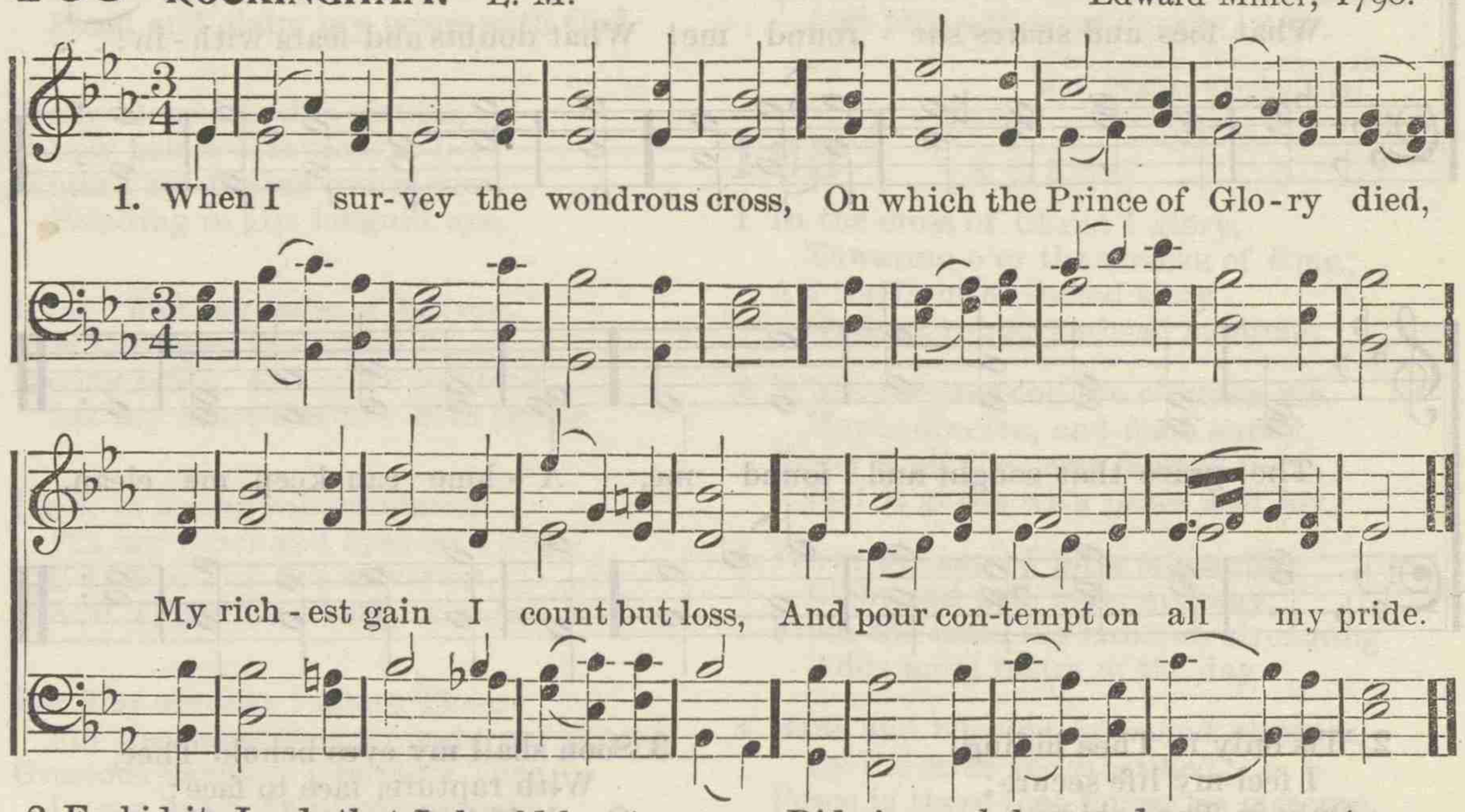
3 "'Tis finished!"—Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet, our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"'Tis finished!"—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

168 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Edward Miller, 1790.



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

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

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

169 RAMOTH. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867.

2 In the midst of sin and strife,
In the depths of mortal woe,
Teach us, Lord, to live a life
Meet for sojourners below.
Though the road be oft-times dark,
Though the feet in weakness stray,
Lead us, Saviour, as the ark
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone
When the vale of death we tread,
Then be all Thy mercy shown,
Then be all Thy love displayed;
Guard us in that darksome hour,
Lead us to the land of rest,
When, secure from Satan's power,
We may lie upon Thy breast.

Rev. Albert E. Evans, 1867.

170 GENOA. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838—1896.

2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load ;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

3 Love its fullness there unfolding,
Stand we here in joy beholding,
To the exiled sons of men ;
Love, the gladness past all naming,
Of an open heaven proclaiming,
Love that bids us enter in.

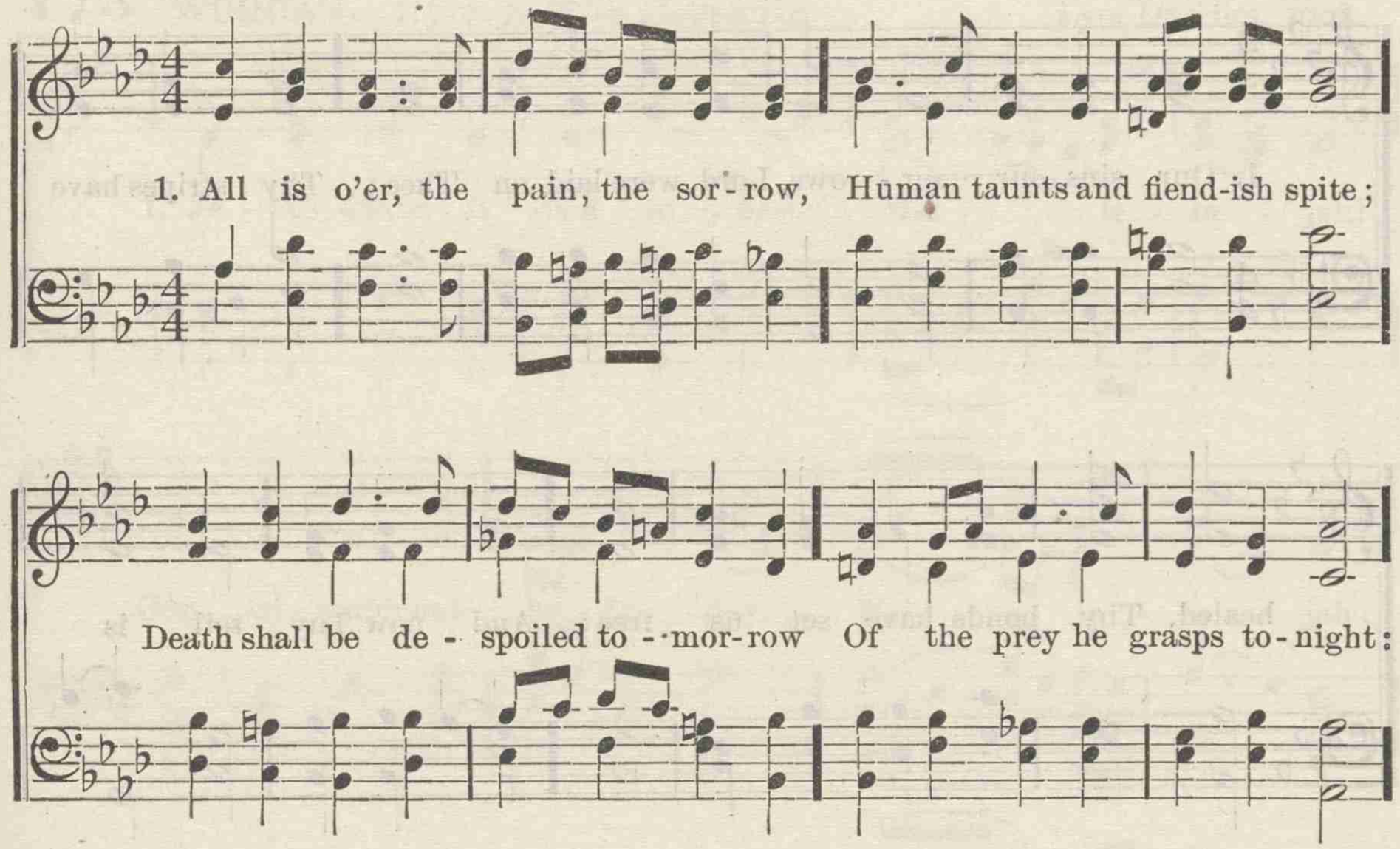
4 God is Love ;—we read the writing,
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there,
God is Light ;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming
So divinely sweet and fair.

5 Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever-changing earth ;
Centre of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of nature's second birth.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846.

171 REQUIEM. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Wilhelm Schulthes, 1868.



2 Dark and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er:
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head

4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low:
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and hell at length are slain!
Christ hath triumphed! Christ doth reign!"

Rev. John Moultrie, 1836.

172 EVENTIDE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861.

2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease.
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep:
Thy Father giveth His Belovèd sleep.

3 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, Love of Love,
Eternal, filling all created things
With Thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings!

4 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch for day;
O let Thine angel roll the stone away!

5 O by Thy life within us, set us free!
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee!
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

Edward William Eddis, 1864.

The Resurrection.

173 **WORGAN.** 7. 7. 7. 7. With Hallelujah. Lyra Davidica, 1708.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

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

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.
Hallelujah!

Anon., 1708.

174 SALVE, FESTA DIES. 11. 11. 11. 11.

John Baptiste Calkin, 1870.

1. Welcome, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is
vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing,
God for ev - er - more; Him, their true Creator, all His works a-dore.

poco rit.

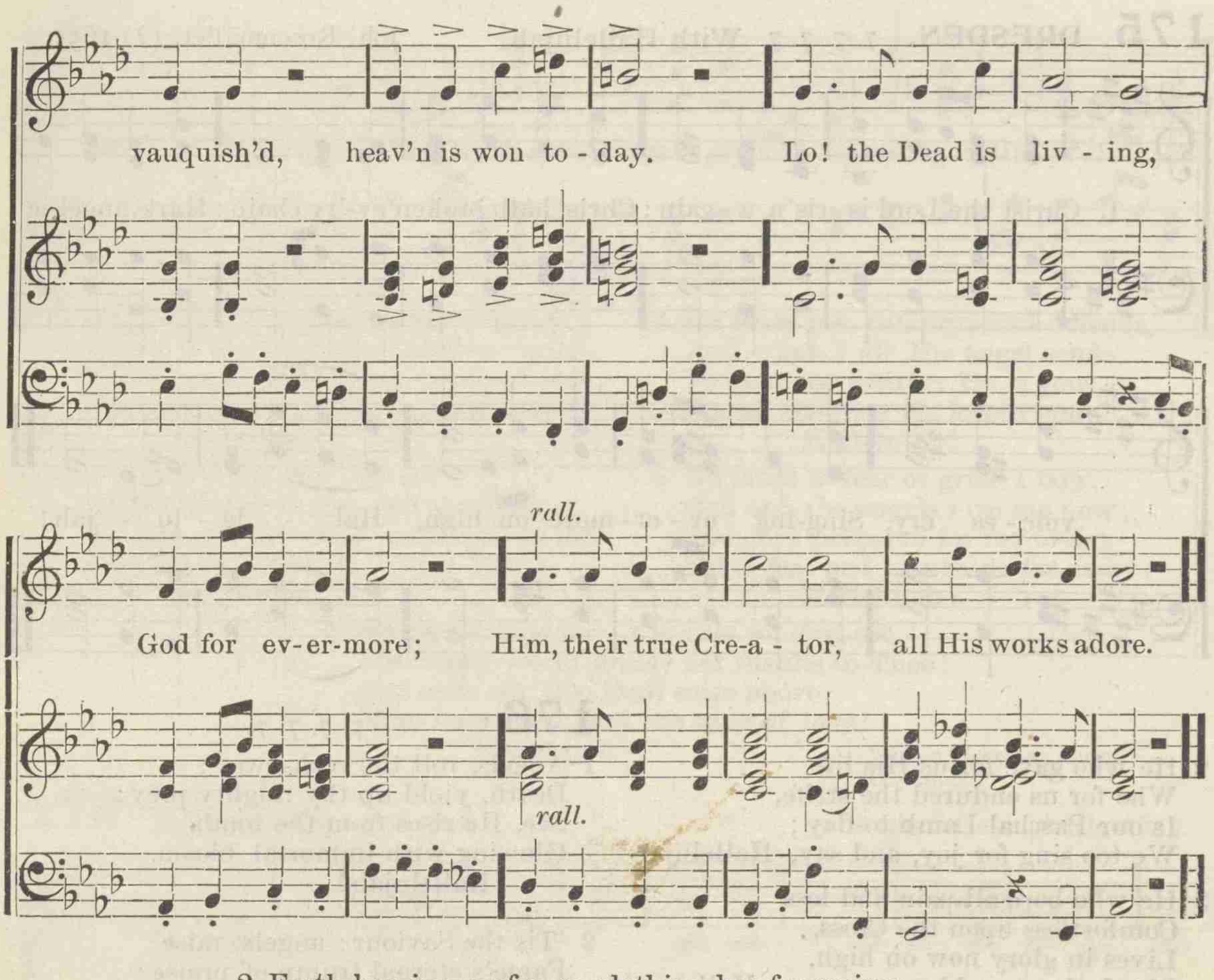
ff

8vas.

ff Refrain in unison.

Welcome, happy morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is

THE RESURRECTION.



2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

5 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show,
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
Welcome, happy morning, etc.

Venantius Fortunatus, 575.
Tr. Rev. John Ellerton, 1868.

175 DRESDEN. 7. 7. 7. 7. With Hallelujah.

Joh. Rosenmüller, (?) 1655.

2 He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We too sing for joy, and say, Hallelujah !

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry ; Hallelujah!

4 He who slumbered in the grave.
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings [lujah !
That the Lamb is King of kings. Halle-

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven, [jah !
How we too may enter heaven. Hallelu-

6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed ;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye, Hallelujah!

Rev. Michael Weisse, 1531.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, alt.

176 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Angels, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
See, He rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah !

2 'Tis the Saviour : angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Hallelujah !

3 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres :
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong.
Hallelujah !

4 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captived hell,
Where is hell's once dreaded king? [lujah!
Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Halle-

Rev. Thomas Scott, 1769.

177 GLORIOUS DAY. L. M.

Nicolaus Hermann, 1559.

2 O stronger Thou than death and hell!
Where is the foe Thou canst not quell,
What heavy stone Thou canst not roll,
From off the prison'd anguished soul?
Hallelujah!

3 If Jesus lives, can I be sad?
I know He loves me, and am glad;
Though all the world were dead to me,
Enough, O Christ, if I have Thee!
Hallelujah!

4 He feeds me, comforts and defends,
And when I die His angel sends
To bear me whither He is gone,
For of His own He loseth none:
Hallelujah!

5 No more to fear or grief I bow,
God and the angels love me now;
The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive fear and mourning far away:
Hallelujah!

6 Strong Champion! For this comfort see
The whole world brings her thanks to Thee;
And once we, too, shall raise above
More sweet and loud the song of love:
Hallelujah!

Johann Hermann, 1630.
Tr. Anon.

178 RATISBON. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Berliner Gesangbuch, 1653.

2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme,
And, His Kingdom still remaining.
I shall also be with Him,
Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must;
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

3 Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner:
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true as He is just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

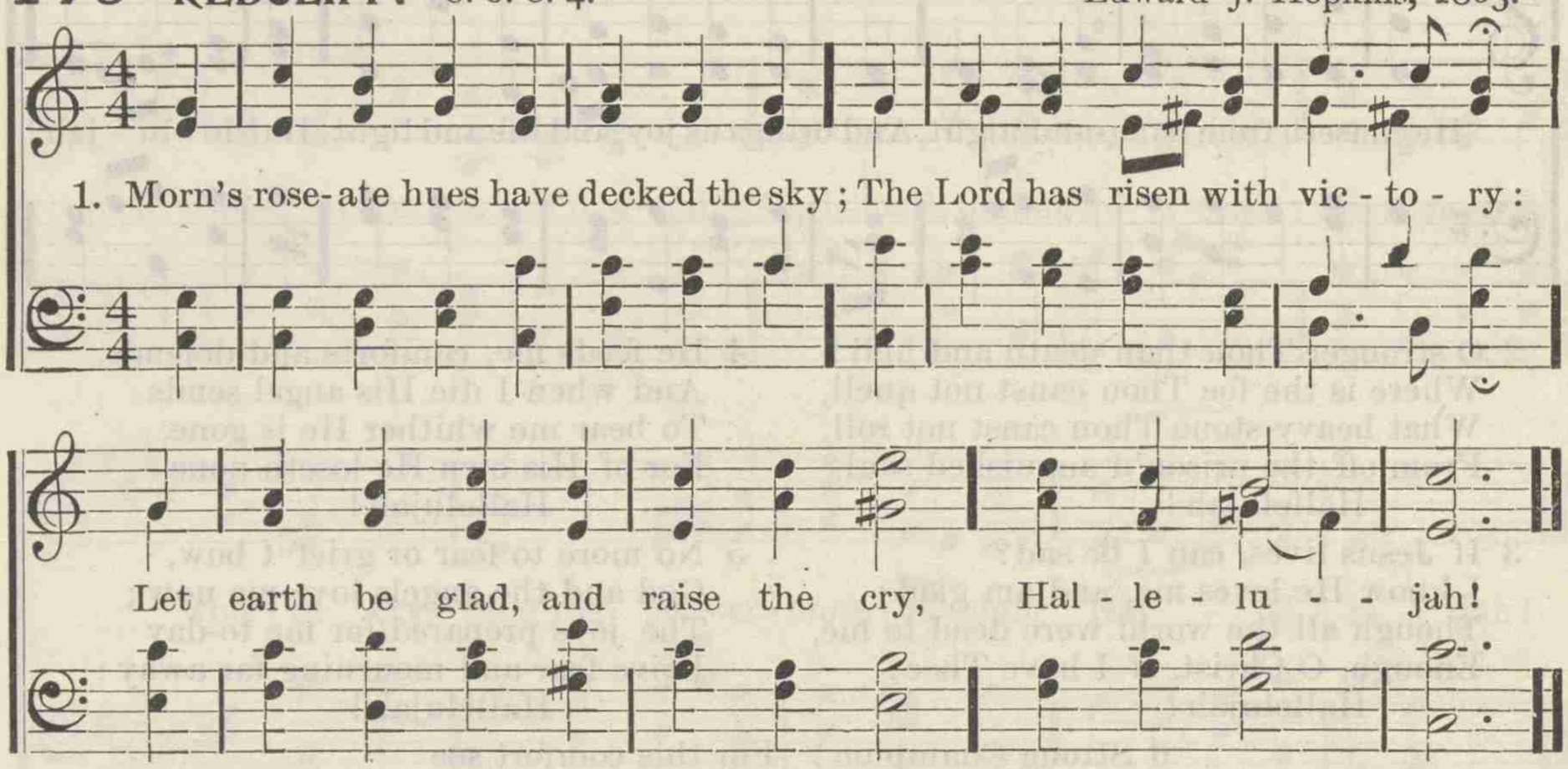
4 Jesus lives, and by His grace,
Vict'ry o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
Th' weak He raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just:
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

Christian F. Gellert, 1715-1769.
Tr. Anon.

179 REDCLIFF. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1863.



180 8. 8. 8. 4.

2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given;
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven;
Hallelujah!

3 Our bodies mouldering to decay,
Are sure to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way:
Hallelujah!

4 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body like to Thine shall rise.
Hallelujah!

5 O praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost, the Three in One:
Hallelujah!

Nicolas le Tourneaux, 1640–1686.
Tr. William Cooke, 1872.

1 The strife is o'er, the battle done:
The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—
Hallelujah!

2 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

3 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell,
Hallelujah!

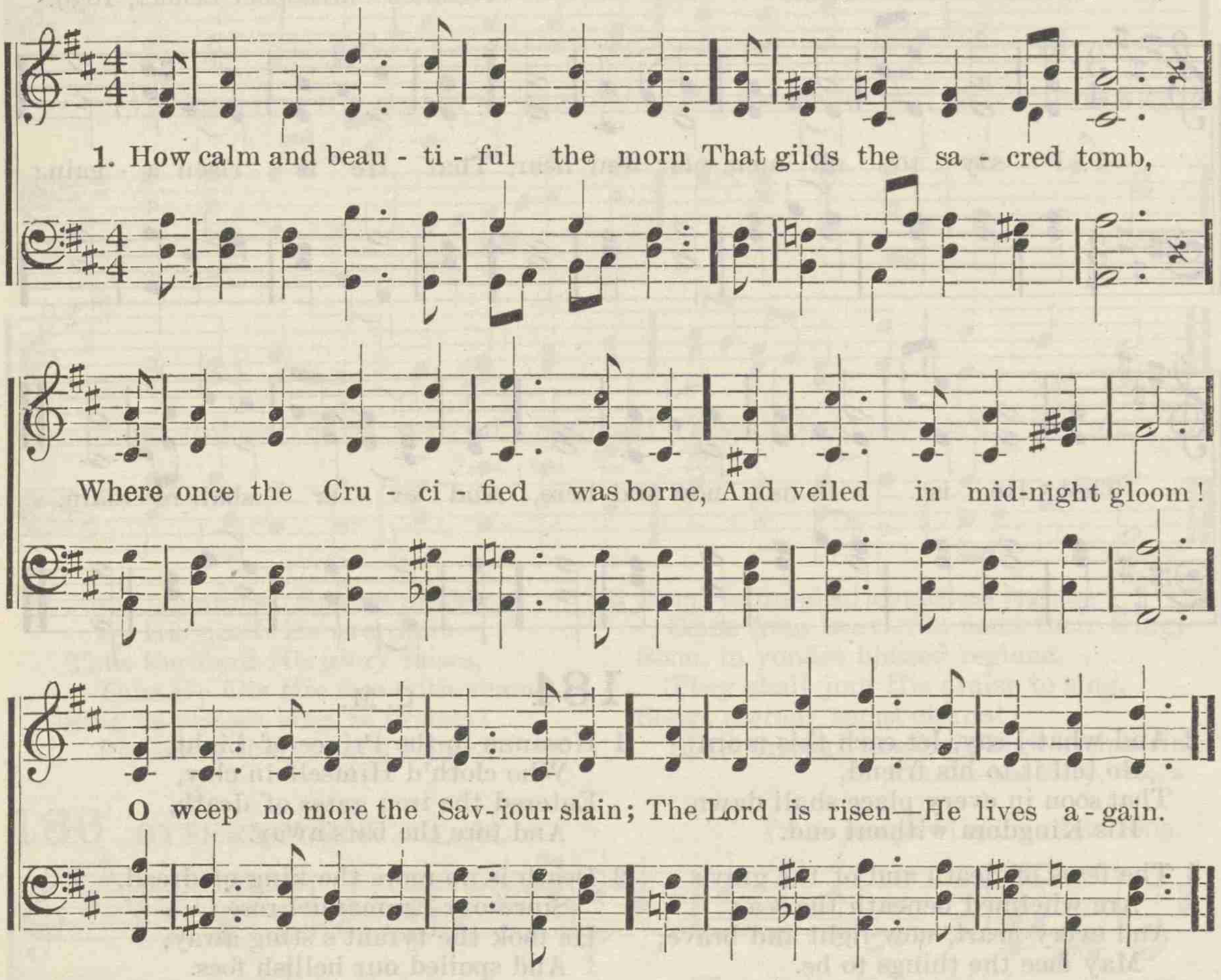
4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That he may live and sing to Thee,
Hallelujah!

Anon. (Latin, 12th cent.)
Tr. Francis Pott, 1861.

181 POSEN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Georg C. Strattner,
by J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705.

182 HASTINGS. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. Hymns of the Church, 1869.



2 Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—He is not there,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain:
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
O weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die:
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

181 POSEN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

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

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

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

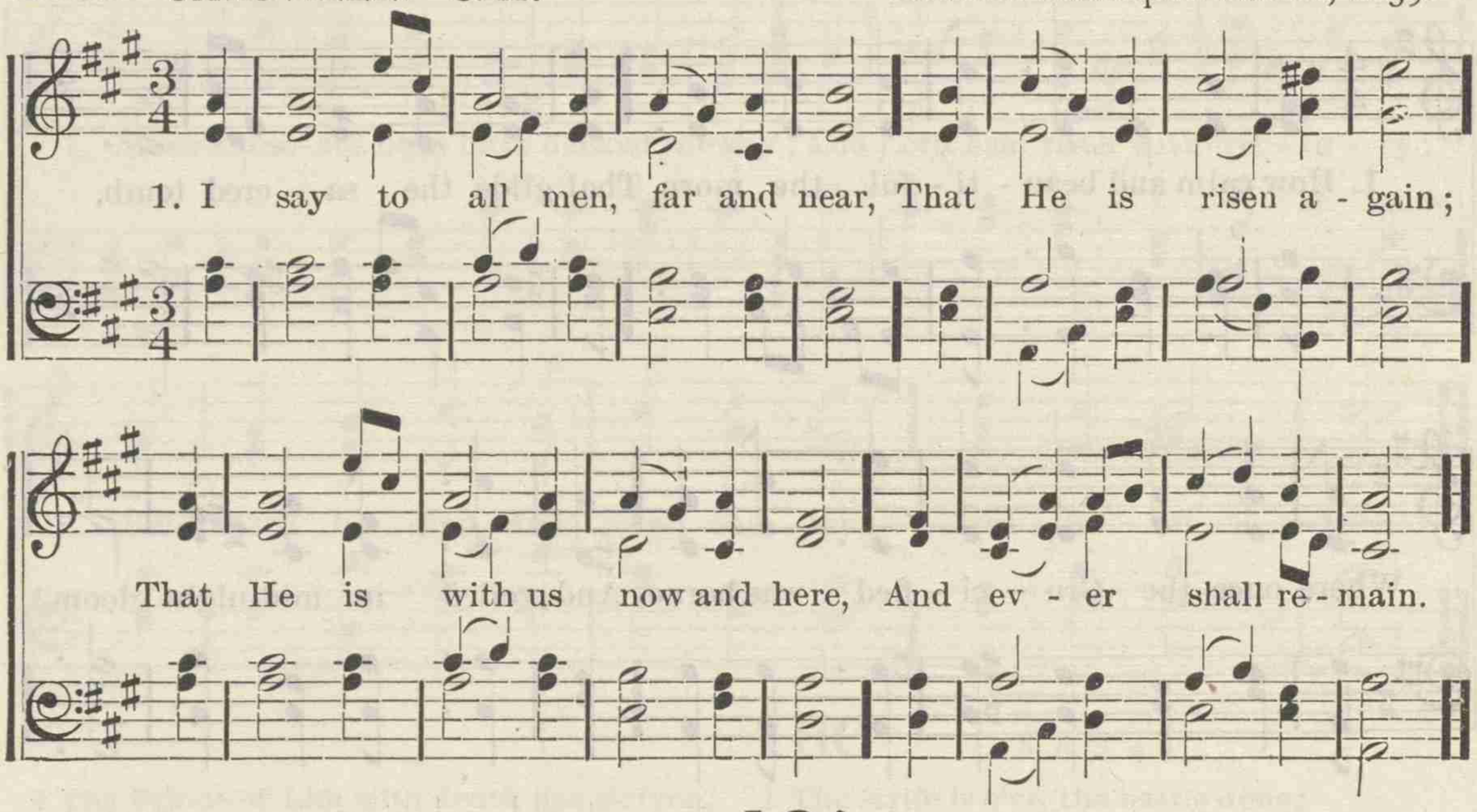
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection Thou.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

183 OAKSVILLE. C. M.

Heinrich Christopher Zeuner, 1839.



184 C. M.

2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.

3 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea;
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

4 The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who harkens to His word
Shall reach His Father's home.

5 Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his belovèd sleep:
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

6 He lives! His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast.
A world renewed to life!

Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1799.
Tr Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

1 Hosanna to the Prince of Light,
Who cloth'd Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With scars of honor in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

185 CORINTH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Samuel Webbe's Collection, 1792.

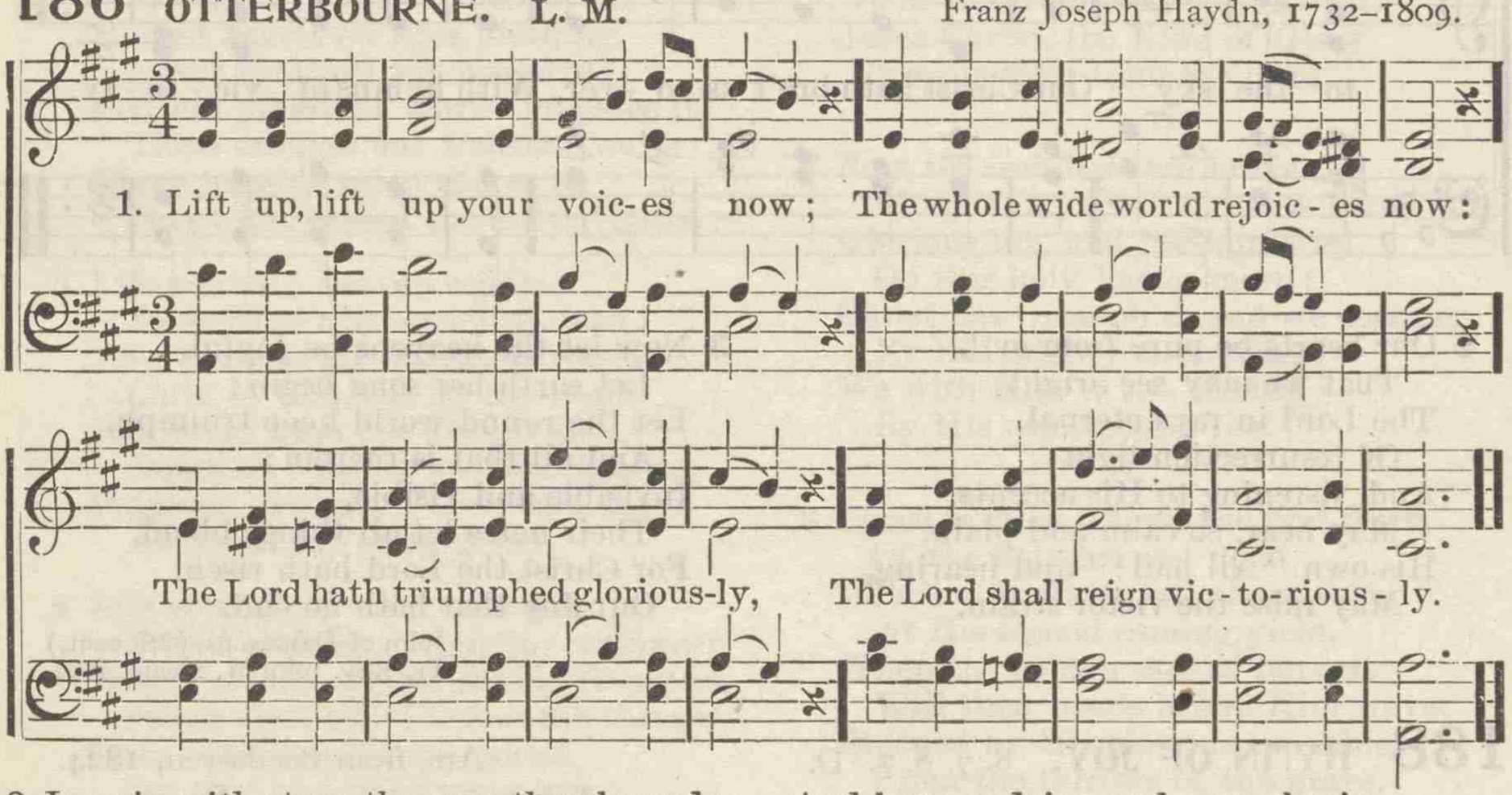
2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame.
Sing ye praises, sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's Name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal, songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809, a

186 OTTERBOURNE. L. M.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732–1809.



2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

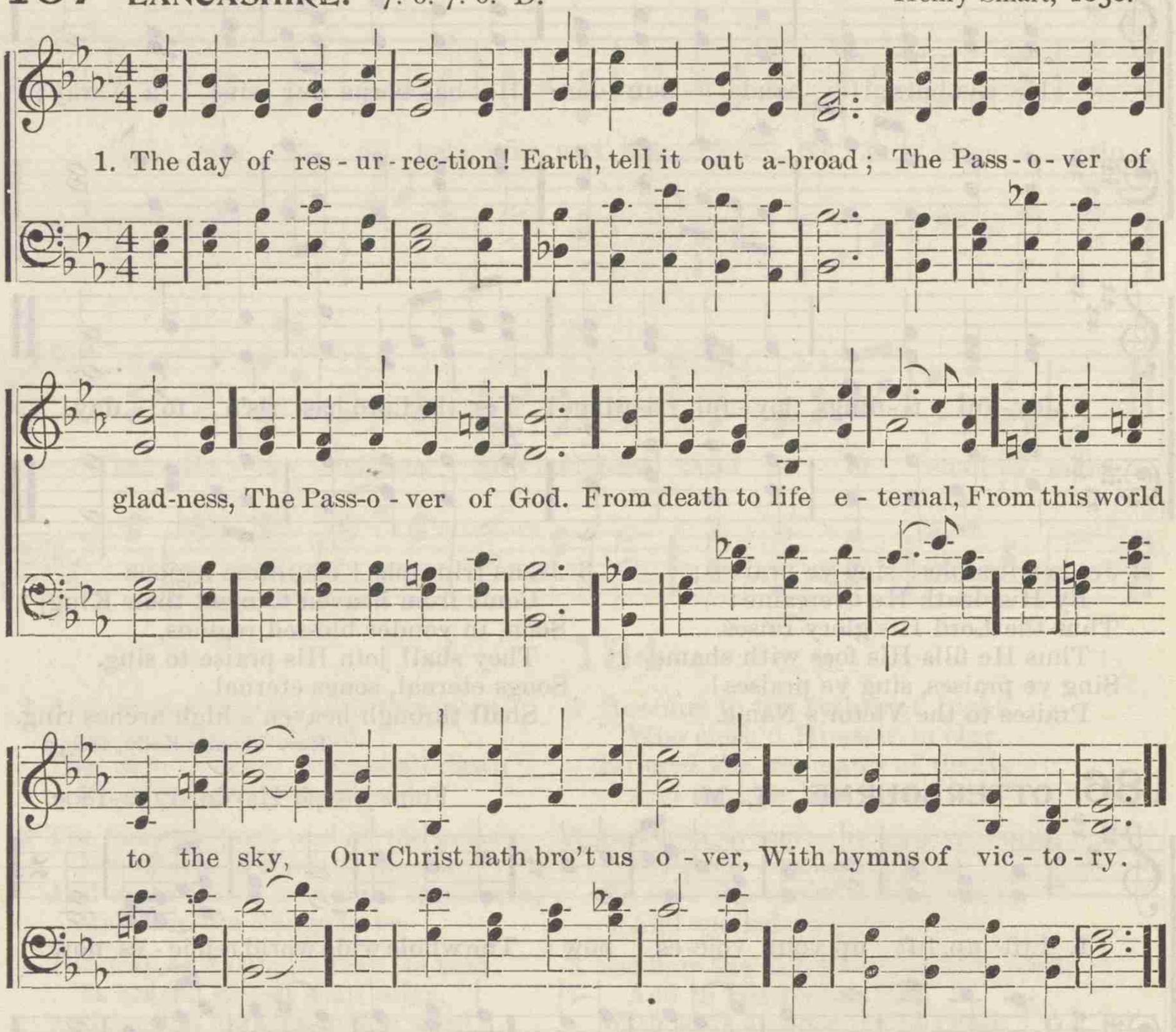
5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
And safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad Hallelujahs raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Cento, based on Rev. John M. Neale, 1854.

187 LANCASHIRE. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836.



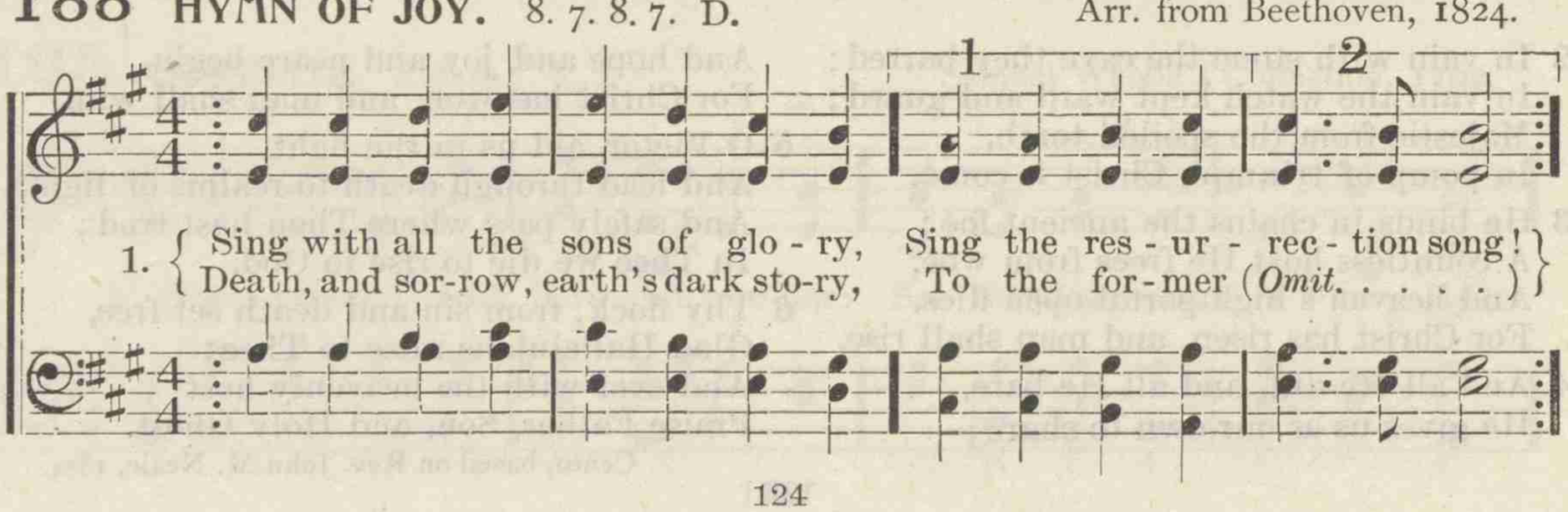
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

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

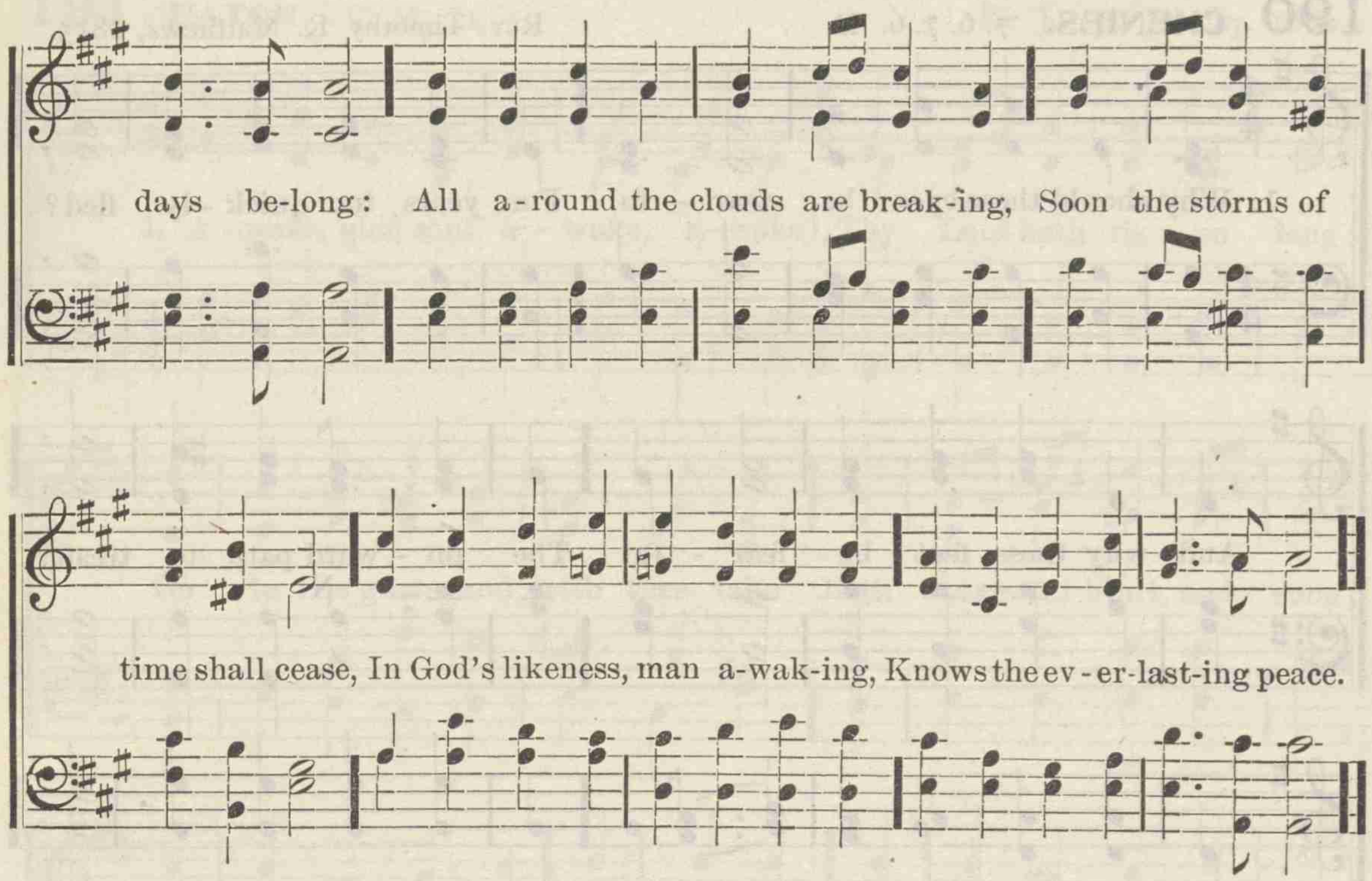
John of Damascus, (8th cent.)
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

188 HYMN OF JOY. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1824.



THE RESURRECTION.



2 O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head!
Patriarchs from the distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,
All await the glory given.

4 Life eternal! O what wonders
Crowd on faith; what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O, to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!"

Rev. William J. Irons, 1873.

189 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, who on the cross a Victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumph'd, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

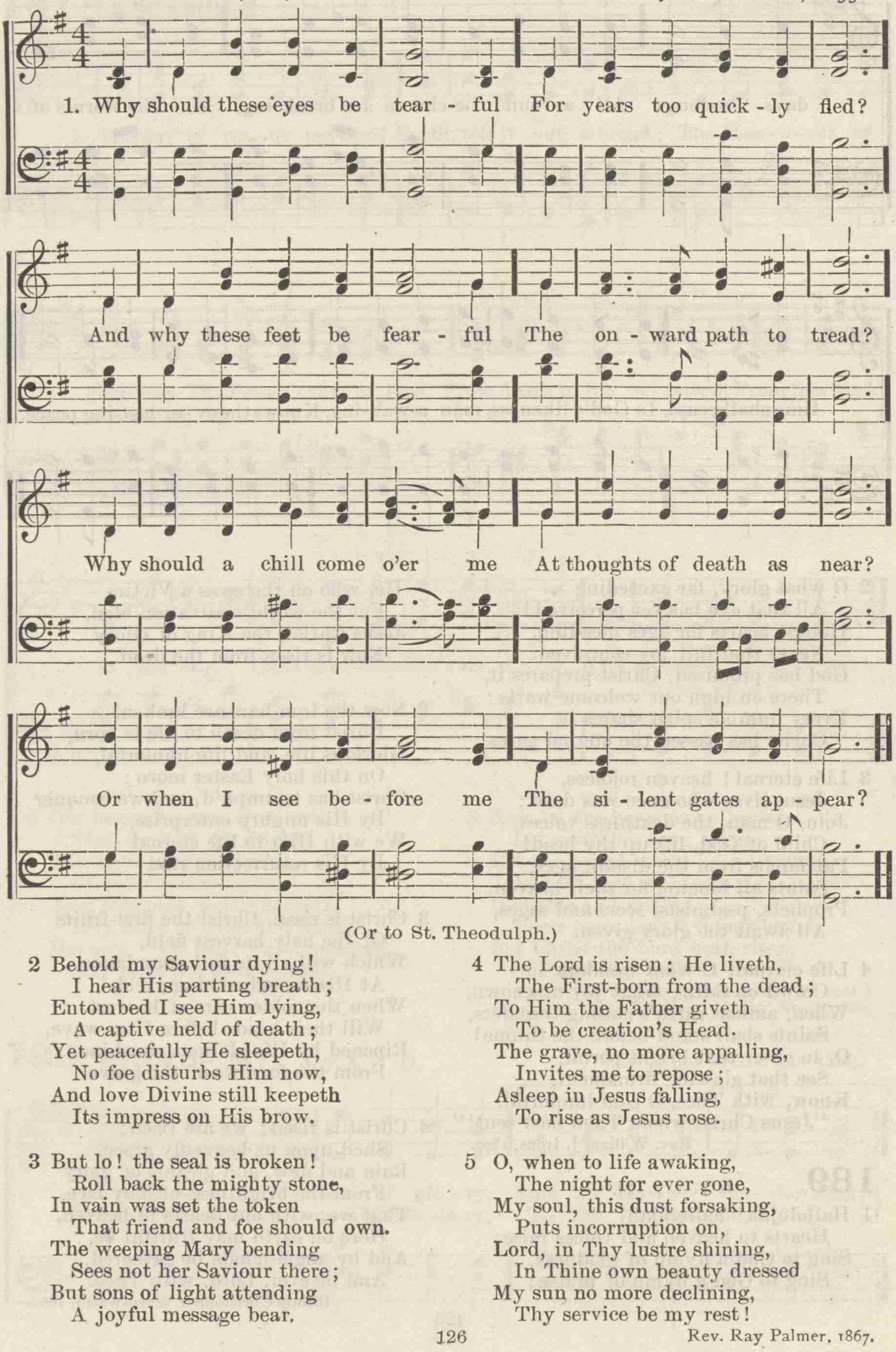
3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield,
When the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

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

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

190 CHENIES. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews, 1855.



(Or to St. Theodulph.)

2 Behold my Saviour dying!
I hear His parting breath;
Entombed I see Him lying,
A captive held of death;
Yet peacefully He sleepeth,
No foe disturbs Him now,
And love Divine still keepeth
Its impress on His brow.

3 But lo! the seal is broken!
Roll back the mighty stone,
In vain was set the token
That friend and foe should own.
The weeping Mary bending
Sees not her Saviour there;
But sons of light attending
A joyful message bear.

4 The Lord is risen: He liveth,
The First-born from the dead;
To Him the Father giveth
To be creation's Head.
The grave, no more appalling,
Invites me to repose;
Asleep in Jesus falling,
To rise as Jesus rose.

5 O, when to life awaking,
The night for ever gone,
My soul, this dust forsaking,
Puts incorruption on,
Lord, in Thy lustre shining,
In Thine own beauty dressed
My sun no more declining,
Thy service be my rest!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1867.

191 EATON. C. M. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1882.

2 O Love! which lightens all distress,
Love, death cannot destroy:
O grave! whose very emptiness
To Faith is full of joy;
Let but that Love our hearts supply
From heaven's exhaustless spring,
Then, grave, where is thy victory?
And, death, where is thy sting?

3 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey:
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

4 And every bird and every tree
And every opening flower
Proclaim His glorious victory,
His resurrection-power:
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,
With vernal verdure spread:
The little hills lift up their voice,
And shout that death is dead.

5 Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word;
And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died, and rose for me."

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

192 ALEXANDRIA. C. M.

W. Arnold, 1768–1832.

2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found,
And brightest peace with Thee.

4 O let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free:
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to Thee.

5 We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

7 Death hurts us not: his power is gone,
And pointless all his darts:
God's favor now on us hath shown,
Joy filleth all our hearts.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1712.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, c. 1855.

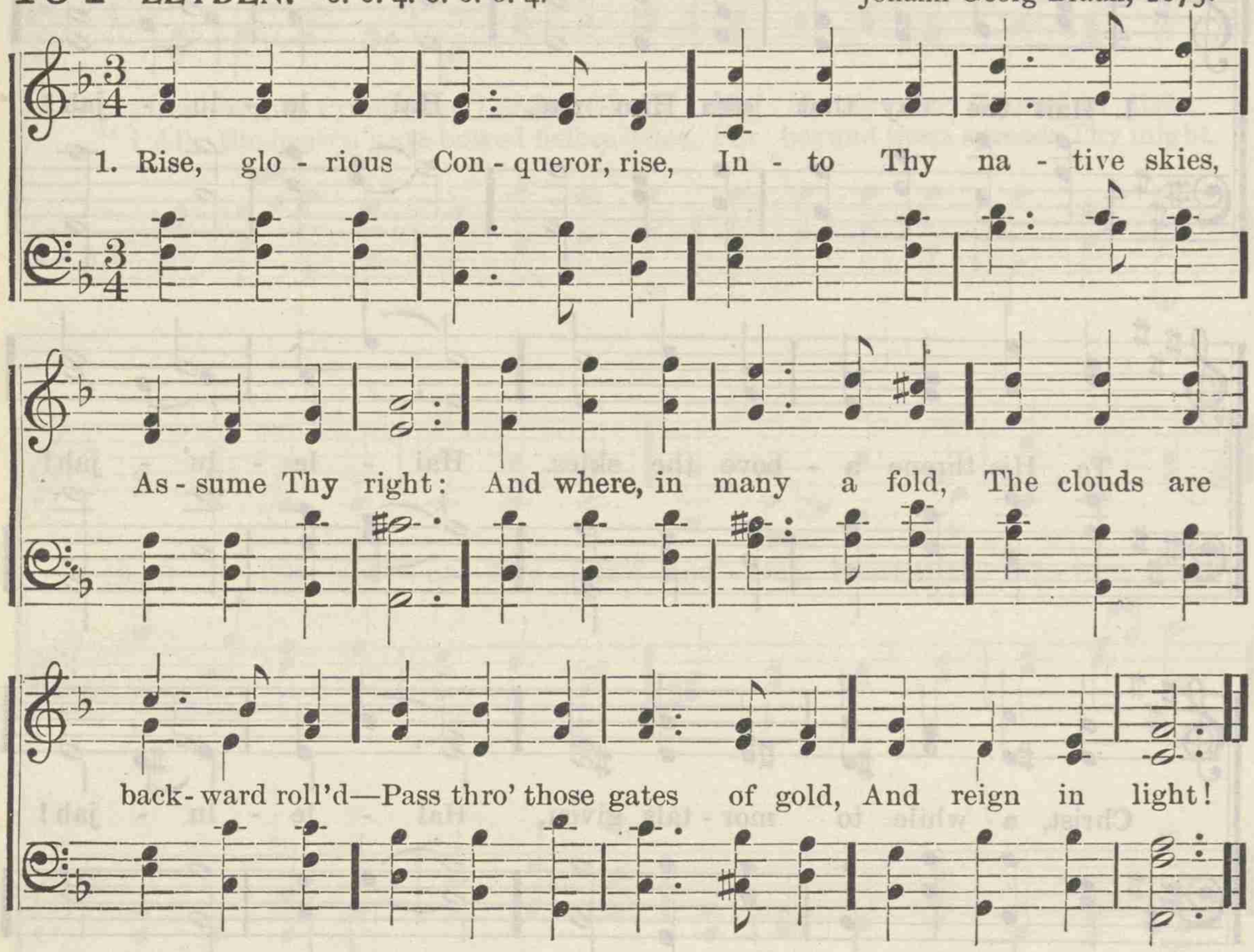
193 BRADFORD. C. M.

Georg Friedrich Händel, 1741.

The Ascension.

194 LEYDEN. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Johann Georg Braun, 1675.



2 Victor o'er death and hell!
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And clasps his wings of fire—
Thou Lamb, once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow!
Wider yon portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant, go
And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah—Hail!—
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years—
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage:

5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
"Lo! these have come,
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home."

Matthew Bridges, 1840.

193 BRADFORD. C. M.

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

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

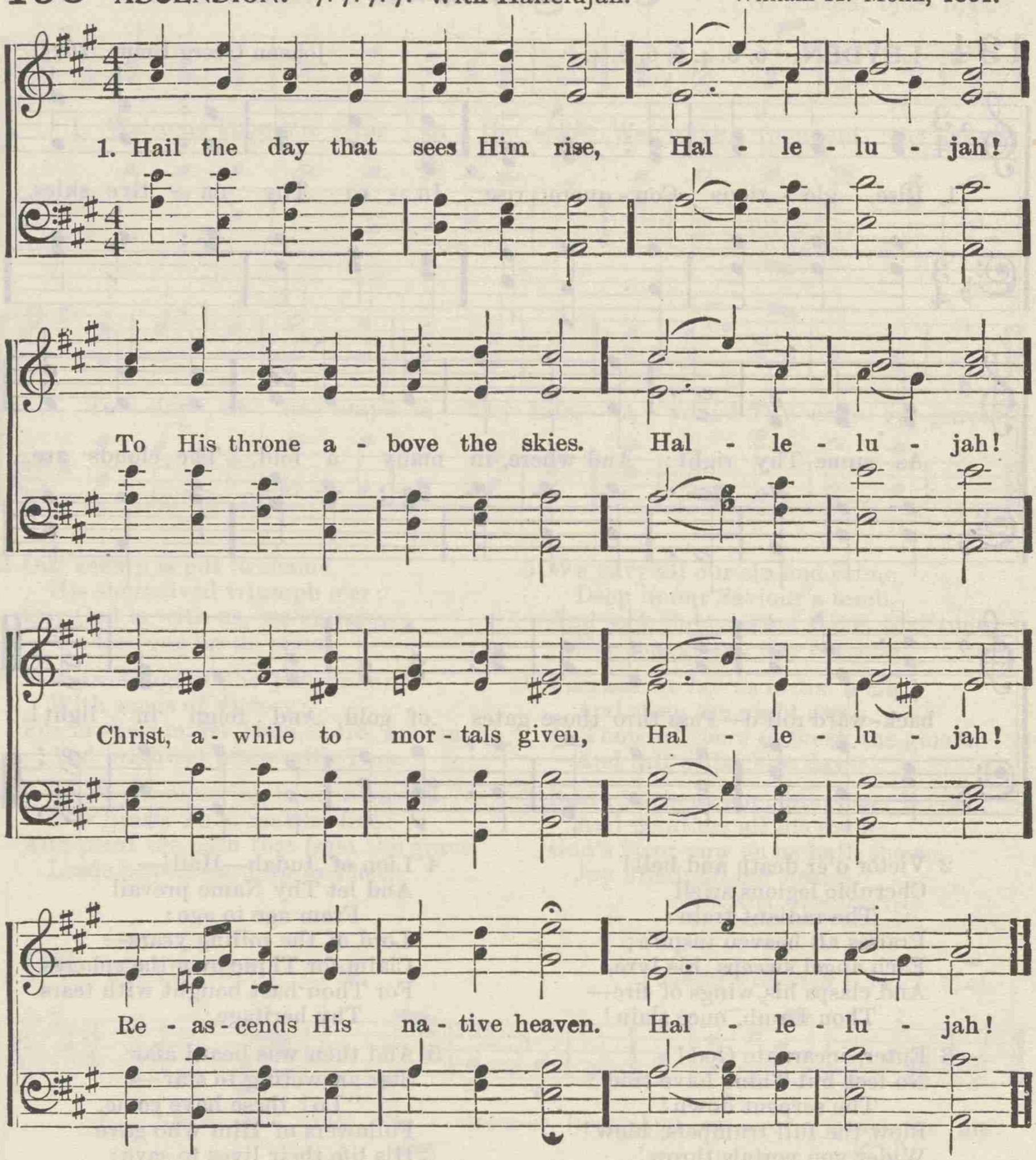
4 Jesus, I cling unto Thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.

195 ASCENSION. 7. 7. 7. 7. With Hallelujah.

William H. Monk, 1861.



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

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

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

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

196 GOTHA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. German. Arr. by Ernst I. Erbe, 1895.

2 As I watch Thee far ascending
To the right hand of the throne,
See the host before Thee bending,
Praising Thee in sweetest tone,
Shall not I too at Thy feet
Here the angels' strain repeat,
And rejoice that heaven doth ring,
With the triumph of my King?

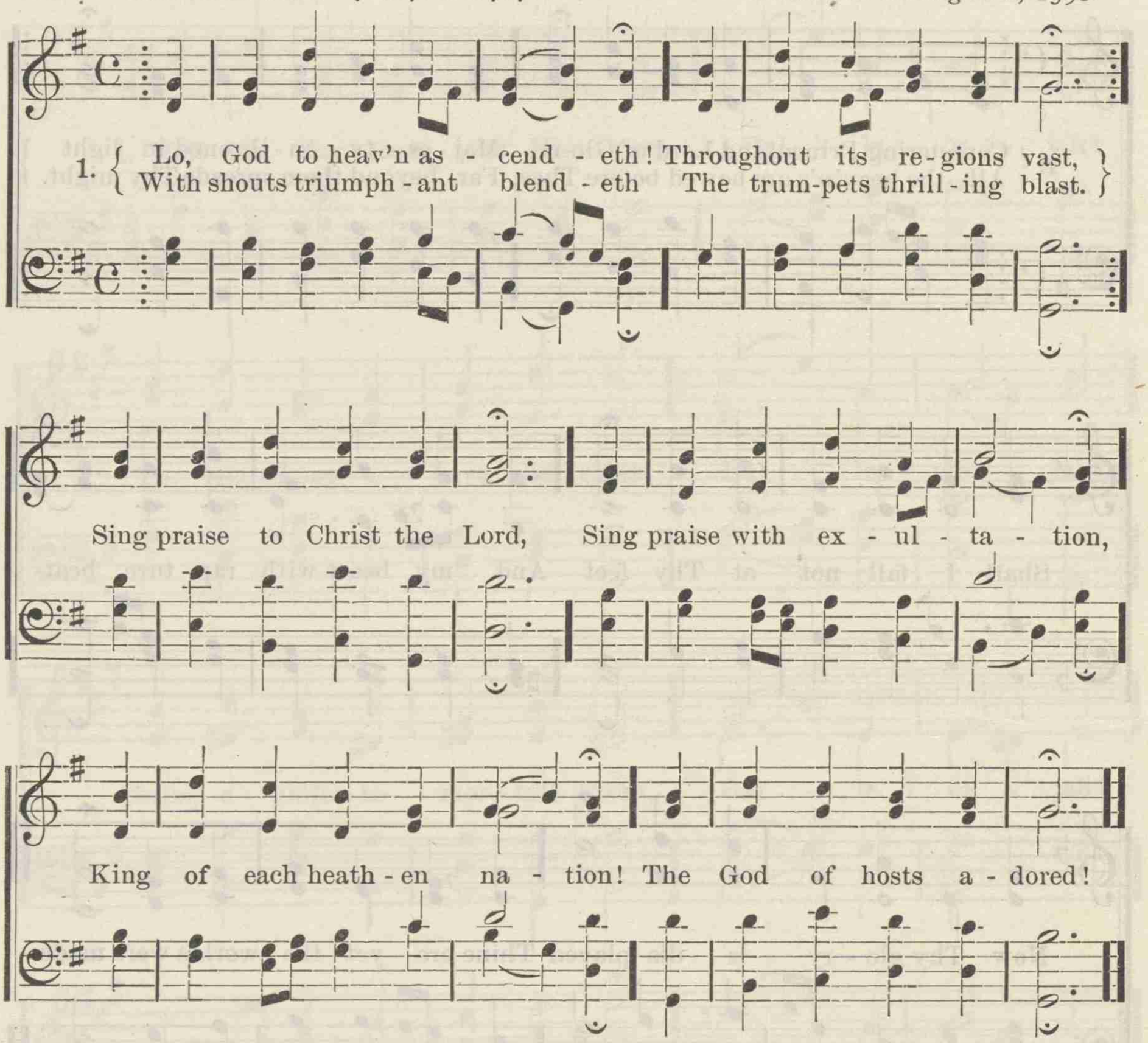
3 Power and Spirit are o'erflowing;
On me also be they poured:
Every hindrance overthrowing,
Make Thy foes Thy footstool, Lord.
Yea, let earth's remotest end
To Thy righteous sceptre bend;
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

4 Lo, Thy presence now is filling
All Thy Church in every place,
Fill my heart too, make me willing
In this season of Thy grace.
Come, Thou King of Glory, come,
Deign to make my heart Thy home,
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne.

5 Thou art leaving me, yet bringing
God and heaven most inly near:
From this earthly life upspringing,
As though still I saw Thee here.
Let my heart, transplanted hence,
Strange to earth, and time, and sense,
Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
Where our only joy art Thou!

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1737.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1861.

197 MATHESIUS. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 7. 6. Eislebener Gesangbuch, 1598.



2 With joy in heaven resounding
Christ's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding
The Lord who set them free:
Bright myriads thronging come·
The cherub band rejoices
And loud seraphic voices
Welcome Messiah home.

3 No more the way is hidden
Since Christ our Head arose:
No more to man forbidden
The road to heaven that goes
Our Lord is gone before,
But here He will not leave us;
In heaven He'll soon receive us:
He opens wide the door.

4 Christ is our place preparing
To heaven we, too, shall rise,
And, joys angelic sharing,
Be where our treasure lies:
There may each heart be found!
Where Jesus Christ has entered,
There let our hopes be centered,
Our course still heavenward bound!

5 May we, His servants, thither
In heart and mind ascend;
And let us sing together,
"We seek Thee, Christ our Friend,
Thee, God's anointed Son!
Our Life, and Way to heaven,
To whom all power is given,
Our Joy and Hope and Crown!"

6 When, on our vision dawning,
Will break the wished-for hour
Of that all-glorious morning,
When Christ shall come with power?
O come, thou welcome Day!
When we, our Saviour meeting,
His second advent greeting,
Shall hail the heaven-sent ray.

G. Wilhelm Sacer, 1635.
Tr. Anon. 1699.

198 ST. ASAPH. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William S. Bambridge, 1872.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He who walked with God, and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
Christ, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

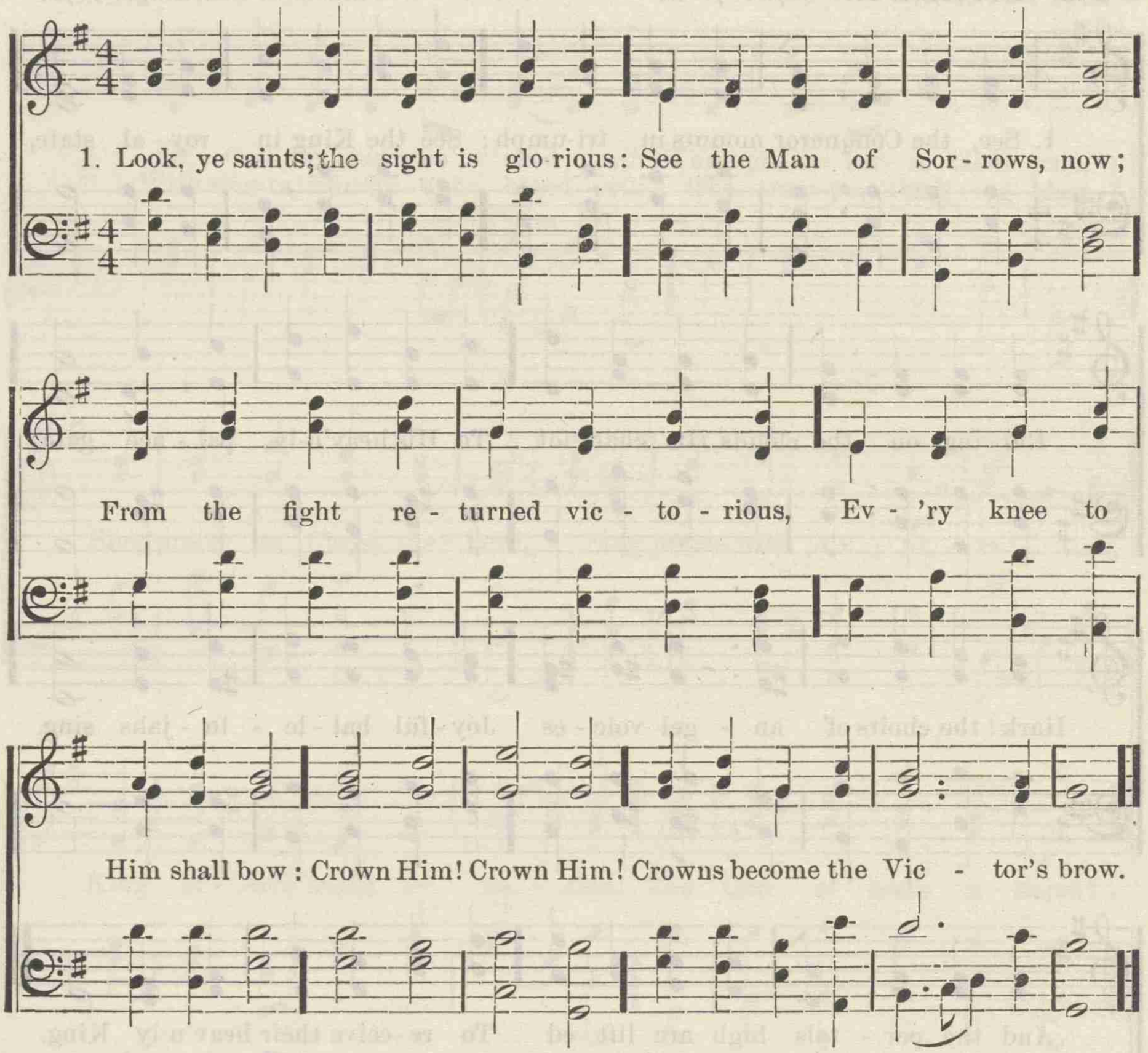
4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

199 CORONÆ. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

William H. Monk, 1871.



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

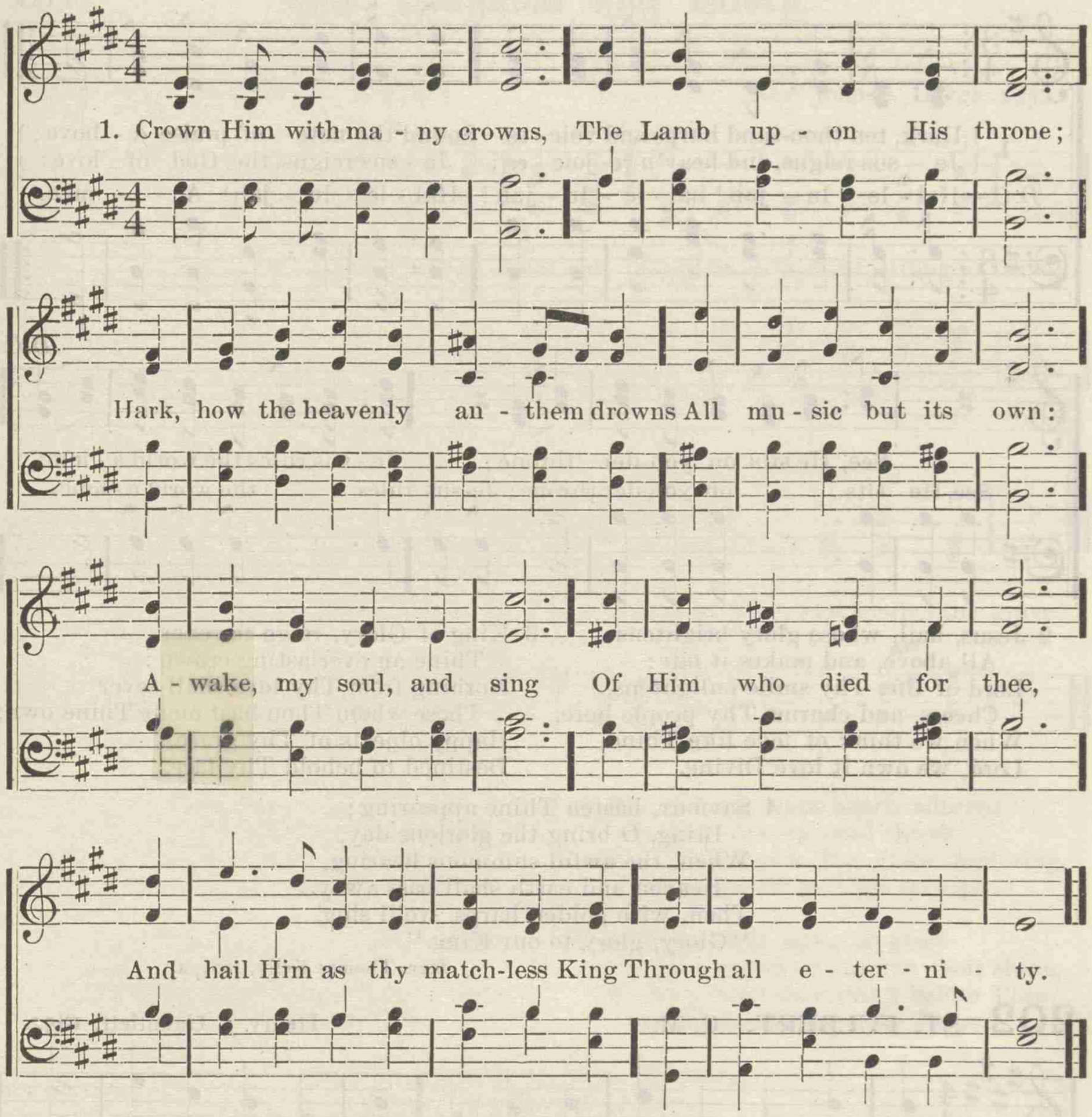
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords:
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1809.

200 DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1868.



2 Crown Him the Lord of love
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end;
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres
Ineffably sublime:
And hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1851.

201 HARWELL. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Lowell Mason, 1840.

FINE.

2 Jesus, hail, whose glory brightens
All above, and makes it fair:
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy people here.
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love Divine.

3 King of Glory, reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

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

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1804, a.

202 ST. FULBERT. C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852.

The Kingdom and Glory.

203 ST. OSWALD. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1857.

2 Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and amazèd bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee beyond the sky:
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

5 So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th cent.)
Tr. Bishop James R. Woodford, 1852.

202 ST. FULBERT. C. M.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

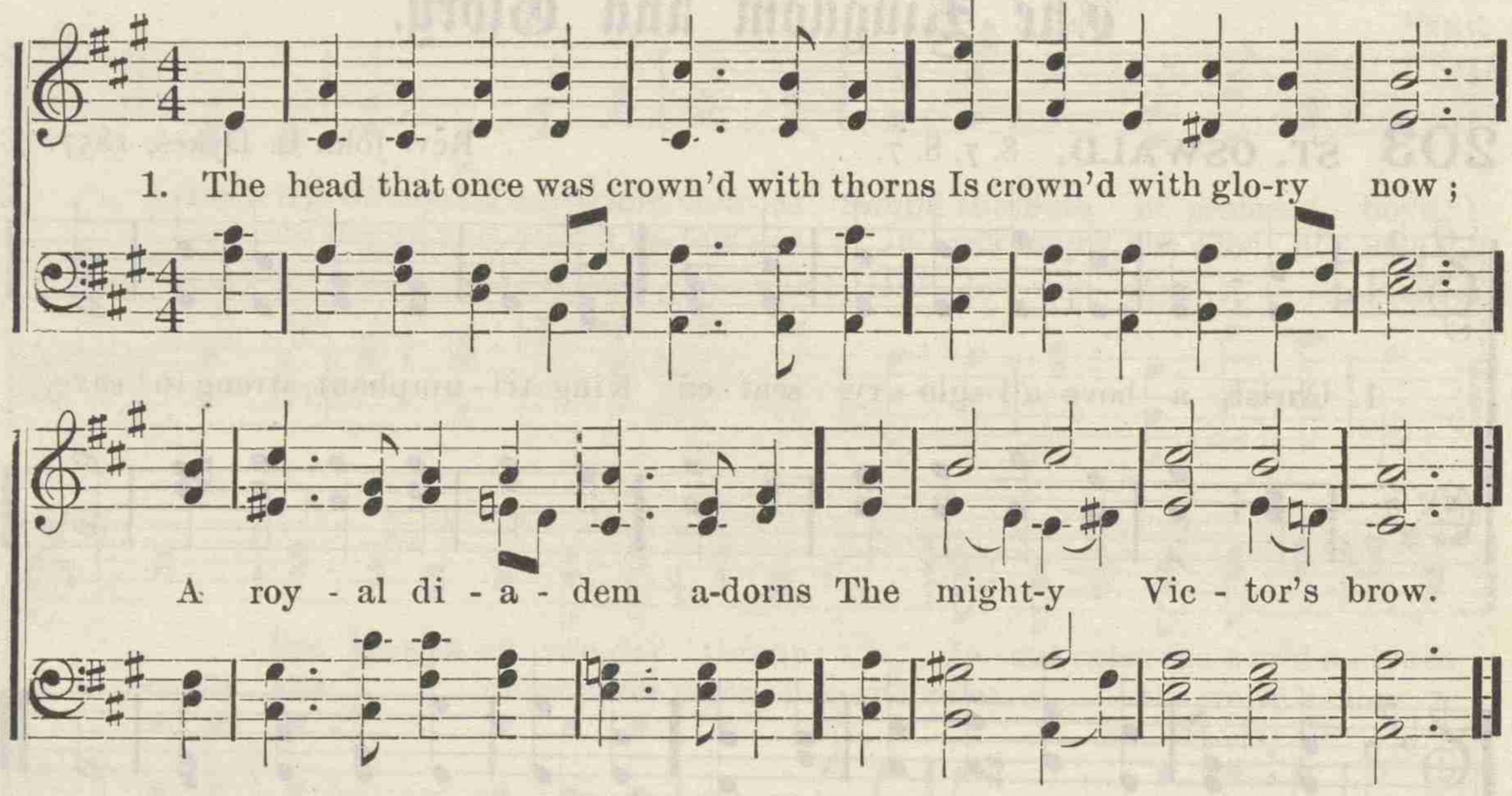
4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1858.

204 LAUD. C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862.



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

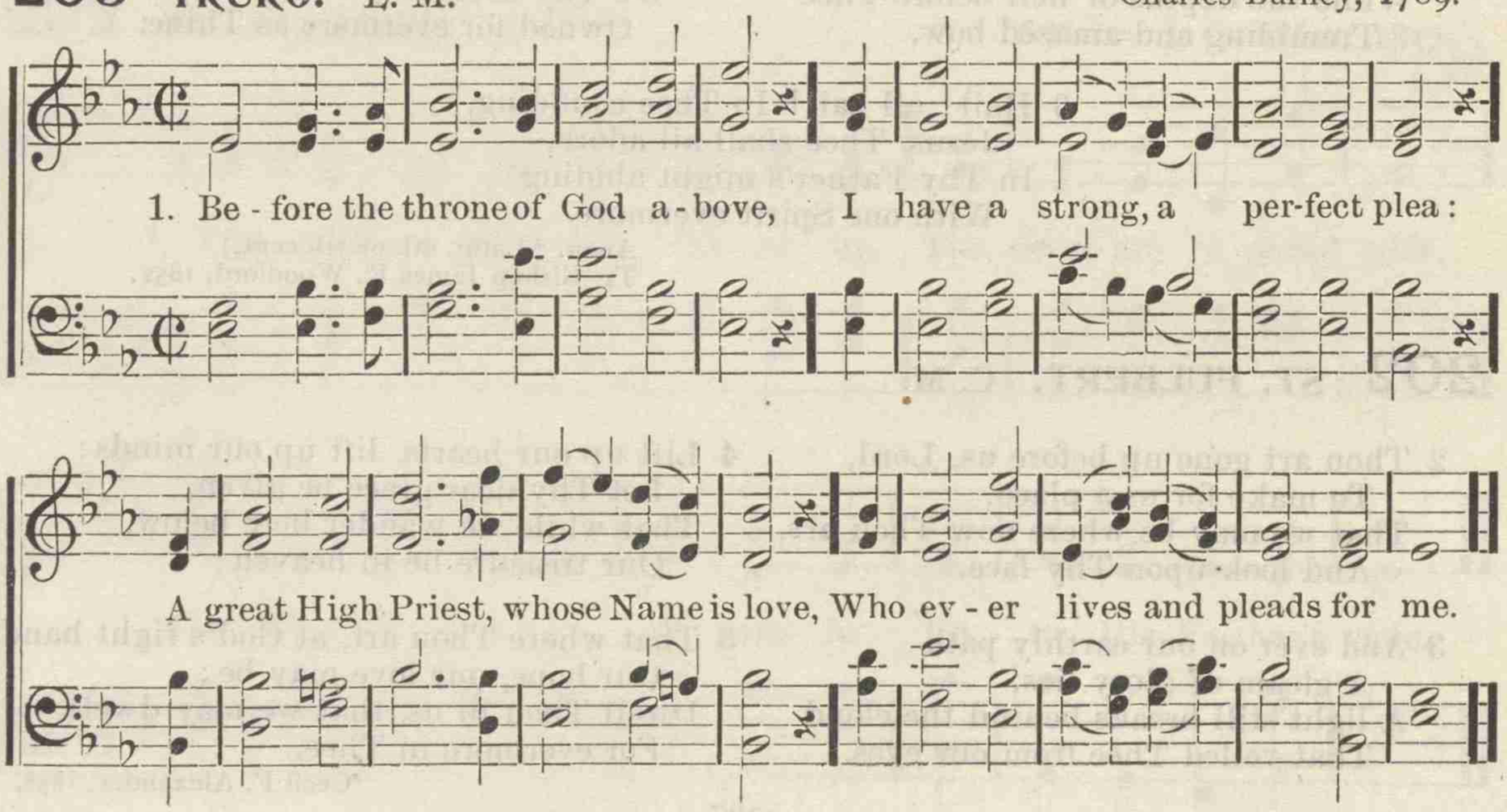
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Rev. Thomas Kelley, 1820.

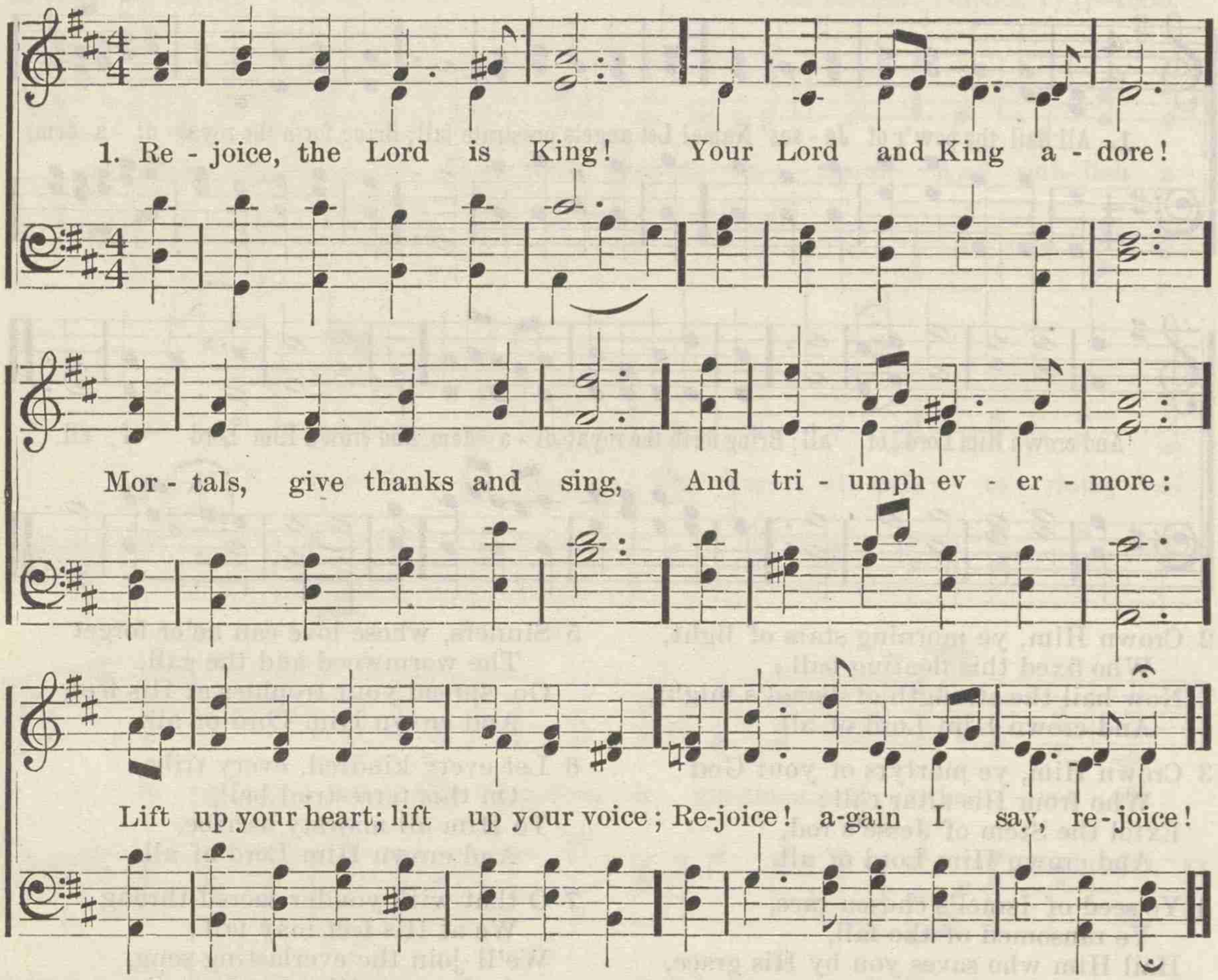
205 TRURO. L. M.

Charles Burney, 1789.



206 GOPSAL. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Georg Friedrich Händel, 1745.



2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet,
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744.

205 TRURO. L. M.

2 My name is graven on His hands;
My name is written on His heart;
O, know that while in heaven He stands
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there,
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him, and pardon me.

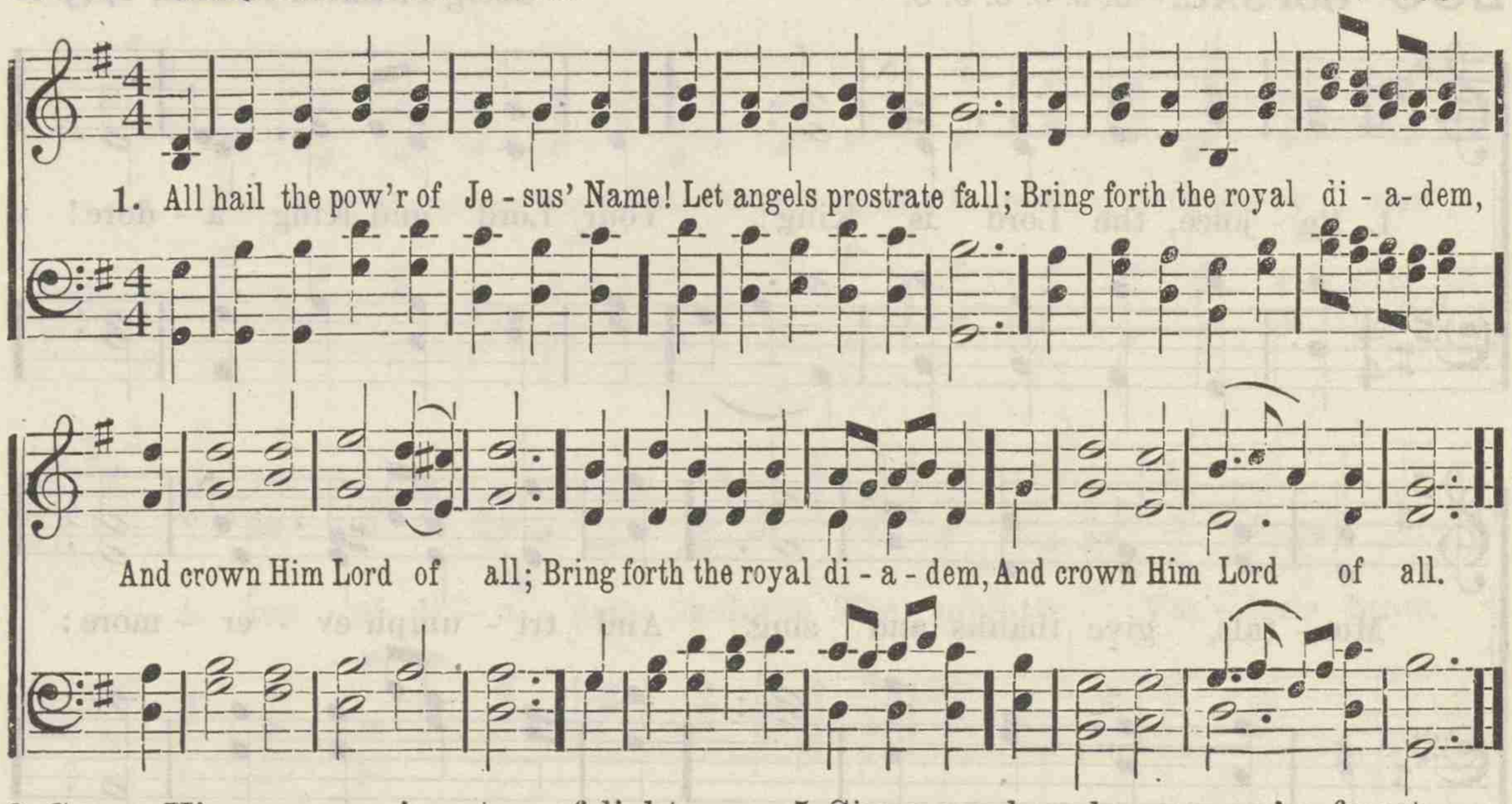
5 Behold Him there, the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I Am,"
The King of glory and of grace.

6 One with Himself, I cannot die;
My life is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Charitie Lees Smith, 1863.

207 CORONATION. C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793.



2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

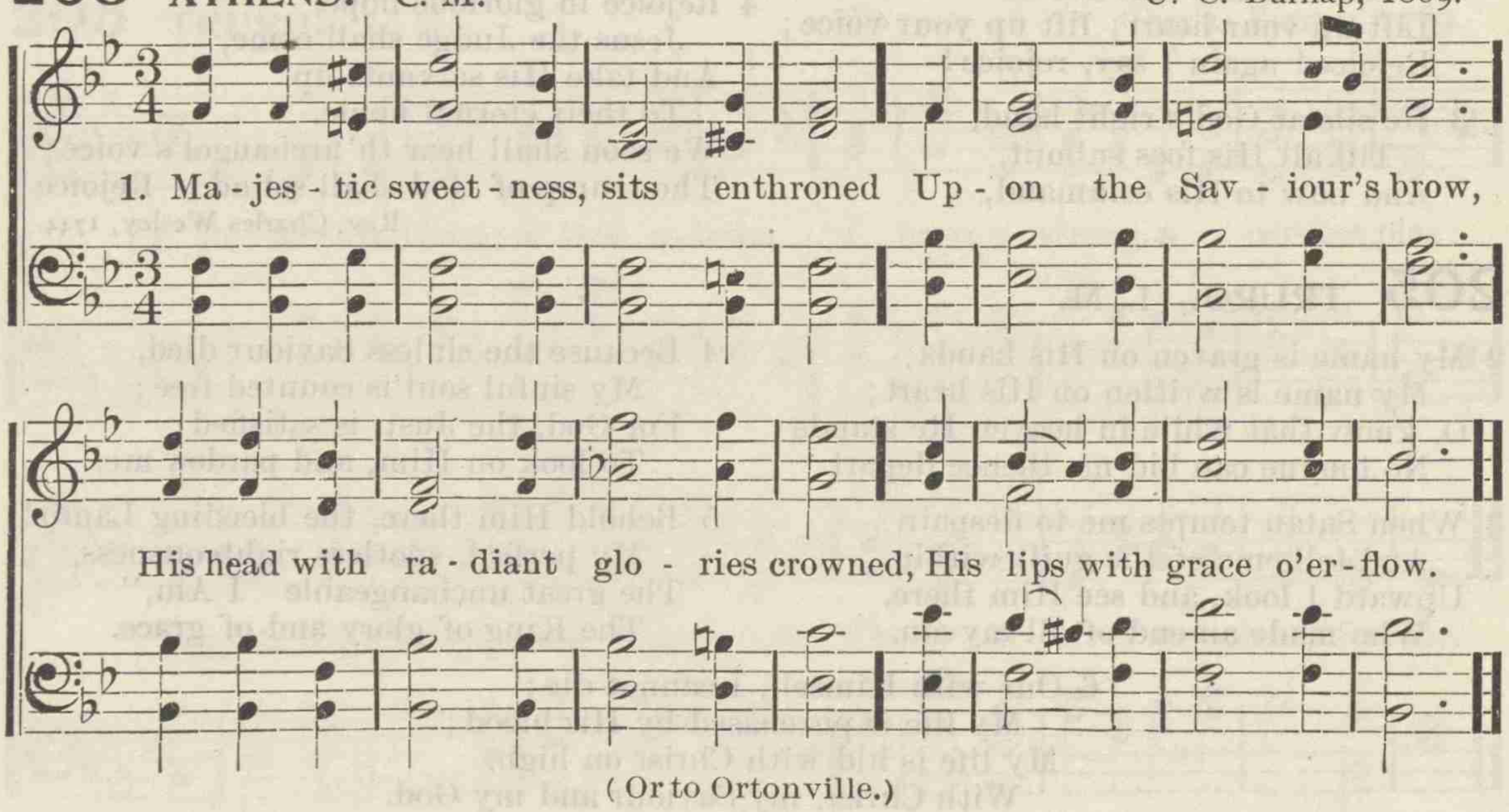
6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779–80, alt.
Verse 7, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787.

208 ATHENS. C. M.

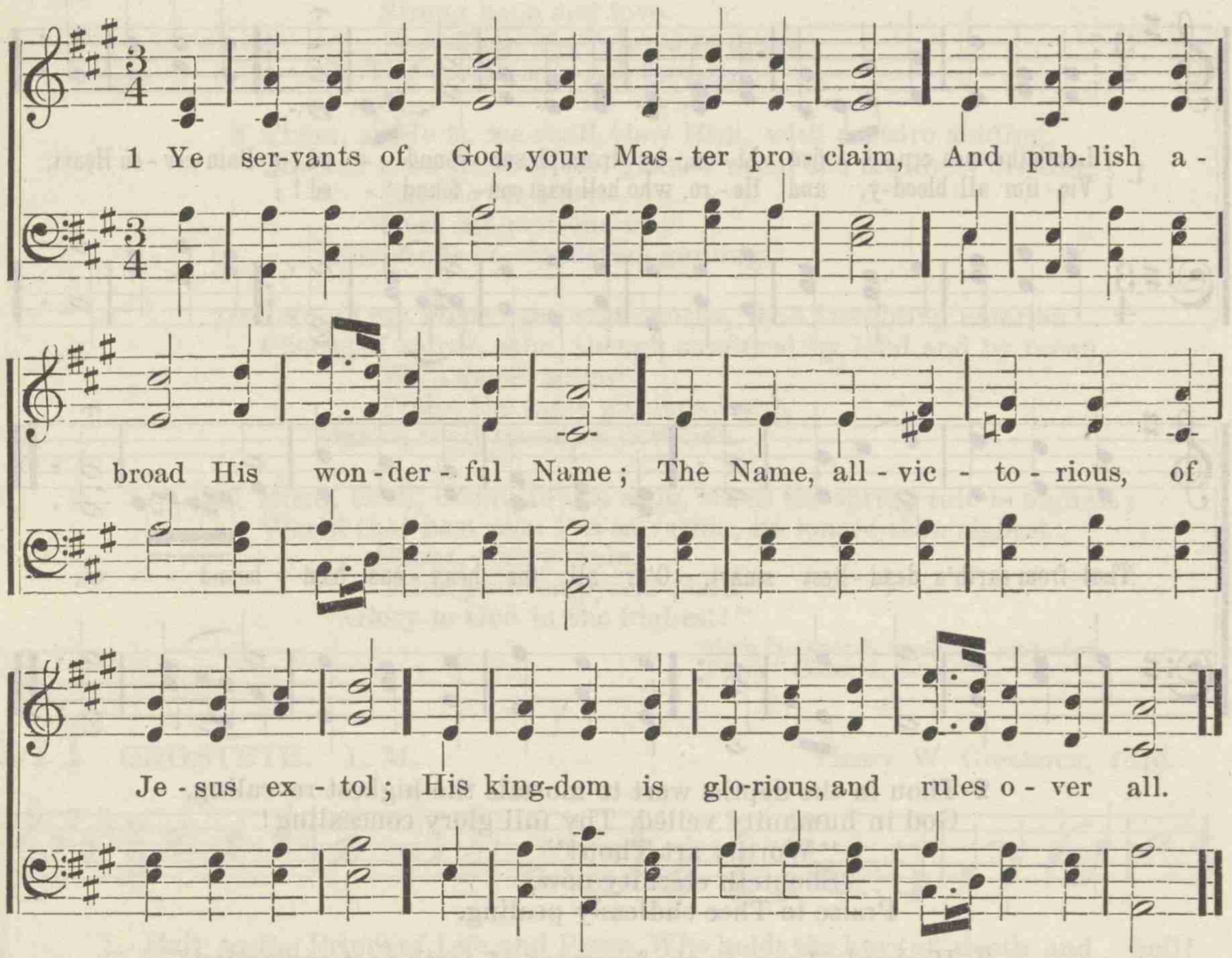
U. C. Burnap, 1869.



(Or to Ortonville.)

209 LYONS. 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. from Michael Haydn, 1737–1806.



2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744, alt.

208 ATHENS. C. M.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer He is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

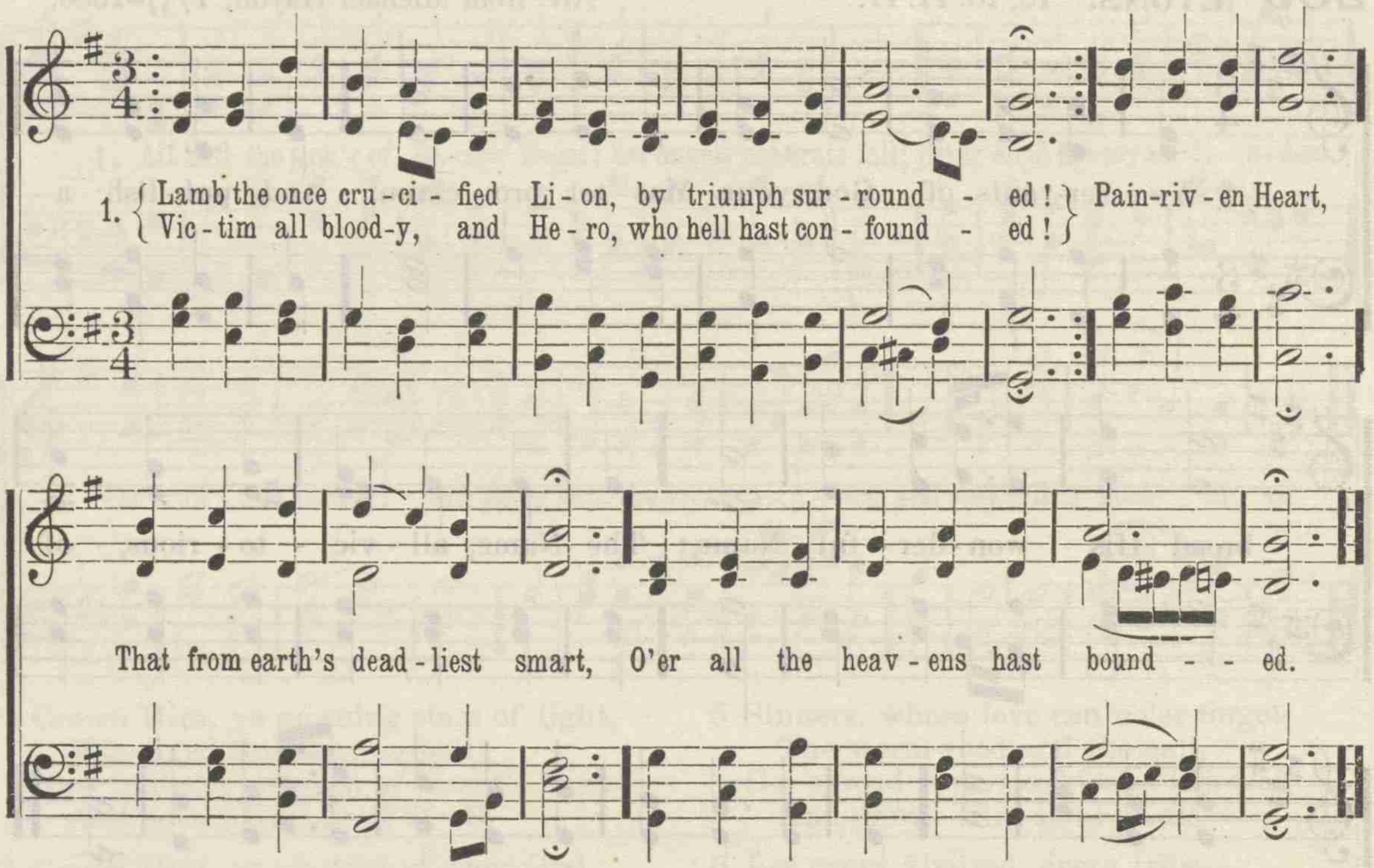
5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine!

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1772.

210 LOBE DEN HERREN. 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

Peter Sohren, 1660.



2 Thou in the depths wert to mortals the highest revealing,
God in humanity veilèd, Thy full glory concealing!
"Worthy art Thou!"
Shouteth eternity now,
Praise to Thee endlessly pealing.

3 Heavenly Love, in the language of earth past expression:
Lord of all worlds, unto whom every tongue owes confession!
Didst Thou not go,—
And, under sentence of woe,
Rescue the doomed by transgression?

4 O'er the abyss of the grave, and its horrors infernal,
Victory's palm Thou art waving in triumph supernal:
Who to Thee cling,
Circled by hope, shall now bring
Out of its gulf life eternal.

5 Son of Man, Saviour, in whom, with deep tenderness blending,
Infinite Pity to wretches her balm is extending,
On Thy dear breast,
Weary and numb, they may rest,
Quickened to joy never ending.

6 Sweetly persuasive, to me, too, Thy call has resounded;
Melting my heart so obdurate, Thy love has abounded;
Back to the fold,
Led by Thy hand, I behold
Grace all my path has surrounded.

7 Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! who, thy pardon assuring,
Heals thy diseases, and grants thee new life all enduring,
Joy amid woe,
Peace amid strife here below,
Unto thee ever securing.

8 Upward, on pinions celestial, to regions of pleasure,
Into the land whose bright glories no mortal can measure,
Strong hope and love
Bear Thee, the fulness to prove
Of Thy salvation's rich treasure.

9 There, as He is, we shall view Him, with rapture abiding,
Cheered even here by His glance, when the darkness dividing
Lets down a ray,
Over the perilous way
Thousands of wanderers guiding.

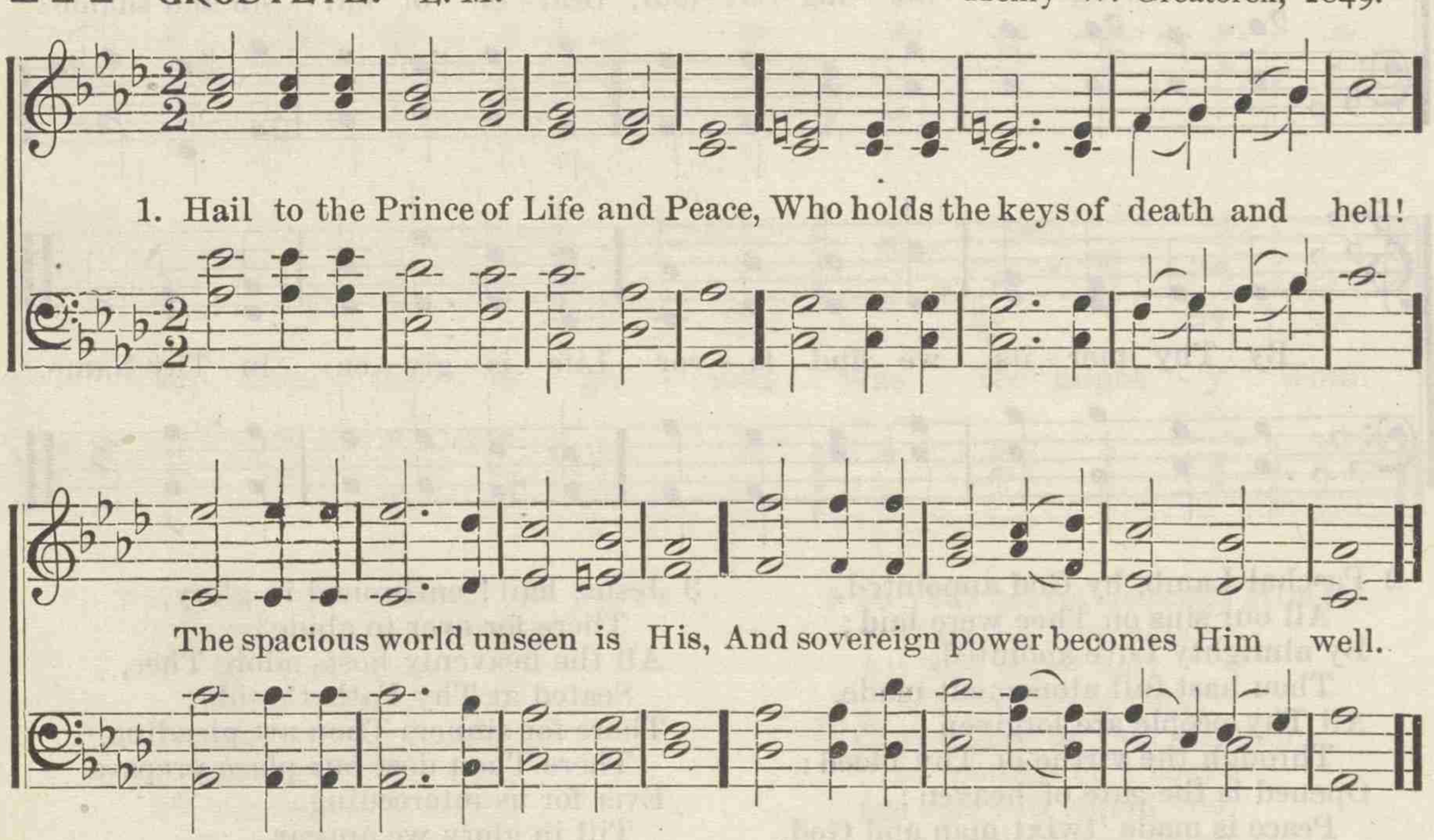
10 Join, O my voice! the vast chorus, with trembling emotion:
Chorus of saints, who, though sundered by land and by ocean,
With sweet accord
Praise the same glorious Lord,
One in their ceaseless devotion.

11 Break forth, O nature! in song, when the spring tide is nighest;
World that hast seen His salvation, no longer thou sighest!
Shout, starry train,
From your empyreal plain,
"Glory to God in the highest!"

Meta Heusser-Schweitzer, 1797–1876.
Tr. in "Christ in Song."

211 GROSTETE. L. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.



2 In shame and torment once He died;
But now He lives forevermore:
Bow down, ye saints around His seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live forever glorious Lord,
To crush Thy foes and guard Thy friends!
While all Thy chosen tribes rejoice
That Thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy Thy hands to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

5 Forever reign, victorious King!
Wide thro' the earth Thy Name be known·
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near Thy throne.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

212 ST. HILDA. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare.
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Rev. John Bakewell, 1760, alt.

213 ST. CEPHAS, 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Johann A. P. Schulz, 1747–1800.

2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

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

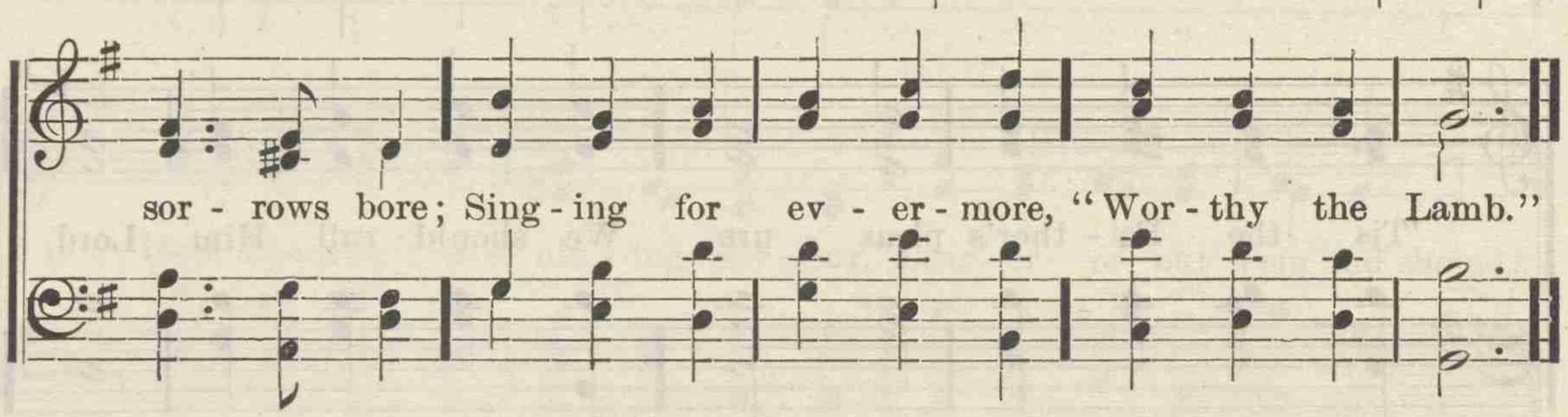
4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour:
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

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

Caroline M. Noel, 1870, alt.

214 PHILIPPI. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Johann Georg Ebeling, 1666.



2 O haste, ye ransomed race!
For all His gifts of grace
Praise ye His Name:
He wondrous things hath done;
Triumph o'er death hath won;
Heaven's gate hath open thrown;
"Worthy the Lamb."

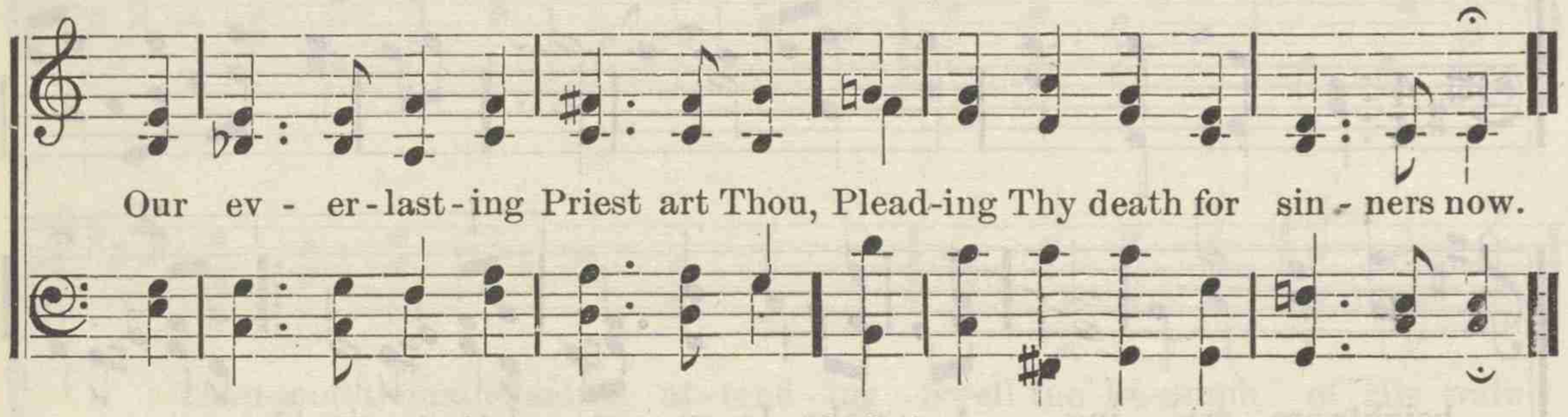
3 Come, all ye hosts above!
Join in one song of love,
Praising His Name:
To Him ascribèd be
Honor and majesty
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Praise to Thy Name:
Father, Thy love we bless;
Spirit of holiness,
We praise Thee and confess,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Rev. James Allen, 1761.

215 MELITA. L. M. 61.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.



2 Thy off'ring still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its crimson hue;
Thou art the ever-slaughtered Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same;
Thy years, O Lord, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love:
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Passing the years that intervene,
Now let it view upon the tree
The Lord, who bleeds and dies for me.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739.

216 HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

4 Jesus, who left His throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1760.

The Second Coming.

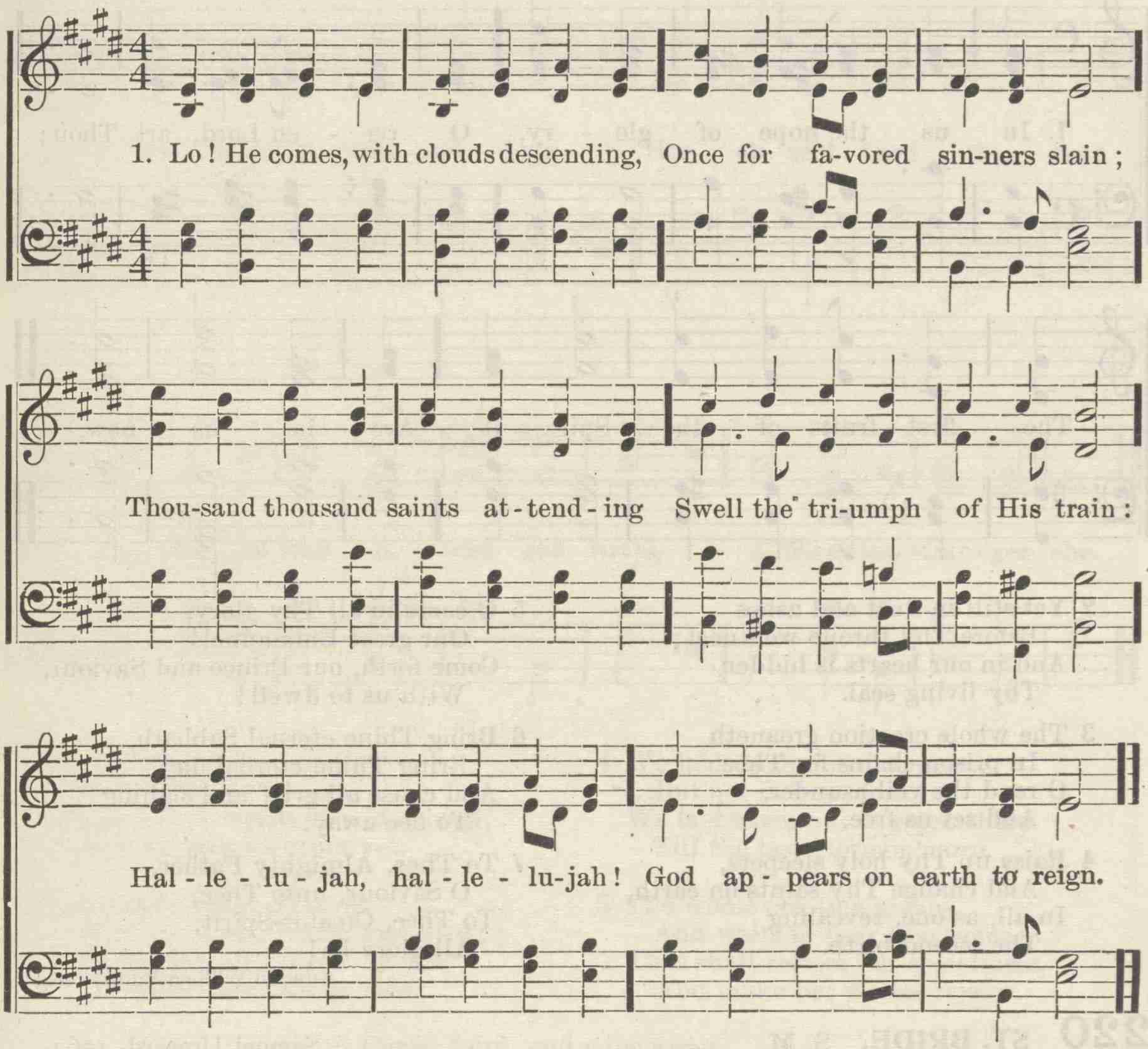
217 WACHET AUF. 8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. Philip Nicolai, 1599.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son,
Hallelujah!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal,
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
No vision ever brought
No ear hath ever caught,
Such enjoyment:
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymns of joy eternally.

Philip Nicolai, 1599.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

218 HOLYWOOD. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. Samuel Webbe's Collection, 1792.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

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

4 Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

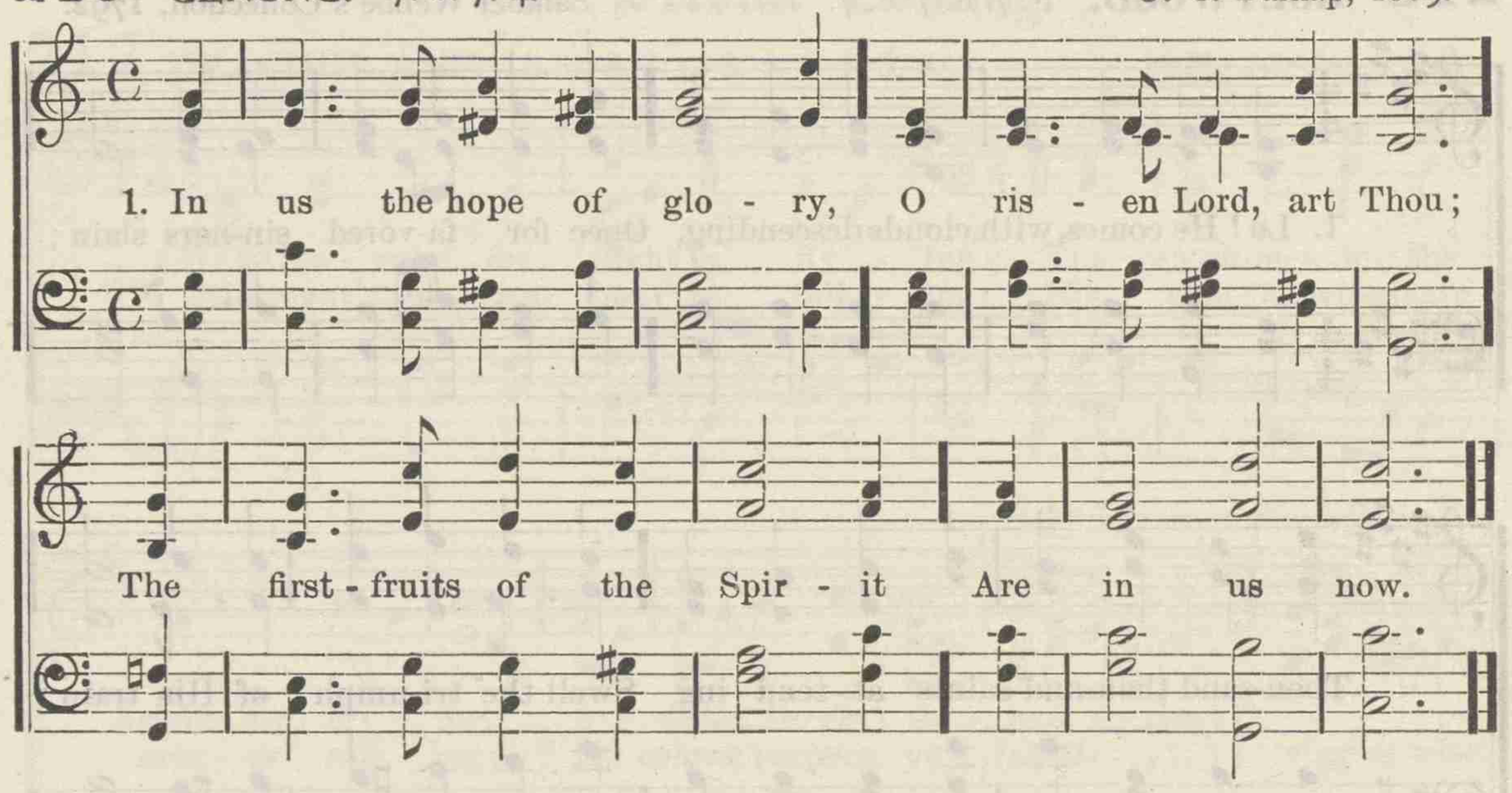
5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth to inherit
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation, all creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.

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

erses 1, 2, 5, 6, Rev. Charles Wesley, 1758; verses 3, 4, Rev. John Cennick, 1752.

219 GENUNG. 7. 6. 7. 4.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



2 Yet still in dust and ashes
Before Thy throne we kneel;
And in our hearts is hidden
Thy living seal.

3 The whole creation groaneth
In prison-chains for Thee·
O rend the veil asunder,
And set us free.

4 Raise up Thy holy sleepers,
And change Thy saints on earth,
In all, as one, revealing
The second birth.

5 O come in all Thy glory,
Our great Emmanuel!
Come forth, our Prince and Saviour,
With us to dwell!

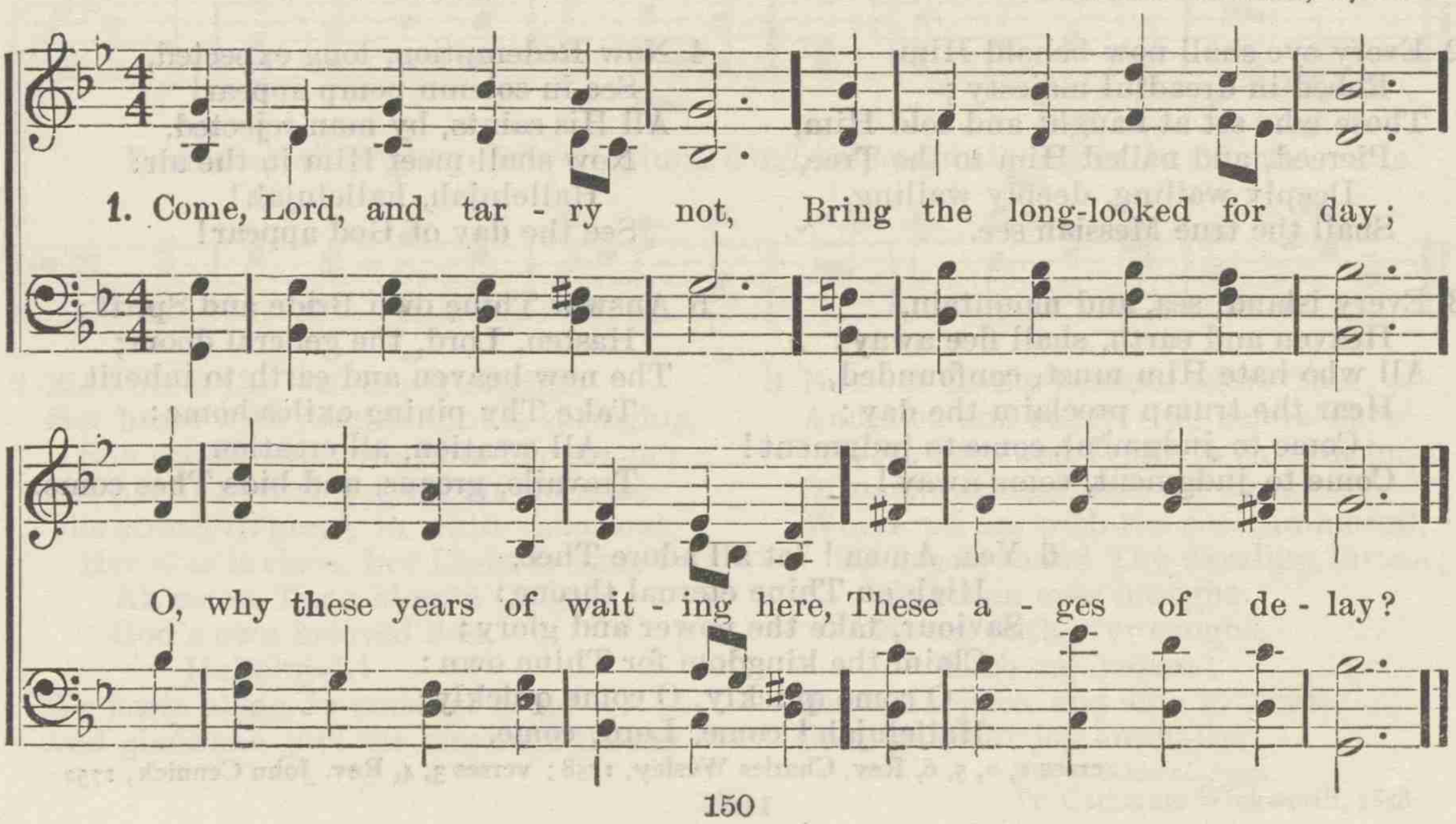
6 Bring Thine eternal Sabbath,
Bring Thine eternal day,
And cause all grief and sighing
To flee away.

7 To Thee, Almighty Father,
O Saviour, unto Thee,
To Thee, Creator-Spirit,
All glory be!

Edward William Eddis, 1864.

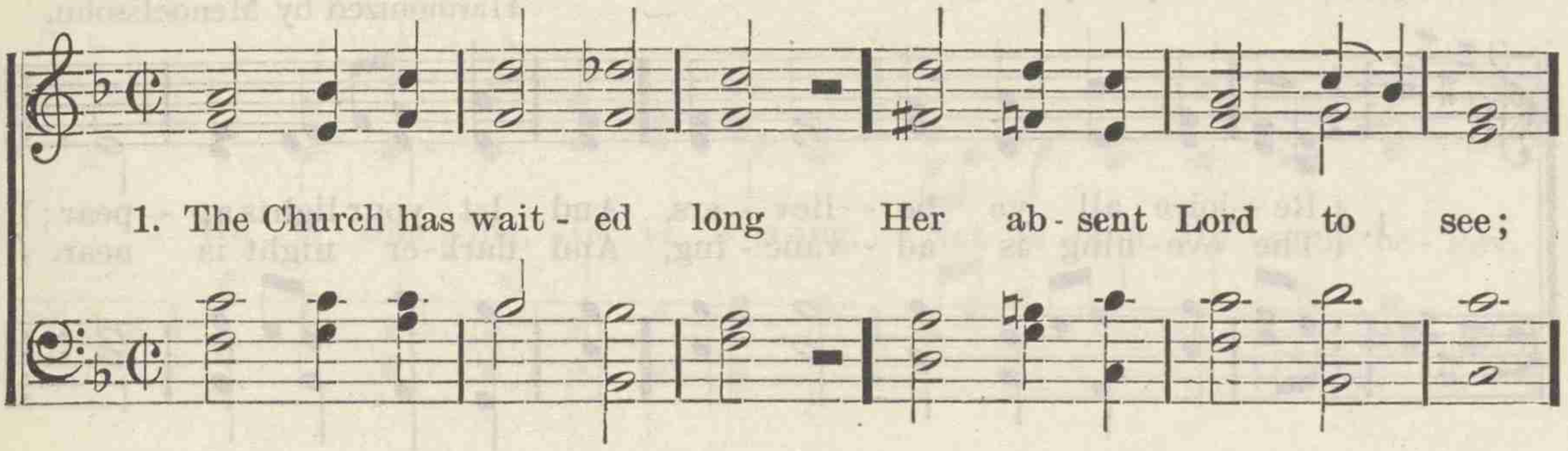
220 ST. BRIDE. S. M.

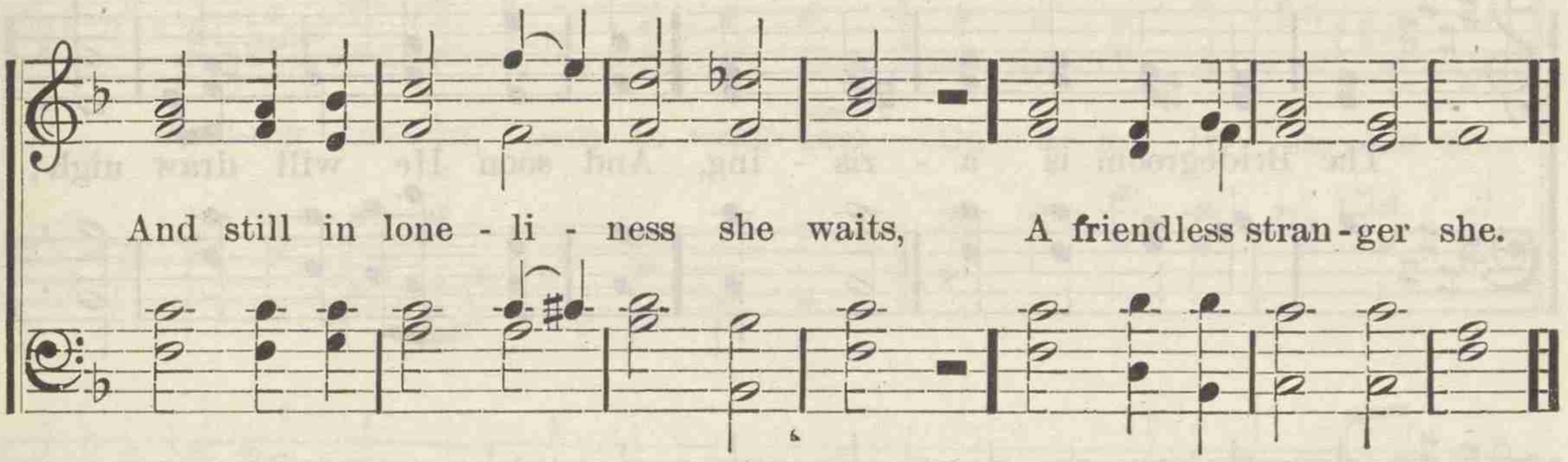
Samuel Howard, 1762.



221 DUTY. S. M.

Samuel P. Tuckerman, 1848.





2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

220 ST. BRIDE. S. M.

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

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

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

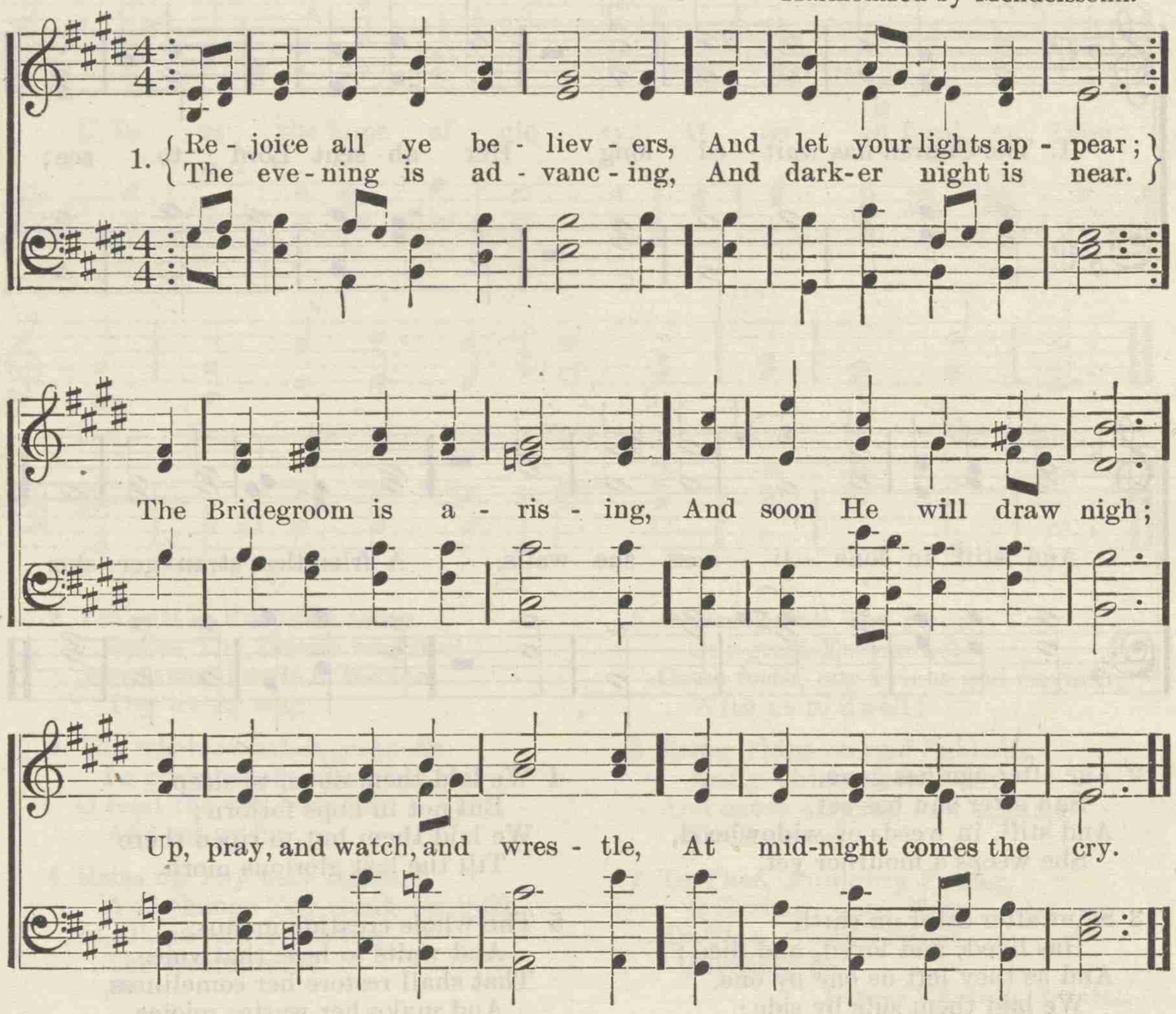
6 Come and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

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

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846.

222 MUNICH. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. G. C. Störl's Würtemberg Gesangbuch, 1711.
Harmonized by Mendelssohn.



2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until, in songs of triumph,
They meet the angel-choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory:
The Bridegroom is at hand!

4 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore
Shall live and reign forever,
When sorrow is no more;
Around the Throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

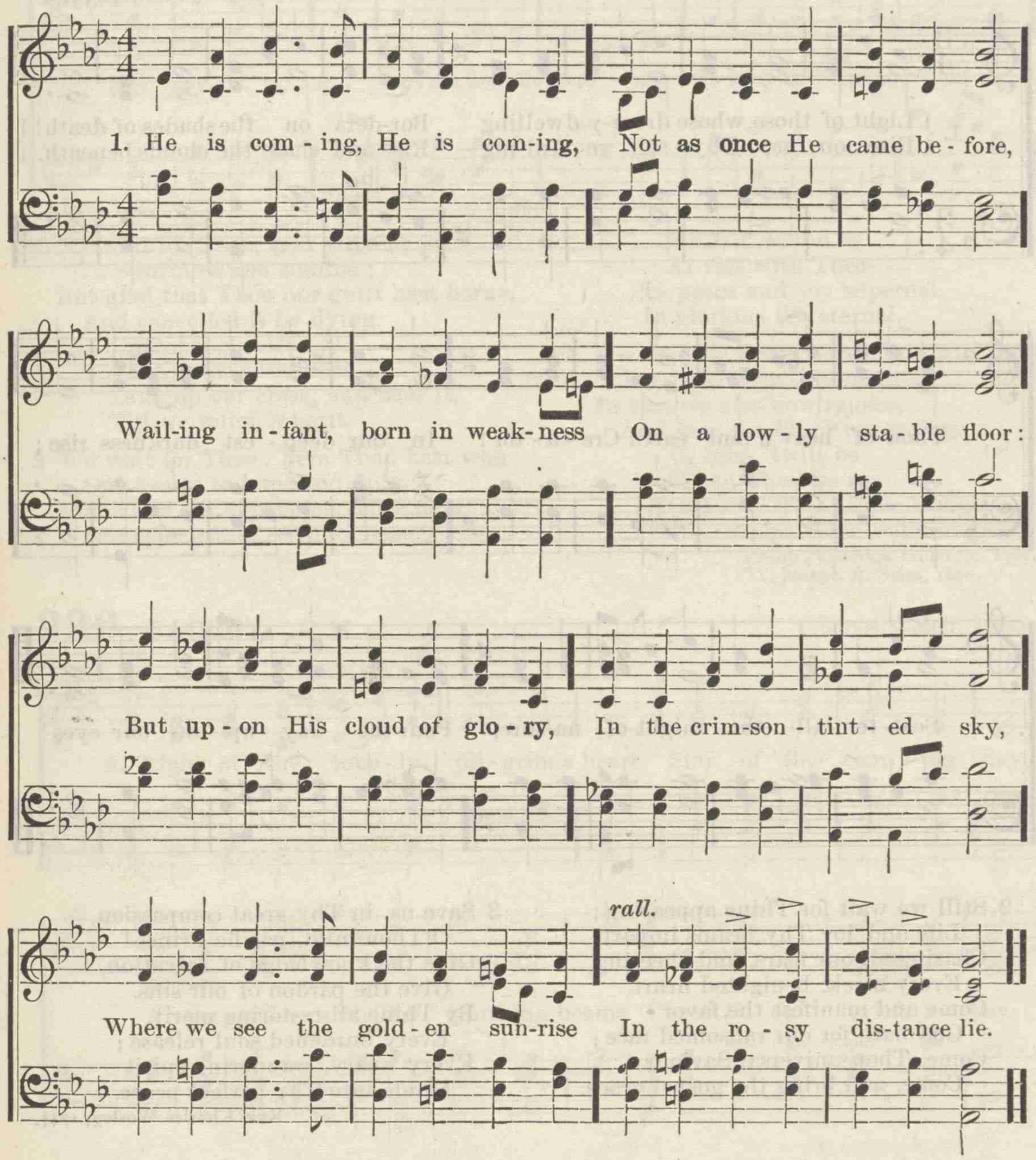
5 There flourish palms of victory;
There radiant garments are;
There stands the peaceful harvest
Beyond the reach of war.
There, after stormy winter,
The flowers of earth arise,
Aud from the grave's long slumber
Shall meet again our eyes.

6 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1660–1722.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853.

223 SANCTUARY. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871.



2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on His forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon Him,
And the scepter in His hand,
And the dead all ranged before Him,
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

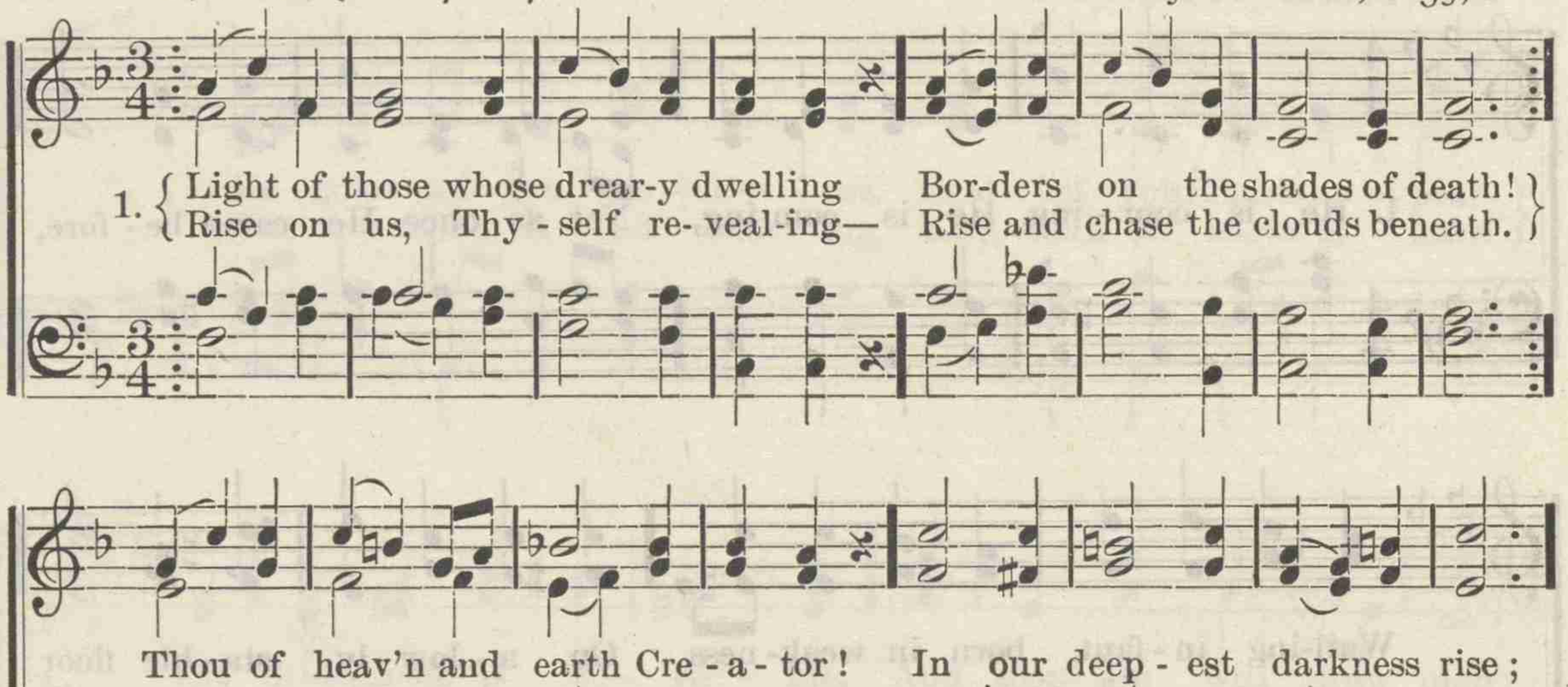
3 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few:
But with all the holy angels
Waiting round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve apostles
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

4 He is coming, He is coming;
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848.

224 ESTHER. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from J. G. Frech, 1835, a.



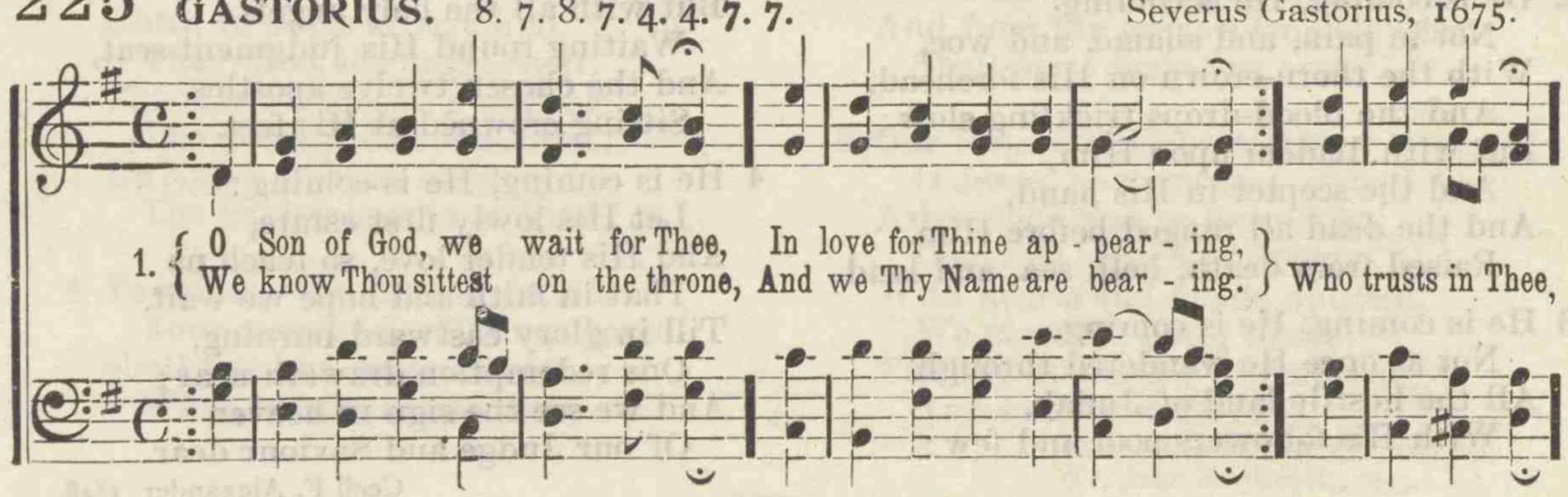
2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek, benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744.

225 GASTORIUS. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 7. 7.

Severus Gastorius, 1675.



2 We wait for Thee, mid toil and pain,
In weariness and sighing;
But glad that Thou our guilt hast borne,
And cancelled it by dying.
Hence, cheerfully,
May we, with Thee
Take up our cross, and bear it,
Till we relief inherit.

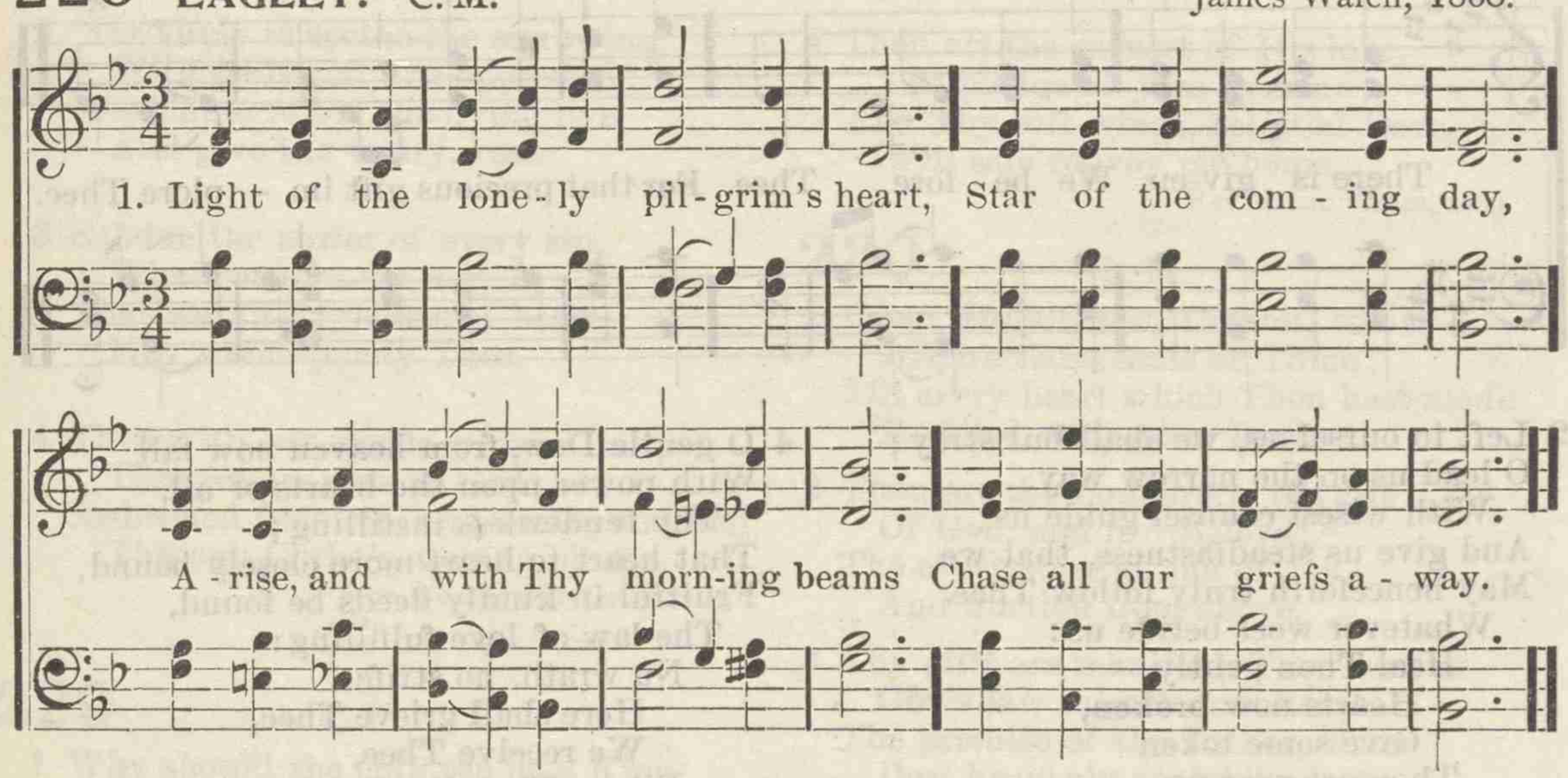
3 We wait for Thee; here Thou hast won
Our hearts to hope and duty;
But while our spirits feel Thee near,
Our eyes would see Thy beauty;
We fain would be
At rest with Thee
In peace and joy supernal,
In glorious life eternal.

4 We wait for Thee; sure Thou wilt come;
The time is swiftly nearing;
In this we also now rejoice,
And long for Thine appearing.
O, bliss 'twill be
When Thee we see,
Homeward Thy people bringing,
With transport and with singing!

Philip Frederick Hiller, d. 1769.
Tr. Joseph A. Seiss, 1890.

226 EAGLEY. C.M.

James Walch, 1860.



2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of Thy love.

4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

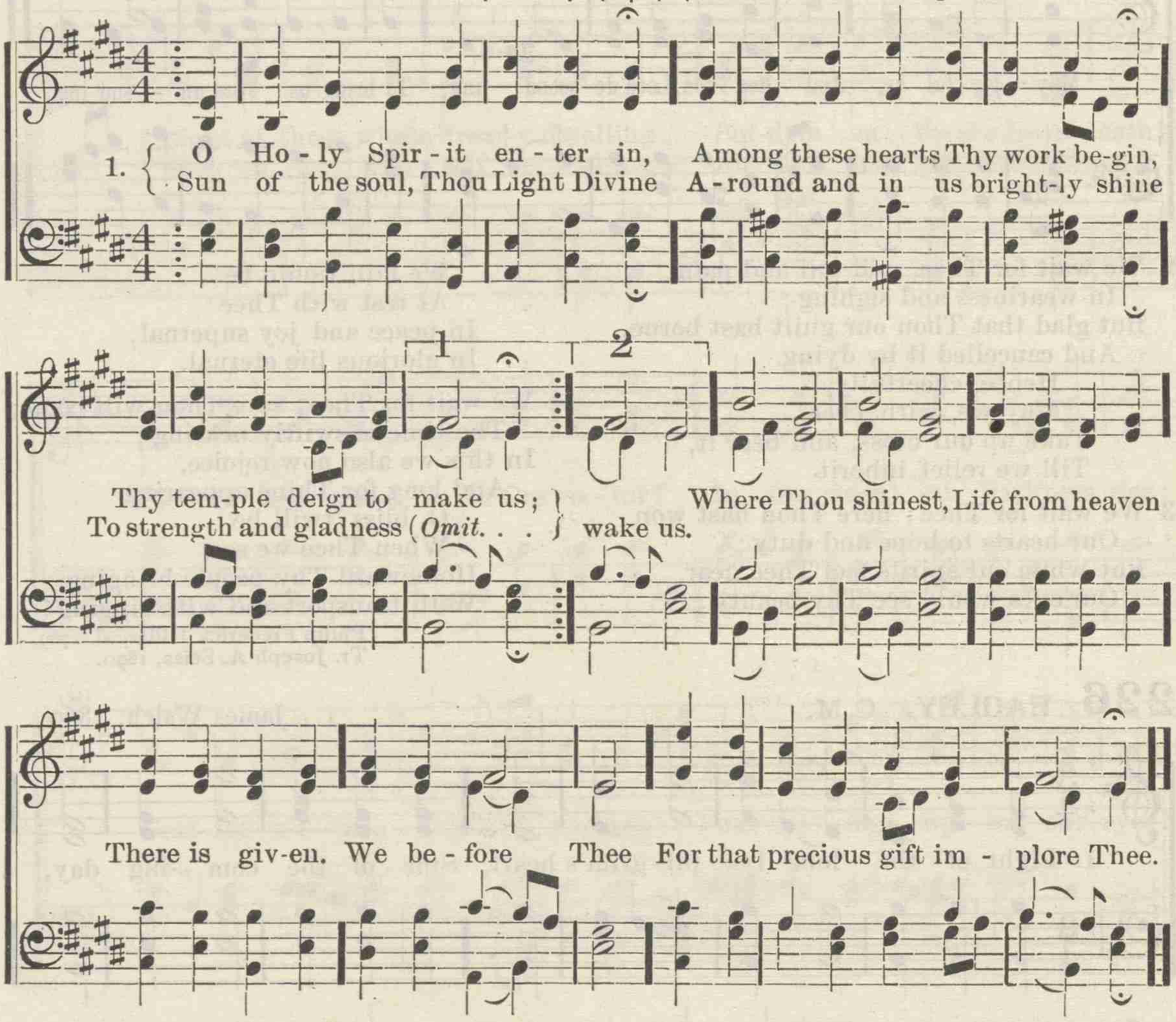
5 Come, then, with all Thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

6 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace Divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1842.

227 MORNING STAR. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 4. 4. 4. 4. 8.

Philip Nicolai, 1599.



2 Left to ourselves, we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us,
And give us steadfastness, that we
May henceforth truly follow Thee.
Whatever woes betide us:
Heal Thou gently,
Hearts now broken,
Give some token
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

3 O mighty Rock! O Source of Life,
Let Thy dear word, 'mid doubt and strife,
Be so within us burning,
That we be faithful unto death,
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wisdom learning!
Lord, Thy graces,
On us shower,
By Thy power
Christ confessing,
Let us win His grace and blessing.

4 O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
With power upon the hearts of all,
Thy tenderness instilling;
That heart to heart more closely bound,
Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,
The law of love fulfilling:
No wrath, no strife,
Here shall grieve Thee,
We receive Thee,
Where Thou livest
Peace and love and joy Thou givest.

5 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be passed;
Our minds so rule and strengthen
That they may rise o'er things of earth,
The hopes and joys that here have birth;
And if our course Thou lengthen,
Keep Thou pure, Lord,
From offences,
Heart and senses;
Blessed Spirit,
Bid us thus true life inherit.

Michael Schirmer, 1640.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1862.

228 SUDELEY. C. M.

Sir John Stainer, 1870.

2 'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary, rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

229 C. M.

1 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

230 C. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of Thine;
Till every heart which Thou hast made
Be filled with grace Divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart,
The promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With Thy celestial grace.

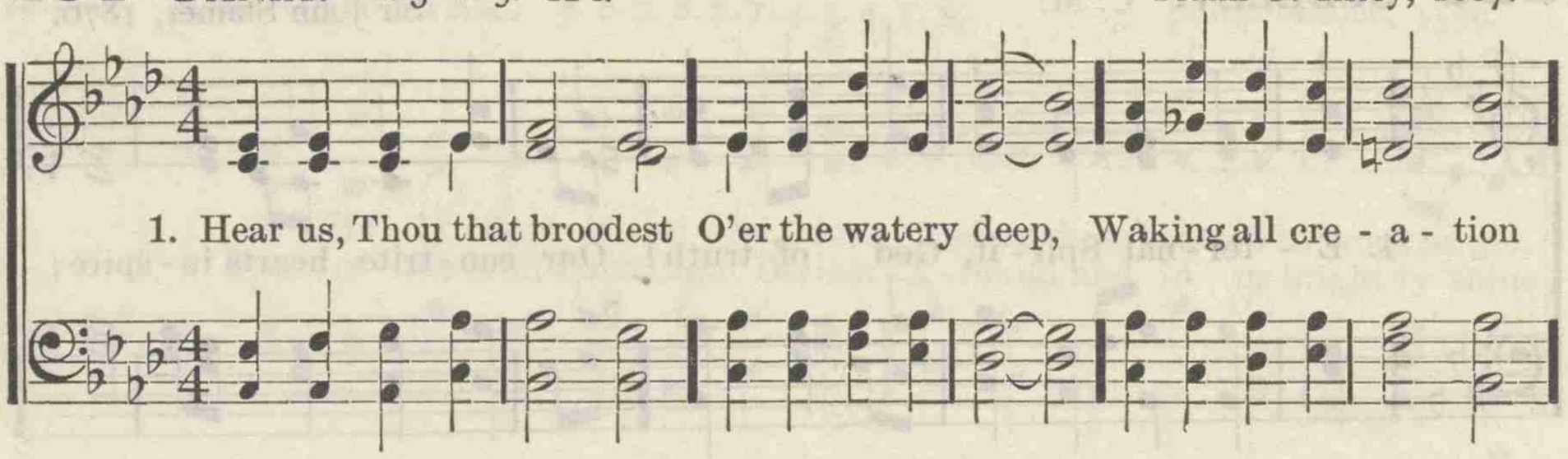
5 Drive far from us the mortal foe
And give us peace within,
That, by Thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

Nahum Tate, 1702.

231 DANIA. 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Frank G. Ilsley, 1887.



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2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

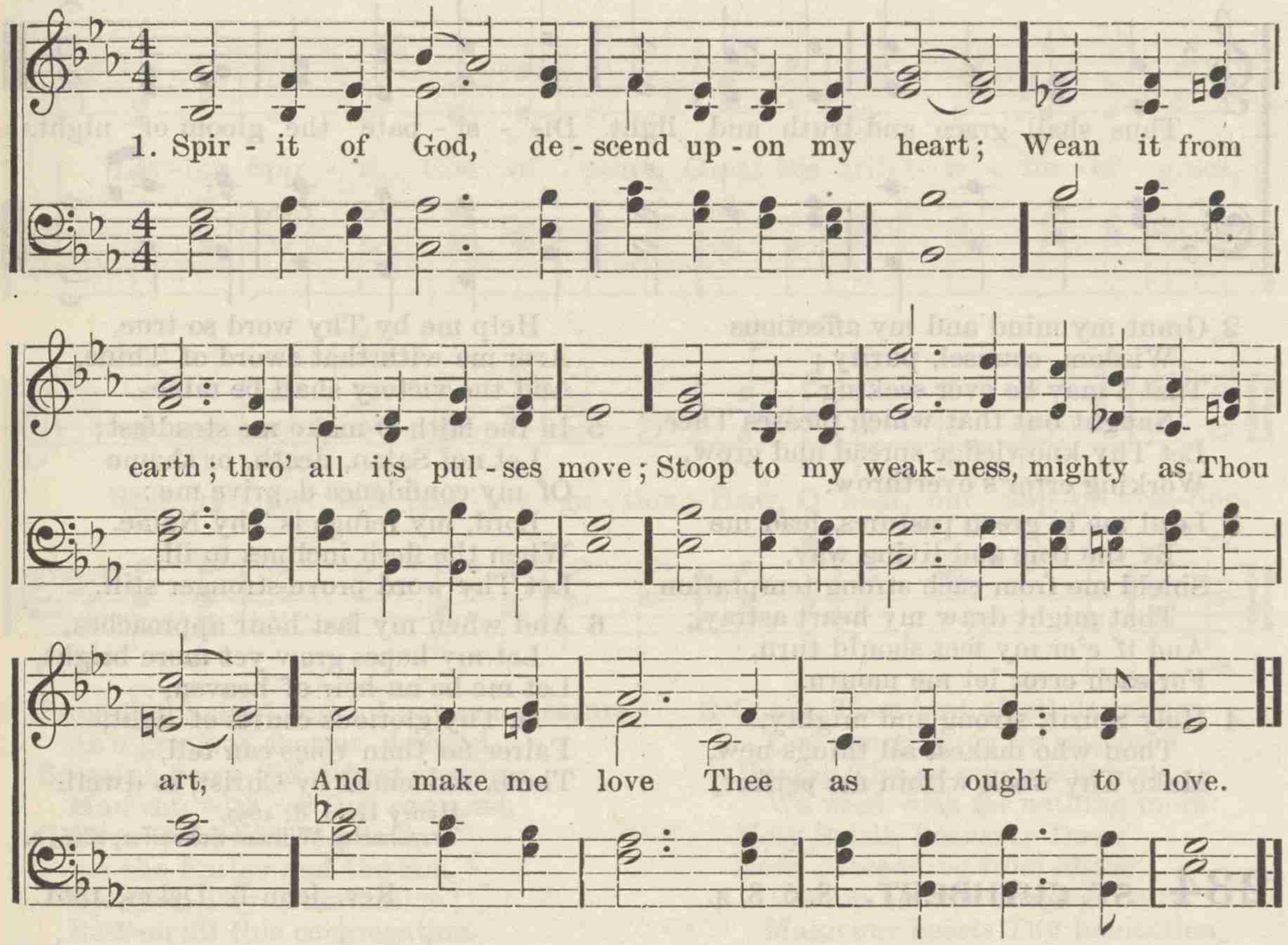
4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Light and Life Immortal, etc.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1873.

232 FELIX. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.



2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

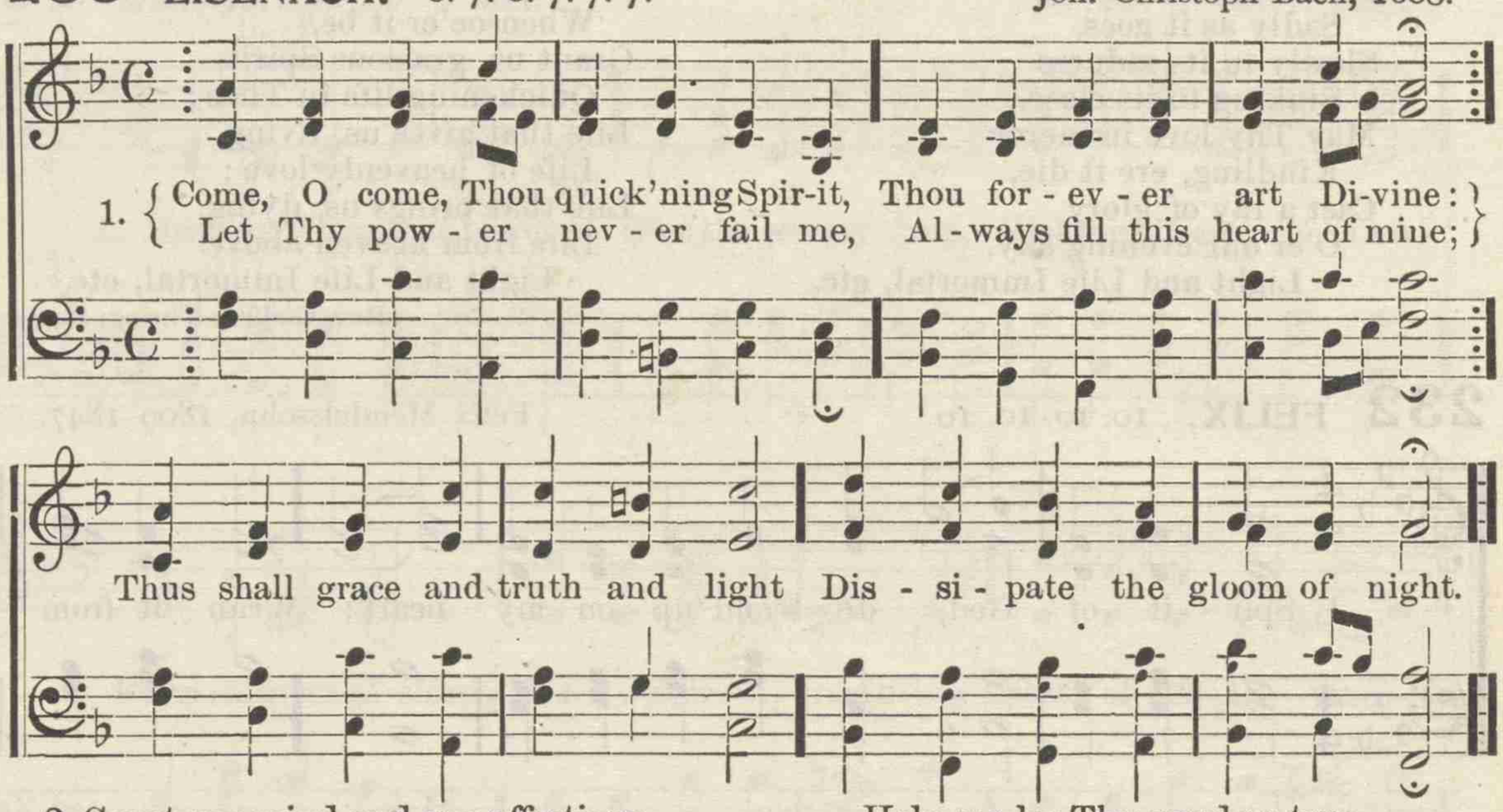
4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Rev. George Croly, 1854.

233 EISENACH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joh. Christoph Bach, 1680.



2 Grant my mind and my affections
Wisdom, counsel, purity;
That I may be ever seeking
Naught but that which pleases Thee.
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.

3 Lead me to green pastures, lead me
By the true and living way.
Shield me from each strong temptation
That might draw my heart astray;
And if e'er my feet should turn,
For each error let me mourn.

4 Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,
Thou who makest all things new,
Make Thy work within me perfect,
Help me by Thy word so true,
Arm me with that sword of Thine,
And the victory shall be mine.

5 In the faith O make me steadfast;
Let not Satan, death, or shame
Of my confidence deprive me;
Lord, my refuge is Thy Name.
When the flesh inclines to ill,
Let Thy word prove stronger still.

6 And when my last hour approaches,
Let my hopes grow yet more bright,
Let me be an heir of heaven,
In Thy glorious courts of light,
Fairer far than voice can tell,
There, redeemed by Christ, to dwell.

Henry Held, d. 1659.
Tr. Charles William Schaeffer, 1866, a.

234 ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.

235 INVOCATION. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower, descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O Thou Glory shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination;
Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore:
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Now, descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation;
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653, ab.
Tr. Johann Christian Jacobi, 1725.

234 ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4.

2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

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

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

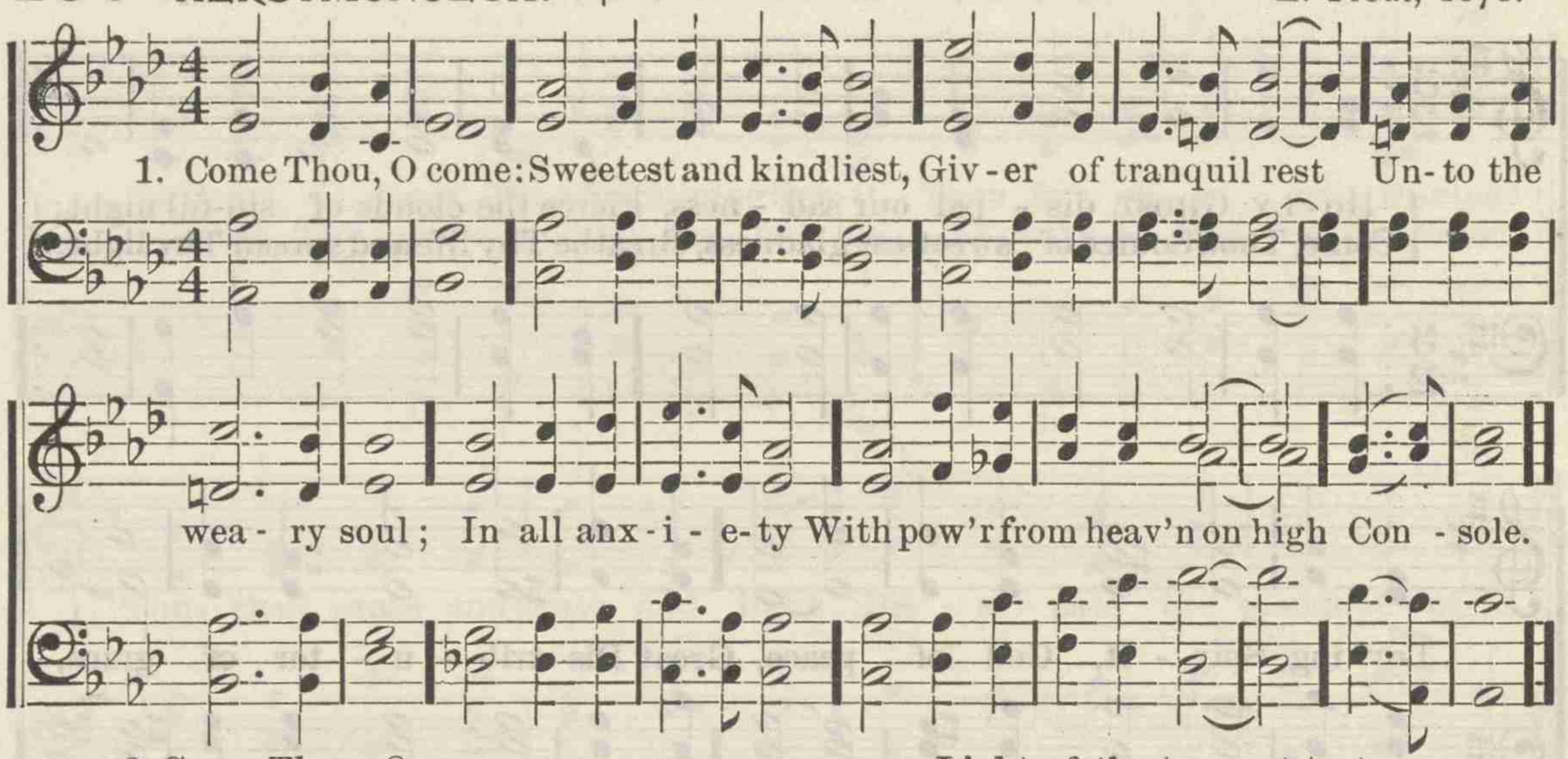
5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

236 HERSTMONCEUX. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 2.

E. Prout, 1878.



2 Come Thou, O come:
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3 Come Thou, O come:
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbor our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

4 Come Thou, O come:
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, blessèd Spirit, come;
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
Our home.

Tr. Rev. Gerard Moultrie, 1864.

237 SEYMOUR. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826.

2 Holy Ghost, with Power Divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with Joy Divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

238 ST. PHILIP. 7. 7. 7.

William H. Monk, 1861.

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

5 Light immortal, Light Divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.

6 If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

7 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away.

8 Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

9 Thou, on these who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:

10 Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Anon. (Latin, 13th cent.)
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849.

239 SEYMOUR. 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

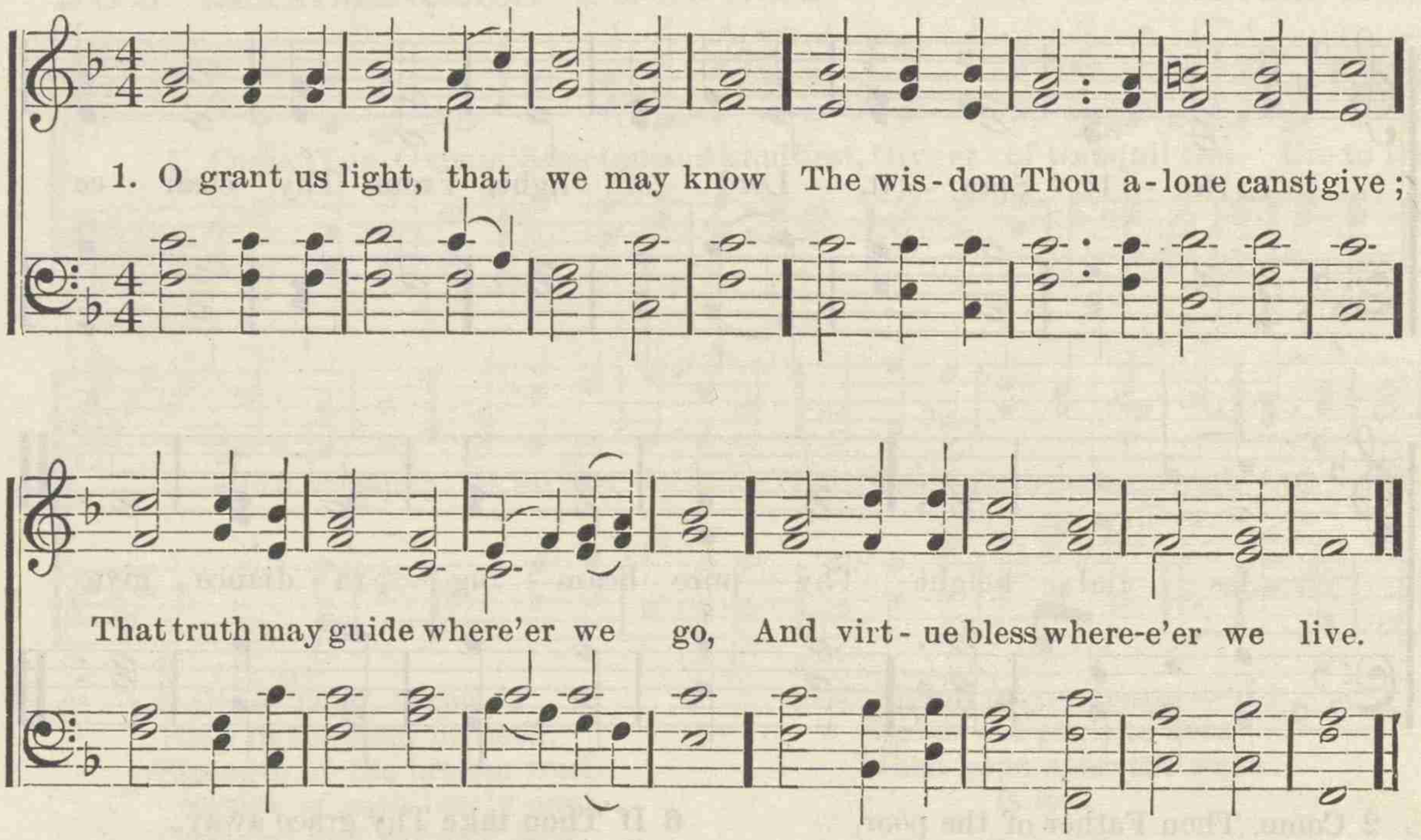
5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864.

240 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832.



2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Rev. Laurence Tuttiett, 1864.

241 L. M.

1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

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

3 Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

242 L. M.

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

2 The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

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

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

Rev. Simon Browne 1720.

243 DEDHAM. C. M.

William Gardiner, 1830.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

244 C. M.

1 Great Father of each perfect gift,
Behold Thy servants wait;
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around Thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven;
And bear with energy Divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1736.

245 C. M.

1 Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.

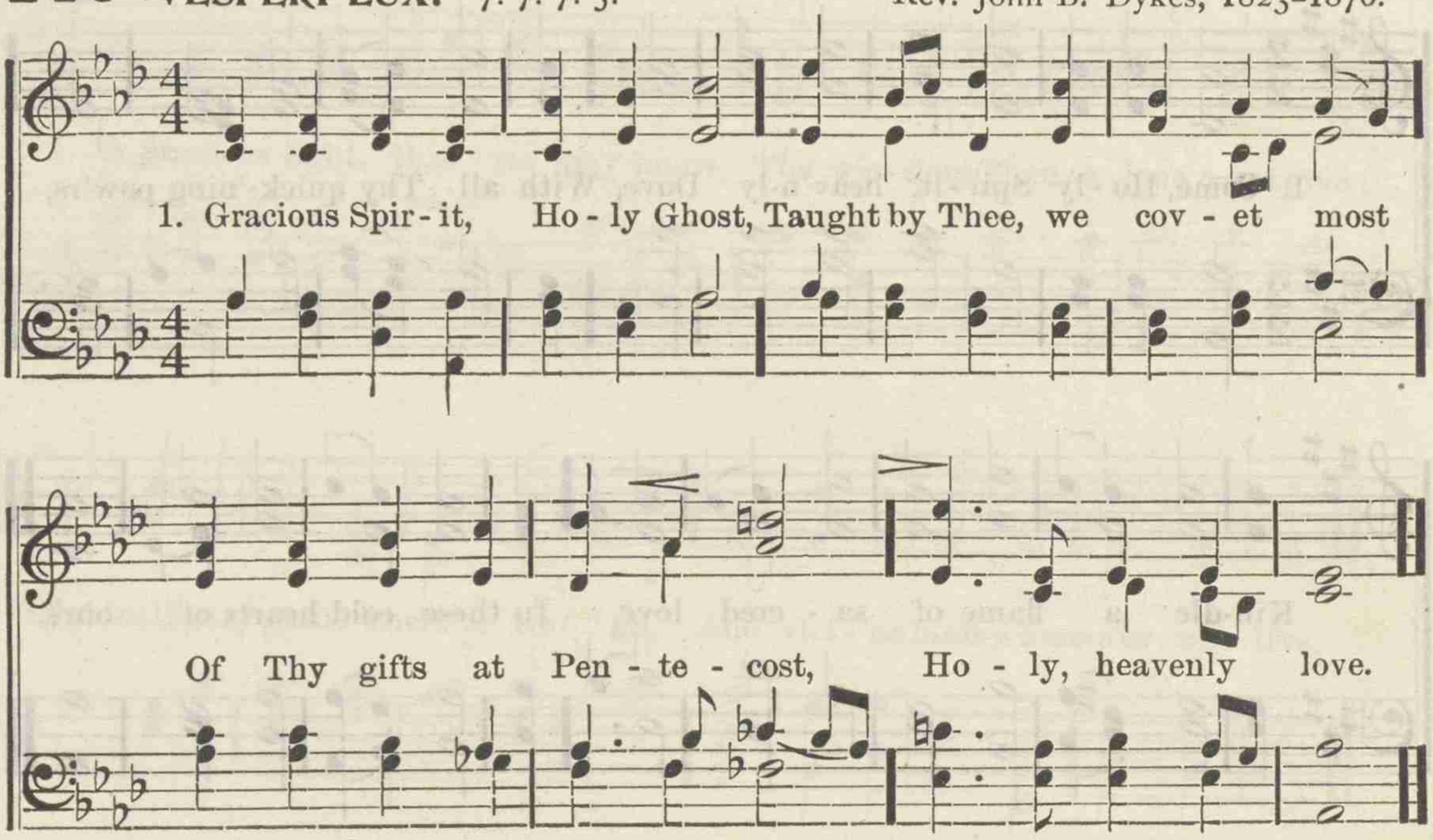
To our benighted minds reveal,
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

4 His love within us shed abroad,—
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792.

246 VESPERI LUX. 7. 7. 7. 5.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1823-1876.



2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love, than death itself more strong
Give us heavenly love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

7 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

247 7. 7. 7. 5.

1 Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality.—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson, 1853.

The Holy Trinity.

248 **NICÆA.** 11. 12. 12. 10. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.

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

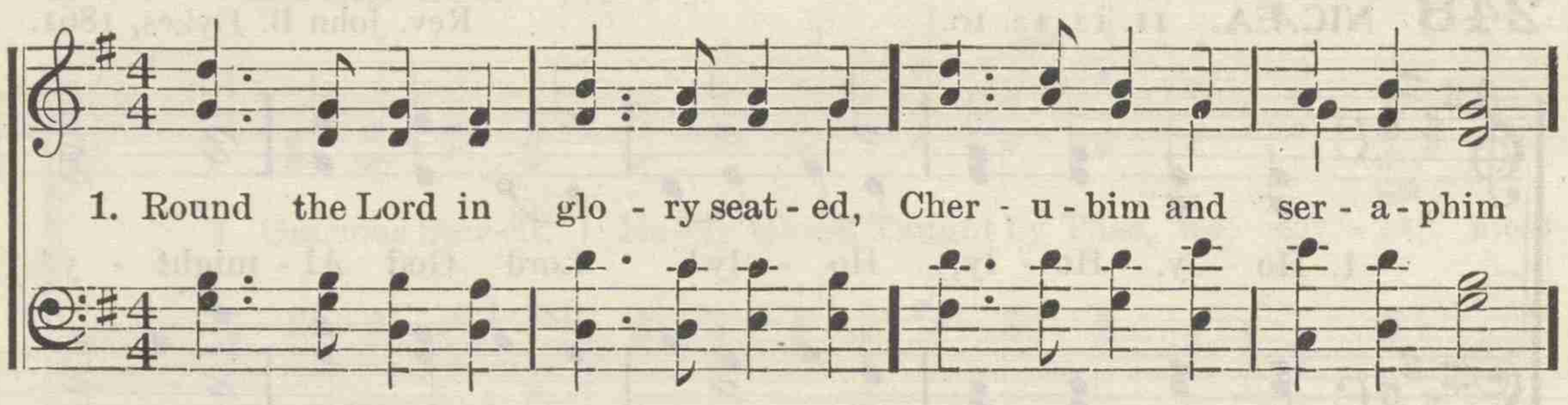
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber, pub. 1827.

249 MOULTRIE. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Gerald F. Cobb, 1860.



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

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

Bishop Richard Mant, 1837.

250 CROFT. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. William Croft, 1700.

(Or to Gopsal.)

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy Divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

251 SPANISH CHANT. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. by Benj. Carr, 1824.

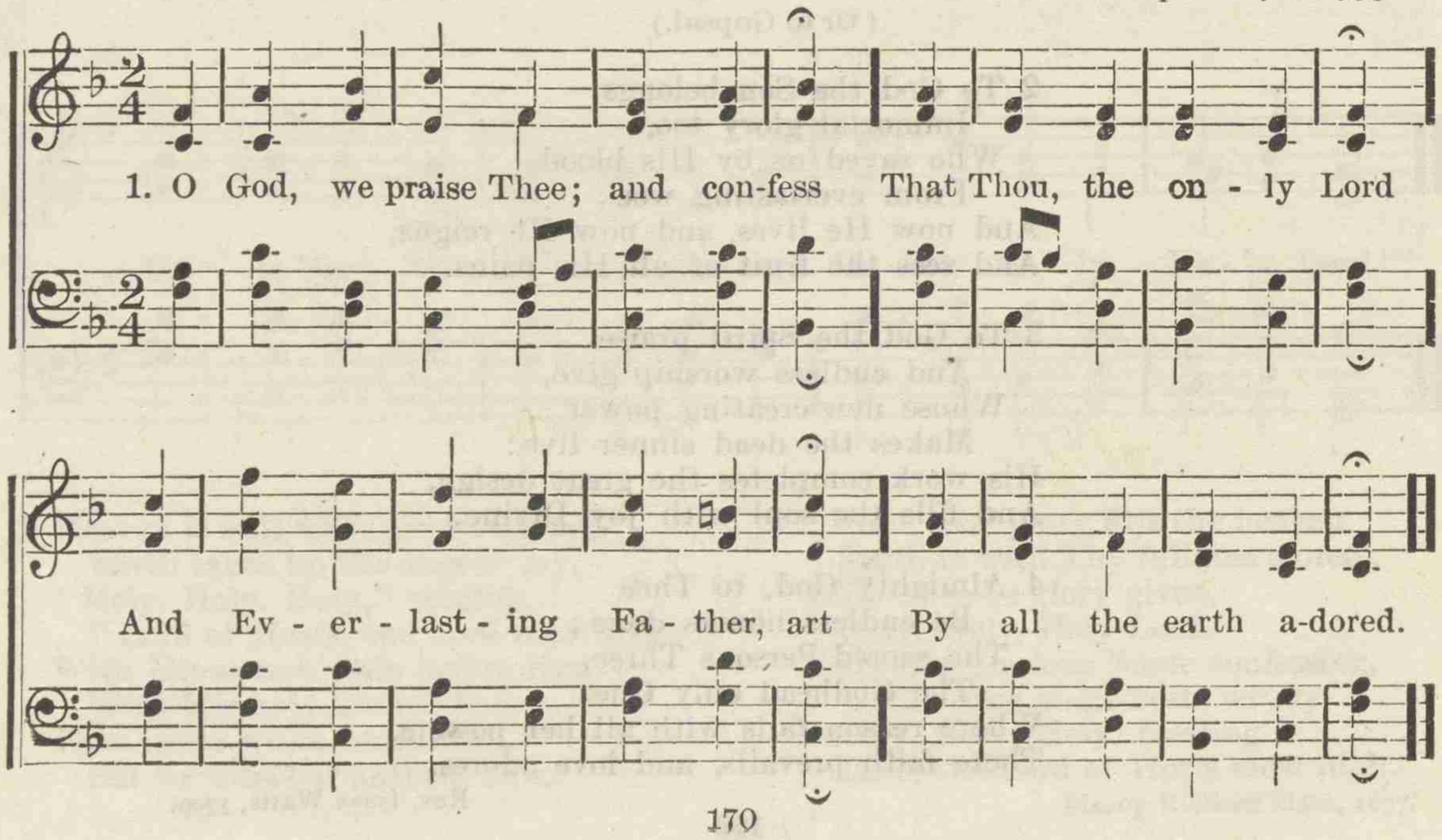
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

James Montgomery, 1832.

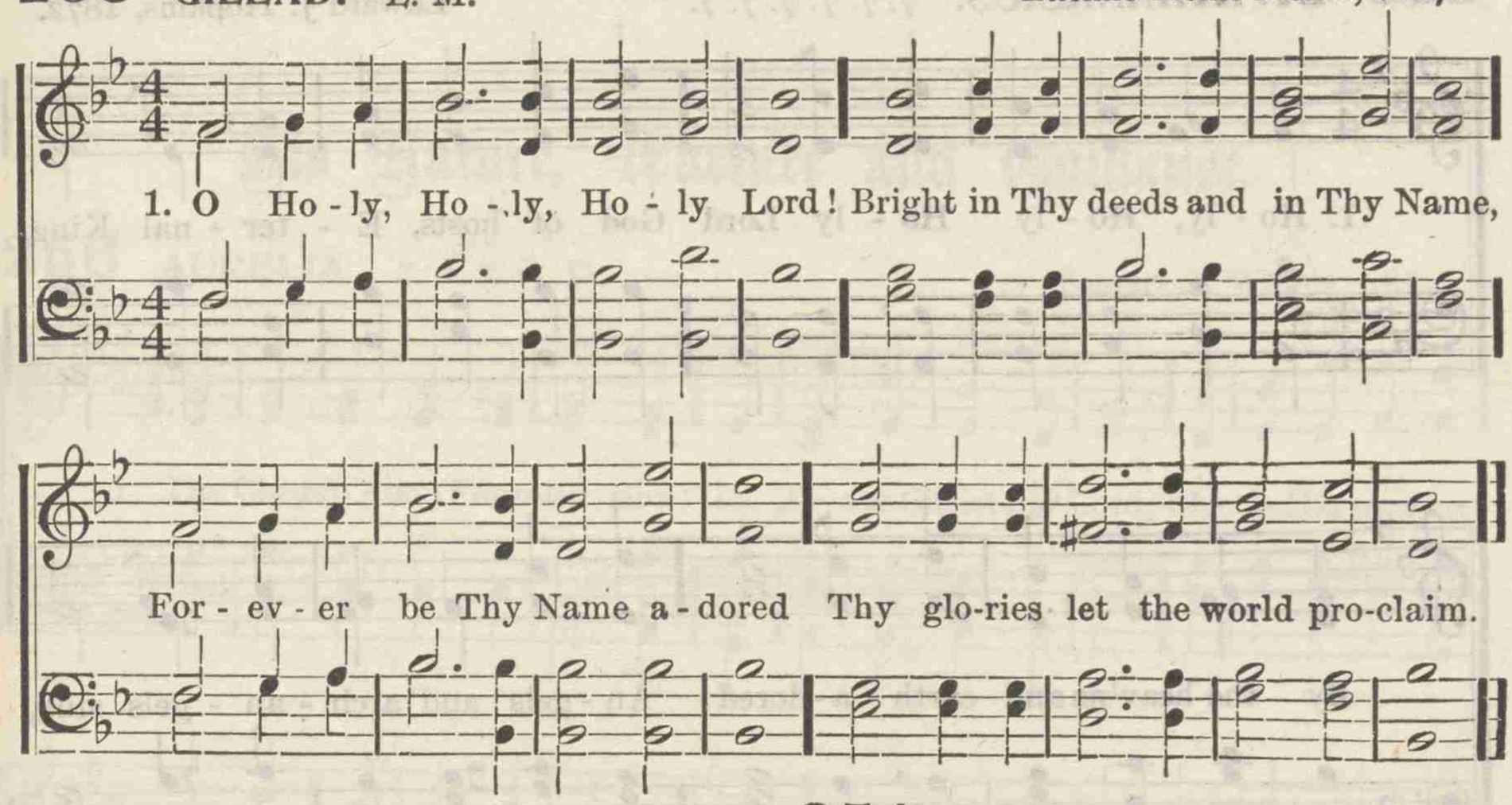
252 DUNDEE. C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553.



253 GILEAD. L. M.

Etienne Henri Mehul, 1807.



2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit, from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou Source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

Rev. James W. Eastburn, 1815.

254 L. M.

1 Father of heaven, whose Love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning Love extend:

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

Rev. Edward Cooper, 1805.

252 DUNDEE. C. M.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic ray.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

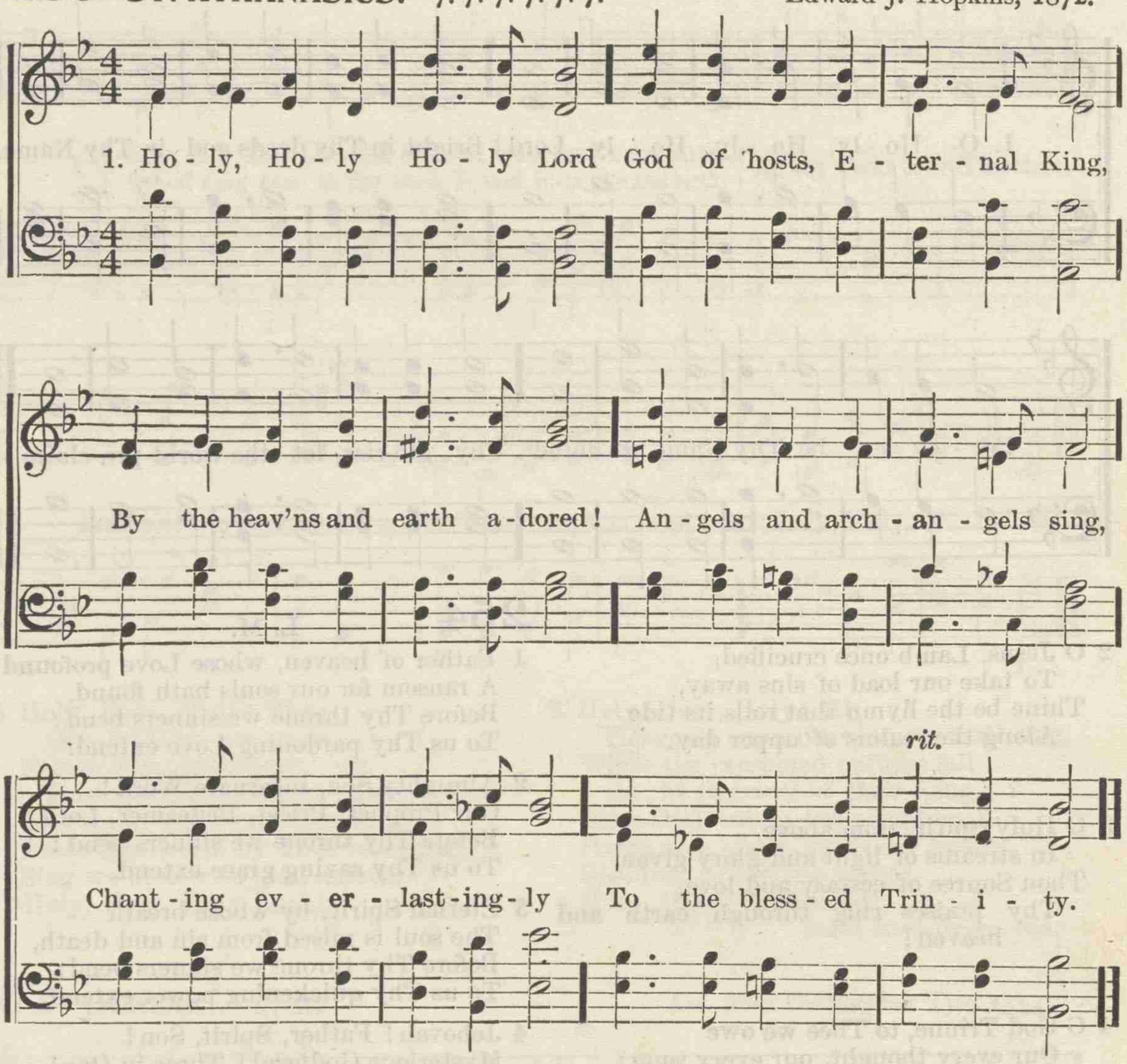
5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty;

6 Thy honored, true, and only Son;
And Holy Ghost, the Spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,
Of glory Thou art King.

Anon. (Latin 5th Century.)
Tr. Tate and Brady's Supplement, c. 1700.

255 ST. ATHANASIUS. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872.



2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid;
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity

3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

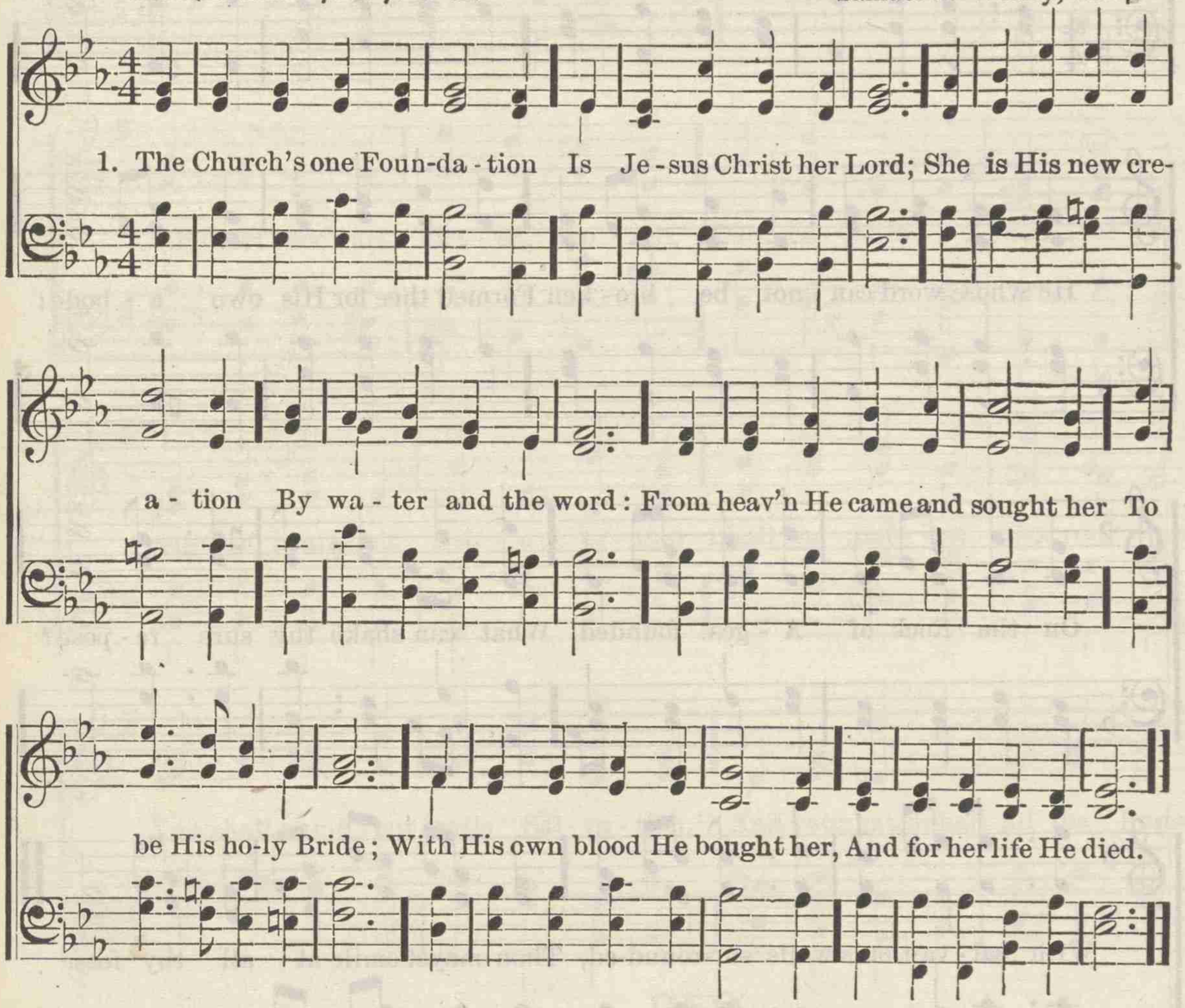
5 Thee apostles, prophets Thee,
Thee the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One, and Persons Three;
Join us with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

Its Nature, Warfare and Guidance.

256 **AURELIA.** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Samuel S. Wesley, 1864.



2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866.

257 AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8. 7. 8. 7. D. Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near,
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

258 ADRIAN. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1890.

259 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moon no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light.

William Cowper, 1790.

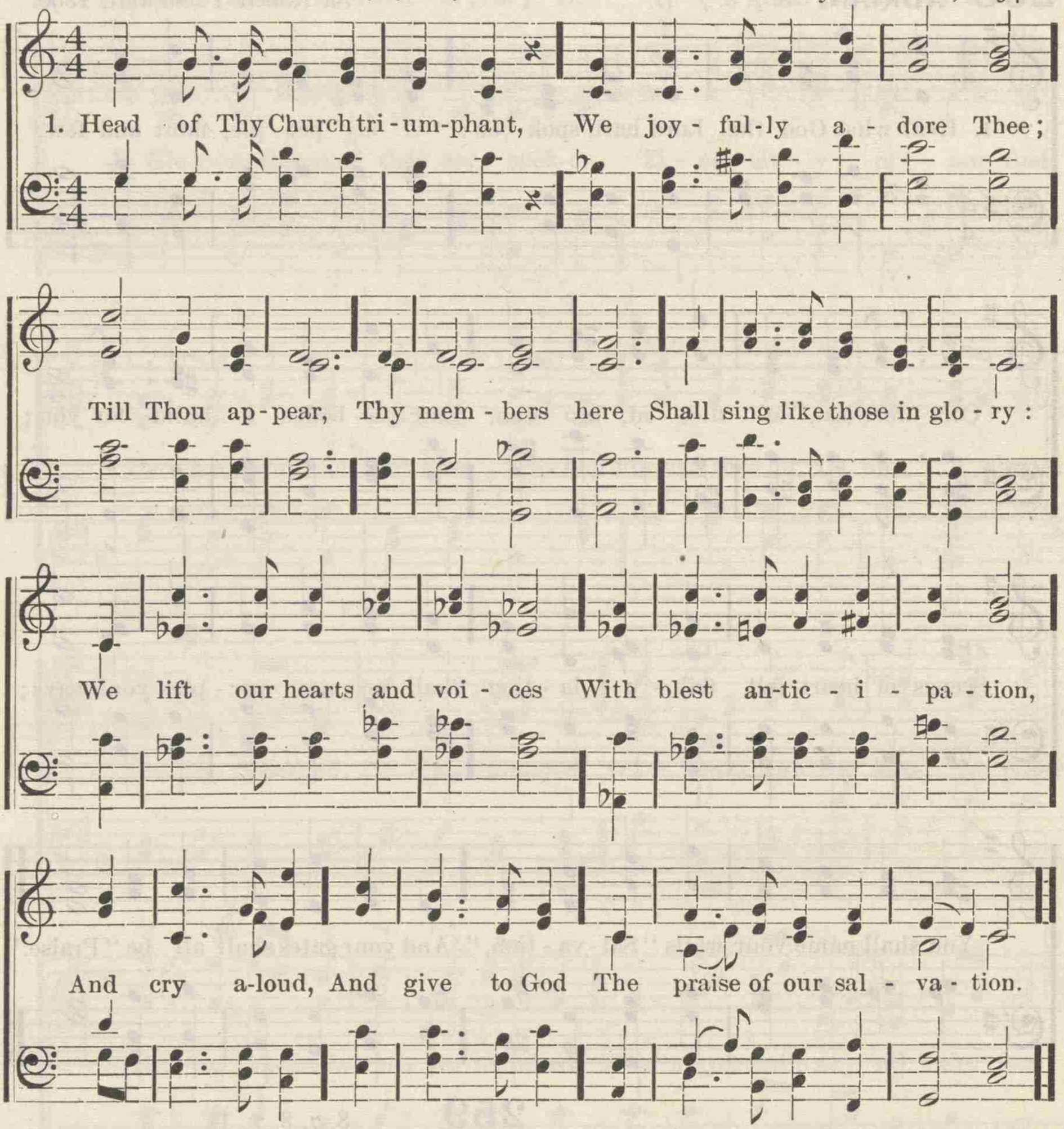
1 Praise the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His Name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the Corner-stone;
Vain against our rock-built Zion
Winds and waters, fire and hail,
Christ is in her midst; against her
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2 Where Thou reignest, King of Glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night;
Soon may we those portals enter
When this earthly strife is o'er,
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

Rev. Benjamin Webb, 1872, a.

260 LOSTWITHIEL. 7. 7. 8. 7. D.

James Turle, 1854.



2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We lift our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love Divine
Which made us Thine
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

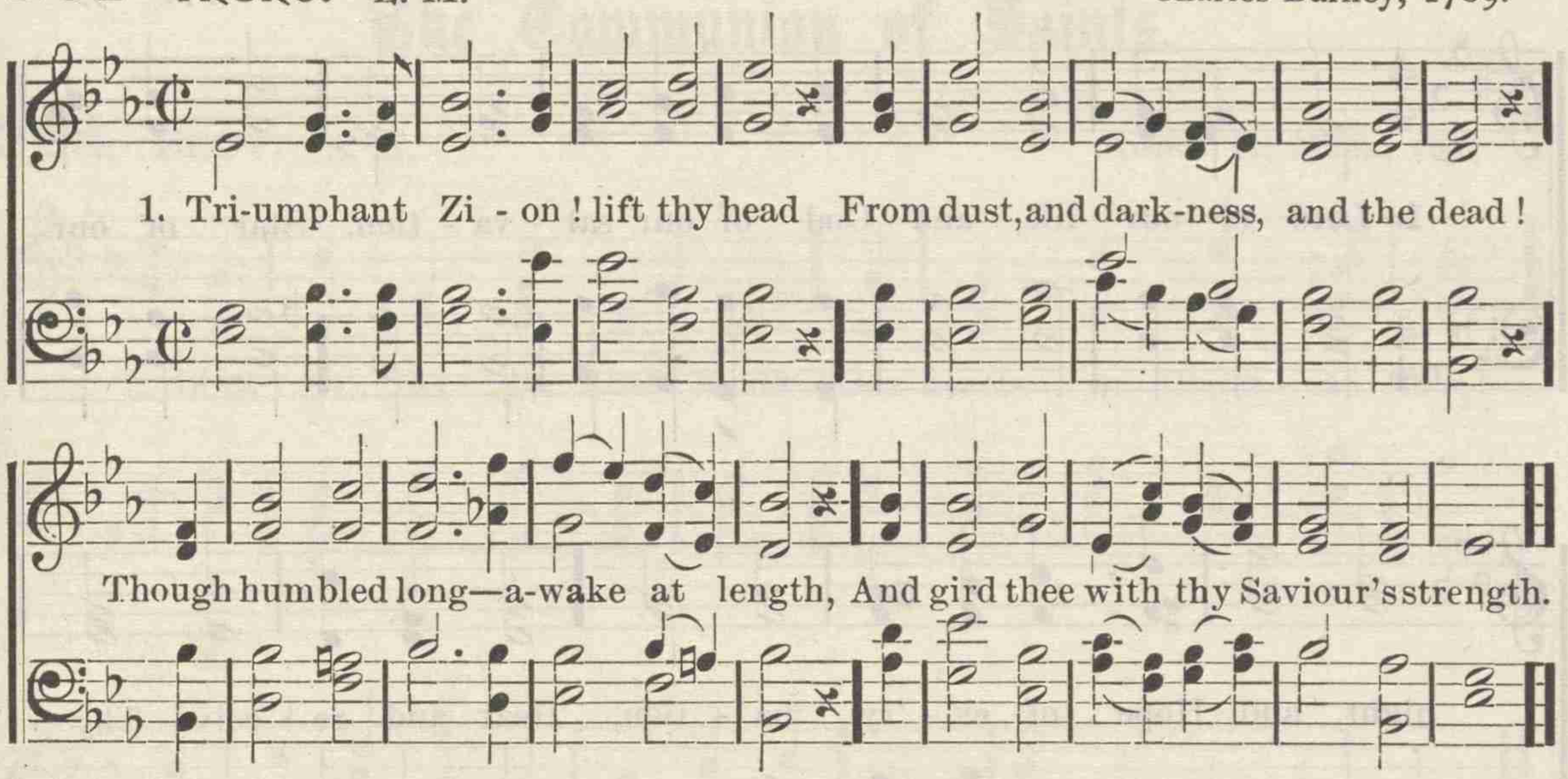
3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor shall we fear,
While Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
Through Thee we shall
Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise
For that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us;
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's right hand
To take us up to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745, alt.

261 TRURO. L. M.

Charles Burney, 1789.



2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known :
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

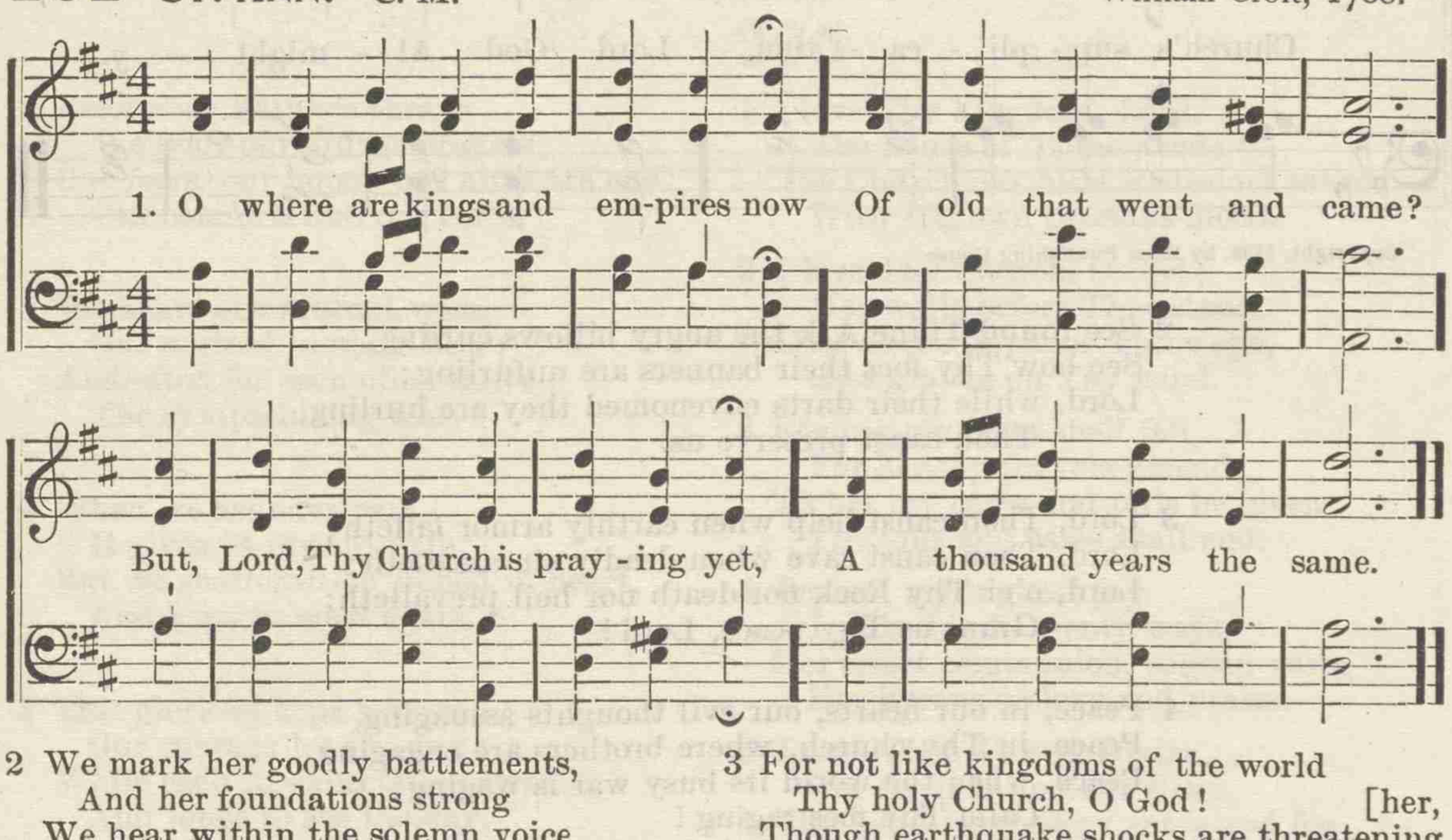
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread :
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer ;
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

262 ST. ANN. C. M.

William Croft, 1708.



2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

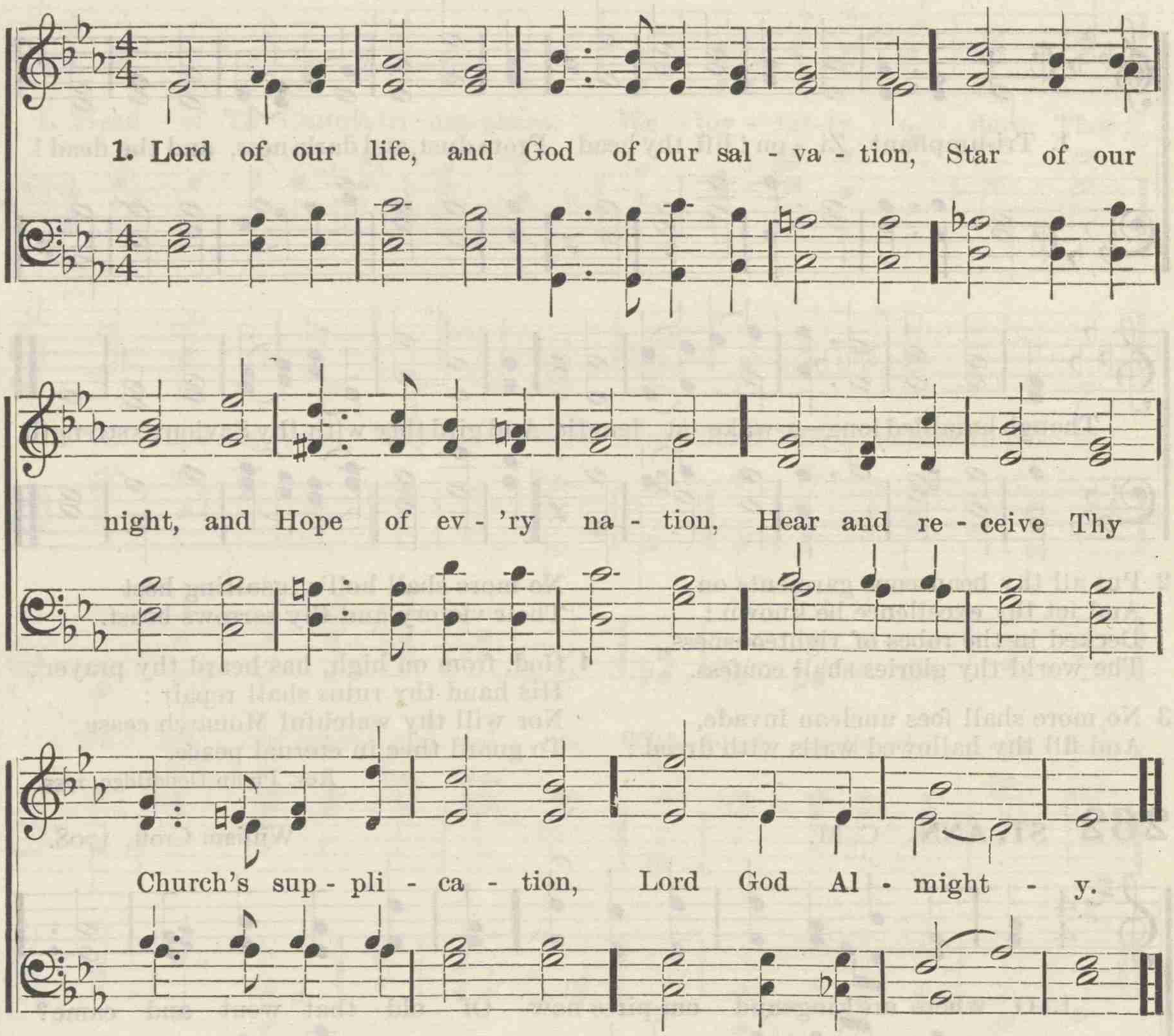
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God ! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad ;—

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1839.

263 PUSEY. 11. 11. 11. 5.

U. C. Burnap, 1895.



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2 See round Thine Ark the angry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

Philip Pusey, 1840.

The Communion of Saints.

264 ELOY. S. M.

Arthur H. Mann, 1890.

(Or to Boylston.)

265 S. M.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800.

266 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

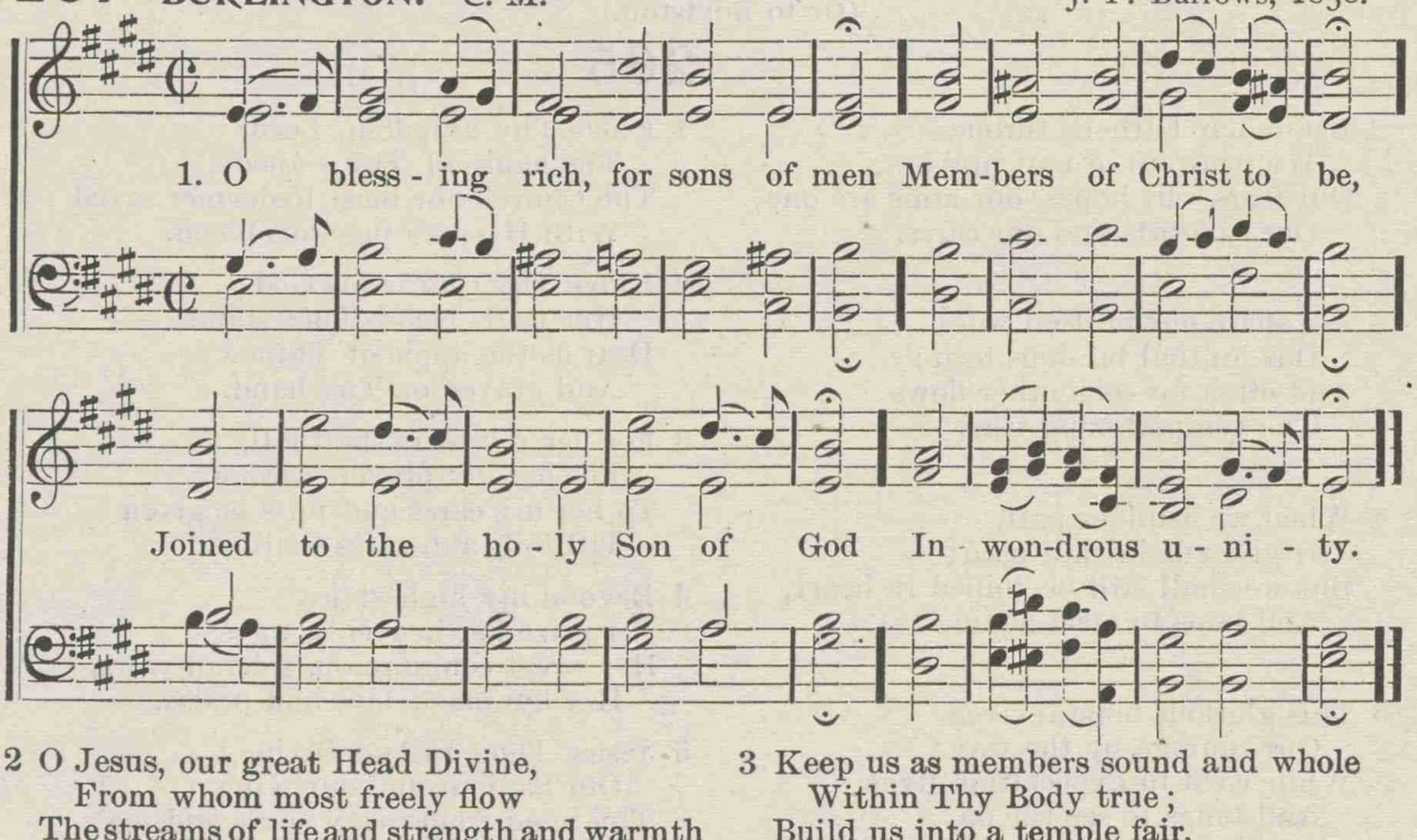
3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne,
We in the kingdom of Thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The Holy to the Holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745.

267 BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. Burrows, 1830.



2 O Jesus, our great Head Divine,
From whom most freely flow
The streams of life and strength and warmth
To all the frame below.

3 Keep us as members sound and whole
Within Thy Body true;
Build us into a temple fair,
Meet stones in order due.

4 For one with God, O Jesus blest,
We are, when one with Thee,
With saints on earth and saints at rest
A glorious company.

Hymnologia Christiana, 1863.

268 XAVIER. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Frank Champneys, 1889.

(Or to Pleyel's Hymn.)

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest;
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There's your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick, 1742.

269 BURLINGTON. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

5 His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

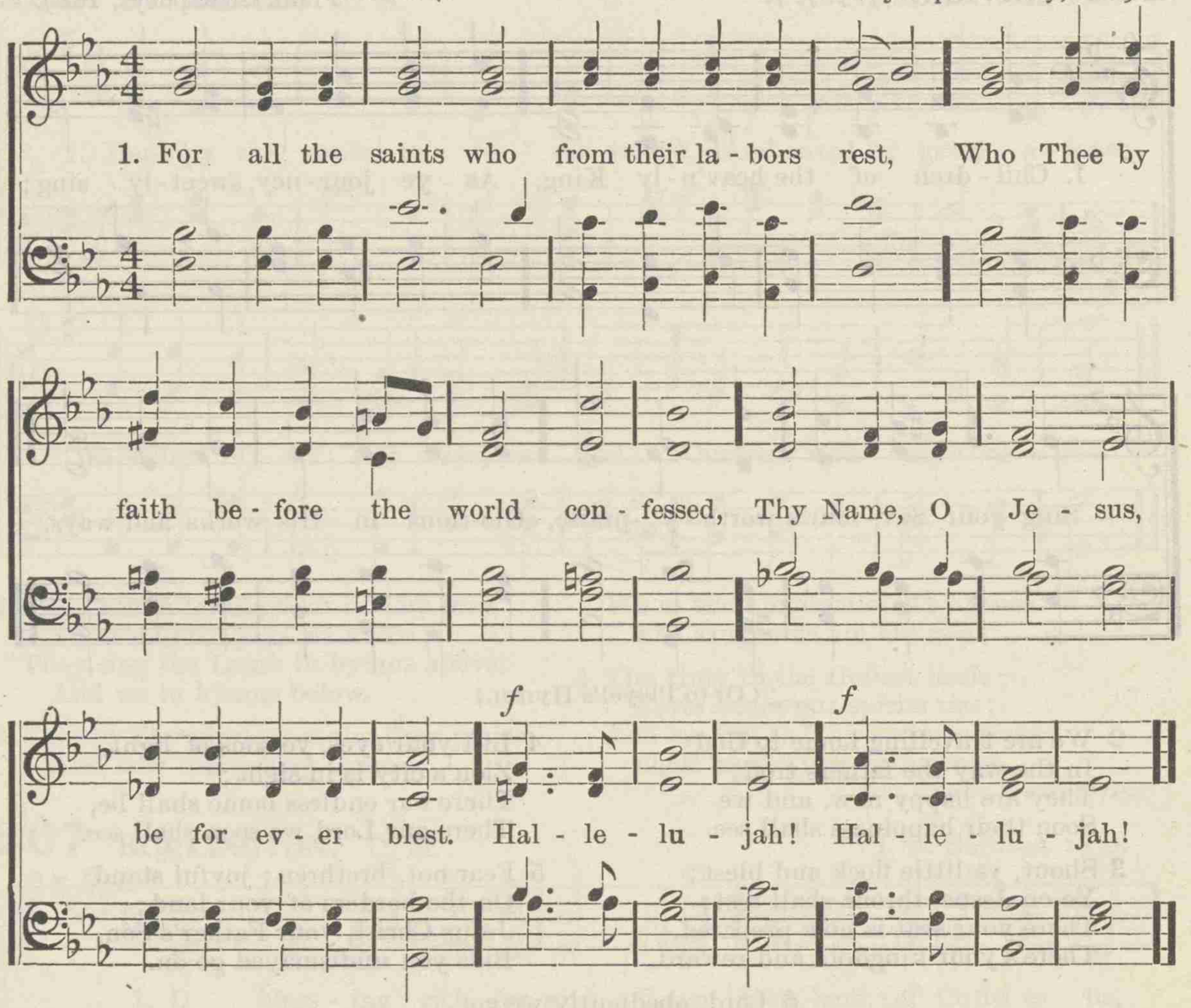
6 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

7 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us all in heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1759

270 SARUM. 10. 10. 10. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869.



2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Hallelujah!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Hallelujah!

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Hallelujah!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Hallelujah!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Hallelujah!

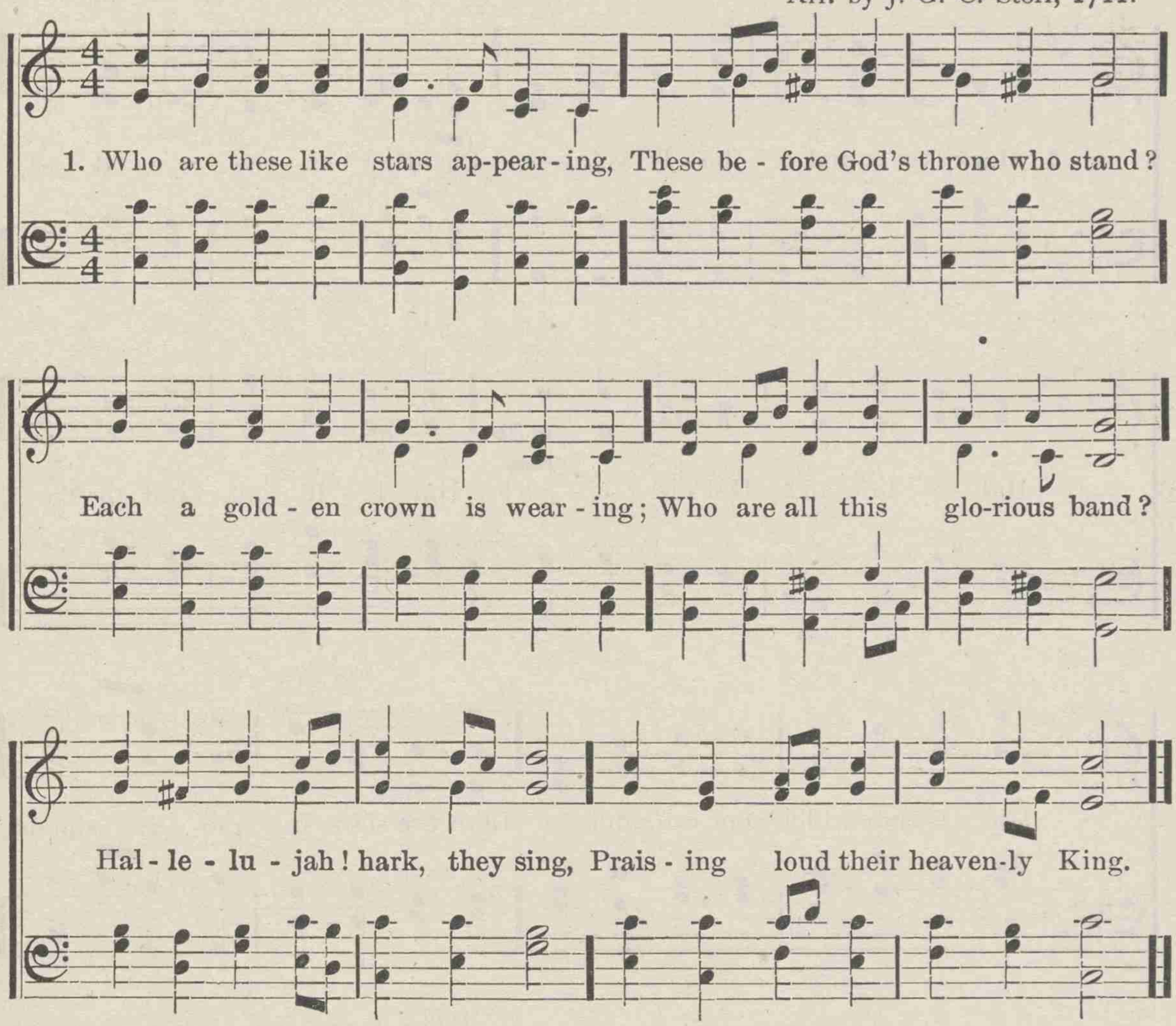
7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Hallelujah!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Hallelujah!

Bishop William W. How, 1864.

271 ALL SAINTS OLD. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698.
Arr. by J. G. C. Störl, 1711.



2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

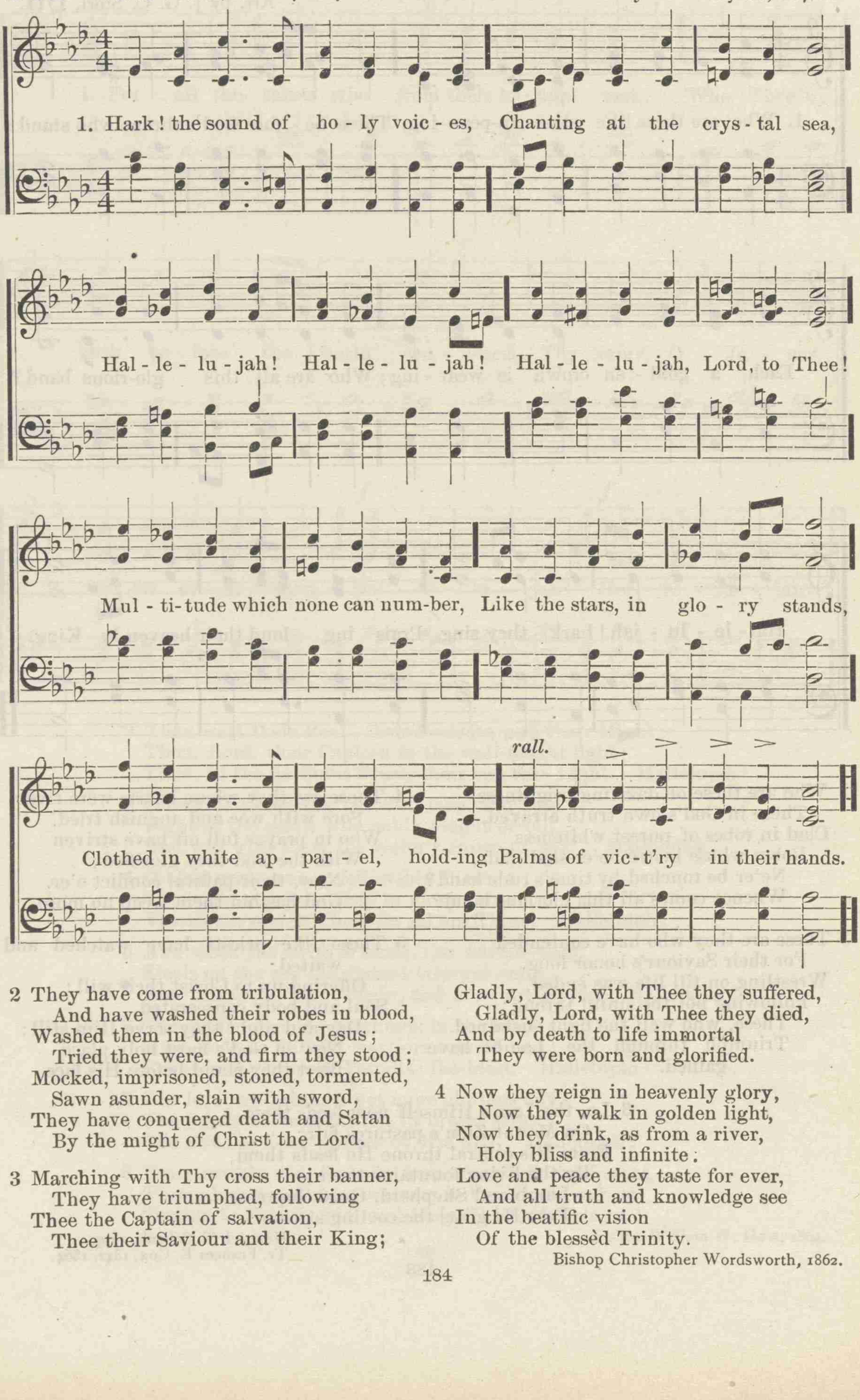
5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.

6 Lo, the Lamb Himself now feeds them
On Mount Zion's pastures fair;
From His central throne He leads them
By the living fountains there;
Lamb and Shepherd, Good Supreme,
Free He gives the cooling stream.

Heinrich T. Schenk, 1719.
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841, 1864.

272 SANCTUARY. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1871.



2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

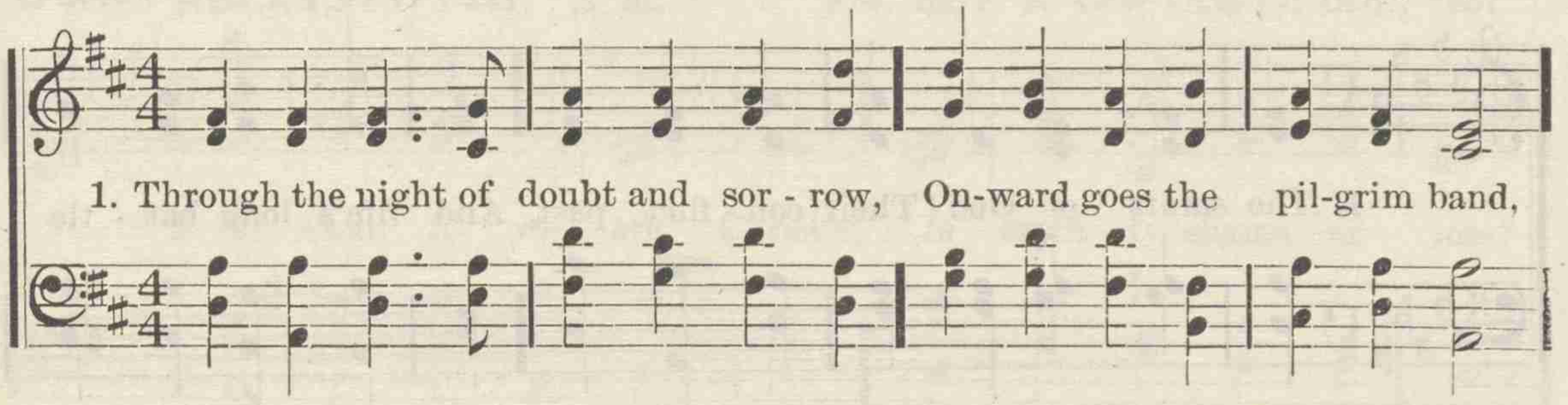
3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

273 ST. ASAPH. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William S. Bambridge, 1872.



2 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

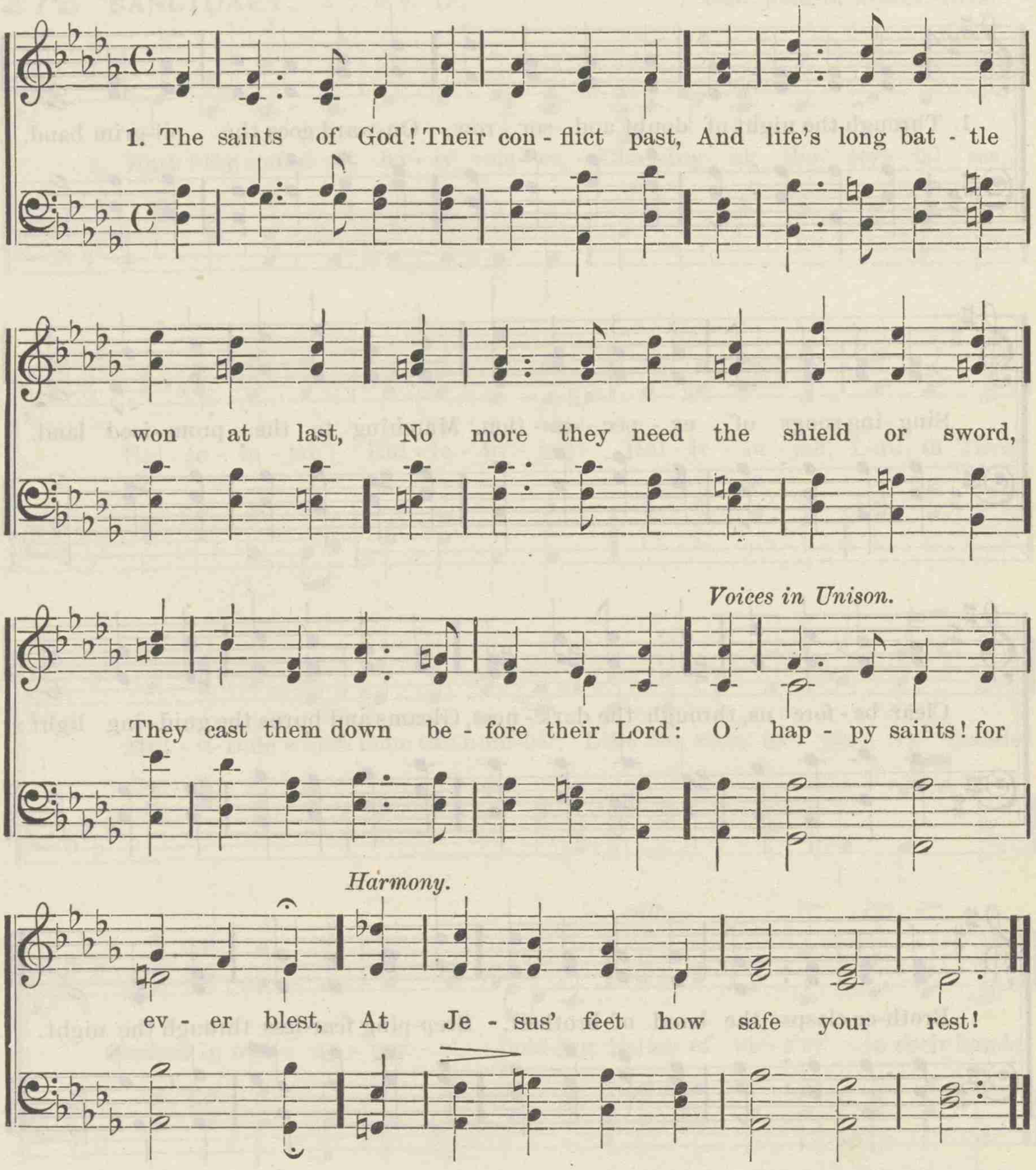
3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father,
Reigns in love forevermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade:
Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Bernhardt S. Ingemann, 1825.
Tr. Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1875.

274 REST. L. M. 61.

Sir John Stainer, 1875.



2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appall:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

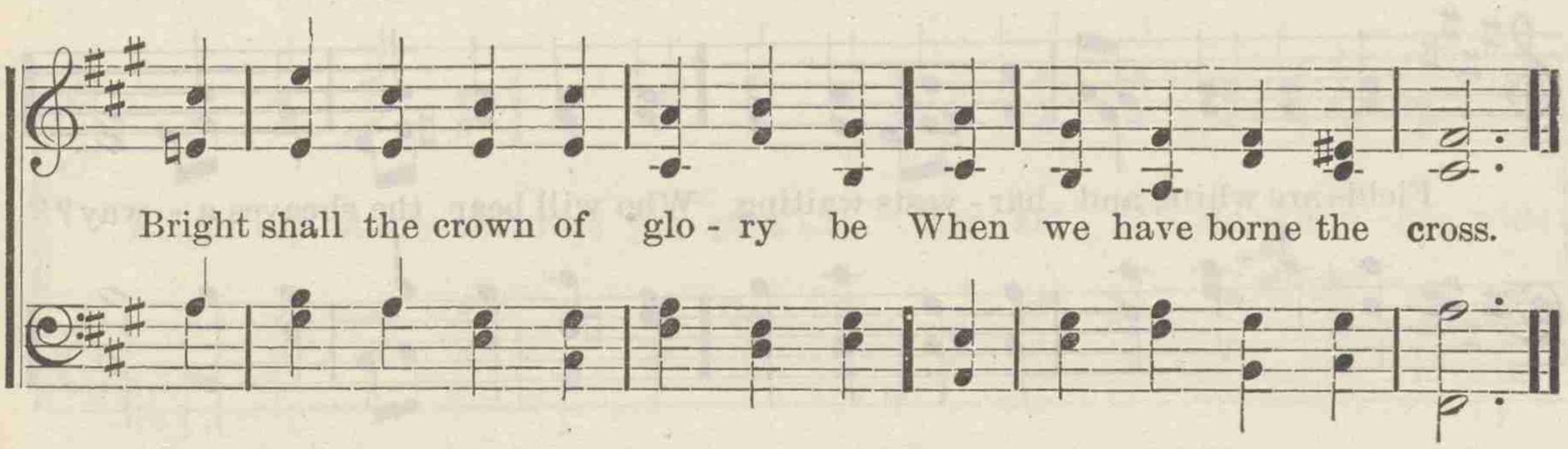
4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee!

Archbishop William D. Maclagan, 1870.

275 ABERYSTWYTH. S. M.

Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., 1861.



2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

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

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

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

6 All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1852.

Reformation and Home Missions.

276 S. M.

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

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

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

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

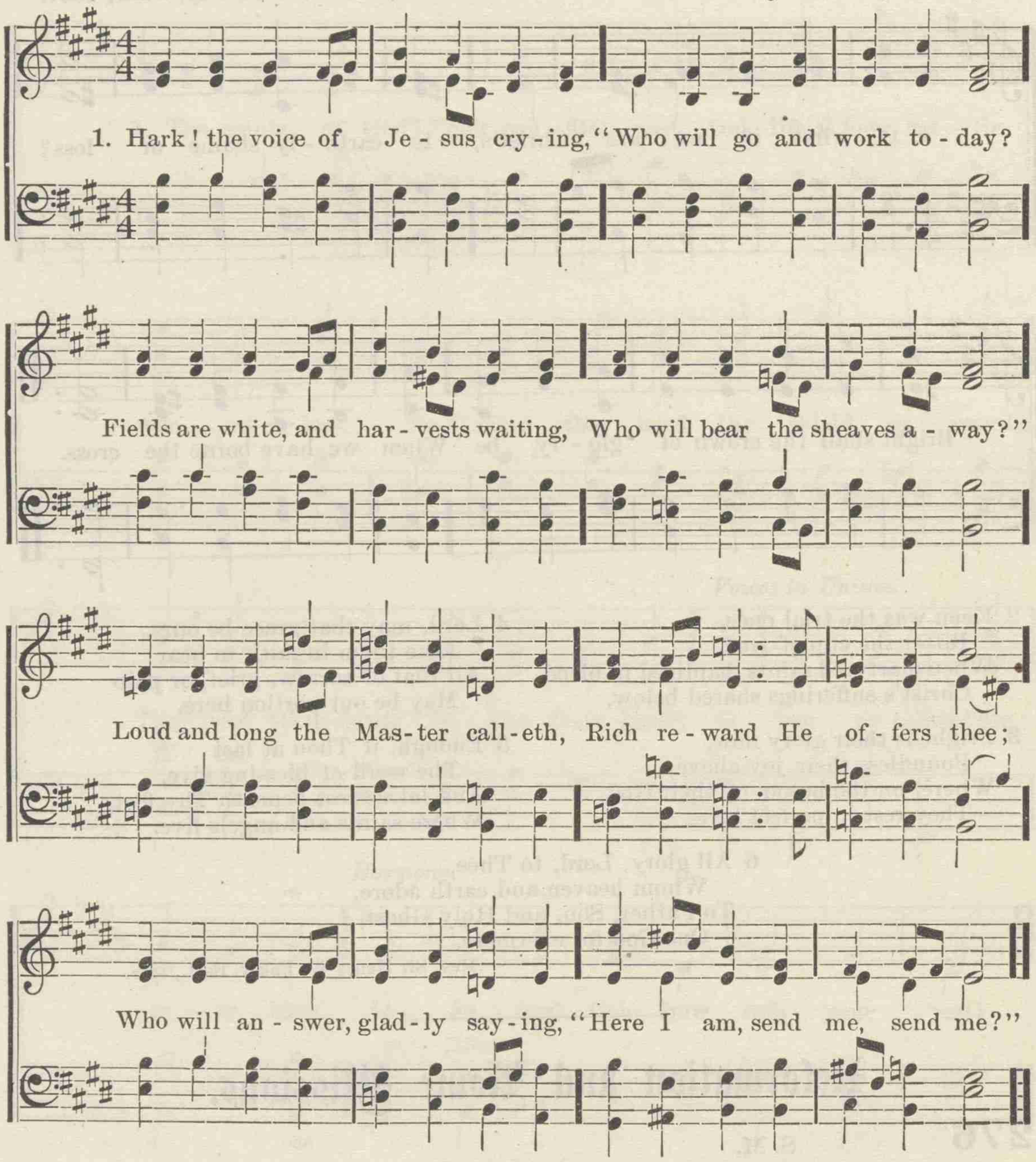
5 The watchman joined their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

277 CARITAS. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1874.



(Or to Sanctuary.)

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give to Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

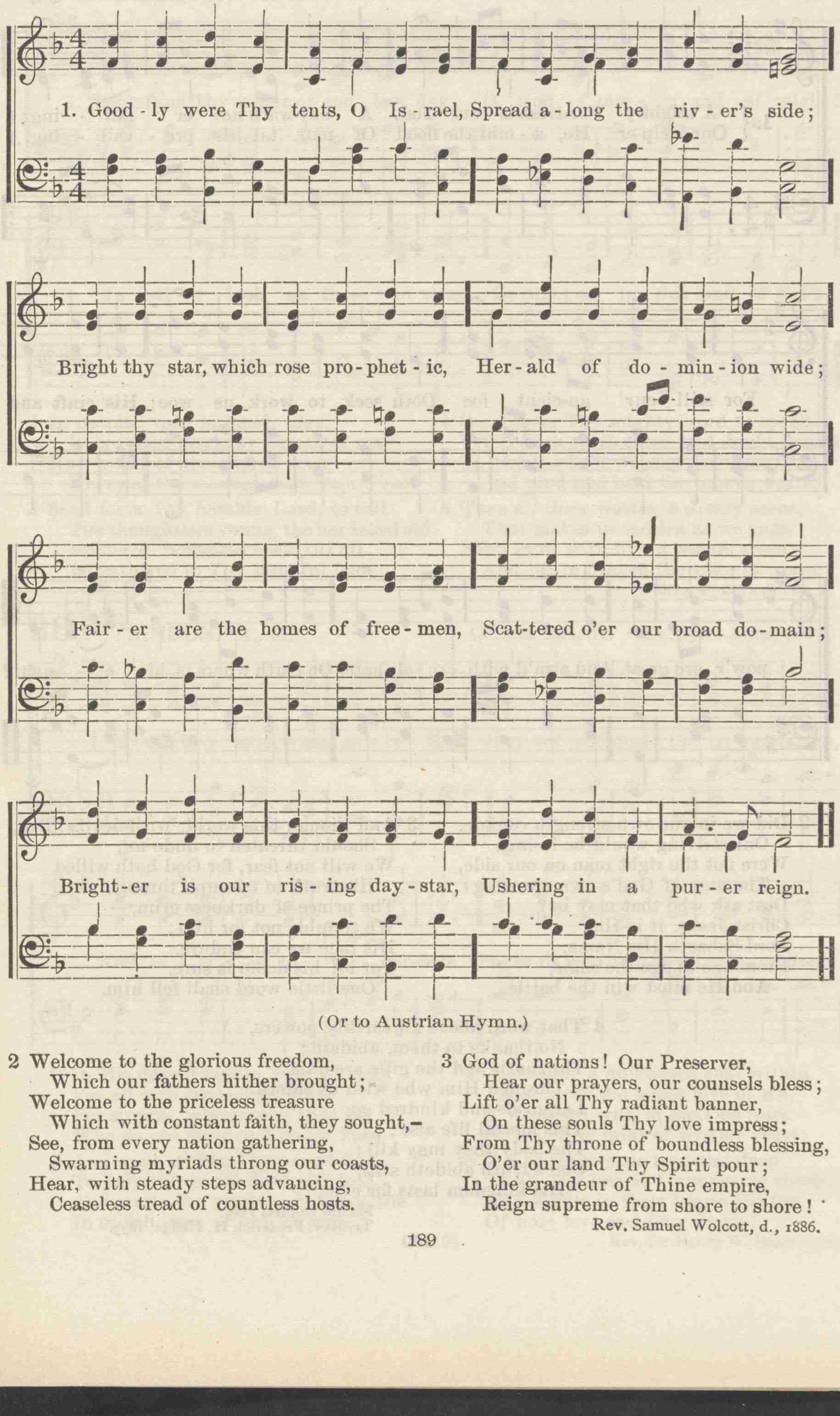
3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth—
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Rev. Daniel March, 1868.

278 KITTREDGE. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869.



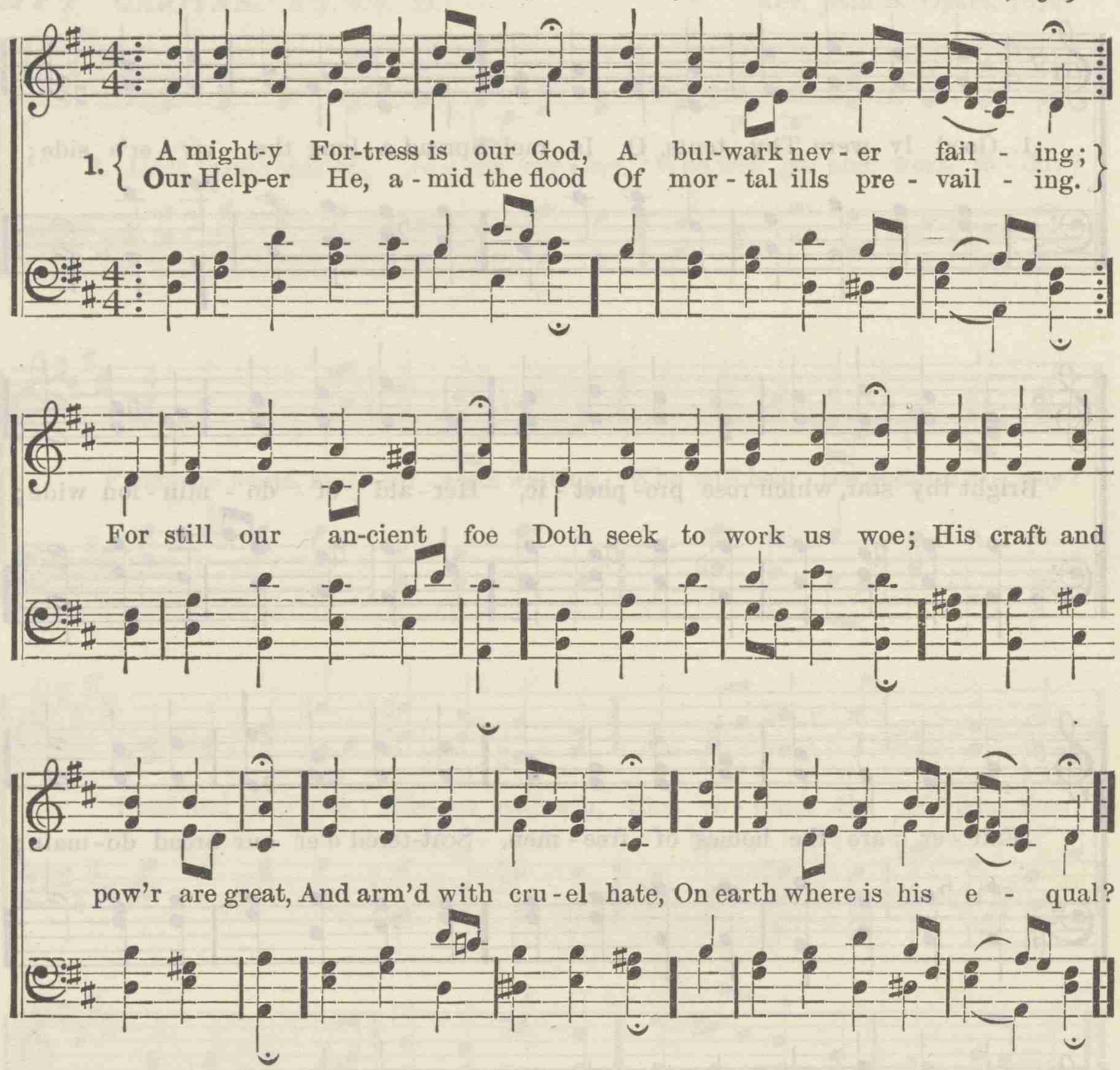
(Or to Austrian Hymn.)

2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure
Which with constant faith, they sought,–
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! Our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all Thy radiant banner,
On these souls Thy love impress;
From Thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land Thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of Thine empire,
Reign supreme from shore to shore!

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, d., 1886.

279 EIN FESTE BURG. 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7. Martin Luther, 1529.



2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom lasts for ever.

Martin Luther, 1529.
Tr. Rev. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853.

280 DIDBROOK. L. M.

Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, 1870.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant, 1865, a

281 MENDON. L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. Dyer, 1824.

2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honor Thee.

3 And some within Thy sacred fold,
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

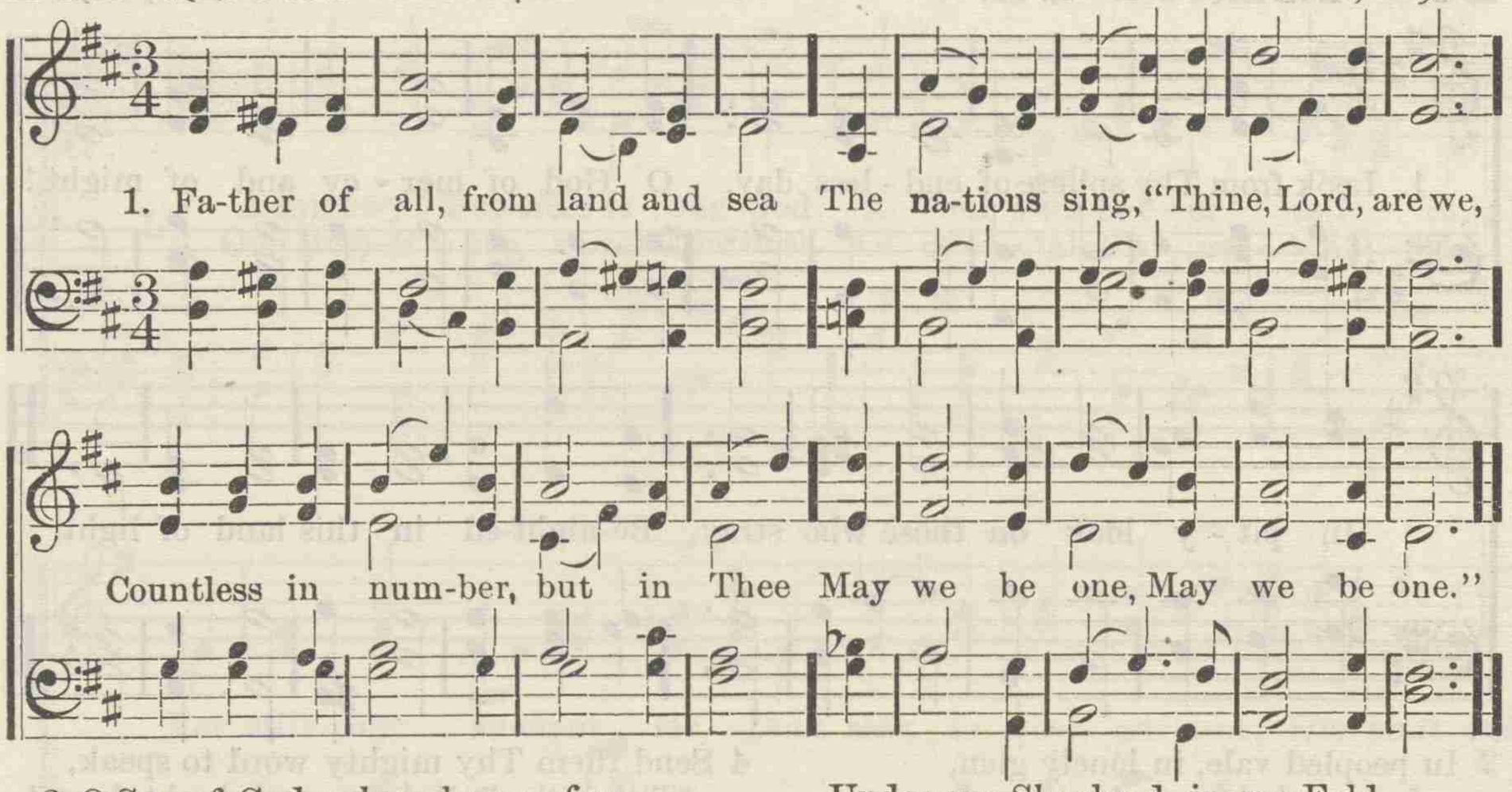
4 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years:

5 O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire!

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868.

282 REPTON. 8. 8. 8. 4.

F. H. Messiter, 1890.



2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.

4 Thou art the fountain of all good,
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,
And feeding us with angels' food,
Making us one.

5 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold:
Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,
Make us all one.

6 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one!

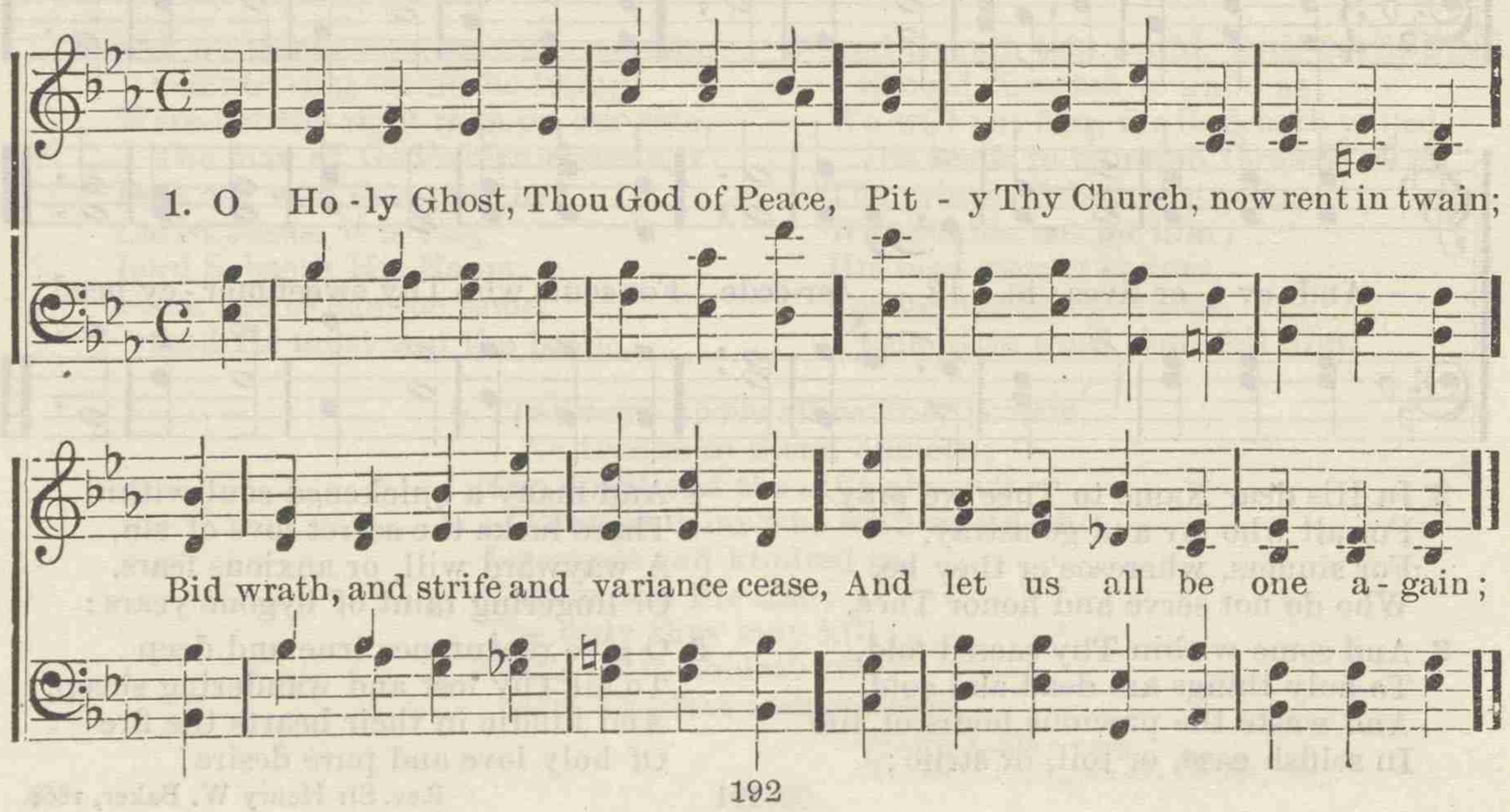
7 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.

8 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1871.

283 ST. PETROX. L. M.

Rev. Reginald F. Dale, 1880.



284 VOCA ME CUM BENEDICTUS. 8.7.8.7. D.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1889.

(Or to Bavaria.)

2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast!
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,
Wait the lost ones: "Call them in!"

3 "Call them in,"—the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:
Speak love's message low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: "Call them in!"

Anna Shipton, 1862.

283 ST. PETROX. L. M.

2 One with our brethren here in love,
And one with saints that are at rest,
And one with angel hosts above,
And one with God forever blest.

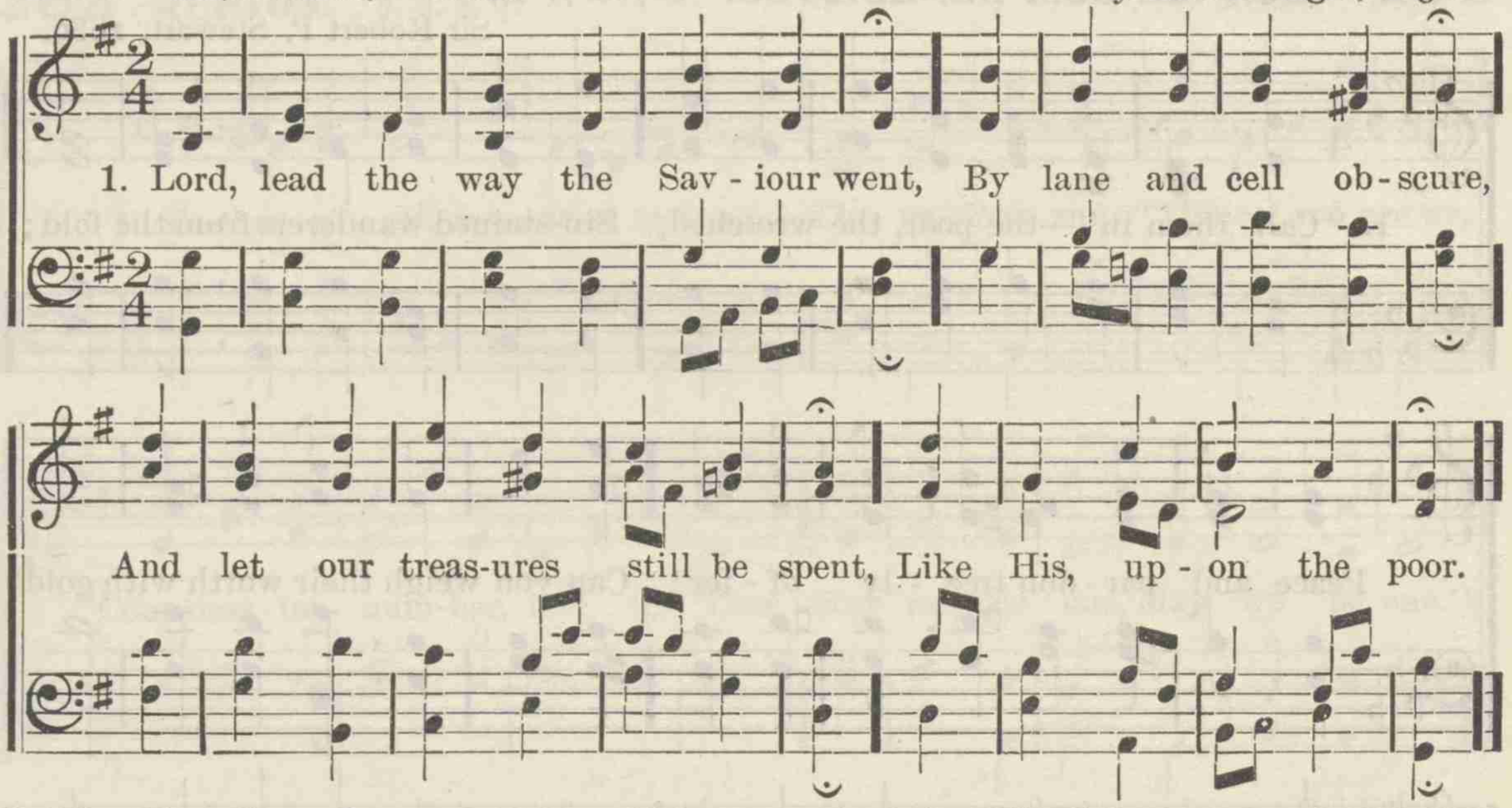
3 O make on earth all churches one,
One with the blessèd gone before,
All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.

4 For one the Lord on whom we call,
The Spirit one whom He hath given,
One God and Father of us all,
One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven.

Rev. Isaac Williams, 1842.

285 CRUEGER. C. M.

Johann Crueger, 1656.



2 Like Him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

Rev. William Croswell, 1851

286 ST. PIRAN. 7. 5. 7. 5.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879.

2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

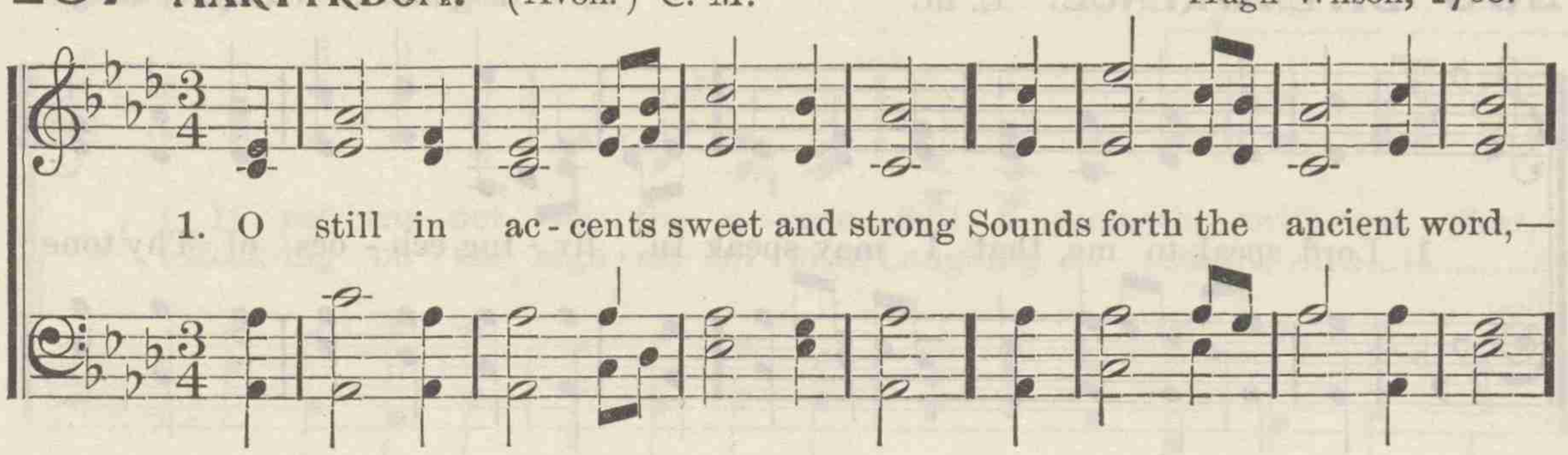
3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1878.

287 MARTYRDOM. (Avon.) C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1768.



2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864.

288 C. M.

1 Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads His kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

289 C. M.

1 The Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

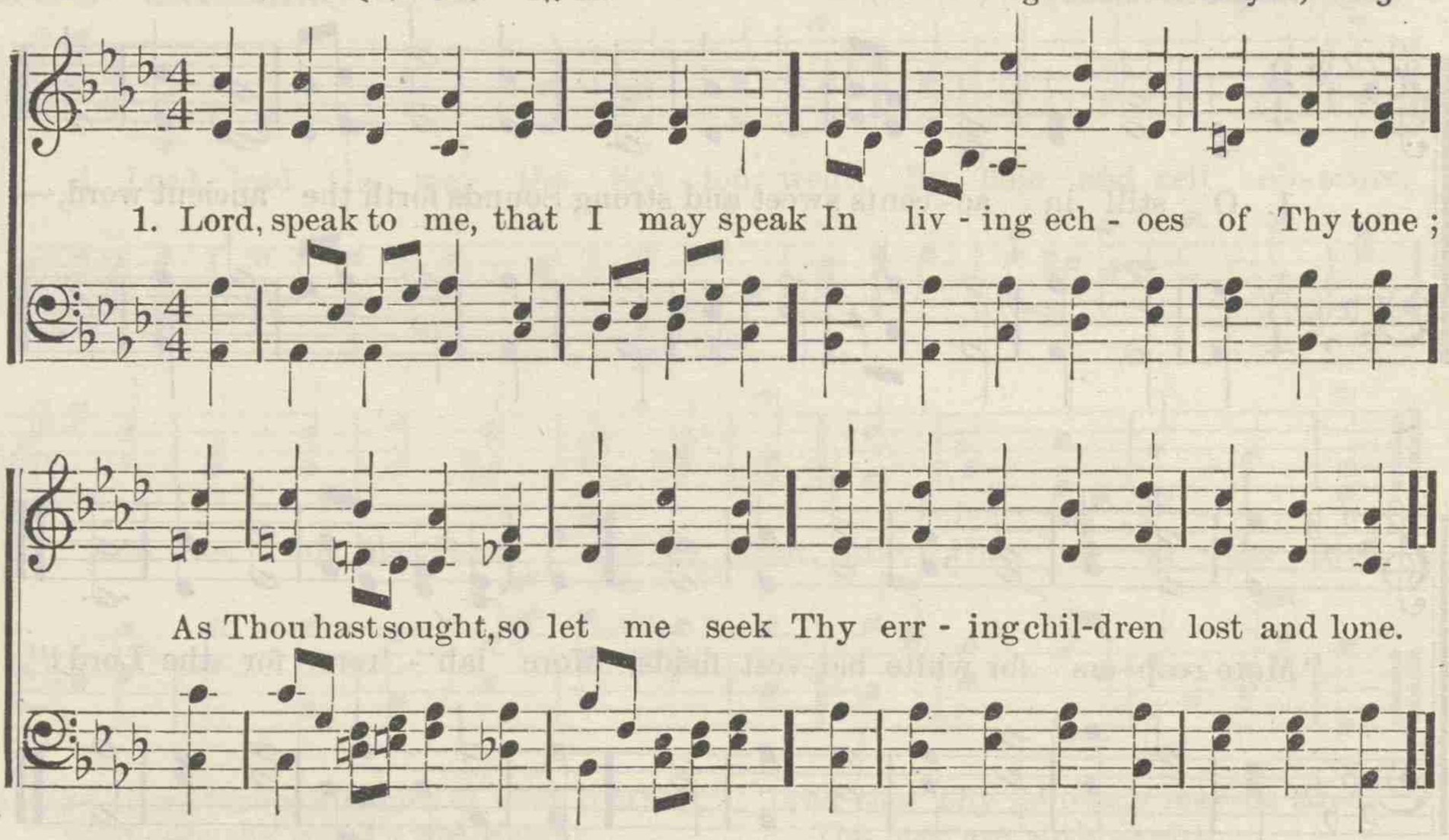
3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

4 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart; and sound abroad
Thy Name for evermore!

John Milton, 1674.

290 ST. LAWRENCE. L. M.

Rev. Leighton Geo. Hayne, 1863.



2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872.

291 L. M.

1 Great God of Abra'am ! hear our prayer,
Let Abra'am's seed Thy mercy share.
O may they now, at length, return,
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn.

2 Though outcasts still, enstranged from Thee,
Cut off from their own olive tree,
Why should they longer such remain?
For Thou canst graft them in again.

3 Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts ;
The veil of darkness rend in two
Which hides Messiah from their view.

4 O haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek—a glorious throng—
Our house shall seek, our prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

Thomas Cotterill, 1819.

292 L. M.

1 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day !

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1892.

293 SMART. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867.

(Or to Esther.)

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaf,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that the shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

294 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

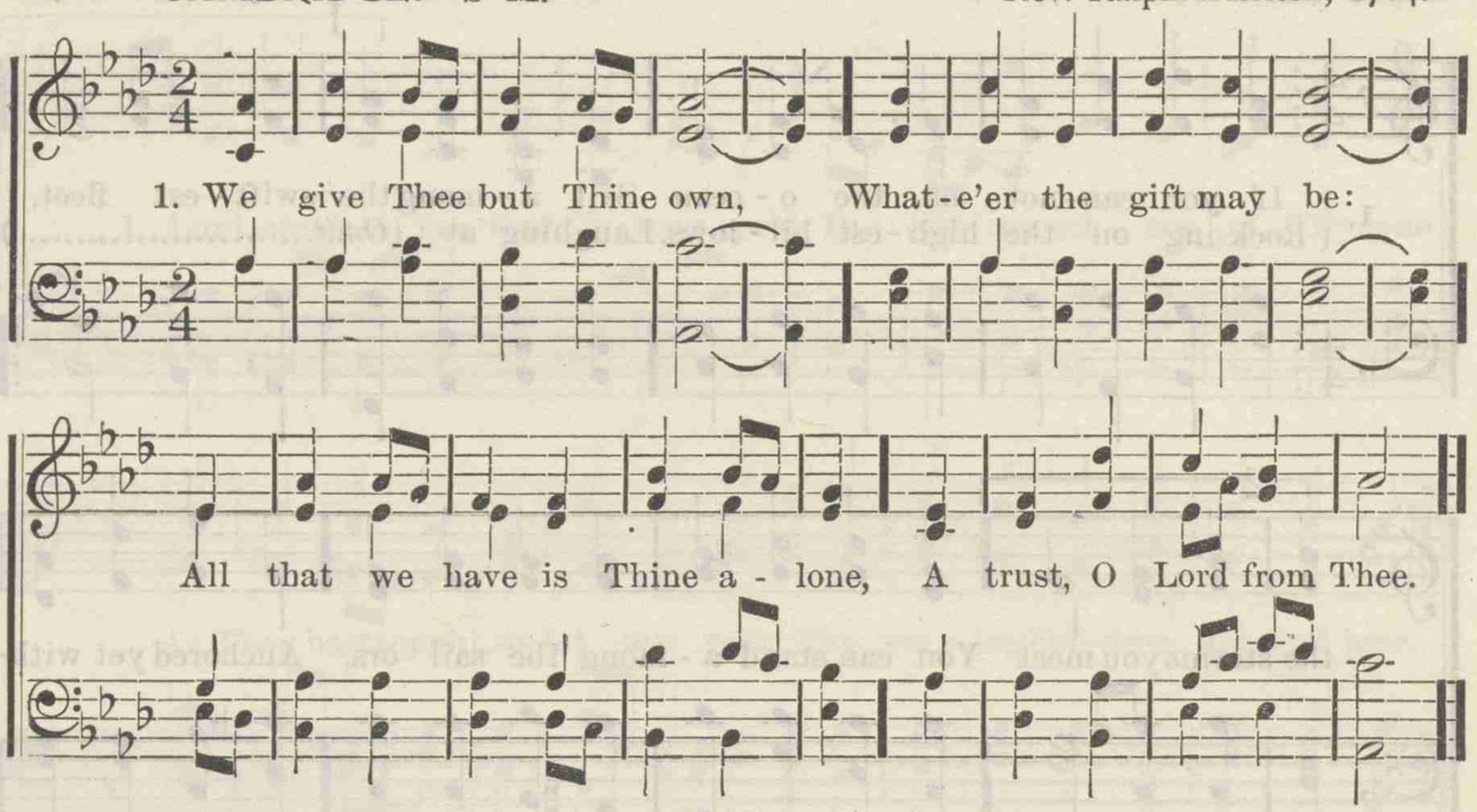
1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

2 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.
Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sowest with liberal hand.

Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.

295 CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

Rev. Ralph Harrison, 1784.



296 S. M.

1 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quickening the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give pentecostal showers:
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1858.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Saviour bled,
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How, 1858.

297 FERRIER. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How, 1854.

298 TAMWORTH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charles Lockhart, 1800.

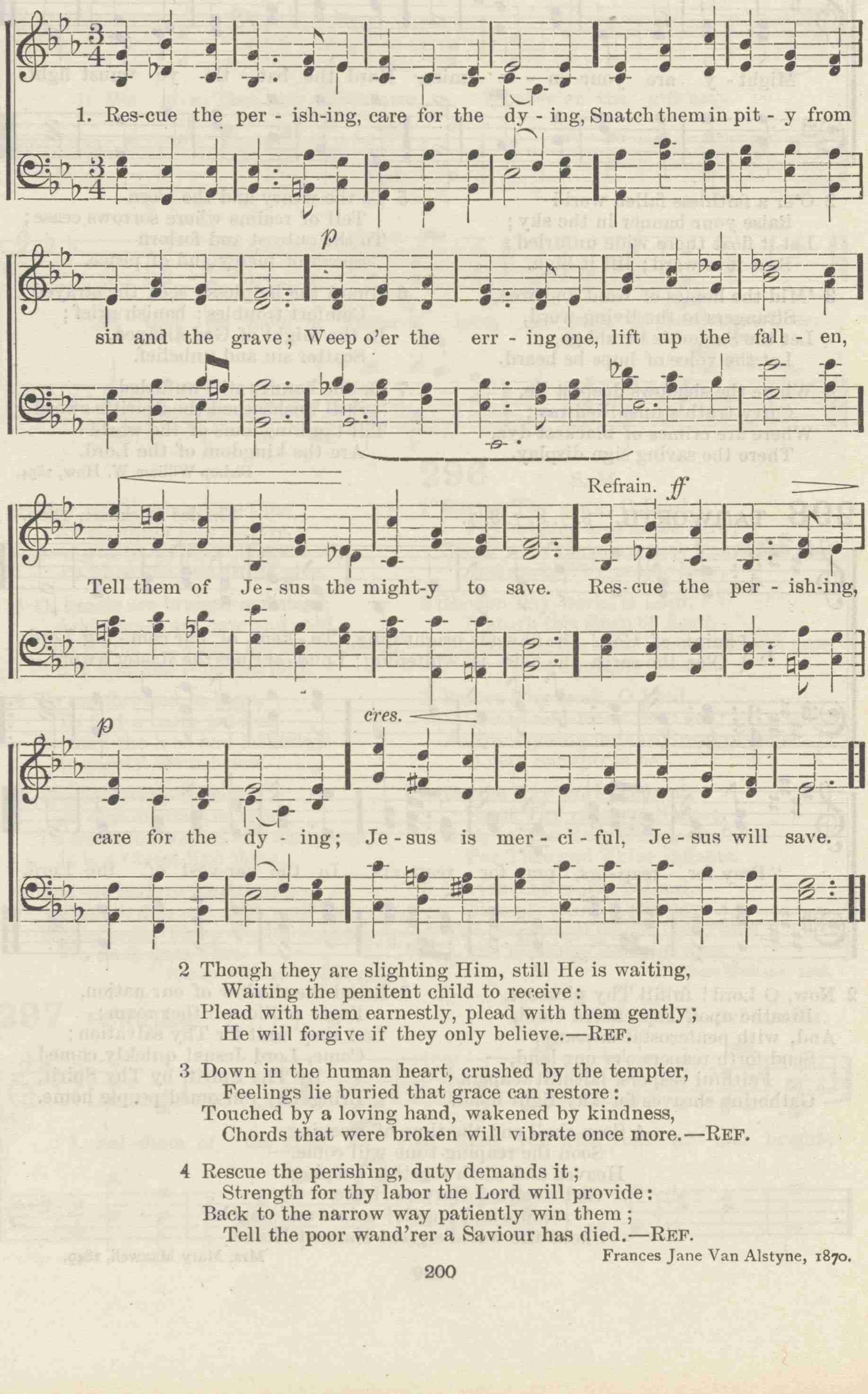
2 Now, O Lord! fulfill Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—
Faithful reapers, faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By Thy Spirit, by Thy Spirit,
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels! saints and angels!
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

Mrs. Mary Maxwell, 1849.

299 SEAWARDSTONE. 11. 10. 11. 10. 11. 10. F. A. Mann, 1890.



2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.—REF.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.—REF.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.—REF.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1870.

300 COME, GRACIOUS SAVIOUR. 11. 10. 11. 10. With Refrain.

Sir John Stainer, 189 .

2 Our eyes are weary watching for Thy coming,
Watching through glare of noon and gloom of night
Hoping the morn may bring Thee, or the gloaming
May see Thee bursting on our happy sight.—REF.

3 How long shall stay the bitter strife and sorrow,
And wrong have triumph o'er the true and right?
O come, and coming, bring the better morrow,
Whose noon shall never darken into night.—REF.

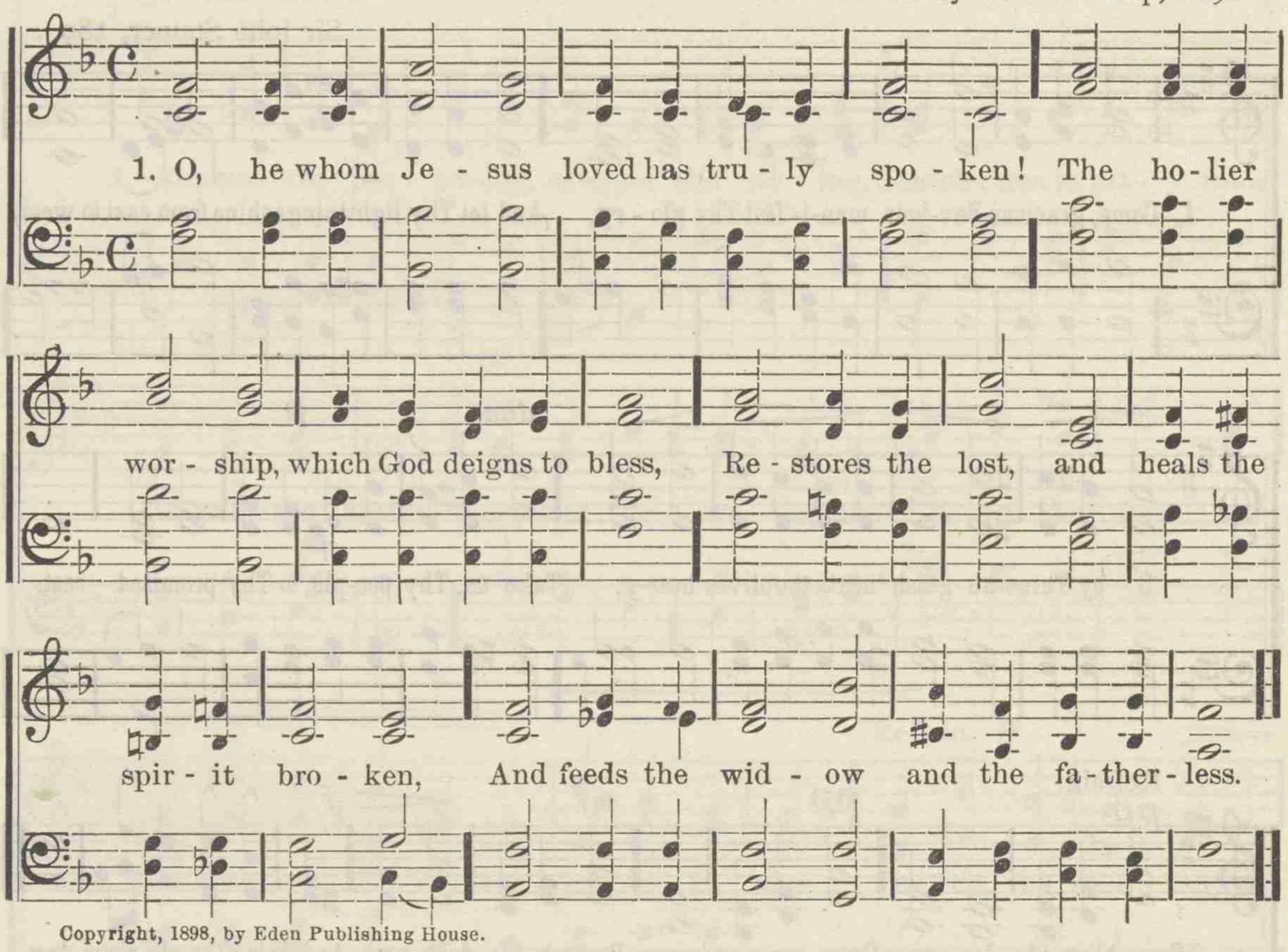
4 Come, gracious Lord, our longing souls to gladden ;
Arise! O Son of Righteousness, arise!
Let hope deferred our hearts no longer sadden,
But turn to songs our sorrows and our sighs.—REF.

5 O come and cheer the eyes all dim with weeping,
Banish the sin, the sorrow, and the strife;
Let those who sow in tears now have their reaping,
Their golden harvest sheaves of light and life.—REF

6 Then shall we worship Thee with joy and singing,
And laud Thy Name all other names above;
The world throughout with praises shall be ringing.
And we shall swell the triumphs of Thy love.—REF.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

301 WHITTIER. 11. 10. 11. 10. Gounod Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

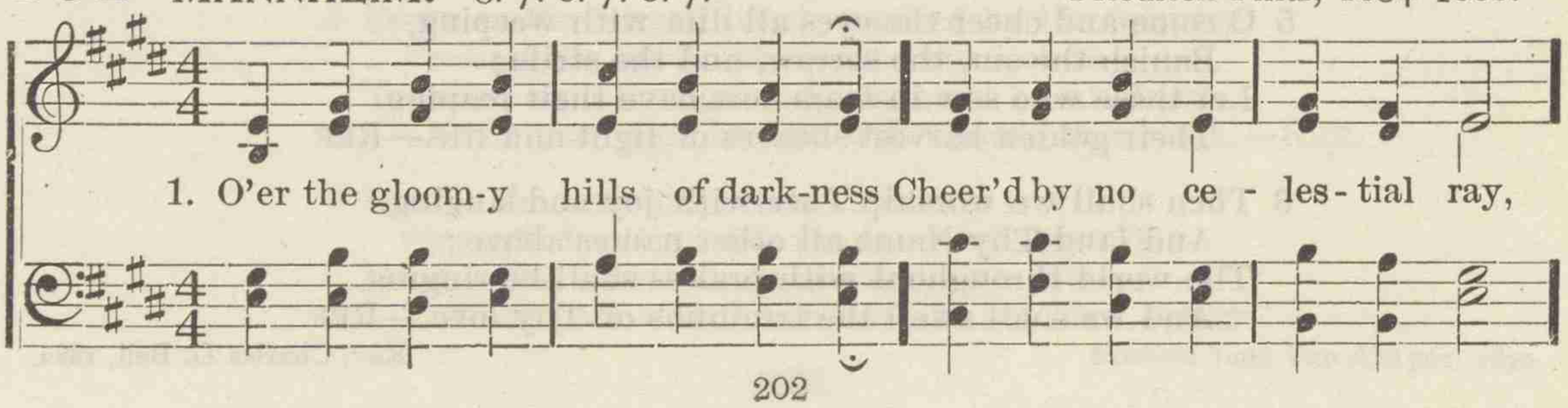
3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

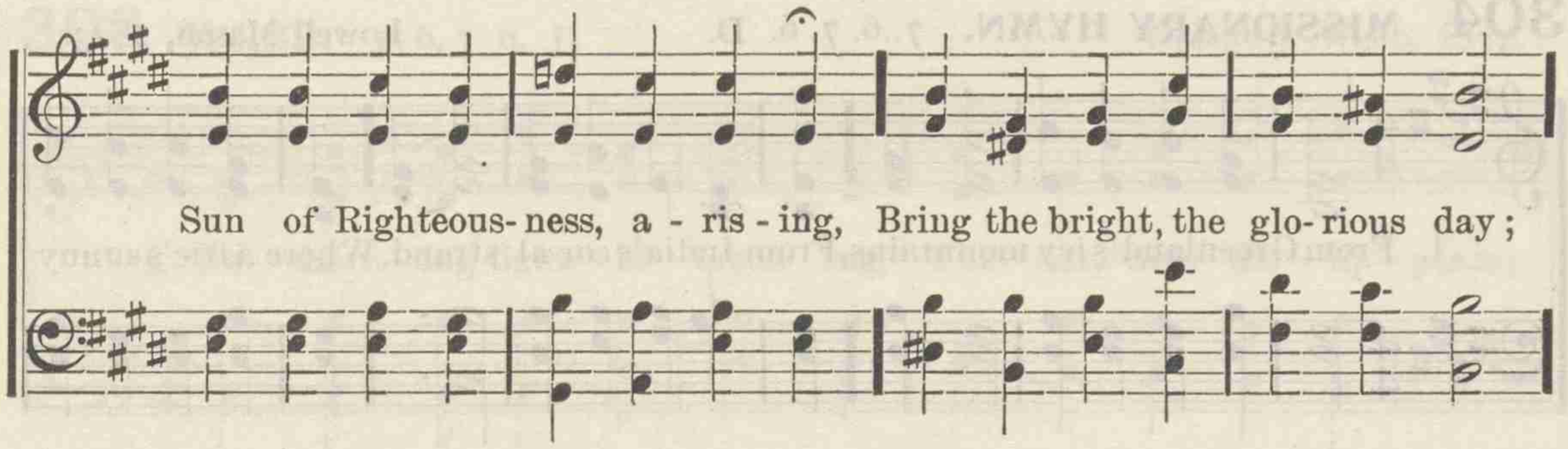
4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

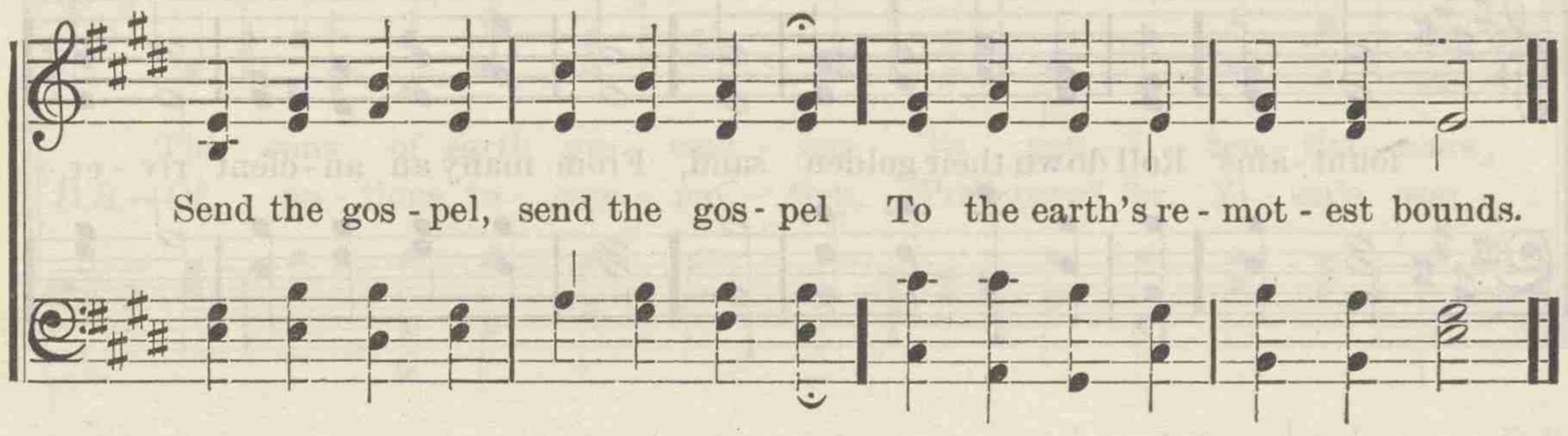
John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1892.

Foreign Missions.

302 MANNHEIM. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. Friedrich Filitz, 1804–1860.







(Or to Corinth.)

303 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel, let the gospel,
Wide resound from pole to pole.

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

4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal Love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy Name,
O'er the borders, o'er the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway Thy sceptre, sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams, 1772.

1 On the mountain's tops appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands,
Mourning captive, mourning captive,
God Himself shall loose thy bands.

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

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

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts, all thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1802.

304 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1823.

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

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

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

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819.

305 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

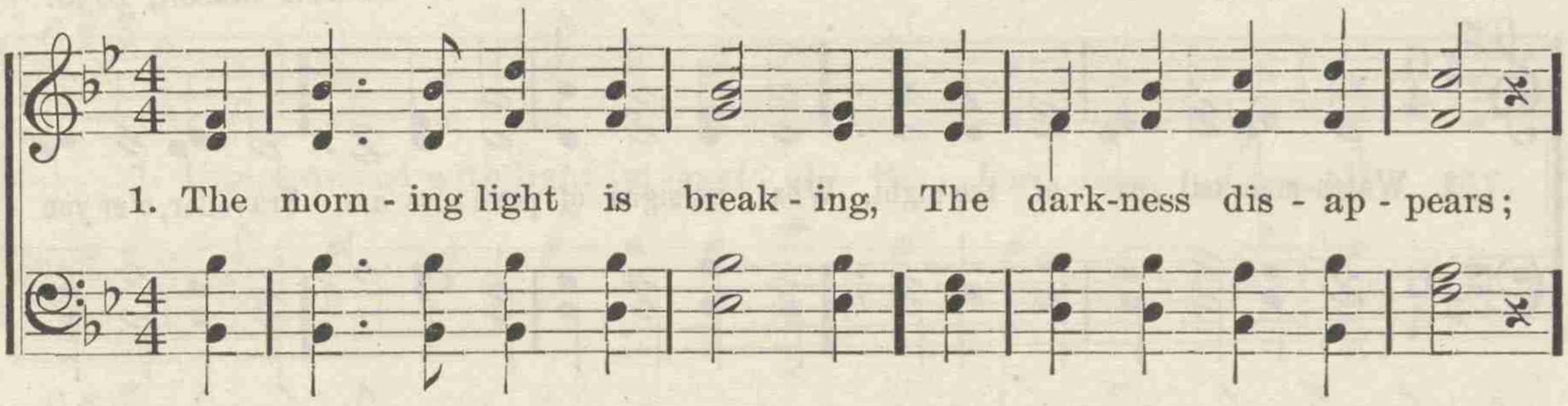
1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

James Edmeston, 1822, alt.

306 WEBB. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837.



2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

307 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

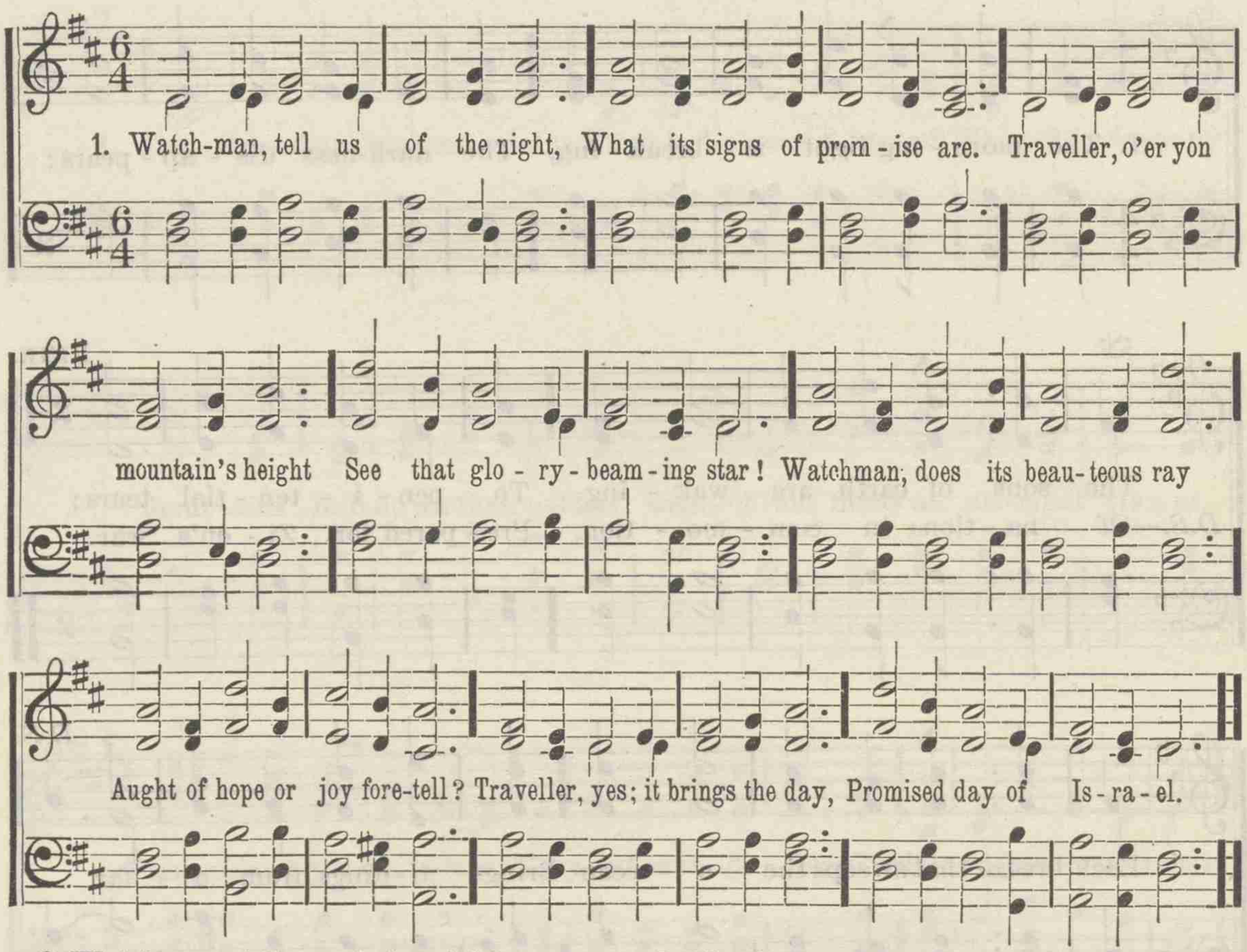
1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean,
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more

2 O Thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in Thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with Thee.

James Edmeston, 1820.

308 WATCHMAN. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Lowell Mason, 1830.



2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

309 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

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

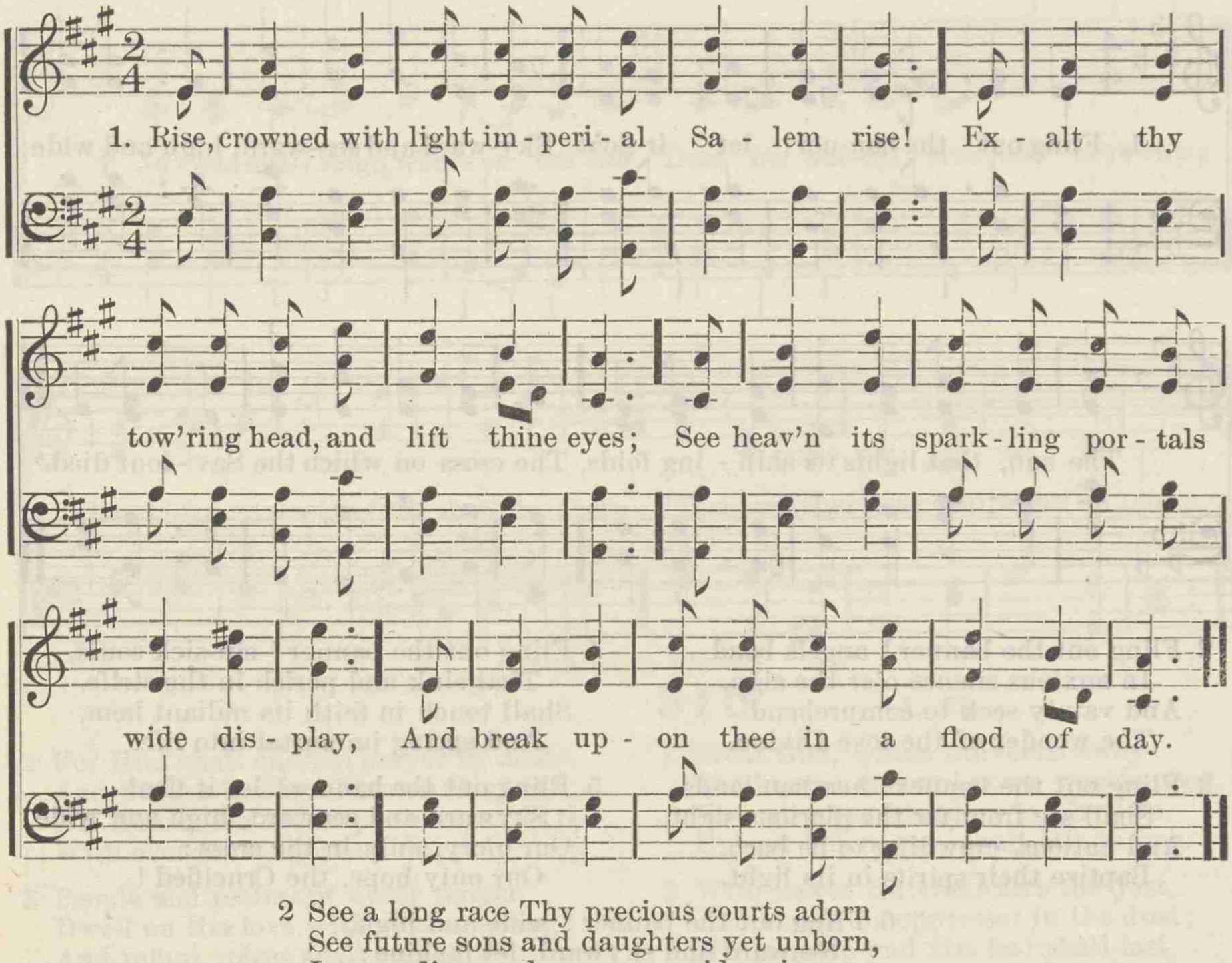
2 Hallelujah!—Hark the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away·
Then the end;—beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in all.

James Montgomery, 1818.

310 SAVANNAH. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Ignace Pleyel, 1757–1831.



2 See a long race Thy precious courts adorn
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light,—and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messsiah reigns.

Alexander Pope, 1712.

311

10. 10. 10. 10.

1 Pour blessèd Gospel, glorious news of man!
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.

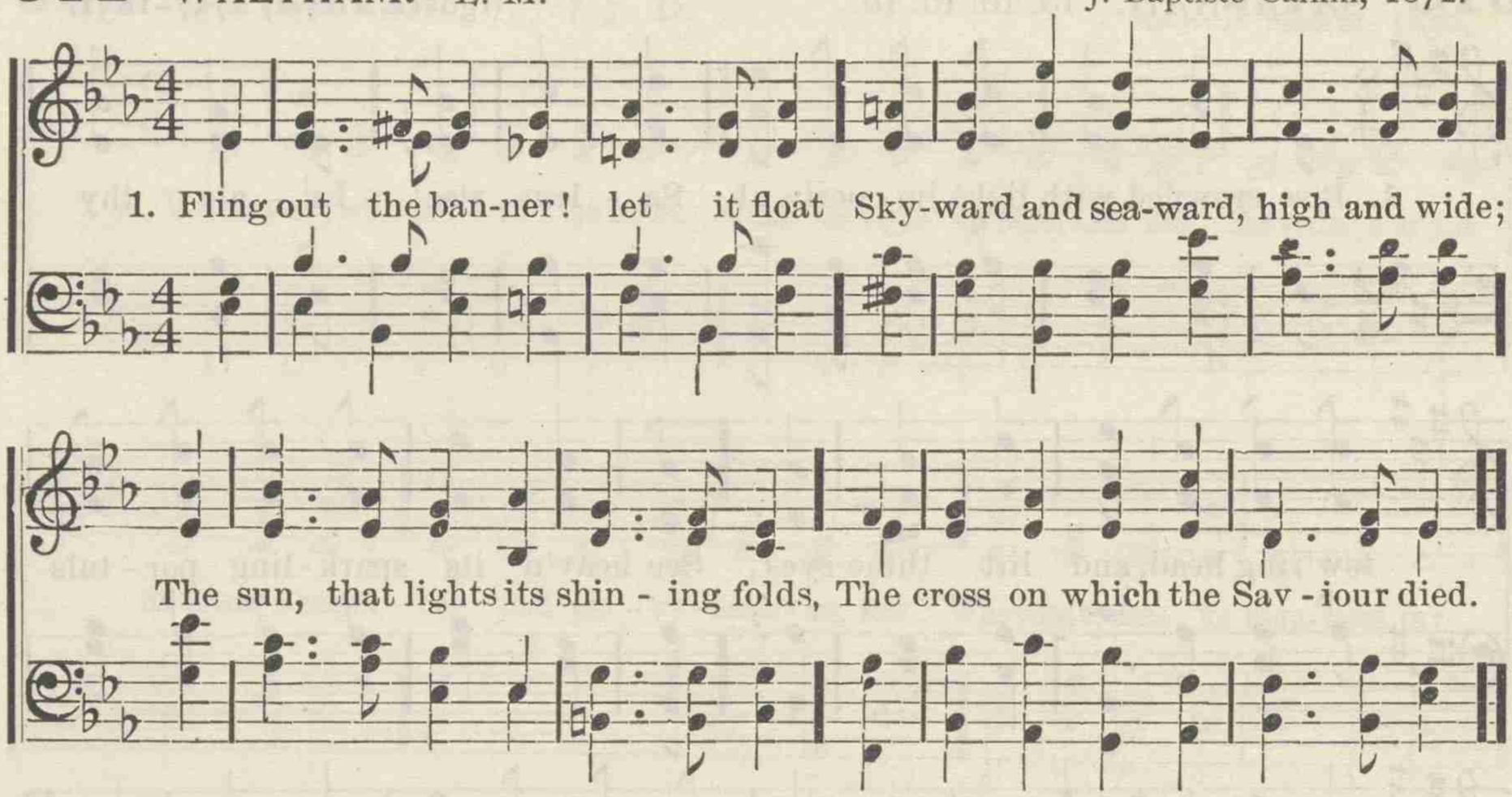
2 On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart
In every latitude, thou own'st the key:
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by Thee.

3 Spread, mighty Gospel, spread thy soaring wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings;
Proclaim them all thine own;—'tis Christ's command!

Rev. Caleb Ashworth, 1774.

312 WALTHAM. L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.



2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

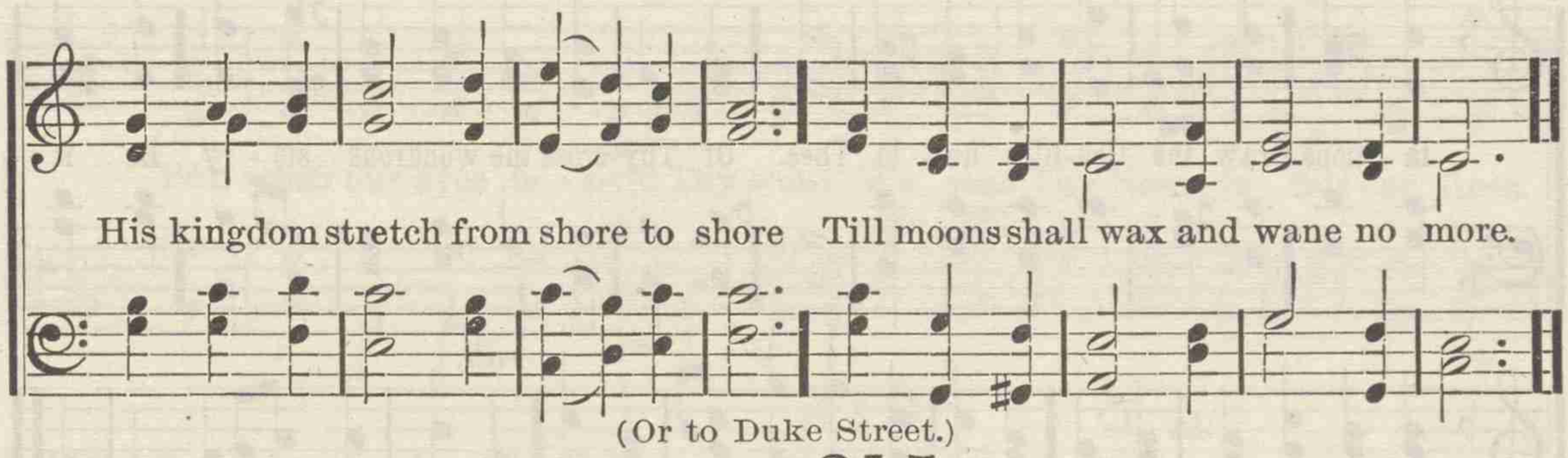
Bishop George W. Doane, 1848.

313 BRESLAU. L. M.

Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.
Arr. by J. A. Kern, 1897.

314 OMBERSLEY. L. M.

William H. Gladstone, 1872.



(Or to Duke Street.)

315 L. M.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice ;

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 With power He vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and His fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

313 BRESLAU. L. M.

2 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
O gently seek ; Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given ;
And let them also share Thy heaven.

3 O make the deaf to hear Thy word ;
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow
Though secretly they hold it now.

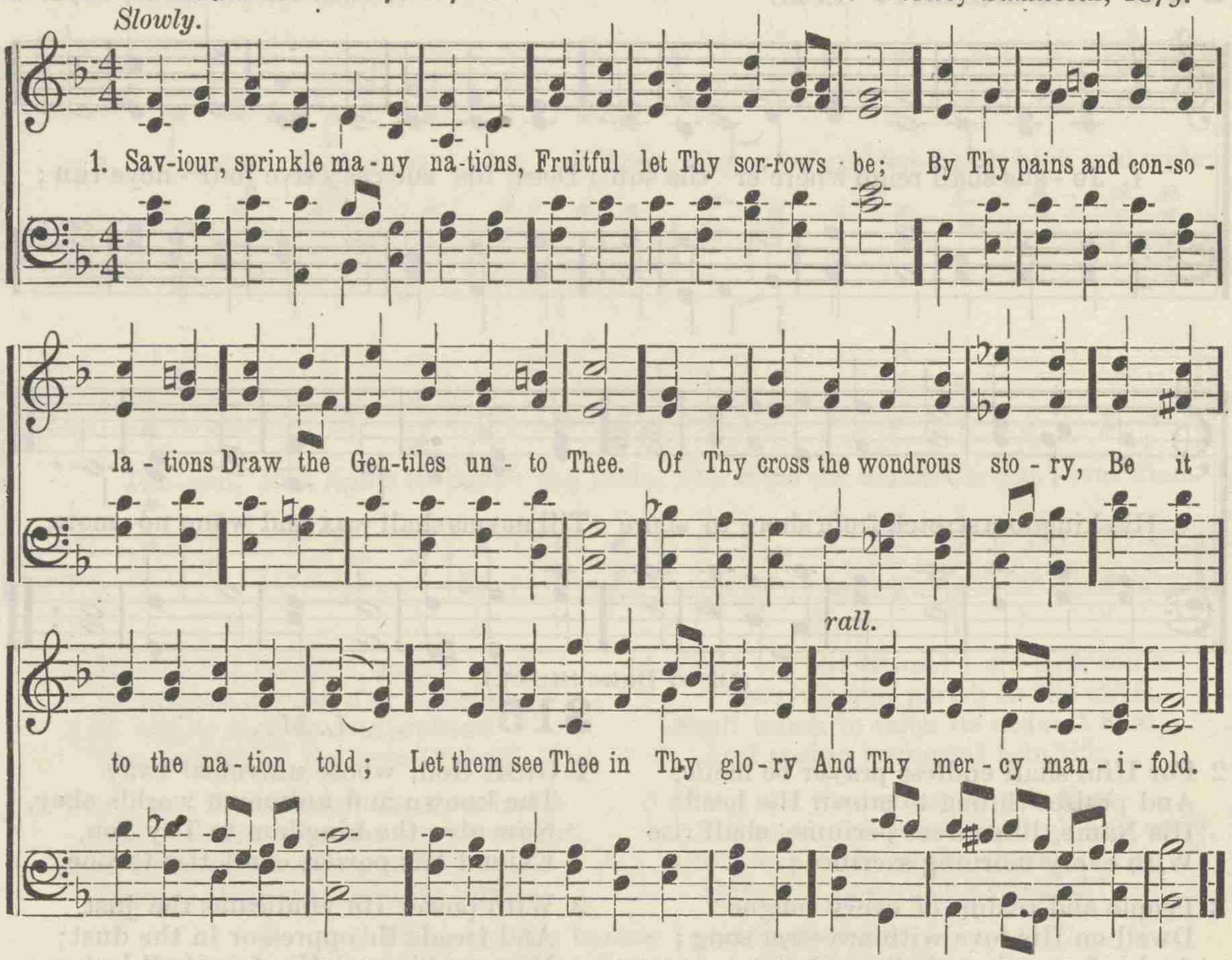
4 Shine on the darkened and the cold ;
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold ;
Unite those now who walk apart ;
Confirm the weak and doubting heart :

5 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all the Church in earth and heaven.

Johann Heermann, 1630.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

316 WORSLEY. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

T. Worsley Staniforth, 1875.



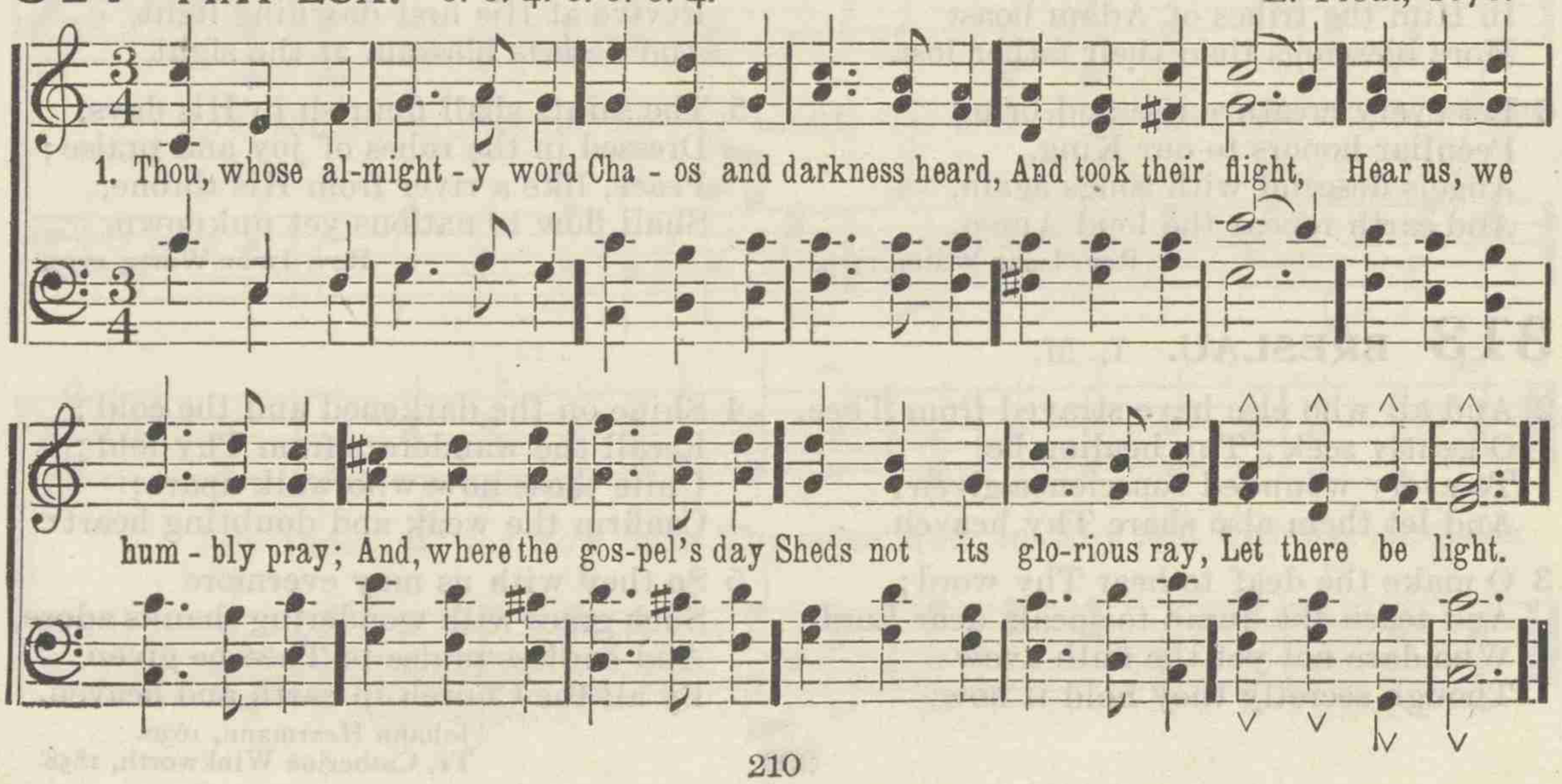
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word! and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Bishop A. Cleveland Cope, 1851.

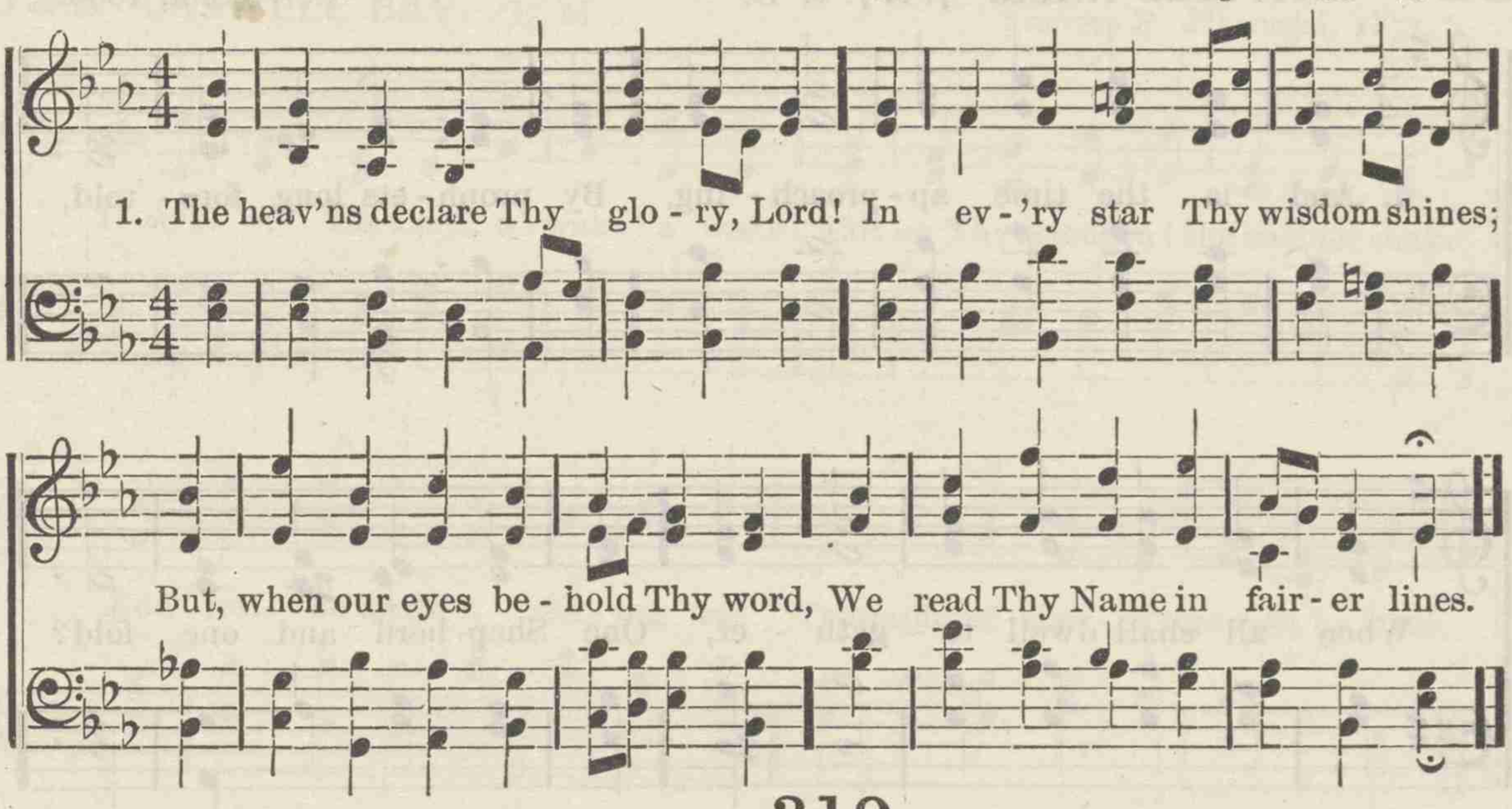
317 FIAT LUX. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

E. Prout, 1878.



318 KENT. L. M.

Johann Friedrich Lampe, 1693-1751.



2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nation blessed,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
O bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

319 L. M.

1 Assembled at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812.

317 LIGHT. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

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

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

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

Rev. John Marriott, c. 1813.

320 HATFIELD HALL. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

C. Vincent, 1890.

2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

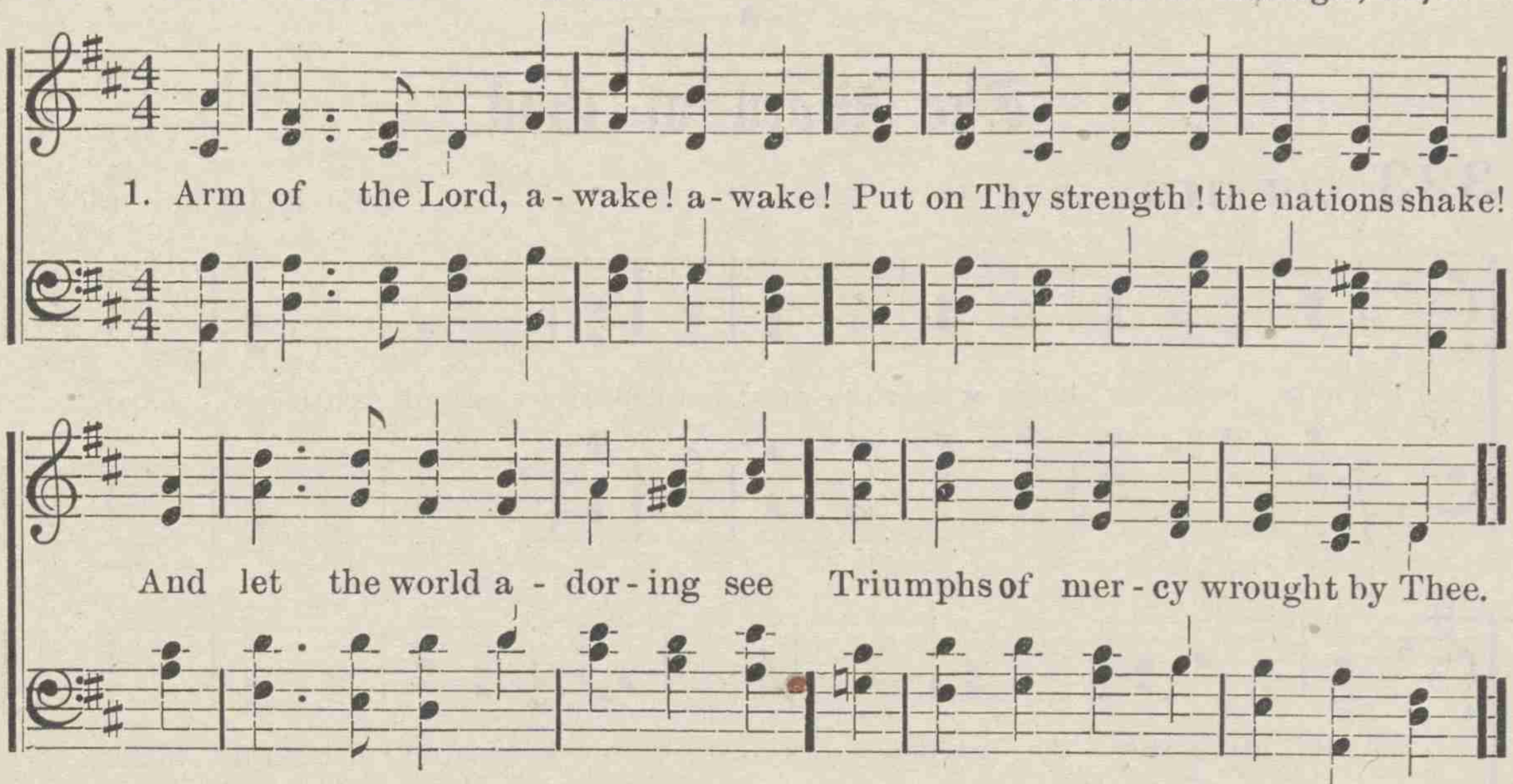
3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

321 CASWELL BAY. L. M.

Frances R. Havergal, 1871.



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

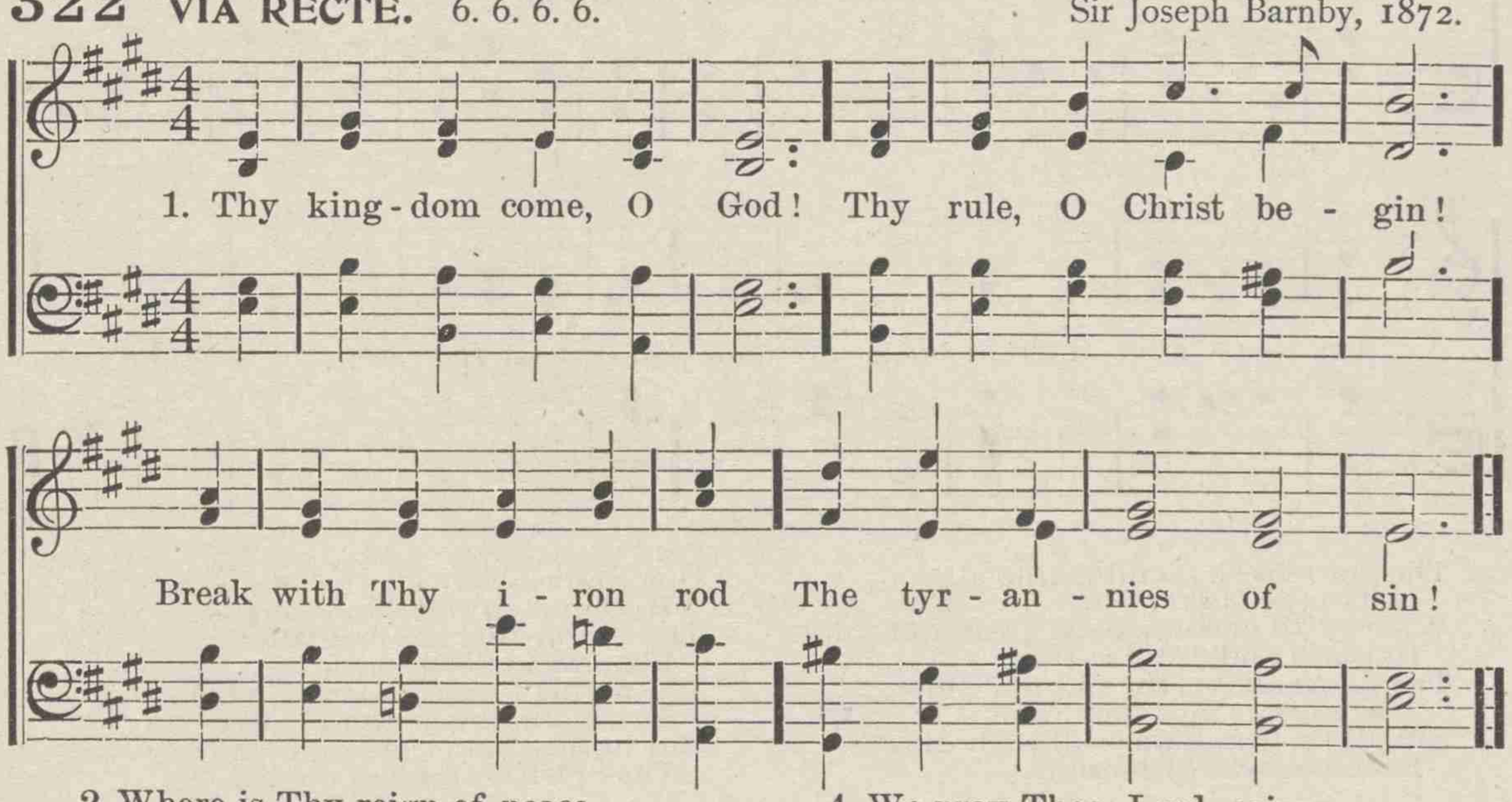
3 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, 1795.

322 VIA RECTE. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872.



2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Rev. Lewis Hensley, 1867.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

The Word of God.

323 **CHESTER.** C. M. D. Oratory Hymns, 1868.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.
The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

3 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.
The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

4 One Name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
The Spirit's viewless way.

5 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere.

Rev. John Keble, 1827.

324 DEERFIELD. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Chas. Geo. W. Jungk, 1898.

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2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
Holy bible, book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

John Burton, 1805.

325 SIT LAUS ET HONOS, GLORIA. L. M.

Martin Luther, 1542.
Arr. Ernst I. Erbe, 1894.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known;
For Thou art Lord of lords alone:
Defend Thy Christendom, that we
May [illegible]ore sing praise to Thee.

3 O Comforter, of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth,
Support us in our final strife,
And lead us out of death to life.

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

326 ARTOMIUS. 4. 4. 7. 4. 4. 7.

Petrus Artomius, 1638.

2 Thy word is sure;
May it secure
My confidence for ever!
Let reason's pride
Ne'er be my guide
From faith my soul to sever.

3 What but Thy word
Could light afford,
To save from doubt and error?
Where else is shown,
Than here alone,
Escape from guilt and terror?

4 'Tis here made plain,—
Sought else in vain—
The soul is ever-living:
For endless days,
Of future praise,
That Thou this life art giving.

5 The only scheme
Man to redeem
From death, sin's fearful wages,
Would lie concealed,
But as revealed
In these Thy sacred pages.

6 And now shall grief
Hope no relief,
My soul sink down despairing?
No!—here I see
Thy grace for me
A Father's love declaring.

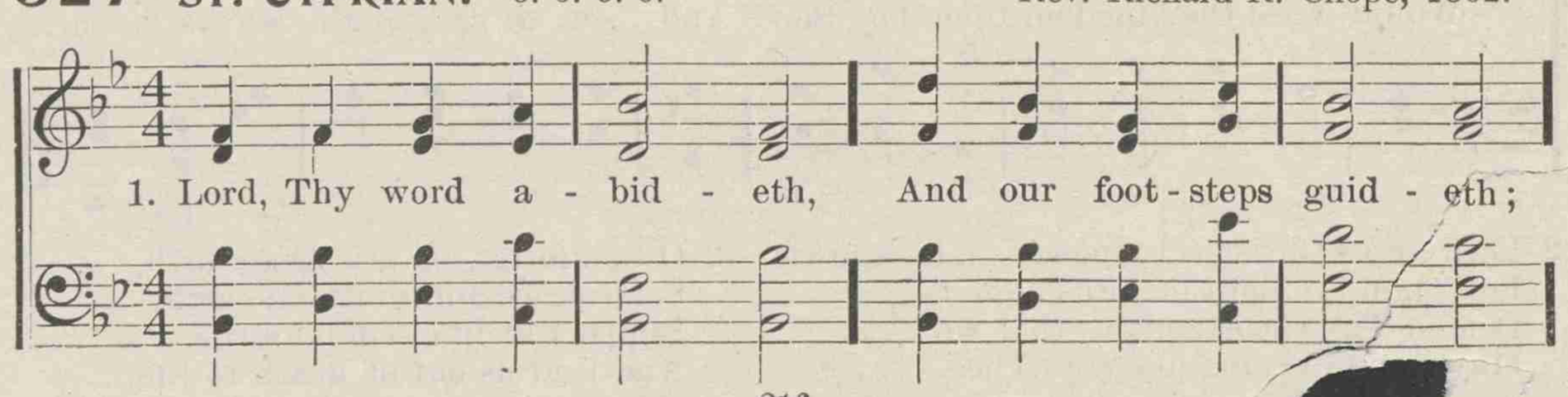
7 By faith to live,
Its fruits to give,—
This is the path to heaven:
All strength and skill
To do Thy will
But through Thy word are given.

8 Teach me, O Lord,
To prize Thy word,
This gift of matchless favor:
Be it my wealth,
Be it my health,
My strength and life for ever!

Chr. F. Gellert, 1715–1769.

327 ST. CYPRIAN. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1862.



2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

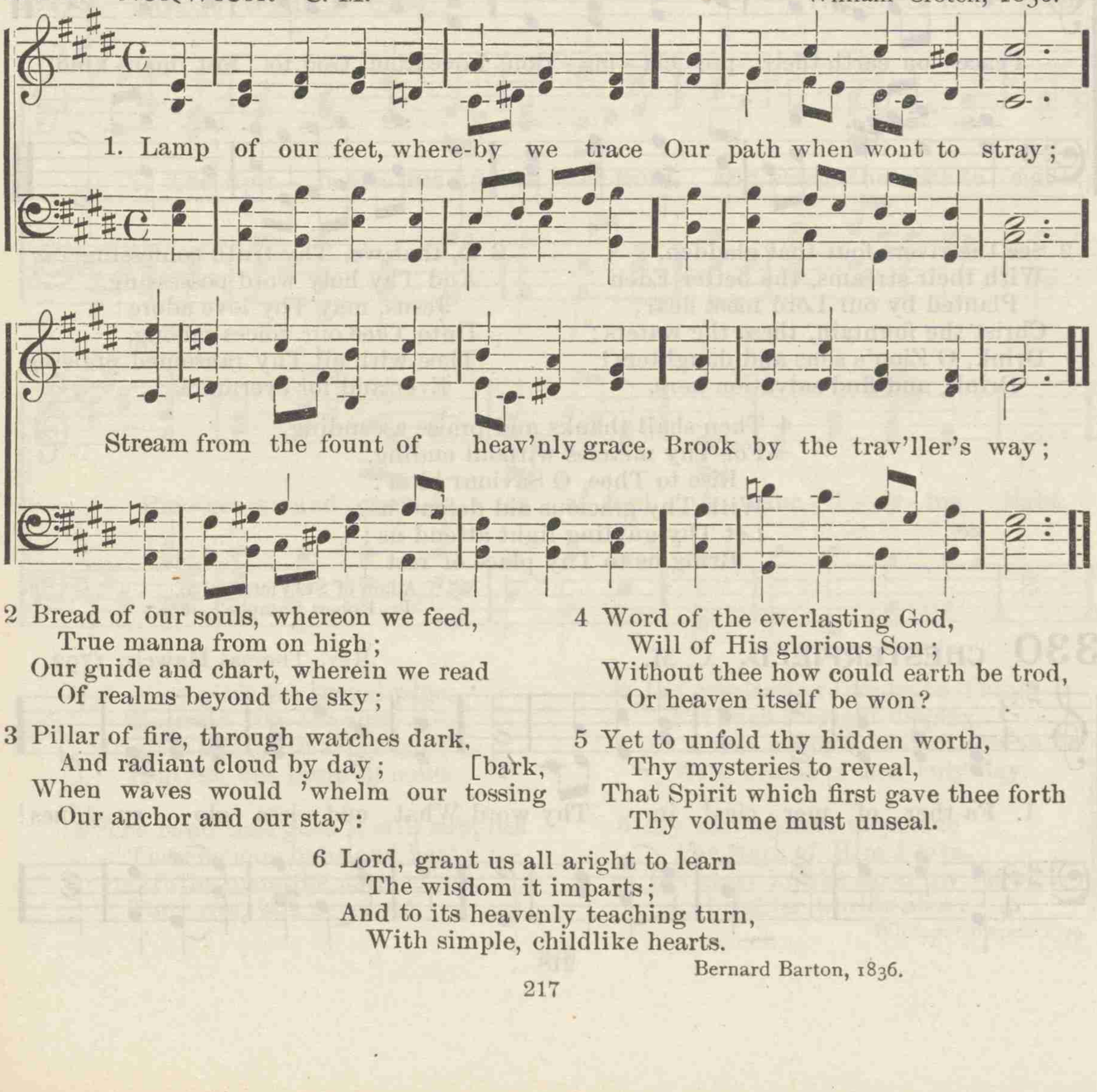
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861.

328 NORWICH. C. M.

William Crotch, 1836.



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

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

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

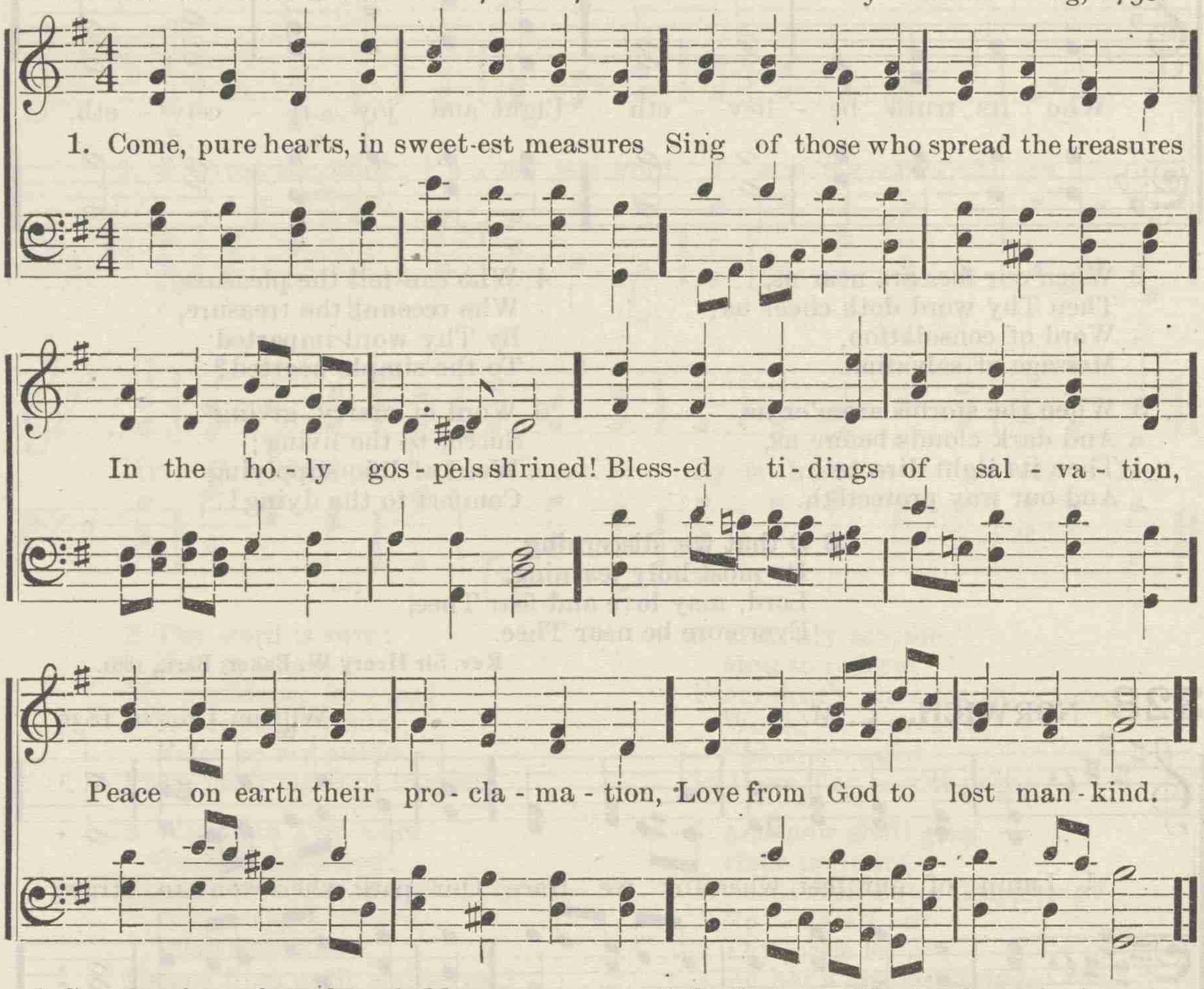
5 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

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

Bernard Barton, 1836.

329 EVANGELISTS. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Joh. Balth König, 1738.



2 See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters!
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 O, that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore!
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

4 Then shall thanks and praise ascending,
For Thy mercies without ending,
Rise to Thee, O Saviour blest:
With Thy gracious aid defend us;
Let Thy guiding light attend us;
Bring us to Thy place of rest.

Adam of St. Victor, 1150.
Tr. Robert Campbell, 1850.

330 CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Rev. Thomas Haweis, 1792.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

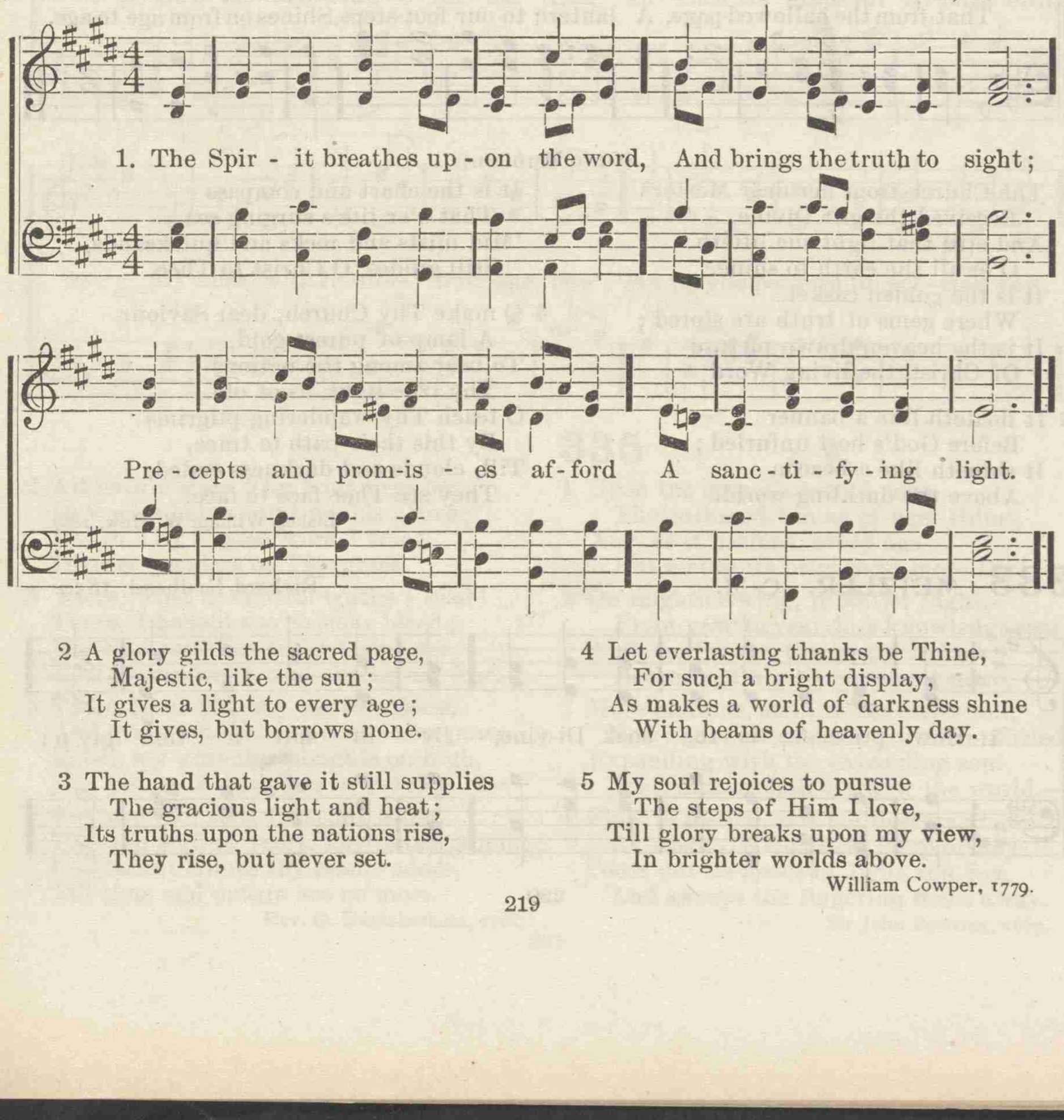
4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

331 SOUTHWELL. C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861.



2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

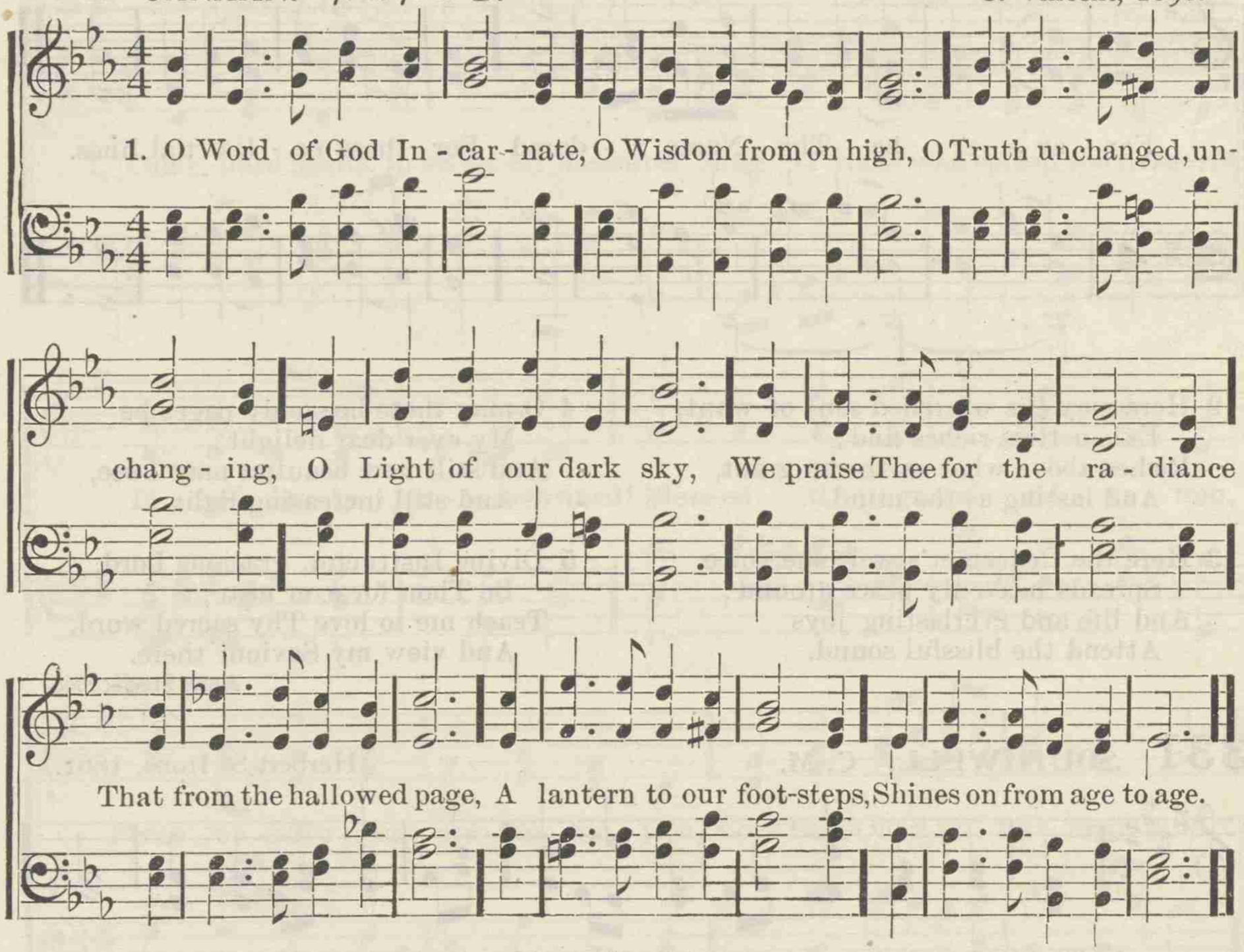
3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779.

332 **CANAAN.** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. C. Vincent, 1890.



(Or to Munich.)

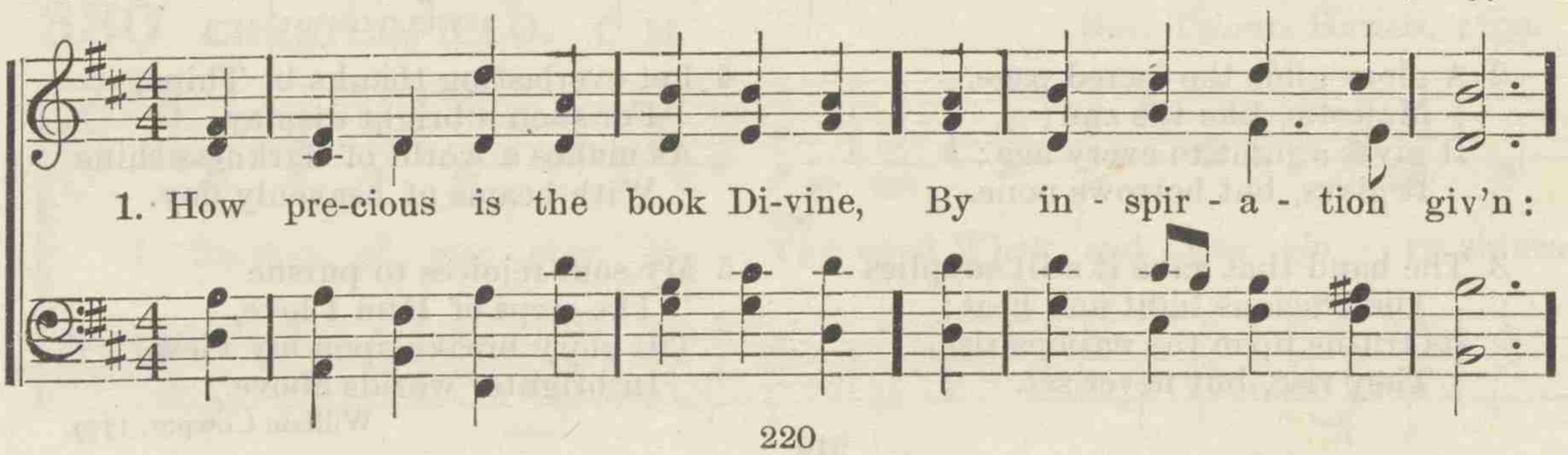
2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear among the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How, 1867.

333 **METZLER.** C. M. Richard Redhead, 1859.



2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man His wandering ways,
And where His feet have trod,
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

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

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

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782.

334 WILTON. L. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1820.

2 All nature sings Thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in Thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of Thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His Name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, O let my song,
Through endless years, Thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Rev. O. Heginbothom, 1768.

335 L. M.

1 Upon the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more Divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

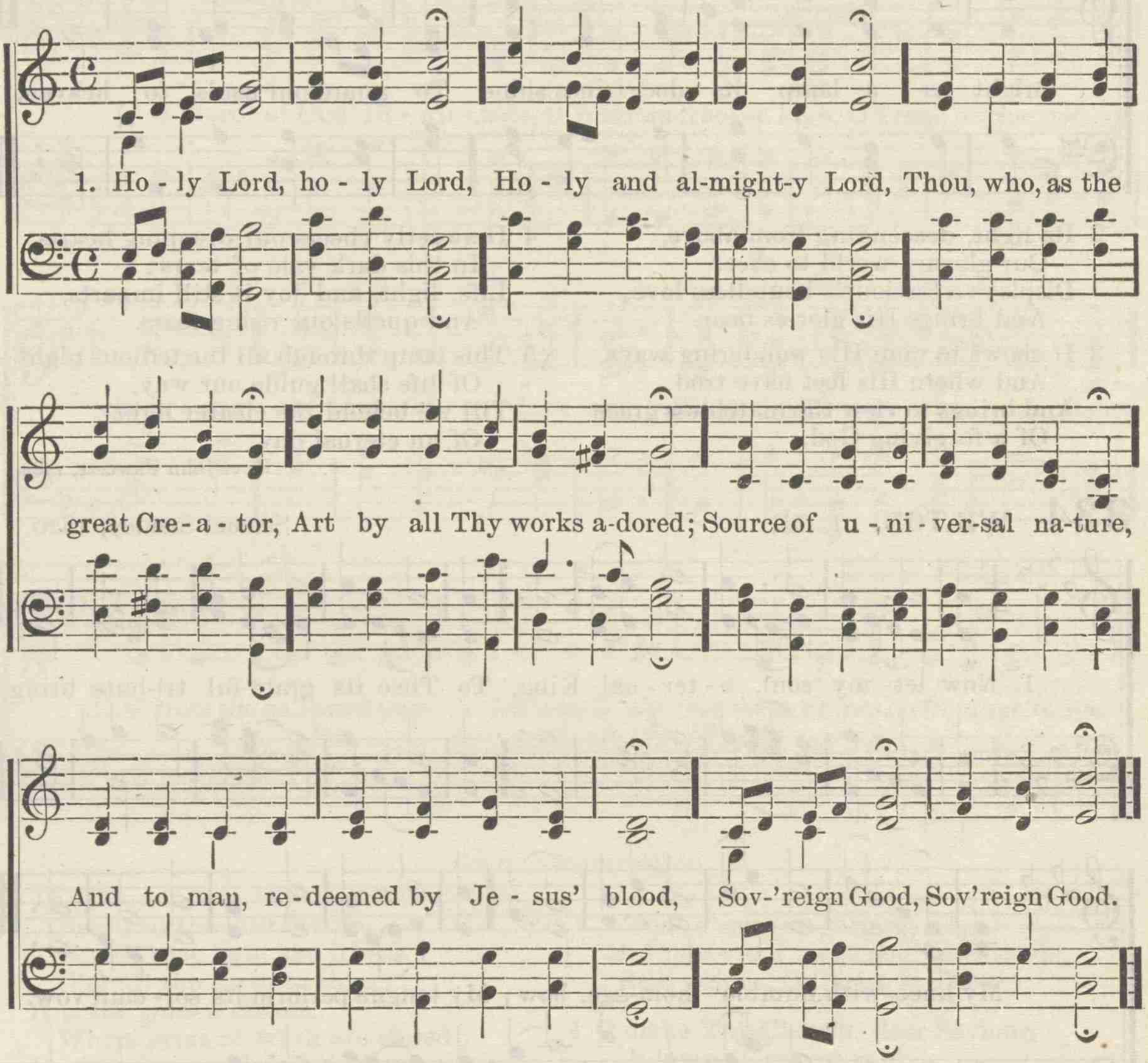
3 More glorious, still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world.—

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mists away.

Sir John Bowring, 1865.

336 FAHRE FORT. 6. 7. 8. 6. 7. 8. 9. 6.

Joh. Eusebius Schmidt, 1704.



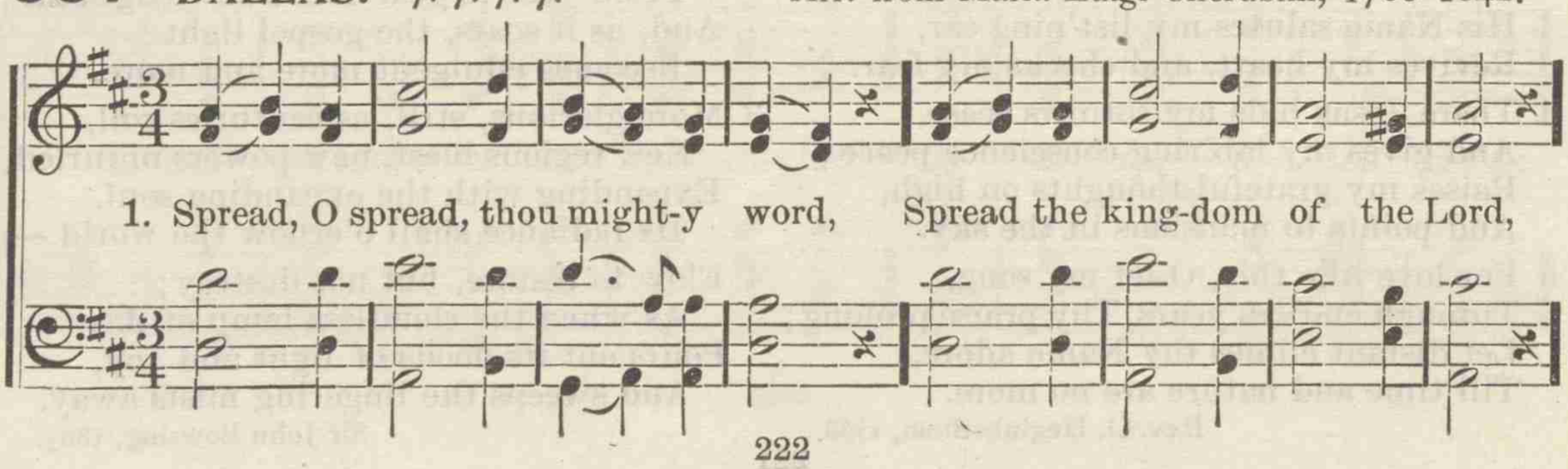
2 Thanks and praise, thanks and praise,
Thanks and praise be ever Thine,
That Thy word to us is givèn,
Teaching us with power Divine,
That the Lord of earth and heavèn,
Everlasting life for us to gain,
Once was slain, once was slain.

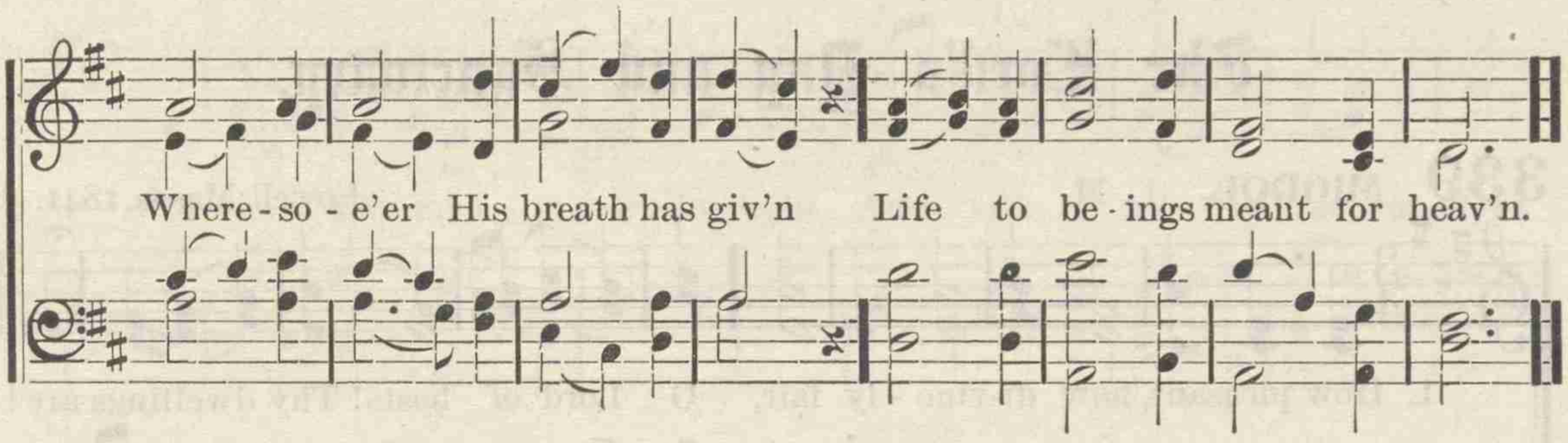
3 Lord, our God; Lord, our God;
May Thy precious saving word,
Till our race is here completed,
Light unto our path afford;
And, when in Thy presence seated,
We to Thee will render for Thy grace
Ceaseless praise, ceaseless praise.

Anon.

337 DALLAS. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Maria Luigi Cherubini, 1760–1842.





2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

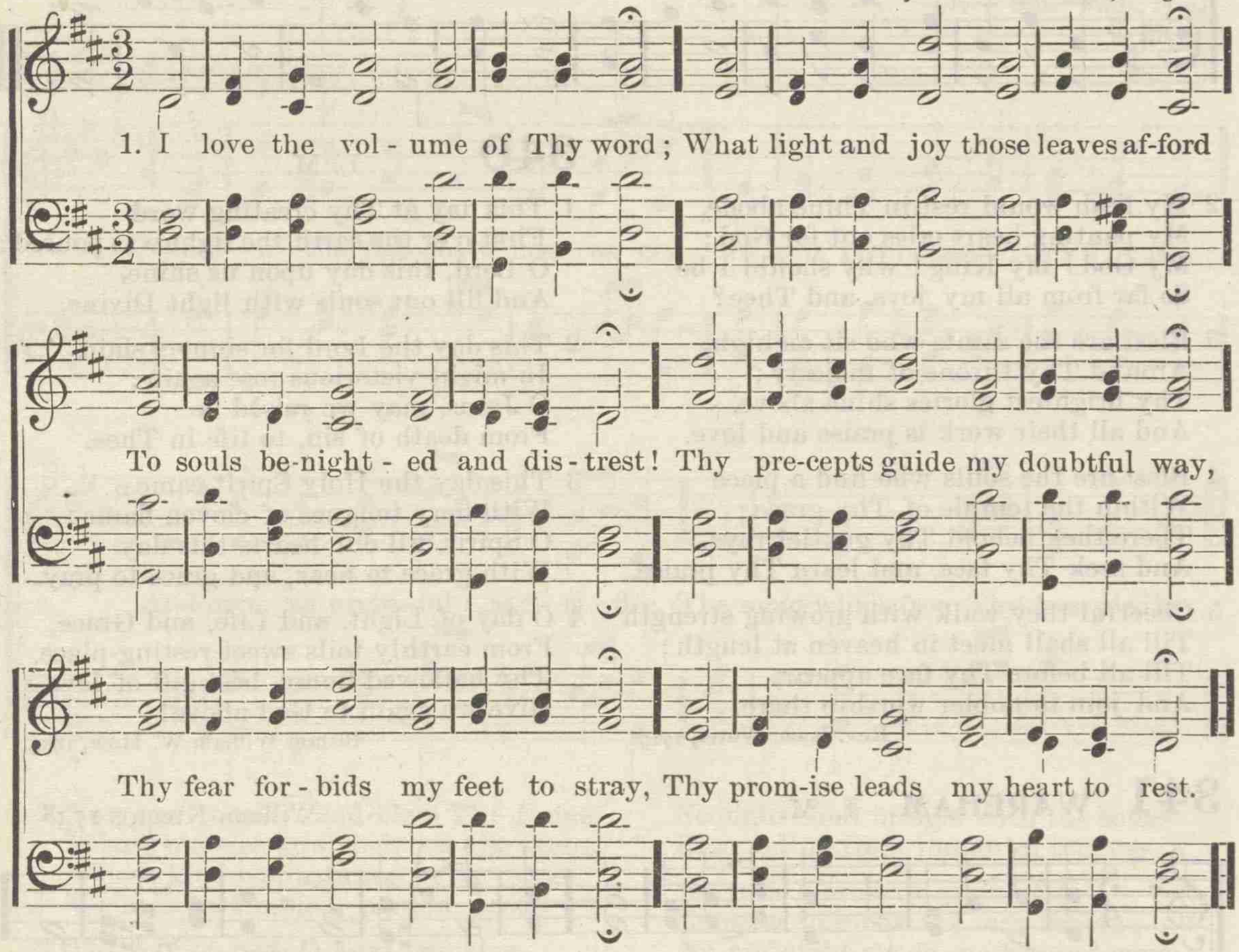
3 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long:
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

4 Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee:
Let the nations far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

Rev. Jonathan Frederick Bahnmaier, 1823.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, ab.

338 NASHVILLE. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

From a Gregorian Chant.
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1832.



2 From the discoveries of Thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read Thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

The Lord's Day and Sanctuary.

339 MIGDOL. L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1841.

340 L. M.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and Thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 This day at Thy creating word
First o'er the earth the light was poured:
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light Divine.

2 This day the Lord for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raisèd be
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

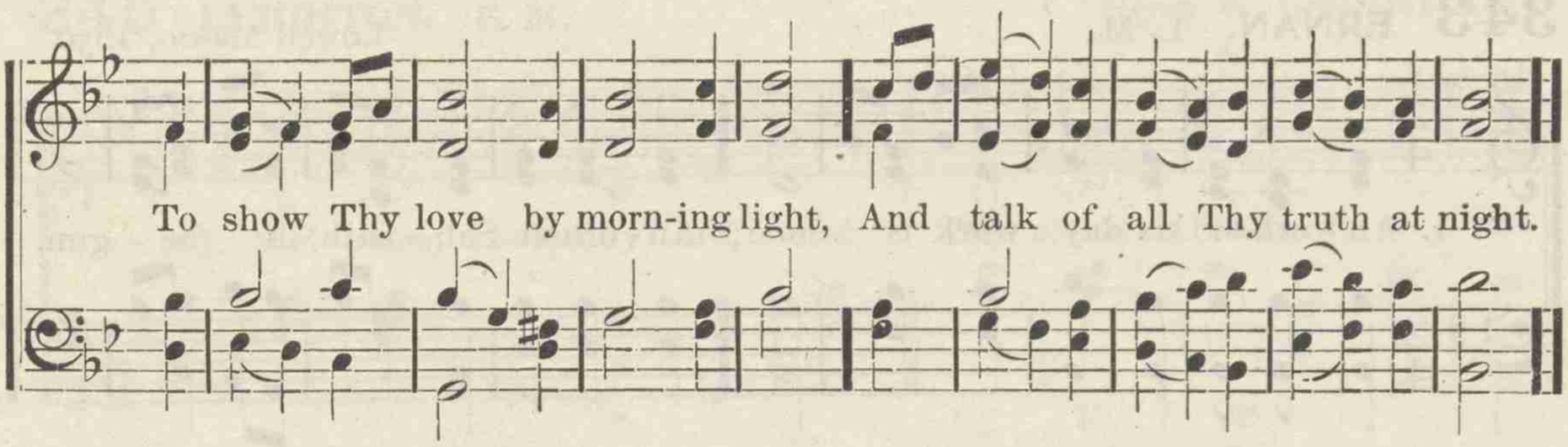
3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven-flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
Give we again to God above!

Bishop William W. How, 1854.

341 WAREHAM. L. M.

William Knapp, 1738.



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

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how Divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish till Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

342 CANONBURY. L. M.

Robert Schumann, 1839.

2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But look for truer rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues;

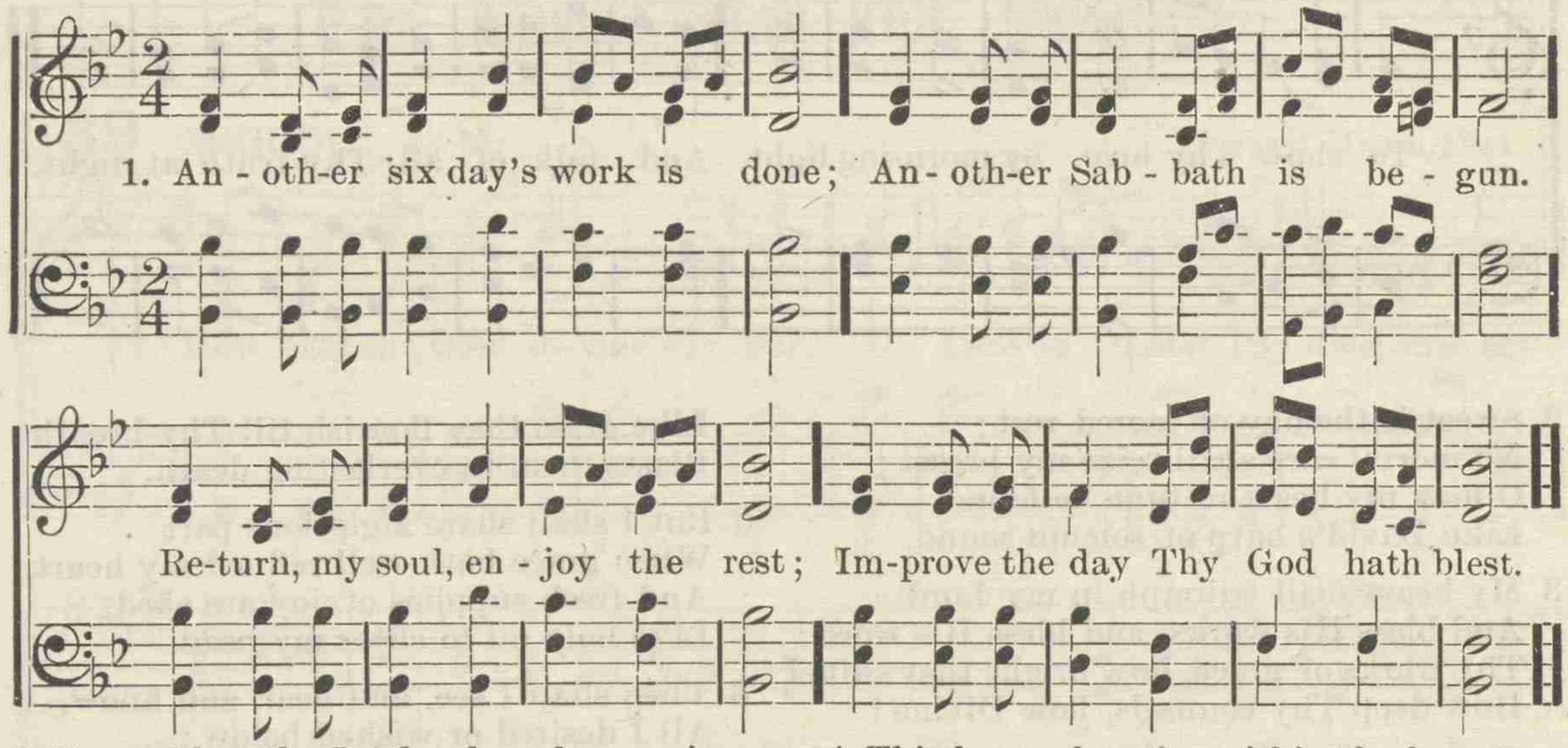
5 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no waning moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

6 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;
And let the world's true Sun arise!

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737, alt.

343 ERNAN. L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850.



2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast to heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

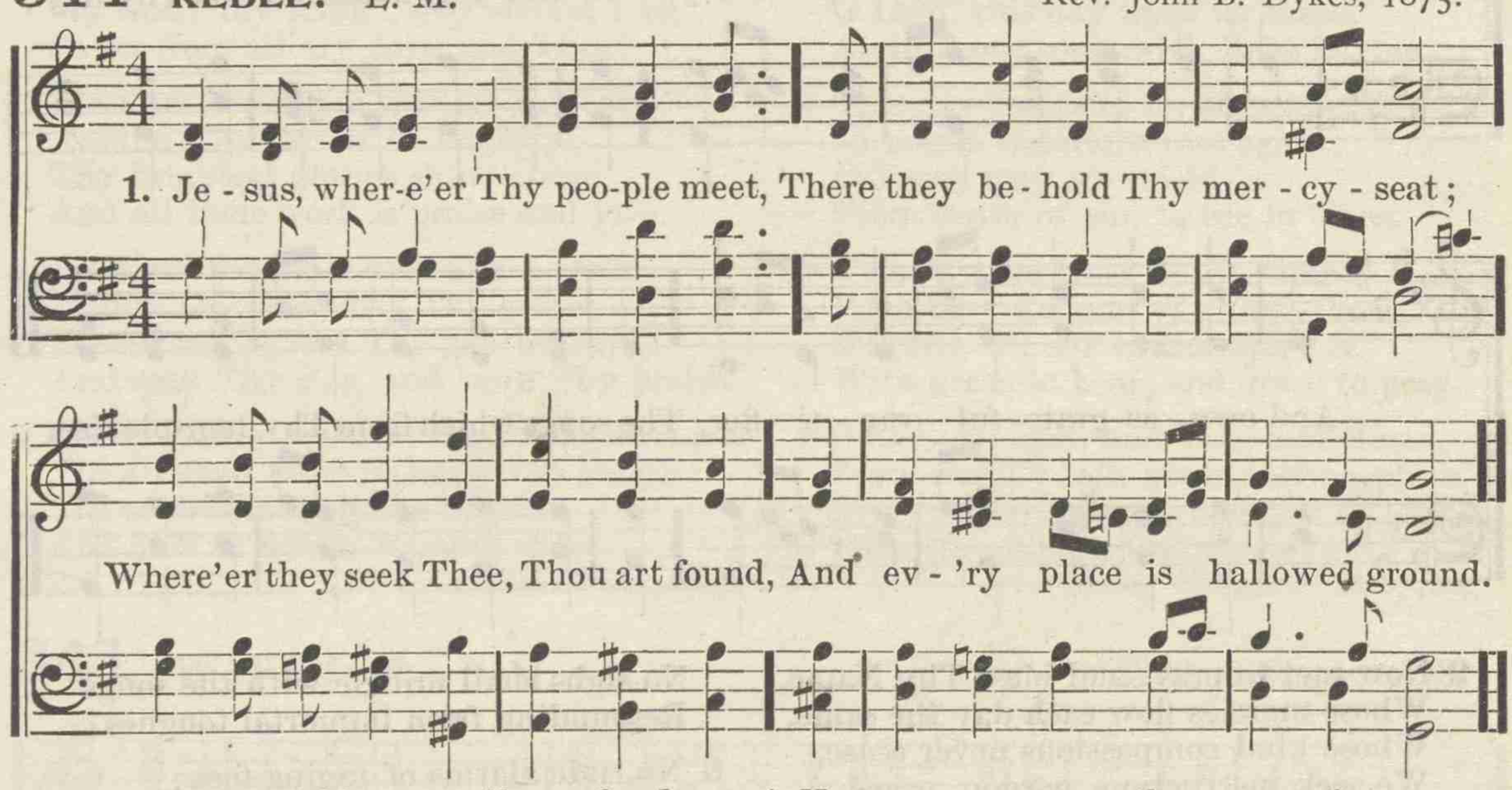
4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett, 1732.

344 KEBLE. L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.



2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

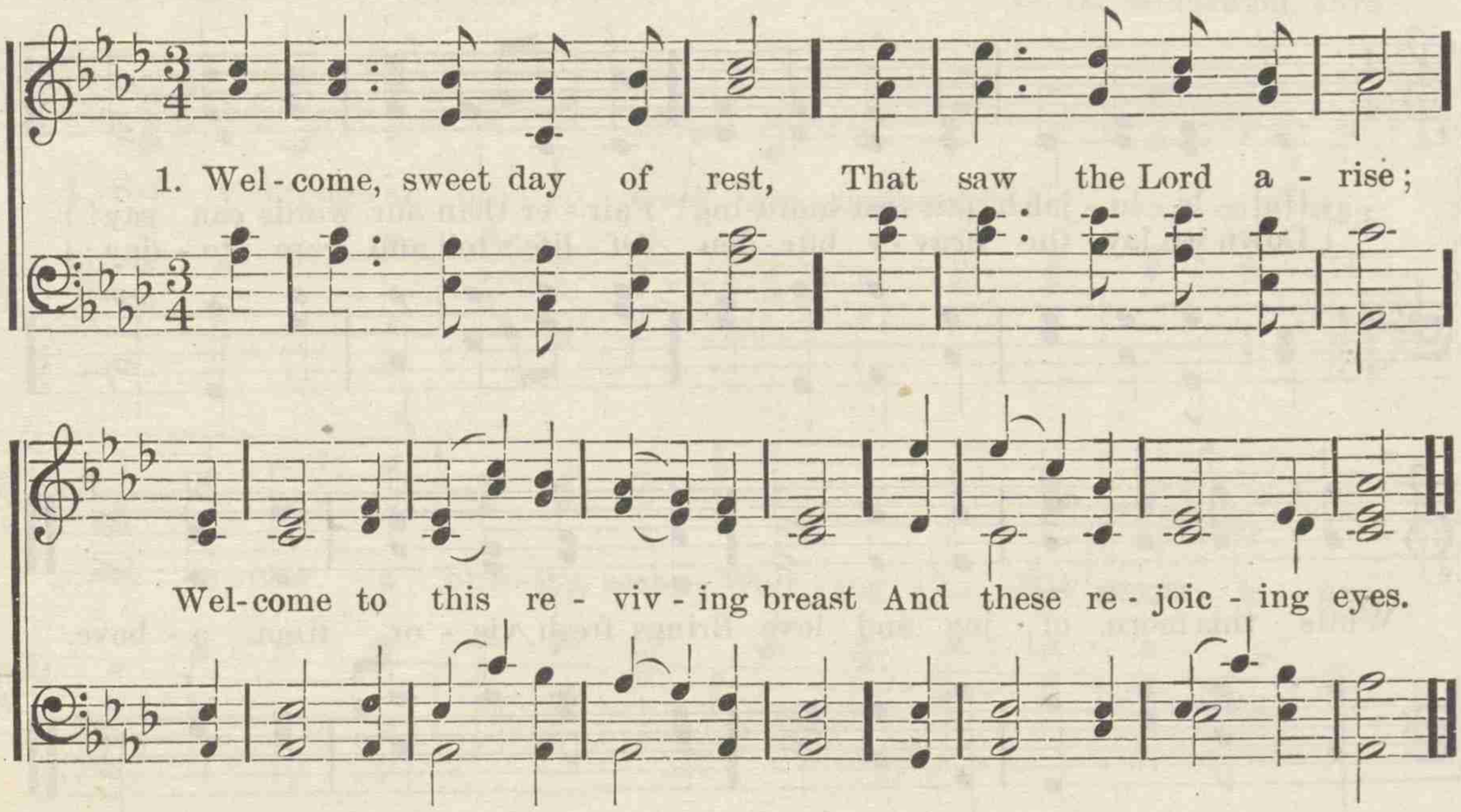
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

William Cowper, 1769.

345 LEIGHTON. S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.



2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

346 S. M.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unvails the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit
And smile on all around.

4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blessed abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1772.

347 S. M.

1 Hail to the Sabbath day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thy own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Rev. Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1832.

348 NEANDER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joachim Neander, 1680.

2 Sunday, full of holy glory!
Sweetest rest-day of the soul!
Light upon a world of darkness
From thy blessèd moments roll!
Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of His worship
I will seek my joy to-day:
It is then I learn the fullness
Of the grace for which I pray,
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done:
That at last Thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

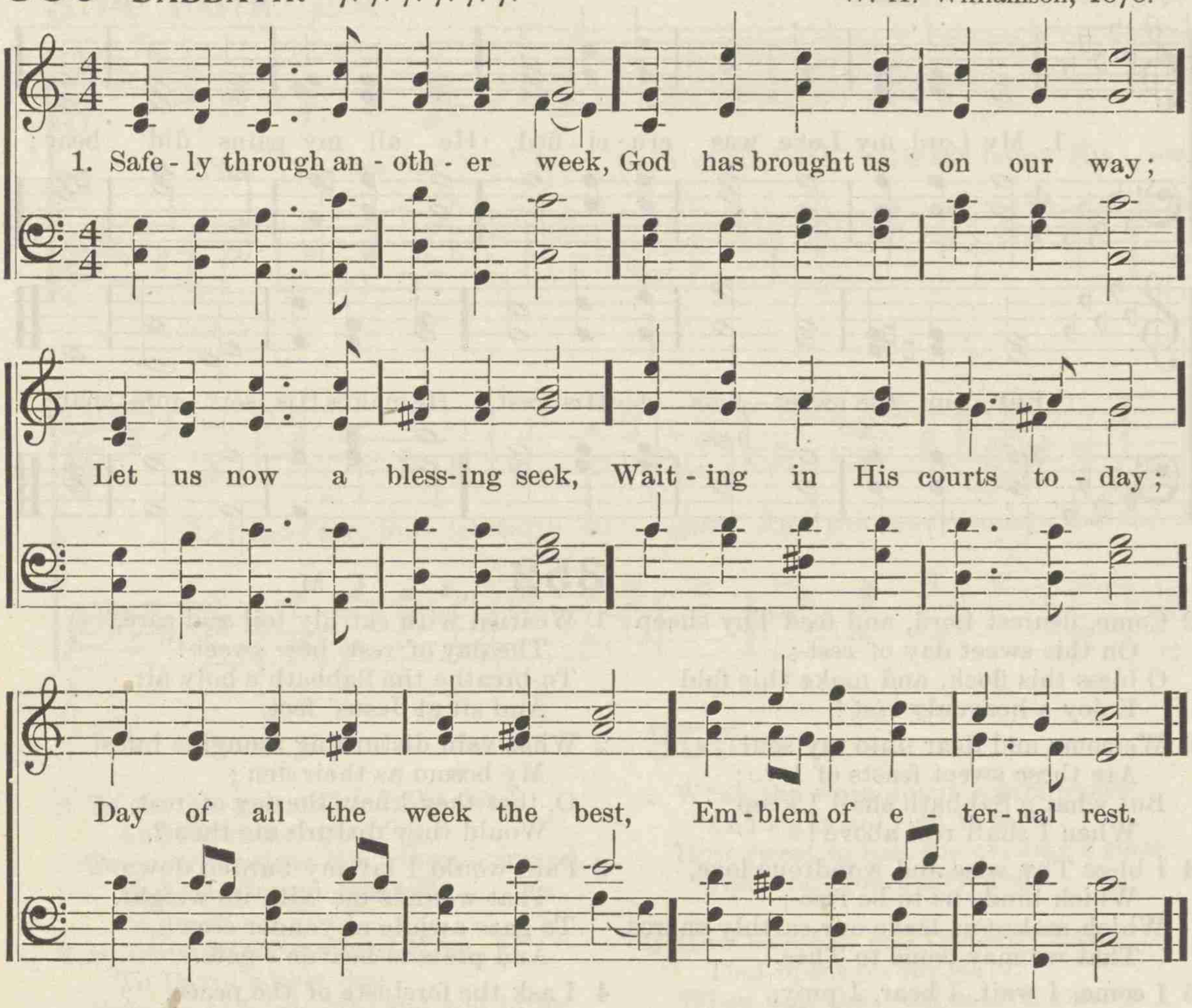
Jonathan Krause, 1739.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1858, a

349 SWABIA. S. M.

Old German Choral.
Arr. by Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1849.

350 SABBATH. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

W. H. Williamson, 1870.



2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest, this day, in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy Name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton, 1779, a.

349 SWABIA. S. M.

2 This is the day of rest
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

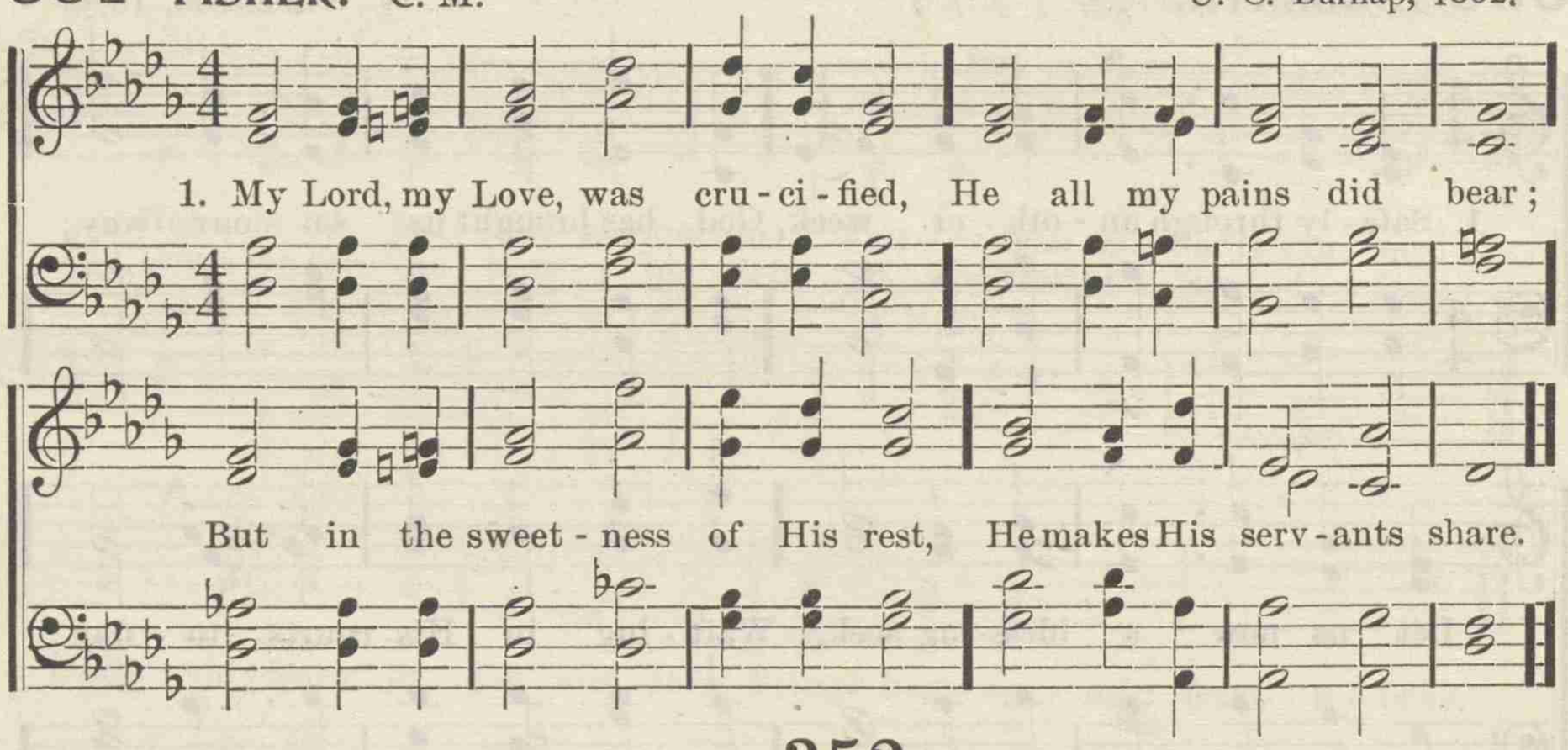
4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1867.

351 FISHER. C. M.

U. C. Burnap, 1862.



352 C. M.

1 Wearied with earthly toil and care,
The day of rest, how sweet!
To breathe the Sabbath's holy air,
And sit at Jesus' feet.

2 What vain disturbing thoughts infest
My bosom as their den;
O, that they knew the day of rest,
Would they disturb me then?

3 Fain would I lay my burden down
That wounds me with its weight,
To gaze awhile at yonder crown,
And press to heaven's gate.

4 I ask the foretaste of the peace,
The rest, the joy, the love,
Which when the earthly Sabbaths cease,
Await the saints above.

Mrs. Gilbert, 1845.

2 Come, dearest Lord, and feed Thy sheep
On this sweet day of rest;
O bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest!

3 Welcome and dear unto my soul
Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

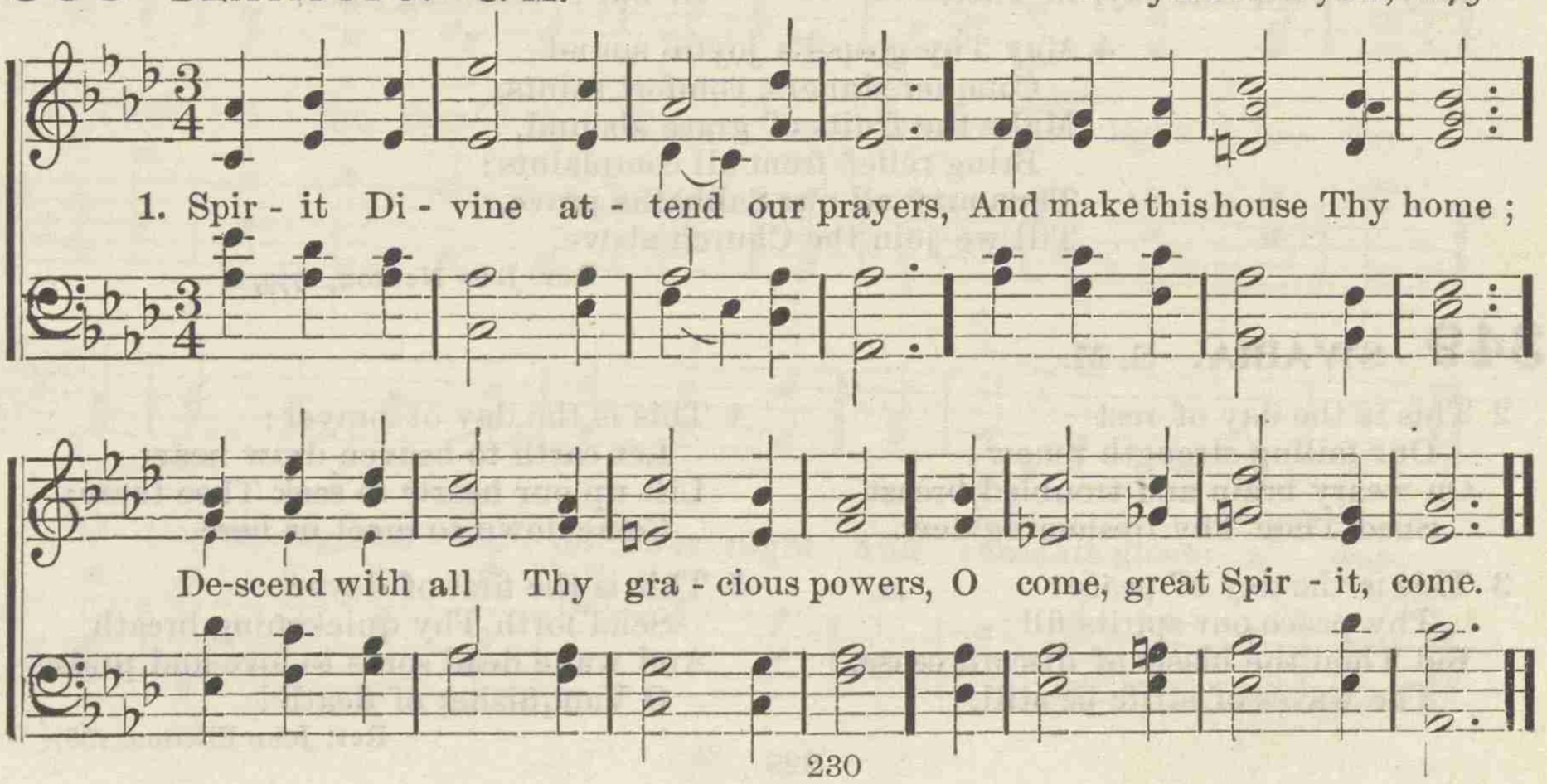
4 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,
Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,
That we may come to Thee.

5 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
Unto my Saviour's face.

Rev. John Mason, 1683, ab.

353 BEATITUDO. C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.



354 FAITH. C. M.

Samuel P. Tuckerman, 1848.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell :
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God His Father's Name
To save our sinful race.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

355 C. M.

1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week.

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light !

3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done ;
The world's long week be o'er ;
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun ,
That day which fades no more?

James Edmeston, 1820.

353 BEATITUDO. C. M.

2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

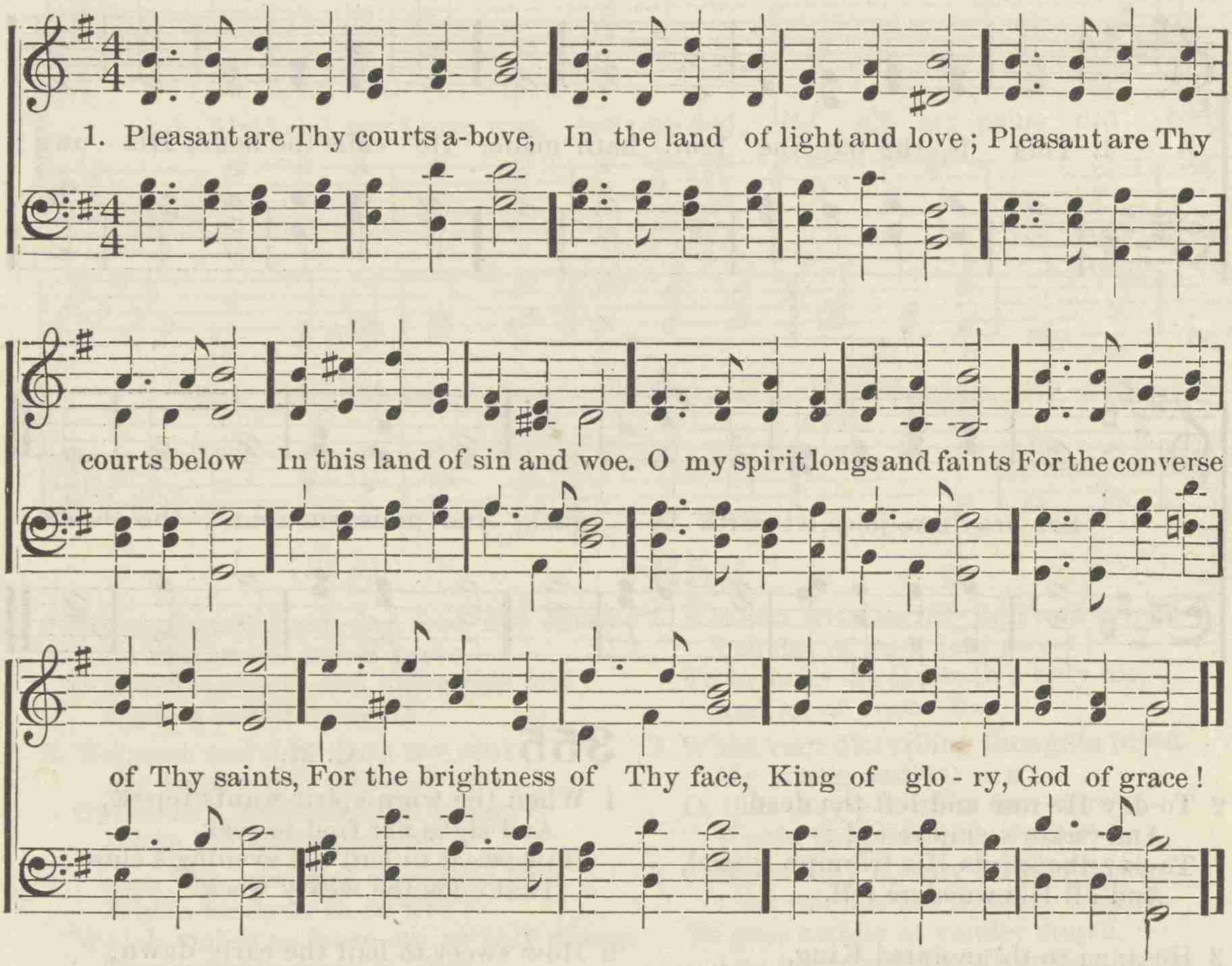
3 Come as the fire ; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame :
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dove ; and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love ;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as Thy Church above.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home ;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come, great Spirit, come.

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1829

356 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7.7.7.7. D. Sir George J. Elvey, 1858.



357 7.7.7.7. D.

1 Lord, remove the vail away,
Let us see Thyself to-day:
Thou Who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living church be one.

2 O, from earthly cares set free,
Let us find our rest in Thee;
May our toils and conflicts cease
In the calm of Sabbath peace;
That Thy people here below
Something of the bliss may know,
Something of the rest and love,
In the Sabbath-home above.

3 Give our souls the spotless dress
Of Thy perfect righteousness;
So at length each welcome guest,
Then shall enter to the feast,
Take the harp and raise the song,
All Thy ransomed ones among;
Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
Joys to last for evermore.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, 1769.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1862.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through this world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

358 BENTLEY. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John Hullah, 1867.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

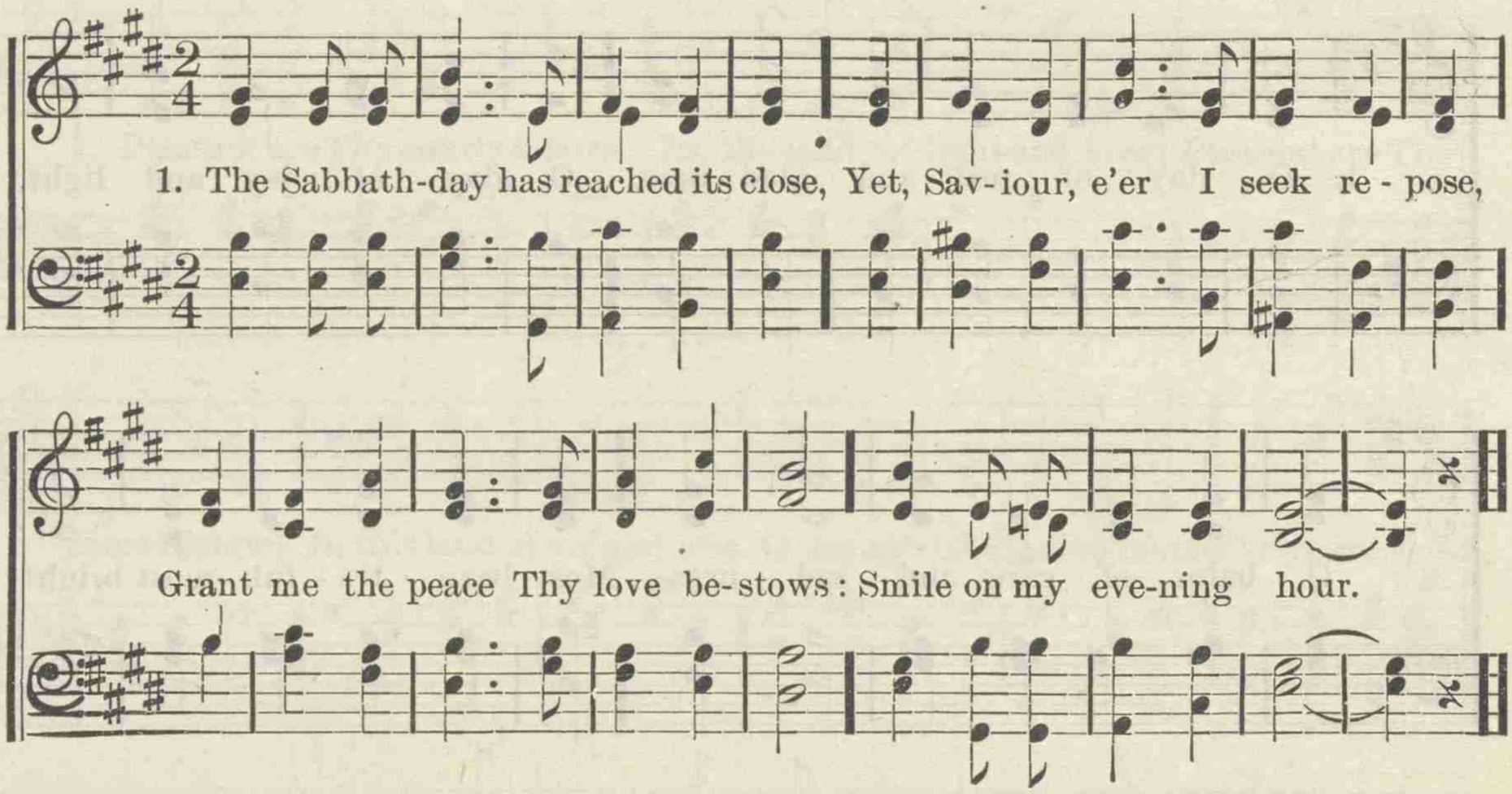
4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

359 PASCAL. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1870.



2 Weary I come to Thee for rest:
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Grant me Thy Spirit for my guest:
Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain:
Smile on my evening hour.

4 O Jesus, Lord enthroned on high,
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;
Look down on me with pitying eye:
Smile on my evening hour.

5 My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer, and every vow:
Smile on my evening hour.

6 And, O, when time's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

360 SILESIA. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Silesian Air.

361 GILLINGHAM. L. M.

Rev. Henry Moule, 1890.

2 Still as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To hearts that sought Thee Thou wast nigh,
Nor hath one sought Thy face in vain.

5 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,
The feeble soul hath strengthened been,
The mourner Thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart their God hath seen.

James Montgomery, 1834.

362 L. M.

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

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

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

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

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

360 SILESIA. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

Rev. James Merrick, 1760.

363 DAY OF PRAISE. S. M.

Charles Steggall, 1867.

2 Around Thy throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here:
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 Shine Thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

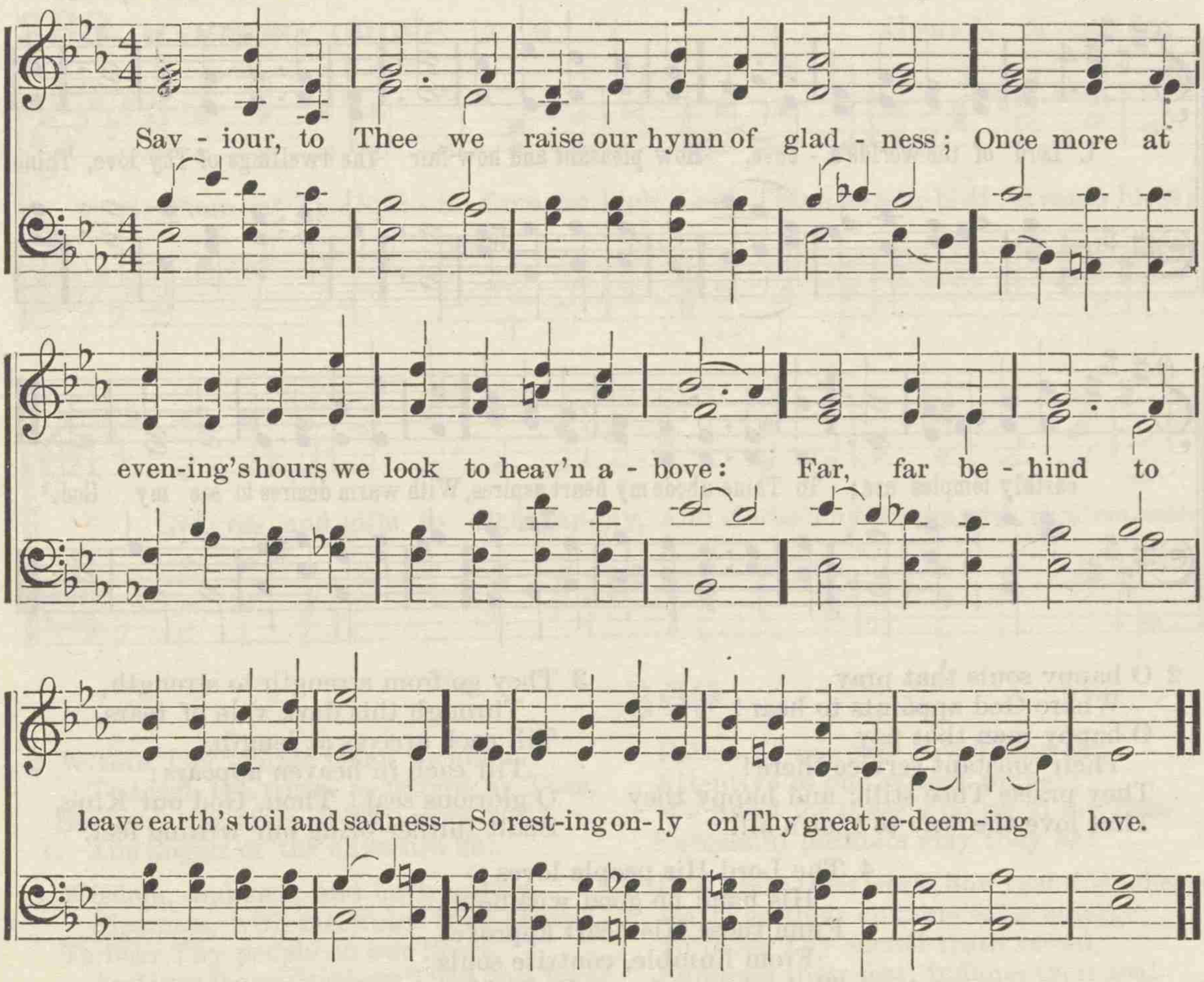
Rev. John Ellerton, 1868.

364 PRUEN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart. 1869.

365 CANTERBURY. 11. 12. 11. 12.

Rev. William James Foxell, 1875.



2 May this day's sins, we pray Thee, all be pardoned;
Grant us Thy absolution, give Thy grace to cheer;
O never let our hearts by sin be hardened,
But keep our conscience tender, give us holy fear.

3 Now day is done, and all its labors ended,
Close Thou, O Lord, our weary eyes in gentle sleep;
So may we ever be by Thee defended—
O may Thy guardian angels round us vigil keep!

4 Our soul restore, renew our powers, and make us
Strong in Thy strength to rise and greet the morning light;
And at the last, O blessed Saviour, take us
To dwell with Thee in that glad land which knows no night!

Rev. William James Foxell, 1875.

364 PRUEN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

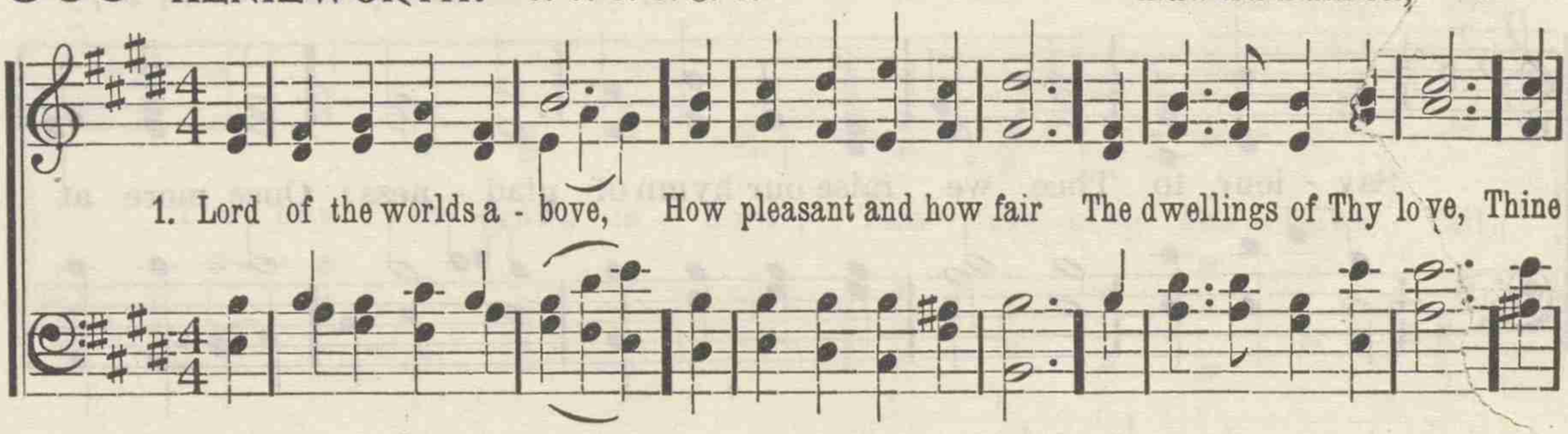
2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

"O. P."—Missionary Minstrel, 1826.

366 KENILWORTH. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. Edward Bunnett, 1880.



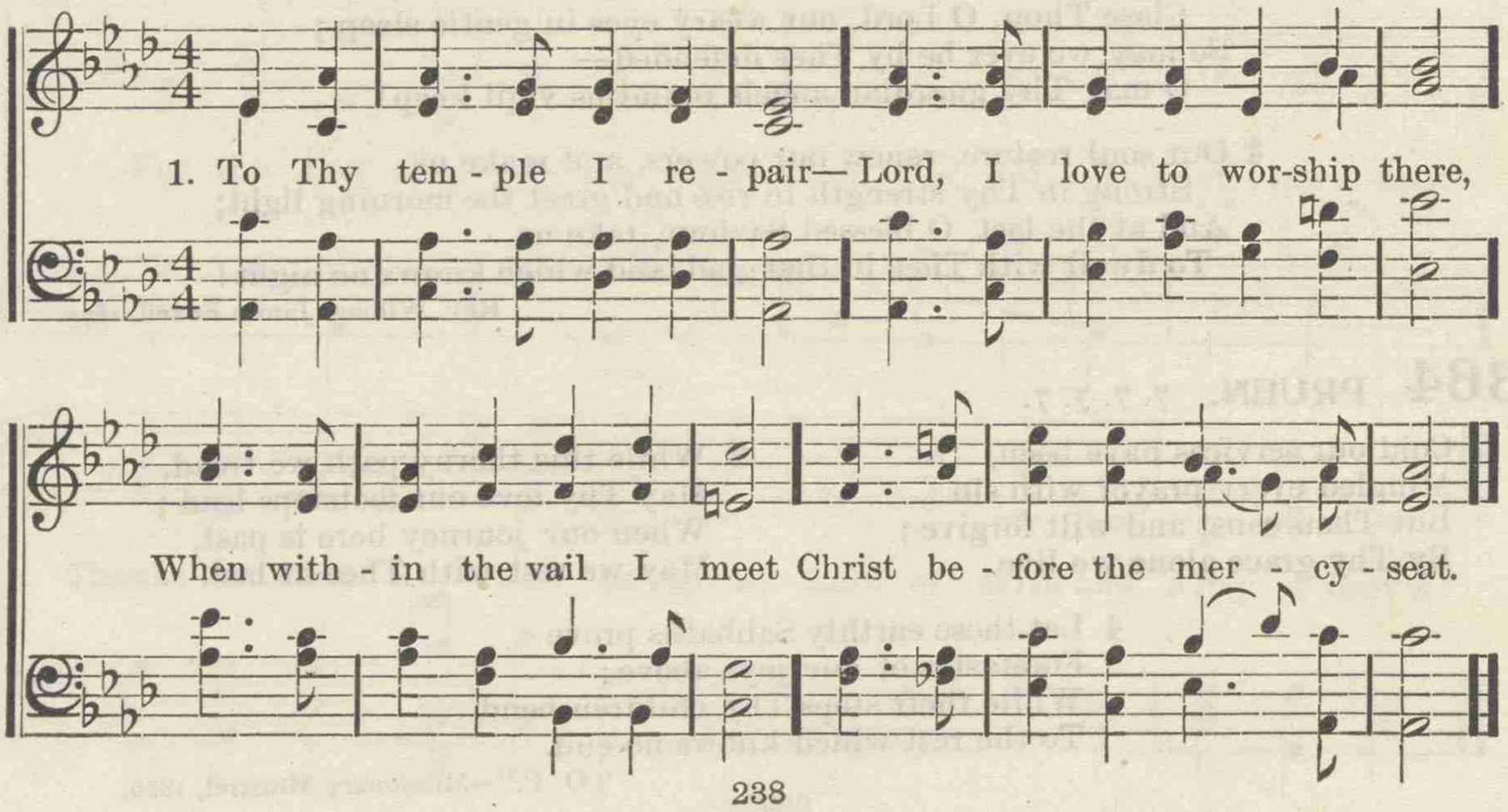
2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! Thou, God our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From humble, contrite souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

367 ALPHA. 7. 7. 7. 7. G. Prior, 1885.



368 HARMONY GROVE. L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1839.

369 L. M.

2 Within Thy temple when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be!

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign!
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine!

James Montgomery, 1825.

1 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

367 ALPHA. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 While Thy glorious Name is sung,
Touch my lips,—unloose my tongue;
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

3 I through Him am reconciled,
I through Him become Thy child:
Abba, Father! give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe;
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality,

6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

7 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery, 1812.

370 ST. AUGUSTINE. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861.

2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
To them a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.

3 So may they live to Thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

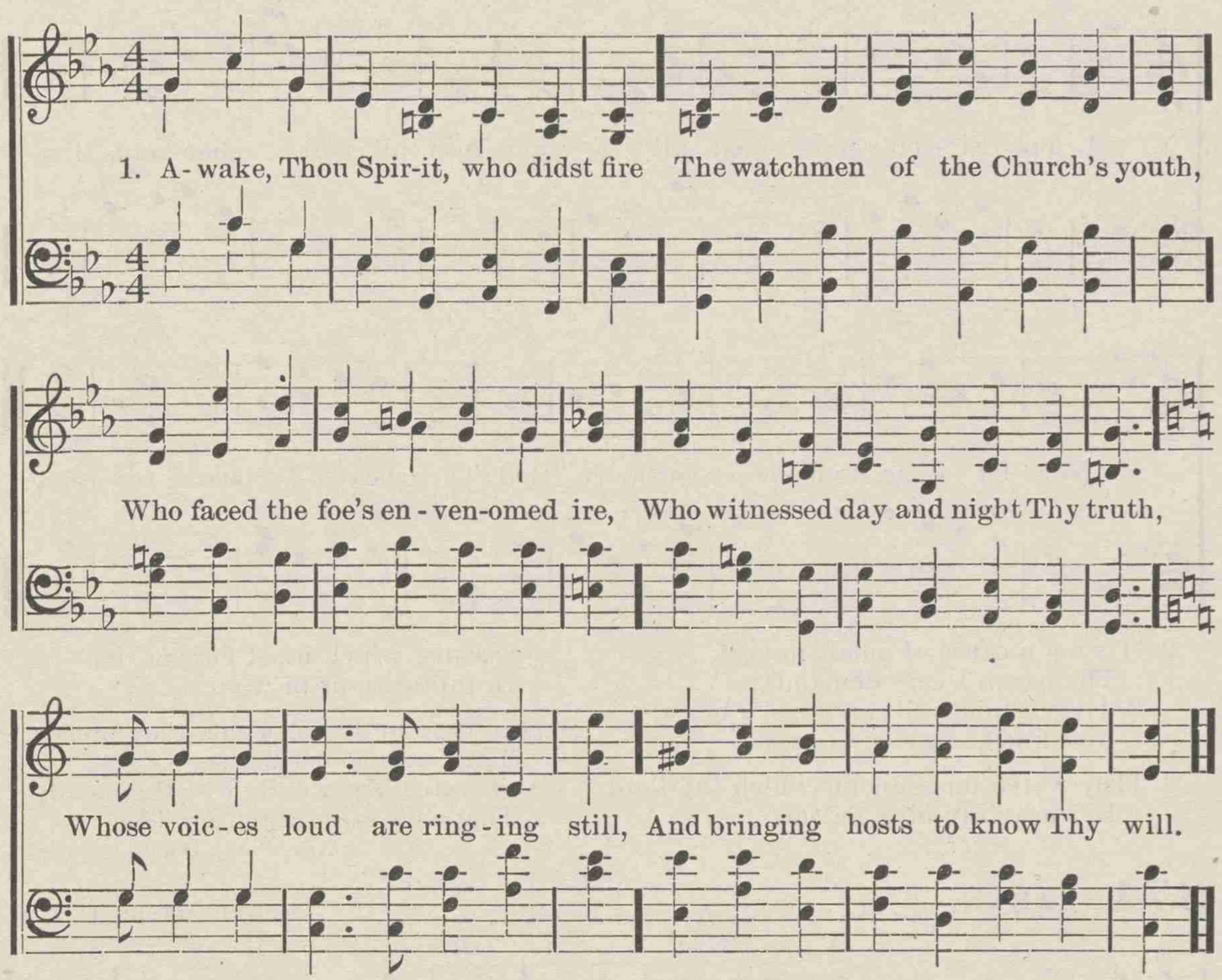
Edward Osler, 1836.

371 WEIMAR. L. M.

Carl Phil. Emmanuel Bach, 1784.

372 EAST DEAN. L. M. 61.

Arthur H. Mann, 1895.



2 Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray,
For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred
In every land in this our day,
To cry with fervent soul to Thee,
O help us, Lord! so let it be!

3 O haste to help, ere we are lost!
Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of wrong;
Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
Thy heritage, to know Thy Name.

4 And let Thy word have speedy course,
Through every land be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force,
And fill Thy churches far and wide;
Wake Israel from her sleep, O Lord,
And spread the conquests of Thy word!

5 Thy Church's desert paths restore;
Let stumbling-blocks that in them lie
Hinder Thy word henceforth no more:
Error destroy, and heresy,
And let Thy Church, from hirelings free,
Bloom as a garden fair to Thee!

Charles Henry Bogatzky, 1750.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

371 WEIMAR. L. M.

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

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

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

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1823.

373 WARWICK. C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

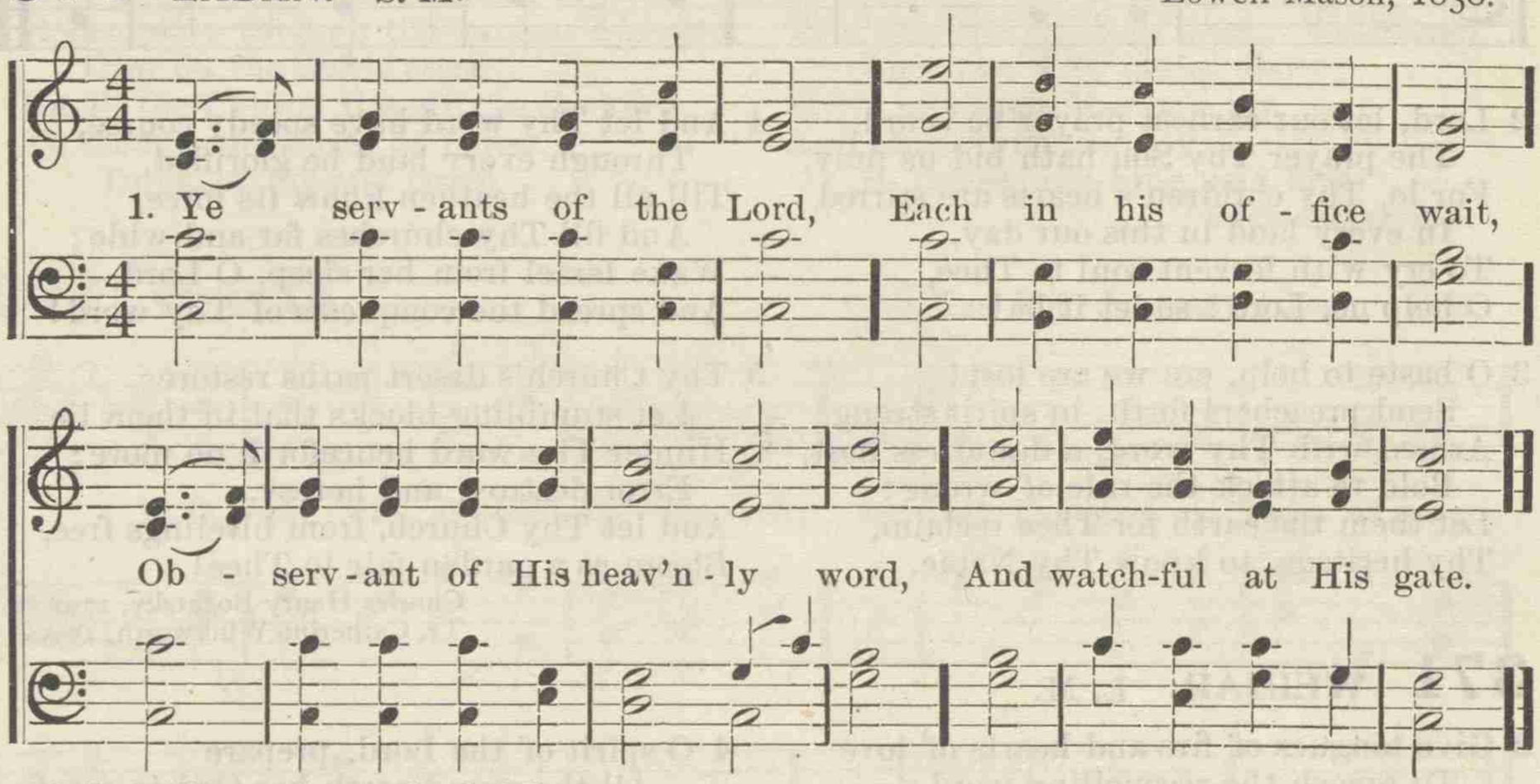
3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1750.

374 LABAN. S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830.



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

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

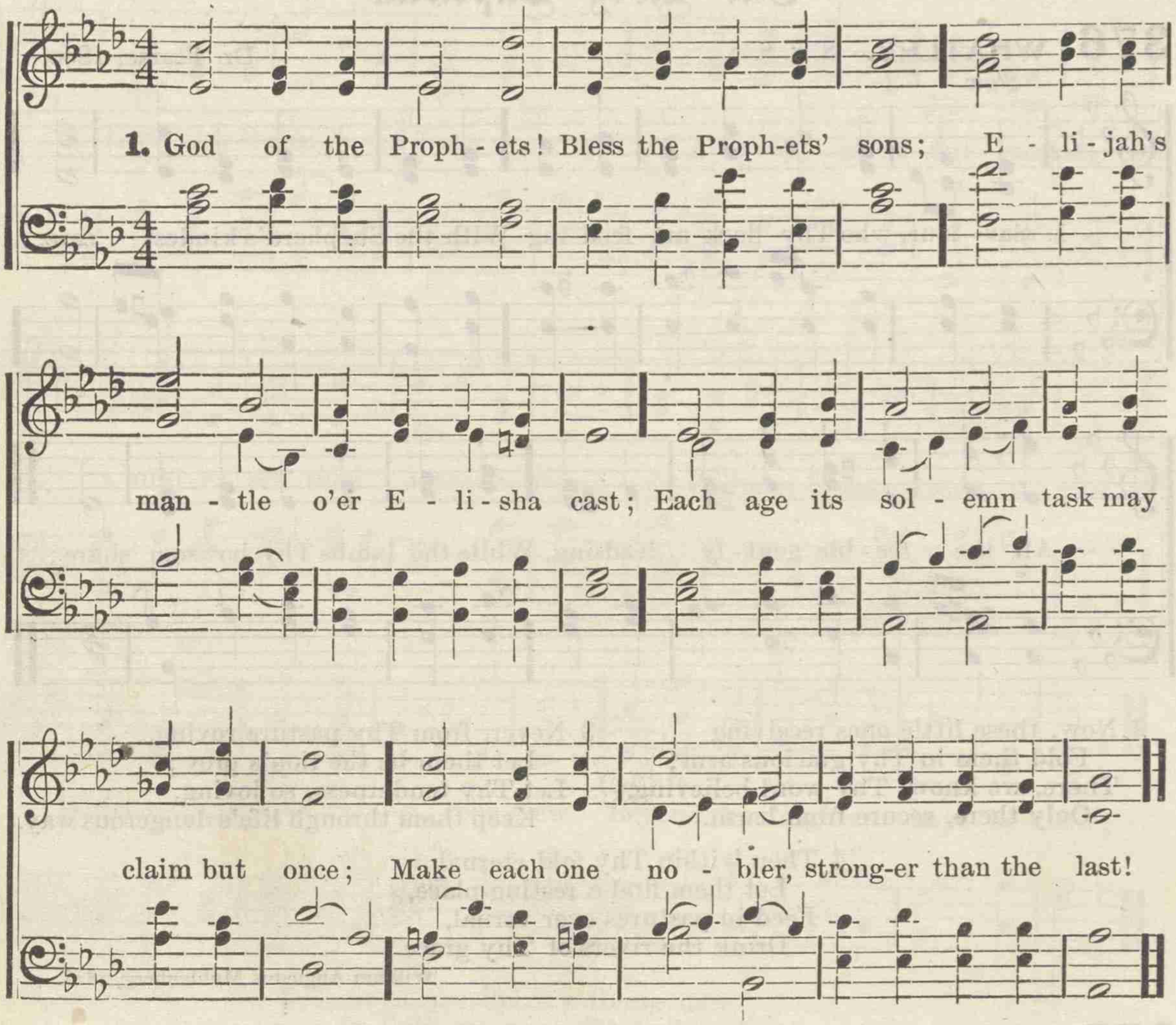
4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

375 FERGUSLIE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Montague Smith, 1894.



2 Anoint them Prophets! Make their ears attent
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them Priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace.
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them Kings! Aye kingly Kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

5 Make them Apostles! Heralds of Thy cross,
Forth may they fare to tell all realms Thy grace
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

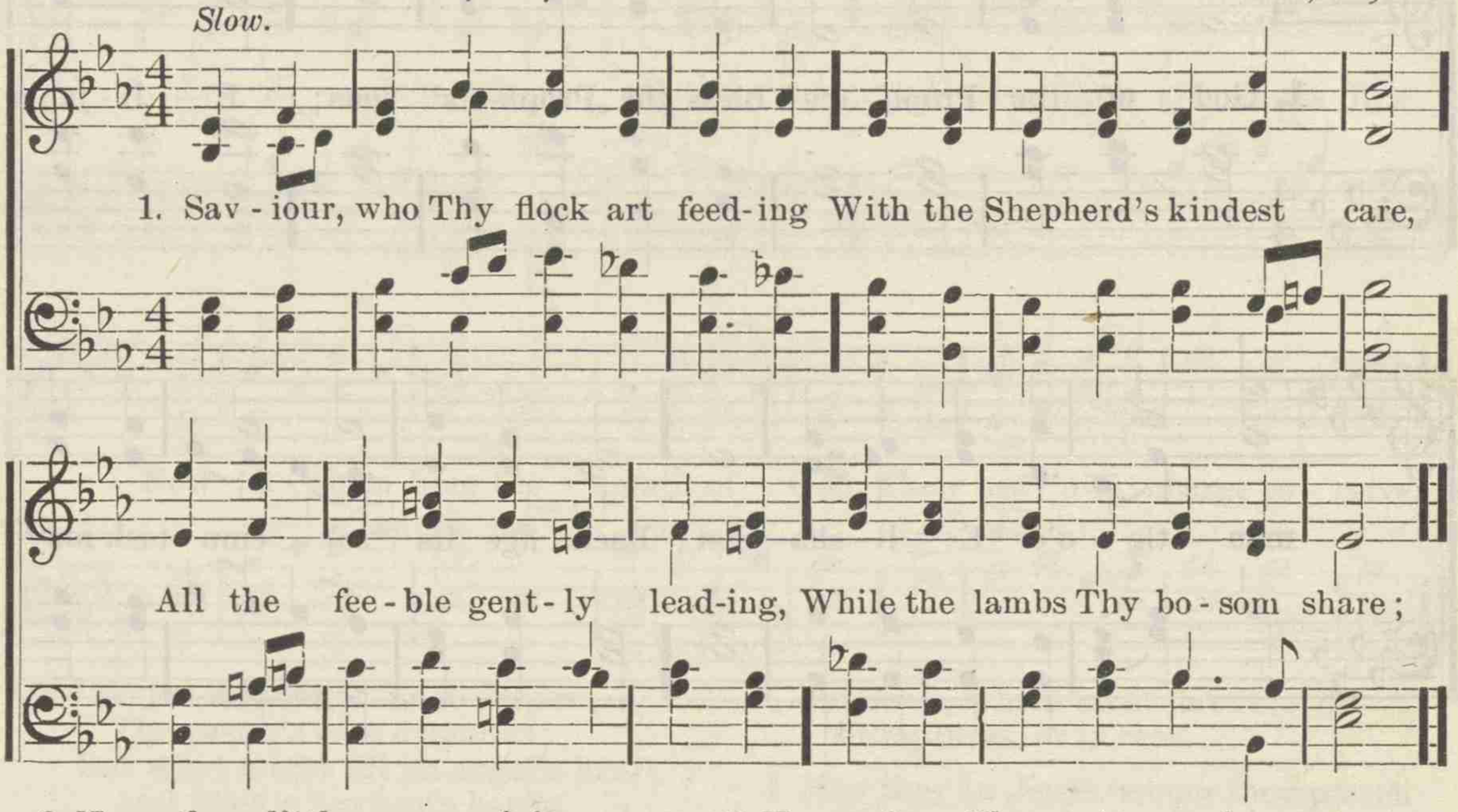
6 O mighty Age of prophet-kings, return!
O Truth, O Faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!

Rev. Denis Wortman, 1884.

The Holy Baptism.

376 **WHATLEY.** 8. 7. 8. 7. Dr. Pearce, 1890.

Slow.



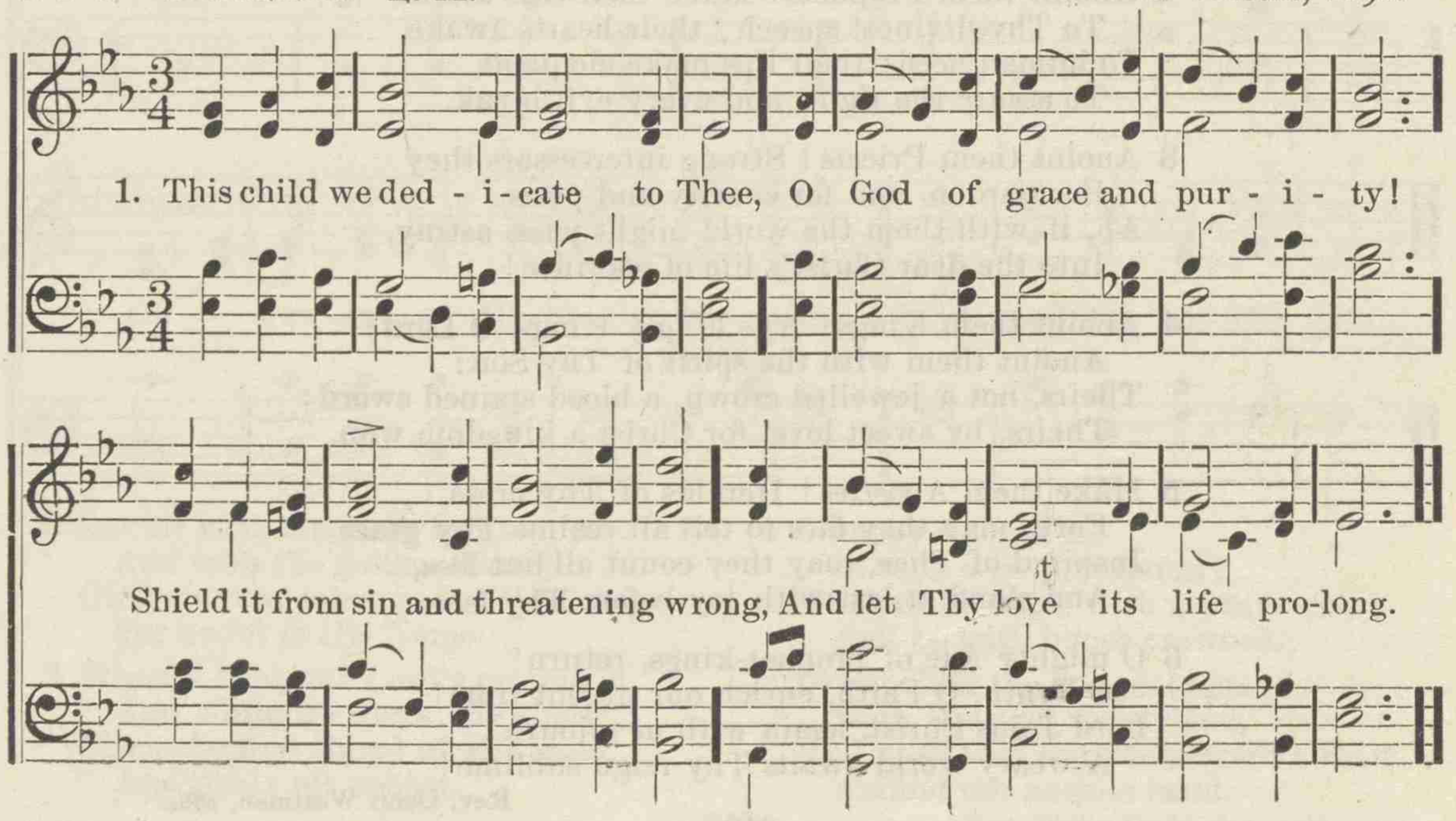
2 Now, these little ones receiving
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

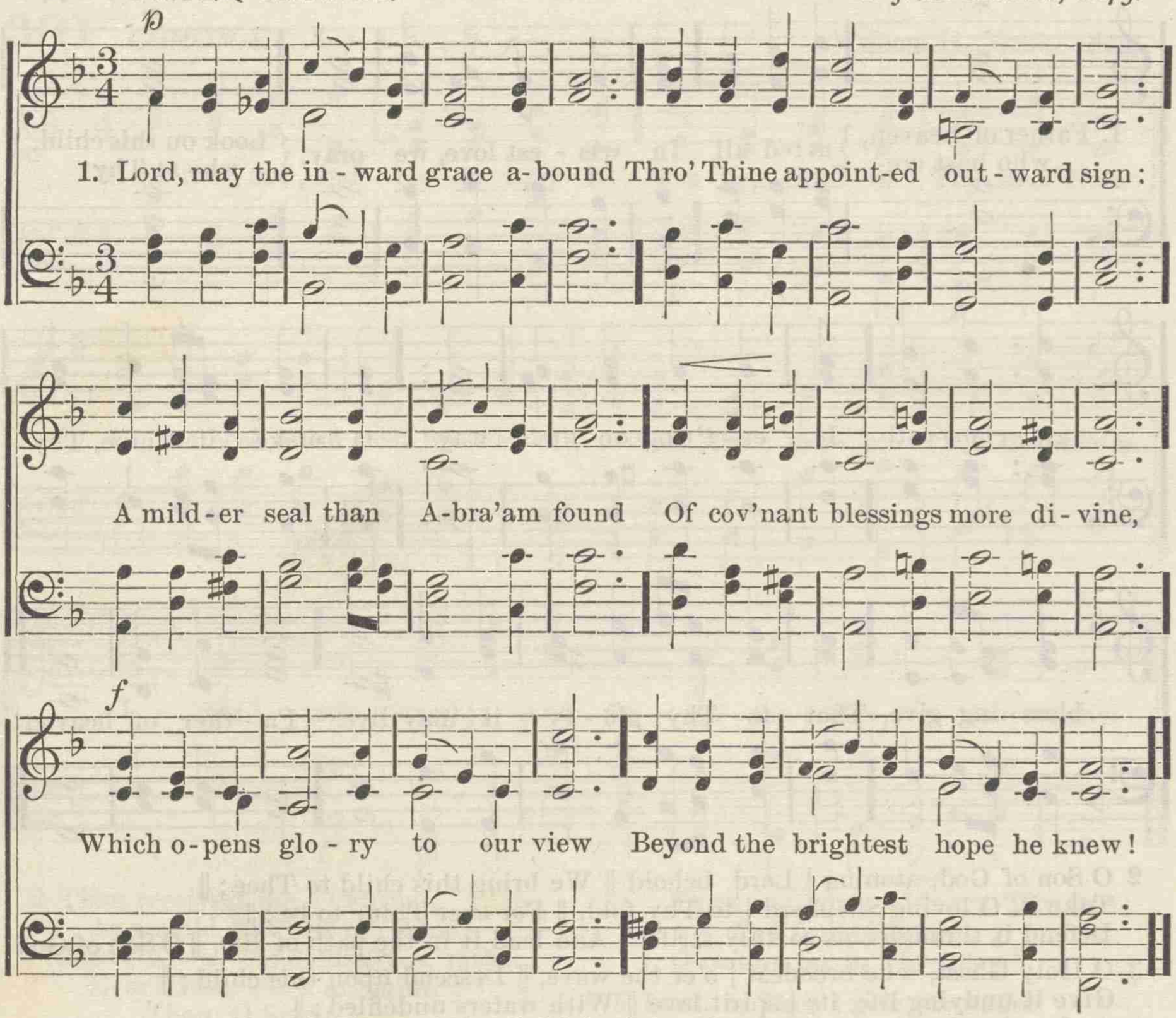
4 Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826.

377 **DUNELM.** L. M. C. Vincent, 1890.



378 PATER OMNIUM. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. H. J. E. Holmes, 1875.



2 Type of the Spirit's living flow,
In faith we pour the hallowed stream;
We sign the cross upon the brow,
The solemn pledge of truth to Him
Who shed for us His precious blood
To seal the covenant of God.

3 Baptized into the Trinity,
Adopted children of Thy grace,
O help us, Lord, to live to Thee
A humble, pure, and faithful race!
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,
And crown with heavenly life our end.

Edward Osler, 1836.

377 DUNELM. L. M.

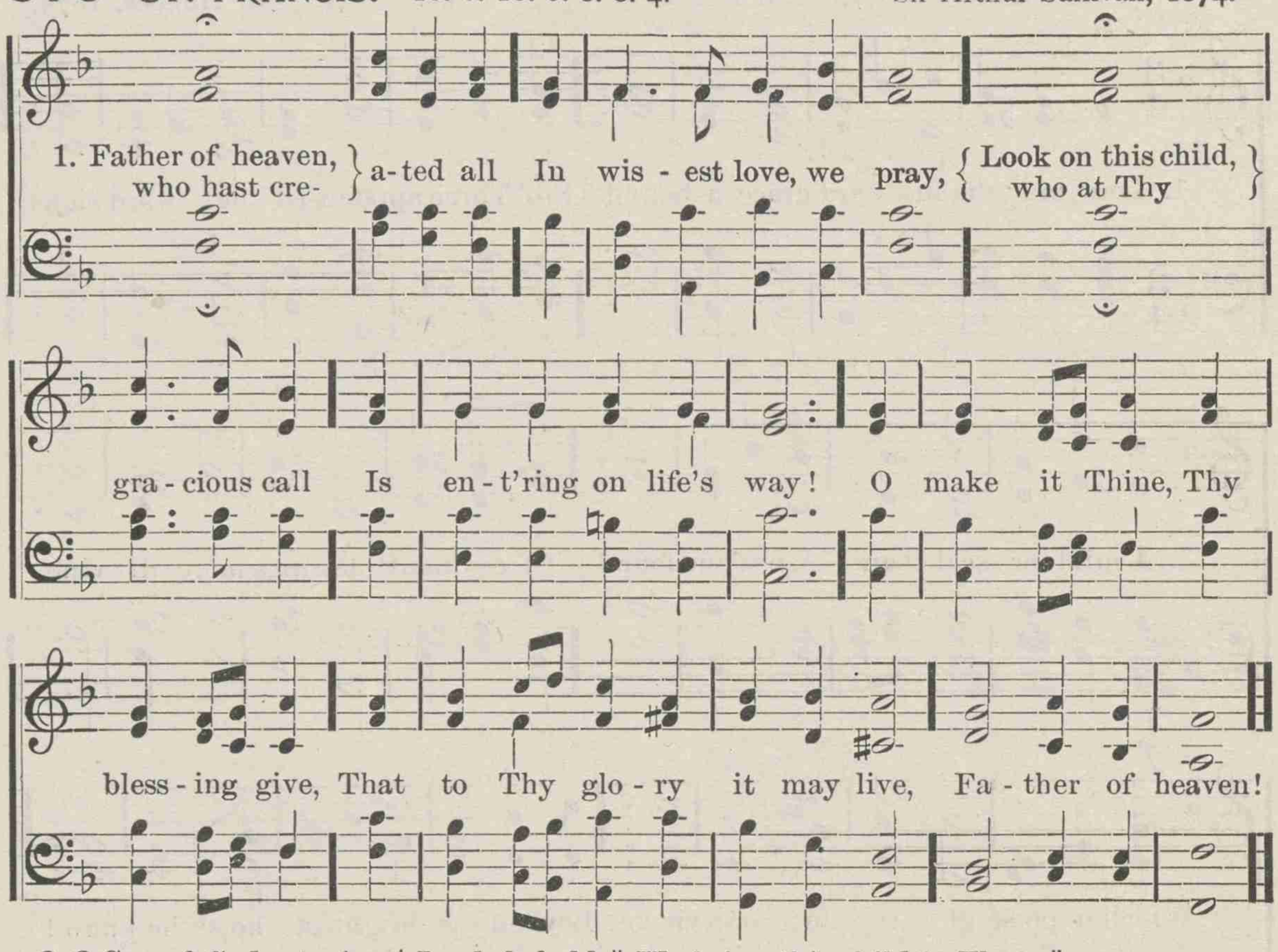
2 O may Thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep Thy law;
May virtue, piety and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before Thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

West Boston Coll.

379 ST. FRANCIS. 10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4. Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874.



2 O Son of God, atoning | Lord, behold ‖ We bring this child to Thee; ‖
Take it, O loving Shepherd | to Thy fold, ‖ For ever Thine to be: ‖
Defend it through this earthly strife, ‖ And lead it in the path of life, ‖ **O Son of God!**

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodest | o'er the wave, ‖ Descend upon this child; ‖
Give it undying life, its | spirit lave ‖ With waters undefiled; ‖
And make it evermore to be ‖ A child of God, a home for Thee, ‖ **O Holy Ghost!**

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast | willed is done; ‖ We speak: but Thine the might; ‖
This child hath scarce yet seen our | earthly sun, ‖ Yet pour on it Thy light ‖
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love, ‖ Thou Sun of all below, above, ‖ O Triune God.

Albert Knapp, 1841.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

380 BAPTISMAL CHANT. Thomas Tallis, 1575.

BEFORE THE ADMINISTRATION.

1 The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear Him, ‖
And His righteousness | unto | children's | children.

2 To such as keep His | cove- | nant; ‖ And to those that remember His com- | mandments to | do— | them.

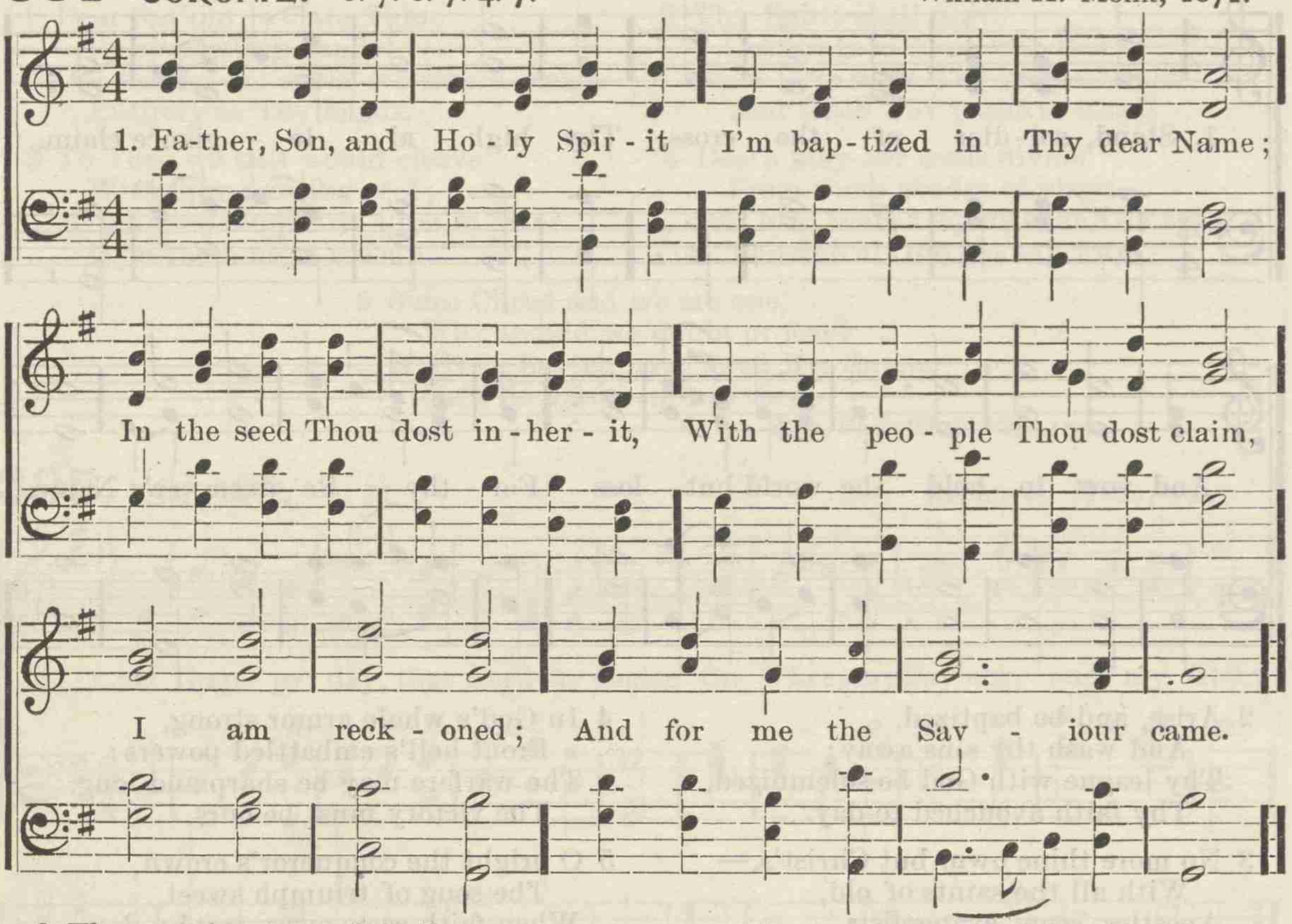
3 Suffer little children to come unto me, and for- | bid them | not: ‖ For of | such · · is the | kingdom · · of | heaven.

4 For the promise is unto you, and | to your | children; ‖ And to all that are afar off, even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

The Baptism. (Adults.)

381 CORONÆ. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

William H. Monk, 1871.



2 Thou receivest me, O Father,
As a child and heir of Thine;
Jesus, Thou who diedst, yea, rather
Ever livest, Thou art mine.
Thou, O Spirit,
Art my Guide, my light Divine.

3 I have pledged, and would not falter,
Truth, obedience, love to Thee;
I have vows upon Thine altar,
Ever Thine alone to be;
And for ever
Sin and all its lusts to flee.

4 Gracious God, all Thou hast spoken
In this covenant shall take place;
But if I, alas! have broken
These my vows, hide not Thy face;
And from falling
O restore me to Thy grace!

5 Lord, to Thee I now surrender
All I have, and all I am;
Make my heart more true and tender,
Glorify in me Thy Name.
Let obedience
To Thy will be all my aim.

6 Help me in this high endeavor,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Bind my heart to Thee for ever,
Till I join the heavenly host.
Living, dying,
Let me make in Thee my boast.

John Jacob Rambach, 1734.
Tr. Charles William Schaeffer, 1860.

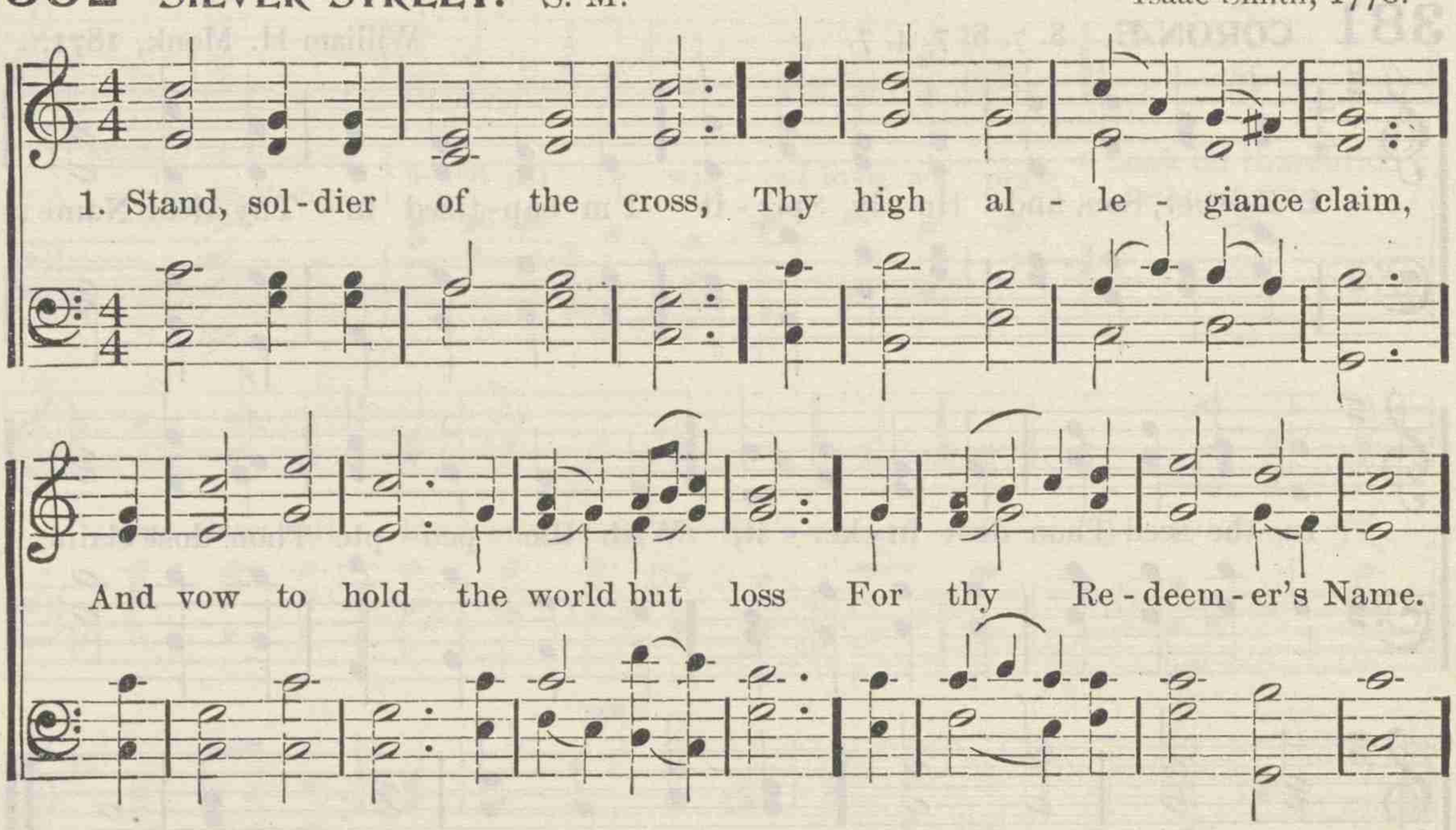
380 BAPTISMAL CHANT.

AFTER THE ADMINISTRATION.

1 Then will I sprinkle clean | water · · up- | on you, ‖ And | ye shall | be— | clean:
2 A new heart also | will I | give you, ‖ And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you,
3 And I will take away the stony heart | out of · · your | flesh, ‖ And I will | give · · you a | heart of | flesh.
4 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed, ‖ And my | blessing · · up- | on thine | offspring:
5 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass, ‖ As | willows · · by the | water- | courses.
6 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the | Holy | Ghost; ‖ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever | shall be | world without | end. ‖ AMEN.

382 SILVER STREET. S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770.



2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled,—

4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870.

The Confirmation.

383 HOLLEY. 7. 7. 7. 7.

George Hews, 1835.

384 S. M.

1 Dear Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to Thy hands.

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head:
Shall form us to Thy image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.

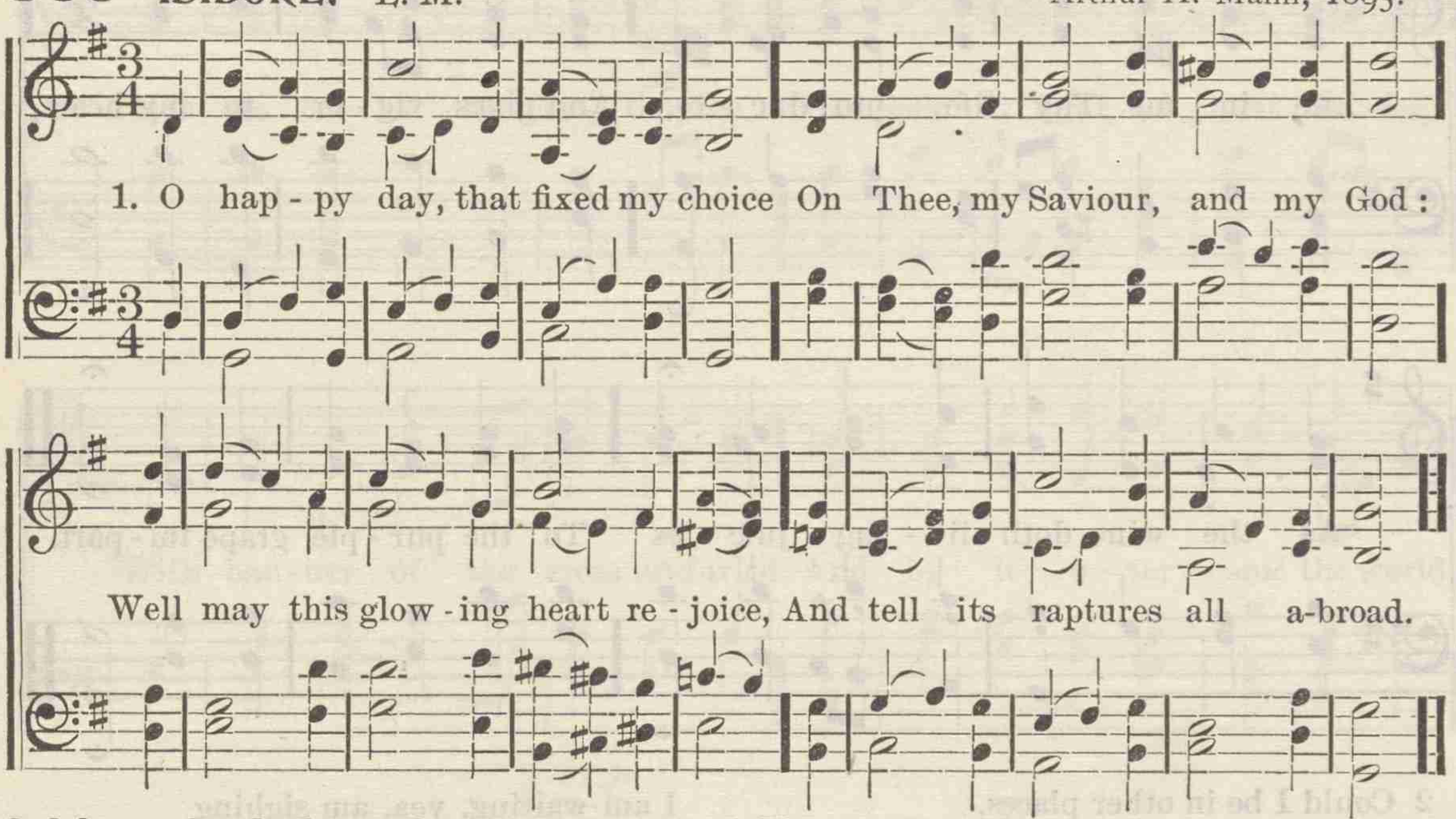
4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1775.

385 ISIDORE. L. M.

Arthur H. Mann, 1895.



2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

383 HOLLEY. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Thine forever: Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

3 Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

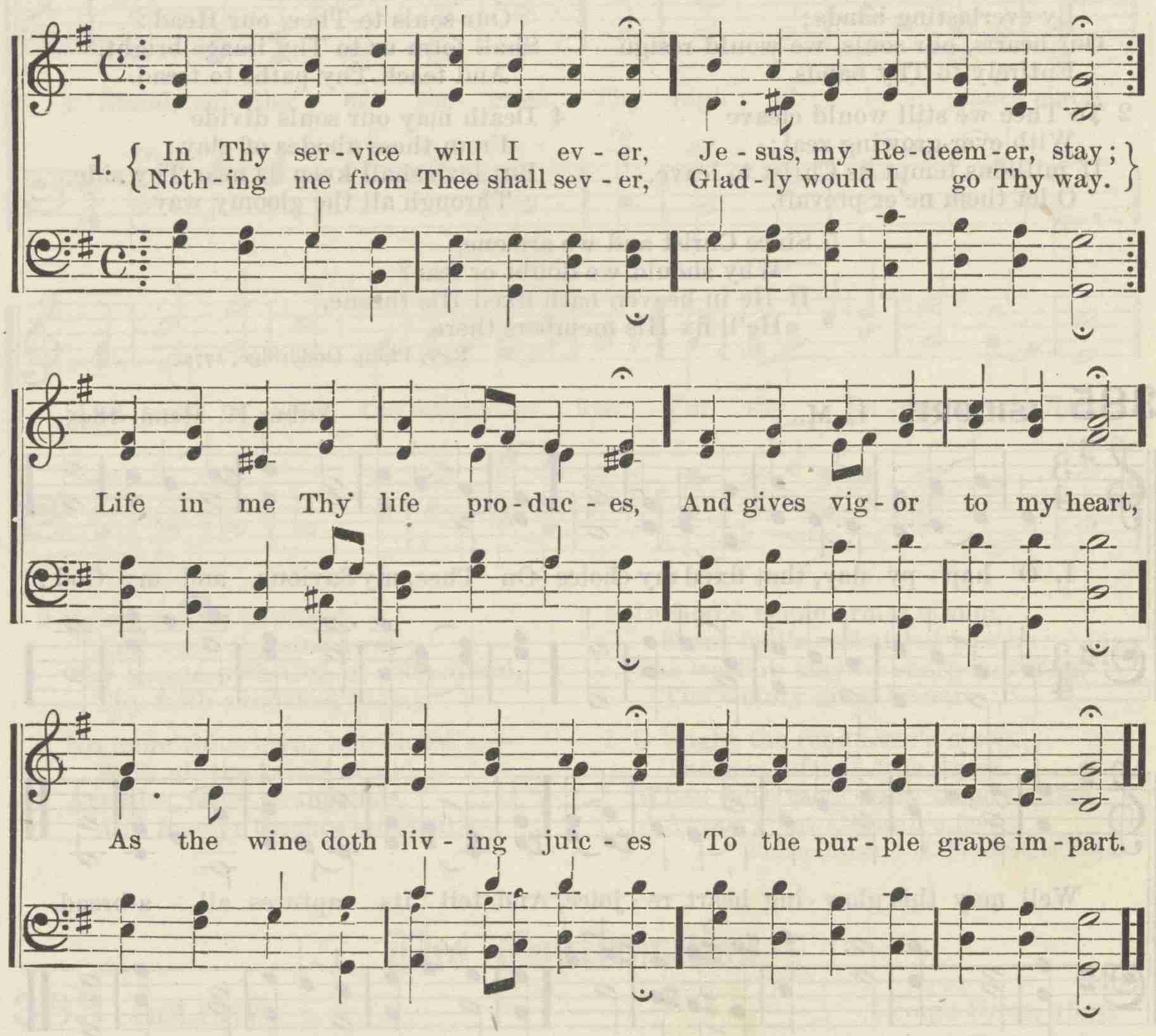
4 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

5 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through the earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Mary F. Maude, 1848.

386 DULCE CARMEN. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Christian Gregor, 1784.
Arr. by Ernst I. Erbe, 1895.



2 Could I be in other places,
Half so happy as with Thee,
Who so many gifts and graces
Hast Thyself prepared for me?
No place could be half so fitted
To impart true joy, I ween,
Since to Thee, O Lord! committed
Power in heaven and earth hath been

3 Where shall I find such a Master,
Who hath done my soul such good,
And retrieved the great disaster
Sin first caused, by His own blood?
Is not He my rightful owner,
Who for me His own life gave?
Were it not a foul dishonor
Not to love Him to the grave?

4 Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy;
Death the union shall not sever
Nor eternity destroy.
I am waiting, yea, am sighing
For my summons to depart;
He is best prepared for dying
Who in life is Thine in heart.

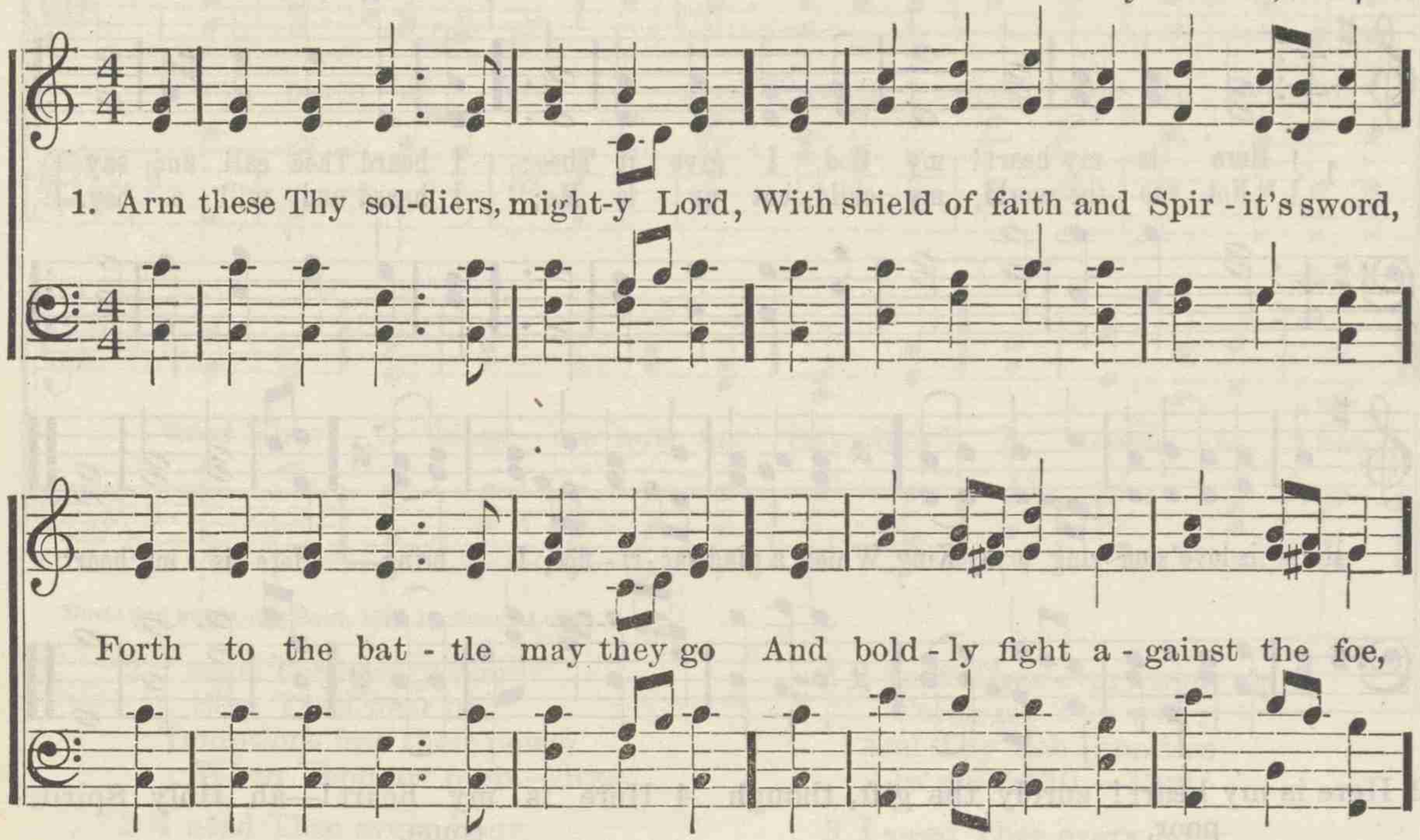
5 Let Thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on:
Bless me, O my Saviour! laying
Thy hands on my weary head;
"Here thy day is ended," saying,
"Yonder live the faithful dead."

6 Stay beside me, when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fills my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning's frosty breath;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1836.

387 GOSS. L. M. D.

Sir John Goss, 1864.



2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862, alt.

388 ICH HAB' GENUG! 10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4. Johann Rudolph Ahle, 1662.

2 Here is my heart! surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet Thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart!

3 Here is my heart! in Christ it's longings end,
Near to His cross it draws;
It says, "Thou art my portion, O my Friend,
Thy blood my ransom was!"
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trust in heart!

4 Here is my heart!—ah Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore—
My cleansèd heart!

5 Here is my heart!—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto Thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
"Welcome my God's decree."
Believing, all its journeys through,
That Thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart!

6 Here is my heart!—O Friend of friends be near,
To make each tempter fly,
And when at last—I death await with fear,
Give me the victory!
Then gladly on Thy love reposing,
Let me say, when my life is closing—
Here is my heart!

Erhenfried Liebich, 1756, Tr.

389 NEED. 6. 4. 6. 4. With Refrain. Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872.

Refrain.

Music and words copyright, 1872, by Robert Lowry.

2 I need Thee every hour:
Stay Thou near by;
Temptions lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

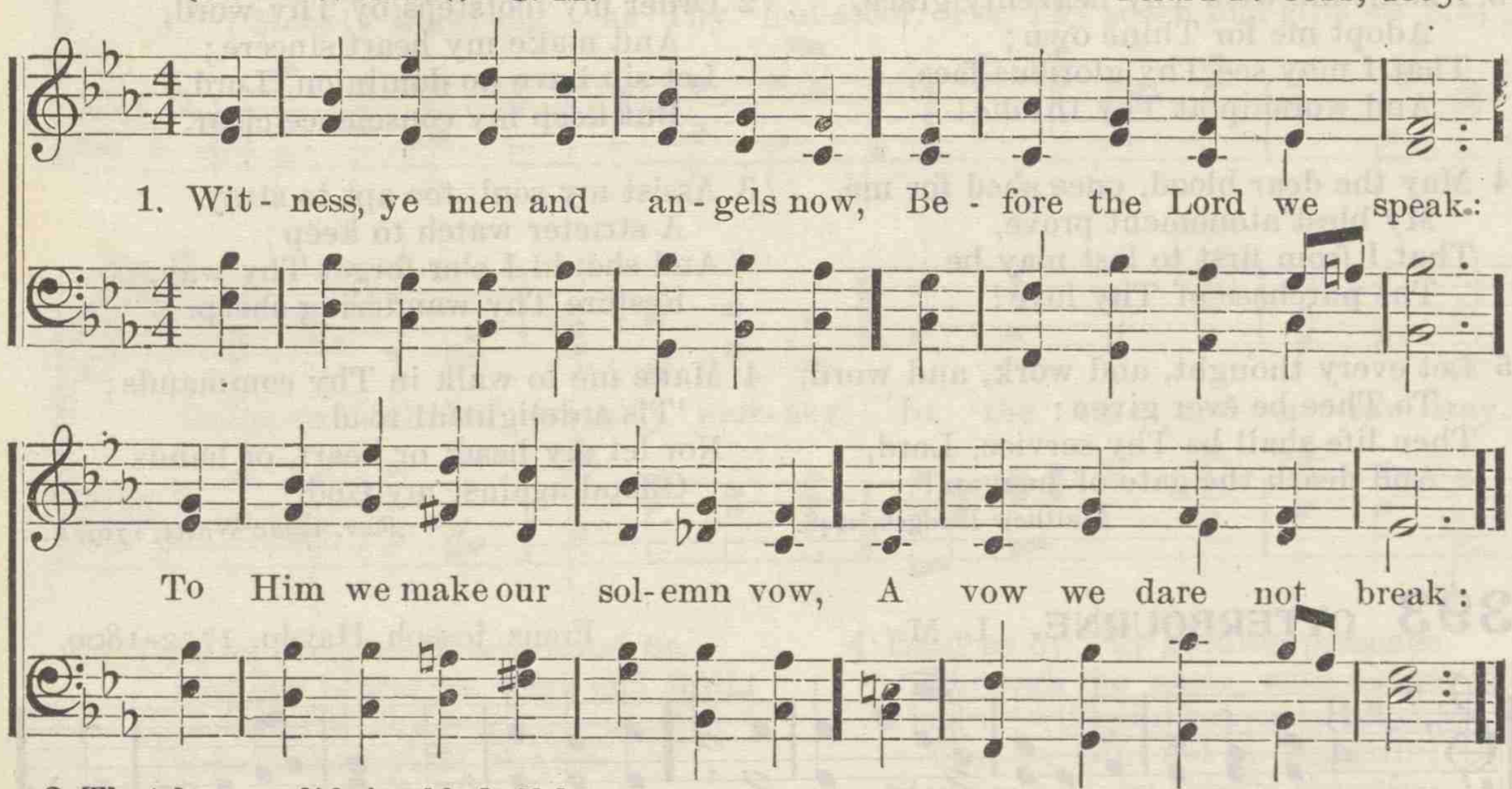
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.—REF.

Annie S. Hawkes, 1872.

390 ROSTHWAITE. C. M.

Gerard F. Cobb, 1885.



2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

4 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely.

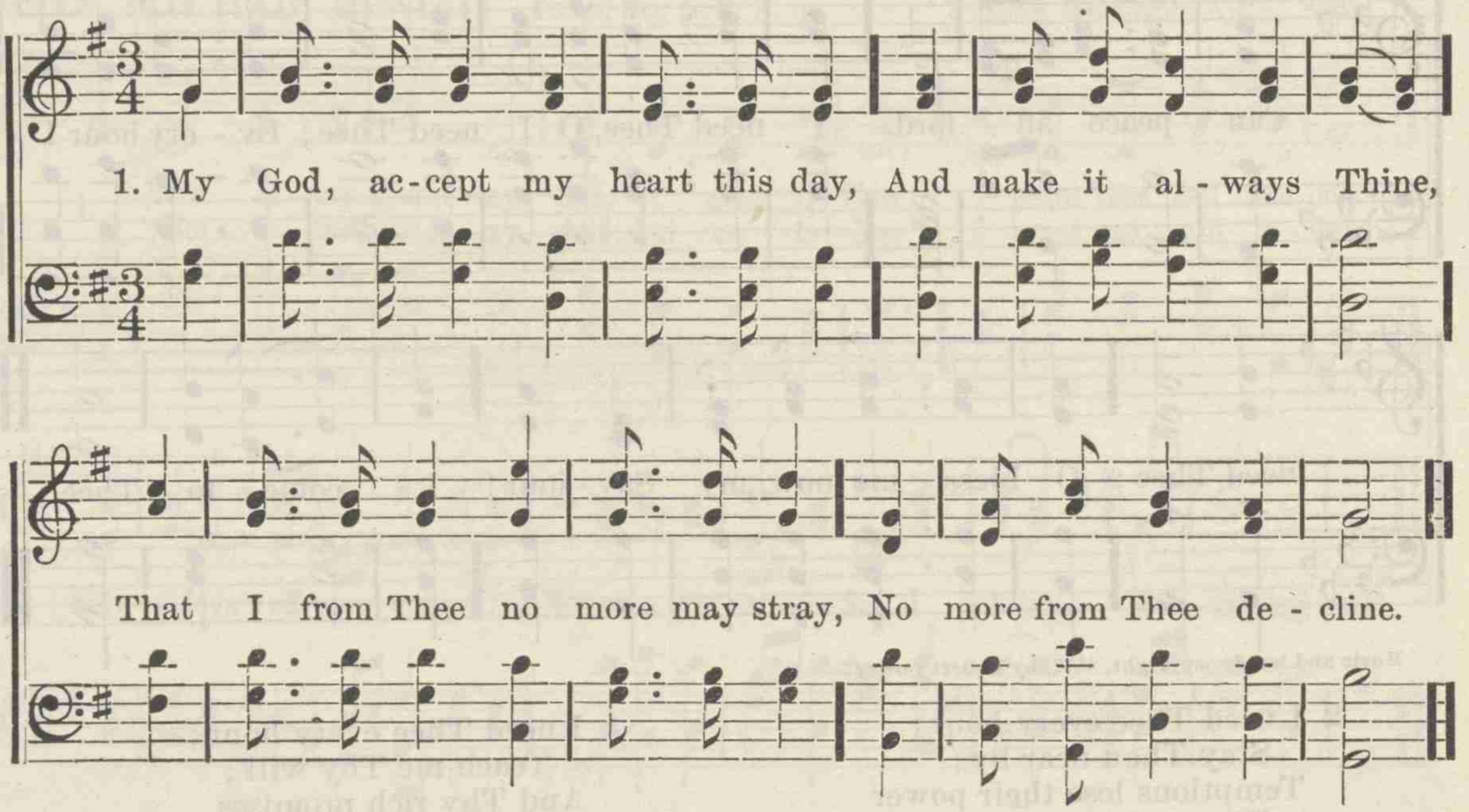
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1817.

391 ARLINGTON. C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762.



2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all!

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

4 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

392 C. M.

1 O that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

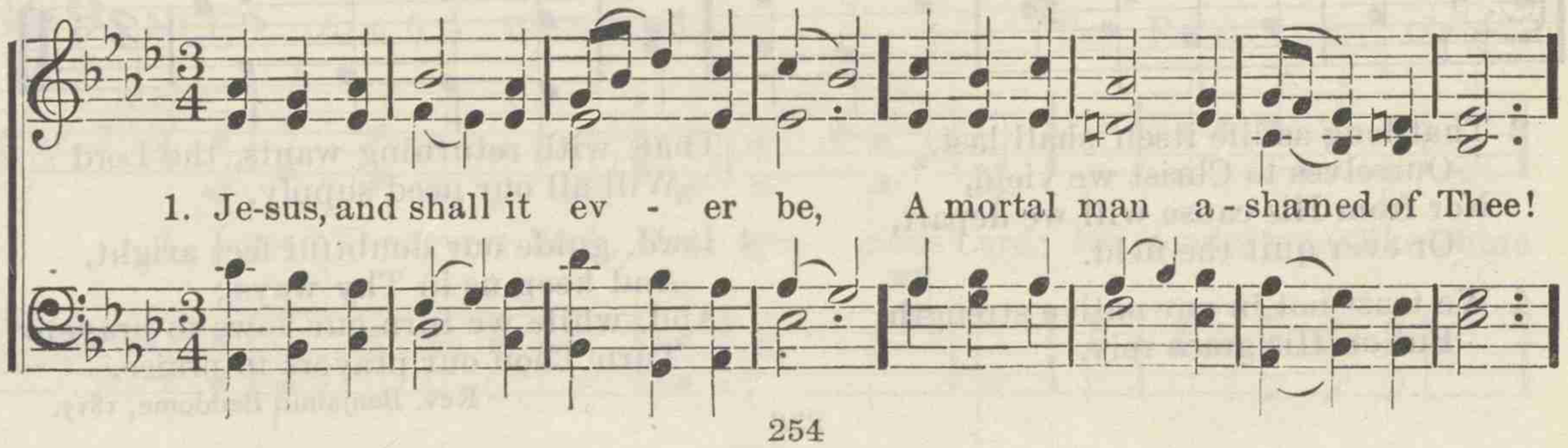
3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And should I e'er forget Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

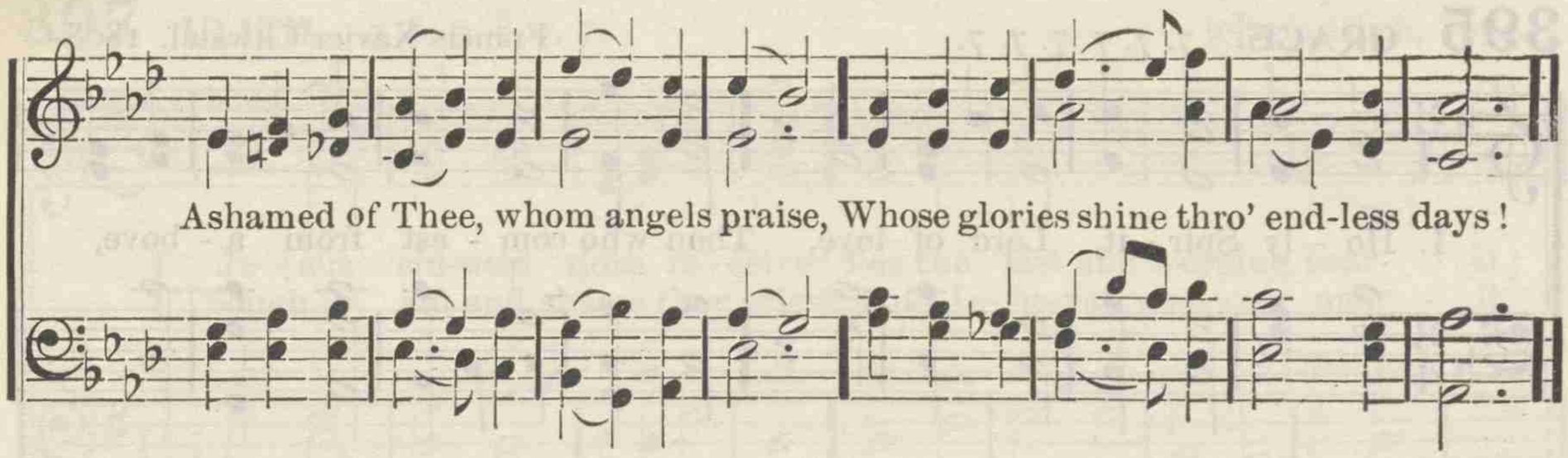
4 Make me to walk in Thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

393 OTTERBOURNE. L. M.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809.





2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765, alt.

394 ORIEL. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Michael Haydn, 1775.

2 Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armor;
Never let us yield or quail;
Give us victory in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessèd Jesus, draw Thou near us,
As before Thy cross we bow;
Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
We Thy soldiers are, and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now.

4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence
Through the waste, with danger rife;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,
From the living well of life.

5 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that He has trod,
Till we dwell with Him forever
In the Paradise of God.

Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1868.

395 **GRACE.** 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. Francis Xavier Chwatal, 1808–

2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their Friend.

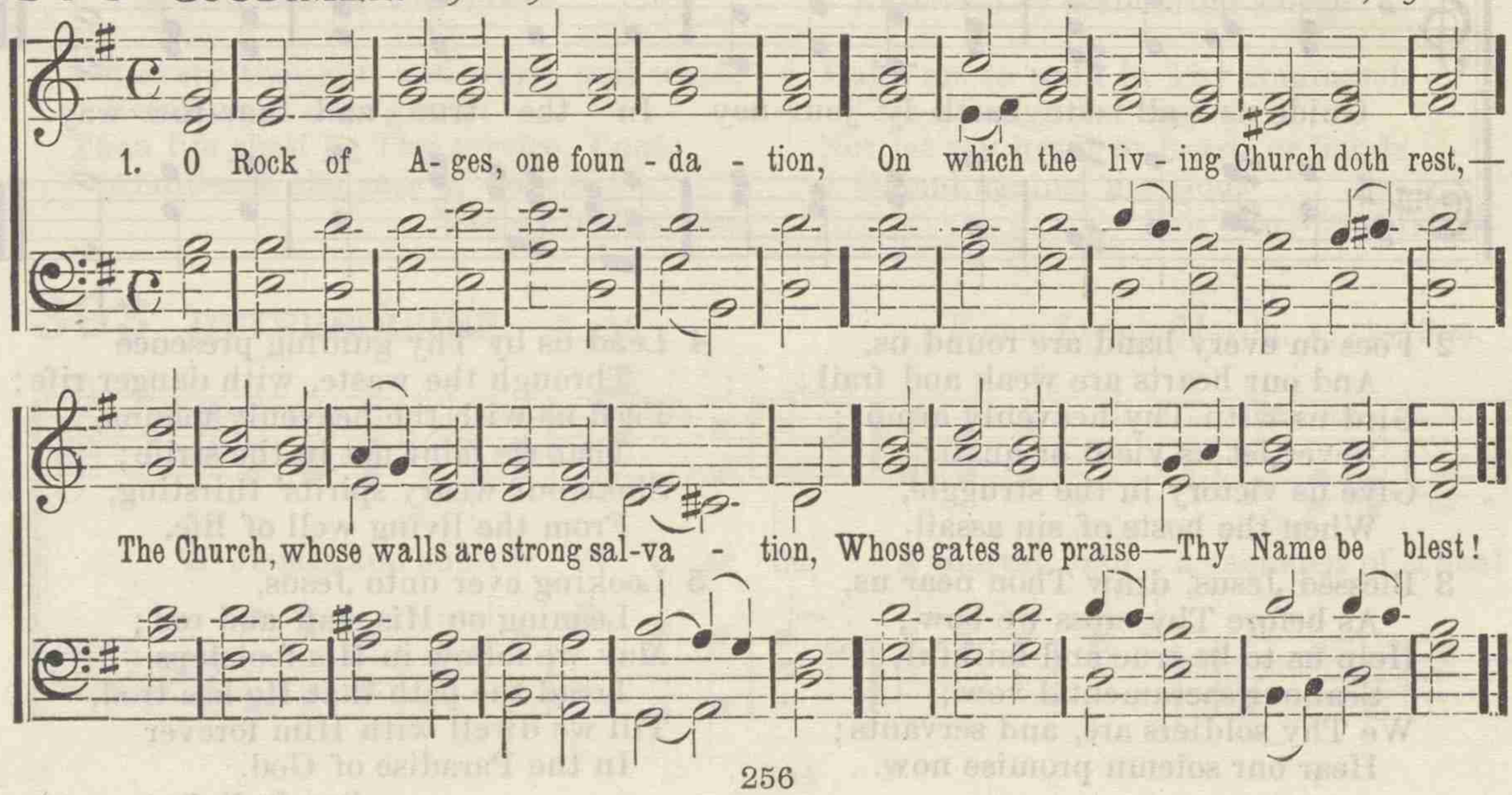
3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sev'nfold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessèd Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home.

Archbishop William D. Maclagan, 1873.

The Holy Communion.

396 **GOUDIMEL.** 9. 8. 9. 8. Claude Goudimel, 1562.



397 ULICH. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Johann Ulich, 1674.

2 No such mercy can we claim,
But our blessèd Lord hath spoken;
He hath sworn by His great Name,
And His word cannot be broken.
Heaven is open! I believe
Jesus sinners doth receive.

3 As the shepherd seeks to find
His lost sheep that from him strayeth,
So hath Christ each soul in mind,
And for its salvation prayeth;
Fain He'd have each wanderer live—
Jesus sinners doth receive.

4 Come then, all by guilt oppressed,
Jesus calls, and He would make you
God's own children, pure and blest,
And to glory He would take you;
Think on this, and well believe,
Jesus sinners doth receive.

5 In my grief I now draw near,
All my sinfulness confessing;
Saviour, my petition hear,
Grant me pardon and Thy blessing;
Help, O help me to believe,
Jesus sinners doth receive.

6 Cheered at thought of peace with God,
Darkness yields to hopeful brightness;
Through the merit of Thy blood
Scarlet sins are turned to whiteness,
As I say, and now believe,
Jesus sinners doth receive.

7 Now my conscience is at peace;
From the law I stand acquitted;
Christ hath purchased my release,
And my every sin remitted.
Naught remains my soul to grieve,
Jesus sinners doth receive!

Erdmann Neumeister, 1718.
Tr. 1890.

396 GOUDIMEL. 9. 8. 9. 8.

2 Son of the living God, O call us
Once and again to follow Thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

3 When fears appall, and faith is failing,
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
"Why doubt?" and in Thy love prevailing
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

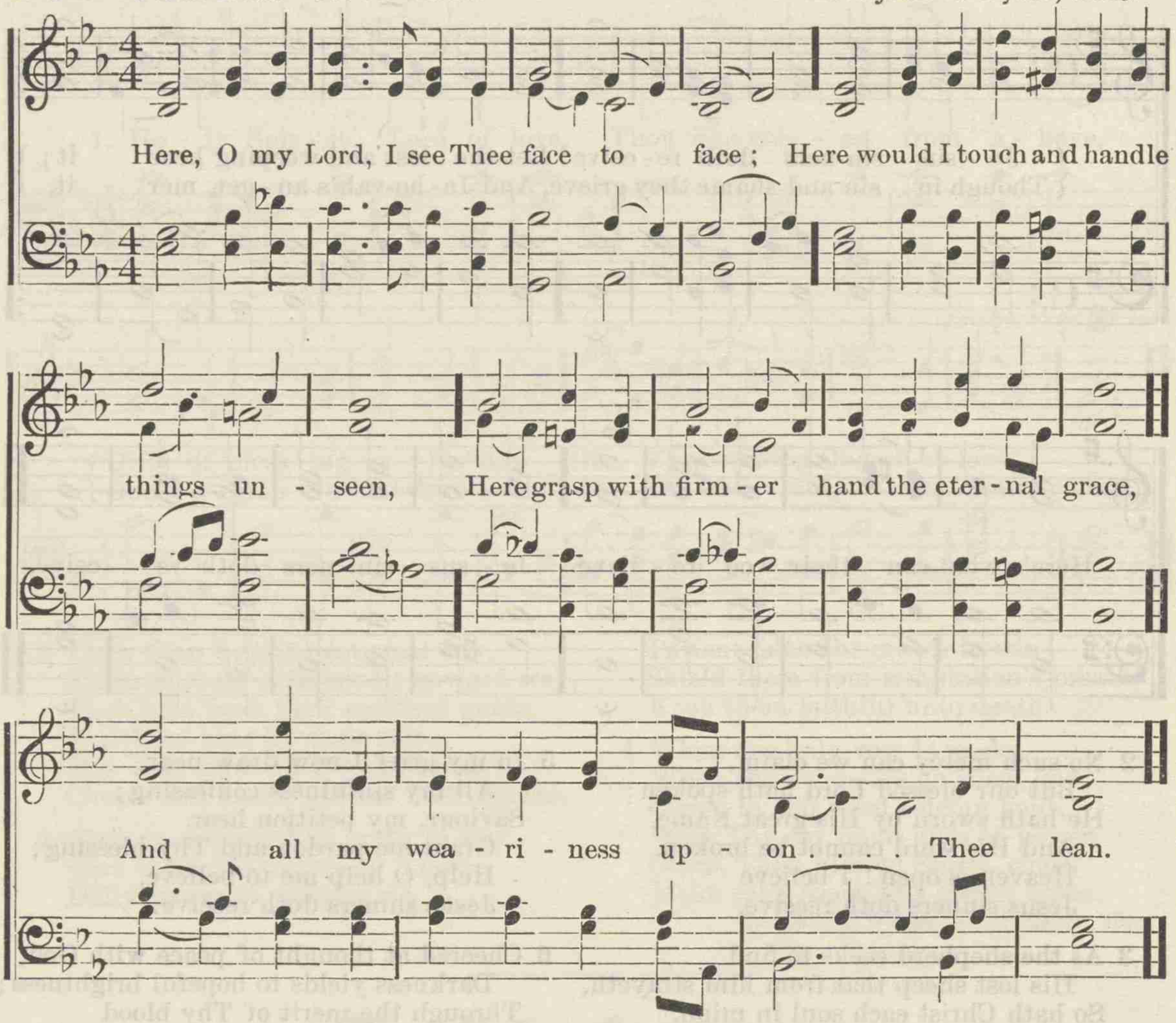
4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

5 O strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end.

Rev. Henry A. Martin, 1869.

398 PAX DEI. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868.



2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Th

4 I have no help but Thine, nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

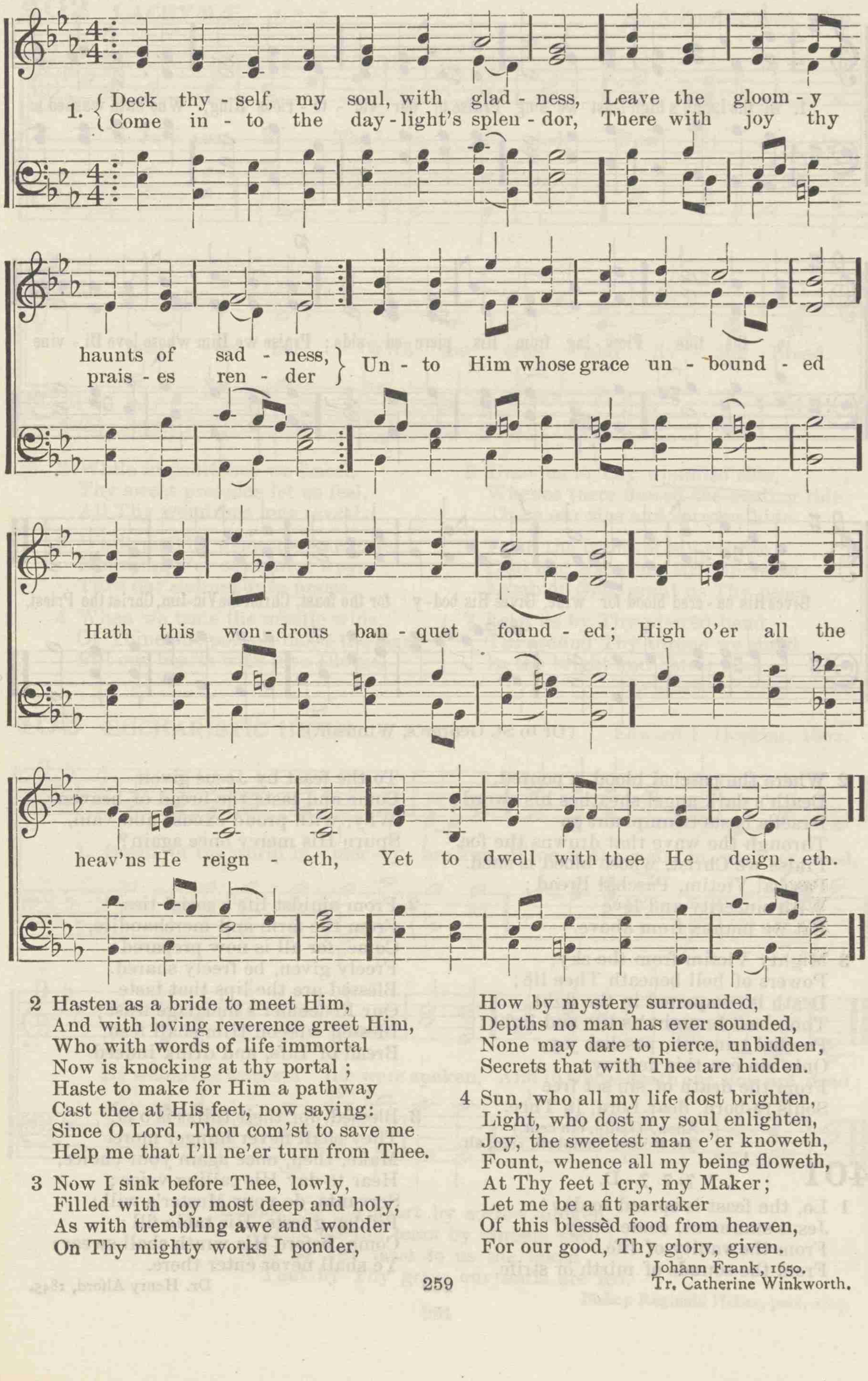
5 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God

6 Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1855.

399 BERLIN. 8. 8. 8. 8. D.

Johann Crüger, 1649.



2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
Who with words of life immortal
Now is knocking at thy portal ;
Haste to make for Him a pathway
Cast thee at His feet, now saying:
Since O Lord, Thou com'st to save me
Help me that I'll ne'er turn from Thee.

3 Now I sink before Thee, lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder,
How by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man has ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce, unbidden,
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

4 Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker;
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessèd food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

Johann Frank, 1650.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

400 LOLWORTH. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

George M. Garrett, 1872.

(Or to St. George's, Windsor.)

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

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Powers of hell beneath Thee lie;
Death is conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Paschal triumph, paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy;
From the death of sin set free
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in Thee.

Anon. (Latin, 6th cent.)
Tr. Robert Campbell, 1849, alt.

401 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

1 Lo, the feast is spread to-day!
Jesus summons, come away!
From the vanity of life,
From the sounds of mirth or strife,
To the feast by Jesus given,
Come and taste the bread of heaven.
Why, with proud excuse and vain,
Spurn His mercy once again?

2 From amidst life's social ties,
From the farm and merchandise,
Come, for all is now prepared;
Freely given, be freely shared.
Blessèd are the lips that taste
Our Redeemer's marriage feast;
Blessèd who on Him shall feed,
Bread of Life, and drink indeed.

3 Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er,
They shall never hunger more.
Make, then, once again your choice,
Hear to-day His calling voice;
Servants, do your Master's will;
Bidden guests, His table fill;
Come, before His wrath shall swear:
Ye shall never enter there.

Dr. Henry Alford, 1845.

402 LACRYMÆ. 7. 7. 7.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out-poured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love Divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

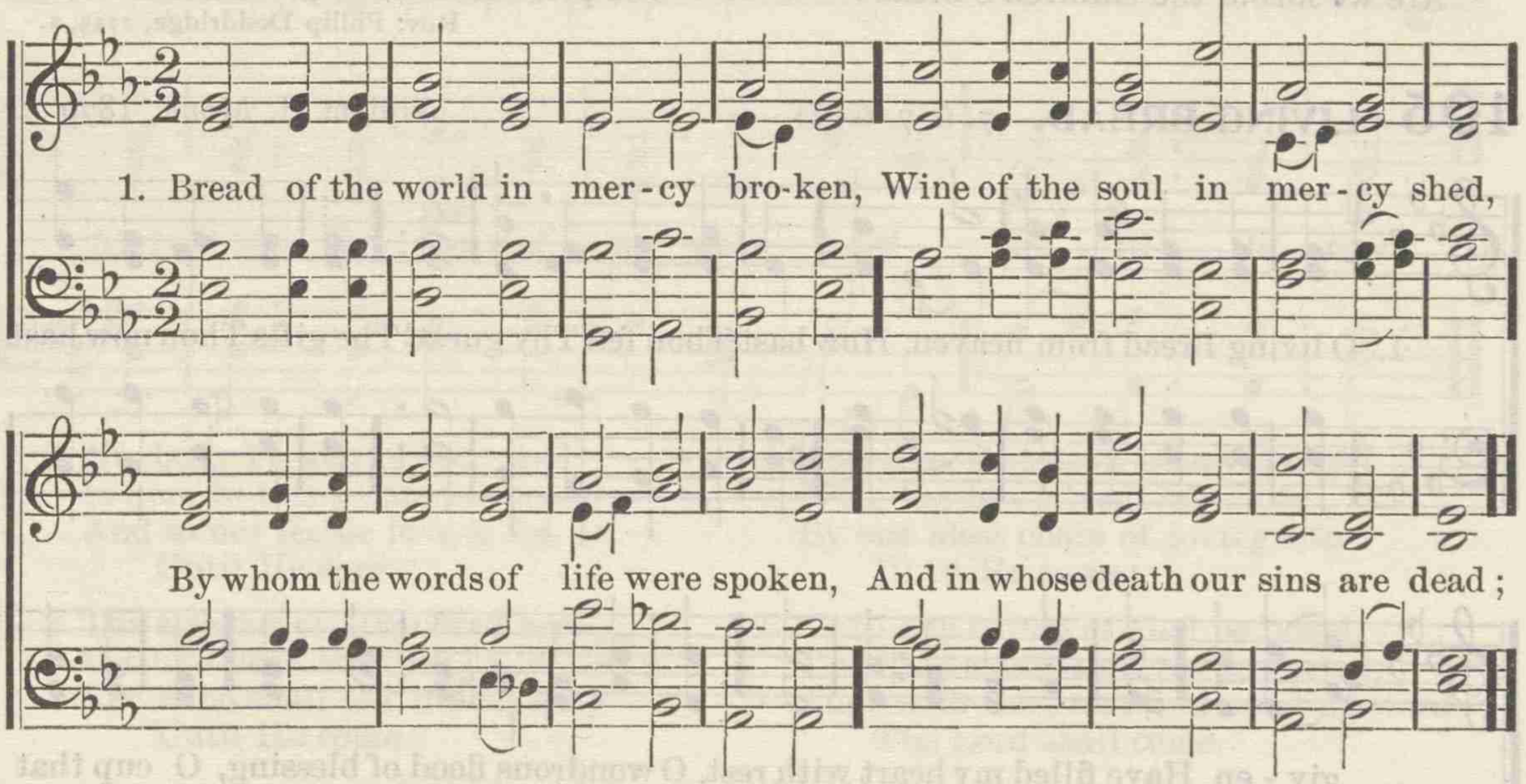
6 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

Rev. Robert H. Baynes, 1864.

403 EUCHARISTIC HYMN. 9. 8. 9. 8.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1862.

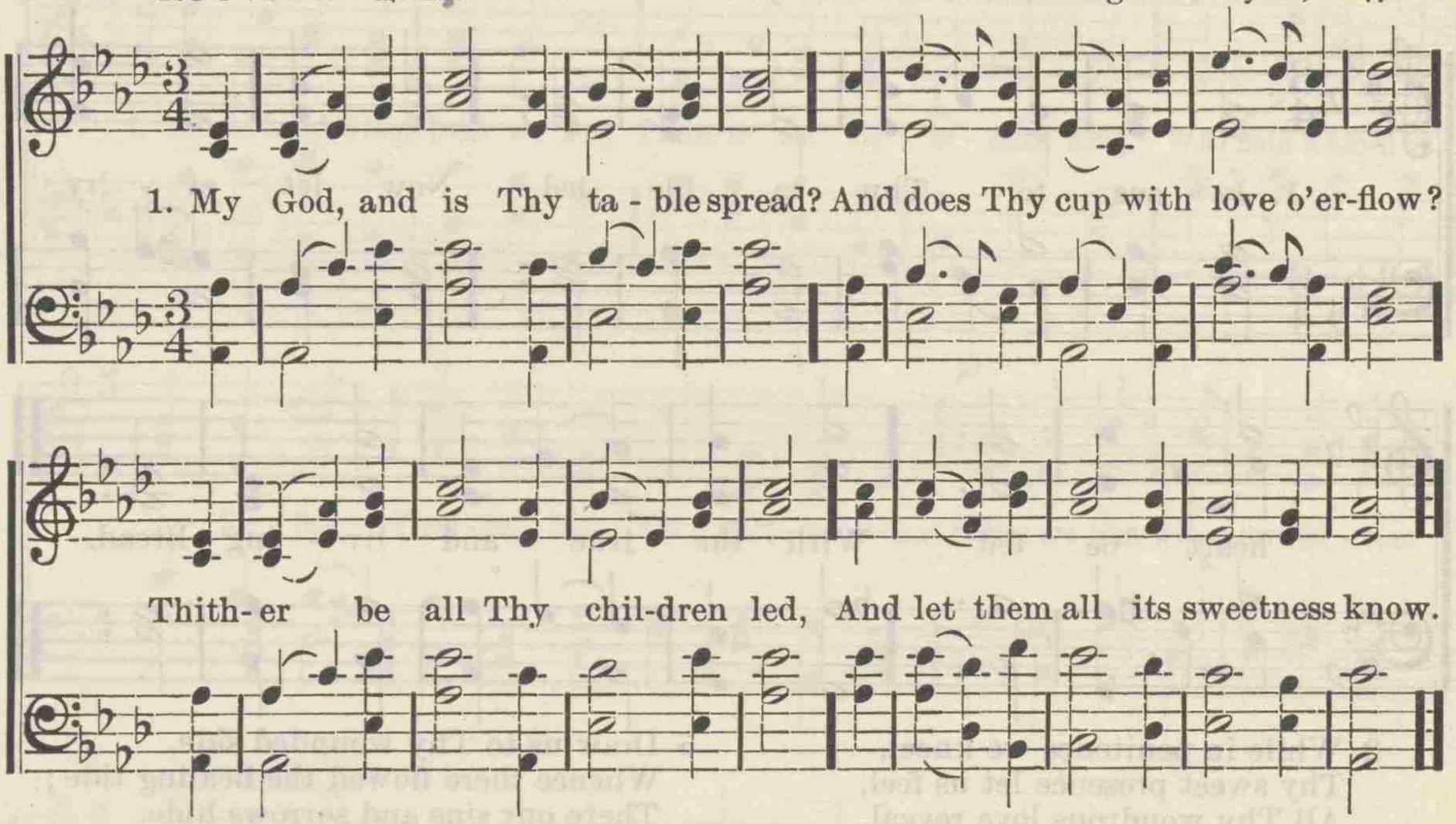


2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Bishop Reginald Heber, publ. 1827.

404 LOUVAN. L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847.



(Or to Rockingham.)

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for us the Victim slain?
Are we forbid the children's bread?

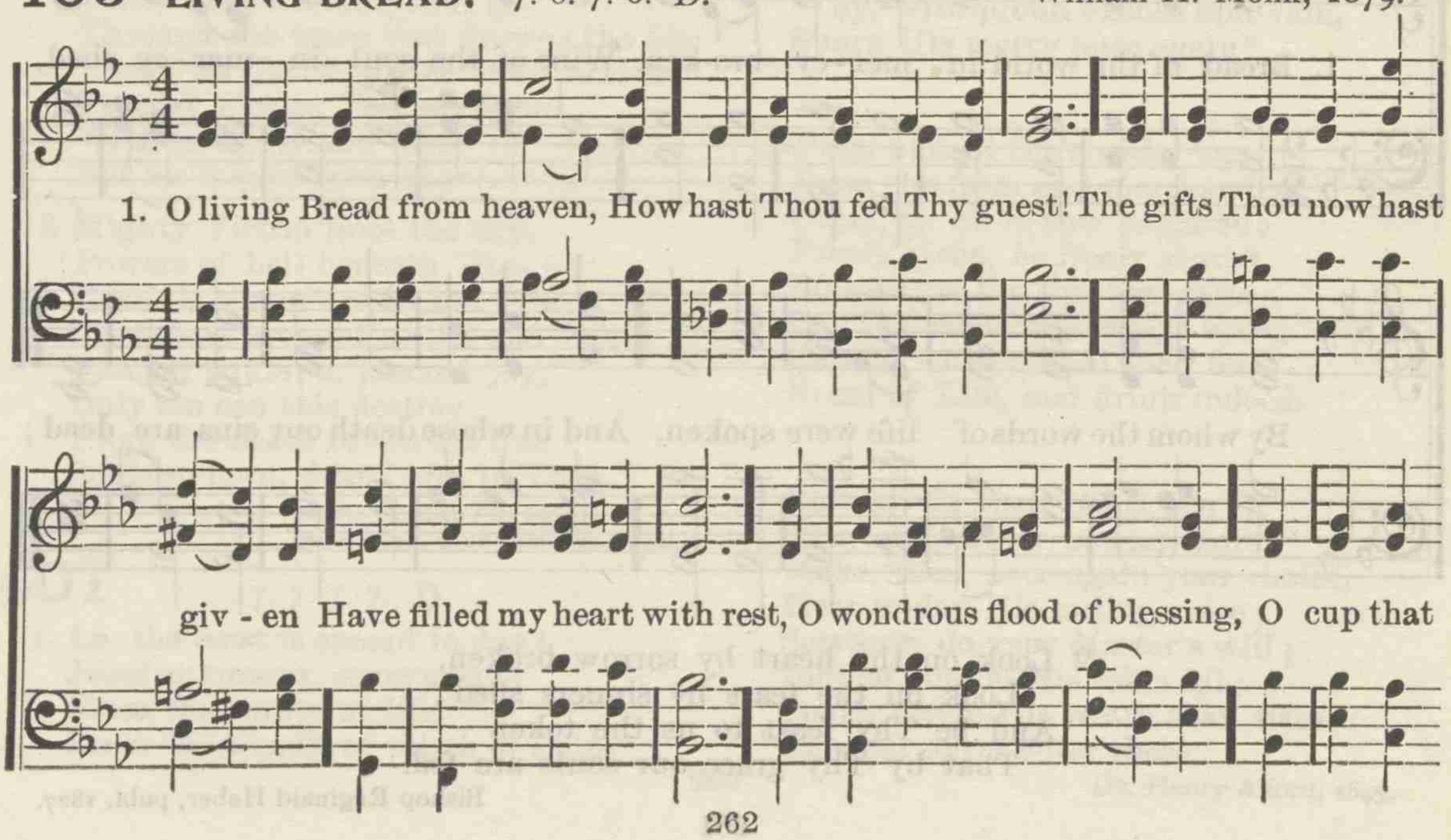
4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With warm desire let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasures or the profit end.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

405 LIVING BREAD. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

William H. Monk, 1879.



2 My Lord, Thou here hast led me
Within Thy holiest place,
And there Thyself hast fed me
With treasures of Thy grace:
And Thou hast freely given
What earth could never buy,
The Bread of Life from heaven,
That now I shall not die!

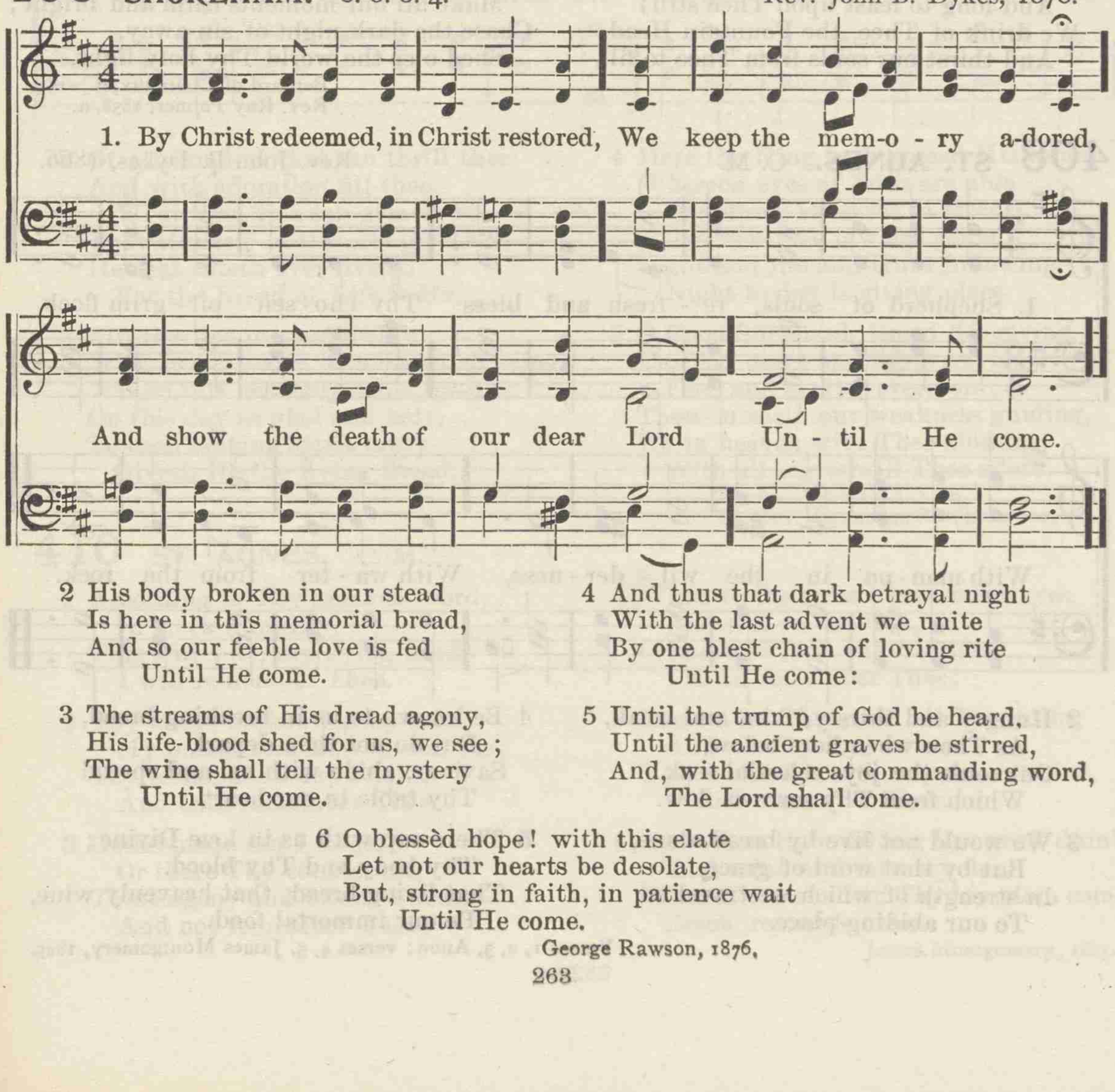
3 Thou givest all I wanted,
The food can death destroy;
And Thou hast freely granted
The cup of endless joy.
Ah, Lord, I do not merit
The favor Thou hast shown,
And all my soul and spirit
Bow down before Thy throne!

4 Lord, grant me that, thus strengthened
With heavenly food, while here
My course on earth is lengthened,
I serve with holy fear:
And when Thou call'st my spirit
To leave this world below,
I enter, through Thy merit,
Where joys unmingled flow.

John Rist, 1651.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

406 SHOREHAM. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1870.



2 His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The streams of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite
Until He come:

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

George Rawson, 1876.

407 QUEBEC. L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

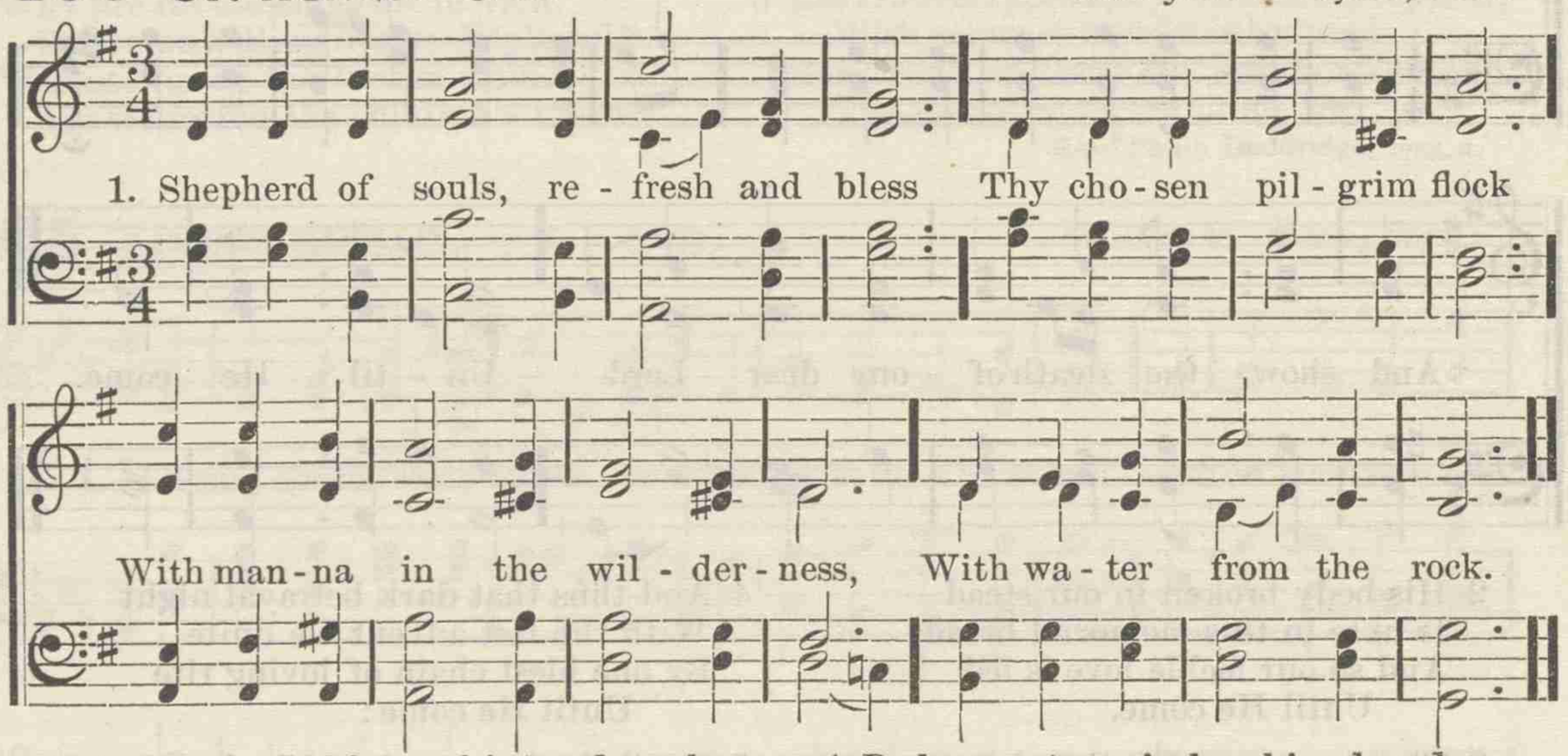
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, that Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, that our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1153.
Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858, a.

408 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866.



2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart,
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our hearts.

5 There sup with us in love Divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

Verses 1, 2, 3, Anon: verses 4, 5, James Montgomery, 1825.

409 STABAT MATER. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1874.

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That Himself to thee He giveth?
He that eateth ever liveth,
For the Bread of Life is He.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, His mercy showing
Who this heavenly table spread:
On this day so glad and holy,
To each longing spirit lowly
Giveth He the living Bread.

4 Here the King hath spread His table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Christ our Passover to trace:
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

5 O Good Shepherd, Bread life-giving,
Us, Thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore;
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with Thee abiding
With all saints will Thee adore.

Thomas Aquinas, c. 1260.
Tr. Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, 1883.

410 ST. AGNES. C. M.

1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

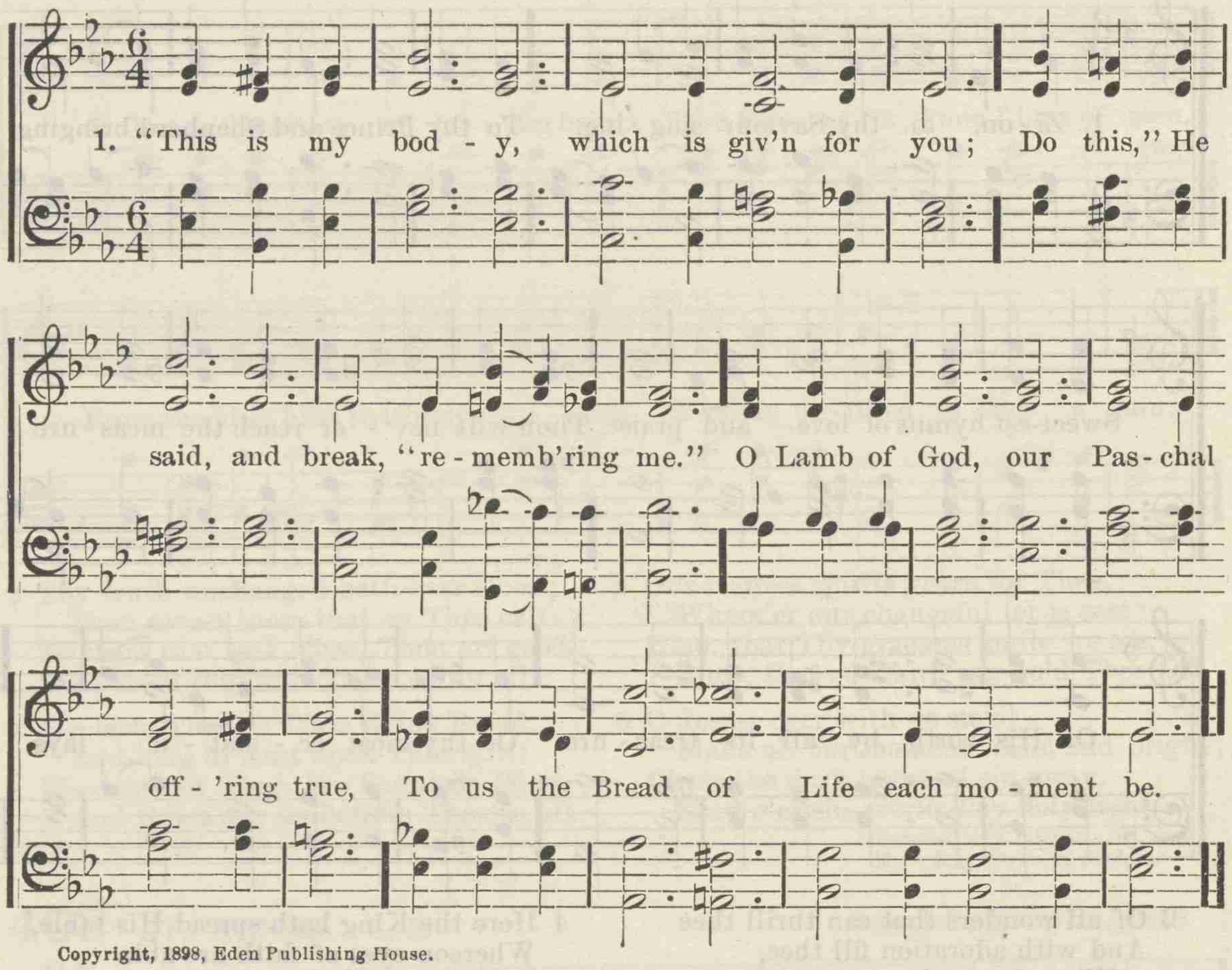
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee;

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825.

411 SACRAMENT. 10. 10. 10. 10. U. C. Burnap, 1894.



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2 "This is my blood, for sins' remission shed;"
He spake, and passed the cup of blessing round;
So let us drink, and, on life's fullness fed,
With heavenly joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

3 Some will betray Thee—"Master, is it I?"
Leaning upon Thy love, we ask in fear—
Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry
To Thee, the Strong, for strength, when sin is near.

4 But round us fall the evening shadows dim;
A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;
In solemn choir we sing the parting hymn,
And hear Thy voice, "Arise, let us go hence."

Charles L. Ford, 1880.

412 10. 10. 10. 10.

1 O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

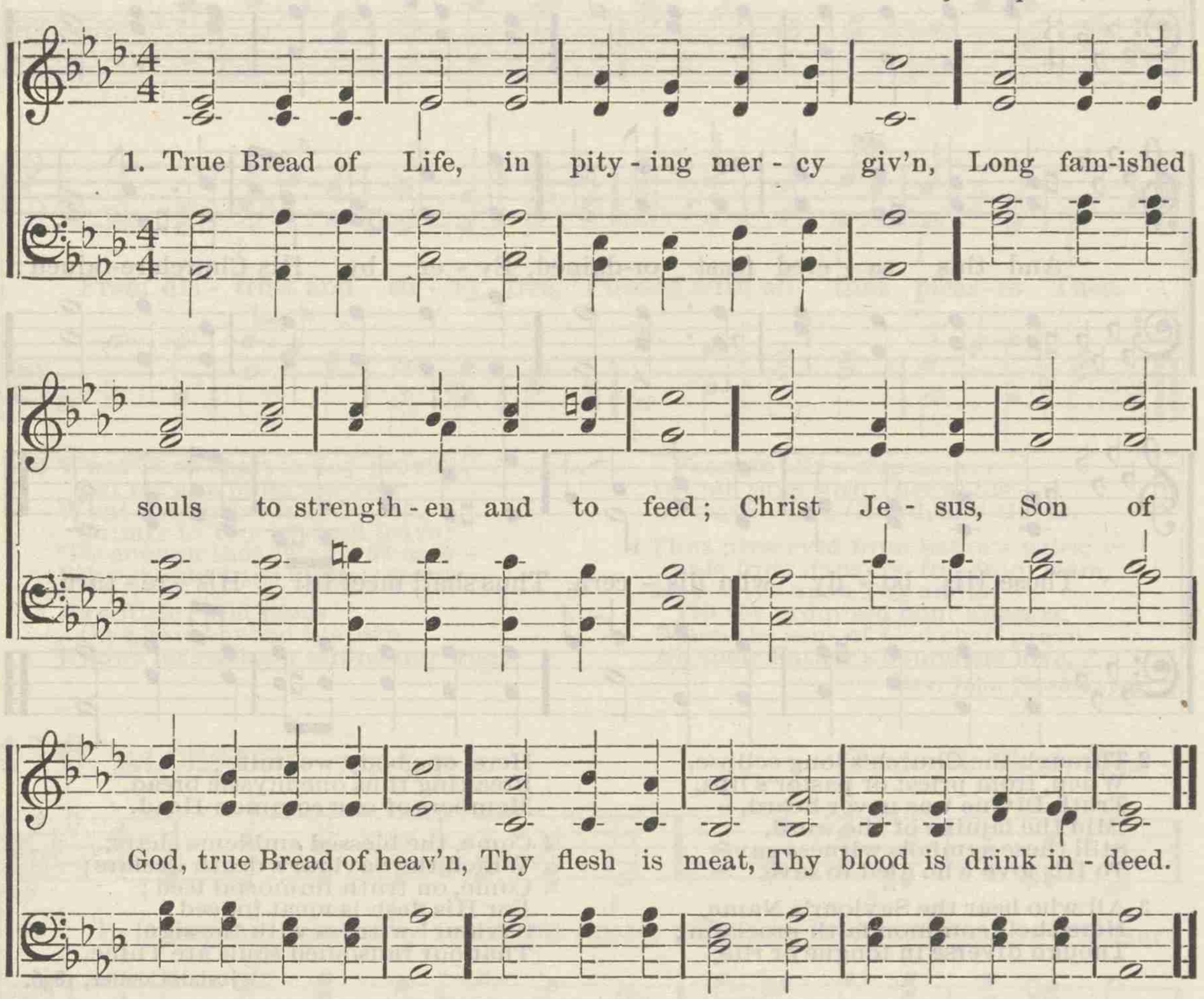
2 Fountain of goodness! Jesus, Lord and God!
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

3 O Christ! whom now beneath a vail we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
To gaze on Thee unvailed, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.

Rev. James R. Woodford, 1880.

413 ELLERTON. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867.



2 I cannot famish, though this earth should fail,
Though life through all its fields should pine and die;
Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,
And every stream of every land run dry.

3 True Tree of Life, of Thee I eat and live;
Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die;
'Tis Thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

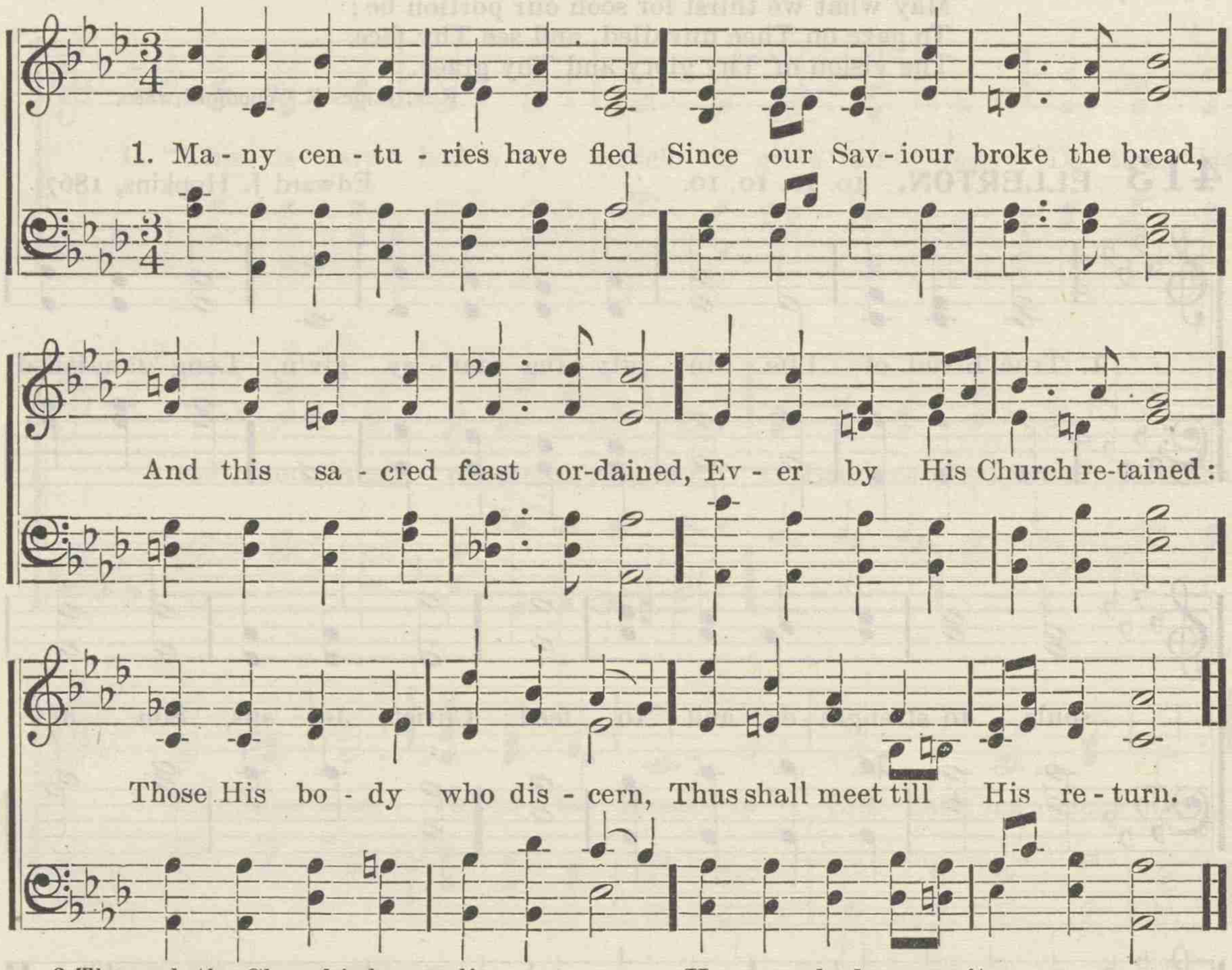
Feeding on Thee all weakness turns to power,
This sickly soul revives, like earth in spring;
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

5 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy Church's Life and Lord, Emmanuel!
At Thy dear cross we find the eternal Bread,
And in Thy empty tomb the living Well.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

414 GLASTONBURY. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1870.



2 Through the Church's long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth Divine was never heard,—
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To His love who died to save.

3 All who bear the Saviour's Name,
Here their common faith proclaim;
Though diverse in tongue or rite,
Here, one body we unite;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common Head.

4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare;
Come, on truth immortal feed;
For His flesh is meat indeed:
Saviour! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are Thine.

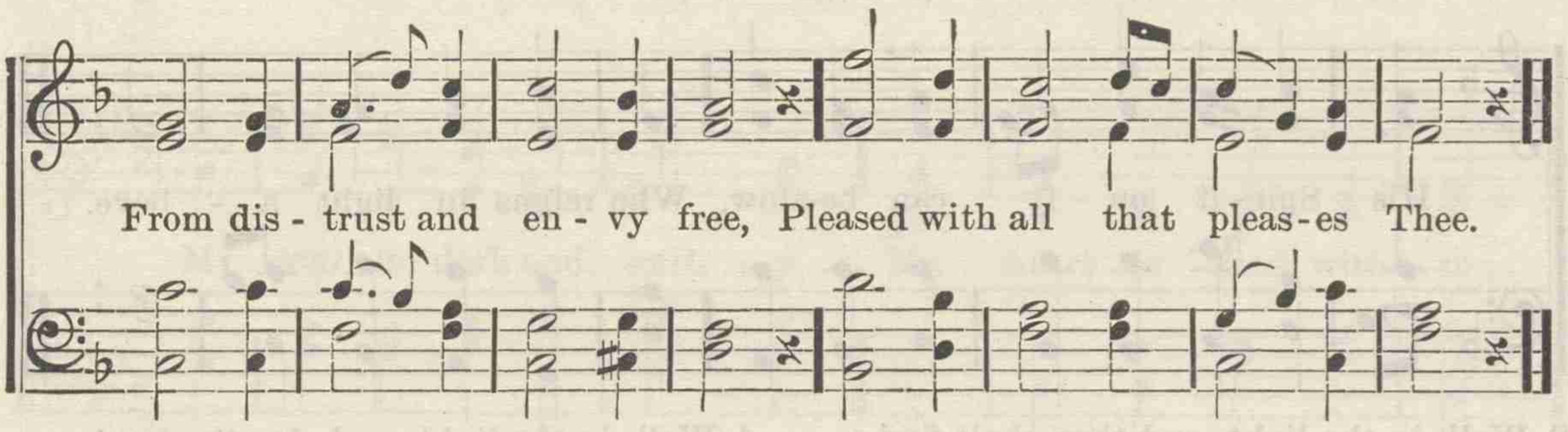
Josiah Conder, 1836.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Prayer and Aspiration.

415 KÜCKEN. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Friedrich Wilhelm Kücken, 1810–1882.
Arr. by Hubert Platt Main, 1882.



2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

416 ALCESTER. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Charles H. Lloyd, 1892.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

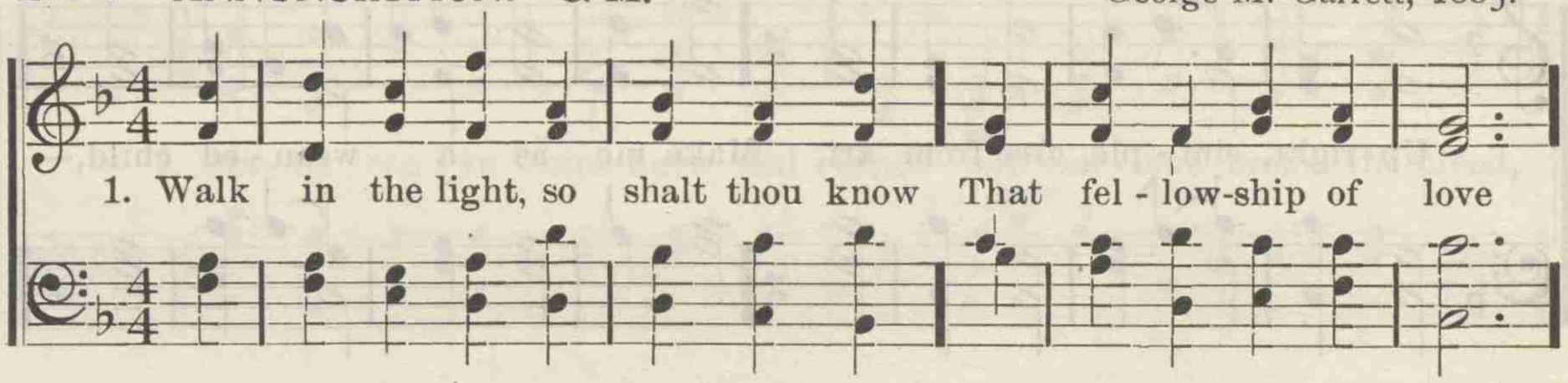
4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

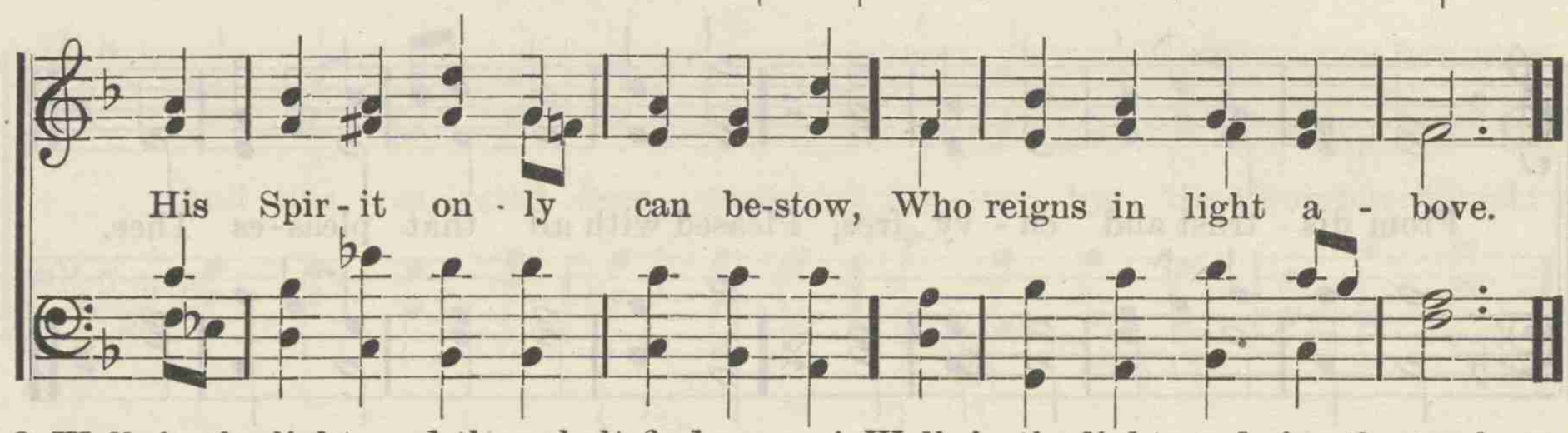
5 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

417 ANNUNCIATION. C. M.

George M. Garrett, 1885.





2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

Bernard Barton, 1820.

418 AILEEN. S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866.

2 My need, and Thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy Name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

419 WELLESLEY. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883.

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

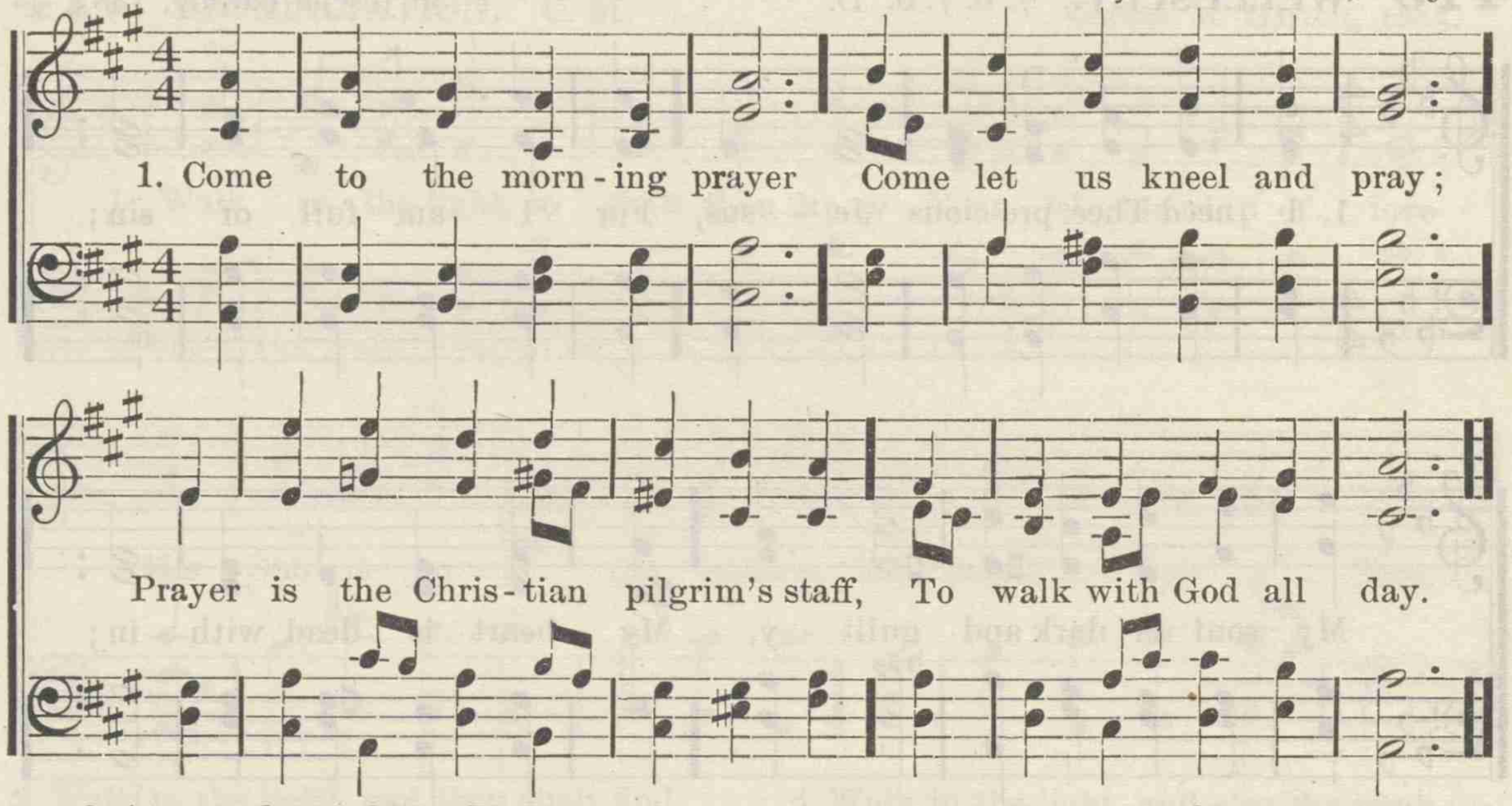
3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus;
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

Rev. Frederick Whitfield, 1855.

420 COLMWORTH. S. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews,. 1885.



2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of Ages rest and pray;
Sweet is the shadow from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.

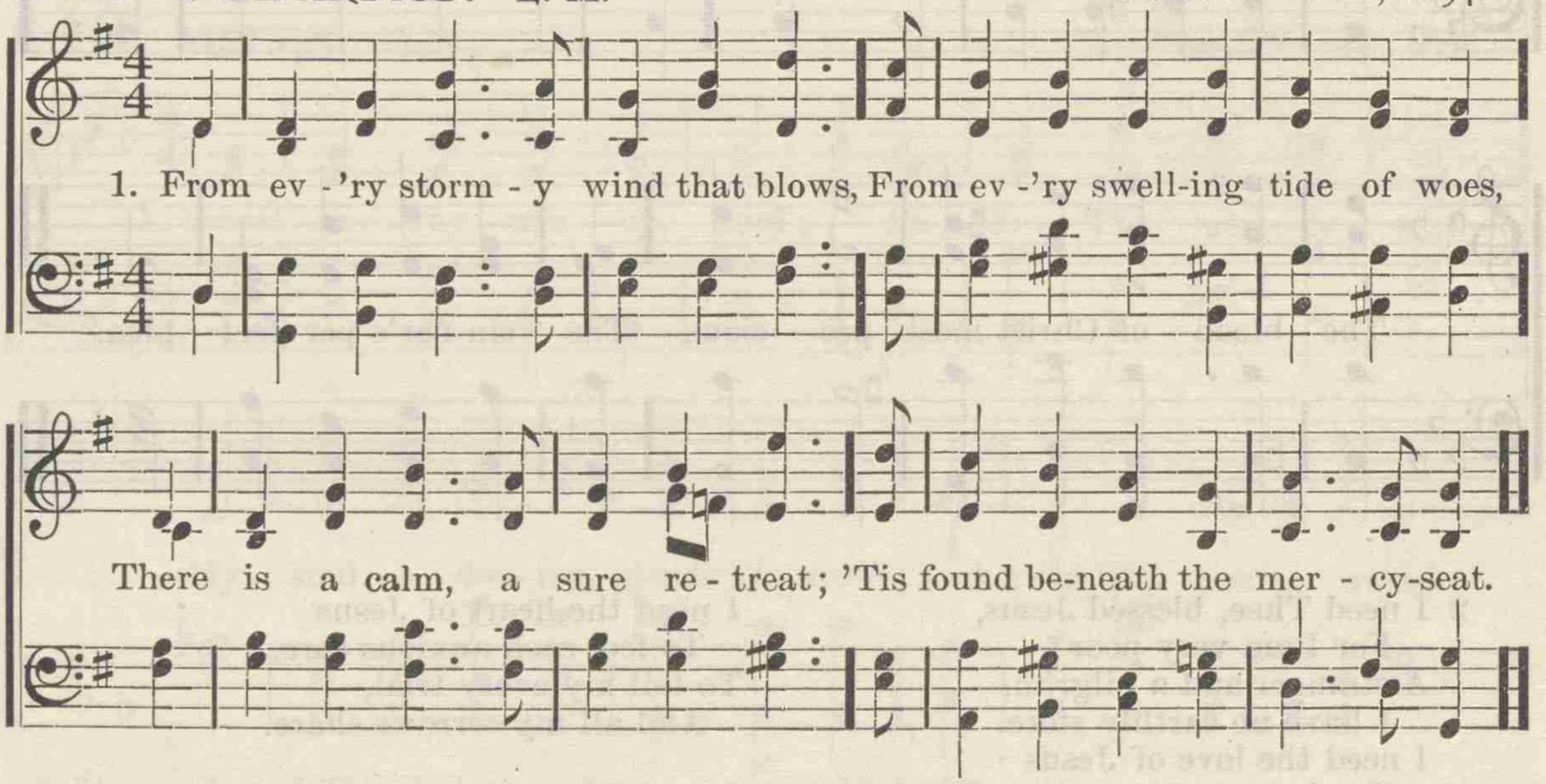
3 At eve shut to the door,
Round the home-altar pray,
And finding there the house of God,
At heaven's gate close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray.

James Montgomery, 1842.

421 LAMPARDIUS. L. M.

Arthur H. Mann, 1894.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1828.

422 NORTHREPPS. C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—"Behold, he prays!"

6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made by man alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on th' eternal throne
For mourner's intercedes.

8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way—
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery, 1818.

423 C. M.

1 There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

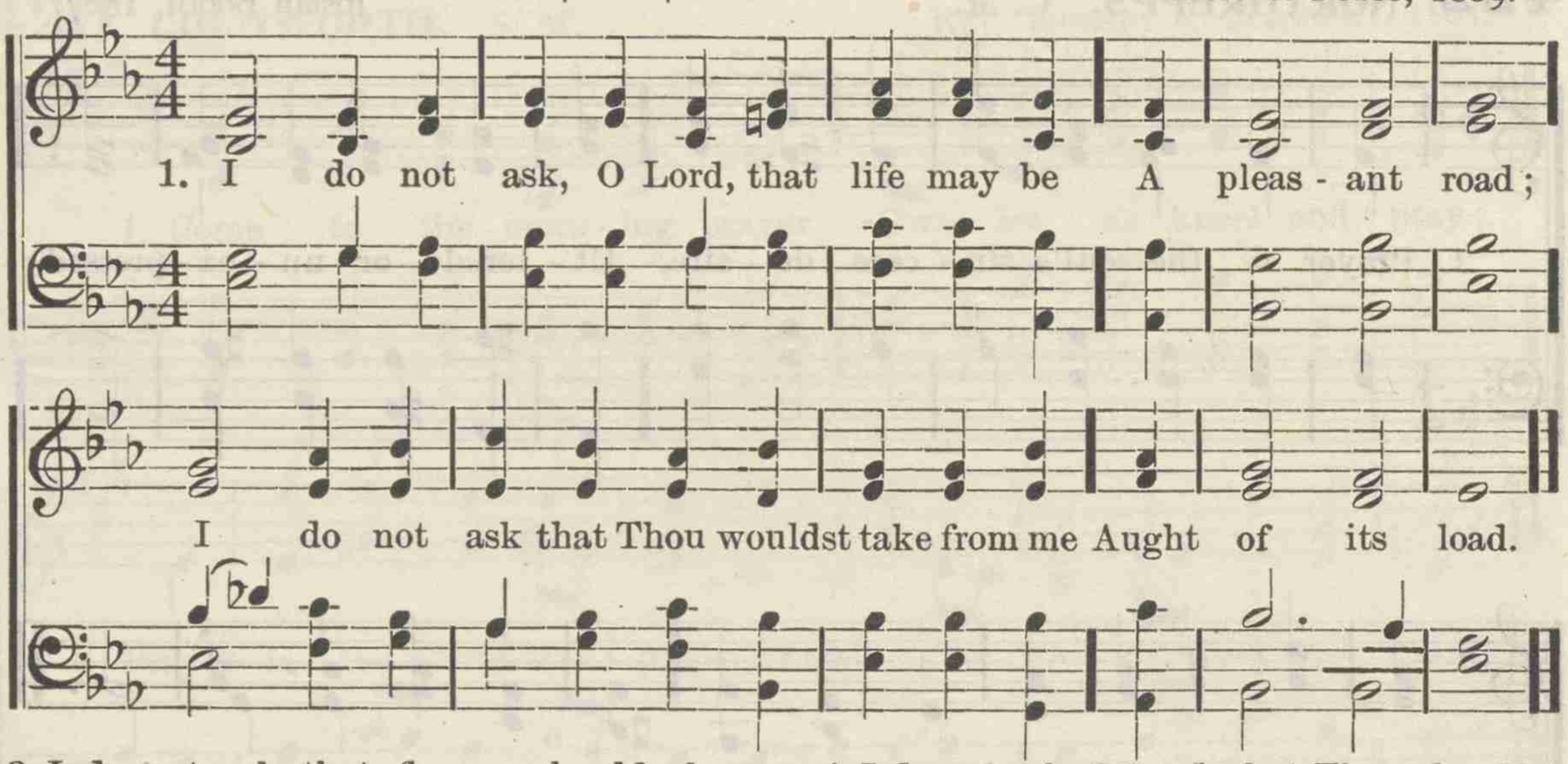
4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

Rev. James C. Wallace, 1830.

424 SUBMISSION. 10. 4. 10. 4.

Albert L. Peace, 1889.



2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day; but peace Divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

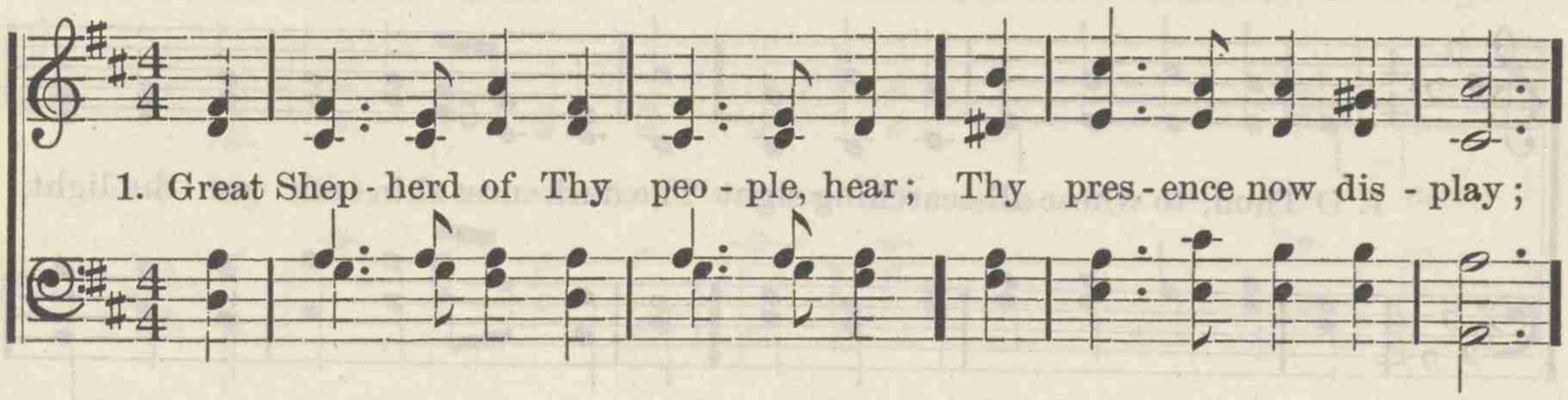
Adelaide A. Procter, 1862.

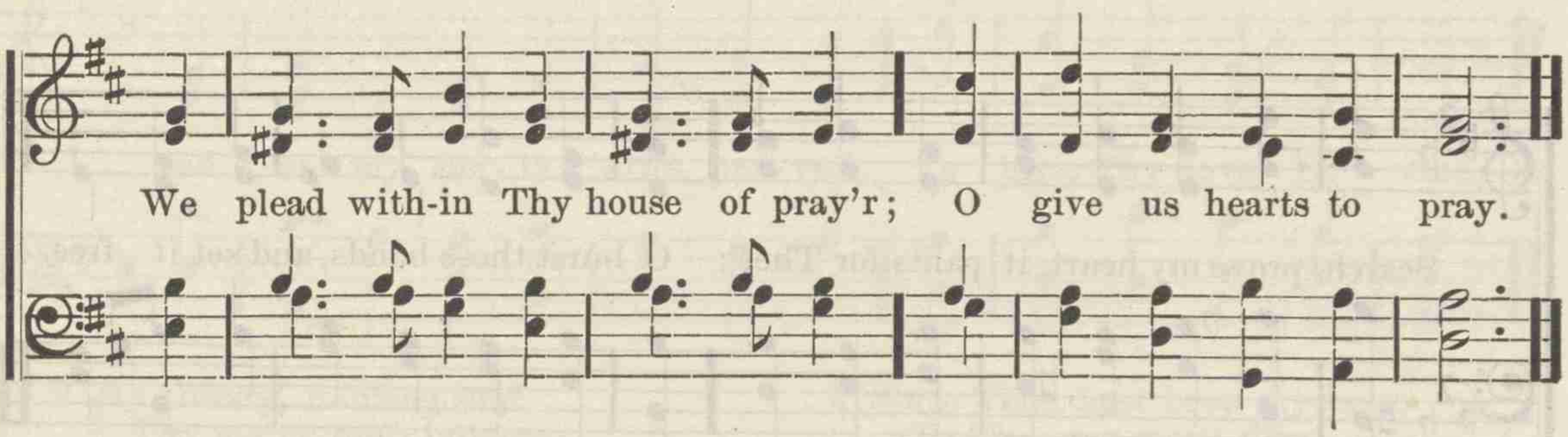
425 FOSTER. C. M.

Myles B. Foster, 1875.

426 ELM. C. M.

J. Varley Roberts, 1889.





427 C. M.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love Divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our feeble hopes to raise;
And pour Thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow:
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may Thy gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by grace Divine,
Awaken many sinners round,
And bend their wills to Thine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

425 FOSTER. C. M.

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

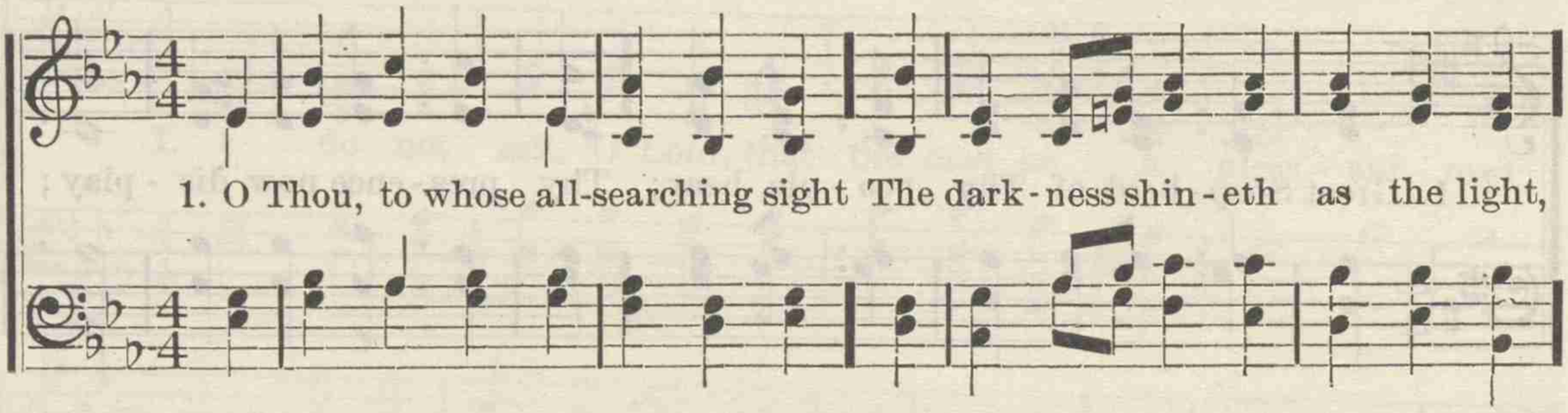
3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772.

428 ST. SEPULCHRE. L. M.

G. Cooper, 1892.



(Or to Ward.)

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

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

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

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1721.
Verse 4, J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704.
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1738, alt.

429 L. M.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my highest birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice Divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

430 L. M.

1 What various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat?
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

William Cowper, 1772.

431 SCHUMANN. S. M.

Ascribed to Robt. Schumann, 1810–1856.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travelers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 In wakeful hours at uight,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

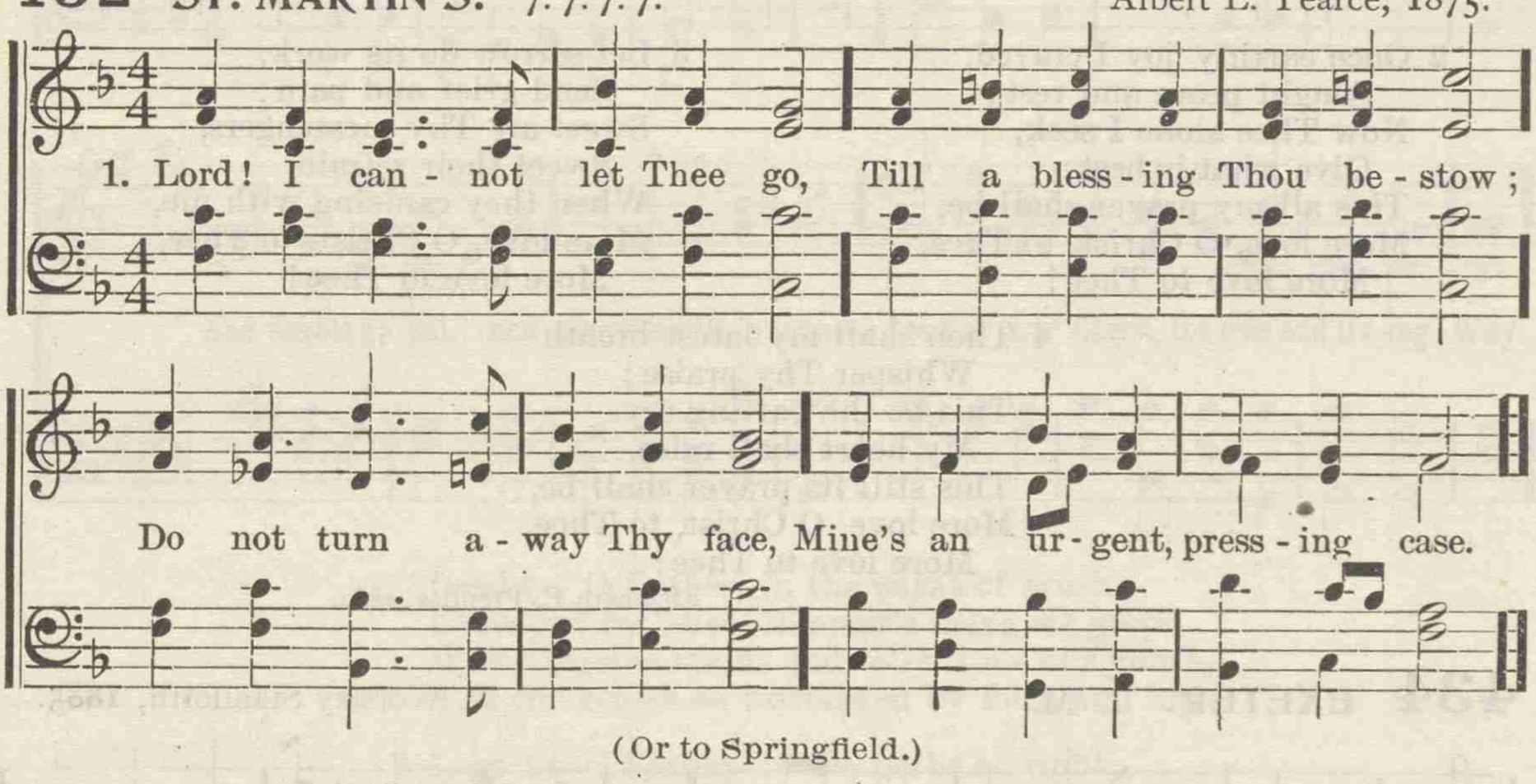
4 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hopes relies.

5 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

432 ST. MARTIN'S. 7.7.7.7.

Albert L. Pearce, 1875.



(Or to Springfield.)

2 Once a sinner, in despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but Thou?

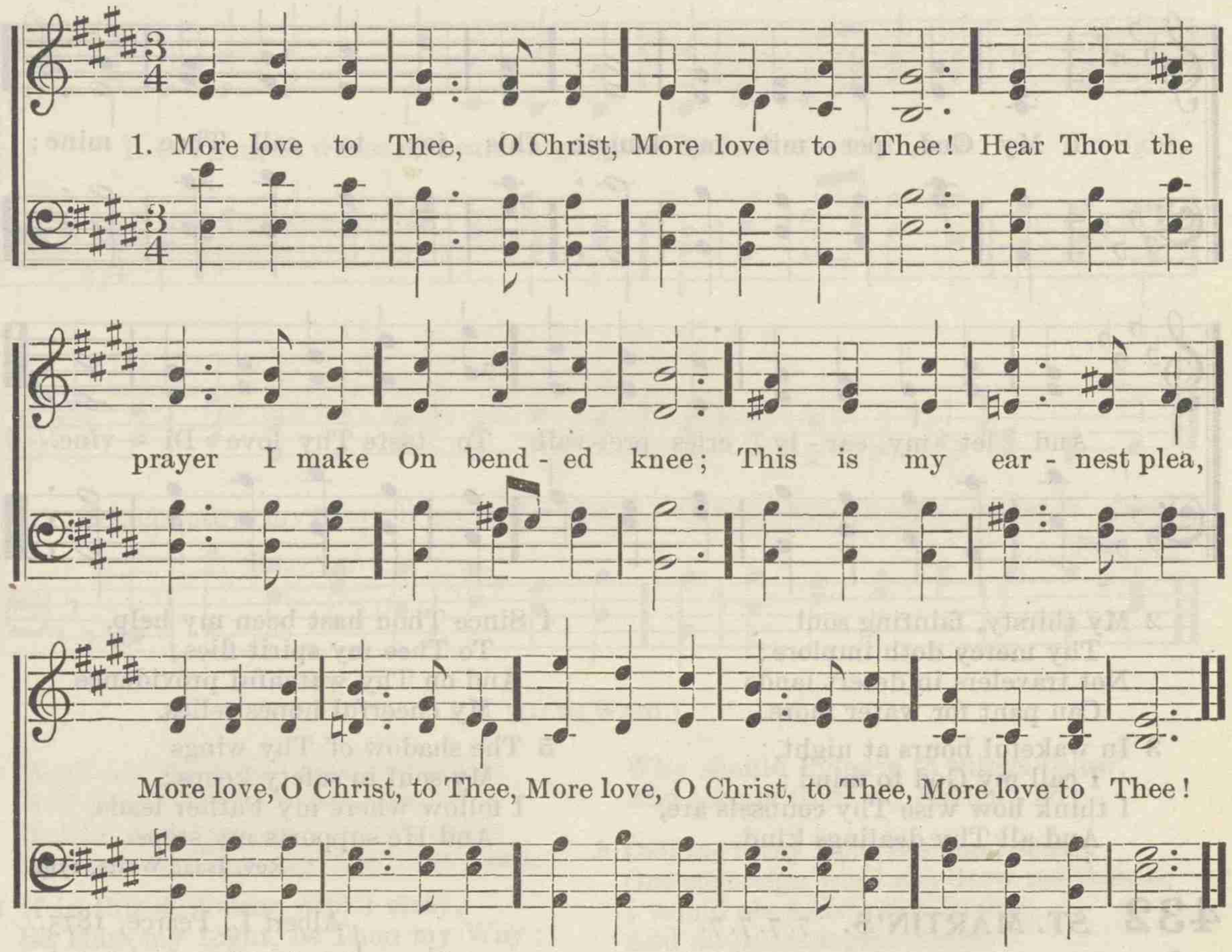
4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy passed,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

Rev. John Newton, 1800.

433 NEARER TO THEE. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

William R. Braine, 1861.



2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869.

434 EXETER. L. M.

T. Worsley Staniforth, 1885.

2 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye;
See where the great Redeemer stands,
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands!

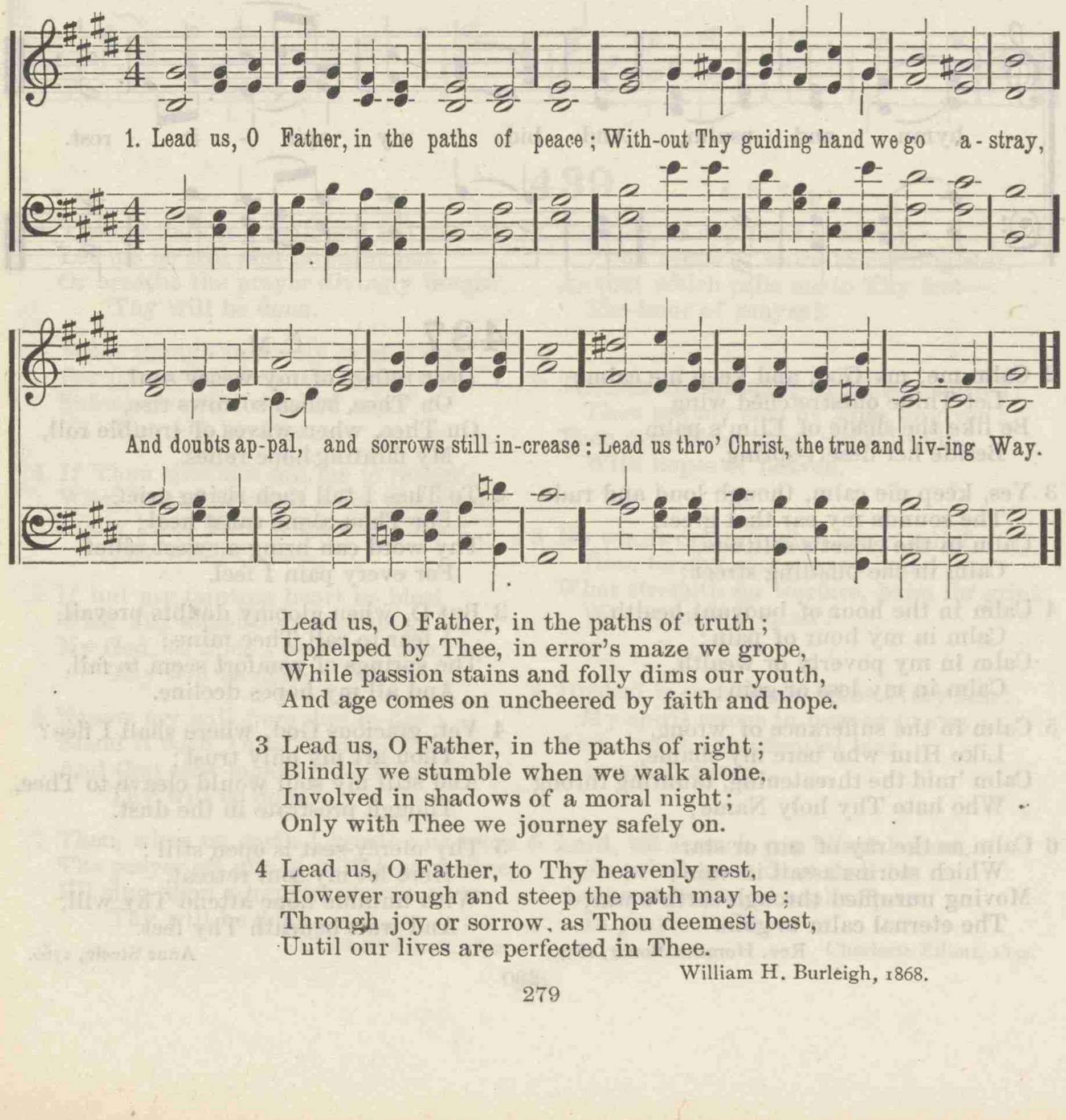
3 He sweetens every humble groan;
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline Thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair

4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call Thee mine!
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father God, with joy Divine.

Anne Steele, 1760.

435 LONGWOOD. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872.



Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Uphelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

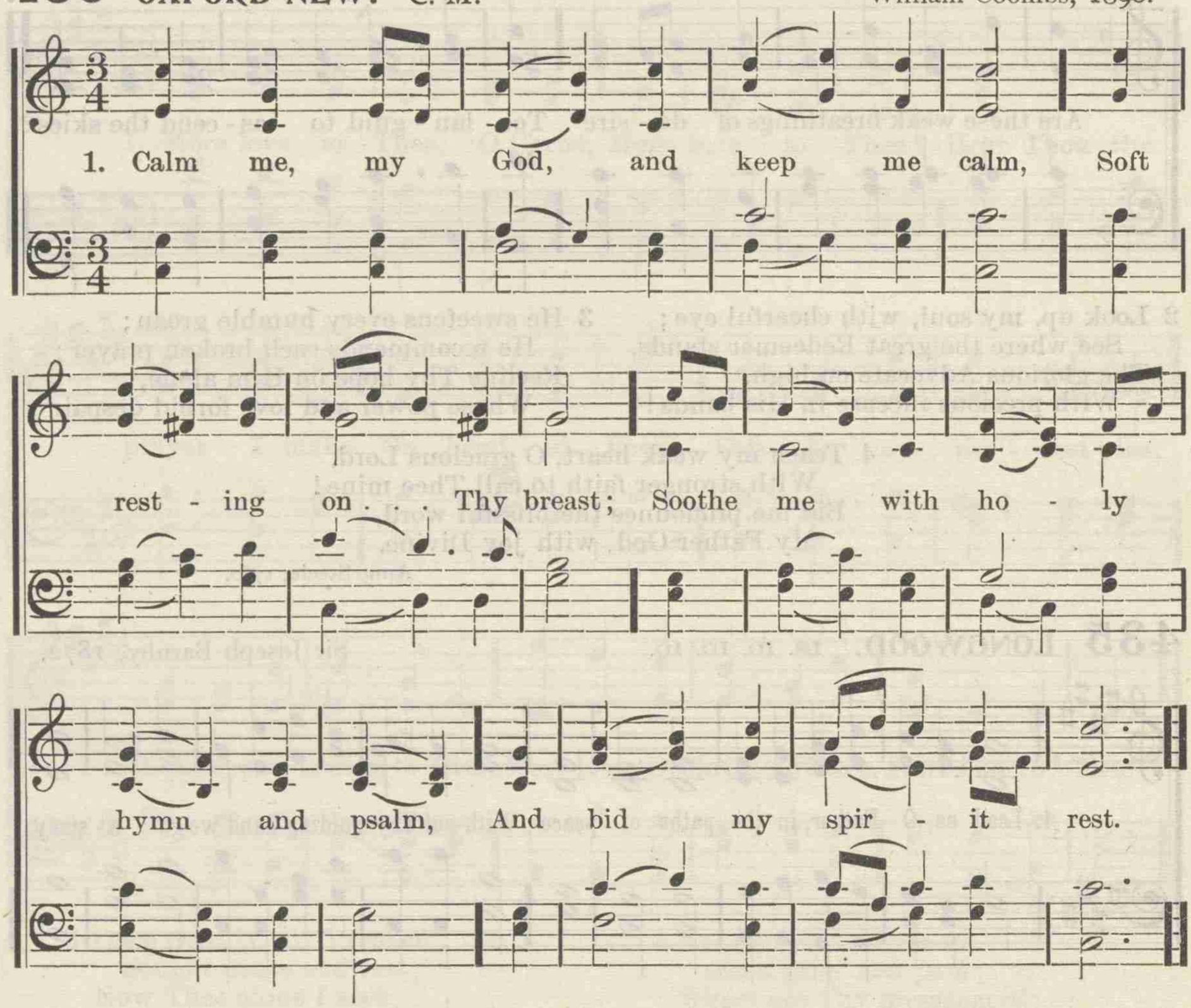
3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be;
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh, 1868.

436 OXFORD NEW. C. M.

William Coombs, 1890.



2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

3 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy Name;

6 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

437 C. M.

1 Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.

438 WINTERBOURNE. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. W. E. Evill, 1890.

439 8. 8. 8. 4.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Then in my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
And that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

440 LOVE DIVINE. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Johann Zundel, 1855.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1746, a.

441 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
Was there ever kinder shepherd,
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour, who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

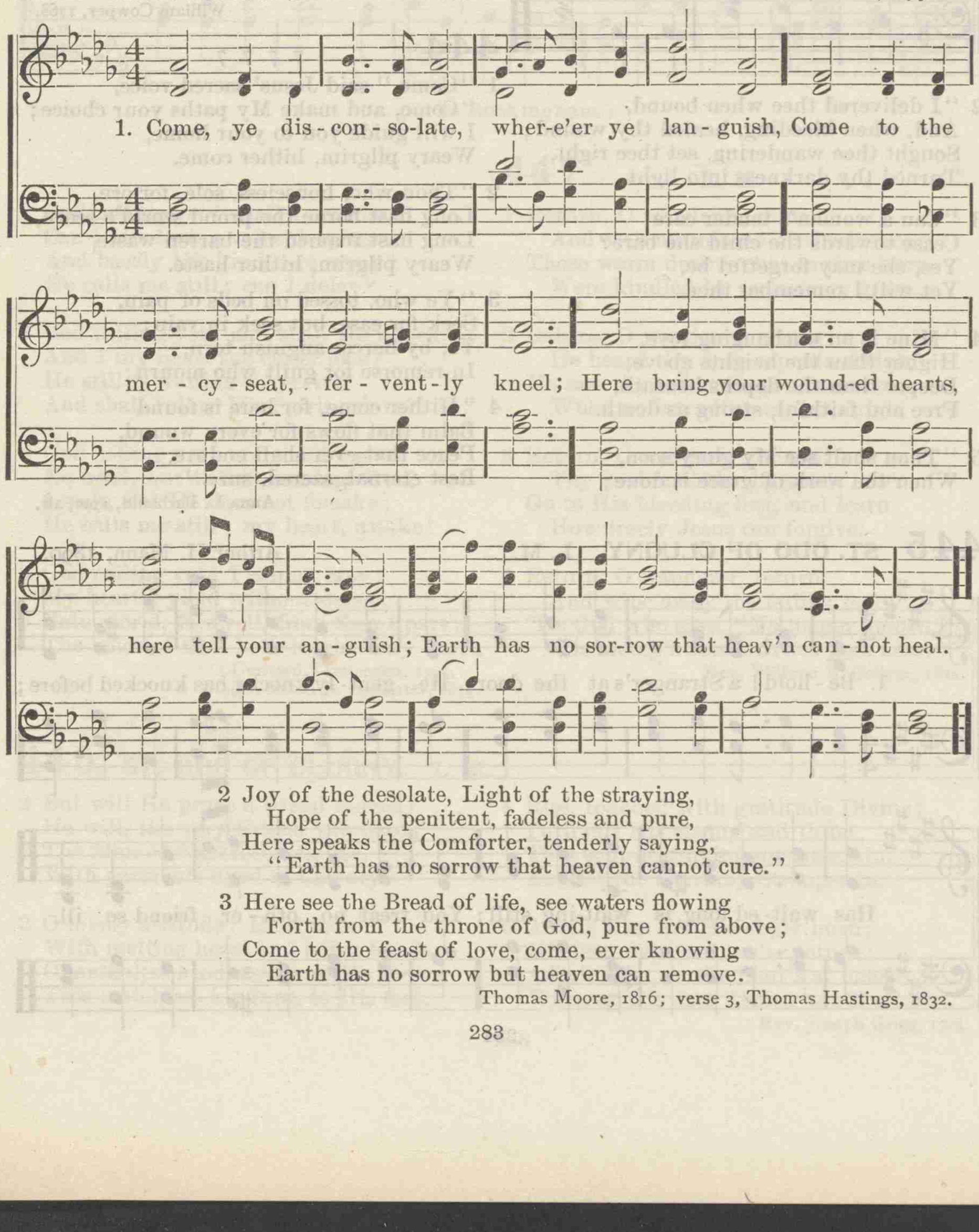
2 It is God; His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems,
'Tis our Father, and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
Pining souls, come nearer Jesus!
And O come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

442 CONSOLATOR. 11. 10. 11. 10.

Samuel Webbe, 1792.



2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816; verse 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832.

443 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768.

444 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 "Come," said Jesus' sacred voice,
"Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 "Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

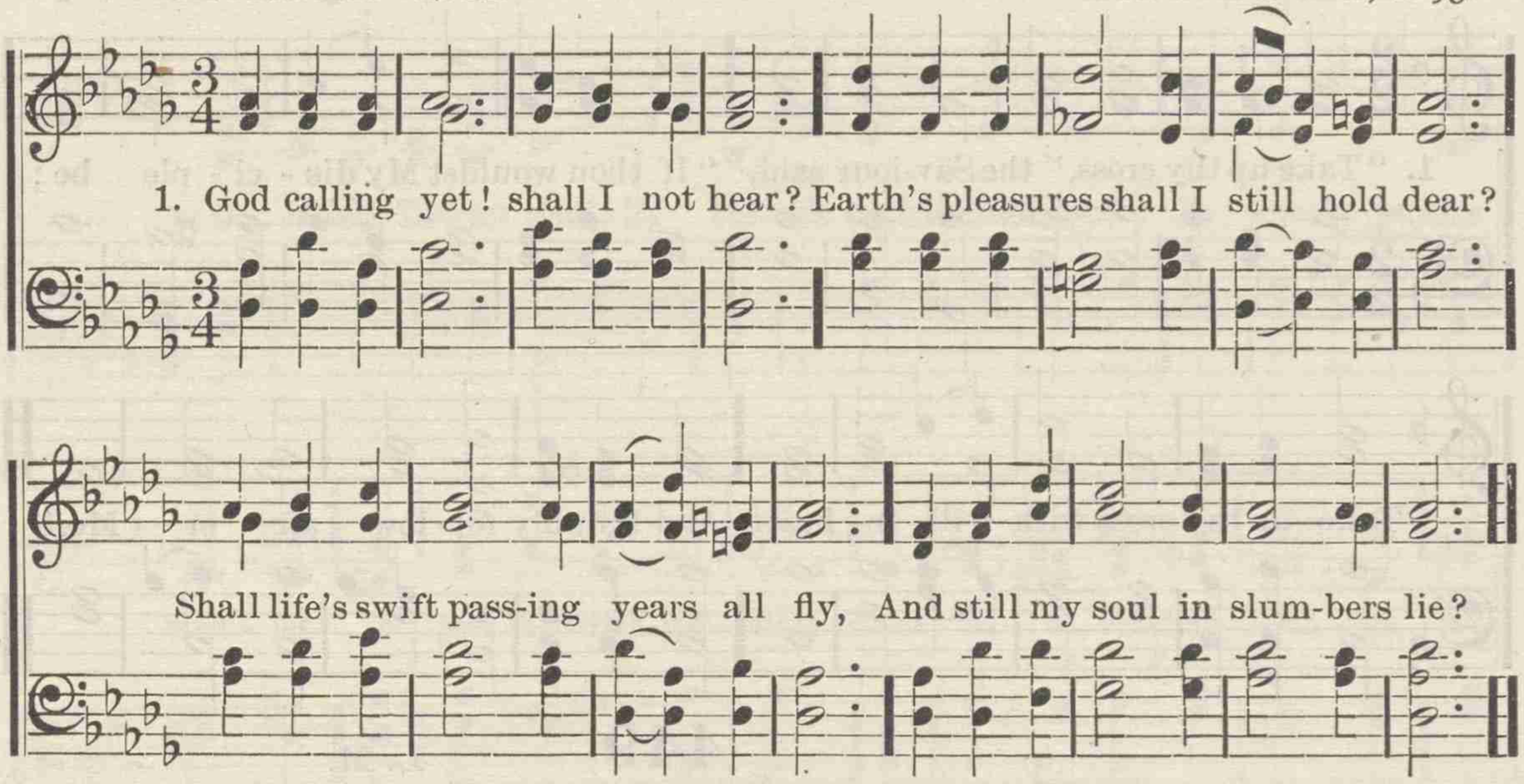
Anna L. Barbauld, 1792, alt.

445 ST. ODO OF CLUGNY. L. M.

Arthur H. Mann, 1890.

446 CLOLATA. L. M.

W. St. Clair Palmer, 1893.



(Or to Rockingham.)

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735.
Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855.

447 L. M.

1 Return, O wanderer, return!
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear was nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812.

445 ST. ODO OF CLUGNY. L. M.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

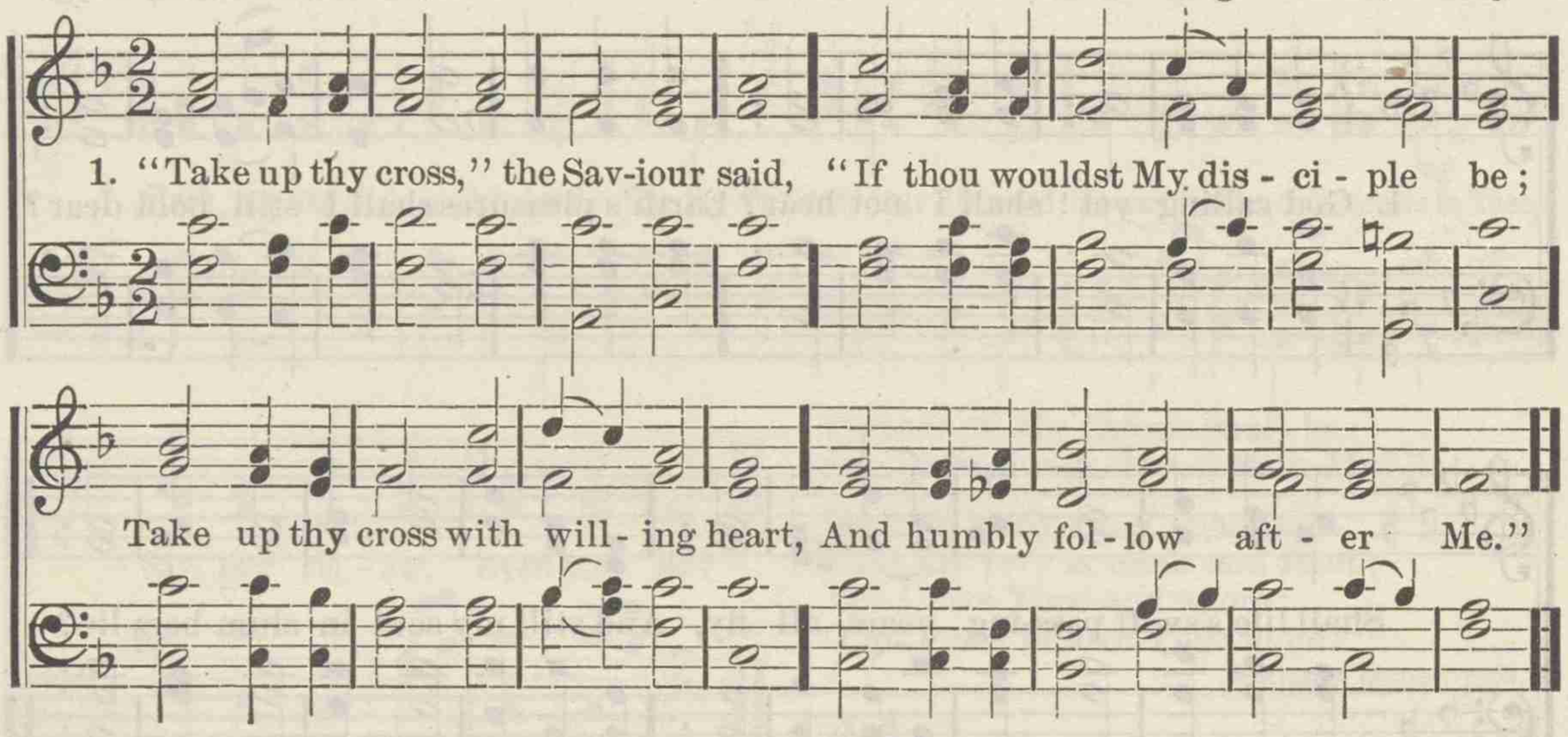
4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765.

448 COOLEY. L. M.

H. K. "Songs of Zion," 1865.



449 L. M.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear Thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Rev. Charles W. Everest, 1833.

1 Haste, traveller, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

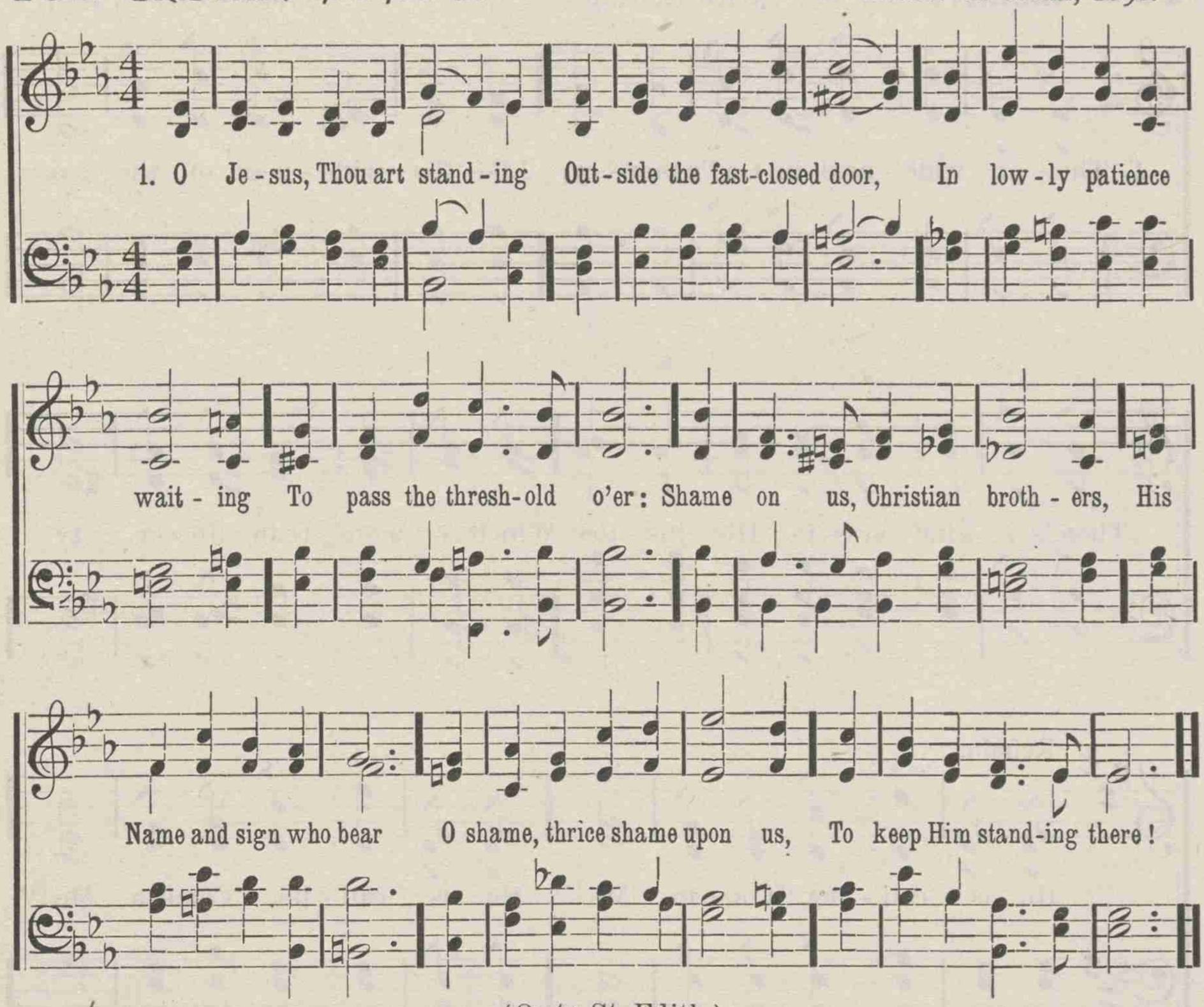
Rev. William B. Collyer, 1829.

450 STEPHANOS. 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1860.
Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861.

451 BRISTAN. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann, 1890.



(Or to St. Edith.)

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Bishop William W. How, 1867.

450 STEPHANOS. 8. 5. 8. 3.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

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

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

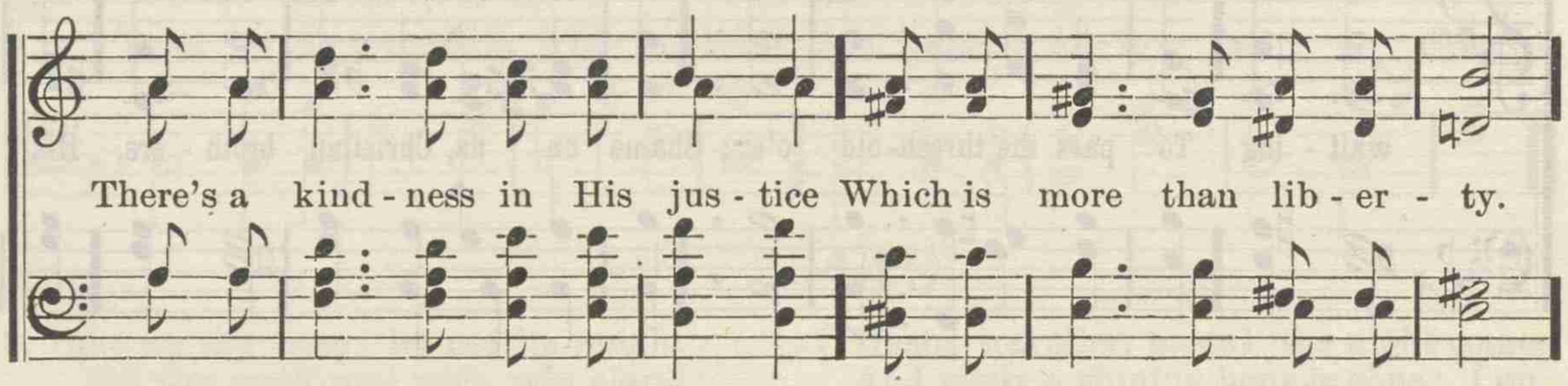
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

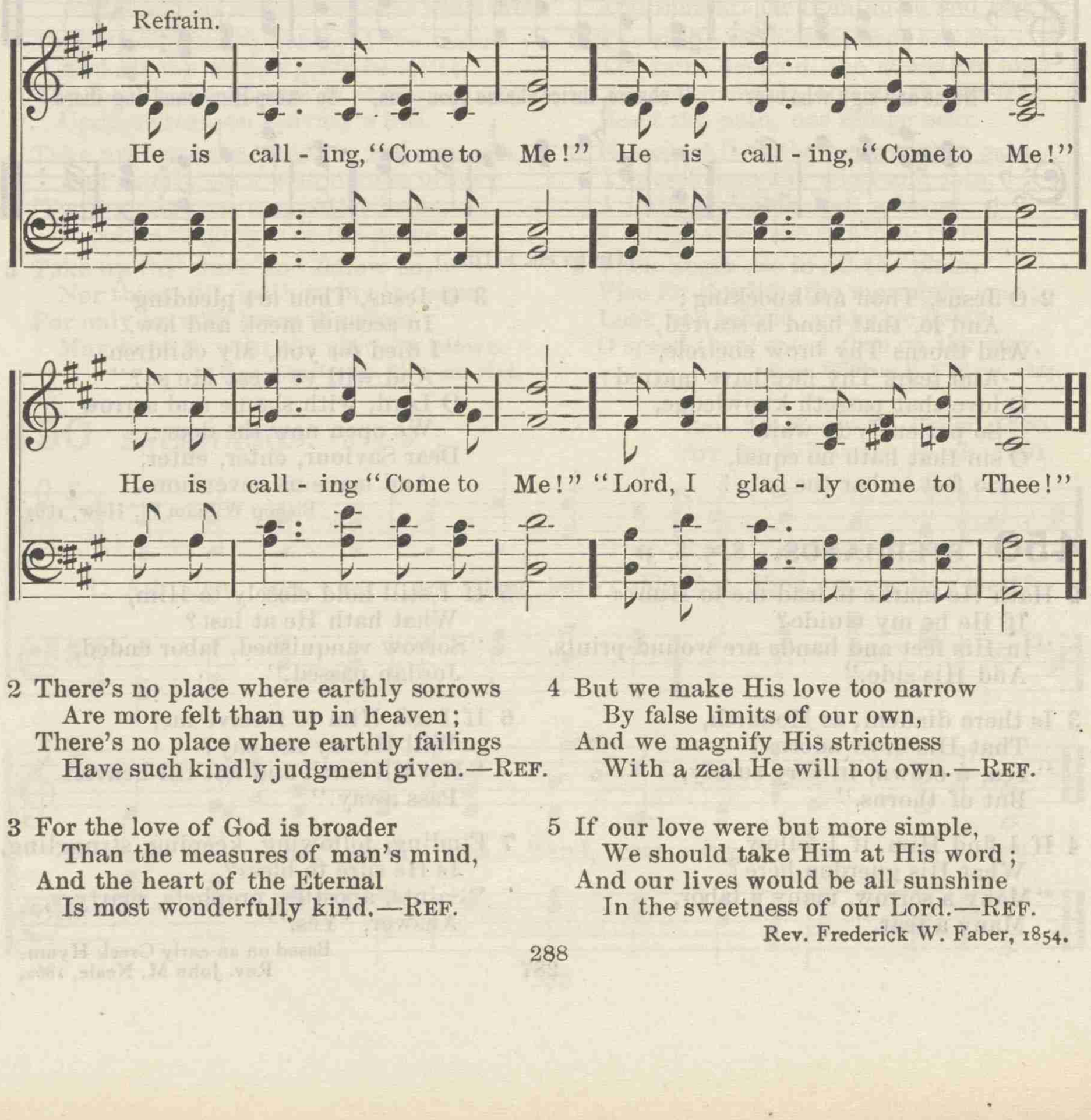
7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

Based on an early Greek Hymn.
Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

452 ILSLEY. 8. 7. 8. 7. With Refrain.

Frank G. Ilsley, 1887.





2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.—REF.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.—REF.

4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.—REF.

5 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.—REF.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

453 VIA DOLOROSA. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1874.

2 The snows lie thick around us
In dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
O give to us Thy peace!

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858.

454 LYNDHURST. C. M.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876.

455 C. M.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

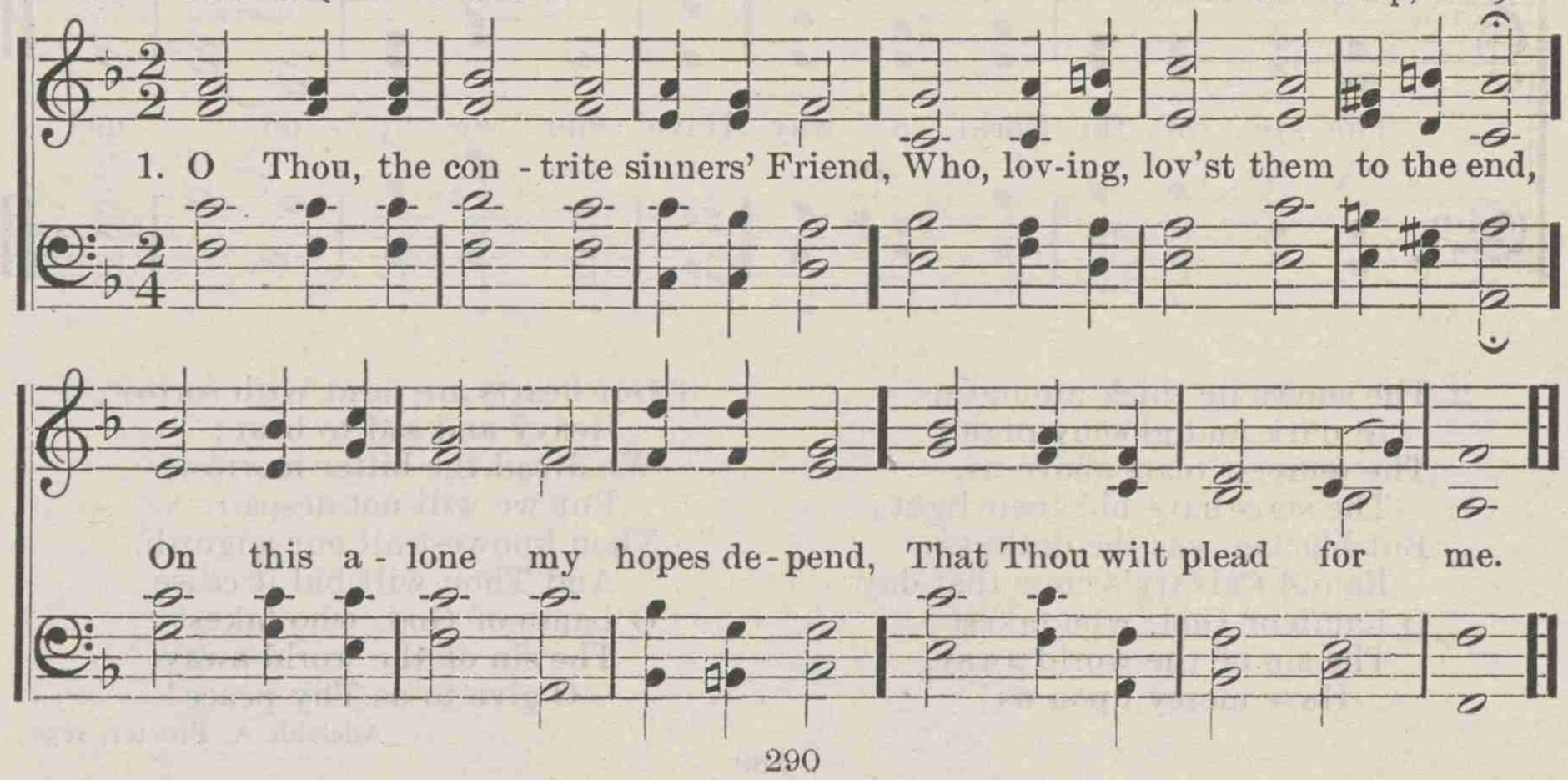
3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed,
No blood but Thou hast spilt.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

456 ALFORD. 8. 8. 8. 6.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



457 ORLANDO. C. M.

Orlando Gibbons, 1626.

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let Thy mercy come.

Rev. John Marckant, 1561.

456 ALFORD. 8. 8. 8. 6.

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

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

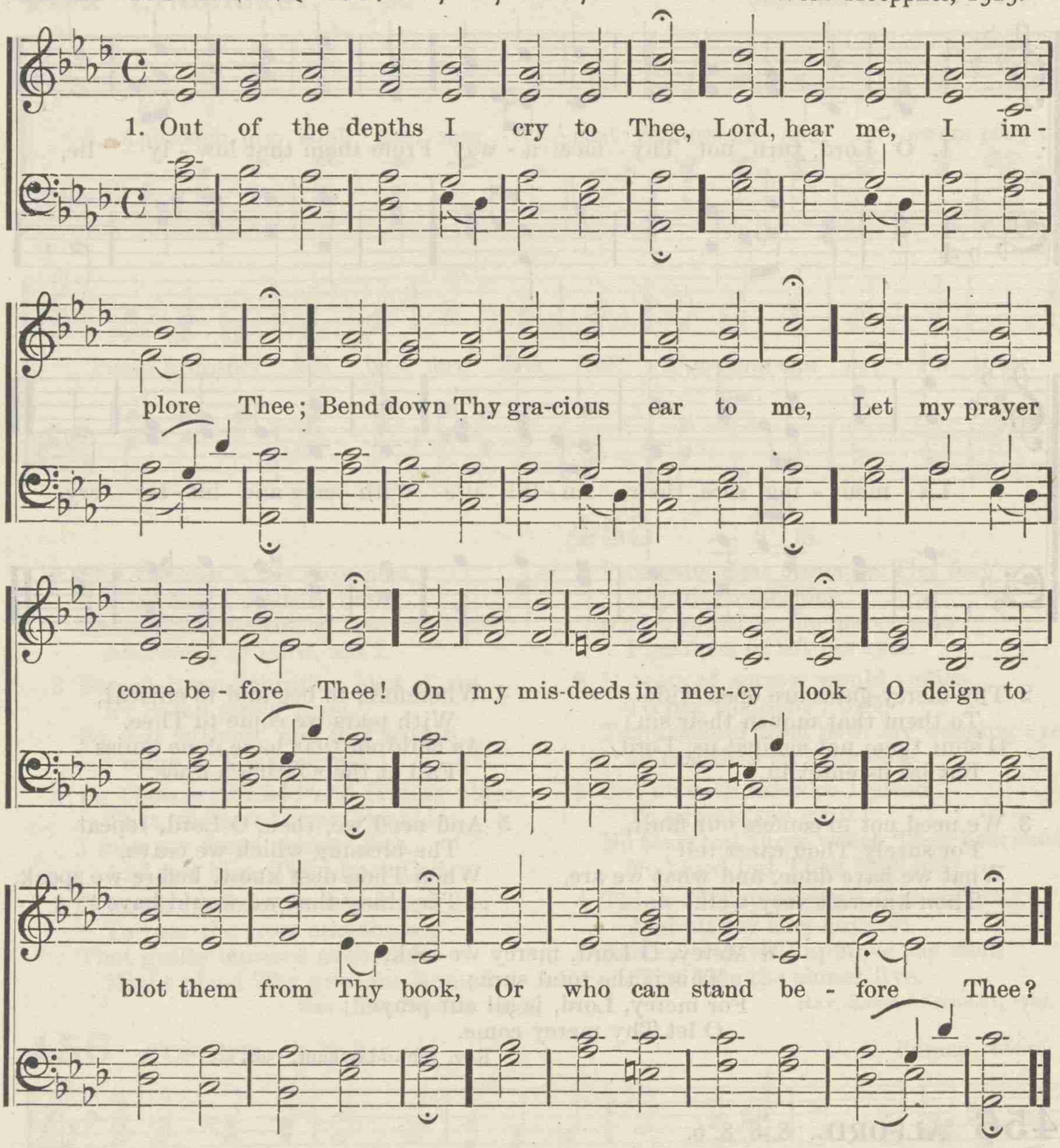
4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
O'ercast with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

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

Charlotte Elliott, 1835.

458 AUS TIEFER NOT. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. Wolff Koepphel, 1525.



2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living:
None guiltless in Thy sight appear;
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just,—
This is my hope's foundation;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, Thy salvation.
Shielded by Thee, I stand secure;
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
And I rely upon Thee.

4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
And Thy redemption plenteous.

5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded;
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed:
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression.

Martin Luther, 1523.
Tr. New Cong. H. B., 1859.

459 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 For help, O whither shall I flee?
Who now to peace will guide me?
To none, dear Saviour, but to Thee,
Can I with hope confide me.
'Tis Thine to give the weary rest,
The mourning soul in Thee is blest,—
Help, Jesus, the afflicted!

2 My sin, O Lord, is now my grief,
Against my will it rages:—
Thy grace alone can bring relief,
While sin its warfare wages.
All that I need is known to Thee,
And now a part myself can see,—
Help, Jesus, the sin-burdened!

3 Good Shepherd, bearest Thou the weak?
Sustain me in my weakness!
Thou great Physician of the sick,
Heal Thou my moral sickness!
A prey to death I helpless fall,—
For health and strength to Thee I call,
Save, Jesus, or I perish!

4 To those who trust Thee!—"Nothing fear!
I am the Life!"—Thou criest.
Seeks not my soul, with strong desire,
The Life which Thou suppliest?
Through all my sorrows Thou canst lead,
In death provide for every need—
Help, Jesus, the confiding.

5 I would do good, but still I fail,—
Must I thus always waver?
What grief it gives Thou knowest well;
Who shall my soul deliver,
And set the slave for ever free
From sin and death to live with Thee?—
I thank Thee, God, through Jesus?

Joachim Neander, 1680.

460 SEYMOUR. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826.

2 I have long withstood His grace;
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

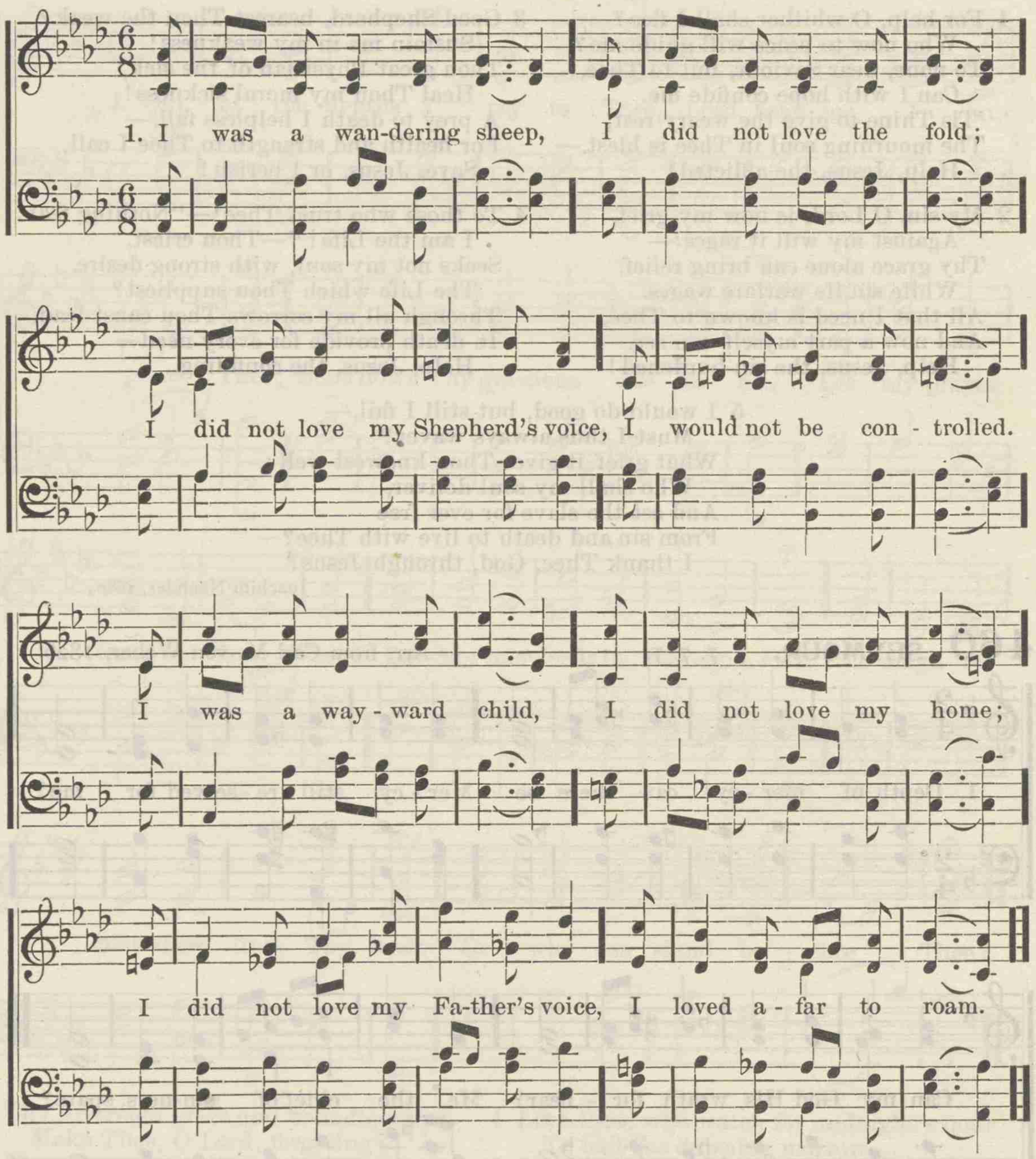
4 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is Love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

461 PASTOR BONUS. S. M. D.

Alfred J. Caldicott, 1842–.



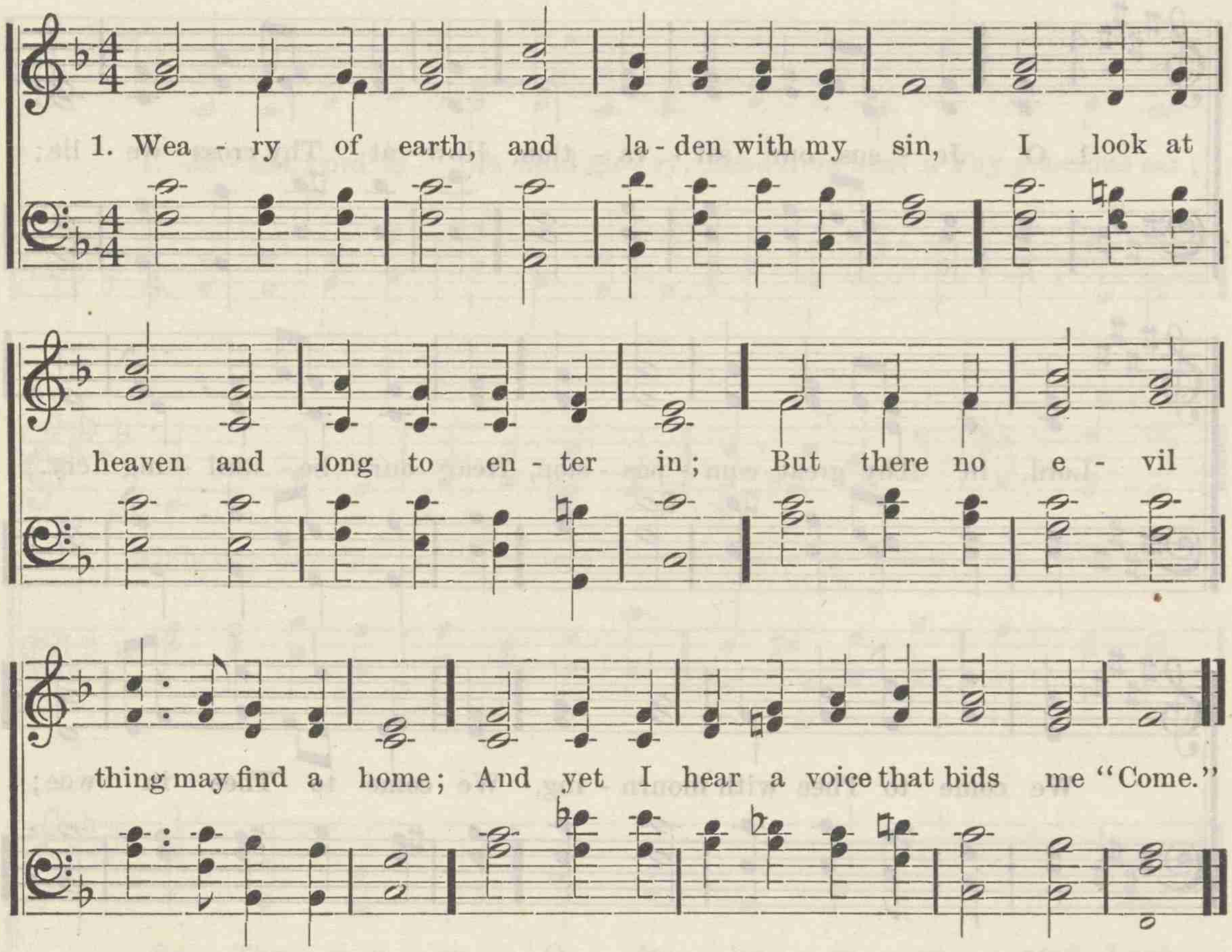
2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Twas He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843.

462 LANGRAN. 10. 10. 10. 10. James Langran, 1862.



2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1866.

463 ST. EDITH. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799.

2 O gracious Intercessor,
O Priest within the vail,
Plead, for each lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
We spread our sins before Thee,
We tell them one by one;
O, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all we have done.

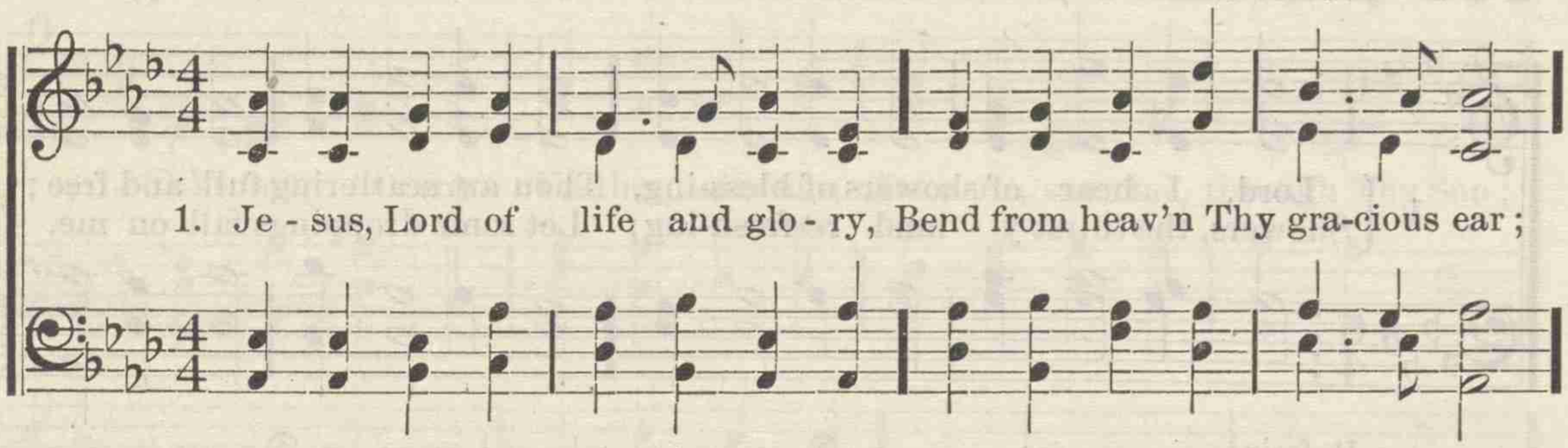
3 O, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering,
Endured by Thee alone;
O Priest, O spotless offering,
Plead for us, and atone!

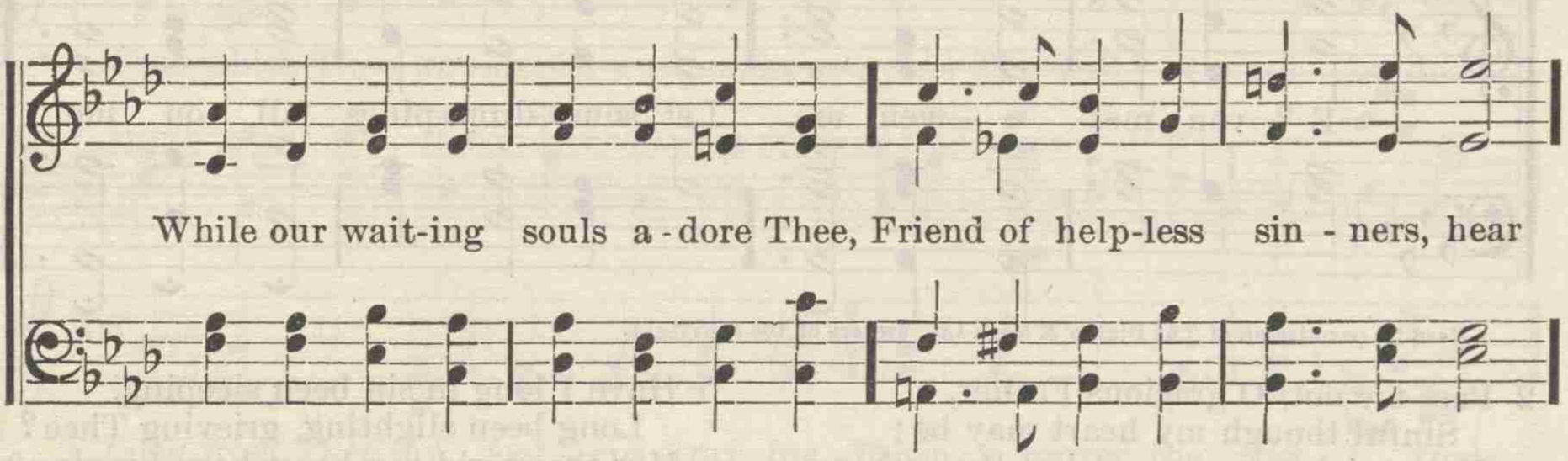
4 And in these hearts now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign,
And say, by that dear token,
We are absolved again.
And build us up, and guide us,
And guard us day by day;
And in Thy presence hide us,
And take our sins away.

Rev. James Hamilton, 1867.

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

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869.





2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

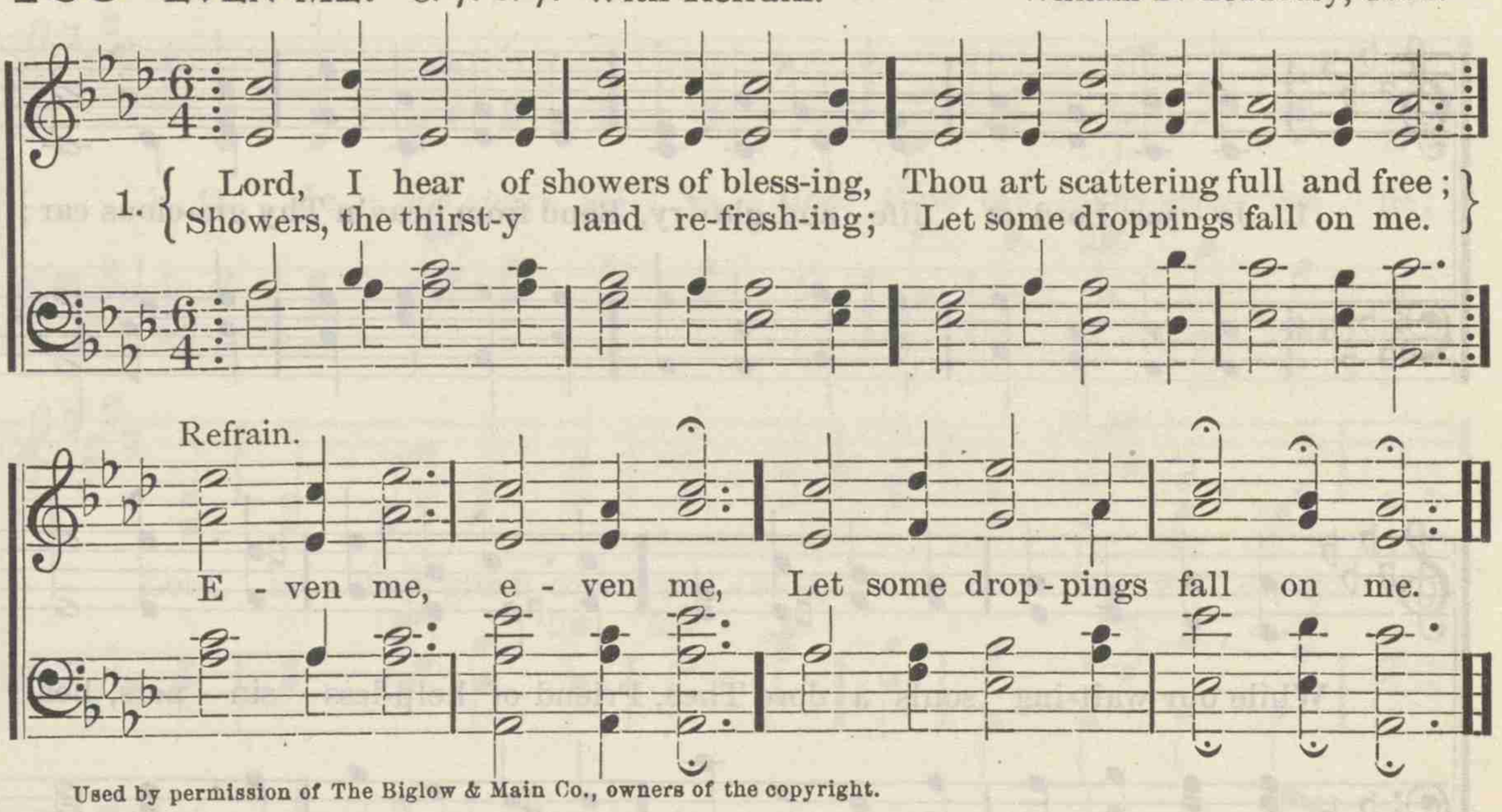
5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

John J. Cummins, 1839.

465 EVEN ME. 8. 7. 8. 7. With Refrain.

William B. Bradbury, 1862.



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

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me.—REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—REF.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me.—REF.

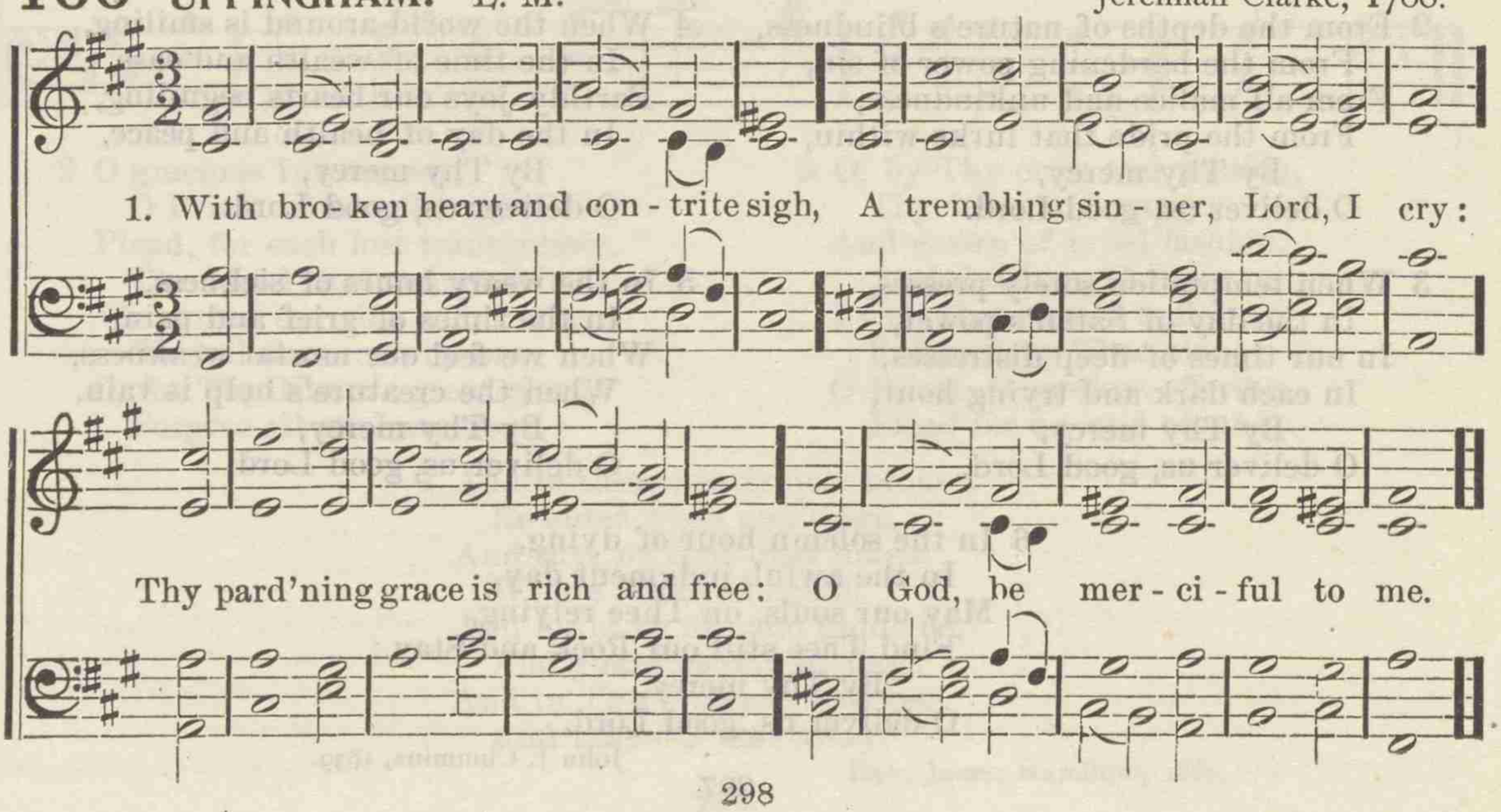
6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.—REF.

7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing:
Blessing others, O bless me.—REF.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860, alt.

466 UFFINGHAM. L. M.

Jeremiah Clarke, 1700.



467 SUPPLICATION. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William H. Monk, 1823-1889.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee:
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living
I must be for ever blest.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1864.

466 UFFINGHAM. L. M.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

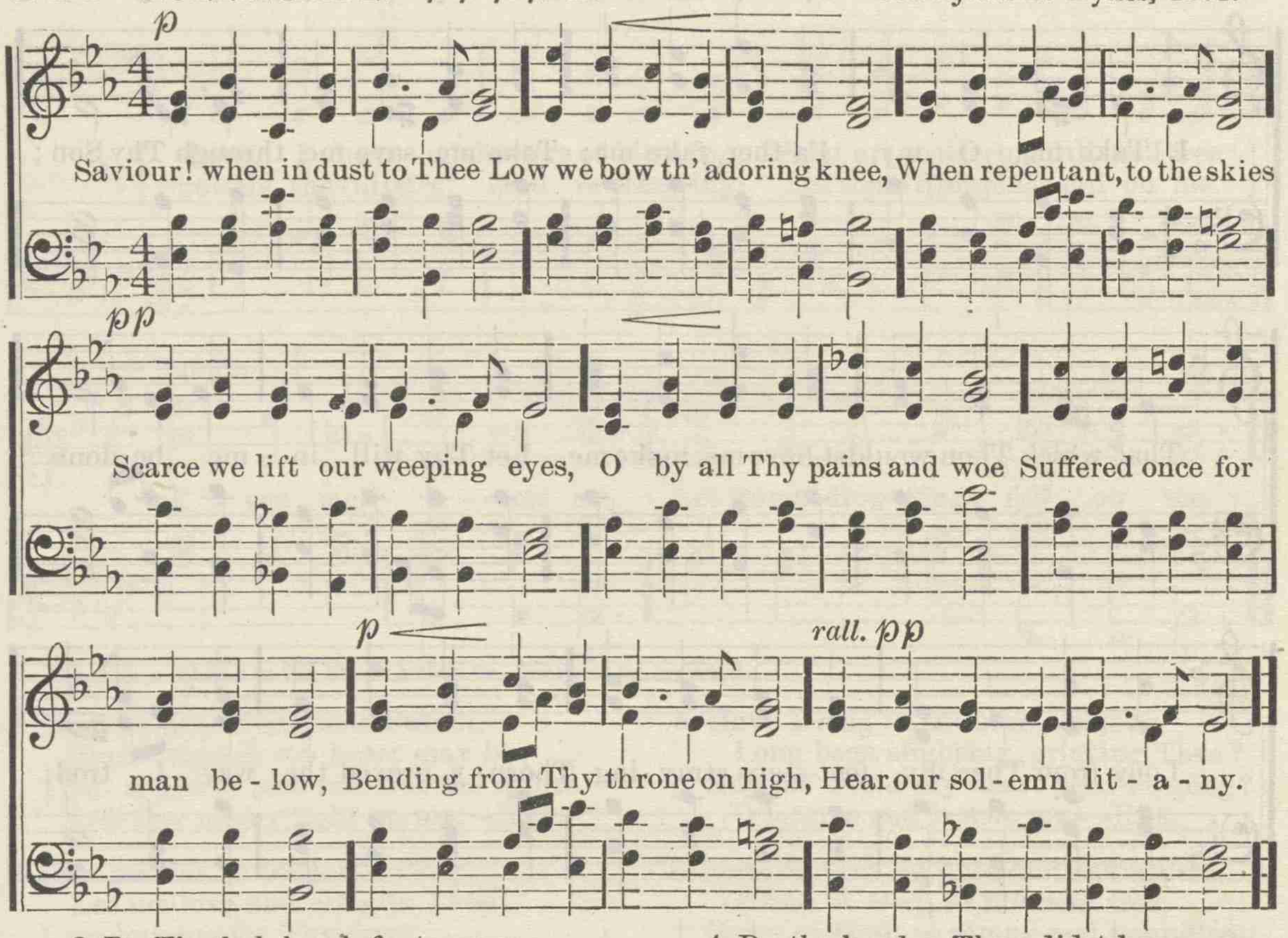
4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Rev. Cornelius Elven, 1852.

468 HOLLINGSIDE. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.



2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power:
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By the burden Thou didst bear;
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

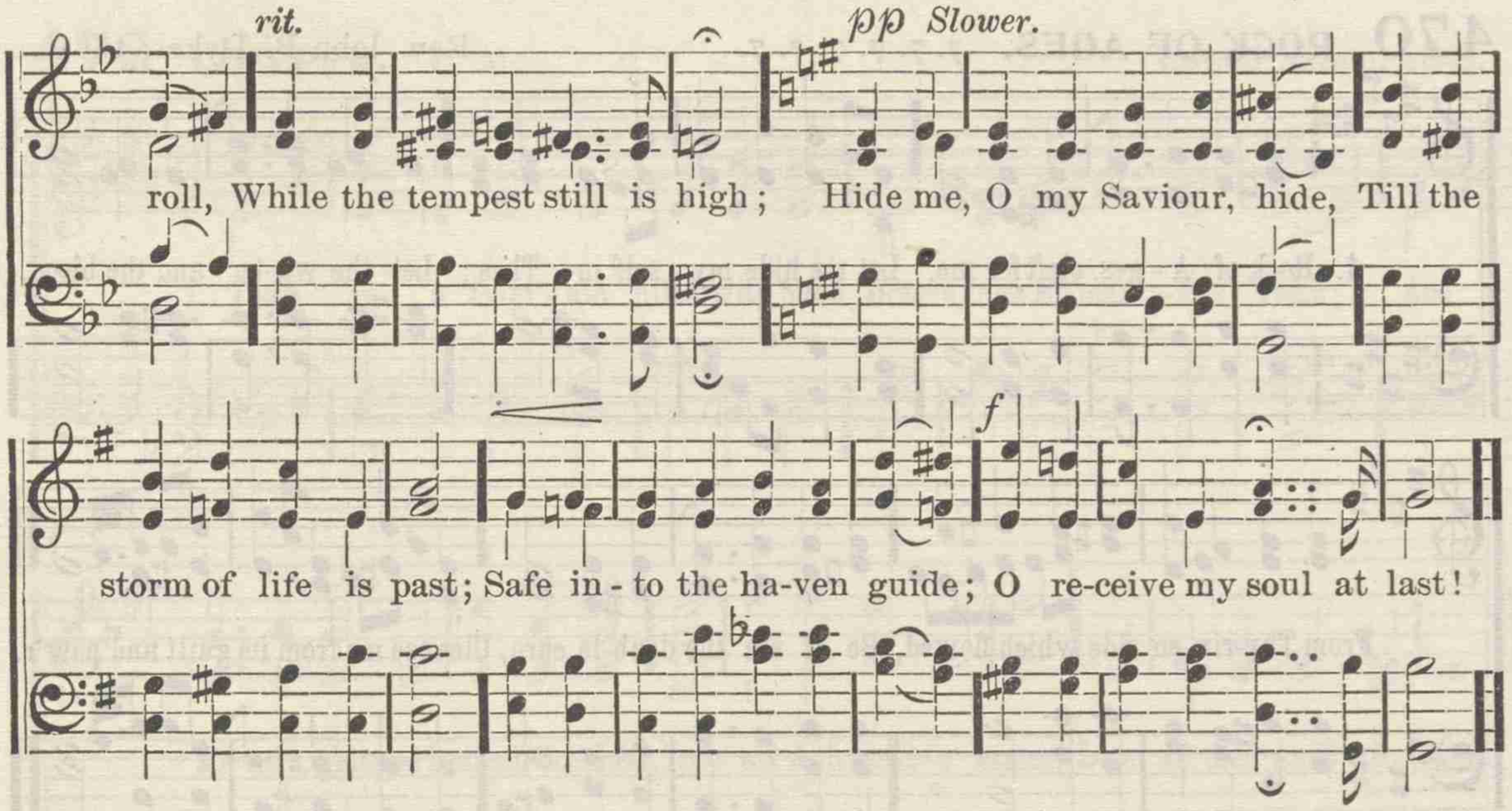
5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Sir Robert Grant, 1839.

Faith and Salvation.

469 ST. FABIAN. 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (*First Tune.*)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866.



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

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

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

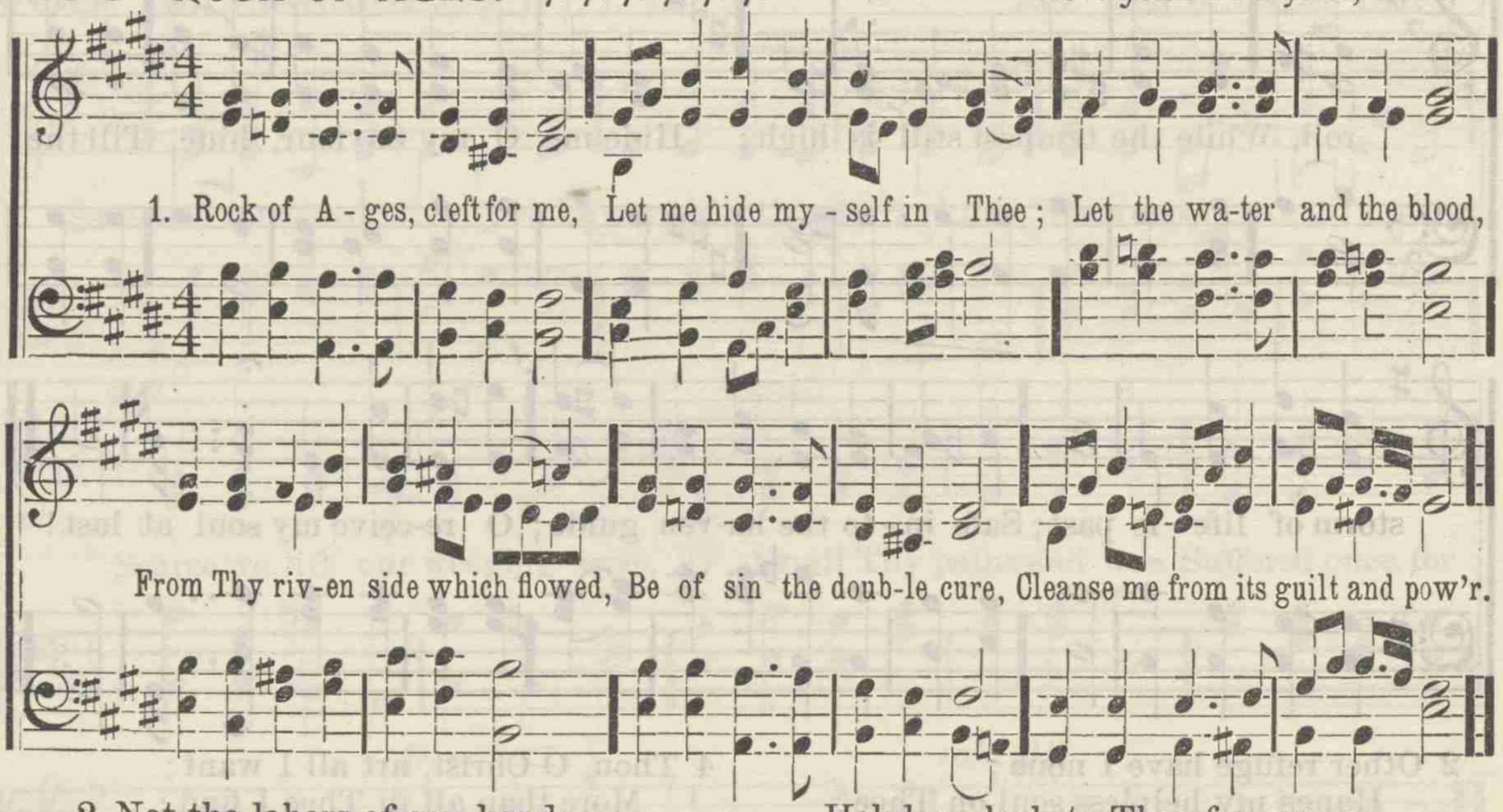
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

469 MARTYN. 7. 7. 7. 7. D. (*Second Tune.*)

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.

470 ROCK OF AGES. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.



2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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

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

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

471 TOPLADY. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till He come."

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1848.

472 COWPER. C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1772.

473 C. M.

1 Jesus! Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary's tree,
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield my soul to Thee;
While Thou art pleading on the throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
And human help shall flee,
Then, then, my dear redeeming God,
O then remember me.

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796.

474 C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

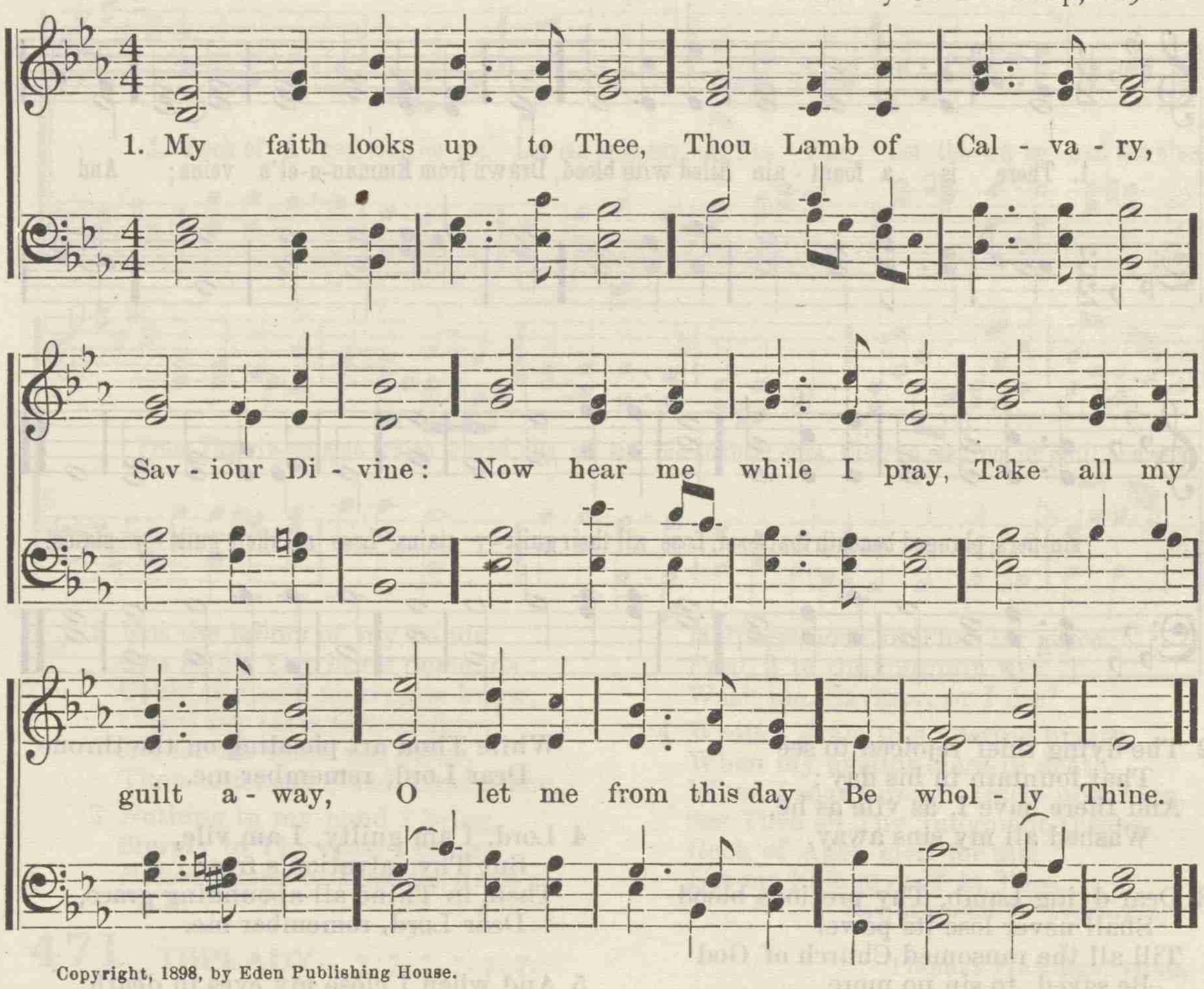
3 Let cares like wildest deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

475 OLIVET. (Mason.) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832.
Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1830.

476 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 Come, all ye saints of God;
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what His love has done;
Trust in His Name alone;
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb."

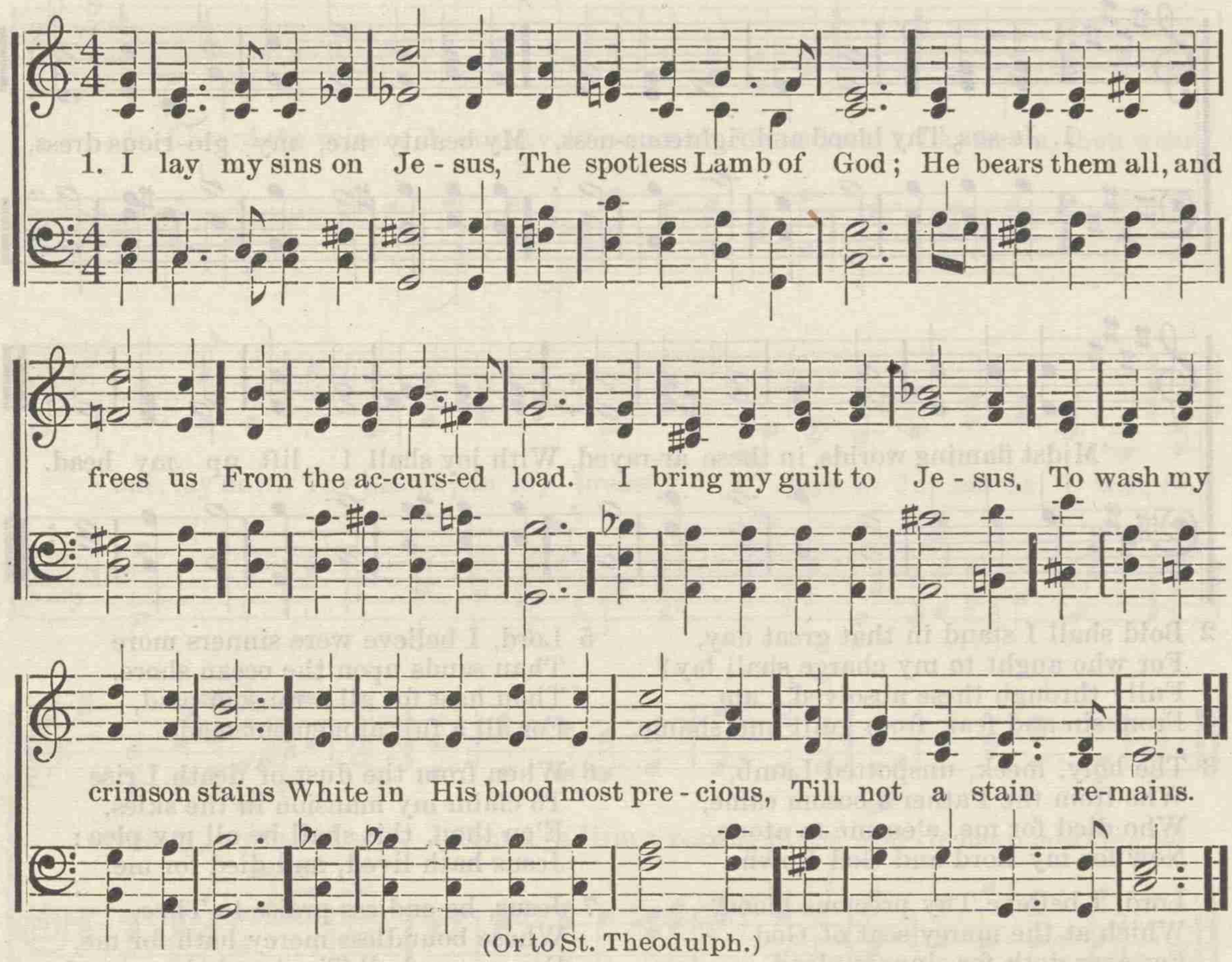
2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme;
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His Name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb."

Pratt's Coll.

477 ELIM. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867.



(Or to St. Theodulph.)

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

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

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

478 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 In holy contemplation,
Now let our souls pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

2 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

3 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779.

479 ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

Sir George Job Elvey, 1865.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

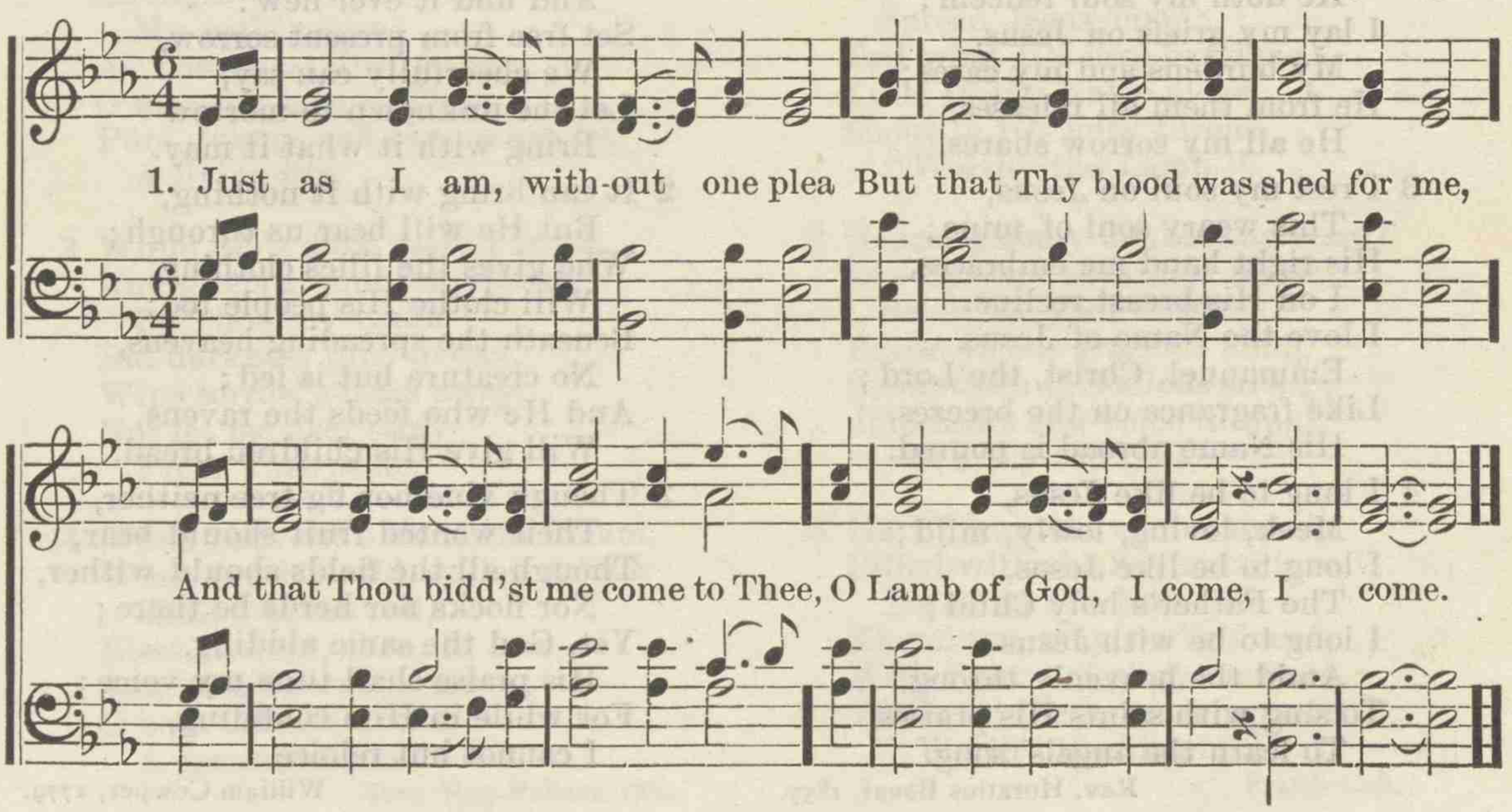
6 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, and died for me.

7 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Count Nicolaus L. von Zinzendorf, 1739.
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1740.

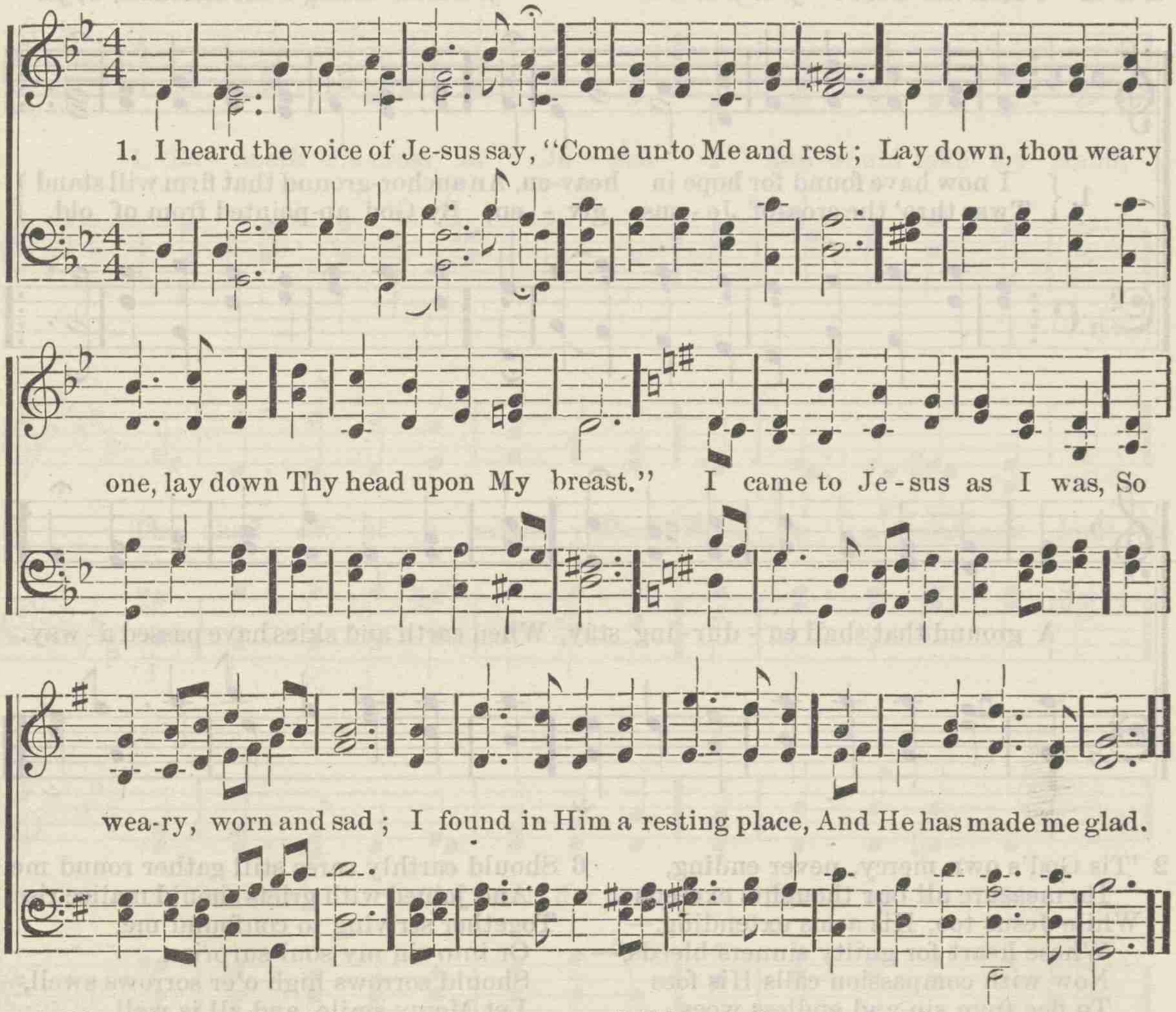
480 WOODWORTH. 8. 8. 8. 6.

William B. Bradbury, 1849.



481 VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868.



2 I heard the voice of Jesus,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846.

480 WOODWORTH. 8. 8. 8. 6.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

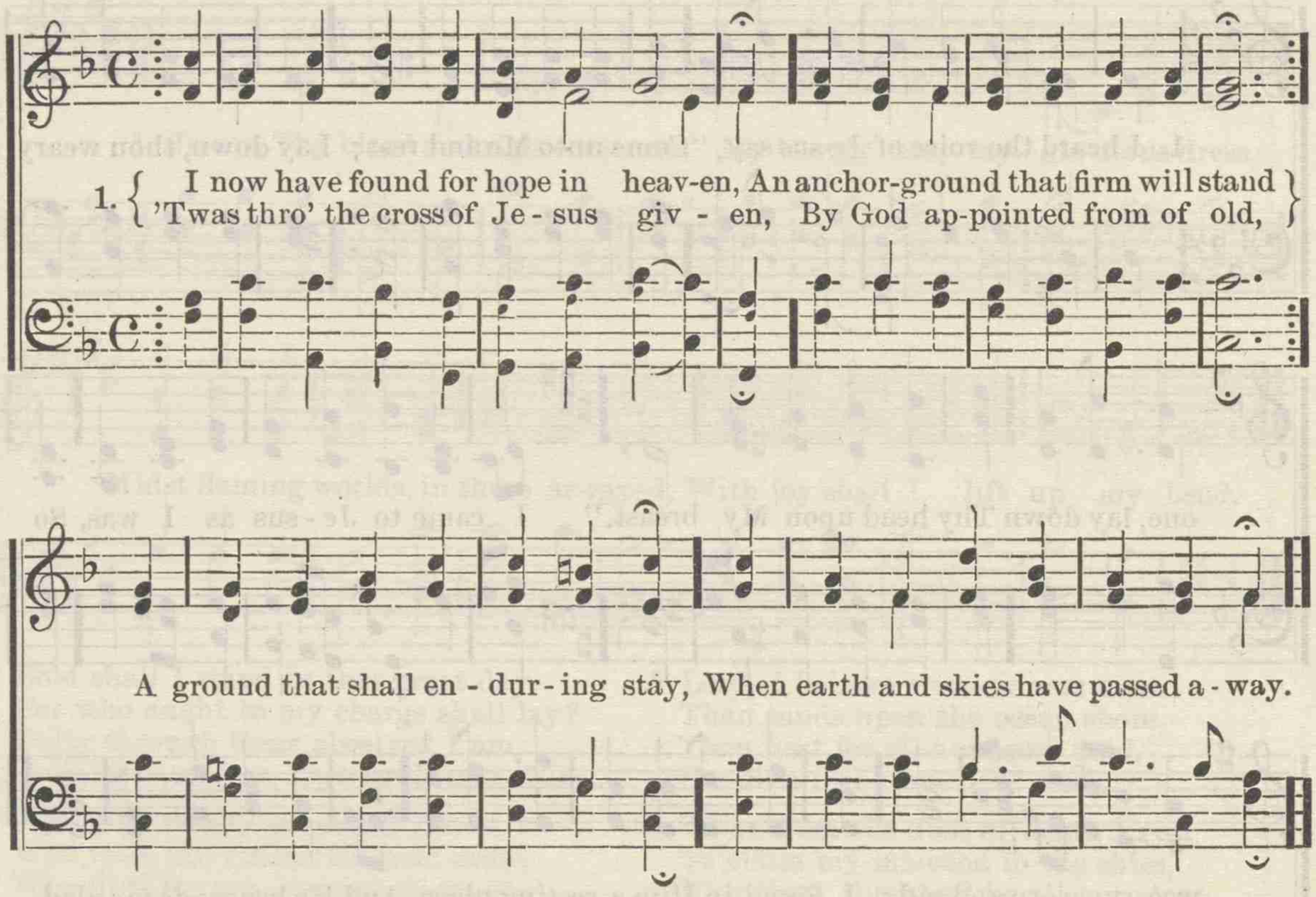
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God. I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

482 FRANKFURT. 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8. J. Balth. König's Liederschatz, 1738.



2 'Tis God's own mercy, never ending,
Its measure all our thoughts exceeds;
While Jesus too, His arms extending,—
Whose heart for guilty sinners bleeds,—
Now with compassion calls His foes
To flee from sin and endless woes.

3 And why should we be lost for ever,
Since God to us commends His love?
His Son, with message of His favor,
Invites to holy joys above:
To win our hearts, as oft before,
He now is knocking at the door.

4 This love's a deep, our follies hiding;
The death of Christ—a matchless grace,
To life and peace our spirits guiding,
Where wrath no more shall find a place.
His blood for us is pleading still—
"Let mercy all its work fulfill!"

From this will I my comfort borrow,
With joy will trust my Saviour's plea,
And while for sin I deeply sorrow,
Now to the Father's pity flee,—
In Him I'll ever seek a friend
Whose grace in Christ will never end.

6 Should earthly cares still gather round me
And joined with griefs should malice rise,
Together striving to confound me,
Or into sin my soul surprise,
Should sorrows high o'er sorrows swell,
Let Mercy smile, and all is well.

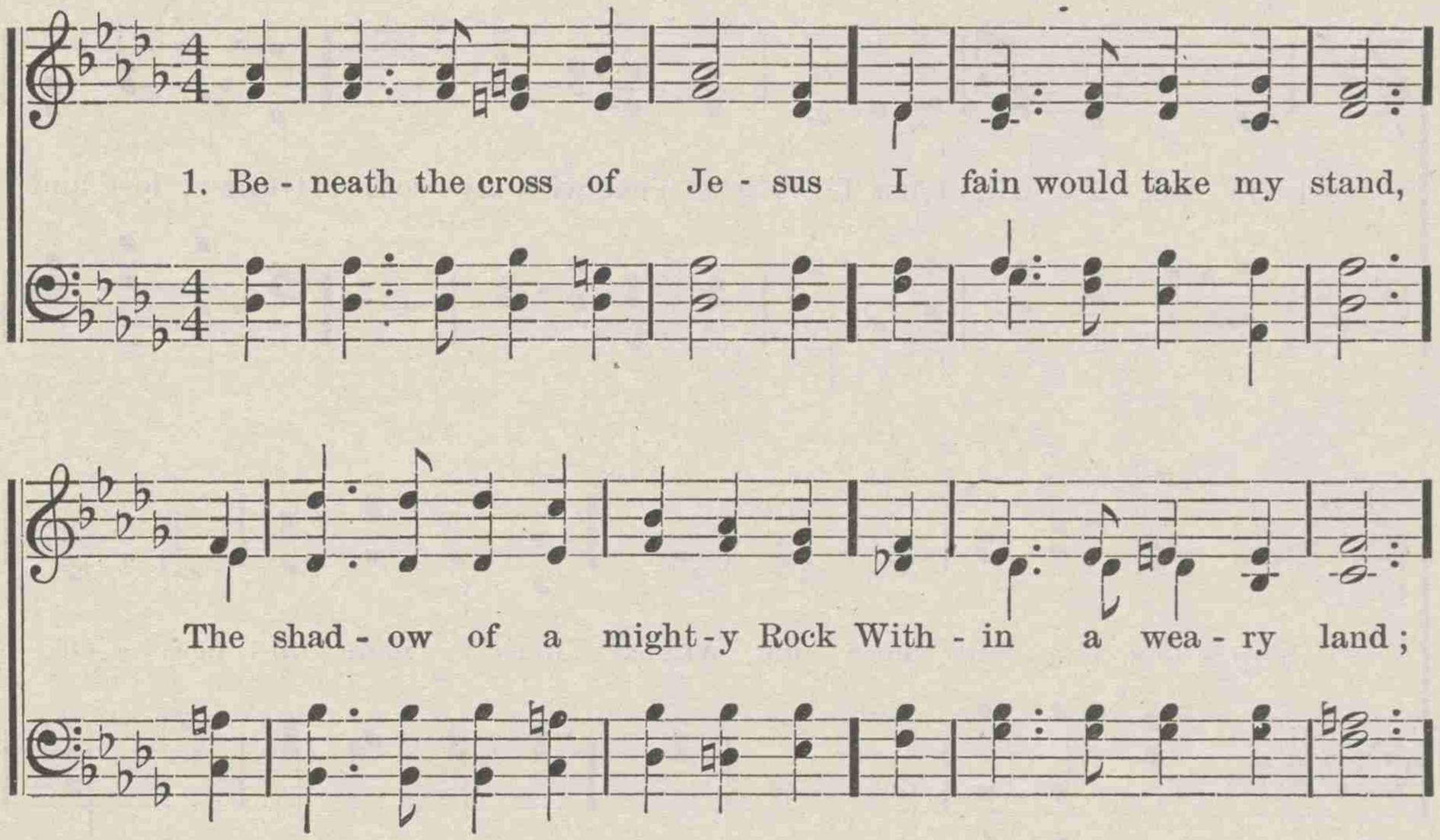
7 Whenever I review my doings,
The best of all that I have done,—
Much wrong and weakness I discover,
And boasting is for ever gone:
But in one thing I can confide,—
'Tis mercy,—and in nought beside.

8 He leads, and always will be nigh me,
Who has on me His mercy set;
With all I need He will supply me,
Nor let my soul His grace forget:
What joys or sorrows may befall,
I'll trust His grace alike in all.

9 Upon this ground I rest most firmly,
Long as the earth my dwelling prove;
And wish to serve my God and Saviour,
Till, dying, I shall rise above,
And there, rejoicing, shall adore—
Unbounded mercy evermore.

Johann Andr. Rothe, 1728.
Tr. Dr. Mills, 1885.

483 ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. Frederick C. Maker, 1881.



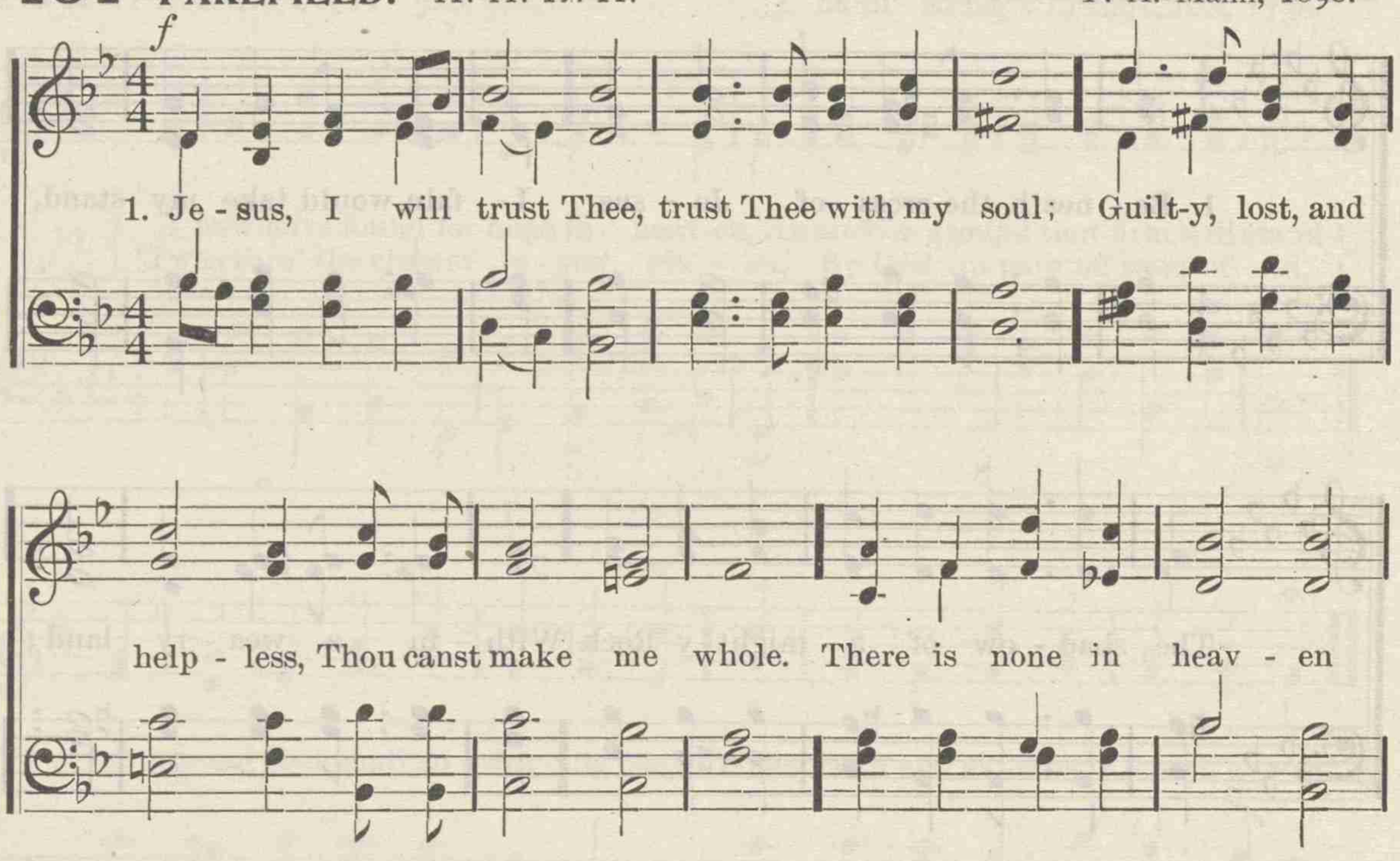
2 Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me:
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love
And my own worthlessness,

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872.

484 PAKEFIELD. 11. 11. 11. 11.

F. A. Mann, 1890.



2 Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and forever, on Thy cross of shame:
Sinners, read and worship, trusting in that Name.

3 Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy all Thine earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face—
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

5 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out;
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood;
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour, God.

Mary Jane Walker, 1855.

485 BALHAM HILL. C. M. D.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews, 1875.

2 It is the Dayspring from on high,
The adamantine Rock,
Whence never storm can make me fly,
That fears no earthquake's shock;
My Jesus Christ, my sure Defence,
My Saviour, and my Light,
That shines within, and scatters thence
Dark phantoms of the night;

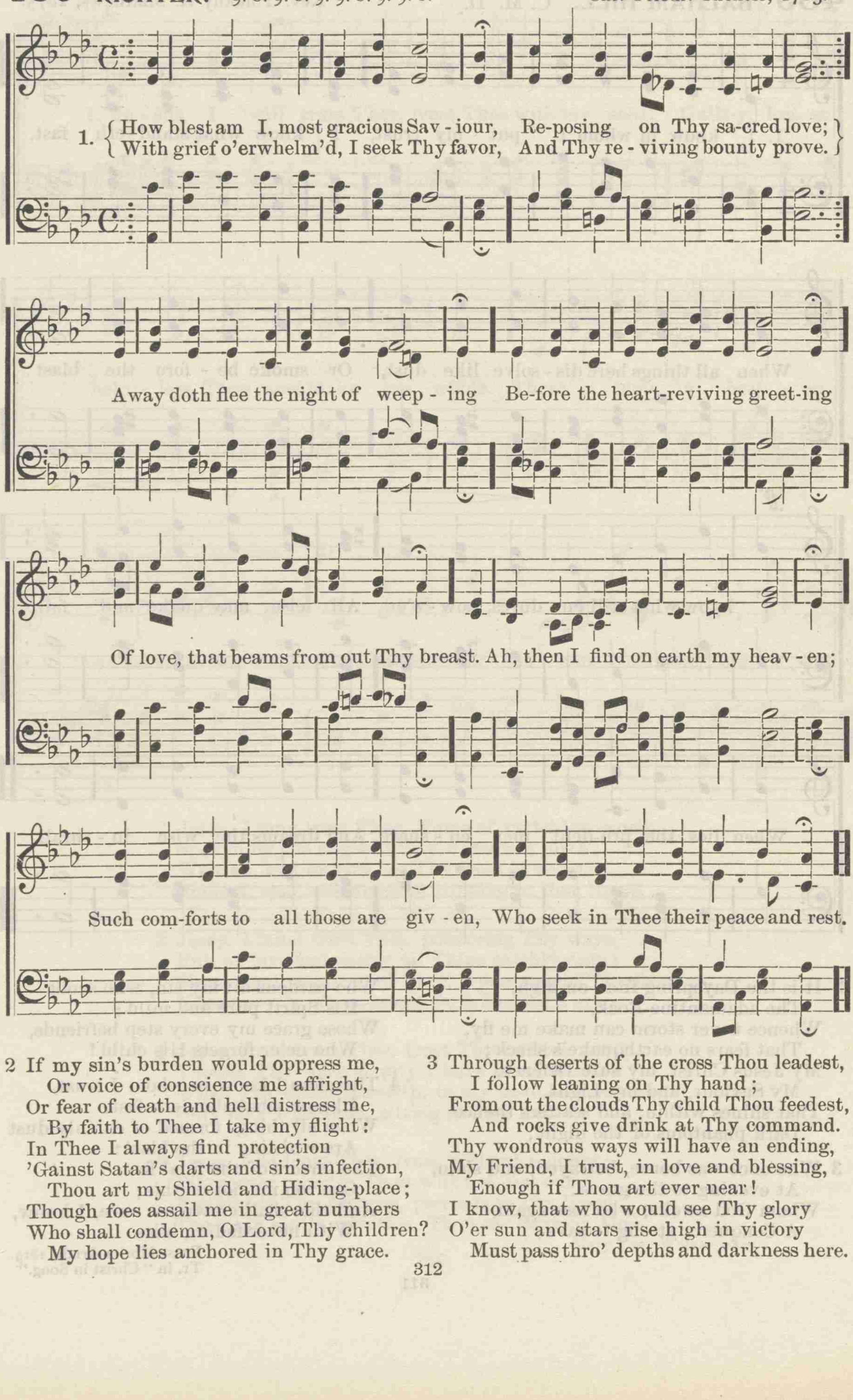
3 Who once was borne, betrayed, and slain,
At evening to the grave;
Whom God awoke, who rose again,
A Conqueror strong to save;
Who pardons all my sin, who sends
His Spirit pure and mild;
Whose grace my every step befriends,
Who ne'er forgets His child!

4 Therefore I know in whom I trust,
I know what standeth fast,
When all things formed of earthly dust
Are whirling in the blast:
The terrors of the final foe
Can rob me not of this;
And this shall crown me once, I know,
With never-fading bliss.

Ernst Moritz Arndt, 1819.
Tr. in "Christ in Song."

486 RICHTER. 9. 8. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8. 9. 9. 8.

Chr. Friedr. Richter, 1703.



2 If my sin's burden would oppress me,
Or voice of conscience me affright,
Or fear of death and hell distress me,
By faith to Thee I take my flight:
In Thee I always find protection
'Gainst Satan's darts and sin's infection,
Thou art my Shield and Hiding-place;
Though foes assail me in great numbers
Who shall condemn, O Lord, Thy children?
My hope lies anchored in Thy grace.

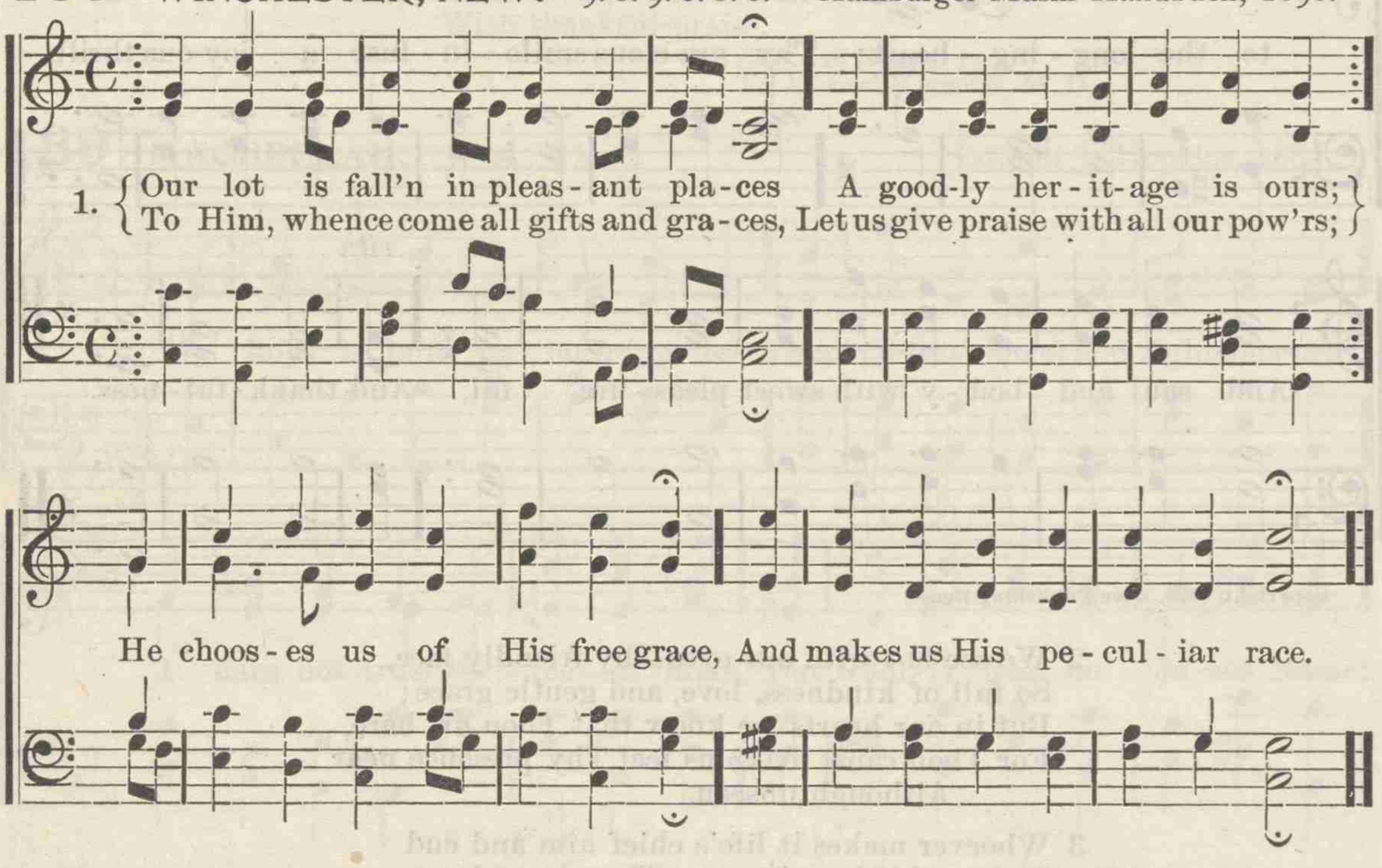
3 Through deserts of the cross Thou leadest,
I follow leaning on Thy hand;
From out the clouds Thy child Thou feedest,
And rocks give drink at Thy command.
Thy wondrous ways will have an ending,
My Friend, I trust, in love and blessing,
Enough if Thou art ever near!
I know, that who would see Thy glory
O'er sun and stars rise high in victory
Must pass thro' depths and darkness here.

4 To others death seems dark and fearful,
But not, Thou Life of life, to me;
For Thou dost ne'er forsake Thy faithful,
Whose heart and spirit rest in Thee.
Who fears the end of life's sore journey
If from its days so dark and stormy
He then finds safety and release?
With joyful heart from this dark region
Would I depart to dwell forever
In Thy eternal light and peace.

5 Friend of my soul, O how contented,
Am I, when leaning upon Thee:
By sin I am no more tormented
Since Thou dost aid and comfort me,
O may the heart-reviving feeling
I have of Thy most gracious dealing
A foretaste yield of joys above;
I scorn, vain world, thy dull cold flattering
In Jesus all my joys are centering,
O rich delight, my Friend is mine.

W. Chr. Dessler, 1660–1722.
Tr. Moravian Coll.

487 WINCHESTER, NEW. 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8. Hamburger Musik Handbuch, 1690.



2 He undertook our soul's salvation,
Our sad condition moved him so;
And came to us, from pure compassion,
To raise us from our depths of woe:
O wonderful, surpassing love,
Which brought Him to us from above!

3 He saw in us no real beauty,
No virtue, nor intrinsic worth:
Not one there was that did his duty,
For all were sinners from their birth;
Nor was there one, who could redress
Our misery in such distress.

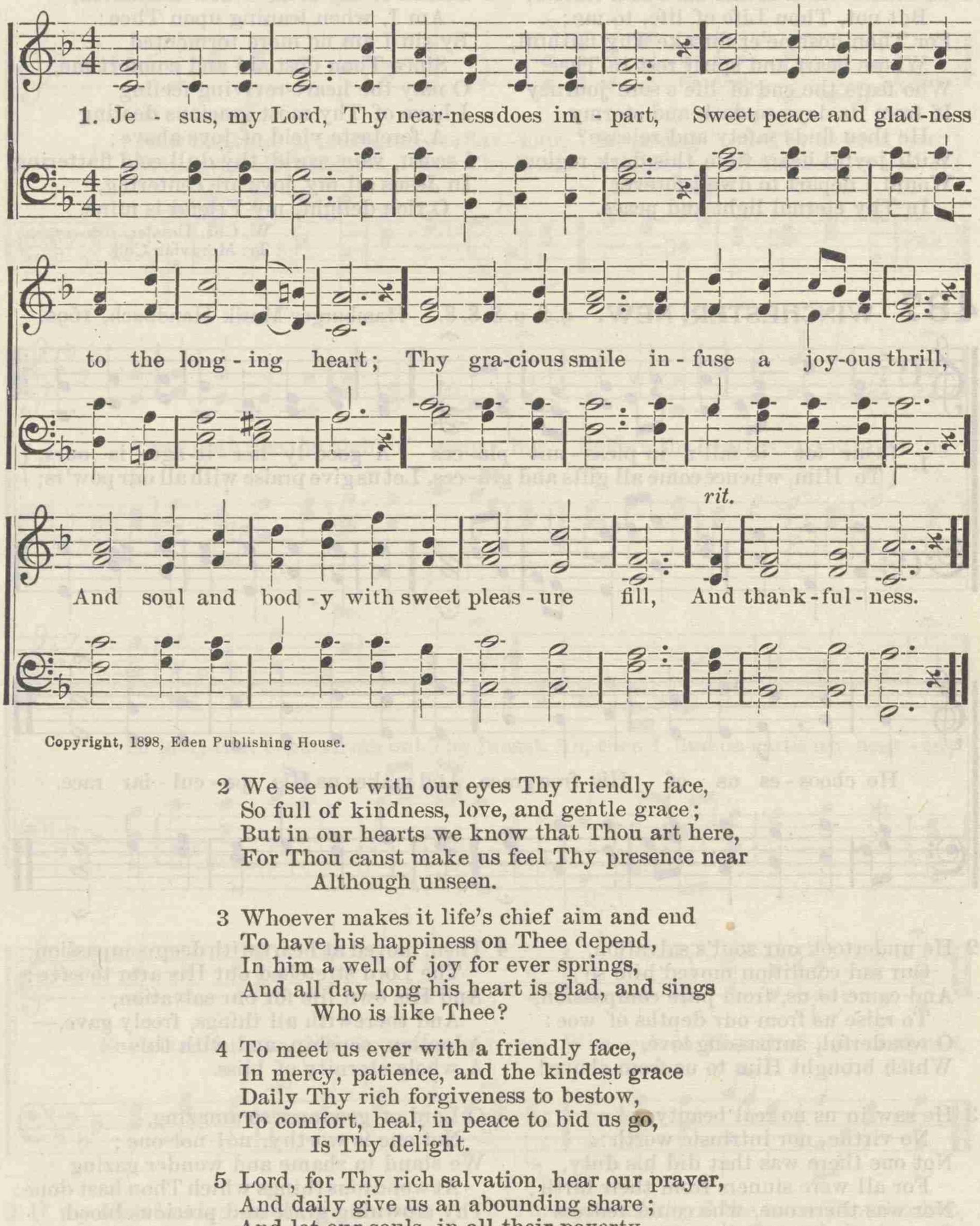
4 Then, moved at heart with deep compassion,
The Lord stretched out His arm to save:
And His own life for our salvation,
And therewith all things, freely gave,—
Adoption, sonship, and with this
A whole eternity of bliss.

5 O Lord of goodness so amazing,
Not one is worthy, no! not one;
We stand in shame and wonder gazing
At wondrous things which Thou hast done:
Thy crowning grace and precious blood
Have reconciled us with our God.

6 We feel quite certain of obtaining
Nothing but goodness from Thy hand,
And wend our way, without complaining
Through dreary mist and barren land
With heaven in view, where we shall be,
Joined through eternity to Thee.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1836, tr.

488 JESUS, THY NEARNESS. 10. 10. 10. 10. 4. Friedrich G. Haas, 1896.



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2 We see not with our eyes Thy friendly face,
So full of kindness, love, and gentle grace;
But in our hearts we know that Thou art here,
For Thou canst make us feel Thy presence near
Although unseen.

3 Whoever makes it life's chief aim and end
To have his happiness on Thee depend,
In him a well of joy for ever springs,
And all day long his heart is glad, and sings
Who is like Thee?

4 To meet us ever with a friendly face,
In mercy, patience, and the kindest grace
Daily Thy rich forgiveness to bestow,
To comfort, heal, in peace to bid us go,
Is Thy delight.

5 Lord, for Thy rich salvation, hear our prayer,
And daily give us an abounding share;
And let our souls, in all their poverty,
From deep-felt love be looking unto Thee
Till life's last end.

6 In sorrowing hours may our e'erflowing eyes
For comfort look to Thy dear sacrifice;
And, with Thy cross before us, may we find
Thy genuine image stamped upon our mind,
In constant view!

7 Lord, at all times mayst Thou within us find
A loving spirit and a childlike mind;
And from Thy wounds may we receive the power,
Through all life's weal and woe, in every hour
To cling to Thee.

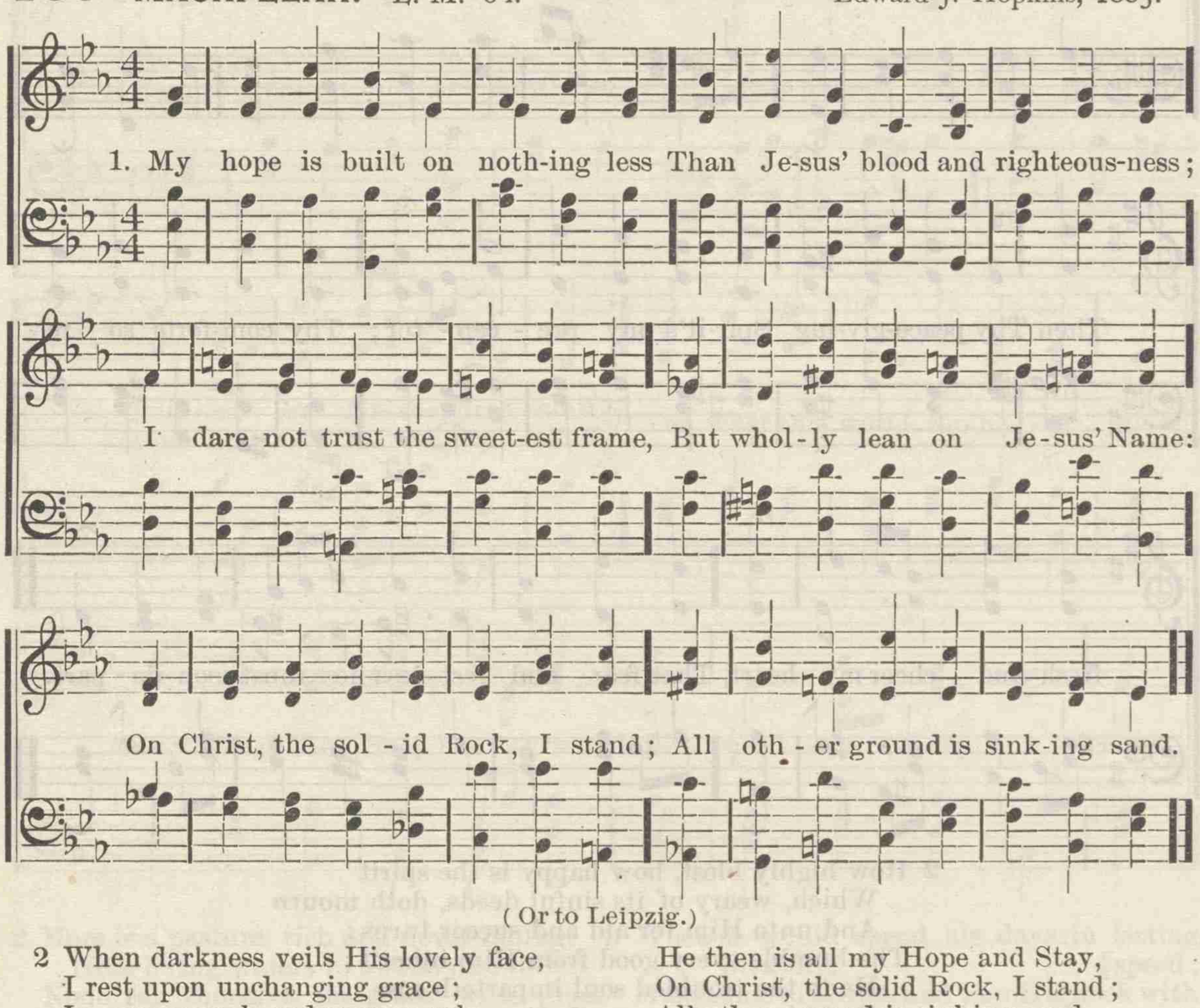
8 Thus, till the heavens receive us, shall we be
Like children, finding all our joys in Thee;
And though the tears of sorrow oft must fall,
Yet, if Thou to our hearts art all in all,
Sweet peace will come.

9 Thy wounded hand, dear Saviour, as a friend,
Thou dost to us in faithfulness extend;
At the sad sight our tears must flow,
And conscious shame come o'er us as we go,
With thankful praise.

Christian Gregor, 1778.
Tr. Edward Reynolds, M. D.

489 MACHPELAH. L. M. 61.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1885.



(Or to Leipzig.)

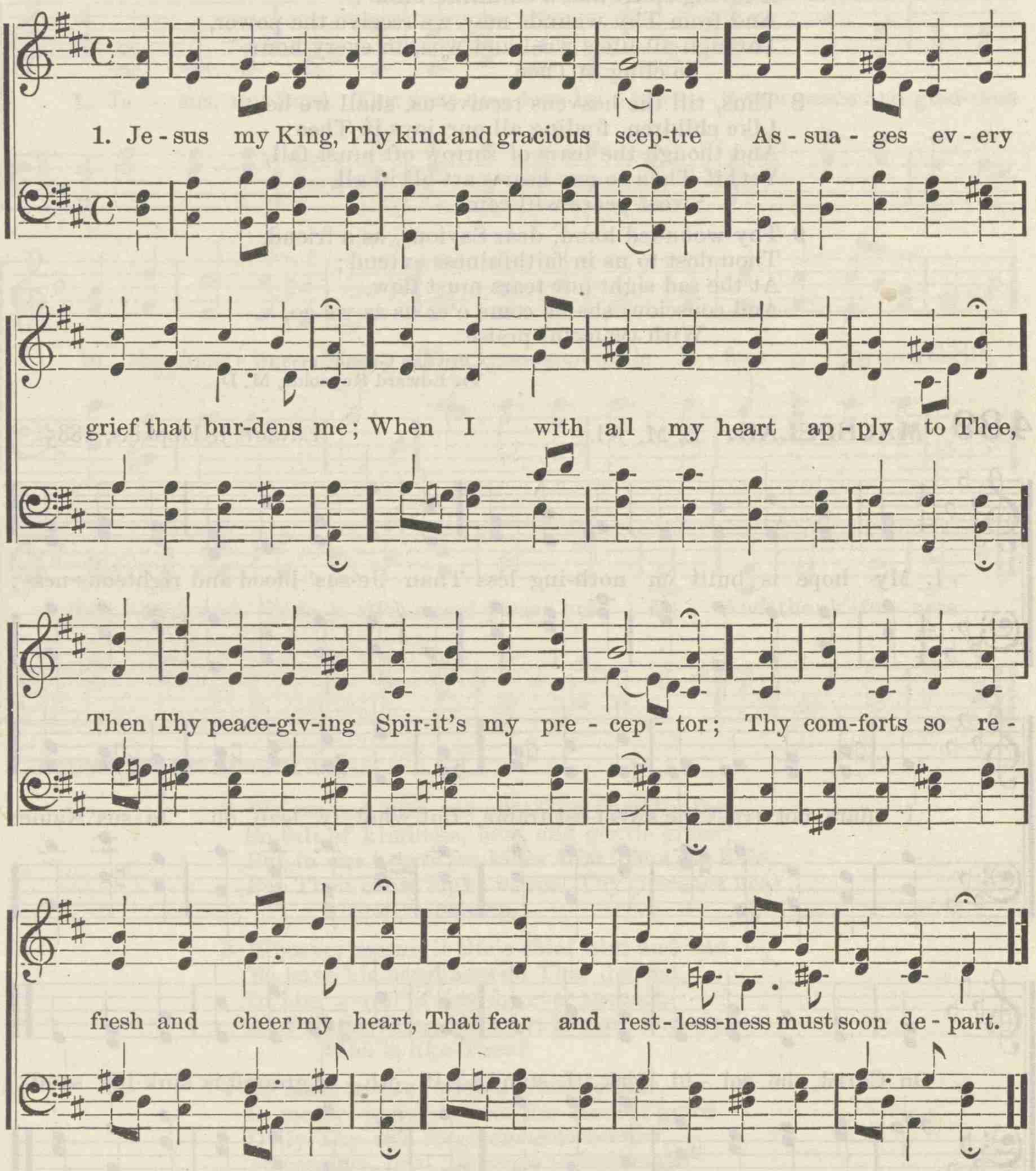
2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest upon unchanging grace;
In every rough and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and His blood
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my Hope and Stay,
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When I shall launch in worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in Him;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Rev. Edward Mote, c. 1834.

490 MEIN SALOMO. 11. 10. 10. 11. 10. 10. J. A. Freylinghausen, 1714.



2 How highly blest, how happy is the spirit
Which, weary of its sinful deeds, doth mourn
And unto Him for aid and succor turns:
The humble every good from Him inherit;
He to the troubled soul imparteth ease
Restoring to the wounded conscience peace.

3 That which the law could have imparted never,
Is then produced alone by Jesus' grace;
This is the source of genuine godliness:
This changes and reforms our whole behavior;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace lead on,
We safely walk, until our race is run.

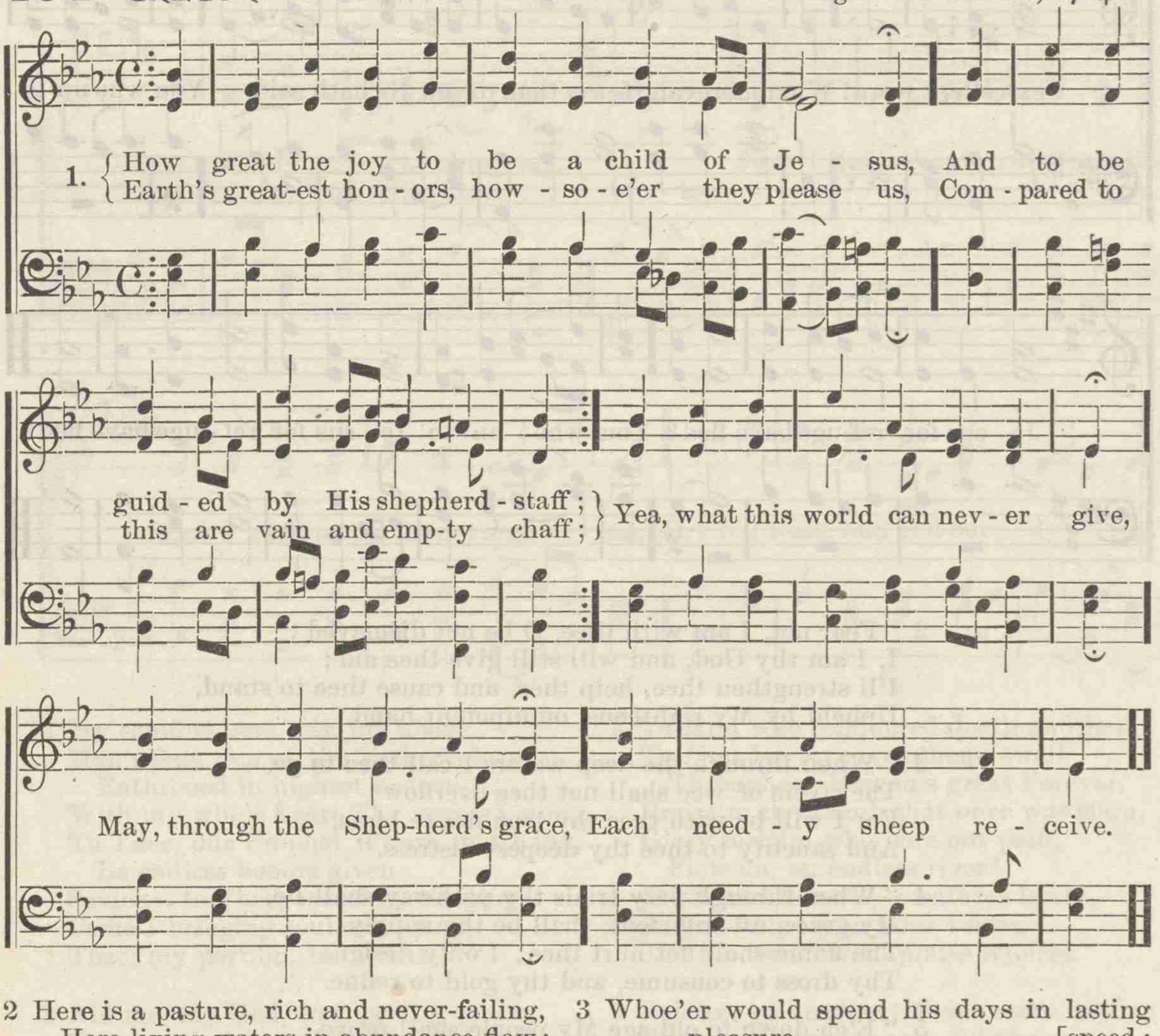
4 O may I look to Christ in every station;
Come visit me, Thou Day-spring from on high,
That in Thy light the light I may espy,
On grace depending as my sole foundation;
Confirm my faith, grant that no fault in me
May intercept the light that beams from Thee.

5 Thou Source of love, I rest in Thy embraces,
Thou art alone my everlasting peace;
My only treasure is Thy boundless grace;
'Tis heaven on earth to live upon Thy mercies;
And since in Thee all happiness I find,
I seek nought else to satisfy my mind.

Chr. Friedr. Richter, 1676–1711.

491 GREGOR. 11. 10. 11. 10. 8. 6. 6.

Chr. Gregor's Choralbuch, 1784.



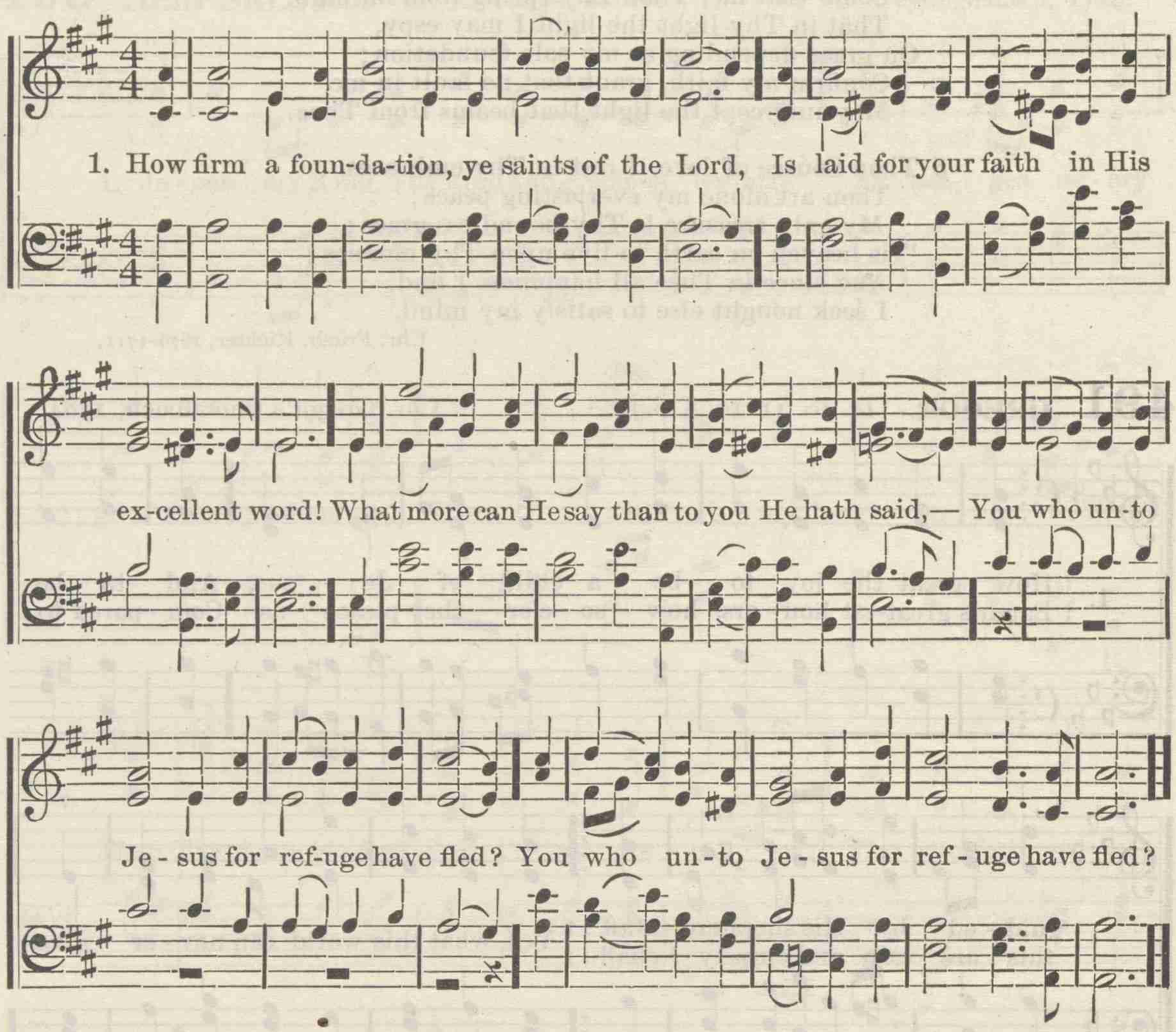
2 Here is a pasture, rich and never-failing,
Here living waters in abundance flow;
None can conceive the grace with them prevailing,
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know:
He banishes all fear and strife,
And leads them gently on
To everlasting life.

3 Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting pleasure,
Must come to Christ, and join His flock with speed;
Here is a feast prepared, rich beyond measure,
The world meanwhile on empty husks must feed:
Those souls may share in every good
Whose Shepherd doth possess
The treasuries of God.

Johann Jacob Rambach, 1693–1735.
Tr. Moravian Coll.

492 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11. 11. 11. 11.

John Reading, 1680.



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne."

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

George Keith, 1787.

493 MORNING STAR. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8. Philip Nicolai, 1599.

2 My comfort here, my joy above,
Man's Son, Son of the Father's love,
Enthroned in highest heaven,
With my whole heart Thy praise I sing;
To Thee, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Be endless honors given.
Saviour, to Thee, trusting, clinging,
Come I bringing soul and spirit,
Thee, my portion, to inherit.

3 Aid me, my God, to sing Thy praise,
Thine ageless love, Thy matchless grace,
In Christ our Lord appearing.
When such a gift God gave for thee,
When such a brother true is He,
Why still, my soul, be fearing?
Choose Him, know Him, greatest, dearest,
Best, and nearest, to befriend thee
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

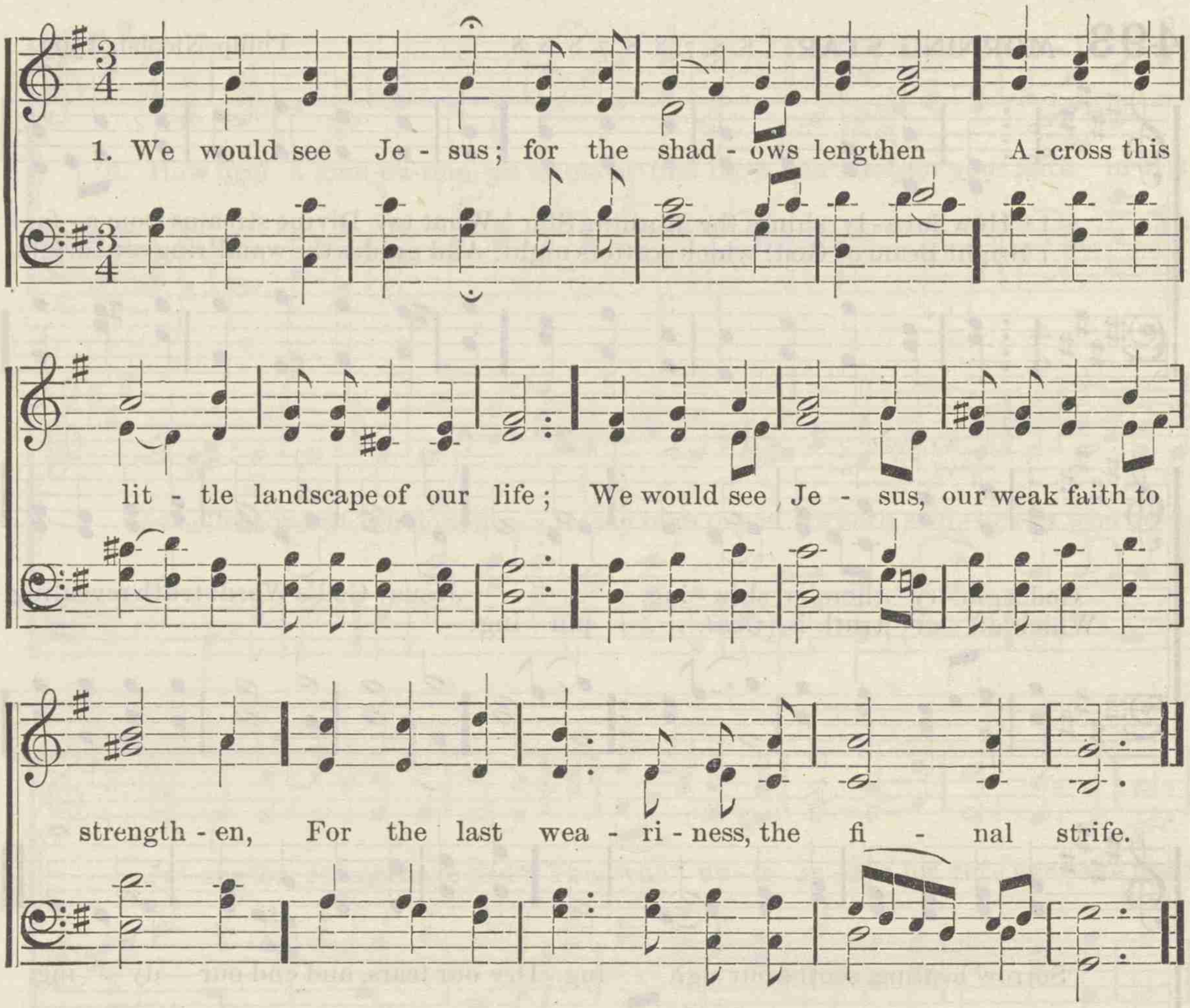
4 To Him who conquered death and hell,
To Him let joyous anthems swell
Throughout heaven's great Forever.
Praise to the Lamb that once was slain,
Glory to Him who bore our pain,
Flow on, an endless river!
Earth and heaven—creatures lowly,
Angels holy—join your voices,
Till the world with praise rejoices.

5 Rejoice, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply:
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
For this His incarnation.
Incarnate God, put forth Thy power,
Ride on, ride on, great Conqueror,
Till all know Thy salvation.
Amen, Amen: Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! praise be given
Evermore by earth and heaven!

Philip Nicolai, 1599.
Tr. Rev. John M. Sloan, 1869.

494 VISIO DOMINI. 11. 10. 11. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1877.



2 We would see Jesus, the great Rock Foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

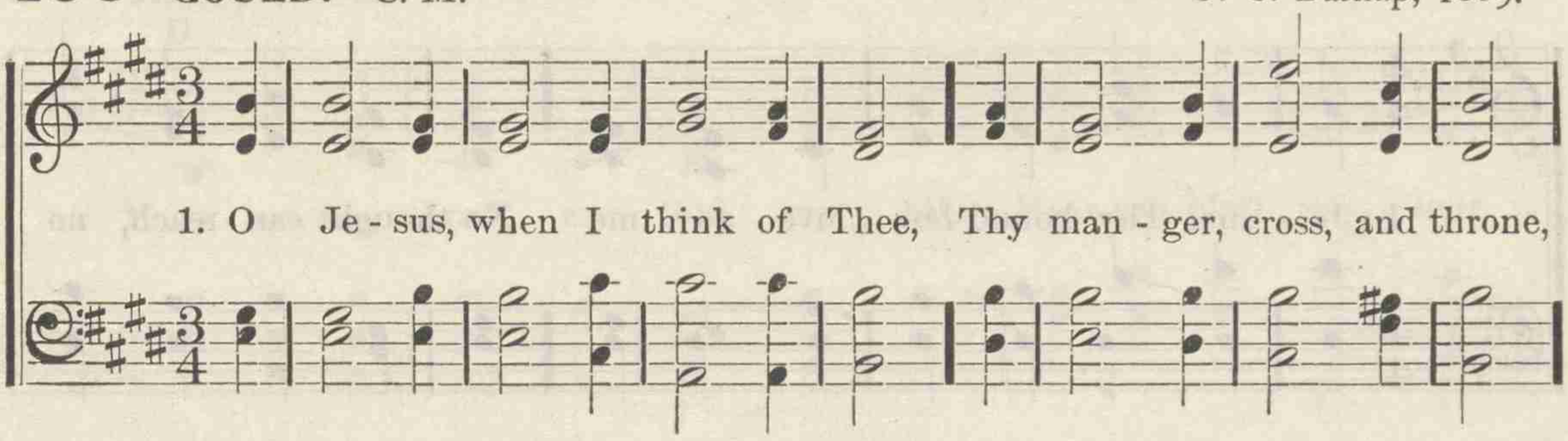
5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Ellen Ellis, 1858.

495 GOULD. C. M.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



1 O Jesus, when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest Name.

3 In each, a brother's love I trace
By power Divine exprest,
One in Thy Father God's embrace,
As on Thy mother's breast.

4 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

5 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin?
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

6 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my All in all."

Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847.

496 C. M.

1 Fountain of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfill.

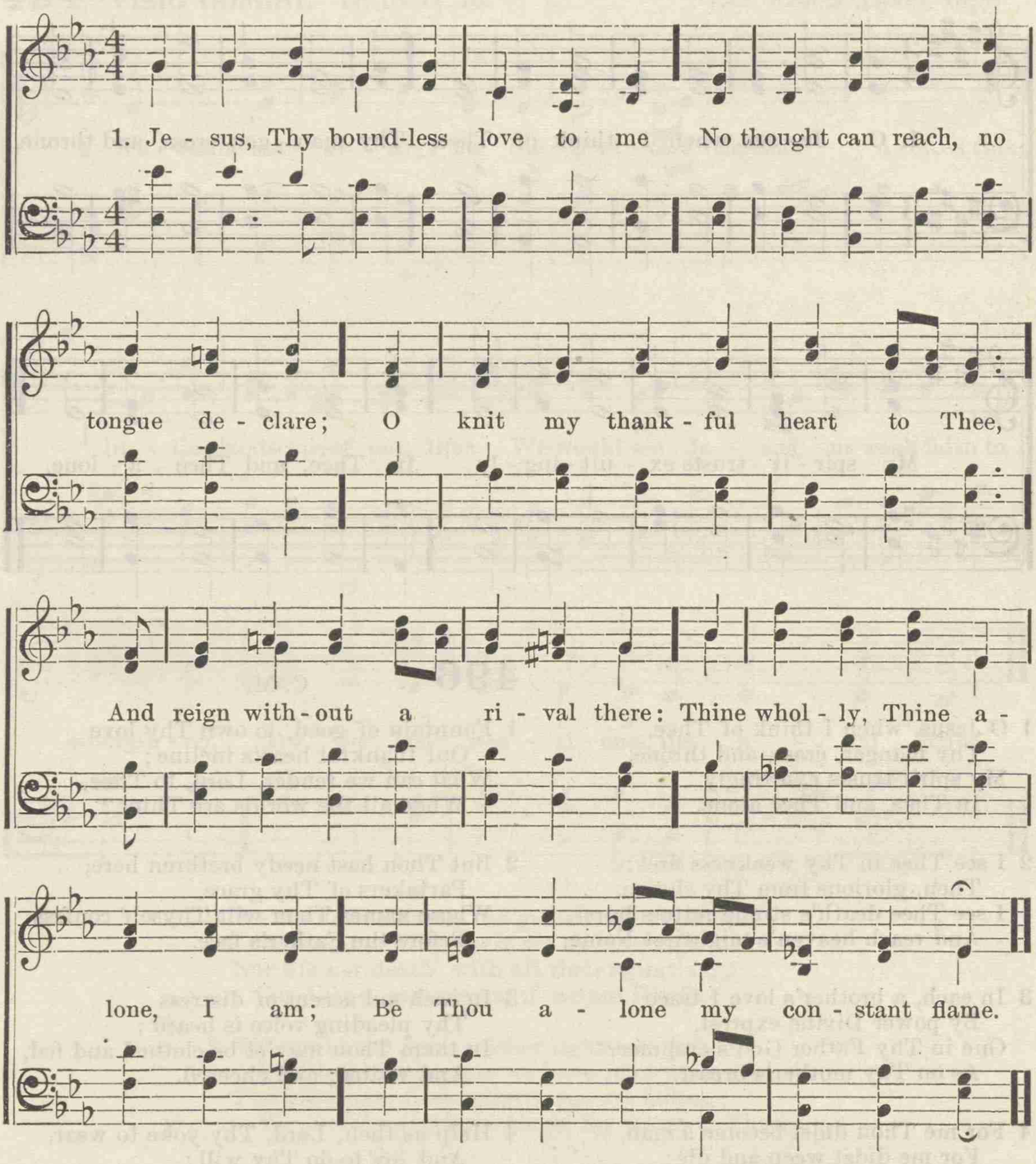
5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755

497 VALETE. L. M. 61.

Arthur Sullivan, 1842-



2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Or hear, or feel, or think, but Thee.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.
Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1739, alt.

498 JESU, DOMINE. L. M. 61.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872.

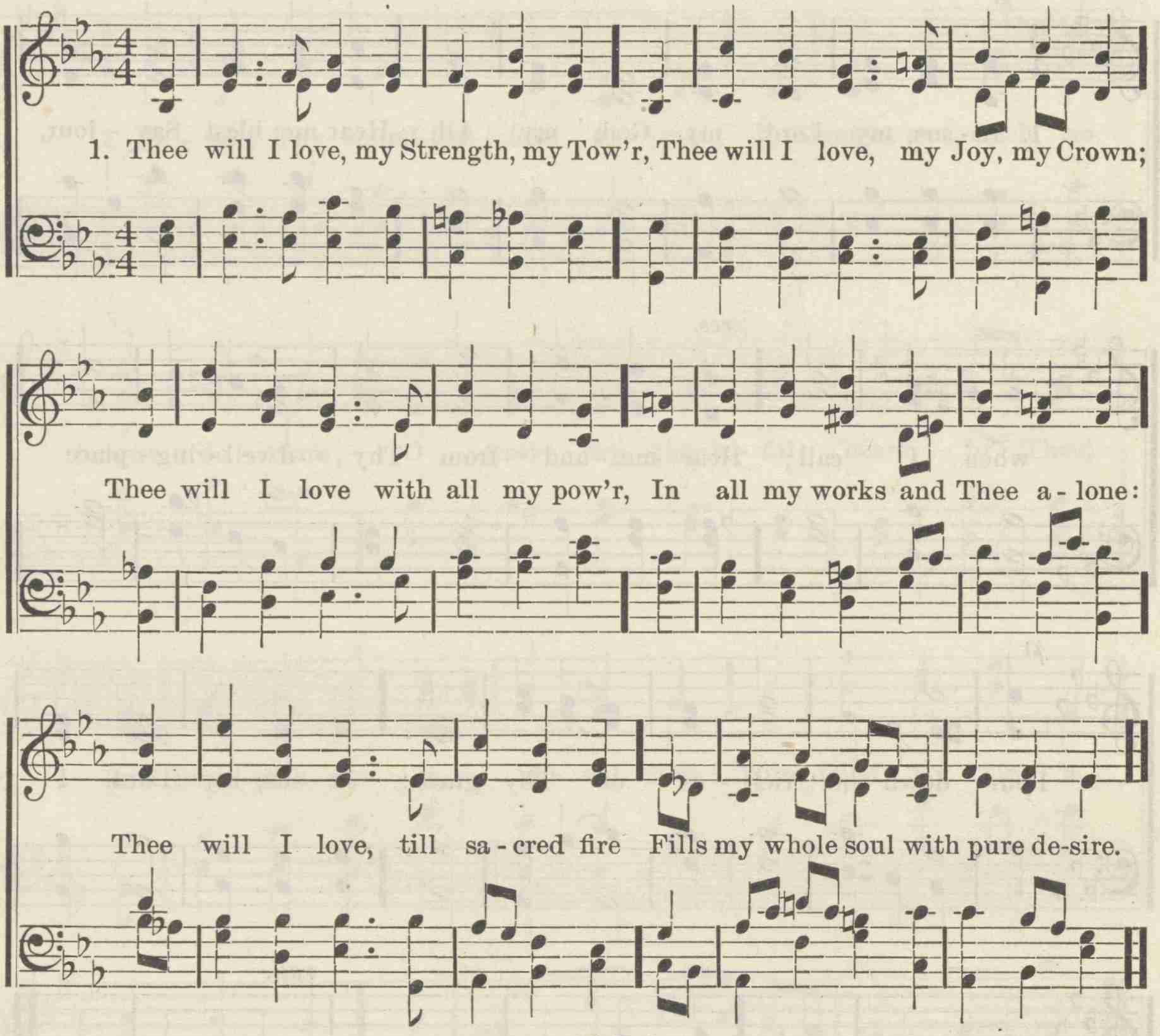
2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
So make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Rev. Henry Collins, 1854.

499 MUNDI REDEMPTOR. L. M. 61. T. Worsley Staniforth, 1890.



500 L. M. 61.

2 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet, from Thee I roved;
For wide my wandering tho'ts were spread;
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

John Scheffler, 1657.
Tr. John Wesley, 1739.

1 Jesus, Thou Source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in Thee Divine;
Our Strength to quell the proudest foes;
Our Light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our Fortress, Strength and Tower,
Our Trust and Portion, evermore.

2 Jesus, our Comforter Thou art;
Our Rest in toil, our Ease in pain;
The Balm to heal each broken heart,
In storms our Peace, in loss our Gain;
Our Joy beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our Glory and our Crown;—

3 In want, our plentiful Supply;
In weakness, our almighty Power;
In bonds, our perfect Liberty;
Our Refuge in temptation's hour;
Our Comfort when in grief and thrall;
Our Life in death; our All in all.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742.

501 BOARDMAN. C. M.

L. Devereux. Arr. by George Kingsley, 1839.

502 C. M.

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming Name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

2 Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

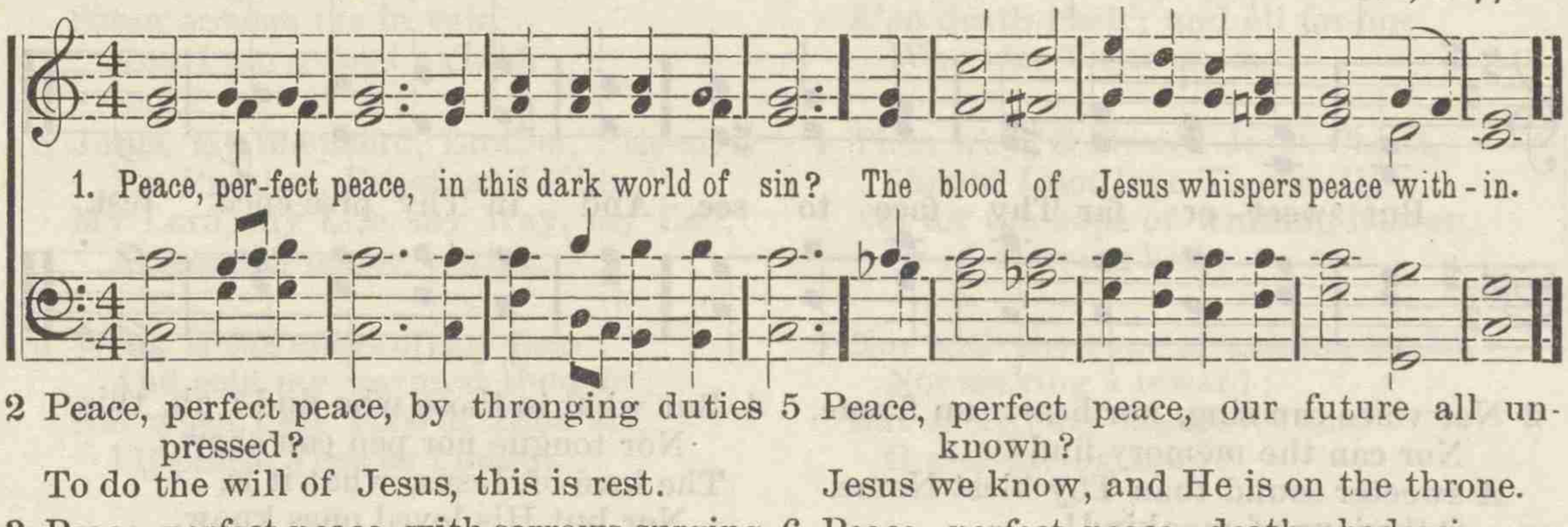
4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy Name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

5 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1740.

503 PAX TECUM. 10. 10.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877.



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

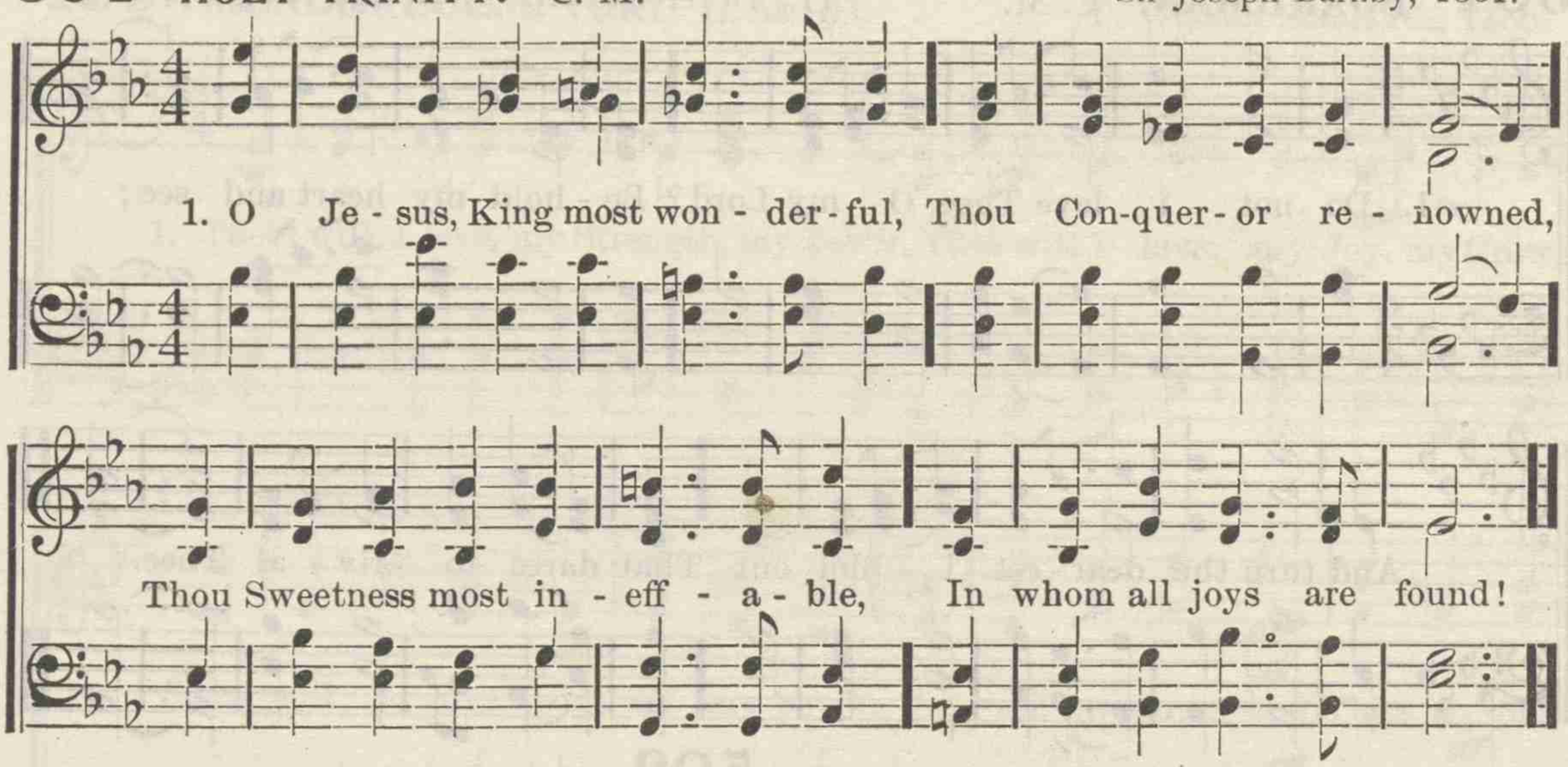
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its pow'rs.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875.

504 HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861.



2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love Divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

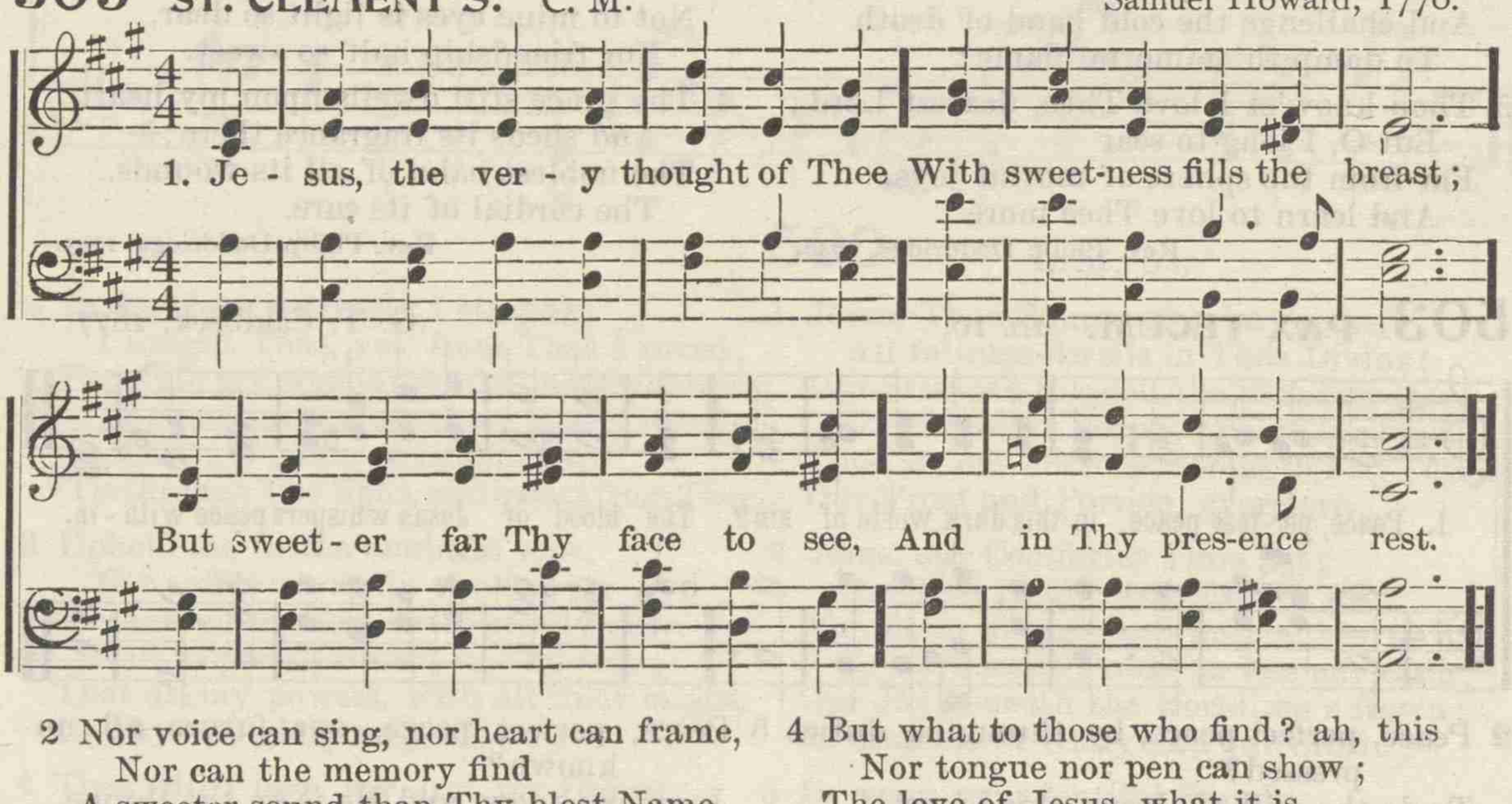
4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153.
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849.

505 ST. CLEMENT'S. C. M.

Samuel Howard, 1770.



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

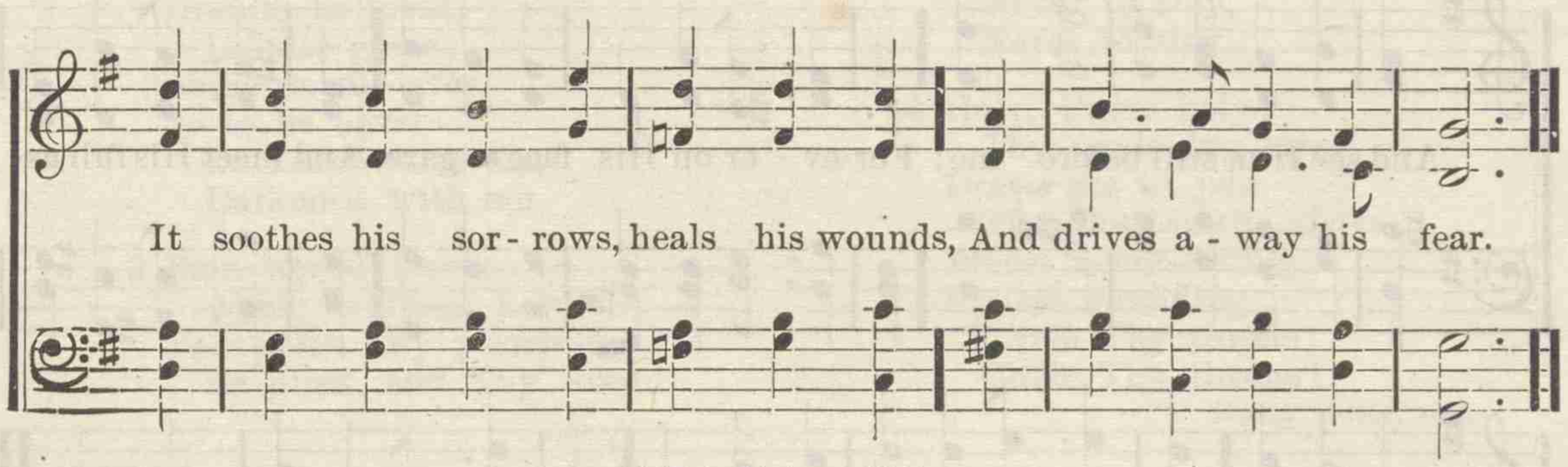
4 But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
Nor but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou!
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153.
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1848.

506 ST. OSWIN. C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1870.



(Or to Ortonville.)

507 C. M.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary Rest.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace;

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton, 1779, alt.

1 My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not,
Must die eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

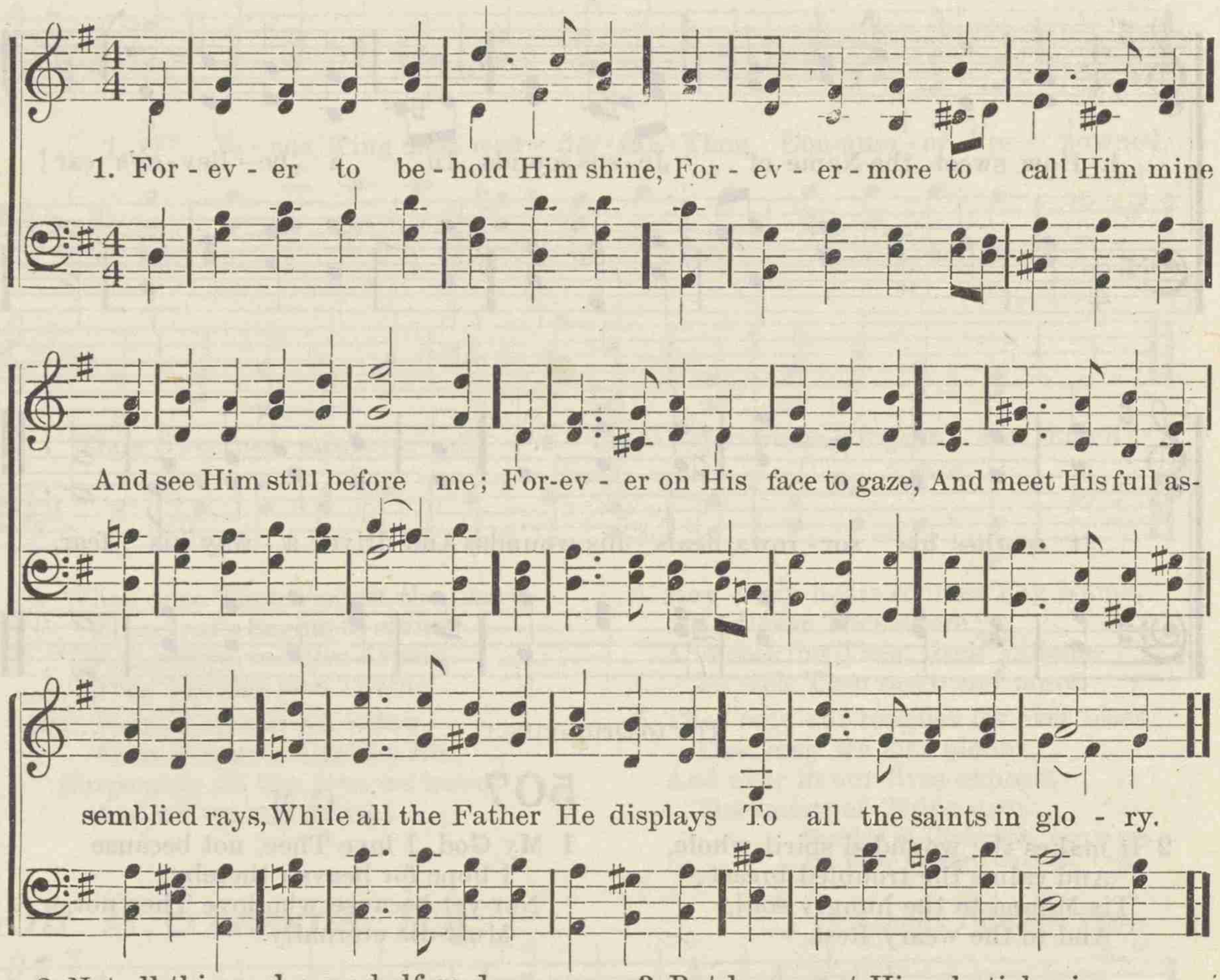
5 Nor with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord?

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

Francis Xavier, 1506-1552.
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849, alt

508 ERCULEO. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8. 7.

Arthur H. Mann, 1895.



2 Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here—
What must it be in heaven?
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say
As now I journey day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

3 But how must His celestial voice
Make my enraptured heart rejoice,
When I in glory hear Him?
While I before the heavenly gate
For everlasting entrance wait;
And Jesus, on His throne of state,
Invites me to come near Him.

4 "Come in, thou blessèd, sit by Me;
With my own life I ransomed thee;
Come, taste My perfect favor:
Come in, thou happy spirit, come;
Thou now shalt dwell at home with Me;
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,
For he must stay for ever.

Edward Swaine, 1830.

509 TORKESEY. 6. 4. 6. 4. 5. 5. 4.

Arthur H. Mann, 1895.

2 Shine with the Light
Of Emmanuel's face,
Infinite holiness,
Infinite grace;
Shine on me ever,
So to be never
Darkened with sin,
Darkened with sin.

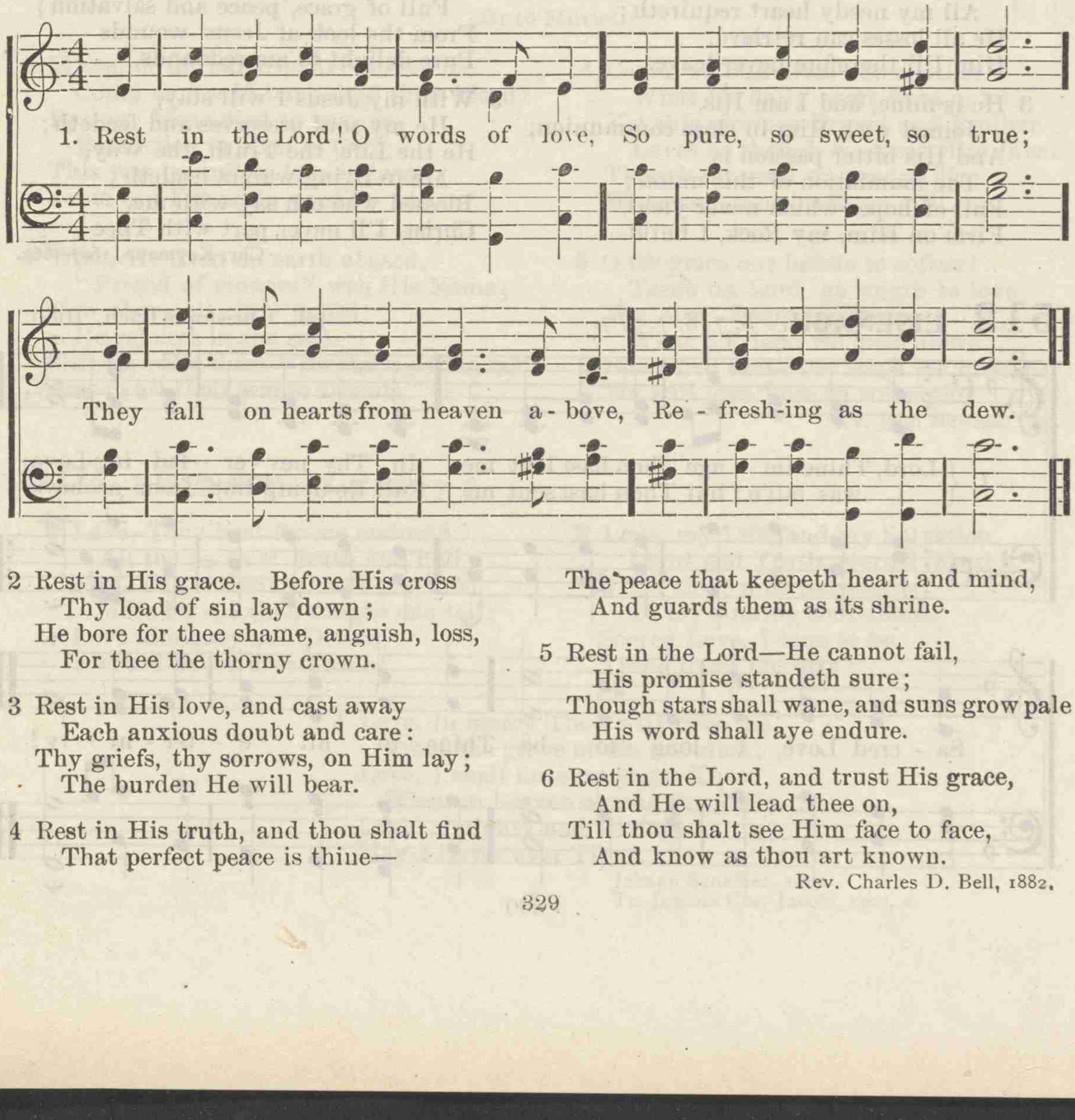
3 Fain would I ever
Abide in Thee, Lord!
Fain with Thy presence
Be filled, and Thy word.
Now, now receive me,
Never to grieve Thee,
Never to stay,
Never to stay.

4 Holy, thrice holy!
Thy pardoning love
Draws me to join
The blest spirits above
Whose never-ending
Praises ascending
Circle Thy throne!
Circle Thy throne!

Henry Moule, 1878.

510 ST. SAVIOUR. C. M.

Frederick G. Baker, 1876.



2 Rest in His grace. Before His cross
Thy load of sin lay down;
He bore for thee shame, anguish, loss,
For thee the thorny crown.

3 Rest in His love, and cast away
Each anxious doubt and care:
Thy griefs, thy sorrows, on Him lay;
The burden He will bear.

4 Rest in His truth, and thou shalt find
That perfect peace is thine—
The peace that keepeth heart and mind,
And guards them as its shrine.

5 Rest in the Lord—He cannot fail,
His promise standeth sure;
Though stars shall wane, and suns grow pale
His word shall aye endure.

6 Rest in the Lord, and trust His grace,
And He will lead thee on,
Till thou shalt see Him face to face,
And know as thou art known.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

511 ULICH. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Johann Ulich, 1674.

2 Nothing here can satisfy
One desire which God inspireth;
Only Jesus can supply
All my needy heart requireth;
He all losses can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am His,
Joined with Him in close communion;
And His bitter passion is
The foundation of this union;
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on Him, my Rock, I build.

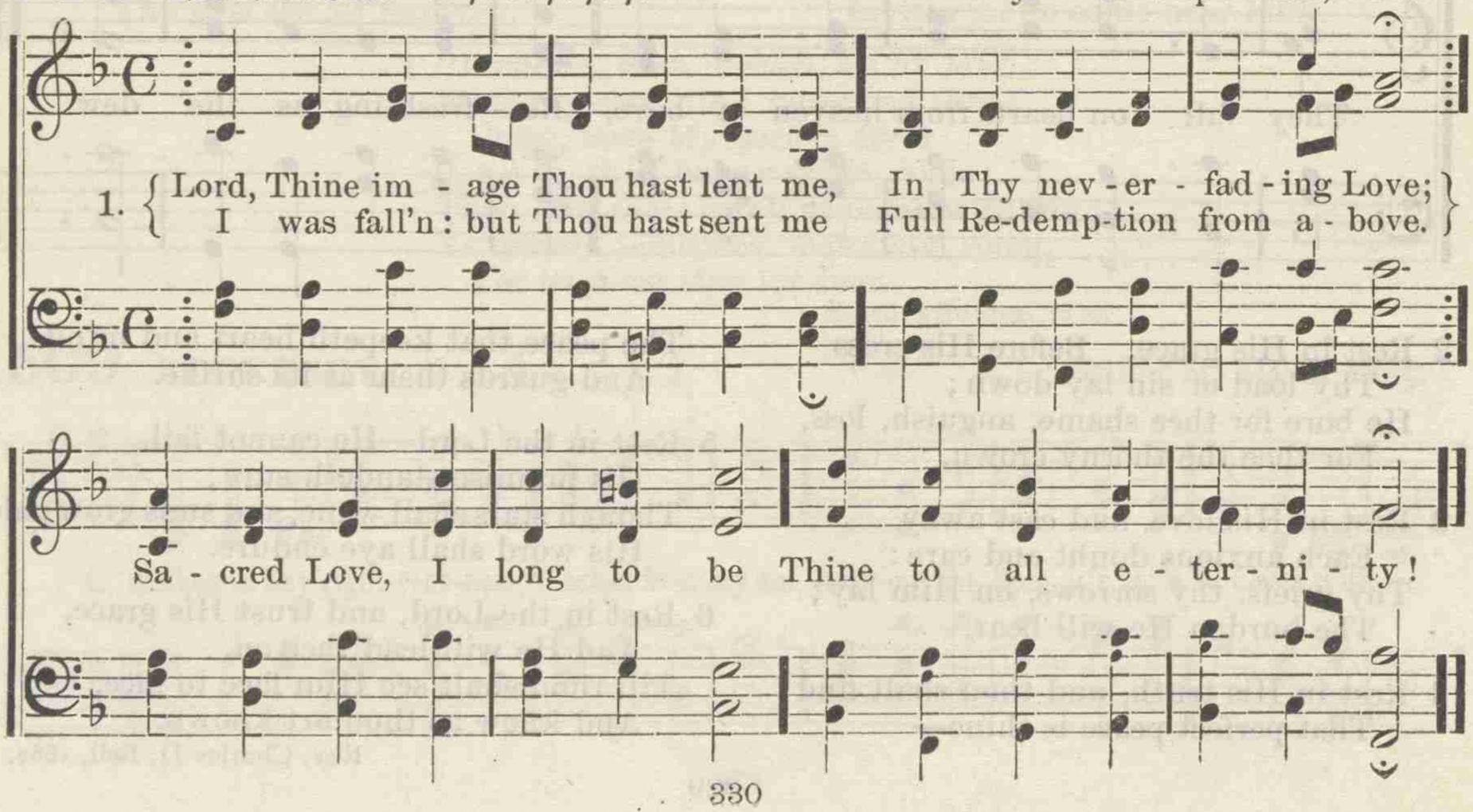
4 O the happy hours I spend
With Him in blessed conversation;
He's my near and faithful Friend,
Full of grace, peace and salvation;
From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves and feedeth;
He the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Me to living waters leadeth;
Blessèd who can say with me,
Christ, I'll never part with Thee!

Chr. Keymann, 1607–1662.

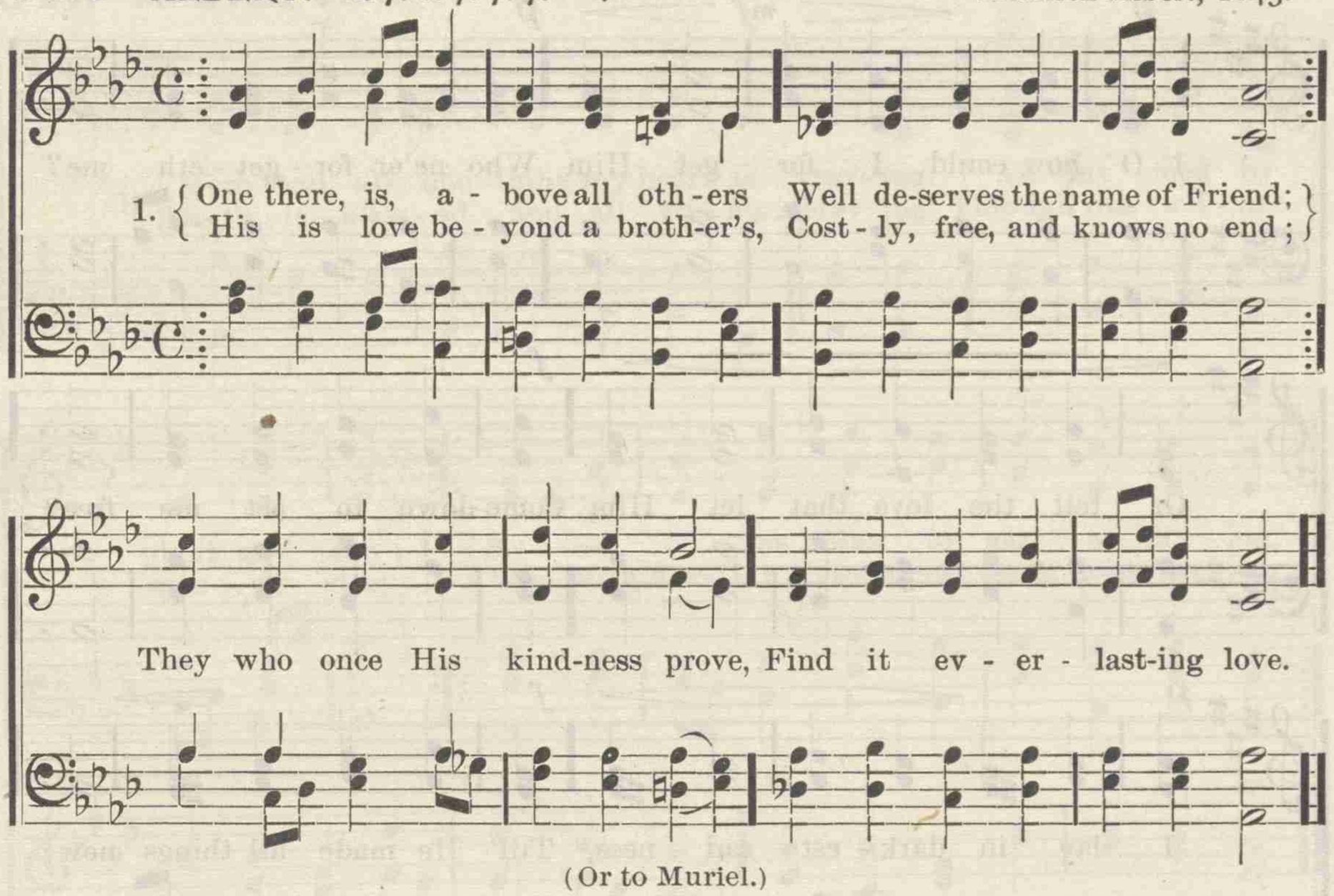
512 EISENACH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joh. Christoph Bach, 1680.



513 ALBERT. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Heinrich Albert, 1643.



(Or to Muriel.)

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God;
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a Friend in need!

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His Name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them "Brethren—friends,"
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton, 1779.

512 EISENACH. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

2 Love, Thou hast for me endurèd
All the pains of death and hell;
Nay, Thy sufferings have procurèd
More for me than tongue can tell:
Love almighty and Divine,
I would be for ever Thine!

3 Love, my Life, and my Salvation,
Light and Truth, eternal Word!
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford.
Sacred Love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity!

4 Love, in mercy Thou wilt raise me
From the grave of sin and dust;
Love, I shall for ever praise Thee
When in heaven among the just;
Love, almighty and Divine,
May I be for ever Thine.

Johann Scheffler, 1657.
Tr. Johann Chr. Jacobi, 1722, a.

514 MONS. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Orlando Lasso, 1520–1594.

2 O how could I e'er leave Him
Who is so kind a Friend?
Or how could ever grieve Him
Who thus to me doth bend?
Have I not seen Him dying
For us on yonder tree?
Do I not hear Him crying:
Arise and follow Me!

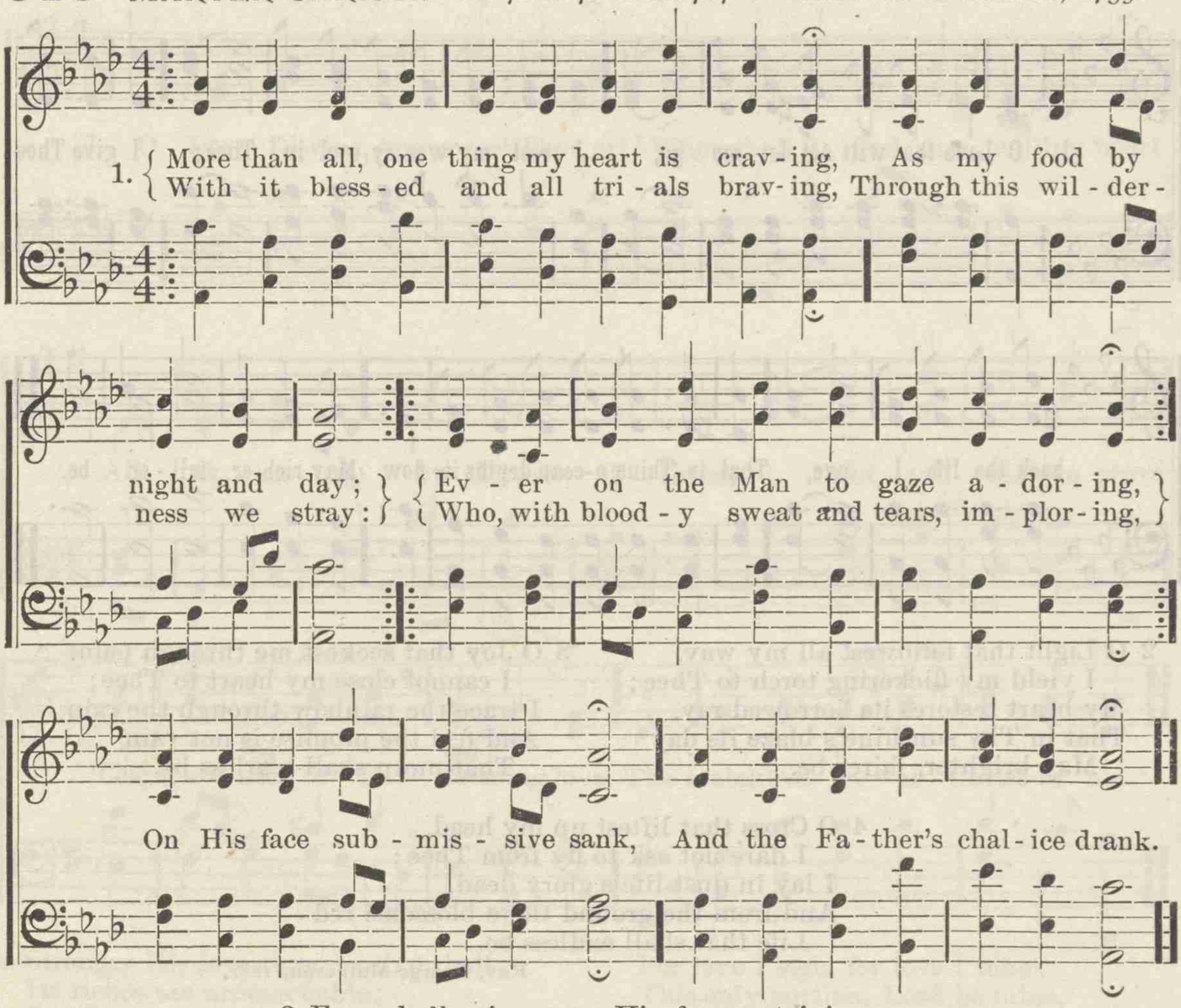
3 For ever will I love Him
Who saw my hopeless plight,
Who felt my sorrows move Him,
And brought me life and light:
Whose arm shall be around me
When my last hour is come,
And suffer none to wound me,
Though dark the passage home.

4 He gives me pledges holy,
His body and His blood.
He lifts the scorned, the lowly,
He makes my courage good;
For He will reign within me,
And shed His graces there:
The heaven He died to win me
Can I then fail to share?

5 In joy and sorrow ever
Shine through me, blessed Heart,
Who bleeding for us never
Didst shrink from sorest smart!
Whate'er I've loved or striven
Or borne, I bring to Thee;
Now let Thy heart and heaven
Stand open, Lord, to me!

Gottlob Chr. Kern, 1835.
Tr. in "Christ in Song."

515 MARTER CHRISTI. 10. 7. 10. 7. 10. 10. 7. 7. Gnadauer Choralbuch, 1735.



2 Ever shall mine eyes, His form retaining,
View the Lamb once slain for me,
As He yonder, pale and uncomplaining,
Hangs upon the bitter tree;
As He thirsting, wrestled in His anguish,
That in hell my soul might never languish,–
Of me thinking, when His cry,
"It is finished!" rose on high.

3 O my Saviour! never shall Thy kindness,
Nor my guilt, forgotten be:
When I sat a stranger in my blindness,
Thou didst still remember me;
For Thy sheep Thou long hadst interceded,
Ere the Shepherd's gentle voice was heeded,
And—a costly ransom-price!—
Bought me with Thy sacrifice.

4 I am Thine! Say Thou, "Amen, for ever!"
Blessed Jesus, mine Thou art!
Let Thy precious Name escape me never;
Stamp it burning on my heart.
With Thee all things bearing and achieving;
In Thee both to live and die, believing:
This our solemn covenant be,
Till my spirit rest in Thee!

Albert Knapp, 1798–1864.
Tr. Prof. Thos. Porter, 1868.

516 MARGARET. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peace, 1885.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matl eson, 1882.

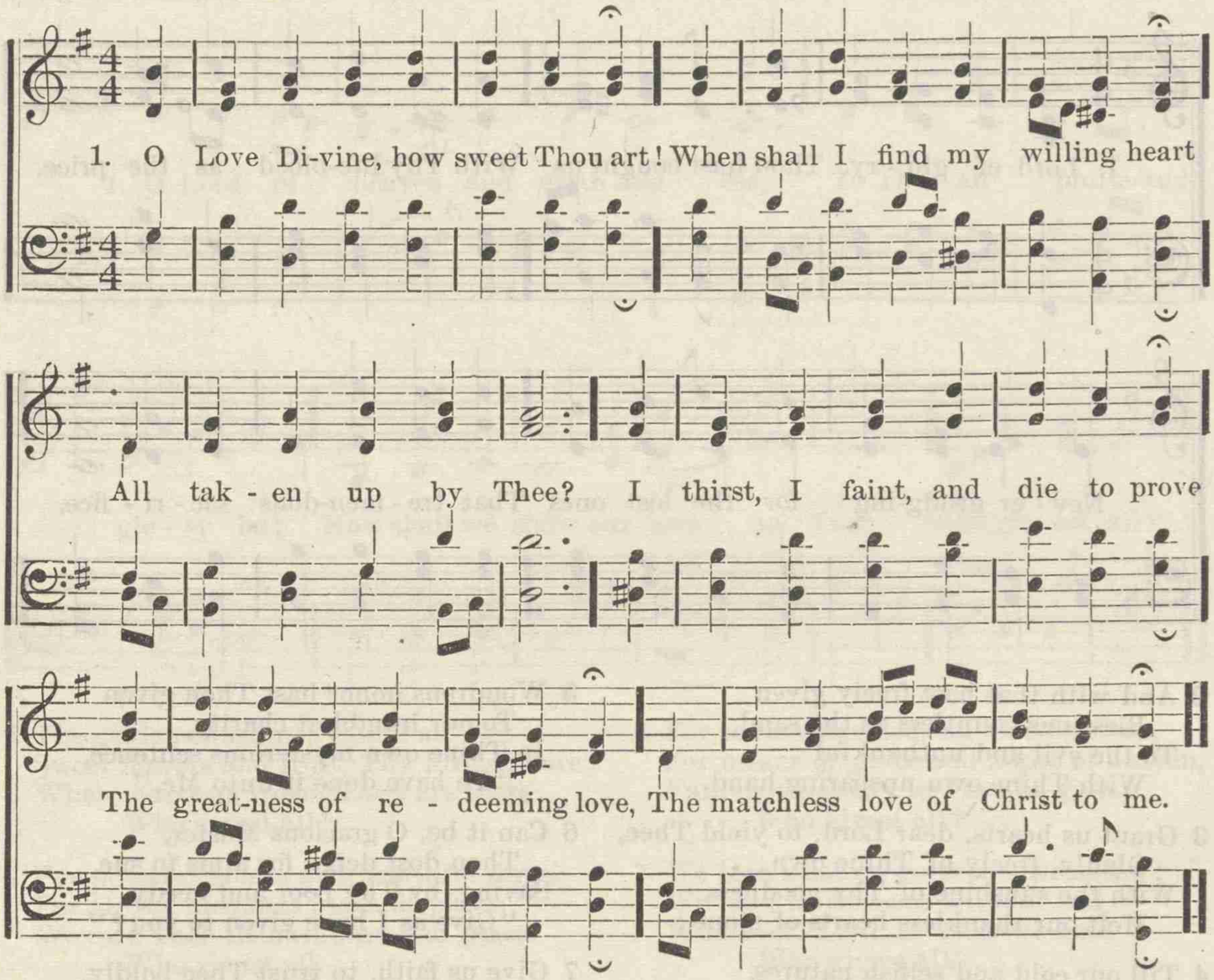
517 LEWISHAM. 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

Samuel Gee, 1834-

(Or to Fatherland.)

518 INSBRUCK. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8.

Heinrich Isaac, 1490.



2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
Nor span the length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart.
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord be mine,
Forever mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To listen to the Bridegroom's voice.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749.

517 LEWISHAM. 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

2 Thou hast died for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am by Thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following Thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force;
Further Thou my course.

4 By Thy Spirit's light
O instruct me right,
That I watch and pray with fervor,
Trusting Thee, my soul's Preserver:
Love unfeigned, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

5 When I hence depart,
Strengthen Thou my heart;
Where Thou art, O Lord convey me;
In Thy righteousness array me,
That at Thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1713.
Moravian Coll., 1754; Alt. 1801.
Tr. J. Gambold.

519 CHILSTON. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arthur H. Mann, 1892.

2 And with that hast freely given
Blessings countless as the sand,
To the evil and unthankful
With Thine own unsparing hand.

3 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;

4 Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessèd
'Tis to give than to receive.

5 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

6 Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

7 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:
But O best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity.

Mrs. E. S. Alderson, 1868.

520 ELMHURST. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887.

521 ALMSGIVING. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee
Who givest all.

9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

520 ELMHURST. 8. 8. 8. 6.

2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen men might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

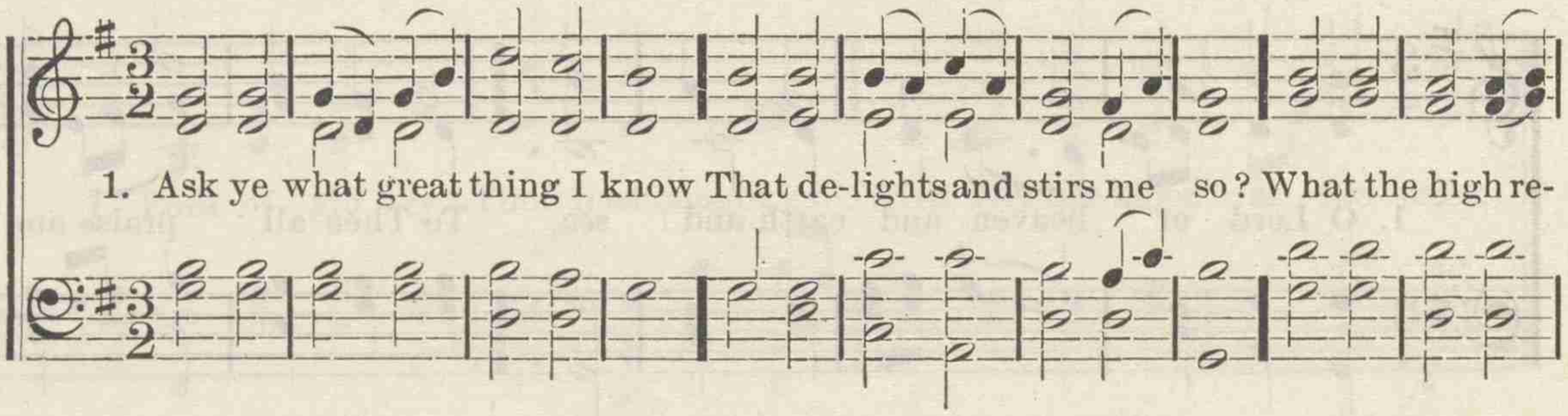
5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

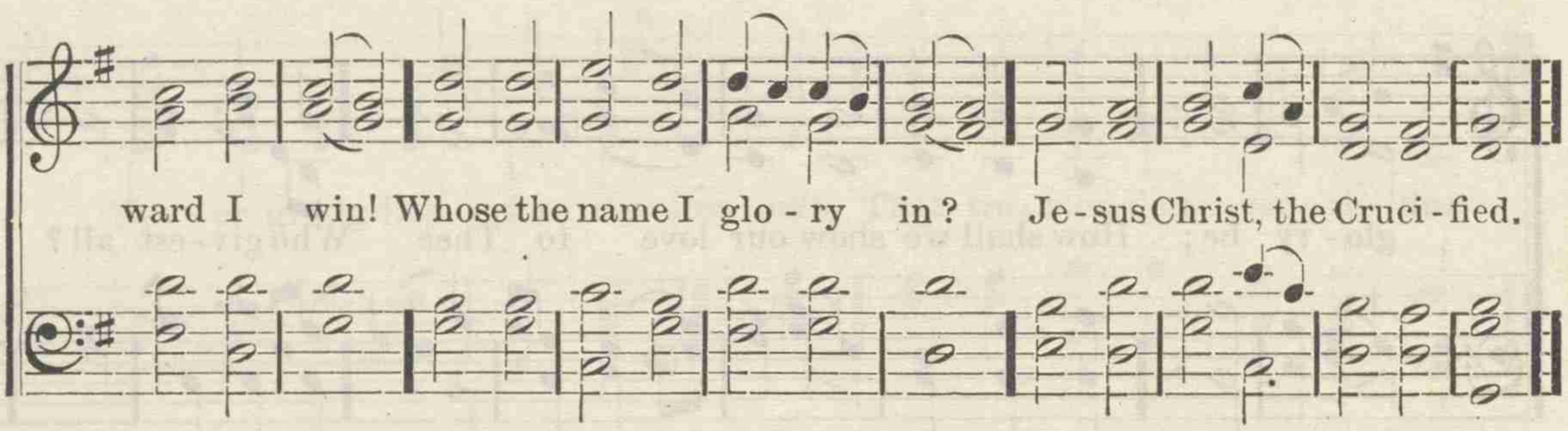
6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who live to Thee.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1877.

522 HENDON. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. H. A. Cæsar Malan, 1827.





2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is Life in life to me?
Who the Death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave;
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863.

523 CANTONE. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arthur H. Mann, 1894.

524 STOBEL. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Old German Melody.

2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord:
O how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord.

3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord:
What need I now to fear,
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

4 Soon Thou wilt come again·
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord:
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842.

523 CANTONE. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

5 When I see in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me
What must their Creator be

6 Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal Thyself to me!
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Johann Scheffler, 1657.
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841.

525 SAVOY CHAPEL. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1870.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O Thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dullness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fullness
Of all Thou wouldst impart
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in Thine.

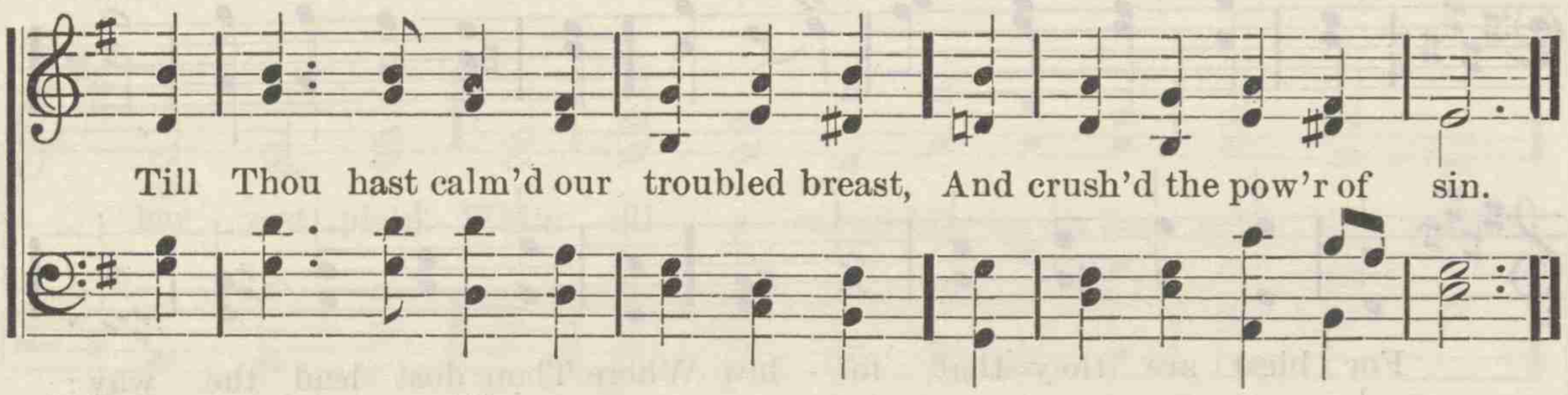
4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee
The only One who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

526 CHESHIRE. C. M.

Este's Psalter.



2 O may we gaze upon Thy cross
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light;

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirt upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There, as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee,
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

527 INNOCENTS. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French Melody.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

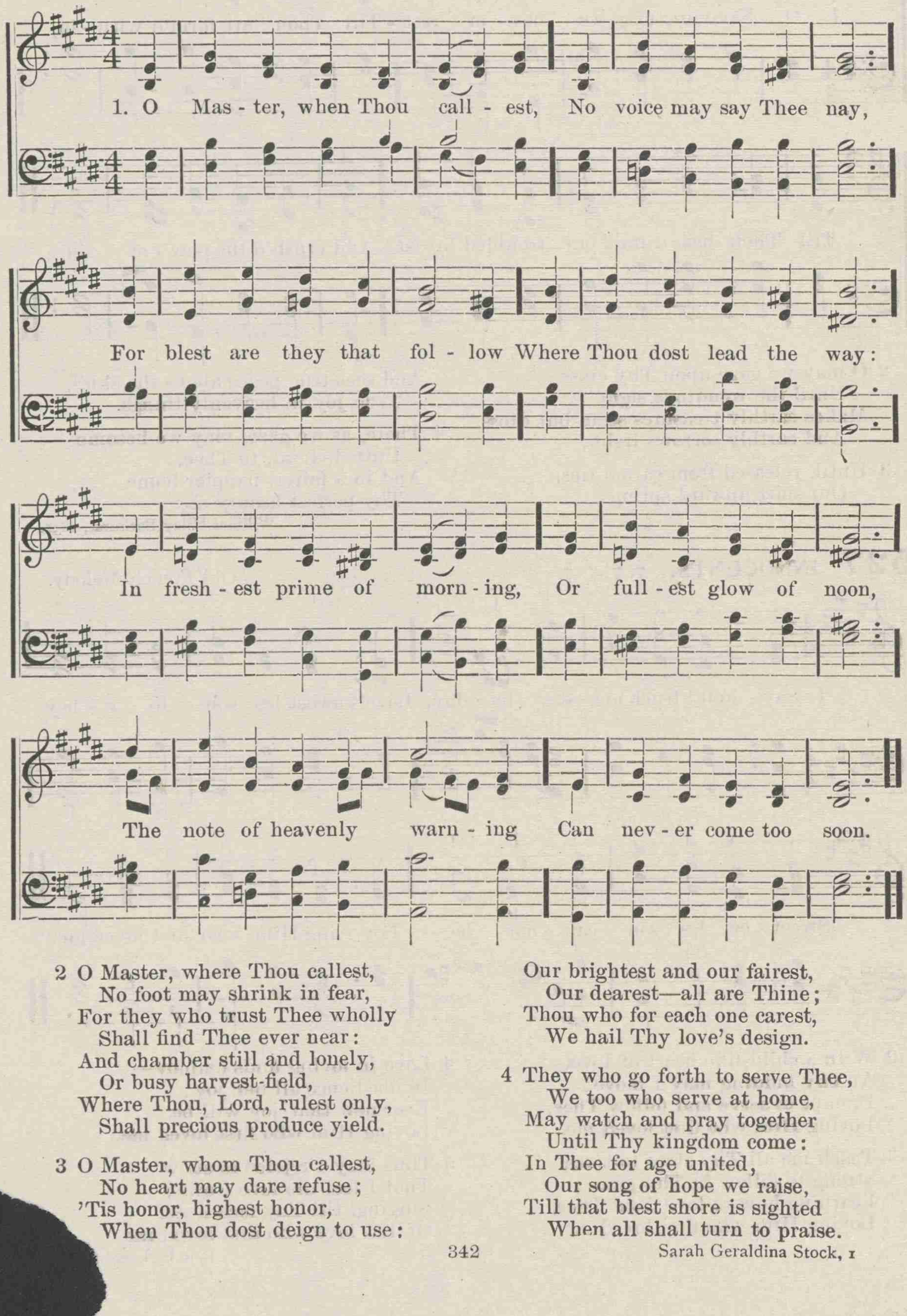
4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leesor

Consecration and Service.

528 **EASTBURG.** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. George William Martin, 1875.



2 O Master, where Thou callest,
No foot may shrink in fear,
For they who trust Thee wholly
Shall find Thee ever near:
And chamber still and lonely,
Or busy harvest-field,
Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
Shall precious produce yield.

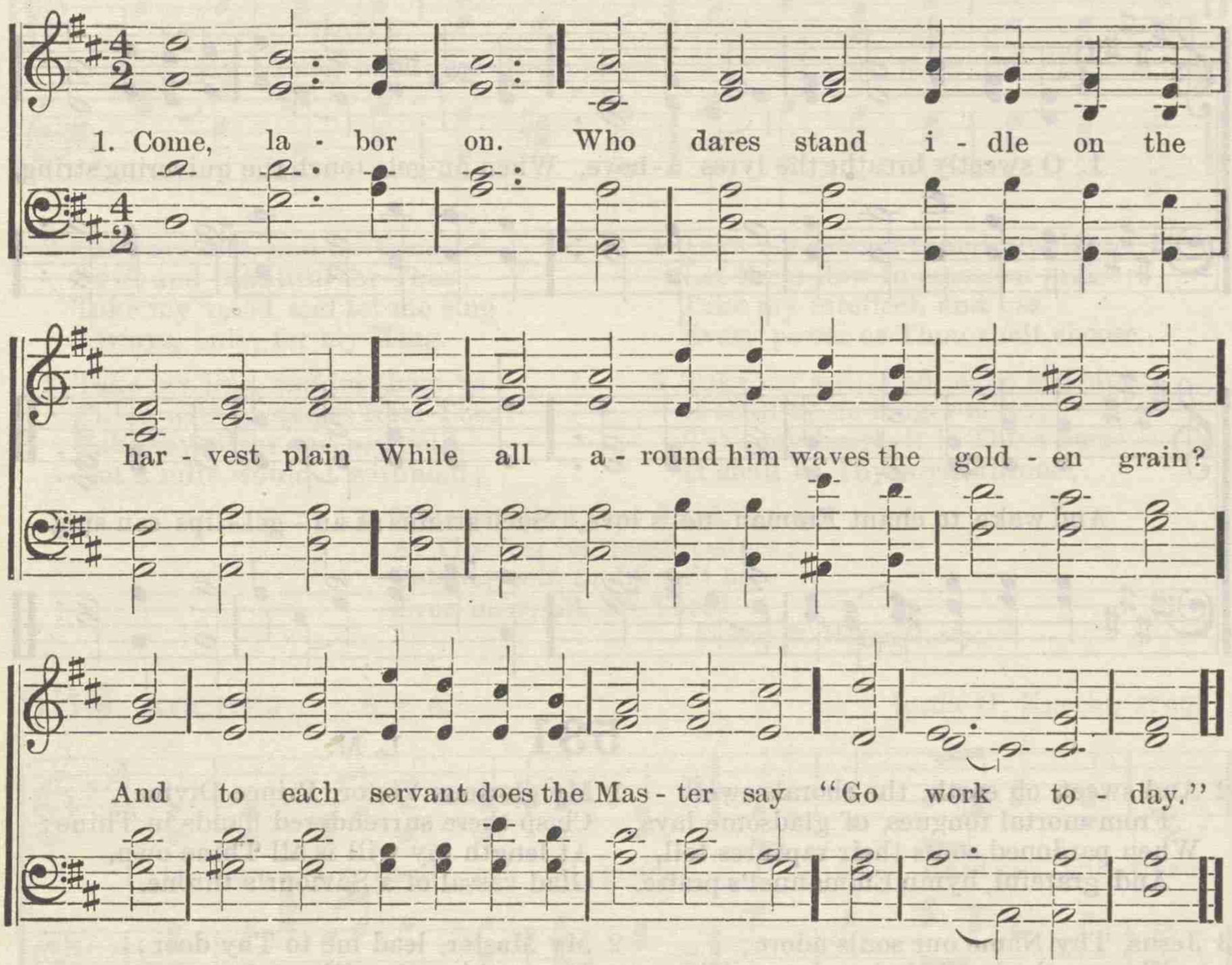
3 O Master, whom Thou callest,
No heart may dare refuse;
'Tis honor, highest honor,
When Thou dost deign to use:
Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest—all are Thine;
Thou who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too who serve at home,
May watch and pray together
Until Thy kingdom come:
In Thee for age united,
Our song of hope we raise,
Till that blest shore is sighted
When all shall turn to praise.

 Sarah Geraldina Stock, 1

529 ORA LABORA. 4. 10. 10. 10. 4.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1875.



2 Come, labor on.
Claim the high calling angels cannot share—
To young and old the gospel-gladness bear:
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly
The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labor on.
The laborers are few, the field is wide
New stations must be filled and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home
The call is "Come."

4 Come, labor on.
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfill
His righteous will.

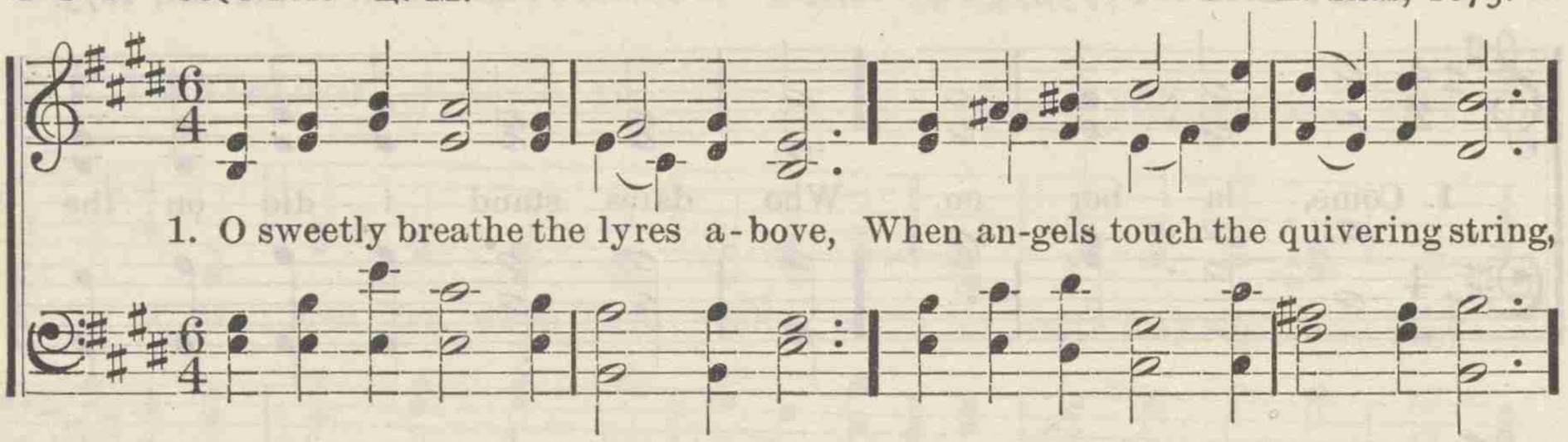
5 Come, labor on.
No time for rest, till glows the western sky
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
"Servants, well done."

6 Come, labor on.
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
Blessèd are those who to the end endure,
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be
O Lord, with Thee.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

530 TRUTH. L. M.

E. Silas, 1875.



531 L. M.

2 And sweet, on earth, the chorals swell.
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Emmanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, Thy Name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us Thine;
And carnal joys that charmed before,
For Thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept Thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In Thee we trust—on Thee rely;
Though we are feeble, Thou art strong;
O keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright immortal throng!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1843.

1 My glorious Victor, Prince Divine,
Clasp these surrendered hands in Thine;
At length my will is all Thine own,
Glad vassal of a Saviour's throne.

2 My Master, lead me to Thy door;
Pierce this now willing ear once more;
Thy bonds are freedom, let me stay
With Thee to toil, endure, obey.

3 Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will,
Use all in Thy dear slav'ry still,
Life's weary liberties I cast
Beneath Thy feet; then keep them fast.

4 Tread them still down, and then I know
These hands shall with Thy gifts o'erflow;
And piercèd ears shall hear the tone
Which tells me Thou and I are one.

Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, 1885.

532 CONSECRATION. 7. 7. 7. 7.

C. Vincent, 1895.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee!
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

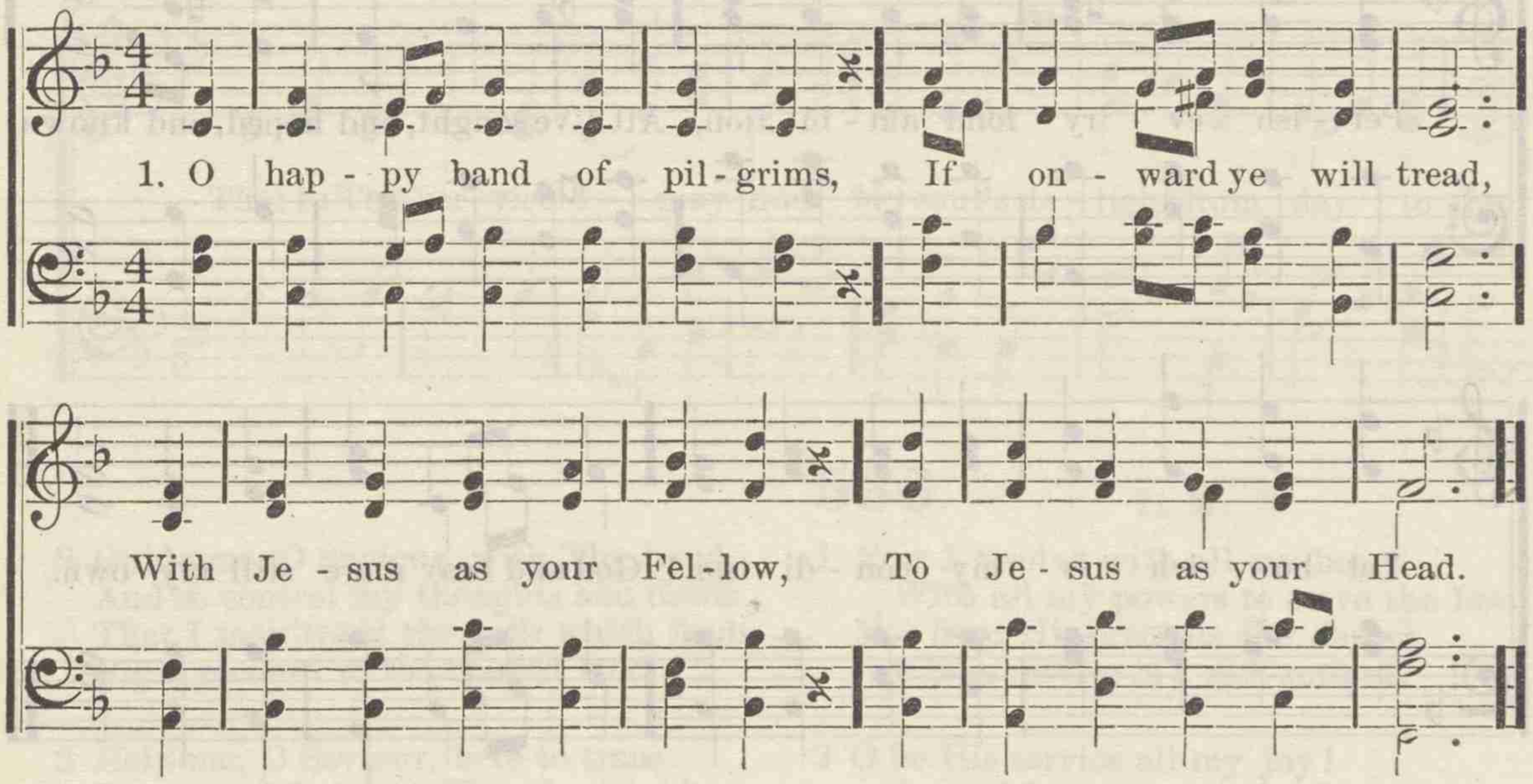
5 Take my will, and make it Thine:
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne;

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for Thee!

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

533 KOCHER. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799.



2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure.

5 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

6 O happy band of pilgrims
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.
Based on Joseph the Hymnographer, 840.

534 CRUCIFER. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Henry Willcox, 1827–1875.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

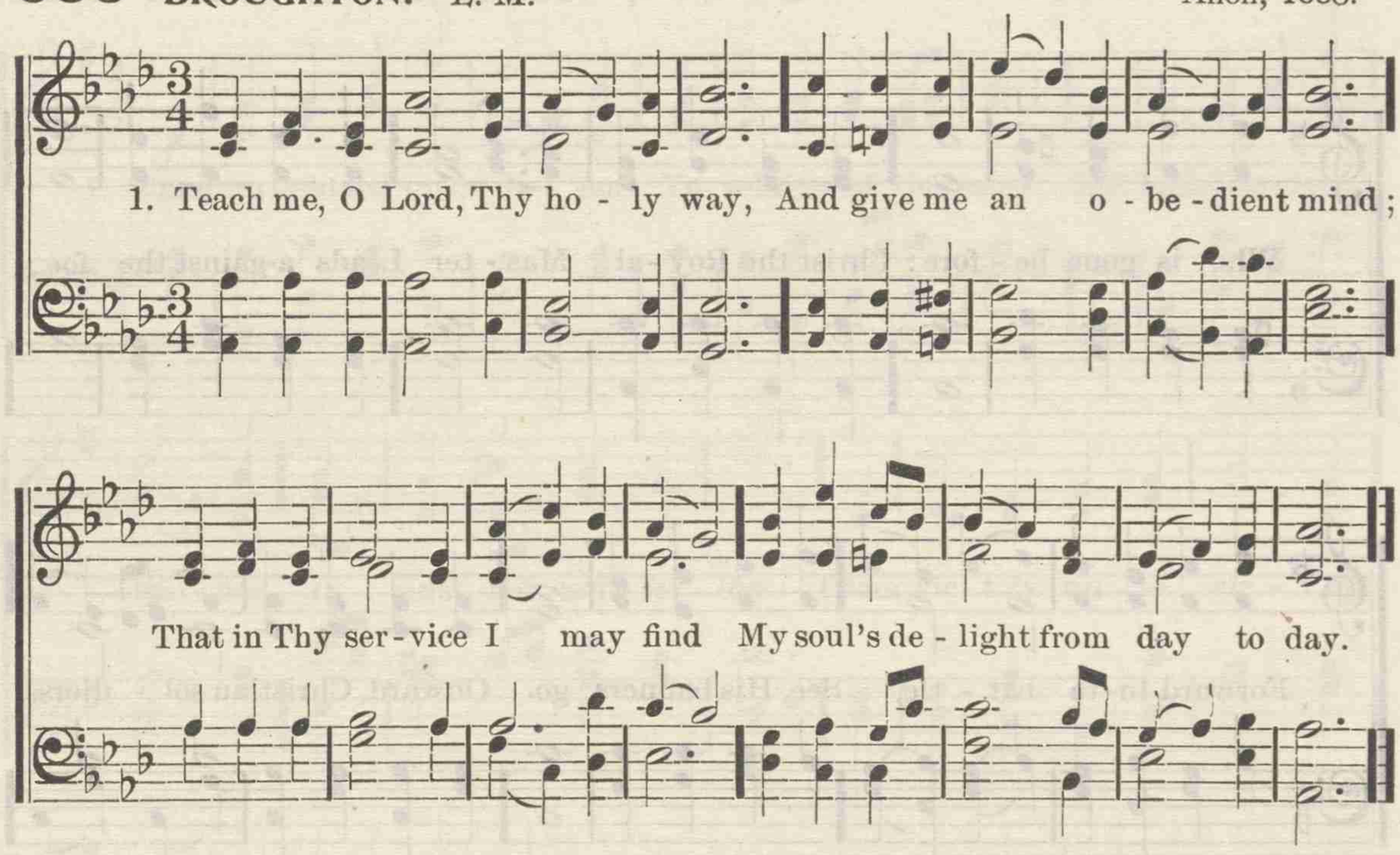
5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1825.

535 BROUGHTON. L. M.

Anon, 1880.



536 L. M.

2 Guide me, O Saviour, with Thy hand
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessèd land.

3 Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod;
And, meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth and grace.

4 Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread Thy sheltering care.

5 Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for Thee:
Fulfill Thy perfect work in me;
And Thine abounding grace afford.

Rev. William Matson, 1833

1 Now I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be His service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so Divine.

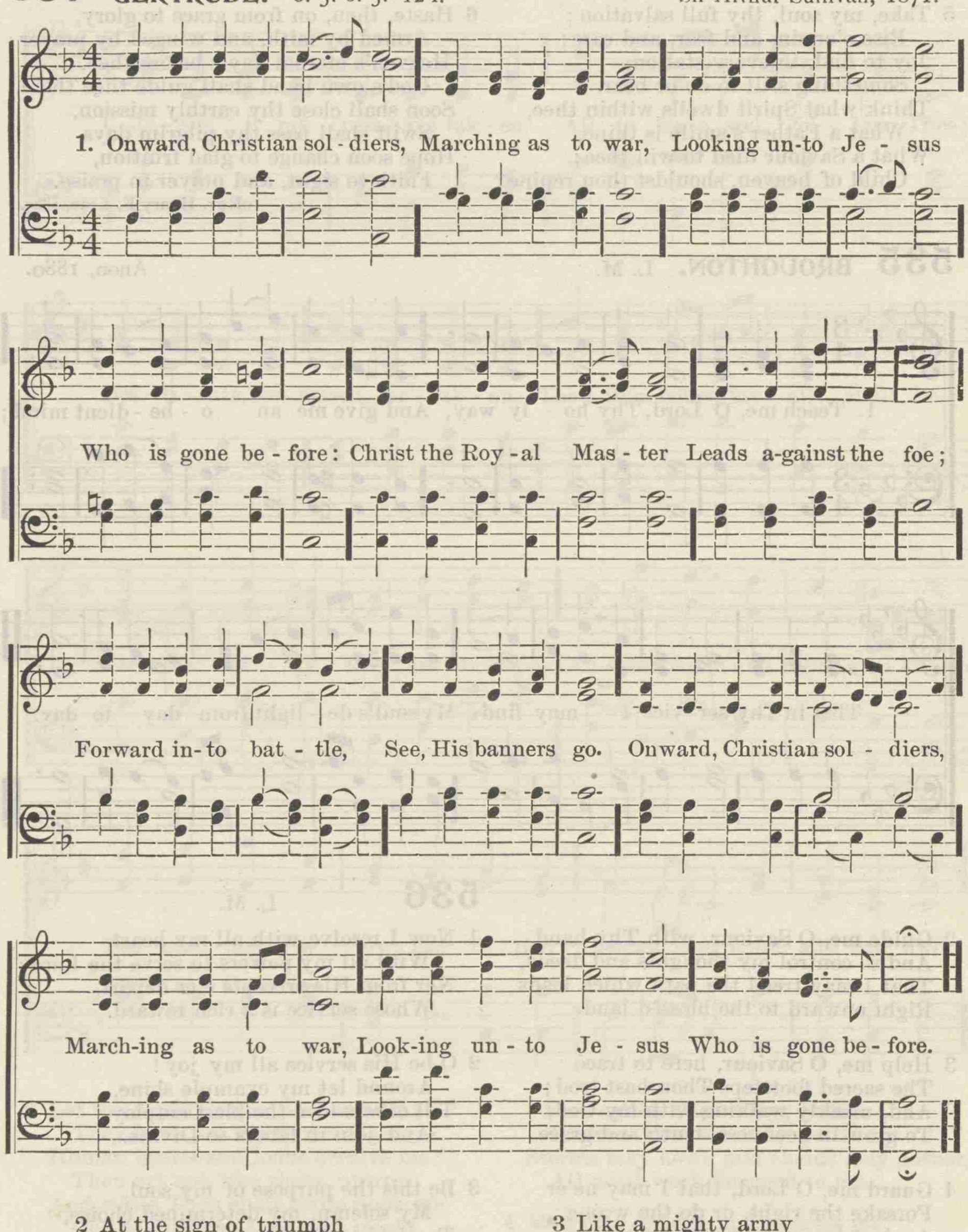
3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760.

537 GERTRUDE. 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 l.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871.



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

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

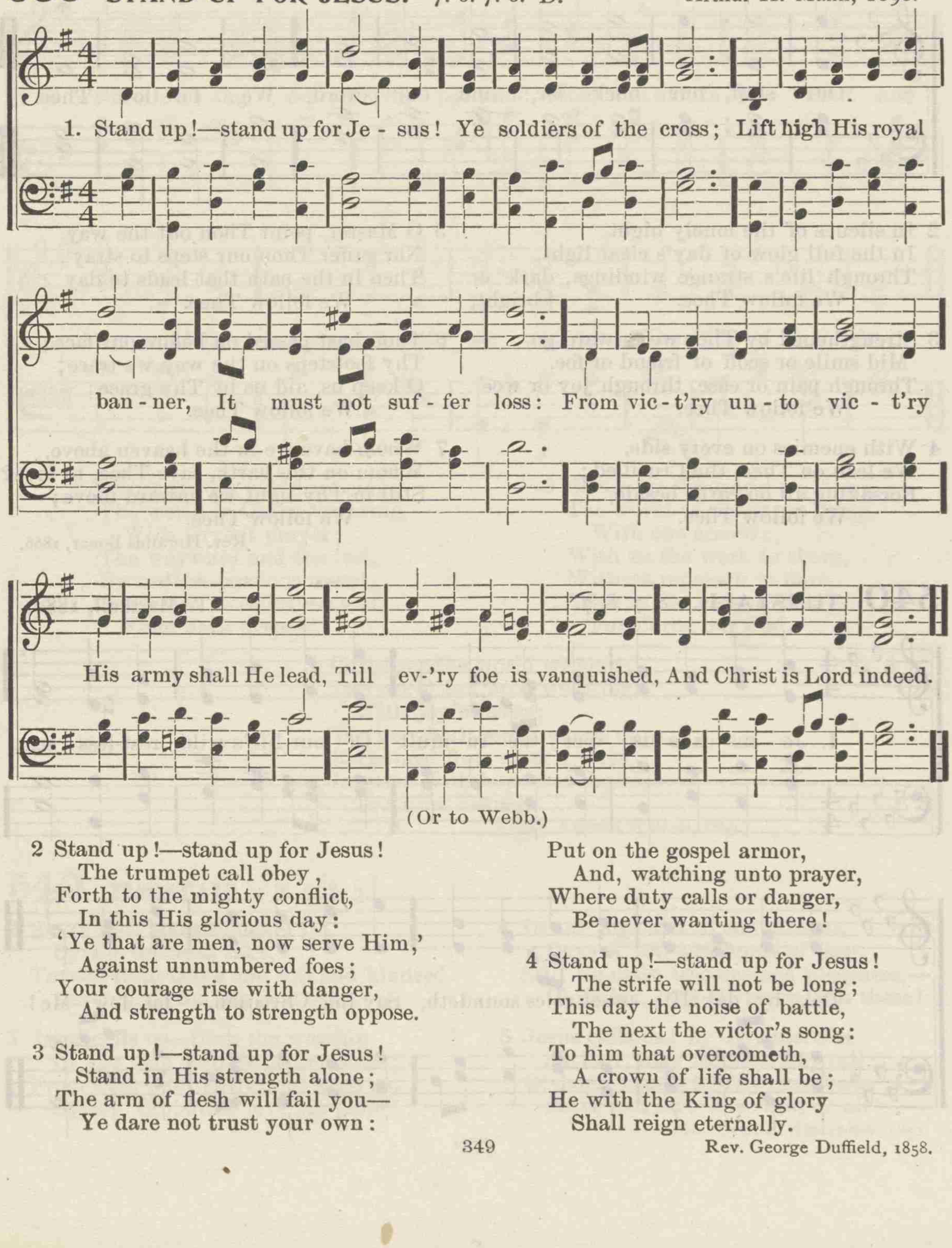
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

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

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

538 STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann, 1890.



(Or to Webb.)

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey,
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
'Ye that are men, now serve Him,'
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

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

Rev. George Duffield, 1858.

539 HANFORD. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

4 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

5 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

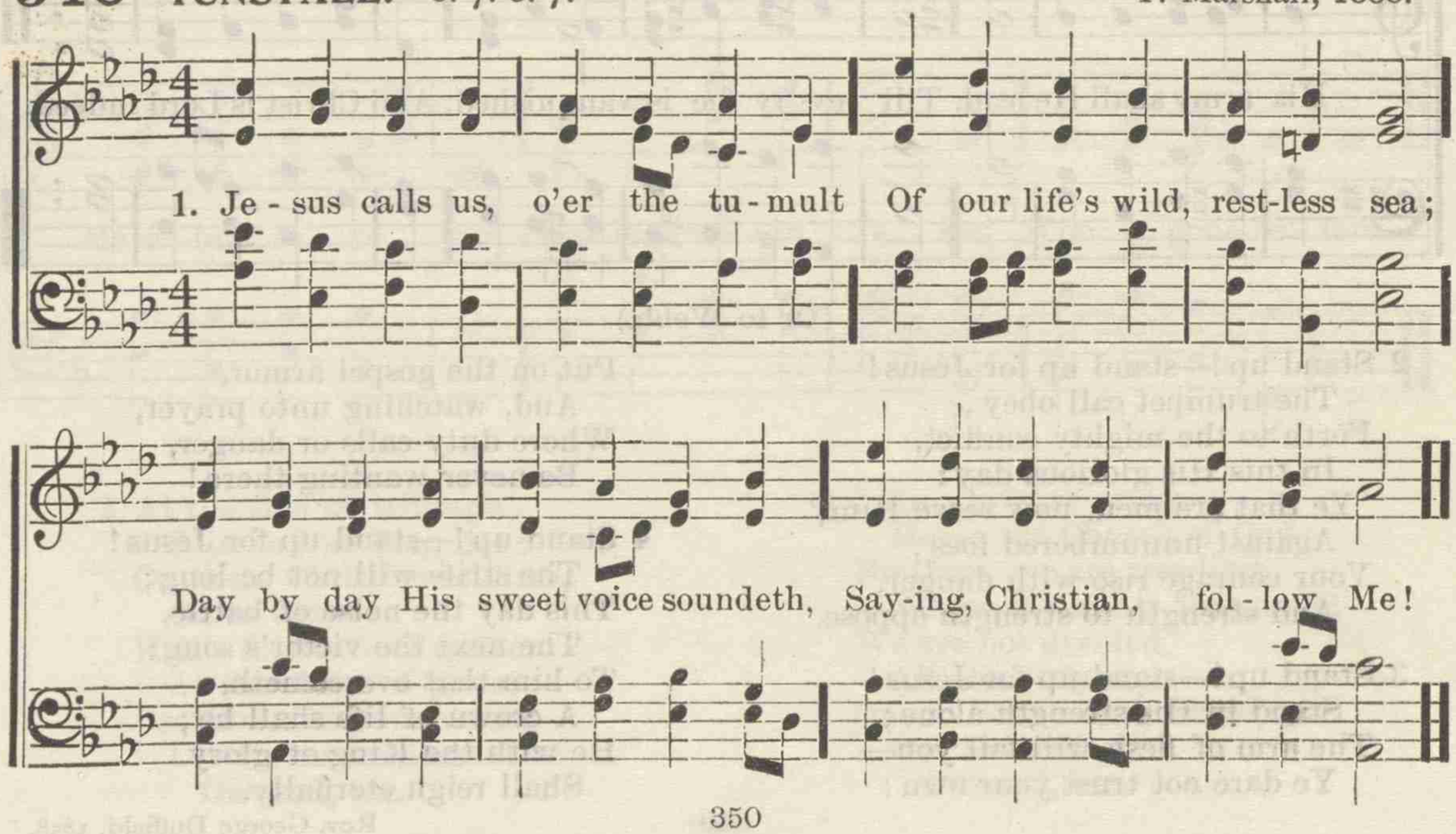
6 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace;
We follow Thee.

7 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee.

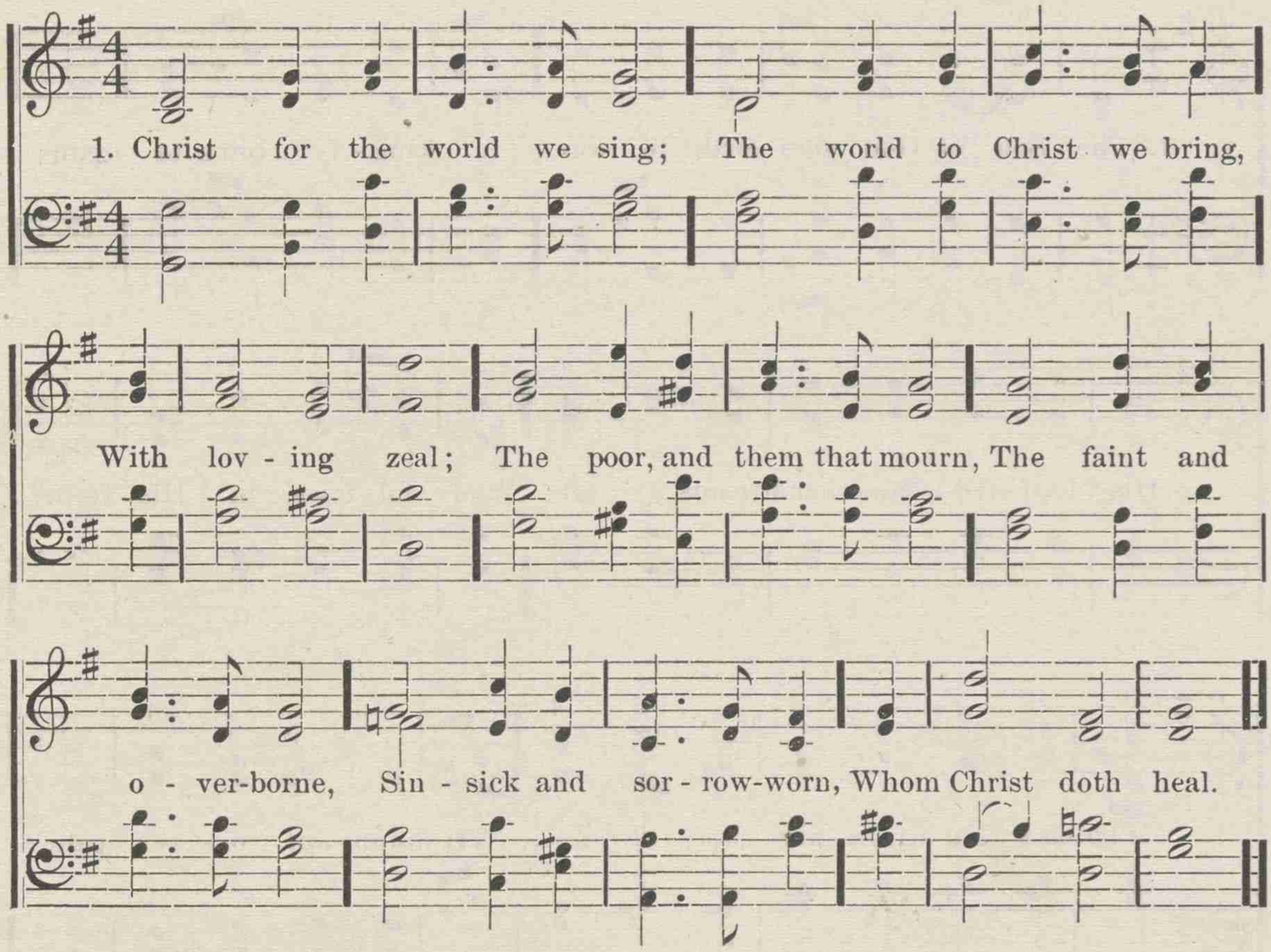
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

540 TUNSTALL. 8. 7. 8. 7.

T. Marshall, 1880.



541 CHRIST FOR THE WORLD. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Arthur H. Mann, 1890.



2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our God.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, 1869.

540 TUNSTALL. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,-
Saying, Christian, love Me more!

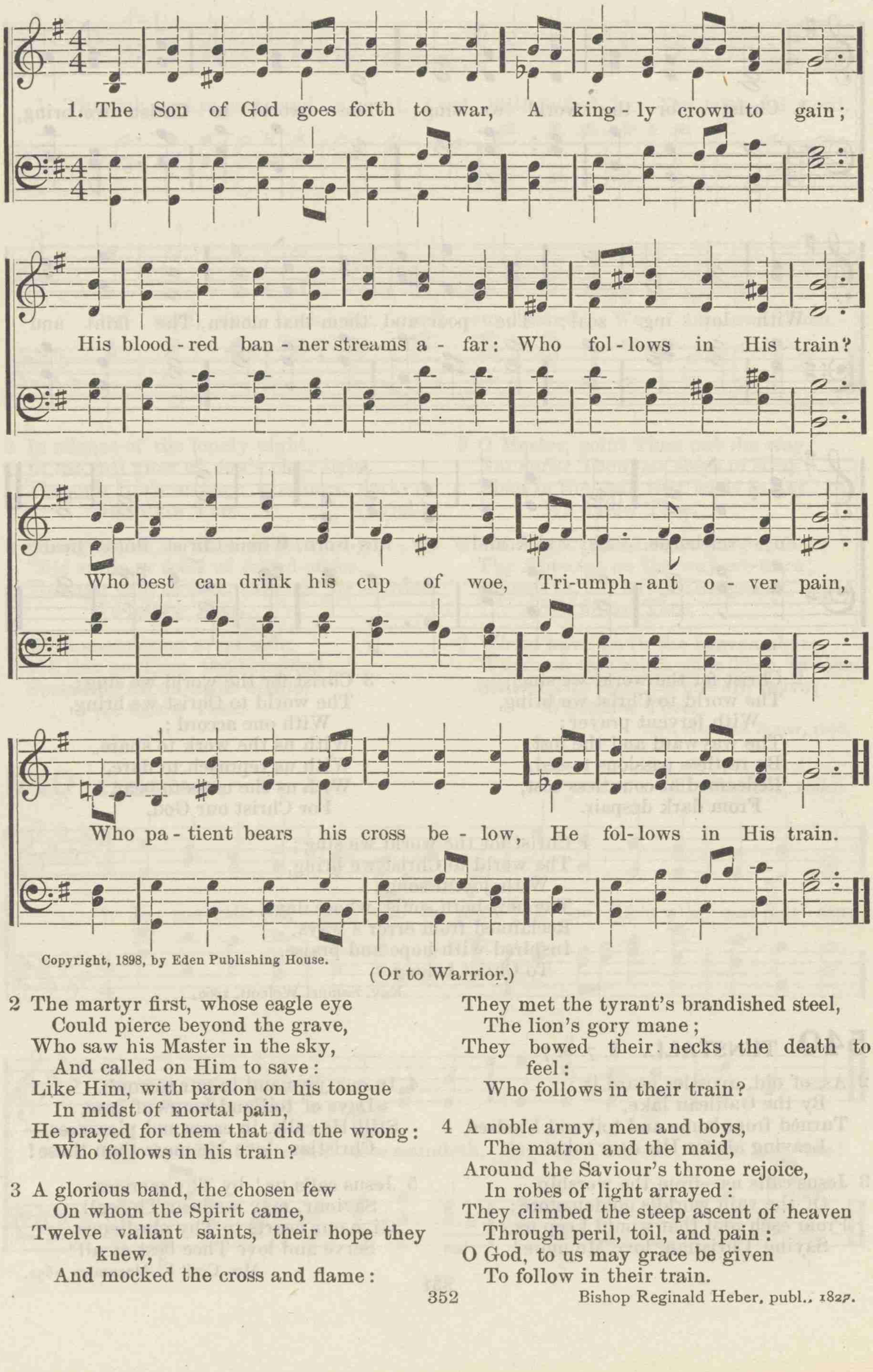
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love Me more than these!

5 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1852.

542 GLORIOUS BAND. C. M. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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(Or to Warrior.)

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

352 Bishop Reginald Heber, publ., 1827.

543 FLIGHT OF FAITH. C. M. D.

Albert L. Peace, 1890.

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

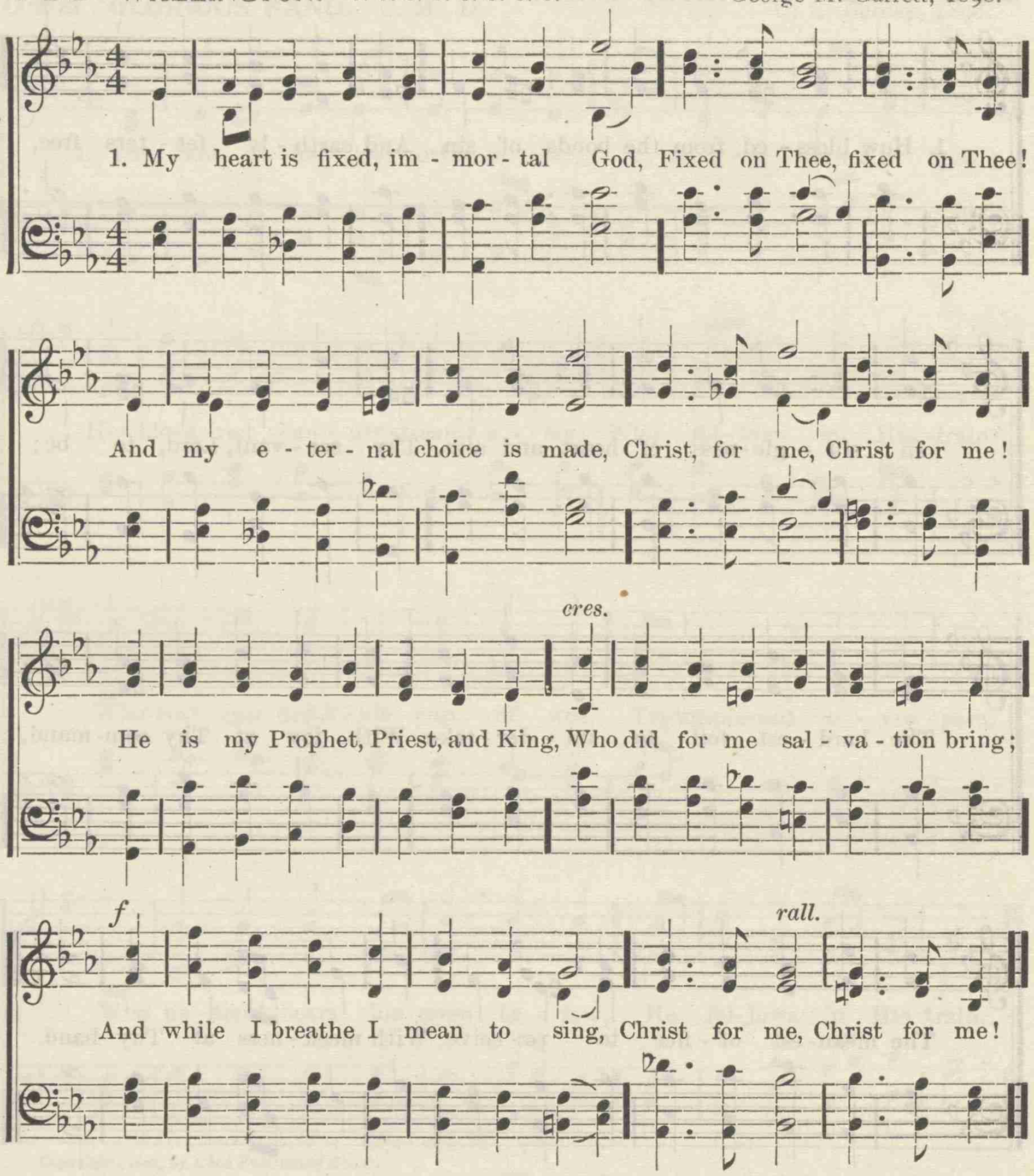
3 There may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company;
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1833.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.

544 WALLINGTON. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.

George M. Garrett, 1890.



2 In Him I see the Godhead shine,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
He is the Majesty Divine,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
The Father's well-belovèd Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me, Christ for me!

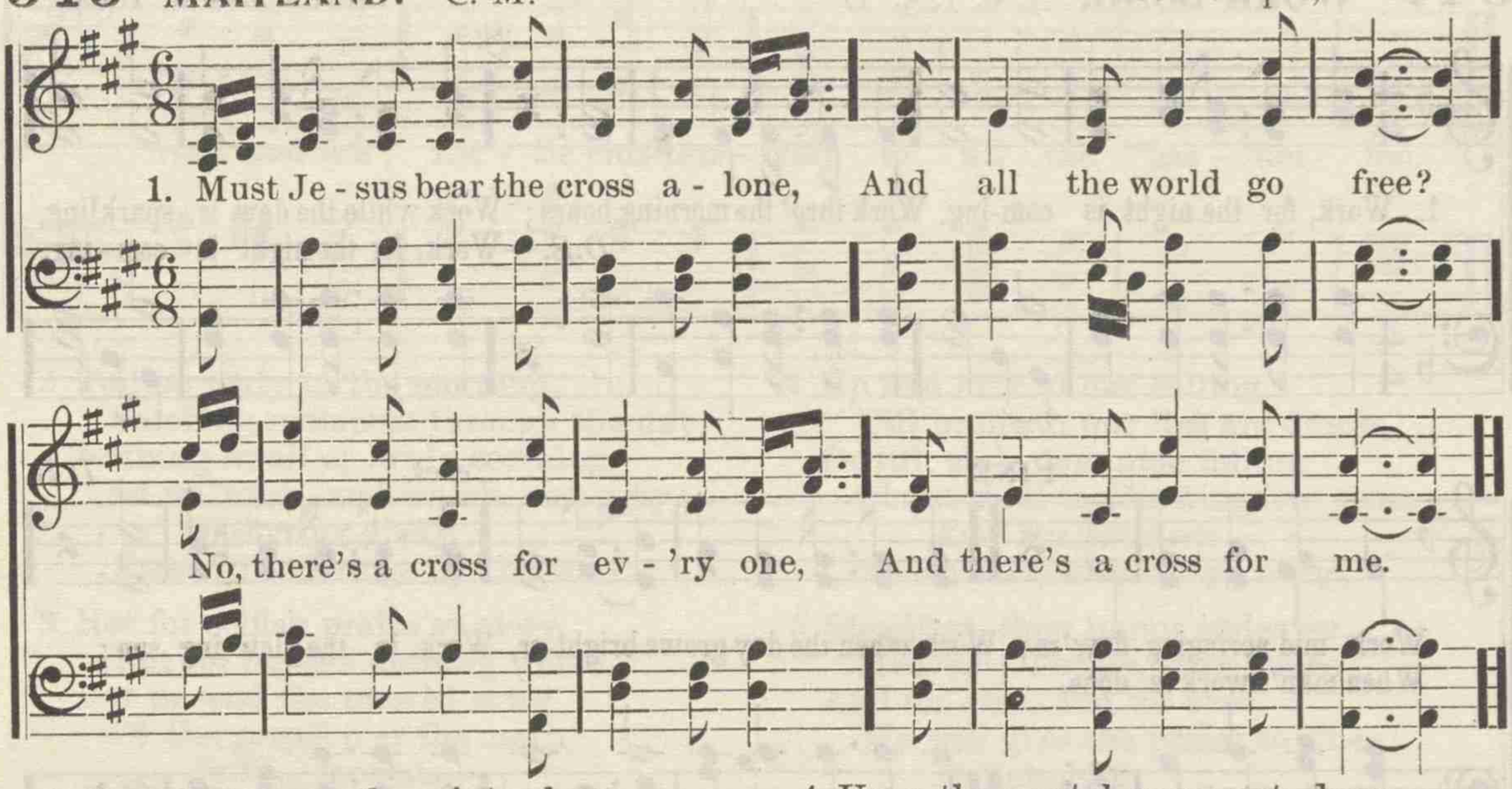
3 Let others boast of heaps of gold.
Christ for me, Christ for me!
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honor perish in a day,
My portion never can decay;
Christ for me, Christ for me!

4 In pining sickness or in health,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me, Christ for me!
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me, Christ for me!

Richard Jukes, 1862.

545 MAITLAND. C. M.

Aaron Chapin, c. 1820.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear Name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt.
Verses 4, 5, Rev. Charles Beecher, 1855.

546 FRAMINGHAM. S. M.

Z. Buck.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

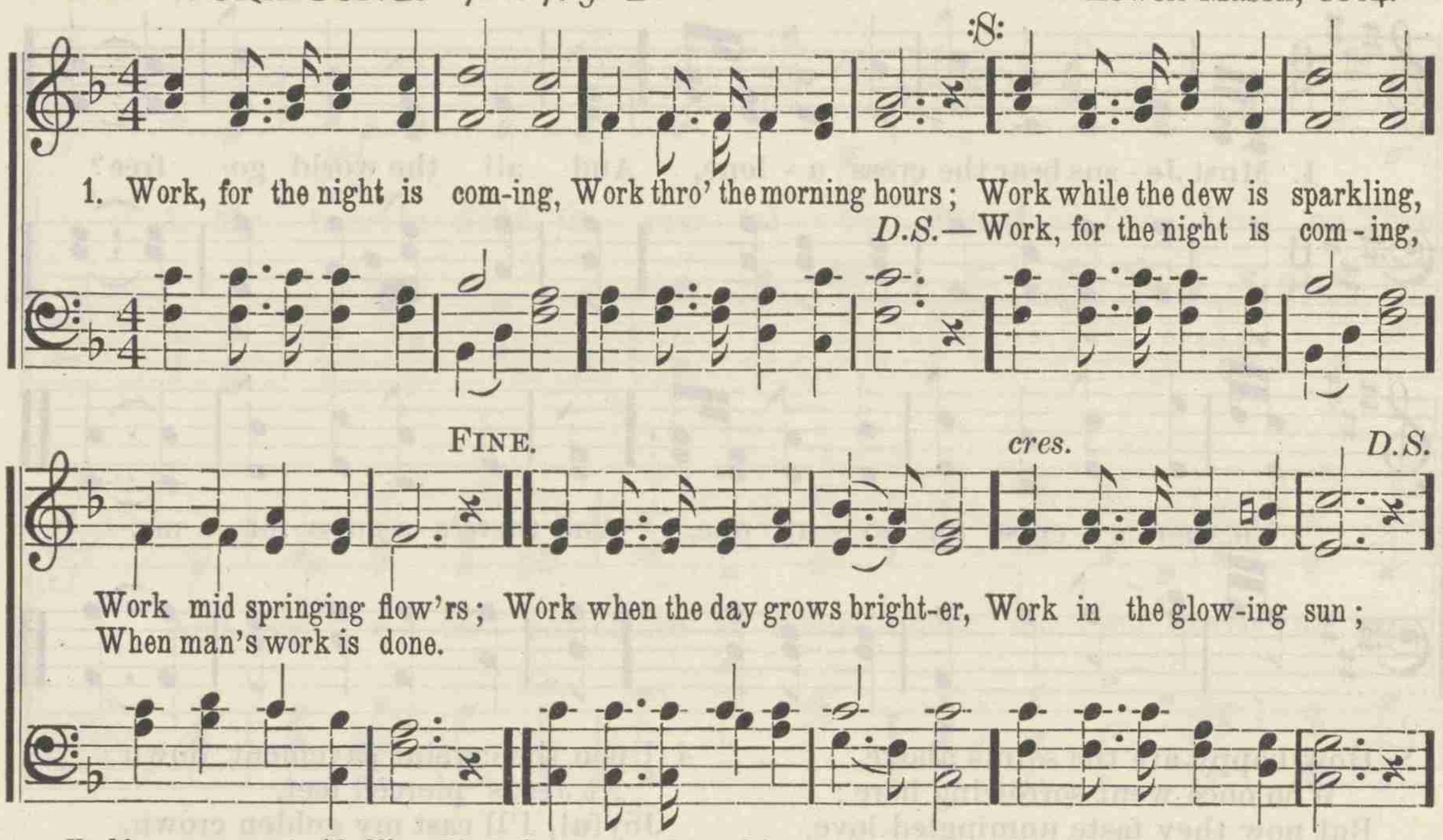
3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, 1850.

547 WORK SONG. 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Lowell Mason, 1864.



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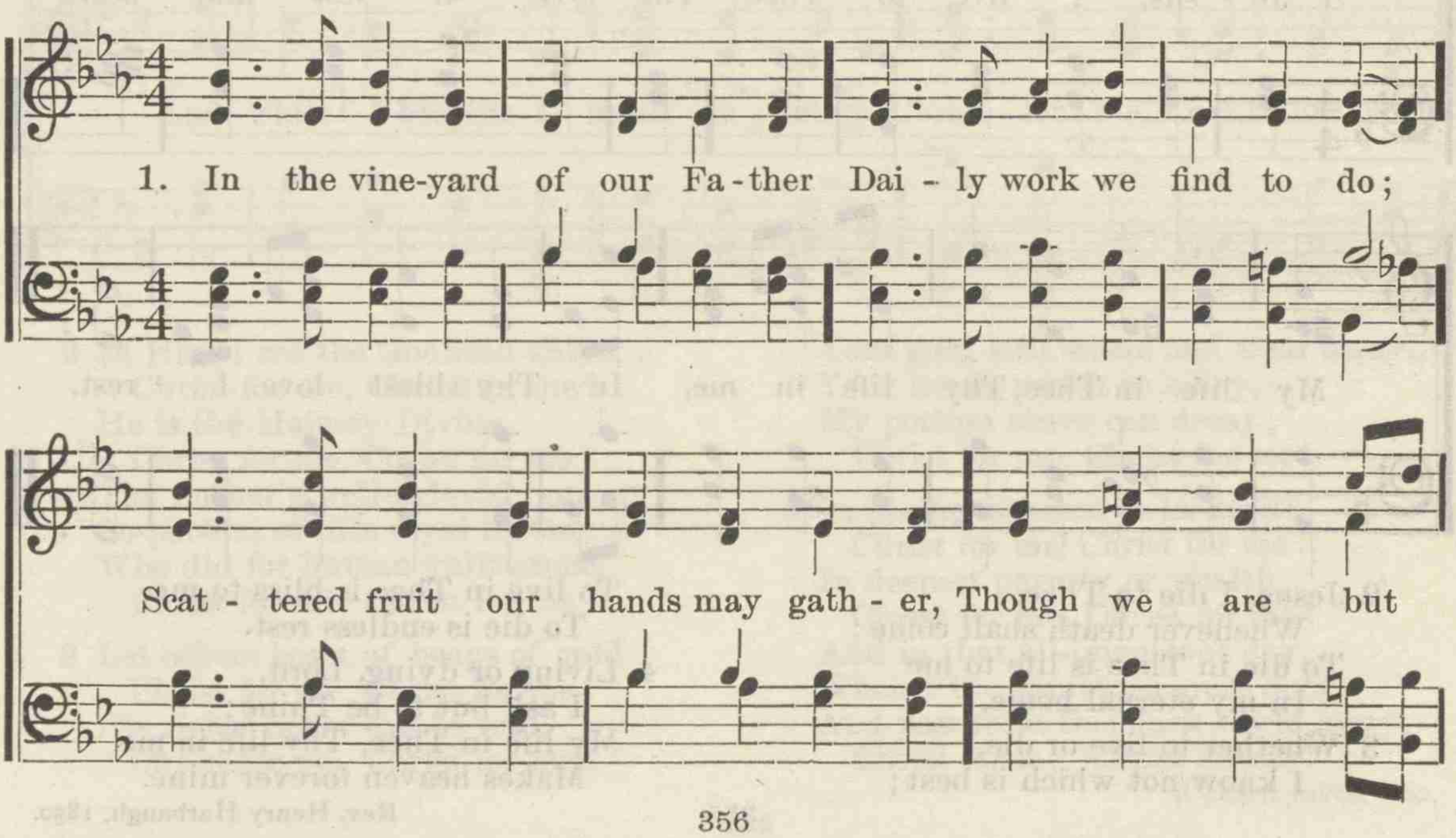
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

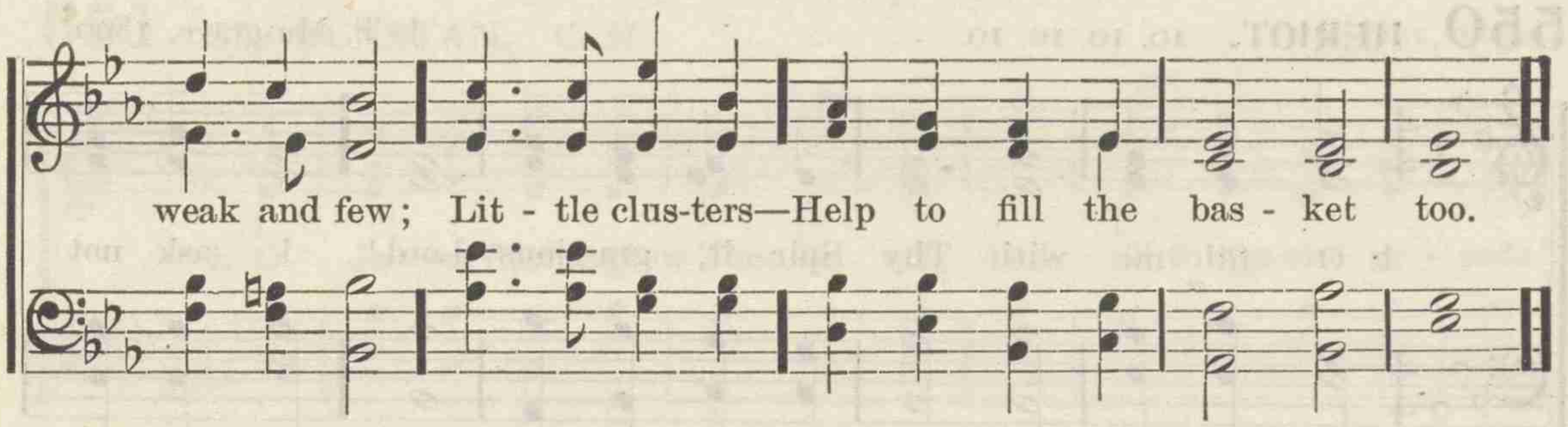
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, 1860.

548 HARDINGHAM. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Rev. H. E. Owen, 1885.





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

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

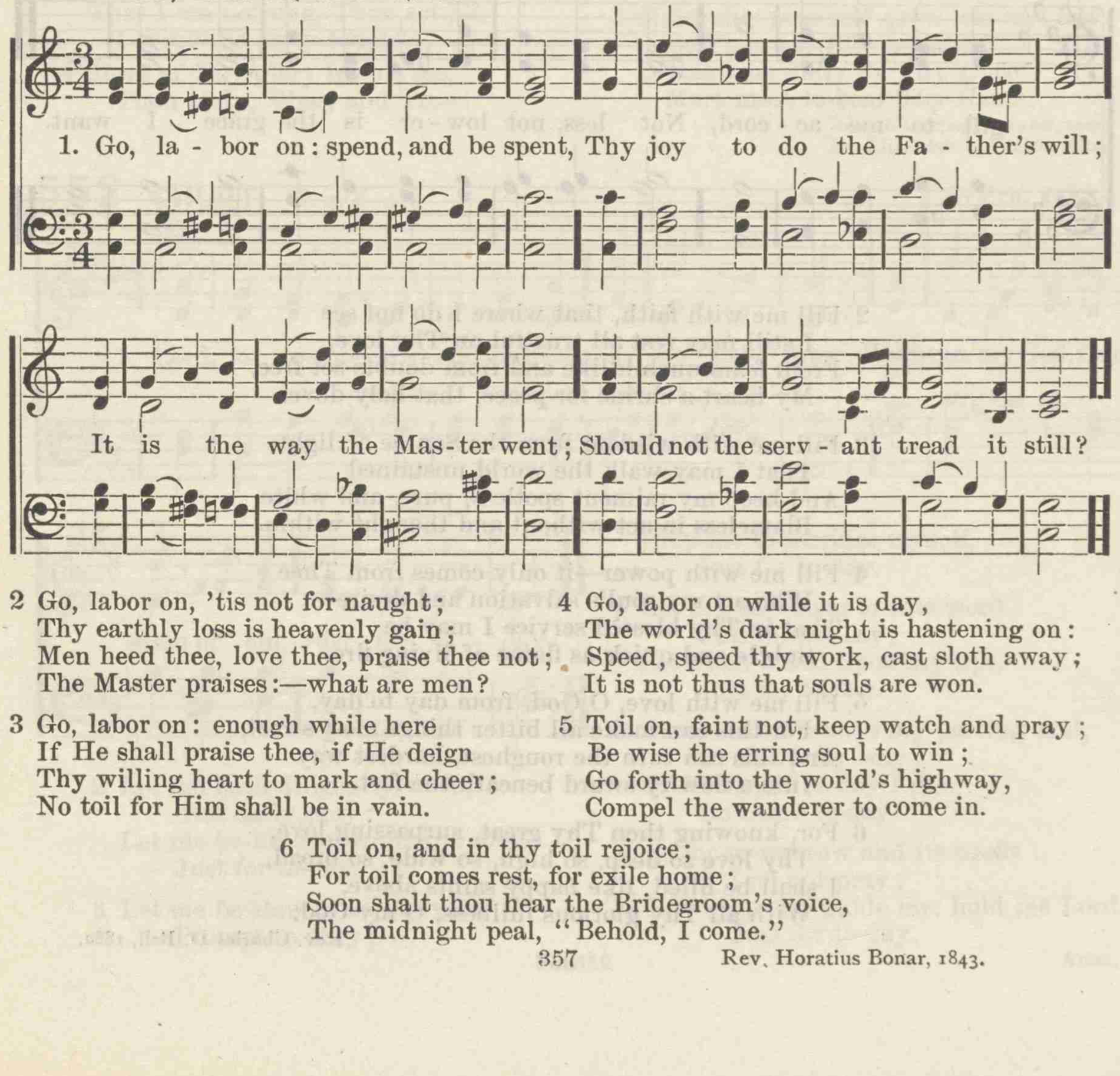
4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

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

Thomas MacKellar, 1845.

549 GO, LABOR ON. L. M.

E. Pieruccini.



2 Go, labor on, 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises:—what are men?

3 Go, labor on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

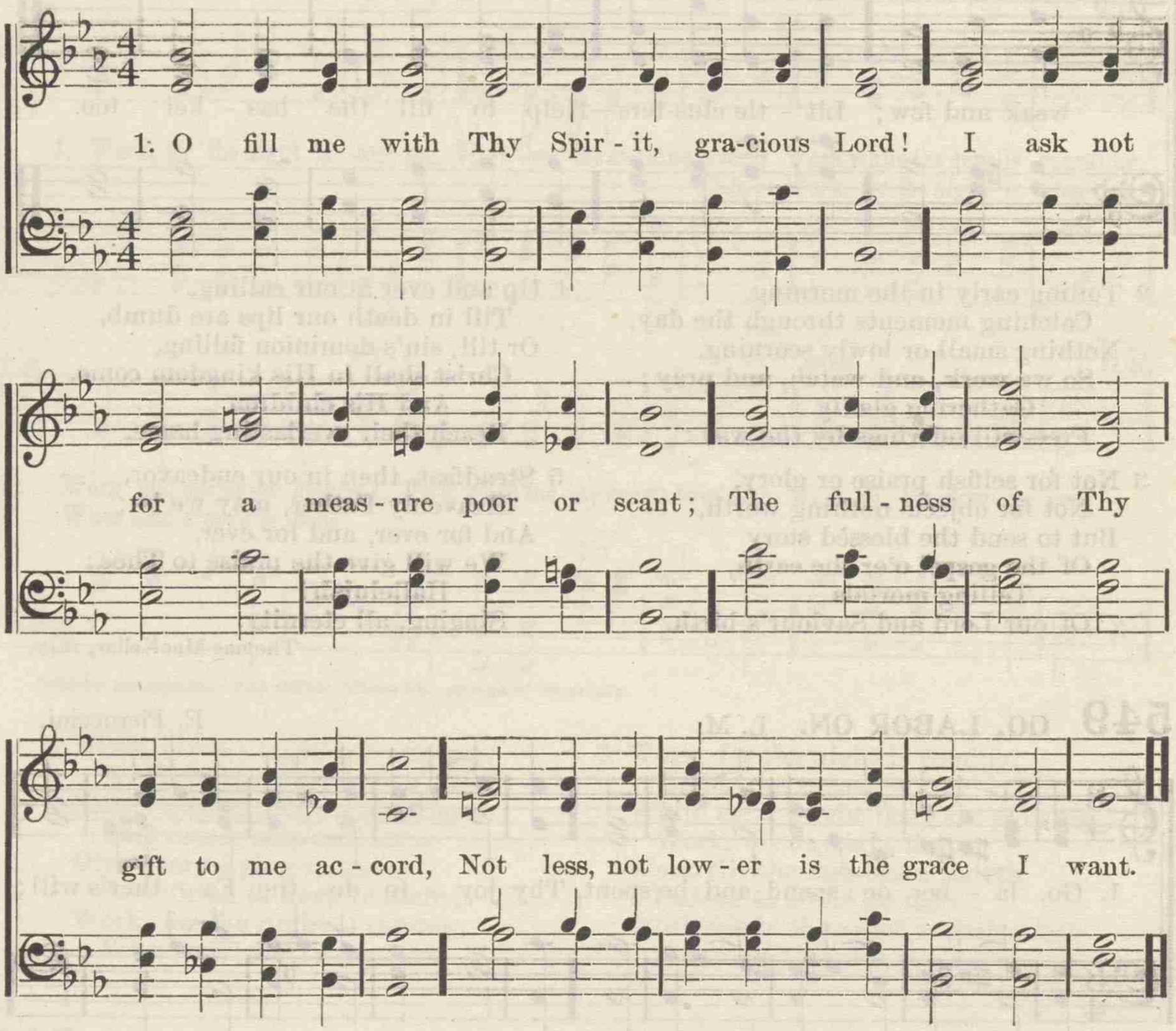
5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843.

550 HERIOT. 10. 10. 10. 10.

J. T. Musgrave, 1890.



2 Fill me with faith, that where I do not see
I still may rest all trustful on Thy love,
From fears unchildlike and from doubts set free,
My heart a shrine for peace, that holy dove.

3 Fill me with wisdom from the Source of light,
That I may walk the world unstained
And keep my raiment spotless, pure, and white,
Blameless in act without and thought within.

4 Fill me with power—it only comes from Thee
Who art my soul's salvation and desire—
That in Thy blessèd service I may be
Subtle and quick as flame of living fire.

5 Fill me with love, O God, from day to day,
For this can make all bitter things most sweet,
And this can turn the roughest, hardest way
Into a flow'ry sward beneath the feet.

6 For, knowing then Thy great, surpassing love,
Thy love so deep, so high, so wide, so broad,
I shall be filled, like happy saints above,
With all Thy glorious fullness, O my God.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

551 ST. DUNSTAN. C. M.

J. Hay, 1890.

2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams which on me fall
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.

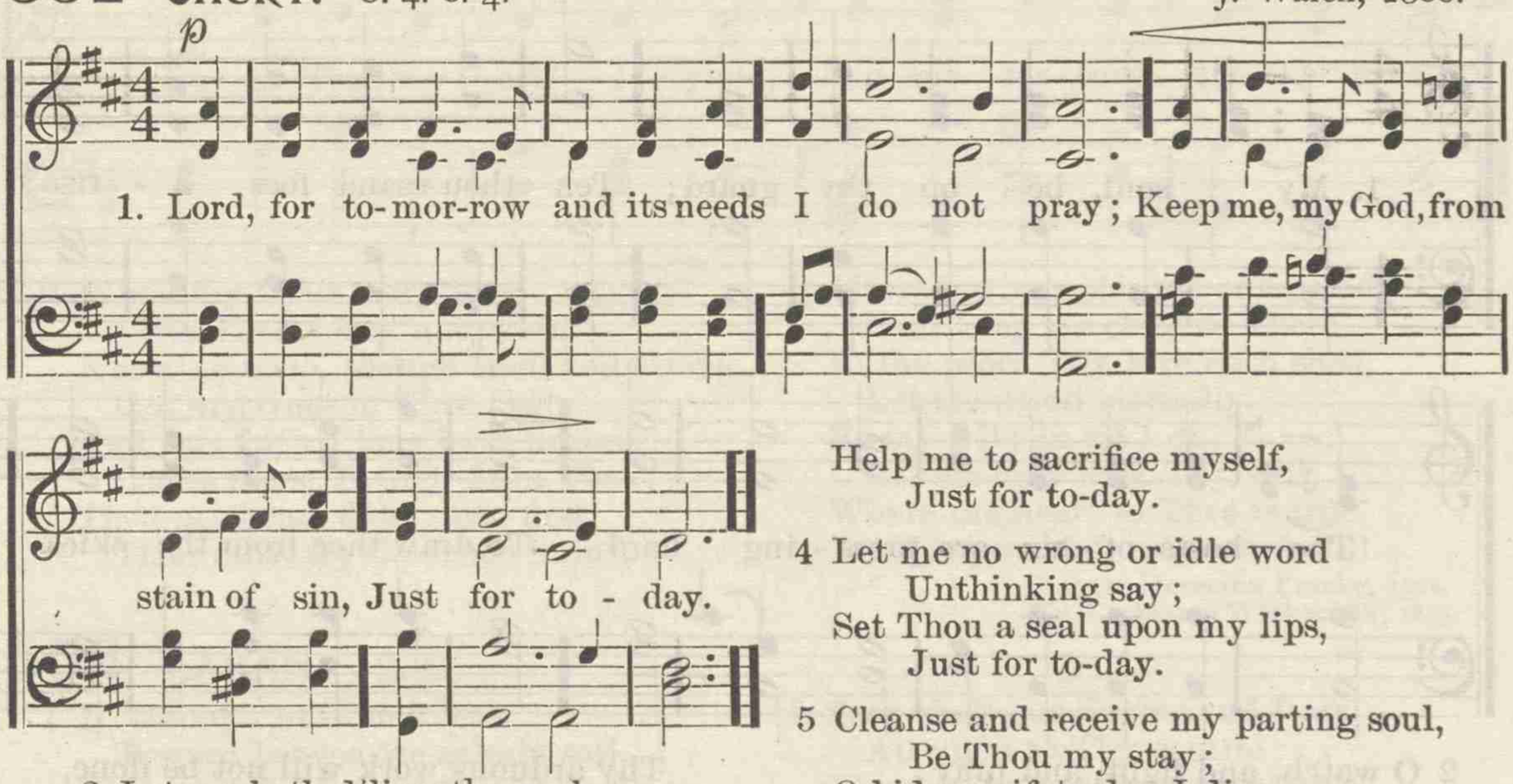
5 Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through all my being shine.

6 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life, my aim;
O make me daily by Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy Name.

Johann Caspar Lavater, 1780.
Tr. Elizabeth L. Smith, 1860.

552 CHURT. 8. 4. 8. 4.

J. Walch, 1888.



2 Let me both diligently work,
And daily pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

3 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.

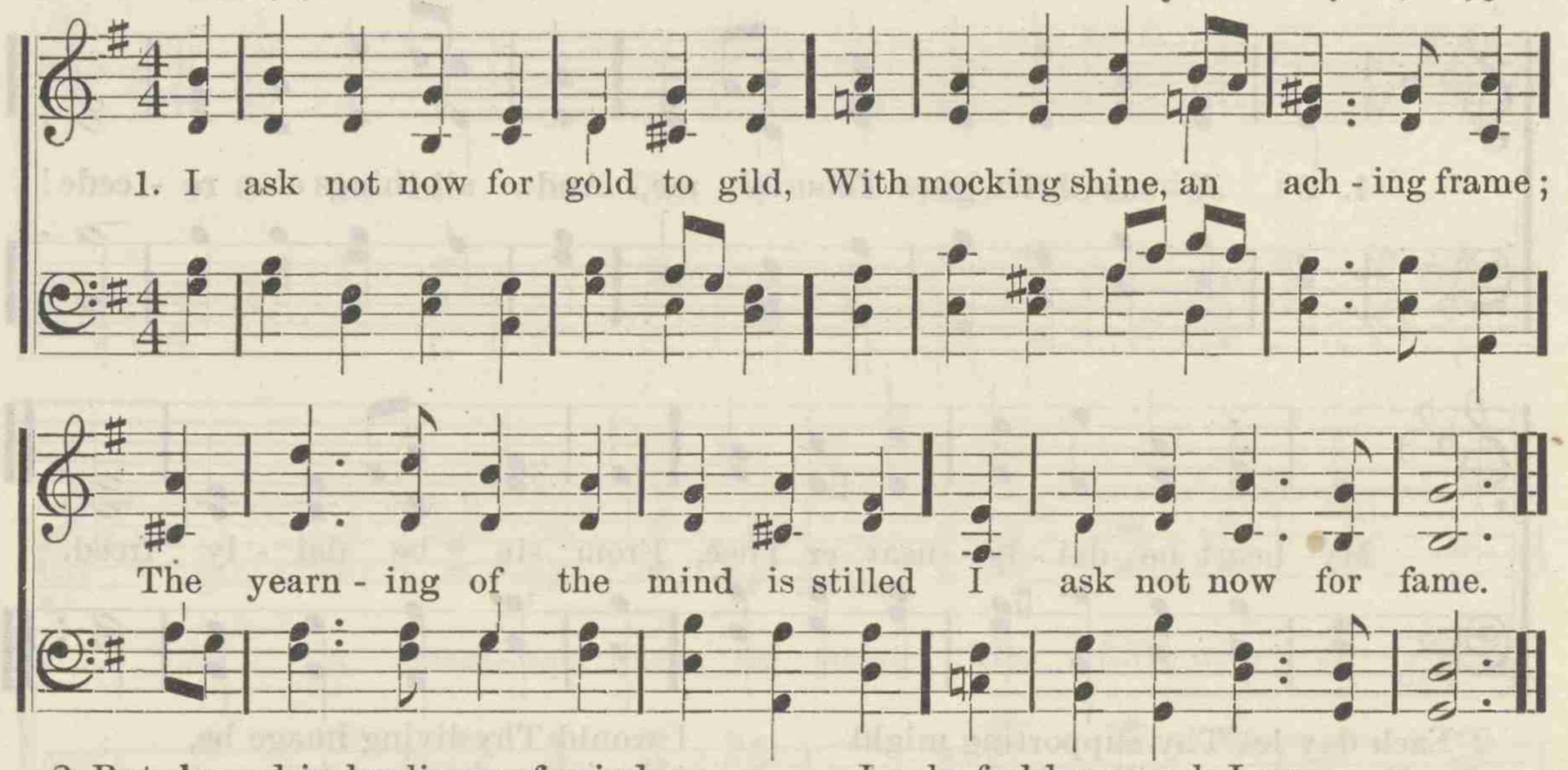
4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

5 Cleanse and receive my parting soul,
Be Thou my stay;
O bid me, if to-day I die,
Go home to-day.

6 So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me Lord
Just for to-day.

Anon.

553 **DERRY.** 8. 8. 8. 6. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.



2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to Thine own.

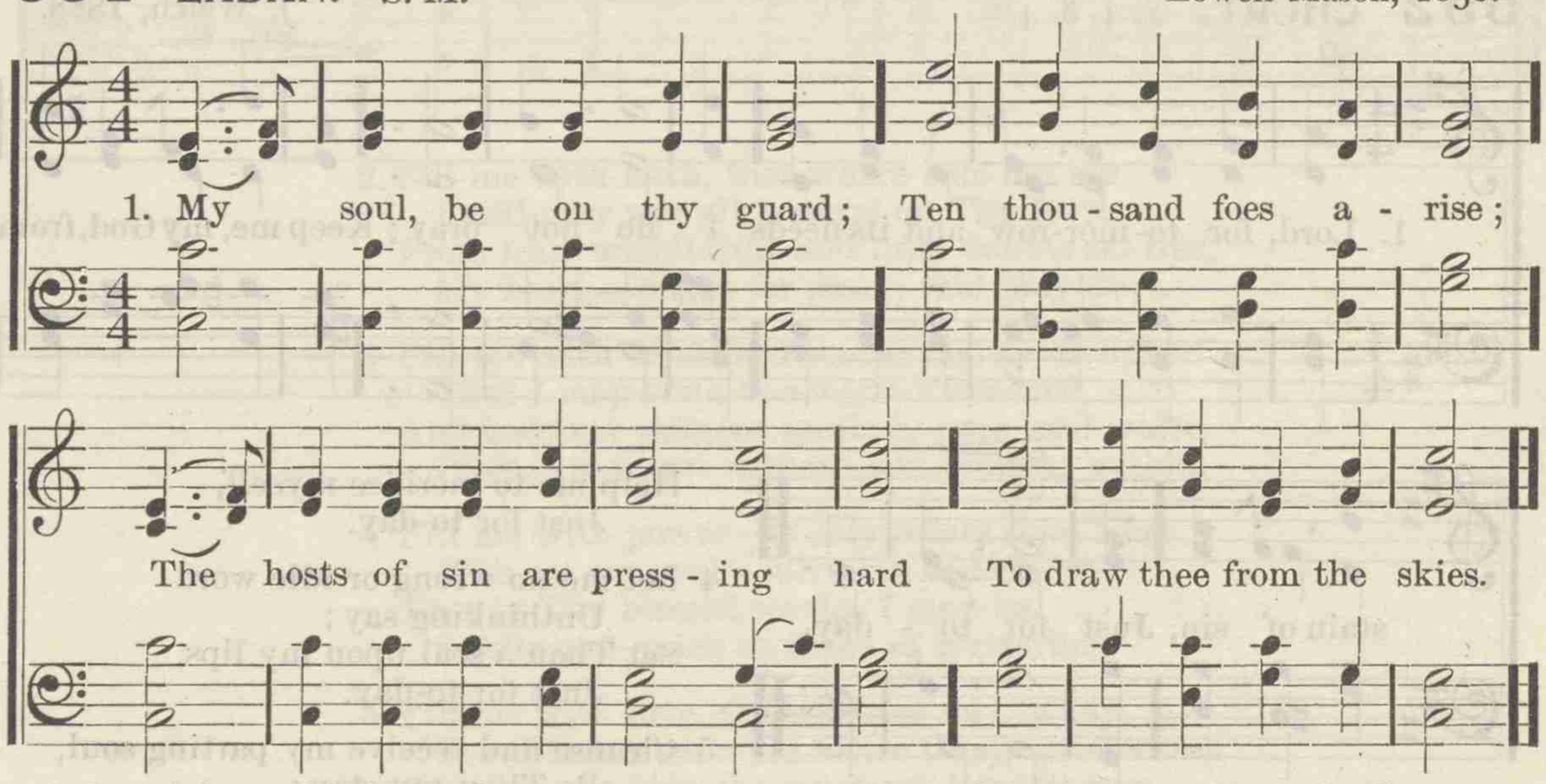
3 In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thoughts I scan;
I only feel how weak I am,
How poor and blind is man.

4 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see;
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1890.

Temptation, Struggle and Victory.

554 **LABAN.** S. M. Lowell Mason, 1830.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781.

555 HONITON. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Edwin Flood, 1845.

2 When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in Thee abate.
And this faith I long have nursed,
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

3 Mercy's wings o'er me outspread,
Ever keep me close to Thee;
In the peace Thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All; in all I do,
Let me only seek Thy will,
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still.

August Hermann Franke, 1711.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

556 LABAN. S. M.

1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

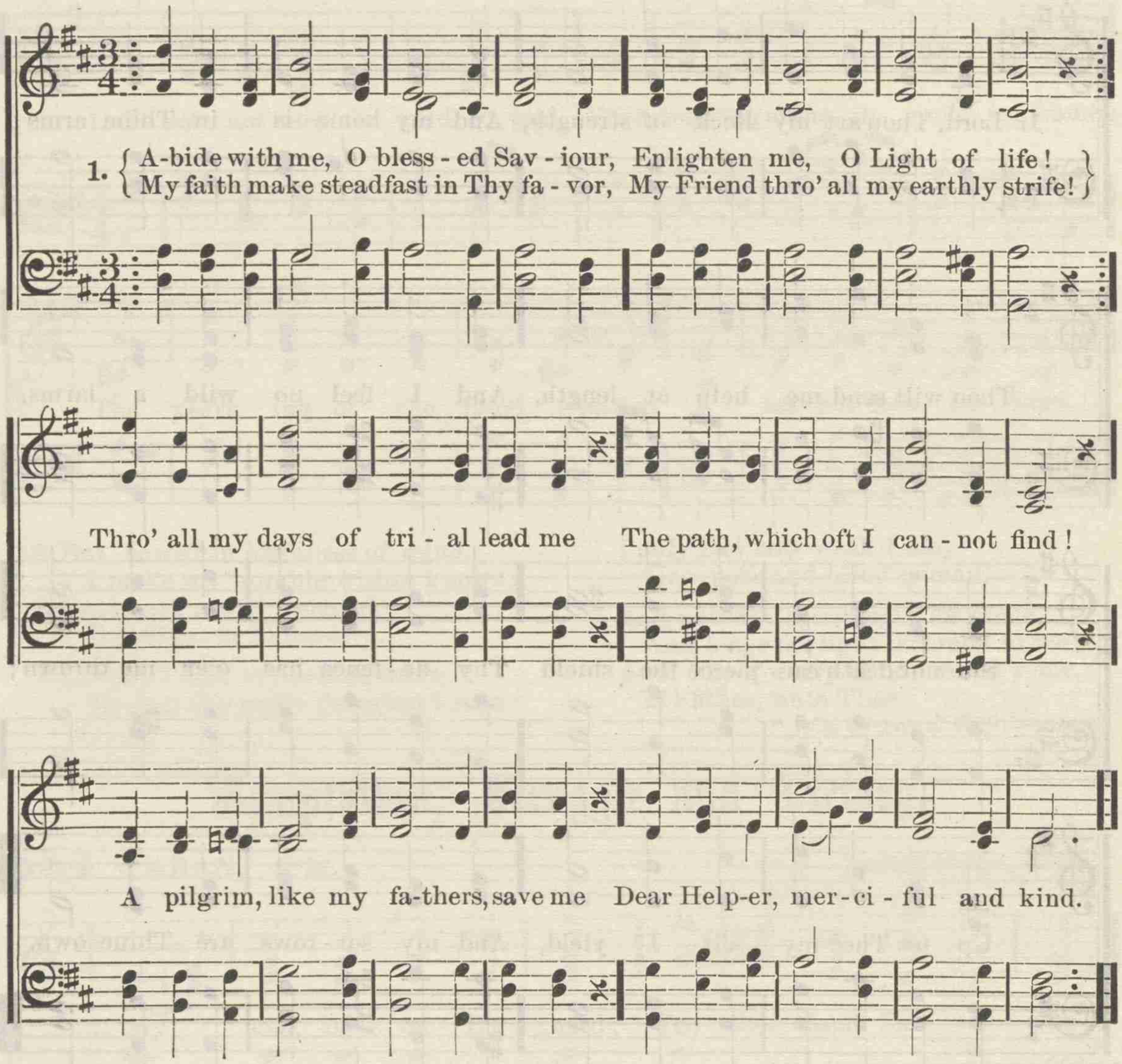
3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1772, alt.

557 KNECHT. 9. 8. 9. 8. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799.



(Or to Gellert.)

2 O answer Thou my humble calling
And gird my soul with power Divine;
Make me a warrior never falling
Equipped with arms of Thy design:
And when the foe, like lions roaring,
Thy child is seeking to devour,
Then shield my soul, Thy help imploring,
Uphold me in temptation's hour.

3 For Thee I sigh, O let me find Thee,
My thirsty soul on Thee doth wait;
Reveal Thy face, when sins surround me,
Receive me ere it is too late!
Would God with sin-born man be pleading,
Who doth in mortal weakness groan,
Then, in the highest court's proceeding,
None righteousness could claim, not one!

4 In sweetest joy to know my Maker,
To see Thee, Prince of Life and Peace,
In God's grand army made partaker,
To join in songs that never cease,
Away all dangers, tears and sorrow,
To gain more bliss, than e'er I sought,
Such, Lord, when comes the glorious morrow
I hope will be Thy servant's lot.

5 O grant true faith unto Thy warrior,
Faith, that in love is shining bright;
A spirit humble, pure and peaceful
And filled with Christian hope's delight;
A heart with sympathetic feeling,
In prayer strong, and calm in scorn,
Prepared for death, soul's rest revealing,
Though poor, yet rich and heaven-born!

A. G. L. Hering, died 1770, ab.
Tr. Rev. C, G. Haas, 1898.–

558 CLOISTER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 8.

Claude Goudimel, 1555.
Adapted by U. C. Burnap, 1898.

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2 By Thy mercies ever tender,
By Thy kindness yet untold,
Lord, I plead, be my Defender
And my Helper as of old.
For Jesus' sake may Thy love
Now give heed to my confessions;
When Thou lookest from above
Turn Thy face from my transgressions.

3 Sins of all men Thou abhorest
Yet wouldst save the sinner still;
With all pride of sin Thou warrest,
But wouldst teach the meek Thy will.
Lord, in whom is all my trust,
In compassion, God all-holy,
Lift Thou me now from the dust,
Lead me as Thou dost the lowly.

Rev. Louis F. Benson, 1898.

559 SURSUM CORDA. C. M.

George Friedrich Händel, 1748.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies—
The glory shall be Thine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1723.

560 GILDING. C. M.

E. Gilding, 1762.

(Or to Christmas.)

561 ST. PETERSBURGH. L. M. 61.

Dimitri S. Bortniansky, 1751-1825.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from His voice, His hand, His smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant, 1806.

560 GILDING. C. M.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victor's wreaths and monarch's gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

562 HELENA. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Rev. J. Nevett Steele, 1876.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
‖: Thou art my Strength. :‖

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:
‖: Thou art my Light. :‖

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
‖: Thou art my Rock. :‖

5 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
‖: Thou art my Peace. :‖

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
‖: Thou art my Life. :‖

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
‖: Thou art my All. :‖

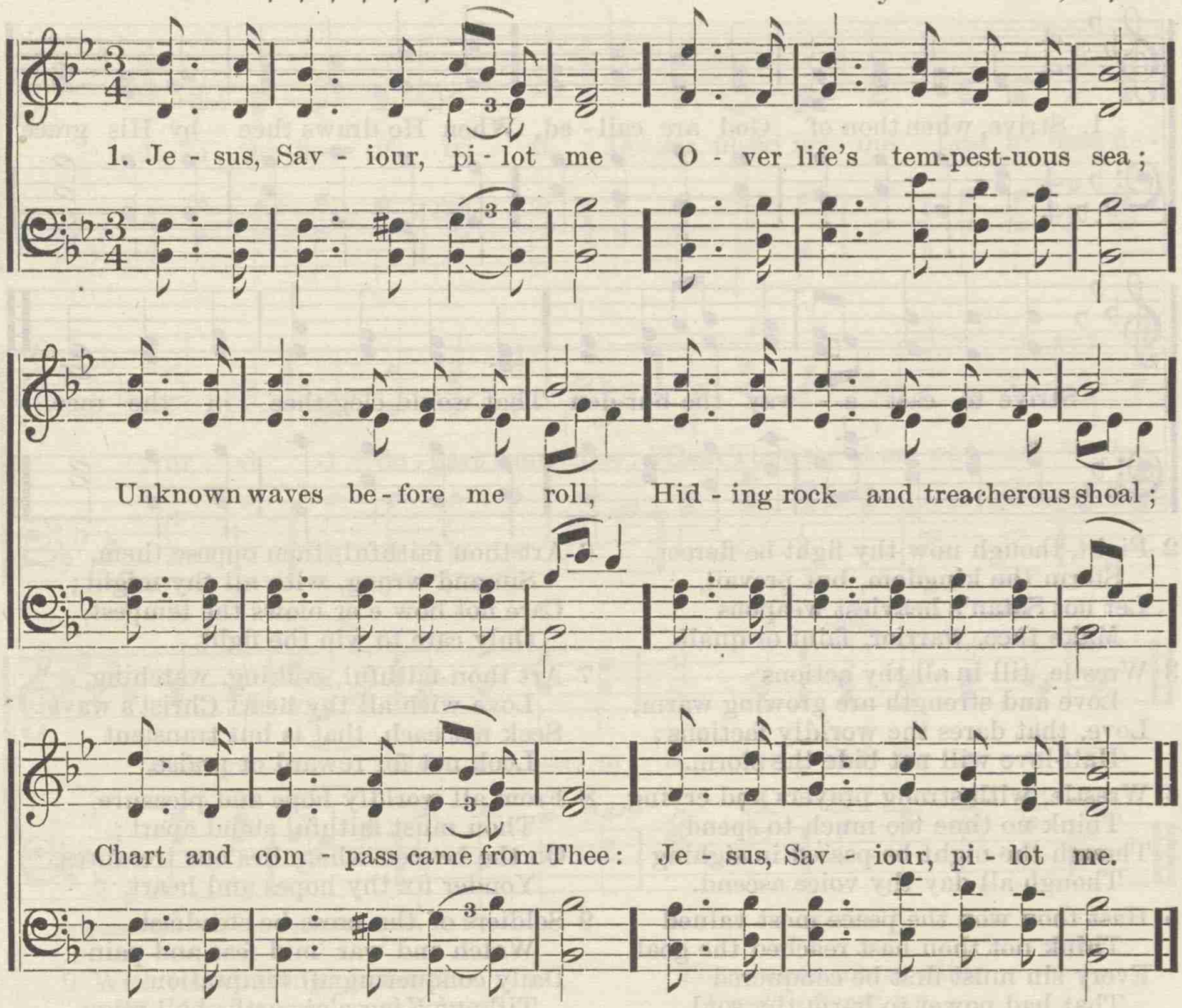
Charlotte Elliott, 1869.

563 VIGILATE. 7. 7. 7. 3.

William H. Monk, 1830.

564 PILOT. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

John E. Gould, 1871.



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

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

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871.

563 VIGILATE. 7. 7. 7. 3.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice proclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5 Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1839, alt.

565 RINGE RECHT. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Gnaudauer Choralbuch, 1735.

2 Fight, though now thy fight be fiercer,
Storm the kingdom, but prevail,
Let not Satan's heaviest weapons
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

3 Wrestle, till in all thy actions
Love and strength are growing warm,
Love, that dares the worldly factions;
Half-love will not bide the storm.

4 Wrestle, with strong prayers and crying,
Think no time too much to spend,
Though the night be passed in sighing
Though all day thy voice ascend.

5 Hast thou won the peace most valued
Think not thou hast reached the goal,
Every sin must first be conquered
That had power to harm thy soul.

6 Art thou faithful, then oppose them,
Sin and wrong, with all thy might;
Care not how e'er blows the tempest,
Only care to win the fight.

7 Art thou faithful, waking, watching,
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways
Seek not each, that is but transient
Look not for reward or praise.

8 From all worldly hope and pleasure,
Thou must faithful stand apart;
On the heaven where lies our treasures,
Yonder fix thy hopes and heart.

9 Soldiers of the cross be steadfast
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain
Daily conquering all temptation
Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

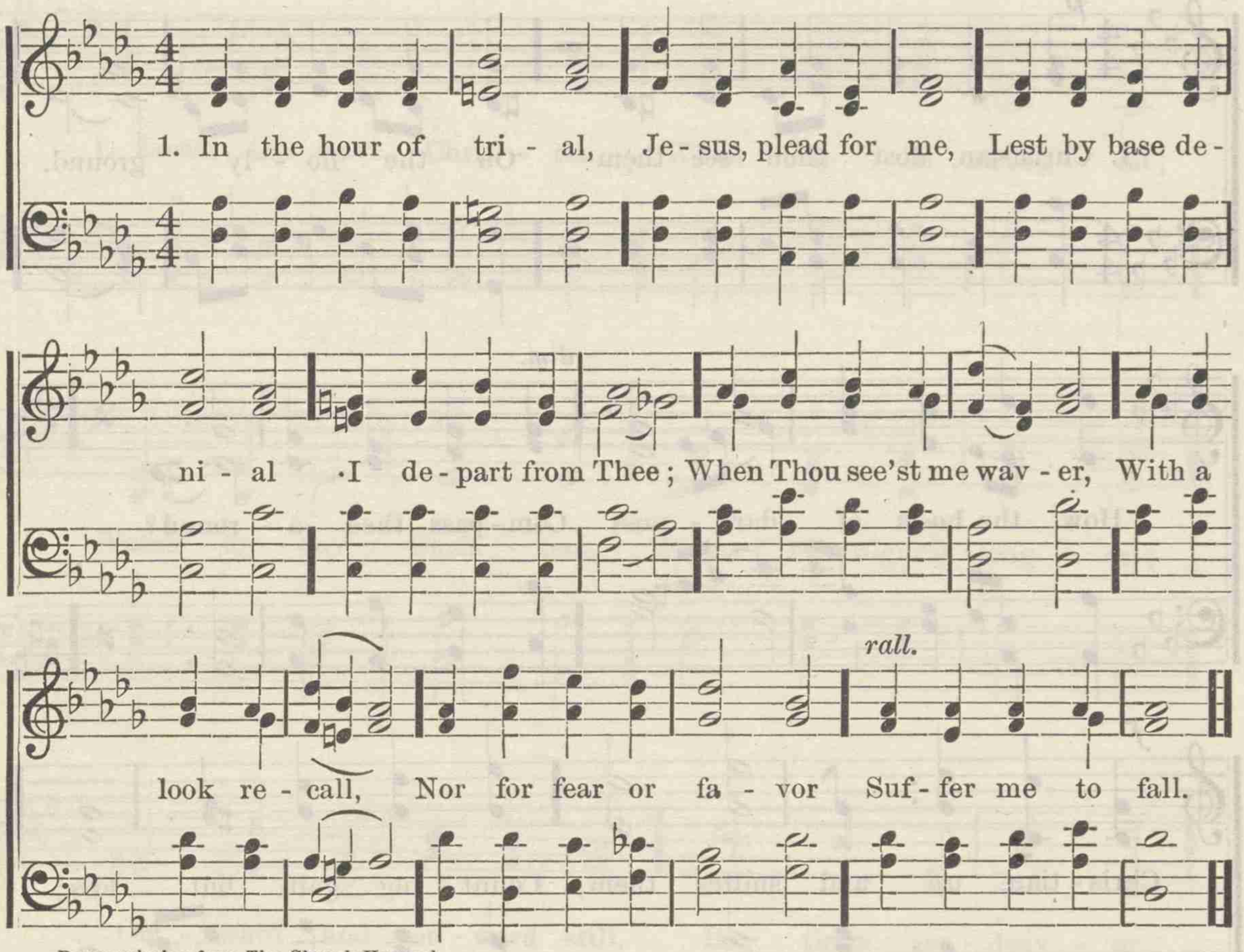
Johann Jos. Winkler, 1670–1722.
Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

566 VIENNA. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Justin H. Knecht, 1797.

567 PENITENCE. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane, 1879.



By permission from The Church Hymnal.

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

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

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

James Montgomery, 1834.

566 VIENNA. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

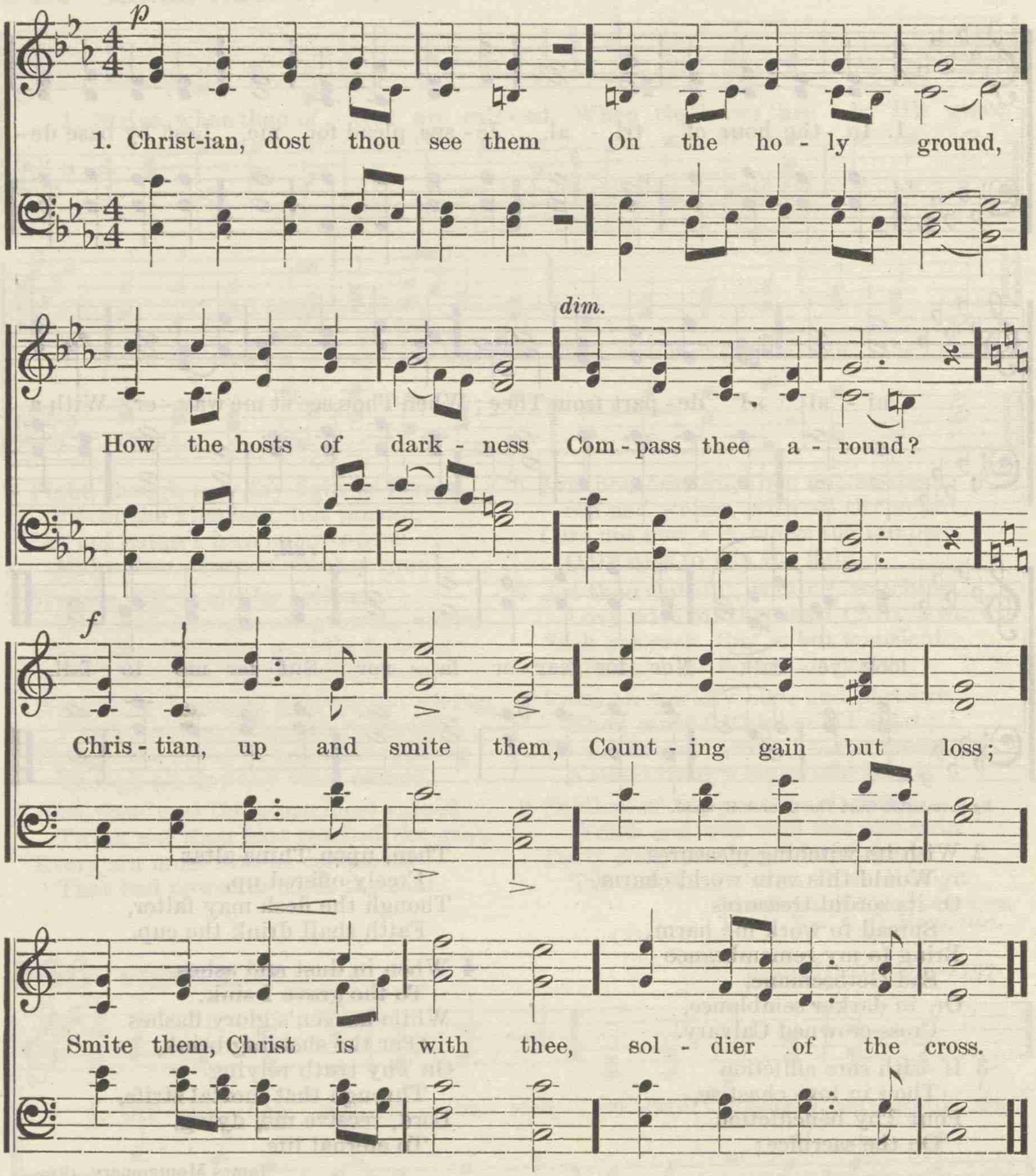
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

First 8 ll., Henry K. White, 1806, alt.
The remainder, Frances S Colquhoun, 1827.

568 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6. 5. 6. 5. D. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868.



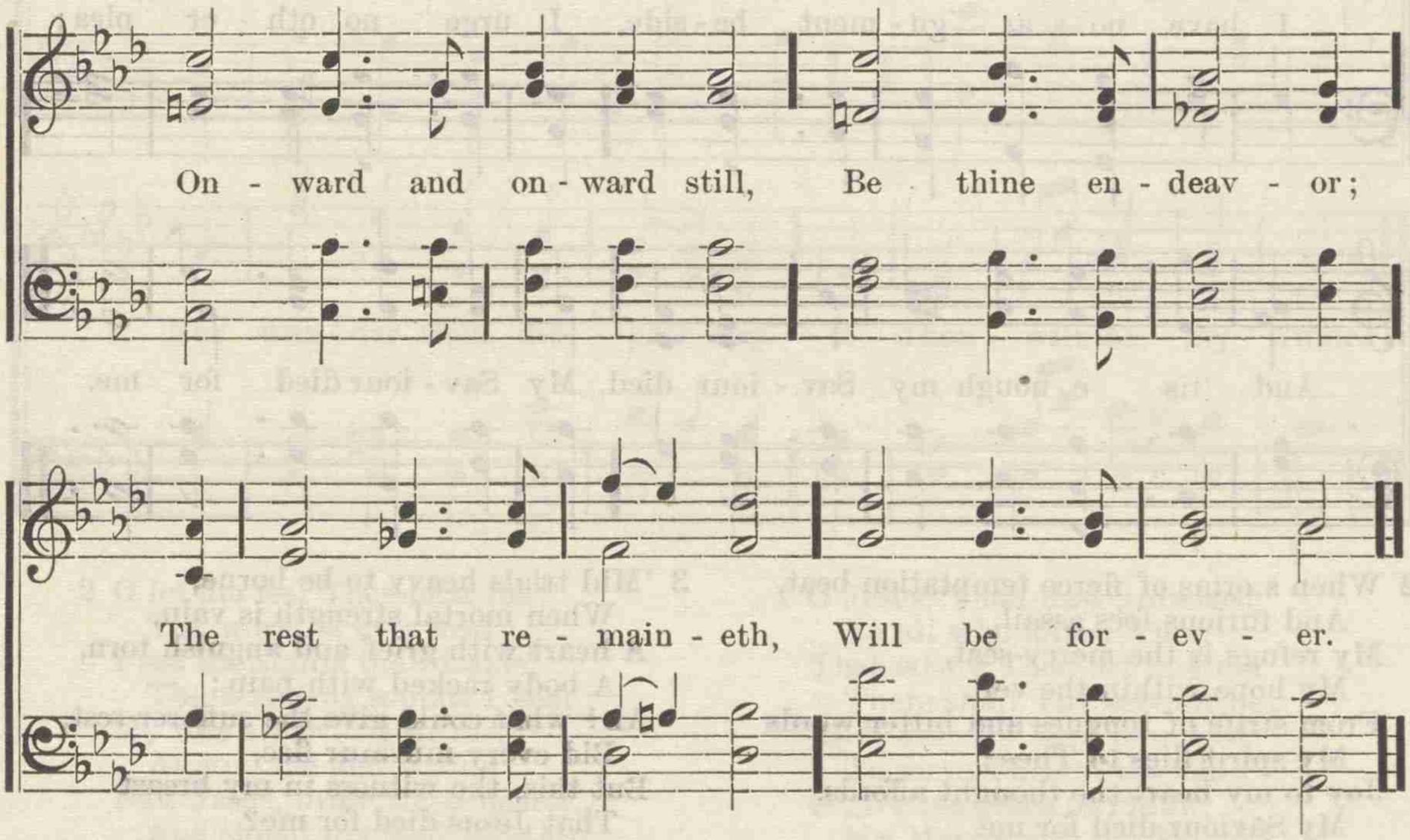
2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, 700.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

569 ONWARD. 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5. W. C. Filby, 1836-



2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

Joseph Stammers, 1830.

570 ST. ELWYN. C. M. D.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1889.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

Rev. Thomas Raffles, 1833.

571 ROTTERDAM. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875.

2 O let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

Rev. John E. Bode, 1860.

572 WATCHWORD. 12. 12. 12. 11. With Refrain. Albert L. Peace, 1890.

2 O'er the waters it soundeth, from lands far away,
Where the rebel usurper holds fair realms in sway:
There are chains to be severed, and souls to be freed;
Our Captain is calling, Himself takes the lead.—REF.

3 O, true hearts have gone forth, glad and strong, to the war,
And the fame of their exploits has echoed afar;
And though brave ones have fallen, yet rich their reward,
Who dies is crowned victor by Jesus our Lord.—REF.

4 'Tis not each one is called in the front rank to fight,
And there's room for us all though our strength may be slight,
And the weakest and poorest some succor may bring,
If only he follows the flag of his King.—REF.

5 When the warfare is finished, the long struggle o'er,
And the name of our Master all nations adore,
Then the glad shout of triumph shall ring far and wide;
O, joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!

REF.—O hark! the shout triumph resounds far and wide;
O, joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!

Sarah Geraldina Stock, 1888.

573 WILTSHIRE. C. M.

Sir George Smart, 1865.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust.

4 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide—
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints! and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye His service your delight—
He'll make your wants His care.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696.

574 MAPLETON. C. M.

W. H. Tutt.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

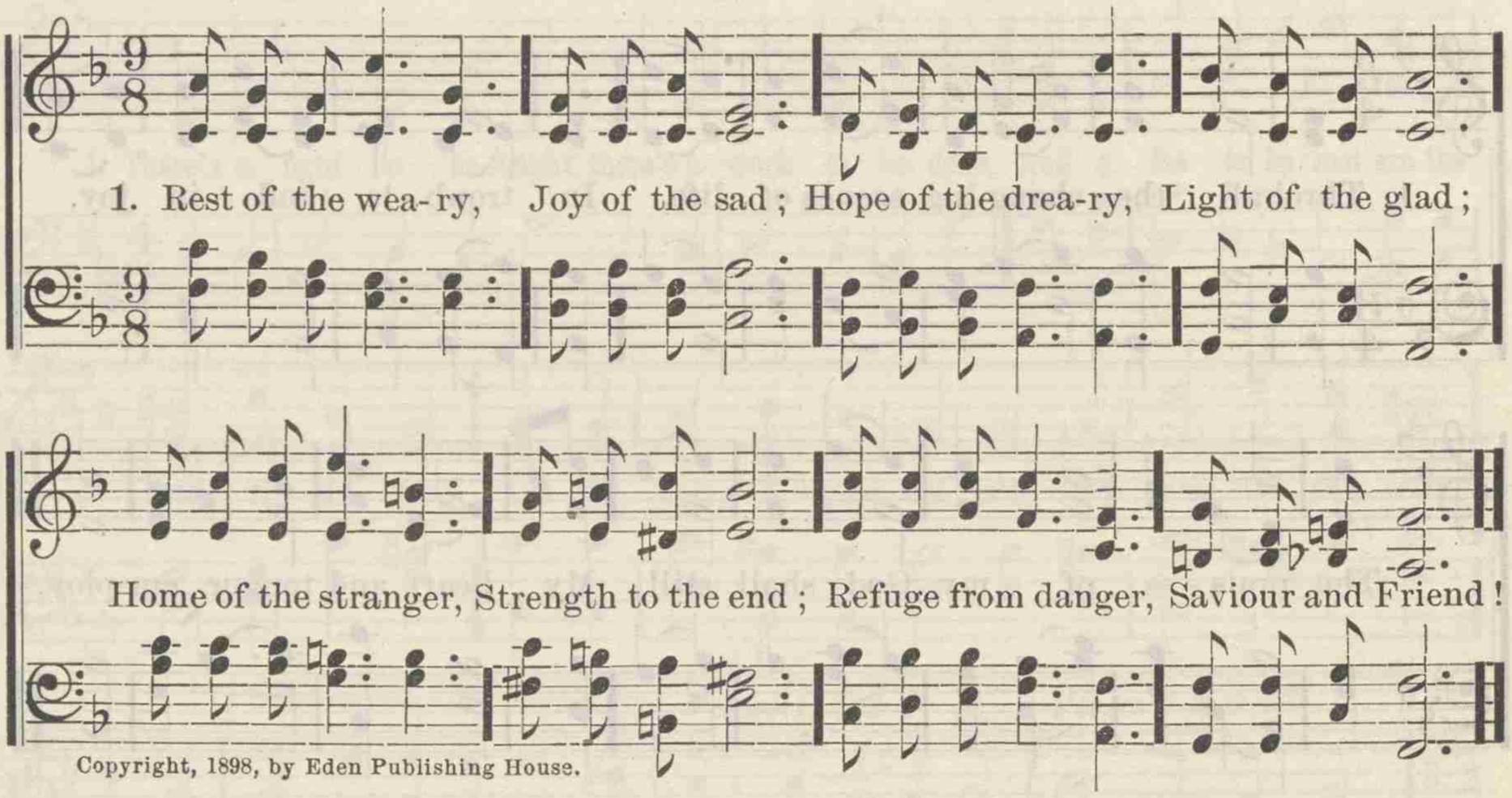
3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827.

575 BROOKLYN. 5. 4. 5. 4. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 Pillow where lying,
Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end;
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
Where my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise;
All my endeavors,
World without end,
Thine to be ever
Saviour and Friend!

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

576 SHEPHERD. L. M.

J. M. Bell, 1885.

(Or to Rockingham.)

Comfort, Trust and Hope in Suffering.

577 PEACEFUL STILLNESS. 11. 10. 11. 10.

Franz Abt, 1819.

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, sacred evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise kind and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbes the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1855.

576 SHEPHERD. L. M.

2 O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray;
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

3 O, may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee.

4 Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete;
Then let Thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

578 COMFORT. C. M.

William Croft, 1720.

(Or to St. Agnes.)

2 Though fierce temptations lie in wait,
What need have I to care?
Thou wilt not suffer them to hurt
Beyond my strength to bear.

3 What storms may beat, what burdens fall,
My soul would not avoid;
Who follow Thee, O Lord, may be
Cast down, but not destroyed.

4 Though over steep and rugged ways
My weary feet be brought,
Still following where Thy footprints lead,
I take no anxious thought.

5 O perfect peace! O endless rest!
No care, no vain alarms;
Beneath my every cross I find
The Everlasting Arms.

Miss H. O. Knowlton.

579 C. M.

1 I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

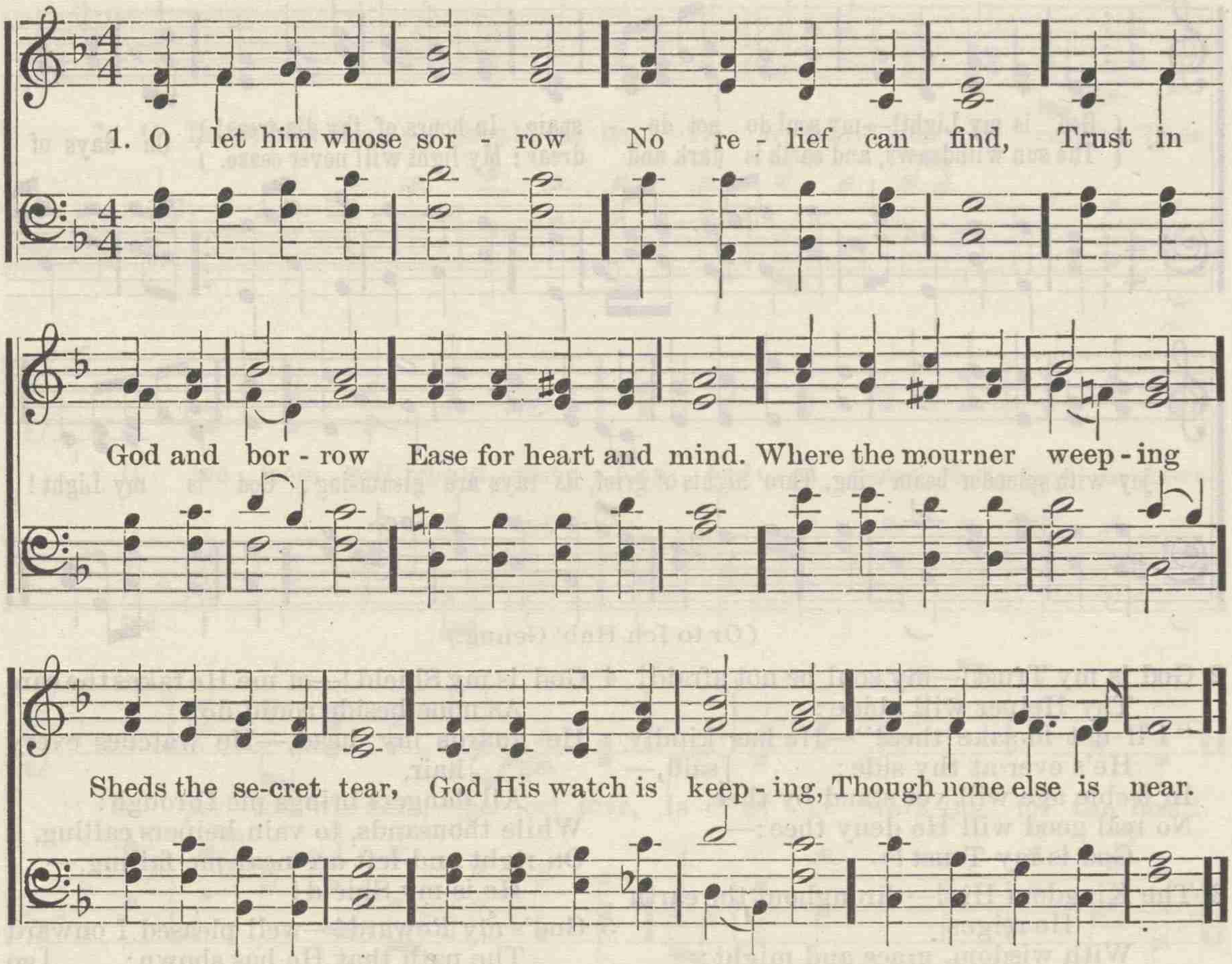
Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849.

580 CAIRNBROOK. 8. 5. 8. 3.

E. Prout, 1885.

581 MARY MAGDALENE. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862.



2 God will never leave us,
All our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes.
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know,—
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above
Crowns us with His favor,
Fills us with His love.

Heinrich S. Oswald, 1826.
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841.

580 CAIRNBROOK. 8. 5. 8. 3.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

582 GOTT IST GETREU. 10. 6. 10. 6. 8. 8. 4. German Choral, 1850.

(Or to Ich Hab' Genug.)

2 God is my Trust!—my soul be not afraid!
Thy Helper will abide:
"I'll not forsake thee!"—He has kindly said,—
He's ever at thy side;
In feeble age will yet stand by thee,
No reàl good will He deny thee:—
God is my Trust!

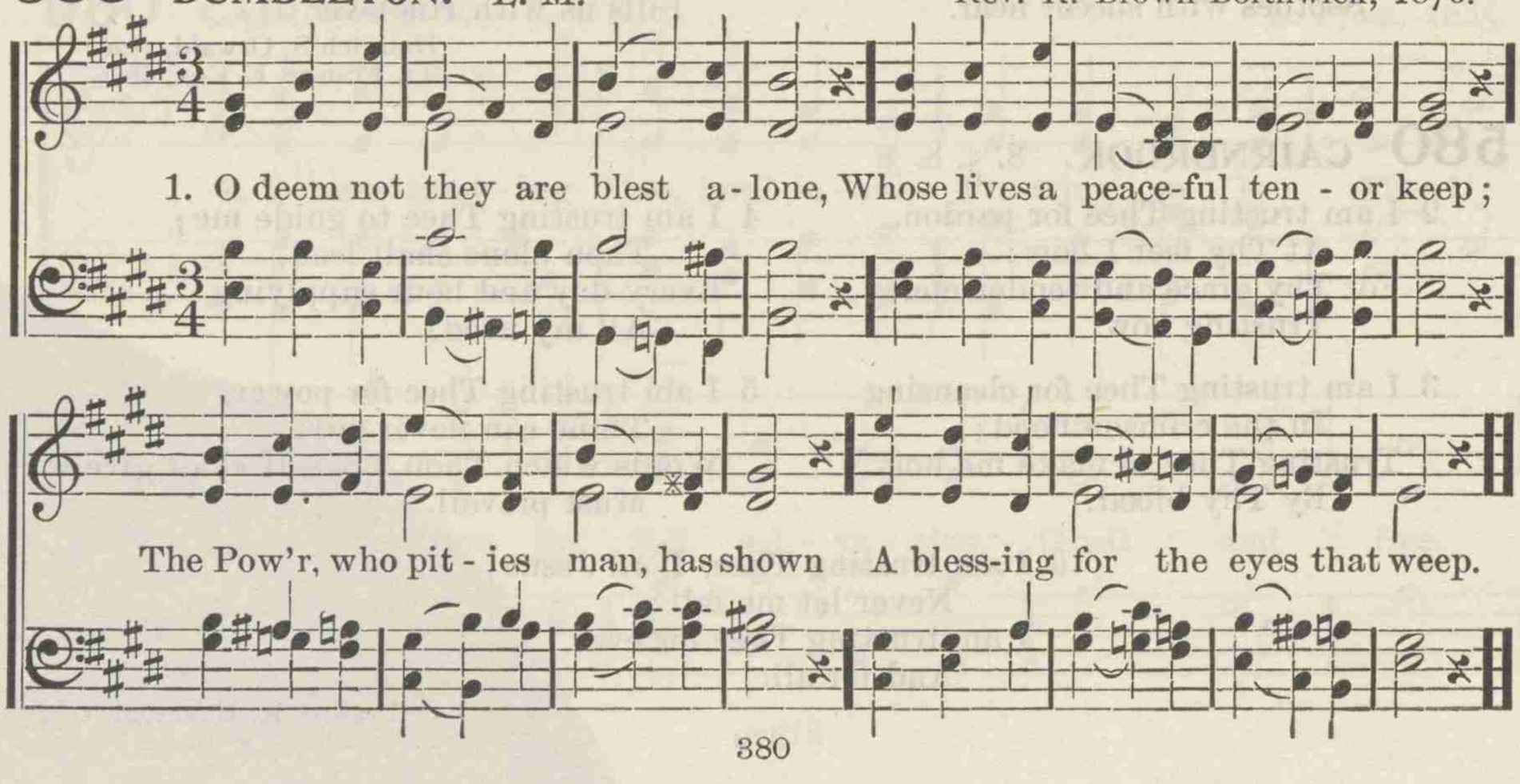
3 The Kingdom His!—throughout the earth
He reigns
With wisdom, grace and might;
The stars go on, and time its course main-tains,
Beneath His watchful sight;
In silence onward still proceeding,
The universe obeys His leading,
The Kingdom His!

4 God is my Shield!—of me He takes the care
As none beside could do;
He guards my head,—He watches every hair,
All dangers brings me through:
While thousands, to vain helpers calling,
On right and left are near me falling,—
He is my Shield!

5 God's my Reward!—well pleased I onward go
The path that He has shown:
It has no triàls but my God will know,
When He awards my crown.
I'll gladly strive, the fight sustaining,
Until in death the victory gaining,—
God's my Reward!

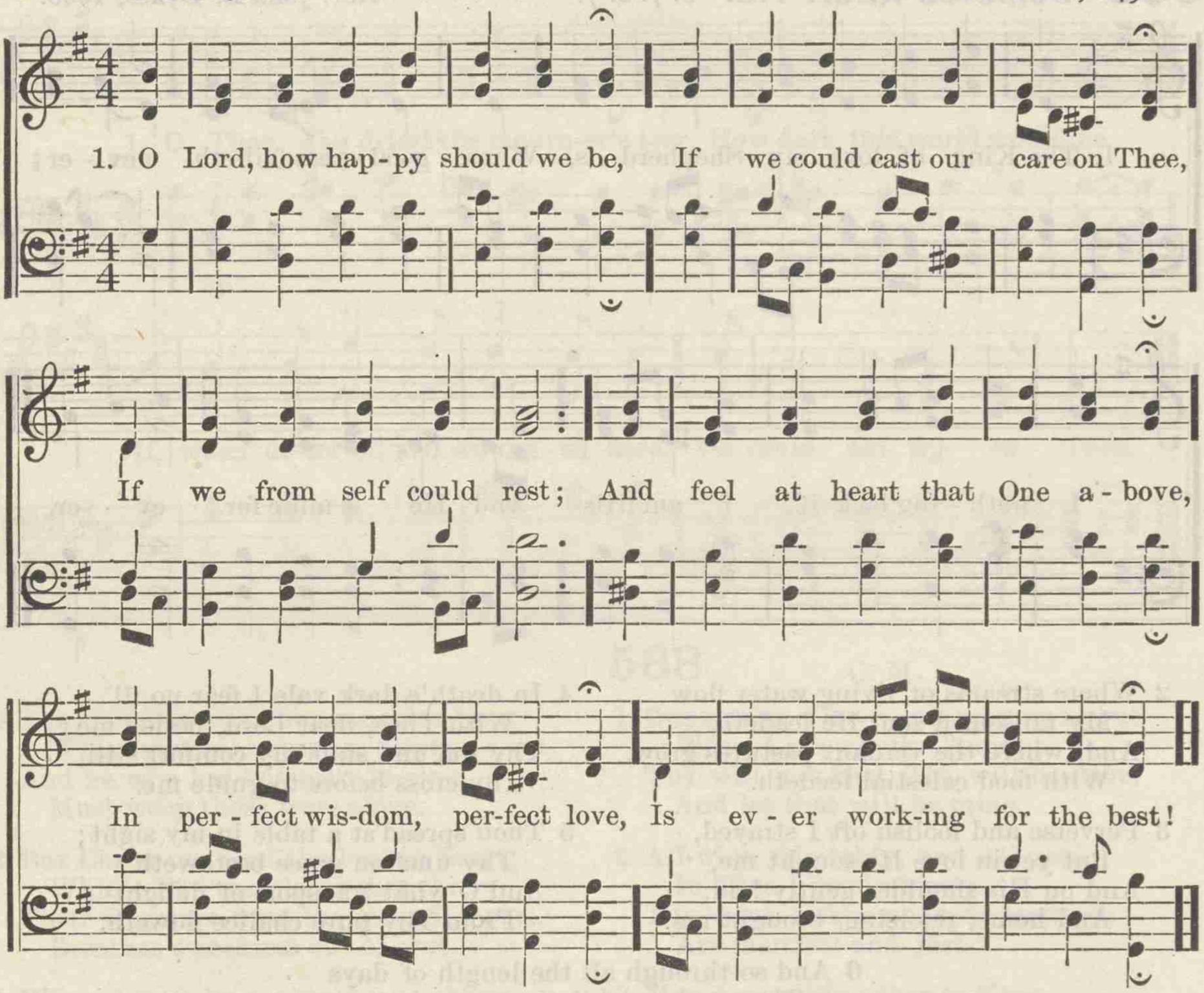
Ernst Wm. Hengstenberg, 1835, tr.

583 DUMBLETON. L. M. Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, 1876.



584 INSBRUCK. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8.

Heinrich Isaac, 1490.



2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
O Lord on Thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will surely hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the present day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Thy lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Father! we trust; and we lie still;
Leave all things to Thy Holy will,
And so at last find perfect peace.

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

583 DUMBLETON. L. M.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again,
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

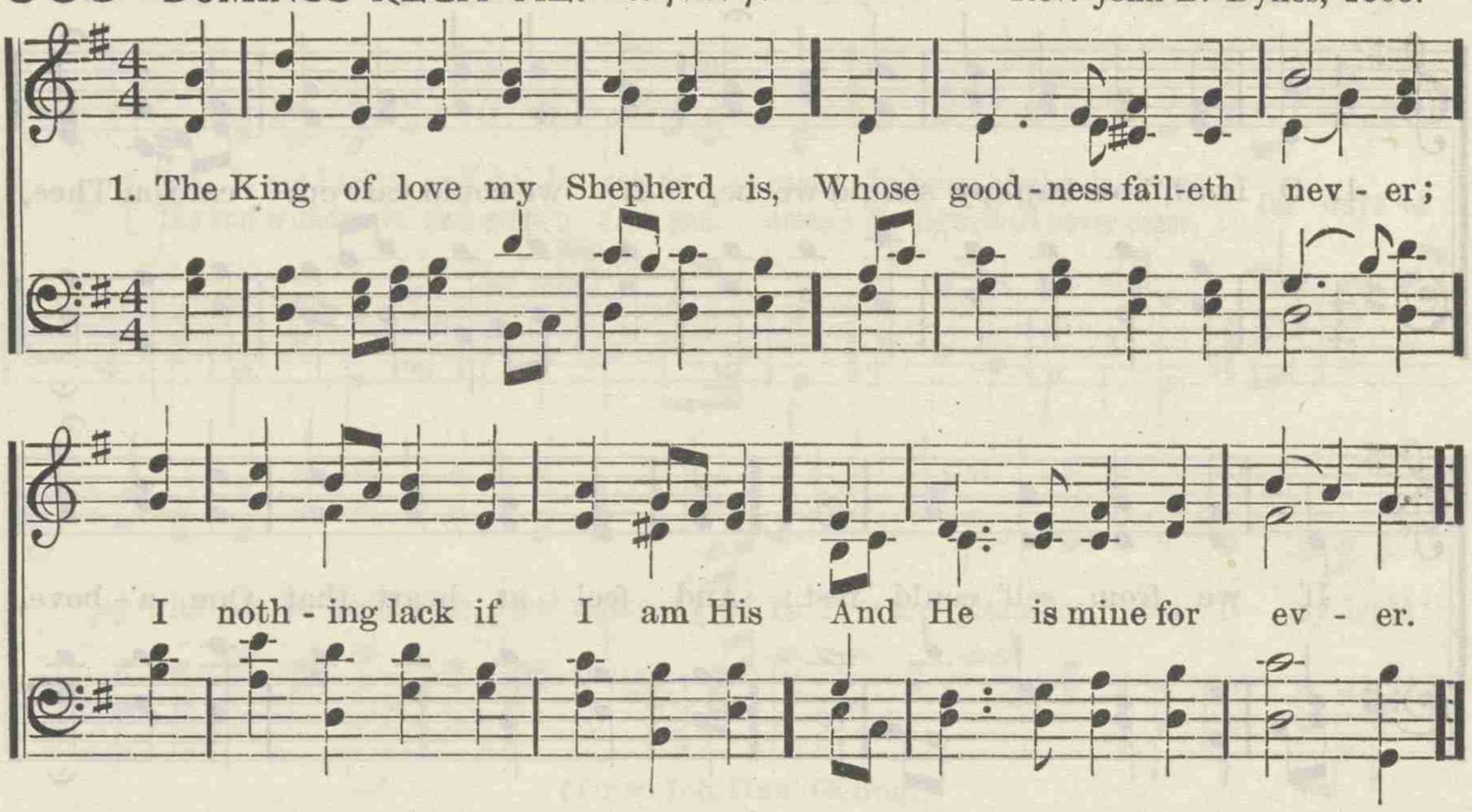
5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though, with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

6 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant, 1820.

585 DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868.



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

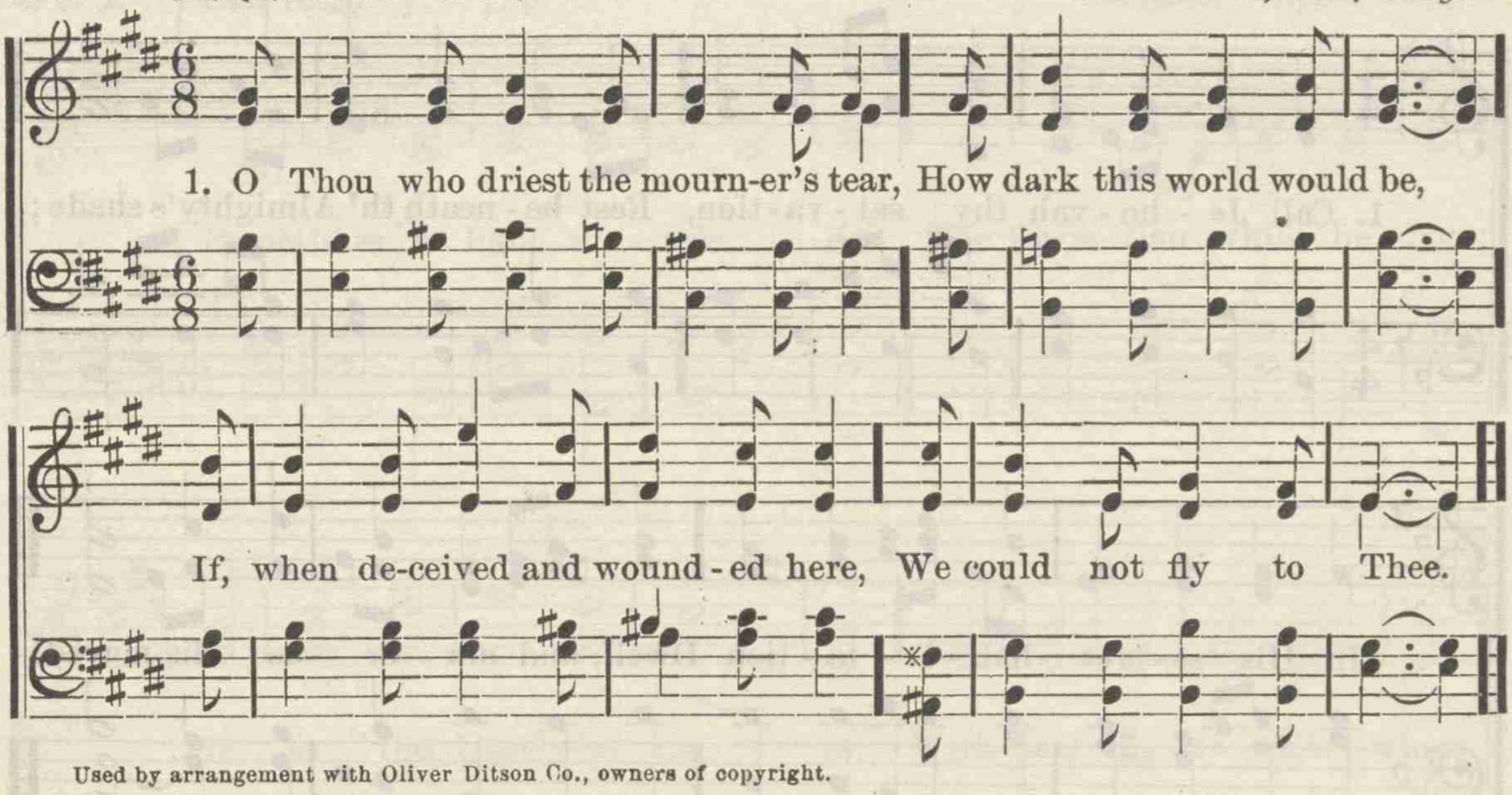
Rev. Sir. Henry W. Baker, Bart, 1868.

586 MARTYRDOM. (Avon.) C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1768.

587 SERENITY. C. M.

William Vincent Wallace, 1814–1865.



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588 C. M.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too.

5 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not His wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

6 Then sorrow, touched by Him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore, 1816.

1 One prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,
In Thee I firmly trust:
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, for me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy Name and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long posess'd,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

James Montgomery, 1822.

586 MARTYRDOM. (Avon.) C. M.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name;
His Name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

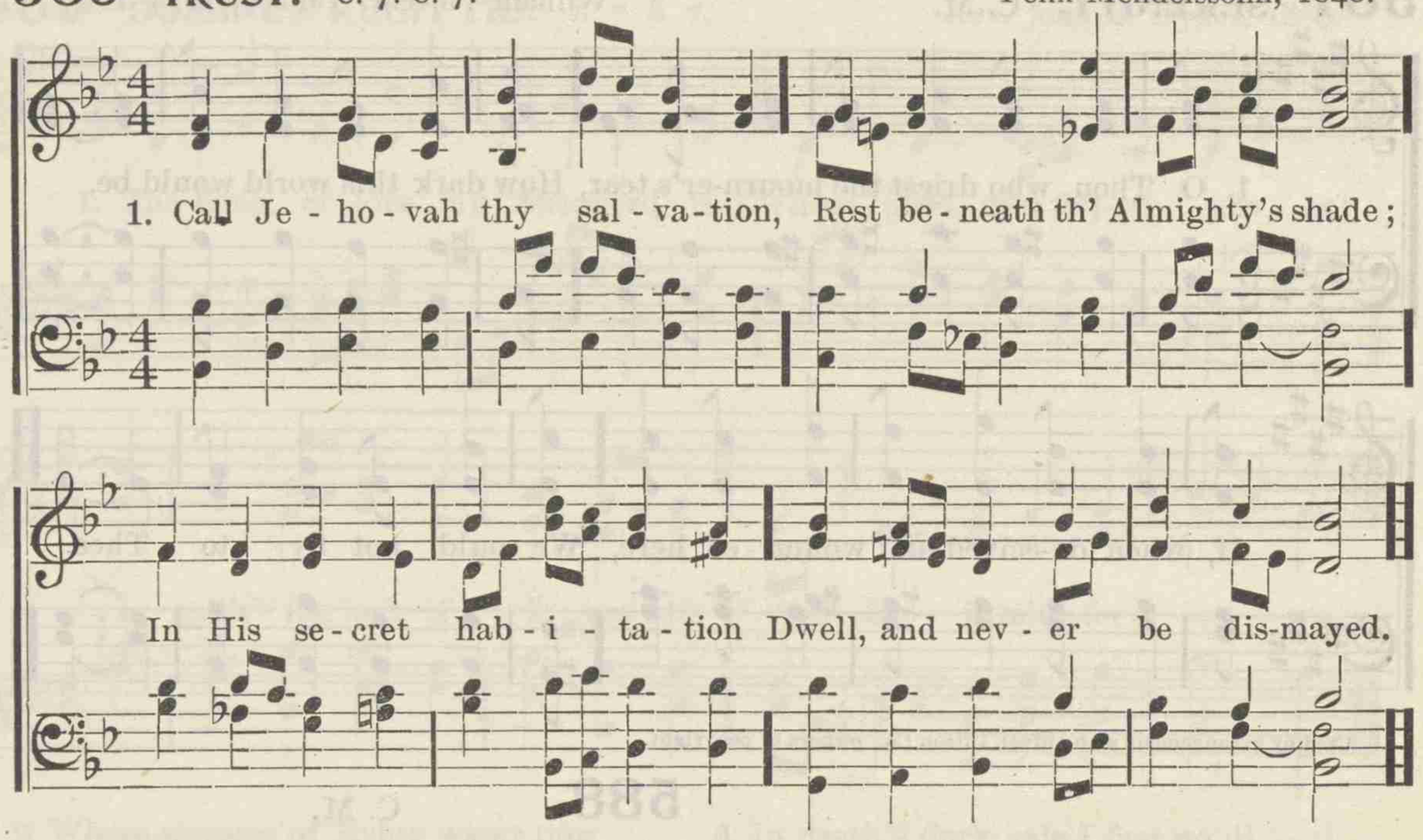
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

589 TRUST. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Felix Mendelssohn, 1840.



2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure Defence:

4 He shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

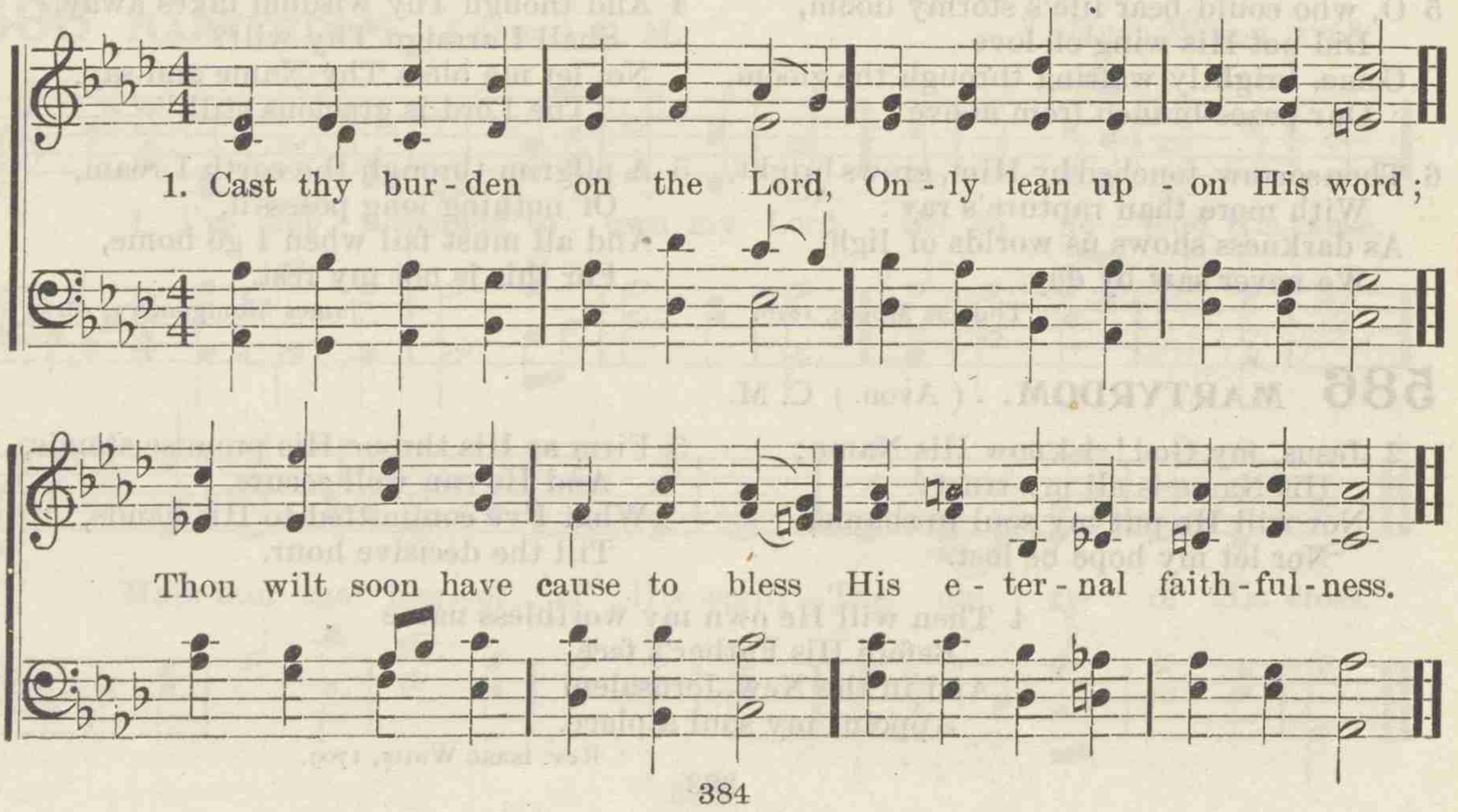
5 Since, with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set Thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above.

6 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery, 1822.

590 SPRINGFIELD. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Edward Minshall, 1887.



591 VULPIUS. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Melchior Vulpius, 1609.

2 When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

3 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;

4 Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

5 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:

6 Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

7 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field shall wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

8 Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779.

590 SPRINGFIELD. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 He sustains thee by His hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From His grace are never moved.

3 Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought;
His compassion, love, and power
Are the same for evermore.

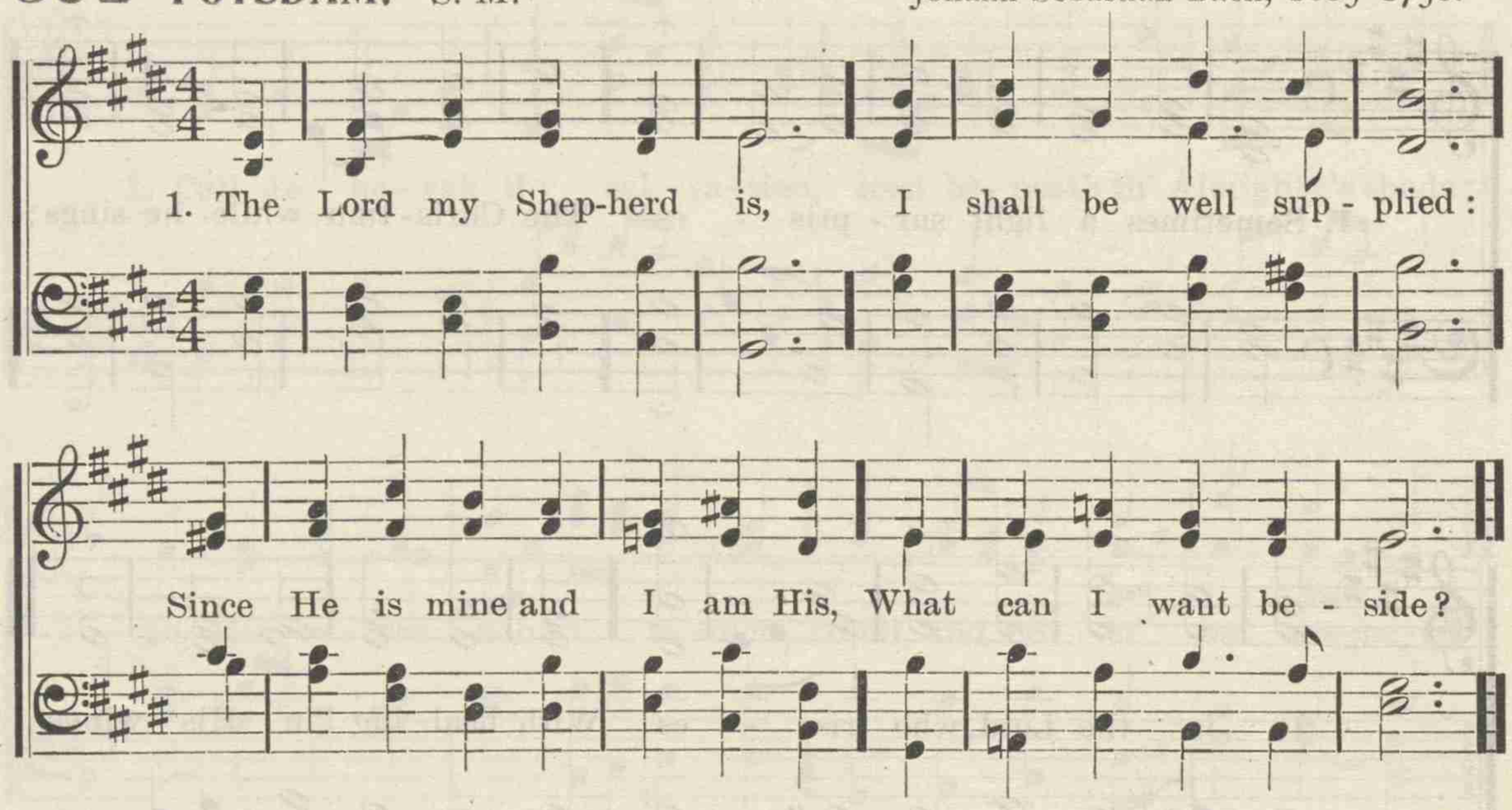
4 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of His will.

5 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

Anon. in Rowland Hill's Ps. and Hy., 1783.

592 POTSDAM. S. M.

Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685–1750.



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

4 While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

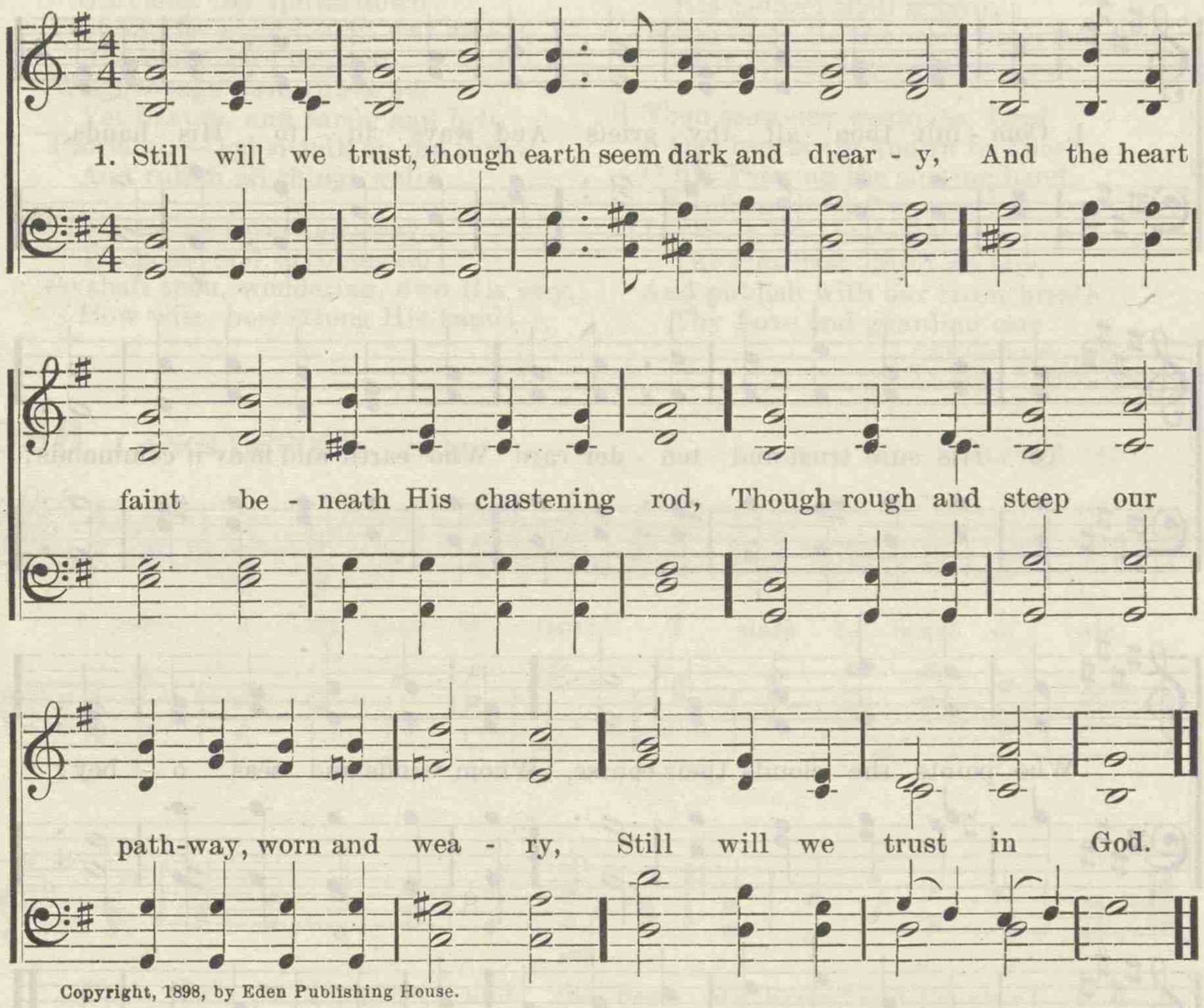
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

593 DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845.

594 BURLEIGH. 11. 10. 11. 6.

U. C. Burnap, 1894.



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2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our praise again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed:
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William Henry Burleigh, 1868.

593 DENNIS. S. M.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

595 VIA PACIS. S. M. D.

E. Prout, 1870.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause,—His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thy everlasting Truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless Love,
Sees all Thy children's wants and knows
What best for each will prove.
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy Power to being brings.

4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

5 Give to the winds Thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

6 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not:
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

7 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

8 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy Love and guardian care!

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.
Tr. John Wesley, 1739.

596 LANGLEEFORD. S. M.

J. Garnett, 1870.

2 From dangerous snares He saves:
Where'er He bids me go
He checks the storms and calms the waves,
That naught can work me woe.

3 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God, who yet shall save:
I will not turn from Him.

4 The world may fail and flee;
Thou, God, my Father art!
Not fire, nor sword, nor plague, from Thee
My trusting soul shall part.

5 No joys that angels know,
No throne or widespread fame,
No love or loss, no fear or woe,
No grief of heart or shame—

6 Man cannot aught conceive,
Of pleasure or of harm,
That e'er shall tempt my soul to leave
Her refuge in Thine arm.

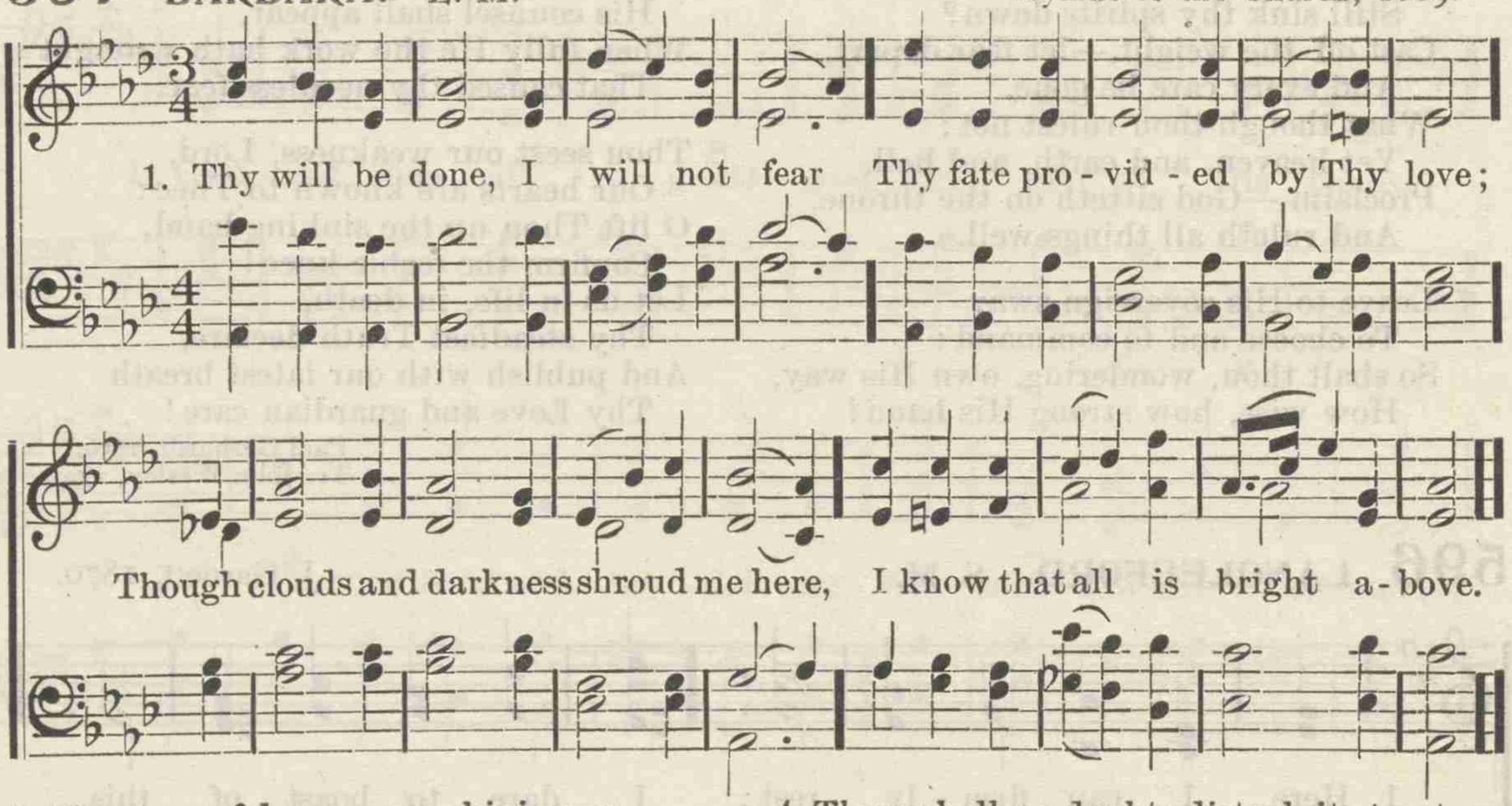
7 My heart for gladness springs,
It cannot more be sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

8 The Sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ the Lord I love:
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1855.

597 BARBARA. L. M.

Hymns of the Church, 1869.



2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours the immortal years?

3 Father! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

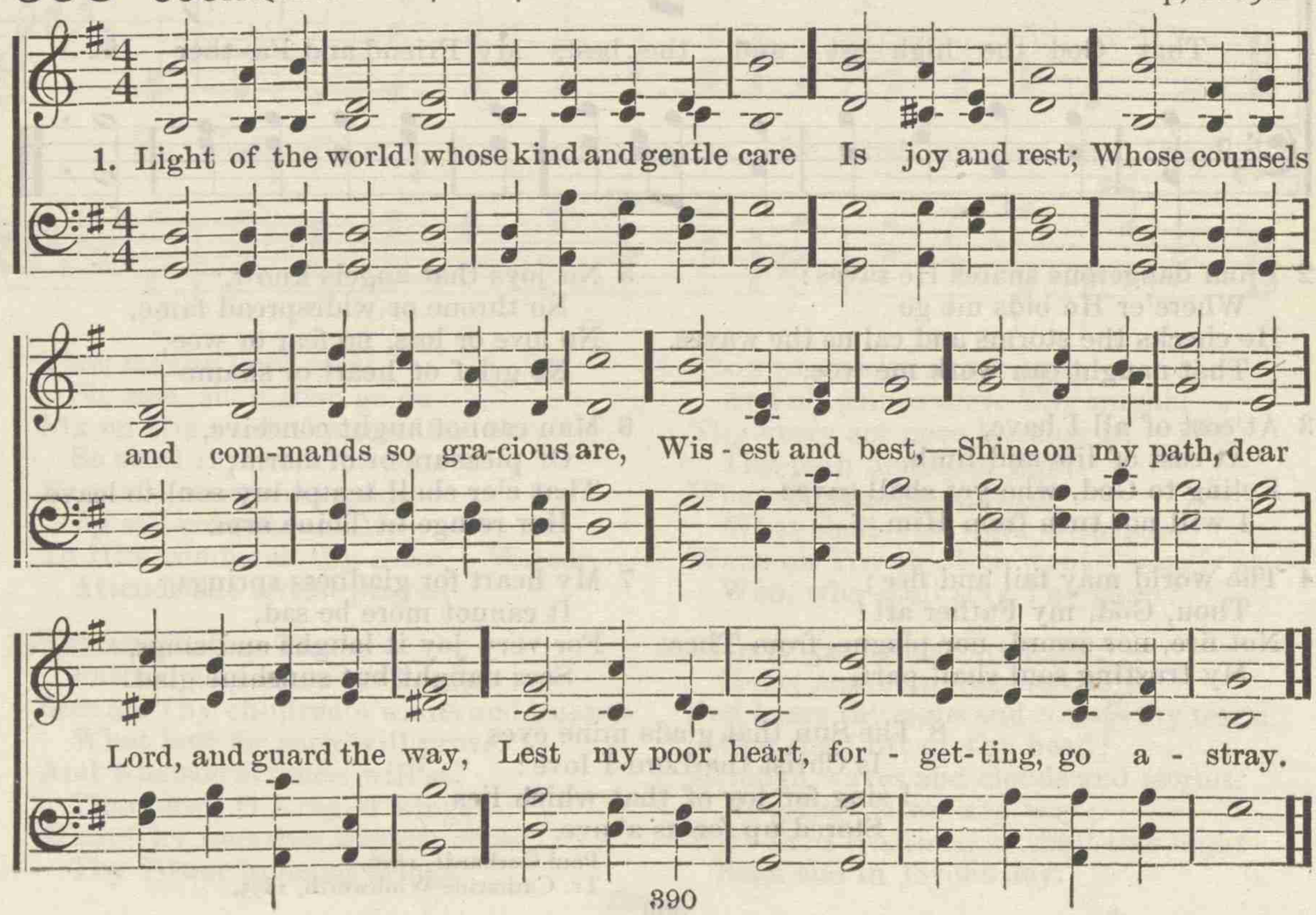
4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

5 E'en now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

J. Roscoe, 1830.

598 COCHRAN. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



599 LUX BENIGNA. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. (*First Tune.*)

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on,
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

Cardinal John H. Newman, 1833.

598 COCHRAN. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure
Its hope and peace;
Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire
Falter, or cease;
But be to me, true Friend, my chief
delight,
And safely guide, that every step be right.

3 My blessèd Lord! what bliss to feel Thee
Faithful and true;
To trust in Thee, without a doubt or fear,
Thy will to do;
And all the while to know that Thou, our
Friend,
Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.

4 And then, O, then! when sorrow's night is o'er,
Life's daylight come,
And we are safe within heaven's golden door,
At home! at home!
How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,
Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise.

Henry Bateman, 1875.

599 NEWMAN. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. (*Second Tune.*) J. Baptiste Calkin, 1827-

mf

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on,
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on,

mf Swell.

Ped. *Man.*

Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on: I lov'd the gar - ish

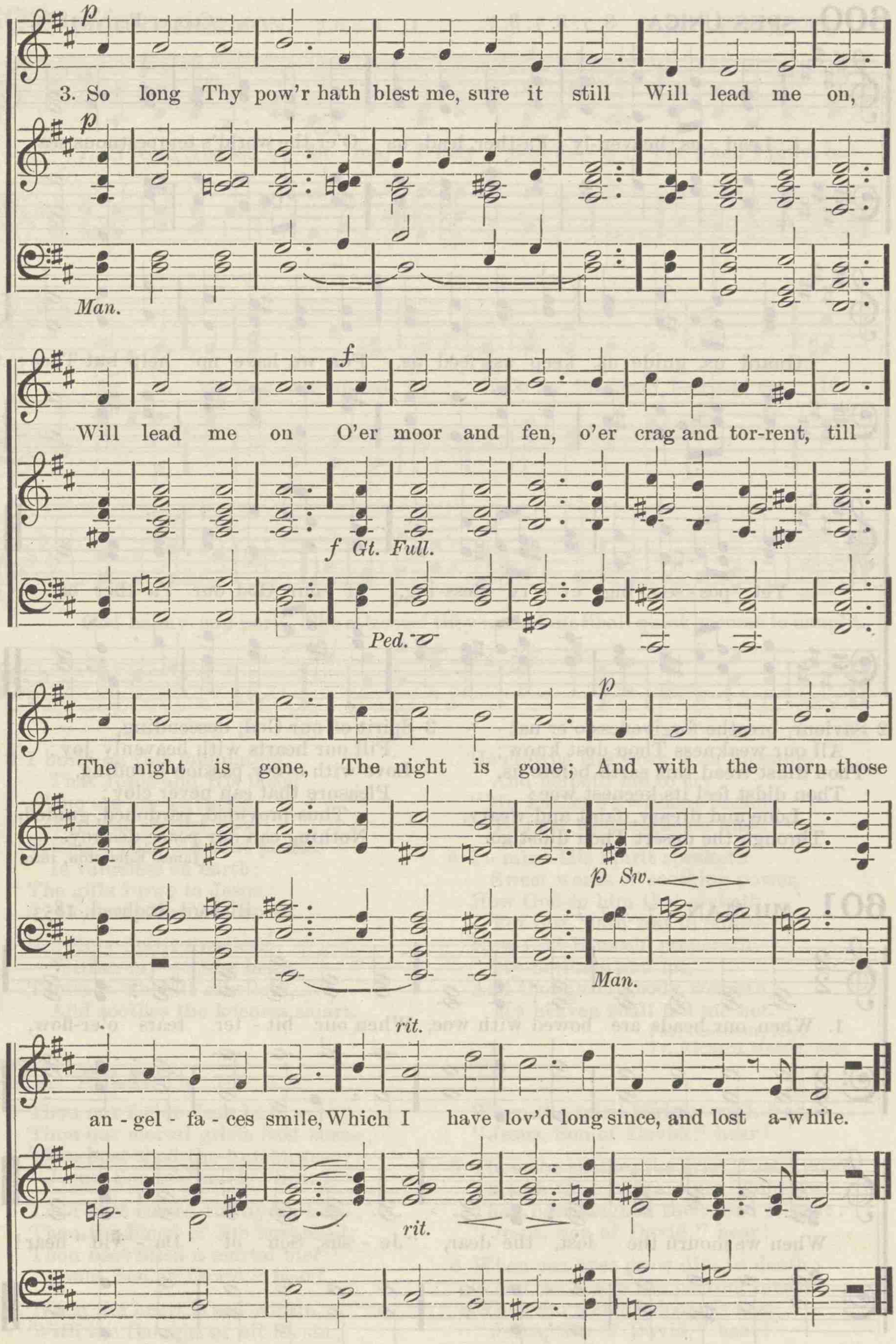
p

Ped. *Man.*

rit. *p*

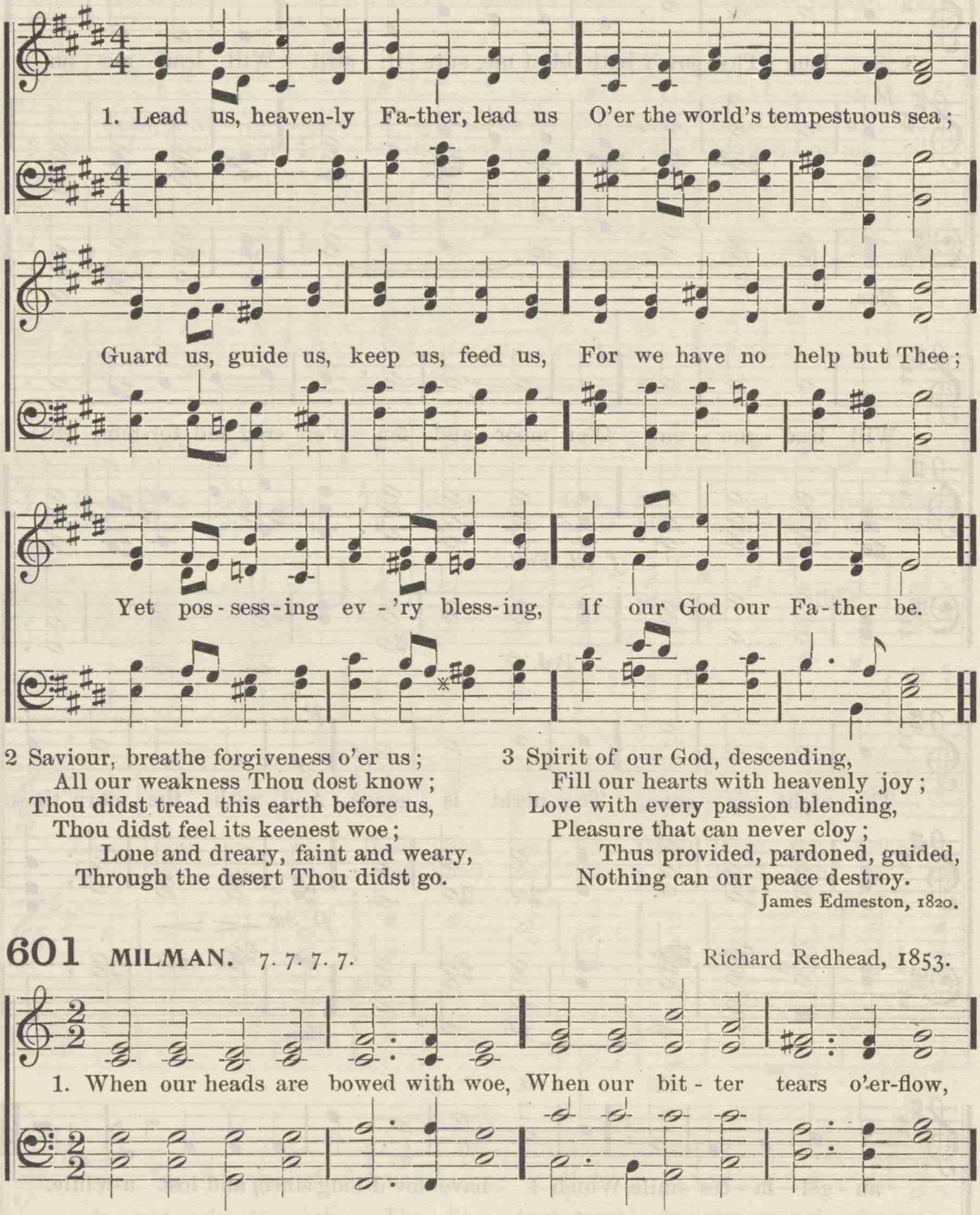
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.

rit. *p*


p
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on,
p
Man.
f
Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till
f Gt. Full.
Ped.
p
The night is gone, The night is gone; And with the morn those
p Sw.
Man.
rit.
an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.
rit.

600 SPES UNICA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Cooper Perry, 1889.



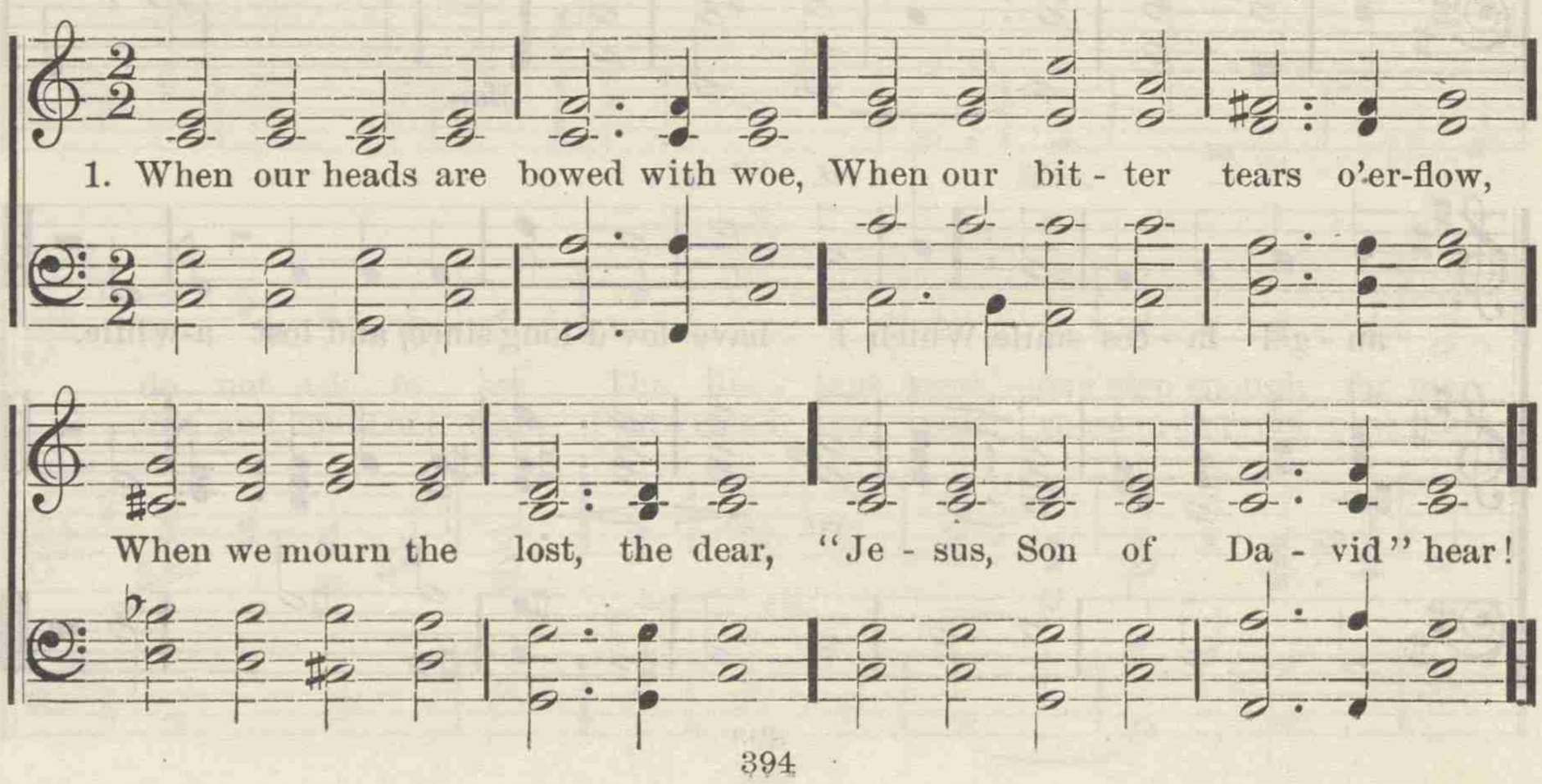
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

601 MILMAN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Richard Redhead, 1853.



602 MOUNT HERMON. 7.6.7.6. D.

J. B. Fortay, 1885.

2 I build on this foundation,
That Jesus and His blood
Alone are my salvation,
The true eternal good:
Without Him, all that pleases
Is valueless on earth:
The gifts I owe to Jesus
Alone my love are worth.

3 His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart.
He crowns His work with blessing,
And helpeth me to cry
"My Father!" without ceasing
To Him who reigns on high.

4 To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God to him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store—
How God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.
Tr. Richard Massie, 1856.

601 MILMAN. 7.7.7.7.

2 Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear:
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!

4 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!

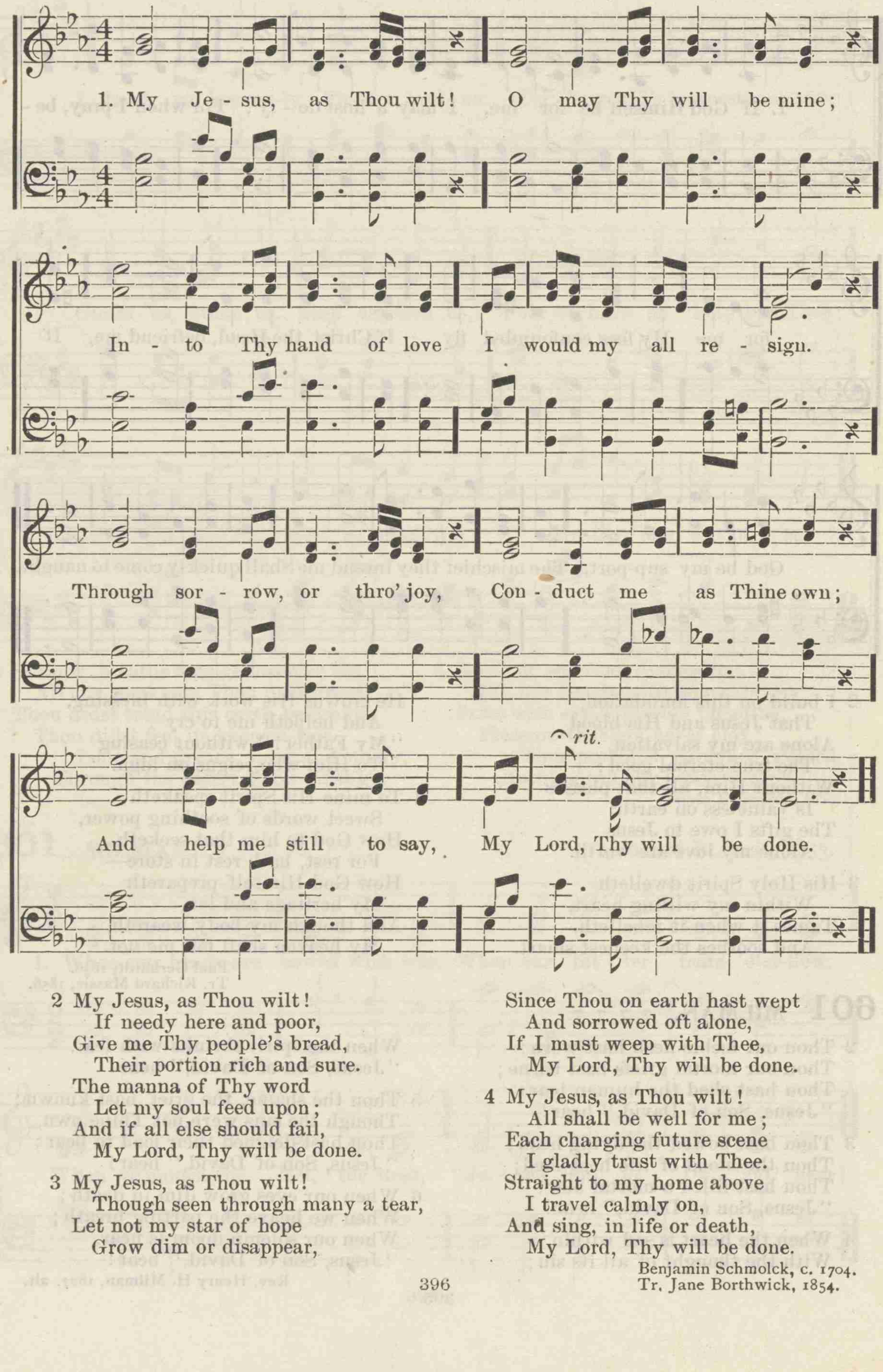
5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!

6 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
"Jesus, Son of David," hear!

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827, alt.

603 WEBER. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Arr. from Carl Maria von Weber, 1820.
By Hubert Platt Main, 1880.



2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

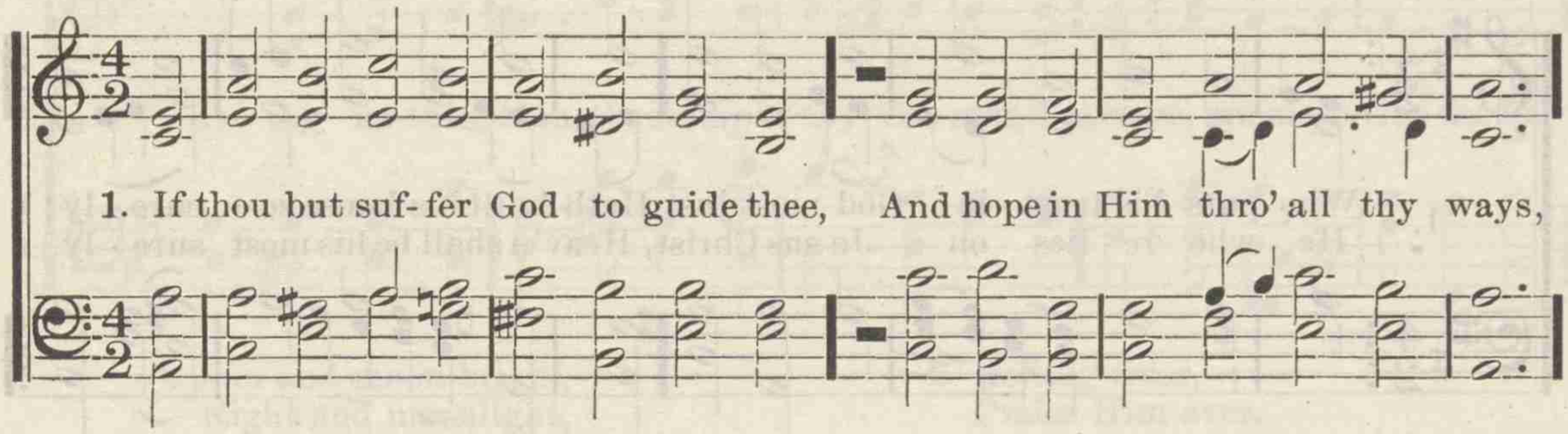
3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear,
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolck, c. 1704.
Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.

604 NEUMARK. 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

George Neumark, 1657.



2 What can these anxious cares avail thee—
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Keep peace at heart, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, and be content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-deserving love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

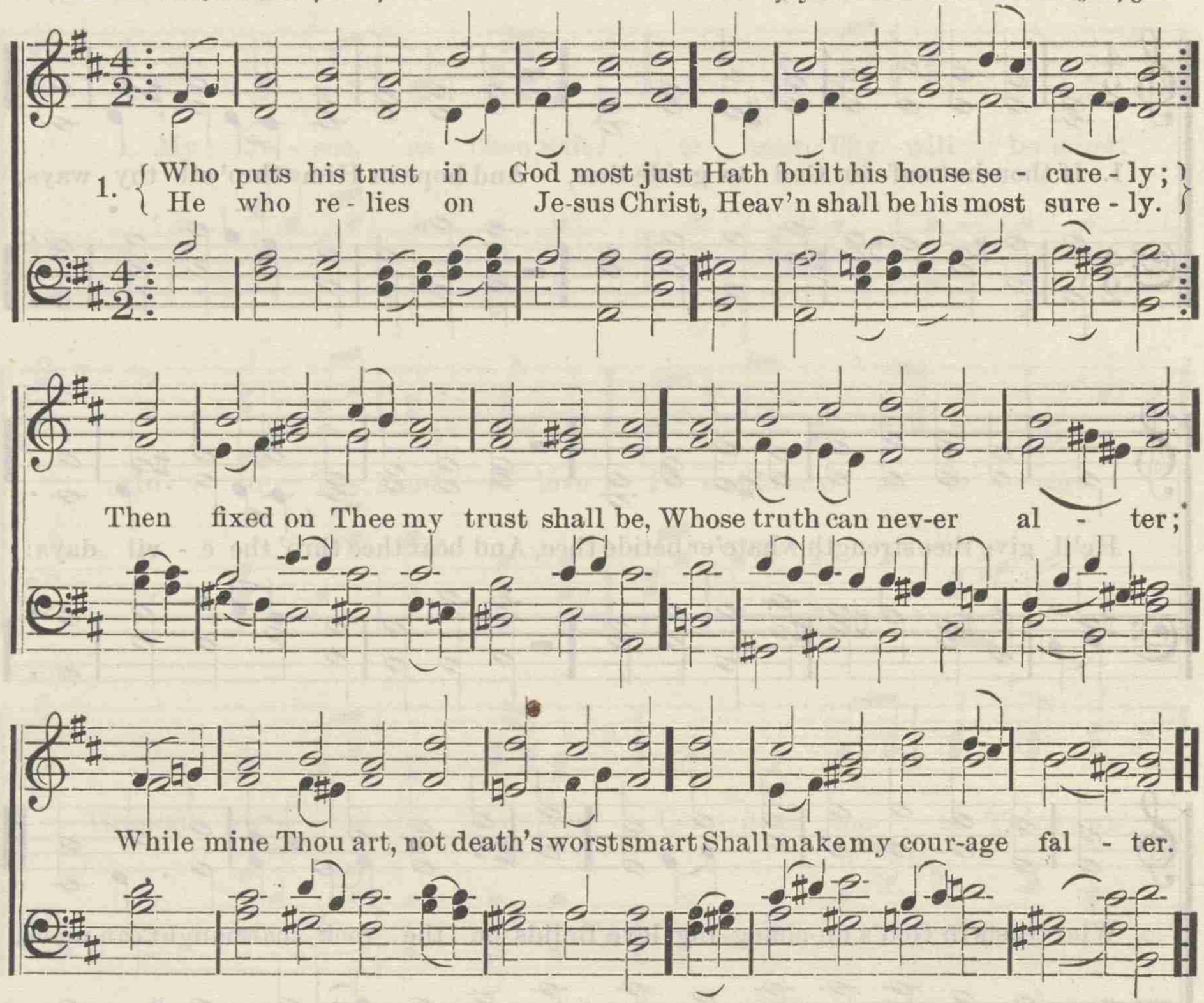
4 God knows full well the hour when gladness
Shall be the needful thing for thee.
When He has tried thy soul with sadness
And from all guile has found thee free,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

5 All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by Him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

6 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

George Neumark, 1641.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1855, alt.

605 **PARIS.** 8. 7. 8. 7. D. Arr. by Johann Sebastian Bach, 1730.



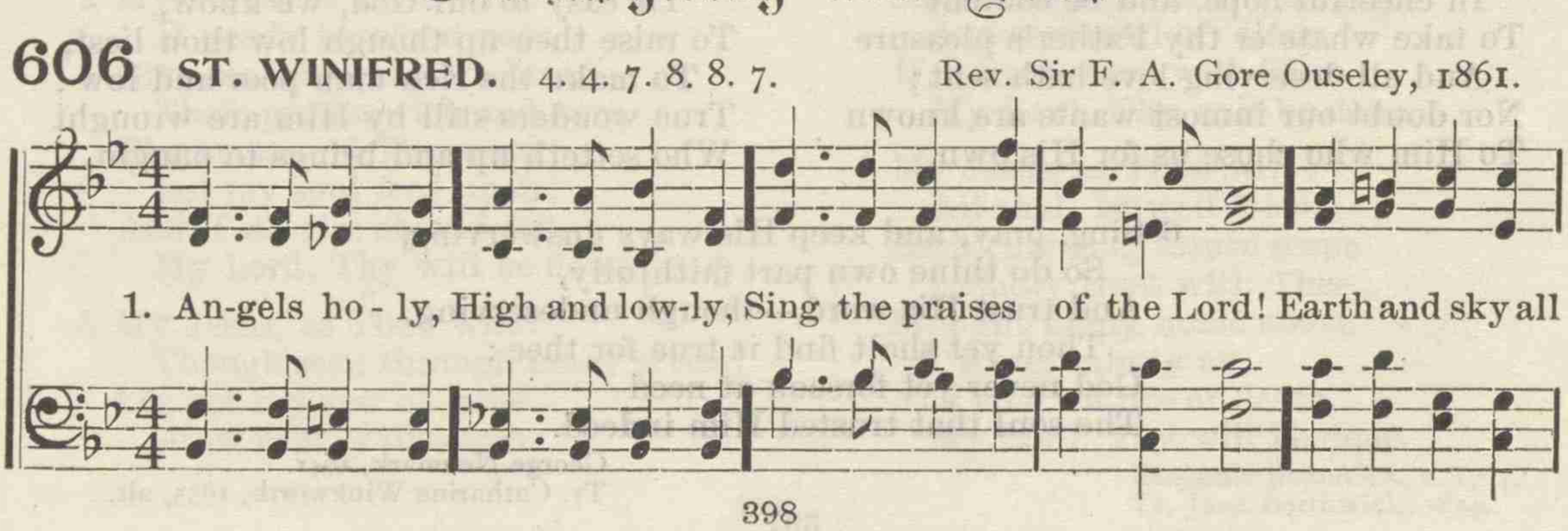
2 Though fiercest foes my course oppose,
A dauntless front I'll show them:
My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
Who soon shall overthrow them!
And if but Thee I have in me
With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.

3 Thou art my kind consoling Friend,
And Thou alone canst give me
Whate'er I plead, in time of need
For this poor life;—I trust Thee.
Repentance true, O grant anew,
And save me from all folly,
List' to my cry, O Lord most High,
My life make pure and holy.

Johann Mühlmann, 1573–1613.
Tr. alt. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1898.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

606 **ST. WINIFRED.** 4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7. Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, 1861.



2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples, azure-floored,
Clouds and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where trembling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples wisely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

7 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1860.

607 GAERWEN. 8. 8. 6. Arthur H. Mann, 1895.

2 To Him, the Lamb, our sacrifice,
Who gave His life our ransom-price,
Sing we Hallelujah!

3 To Him who died, that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Hallelujah!

4 To Him who rose, that we might rise
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Hallelujah!

5 To Him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Hallelujah!

6 To Him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Hallelujah!

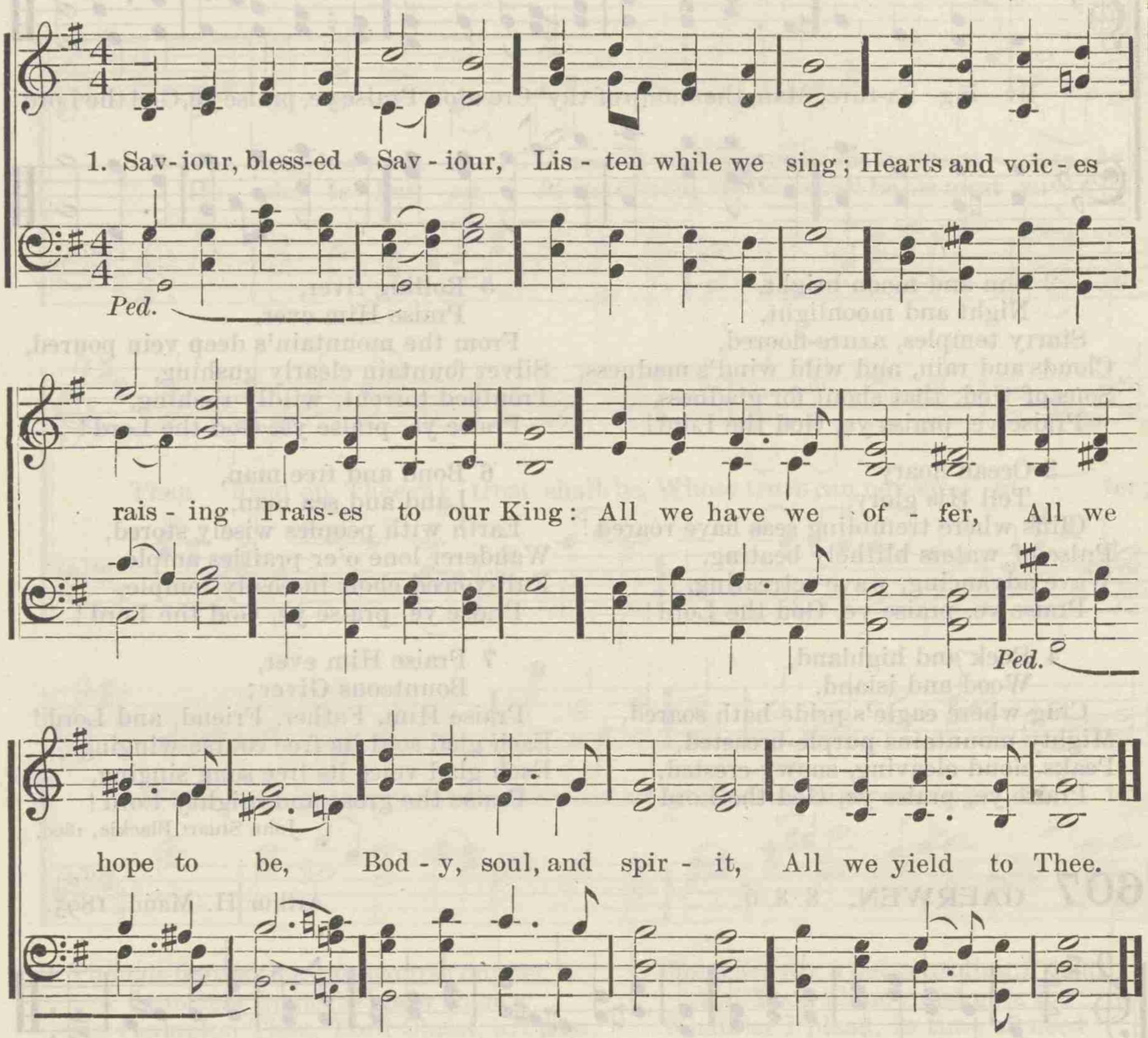
7 To Him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore:
Sing we Hallelujah!

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Hallelujah!

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851.

608 EDINA. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1868.



2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done:
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1862.

609 LAUDES DOMINI. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868.

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs
May Jesus Christ be praised:
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

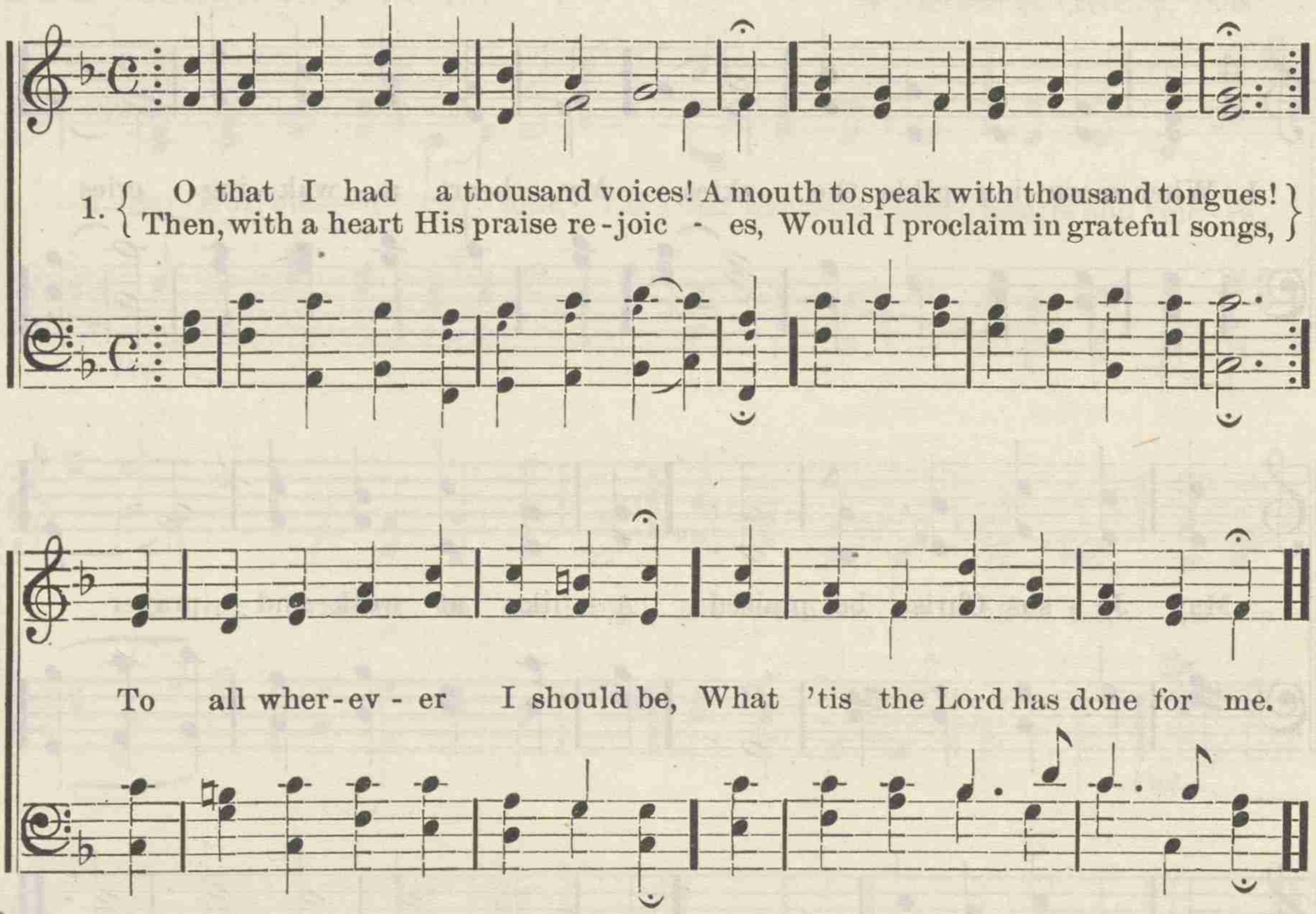
4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle Divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Anon. (German.)
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1853, 1858.

610 FRANKFURT. 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8. J. Balth. König's Liederschatz, 1738.



2 O that my voice might high be sounding,
Far as the widely distant poles;
My blood be quick with rapture bounding,
Long as its vital current rolls:
And every pulse thanksgiving raise,
And every breath, a hymn of praise!

3 Ye trees!—your growth His seasons nourish,
Now wave and rustle to His praise!
Ye flowerets fair!—so soon to perish,
Your forms with beauty He arrays;
Let all your bloom now vocal be,
And join the song of praise with me!

4 And yet should universal nature
Hear and obey my earnest call,
Should I have aid from every creature,
The strength would still be far too small,
His greater wonders to unfold,
Which all around me I behold.

5 Dear Father, endless praise I render,
For soul and body strangely joined:
I praise Thee, Guardian kind and tender,
For all the noble joys I find
So richly spread on every side,
And freely for my use supplied.

6 Who grants immortal hopes to bless me?
Who, but Thyself, O God of love?
Who guards my way lest fears oppress me?
'Tis Thou, Lord God of hosts above.
And when my sins Thy wrath provoke,
Thy patience, Lord, forbears the stroke.

7 Why not then, with a faith unbounded,
For ever in His love confide?
Why not, with earthly griefs surrounded,
Rejoicing, still in hope abide;
Until I reach that blissful home
Where doubts and sorrows never come?

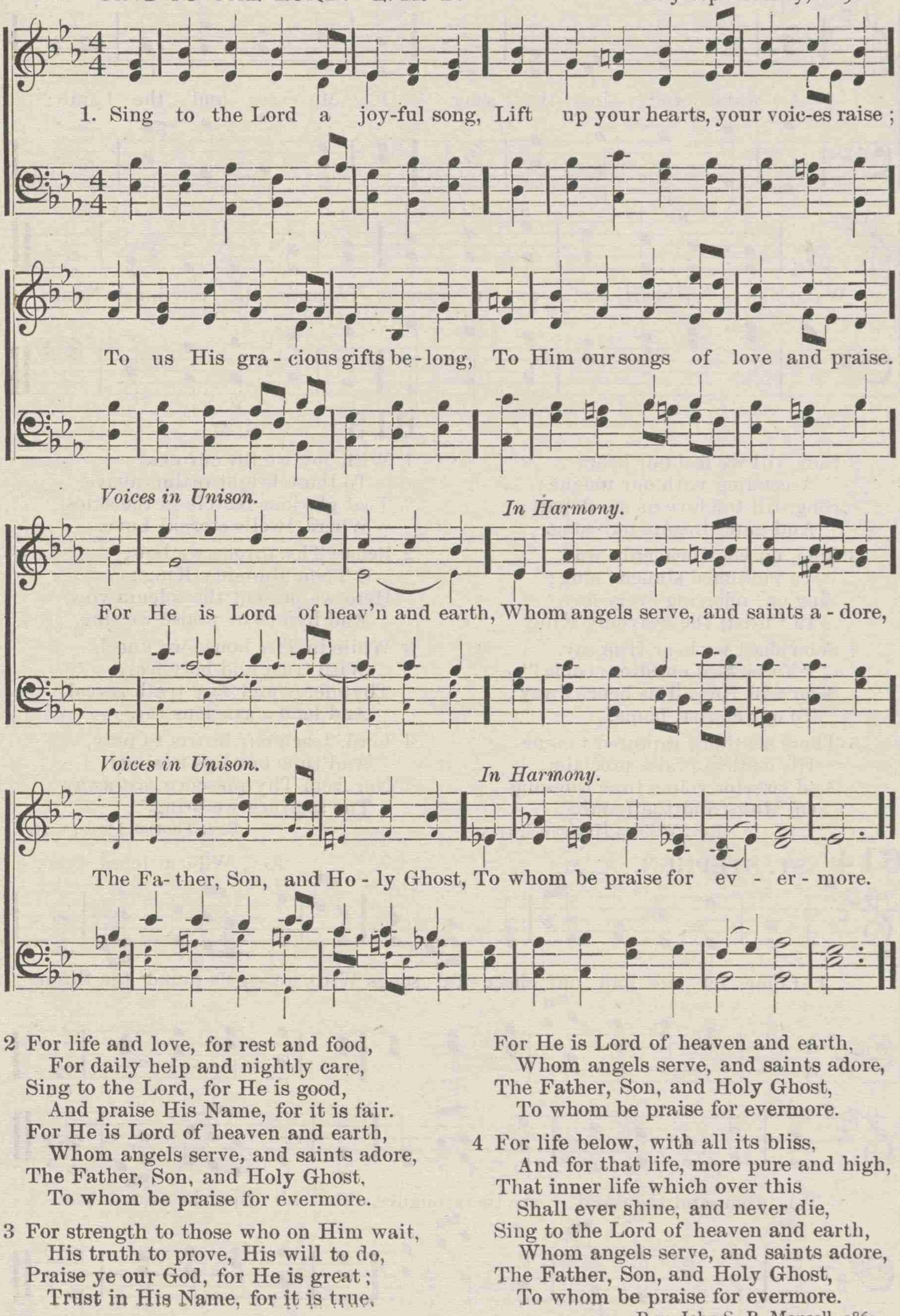
8 For all Thy goodness I'll extol Thee,
While yet my tongue has strength to move;
First object of my love enroll Thee,
Until my heart forget to love.
When feeble lips no voice can raise,
My dying sighs shall murmur praise.

9 Accept, O Lord, I now implore Thee,
The meagre praise I give below:
In heaven I better will adore Thee,
When I an angel's strength shall know:
There would I lead the sacred choir,
And raise their hallelujahs higher!

Johann Mentzer, 1658–1734, Tr.

611 SING TO THE LORD. L. M. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1890.



2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

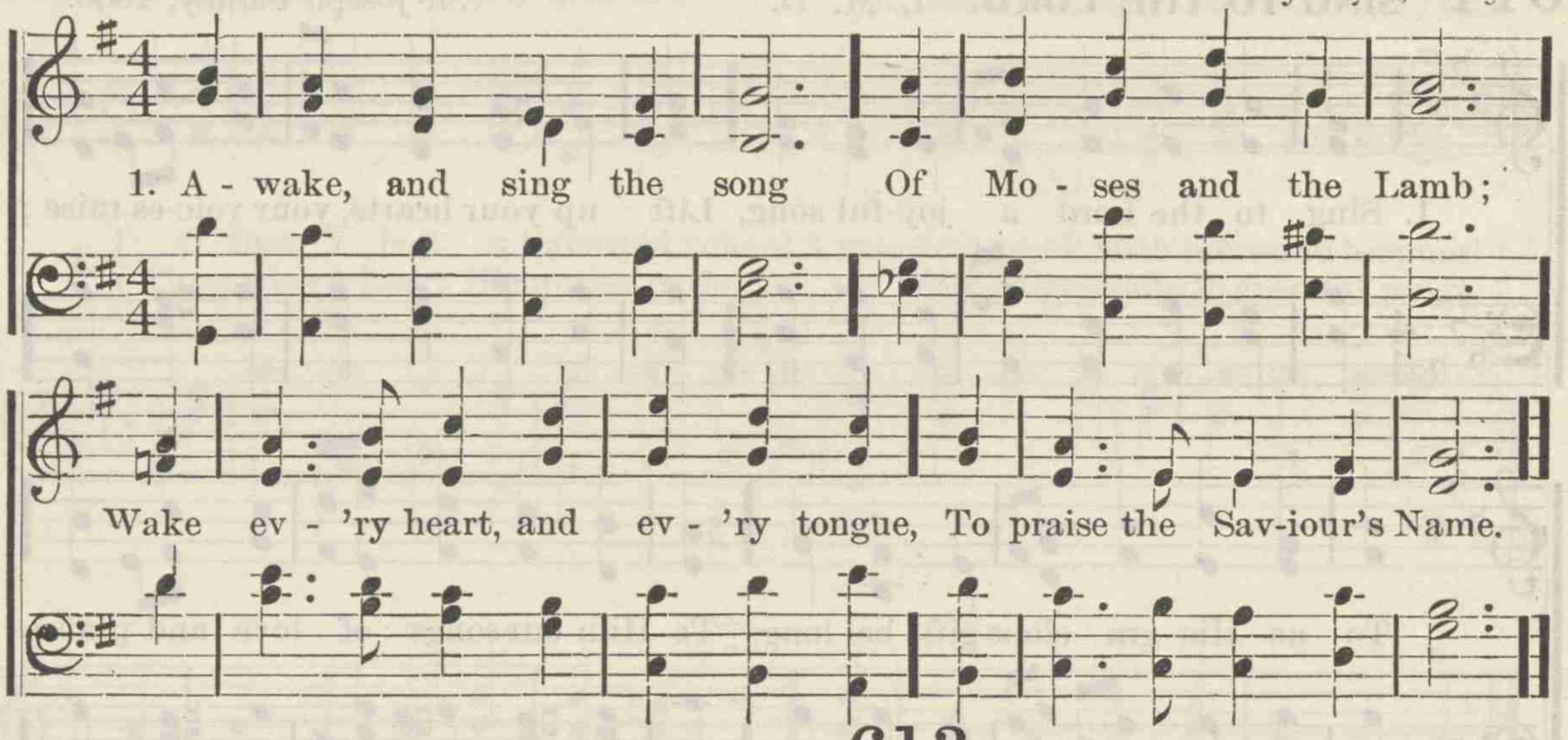
3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great;
Trust in His Name, for it is true.
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

4 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die,
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

612 DOCTOR MEUS. S. M.

A. J. Eyre, 1885.



2 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart;
And grace inspire our song.

3 Sing, on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the heavenly King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. William Hammond, 1745.

613 S. M.

1 With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

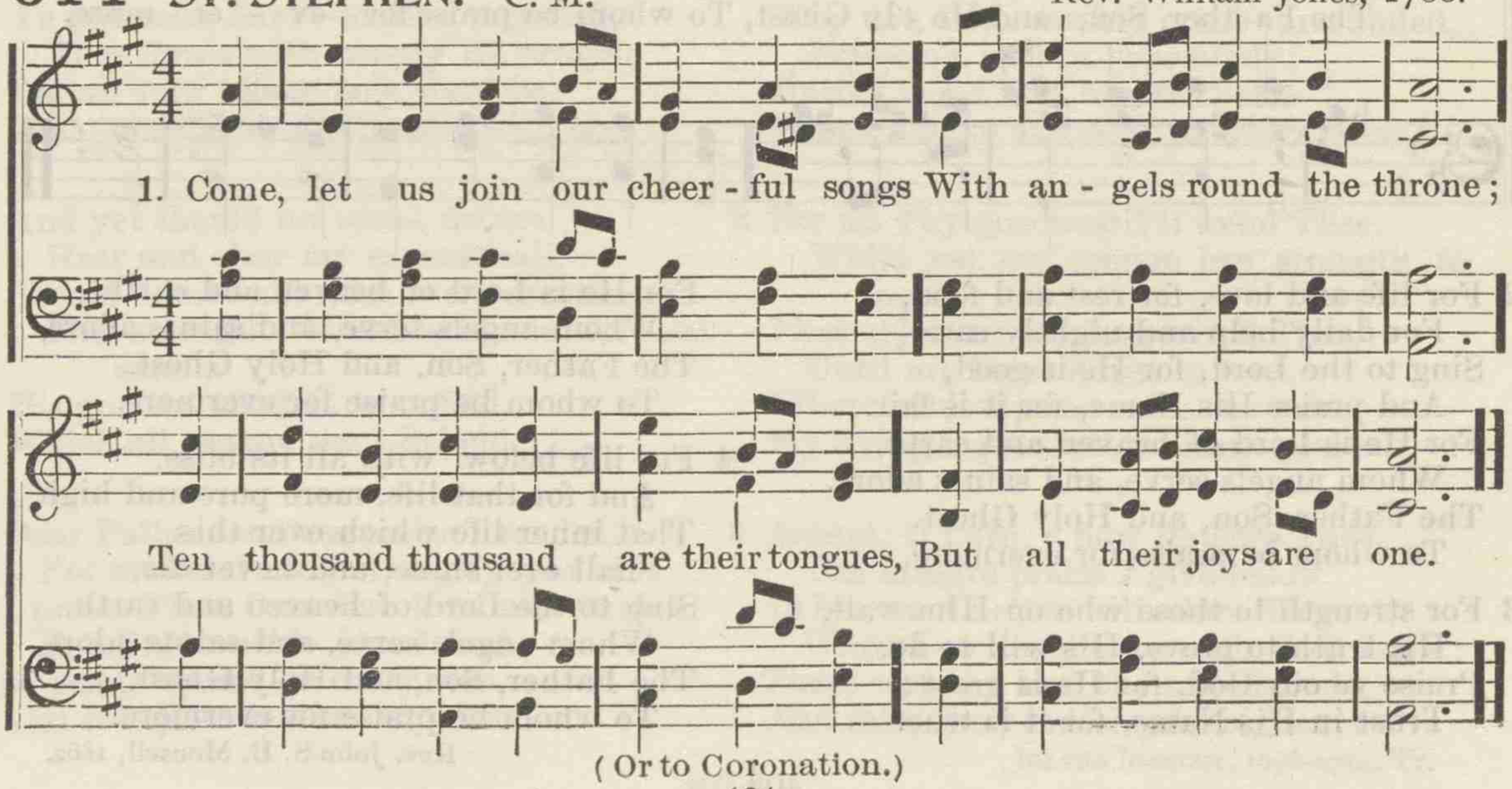
3 While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Rev. Thomas Jervis, 1795.

614 ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

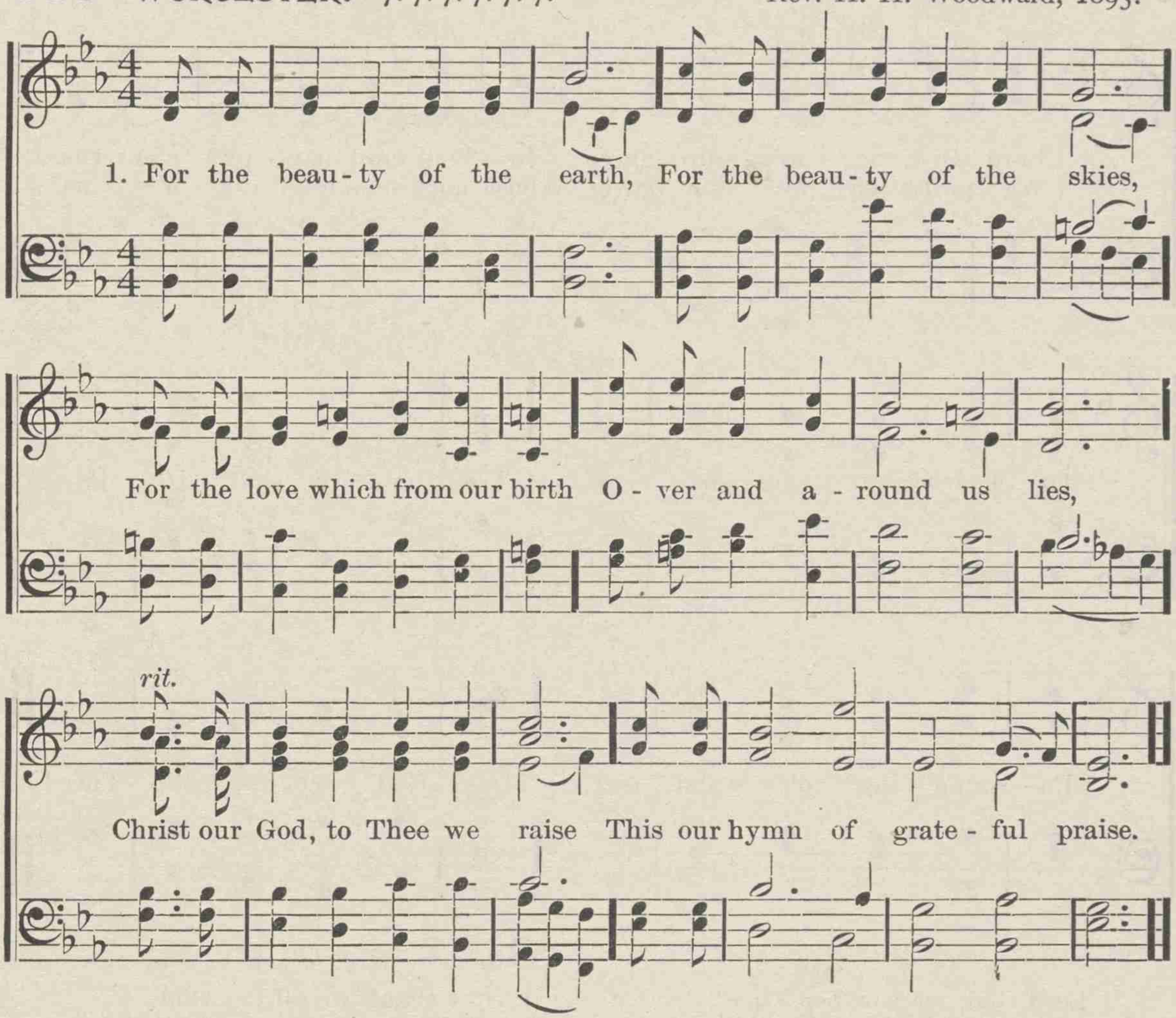
Rev. William Jones, 1780.



(Or to Coronation.)

615 WORCESTER. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. H. H. Woodward, 1895.



2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Folliott S. Pierpoint, 1864.

614 ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

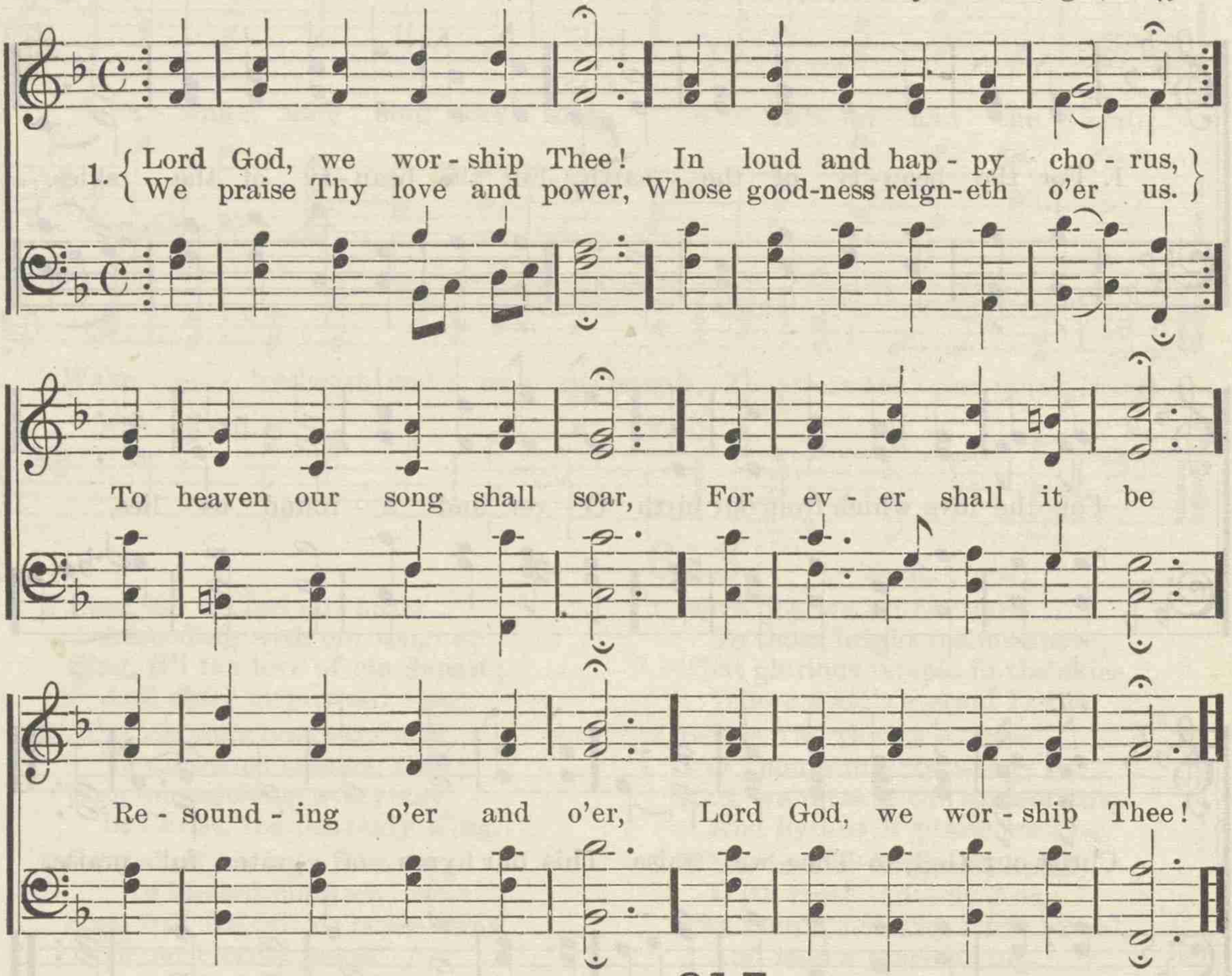
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

616 NUN DANKET. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Johann Crüger, 1649.



2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee!

4 Lord God, we worship Thee!
And pray Thee, who hast blest us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us:
O crown us with Thy Love;
Fulfill our cry to Thee:
O Father, grant our prayer:
Lord God, we worship Thee!

Johann Frank, 1653.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1862.

617 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

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

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
To keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

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

Martin Rinkart. 1586–1649.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

618 ST. TIMOTHY. 7. 7. 7. 7. W. W. Woodward, 1863.

619 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to His sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When His Spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Rev. Martin Madam, 1763.

1 Glory be to God on high,—
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,—
God of power, and God of love!

4 Christ our Lord in God we own,—
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Jesus! in Thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!
Powerful Advocate with God!
Justify us by Thy blood.

6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with Thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee;—
One supreme eternal Three.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1750.

620 LÜBECK. 7. 7. 7. 7.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705.

2 He by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 Did the solid earth ordain
Rise above the watery plain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

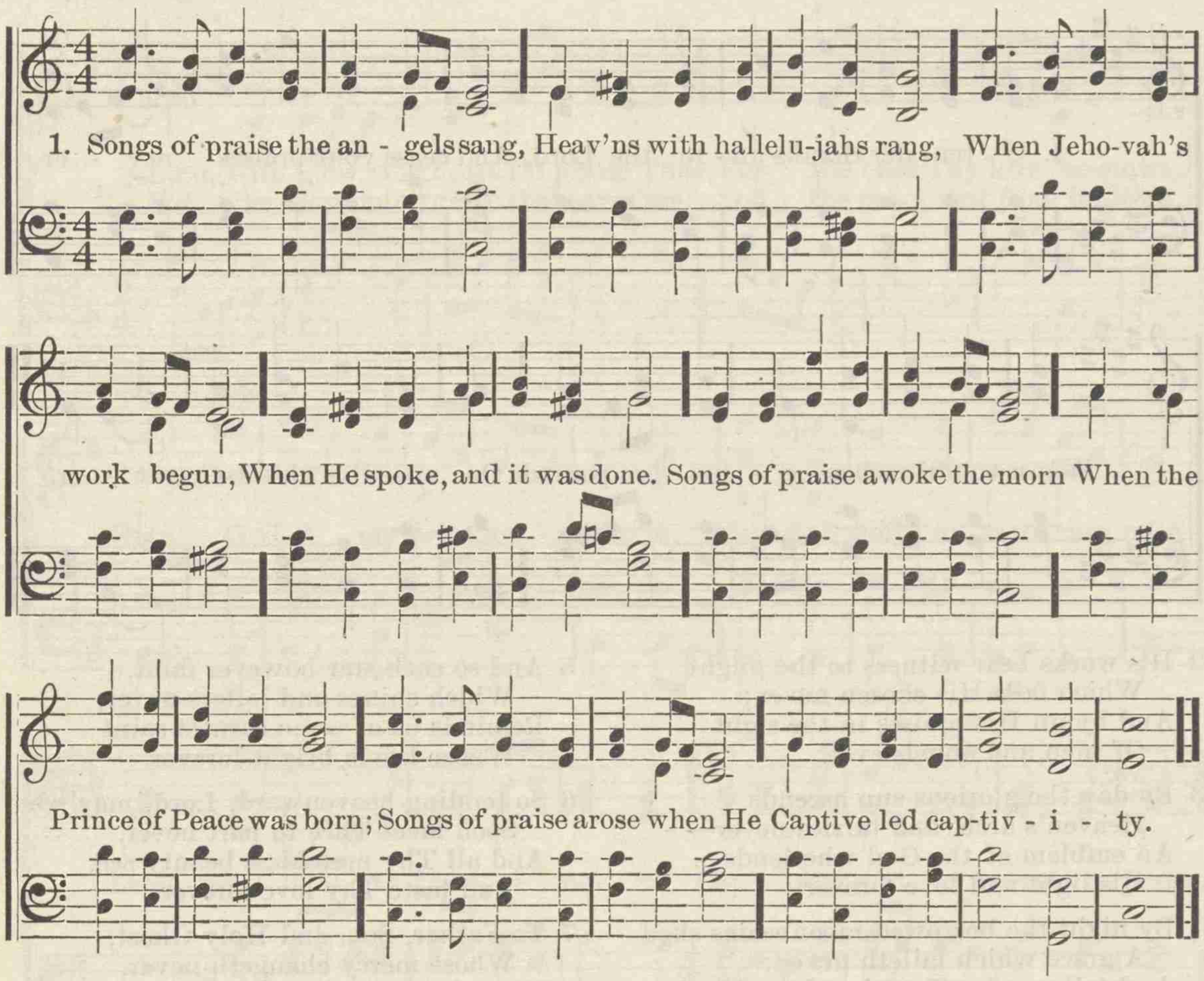
John Milton, 1623.

621 SHARON. 8. 7. 8. 7.

William Boyce, 1765.

622 THANKSGIVING. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Walter B. Gilbert, 1865.



2 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819.

621 SHARON. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;

4 For Thy Providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow:
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free Redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who can sing that wondrous song!

6 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe!
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1774.

623 ABERDEEN. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. Robert Brown-Borthwick, 1870.

2 His works bear witness to the might
Which fails His chosen never;
And hymn His praises in the sight
Of men and angels ever.

3 By day the glorious sun ascends
Heaven's arch, and tarries never—
An emblem of the God who lends
His light and love forever.

4 By night the borrowed moonbeams shed
A grace which faileth never;
And tell us of a Church, whose Head
Enlightens her forever.

5 And so each star however faint,
Which shines and loiters never,
Reminds us of some earnest saint
Whose life is bright forever.

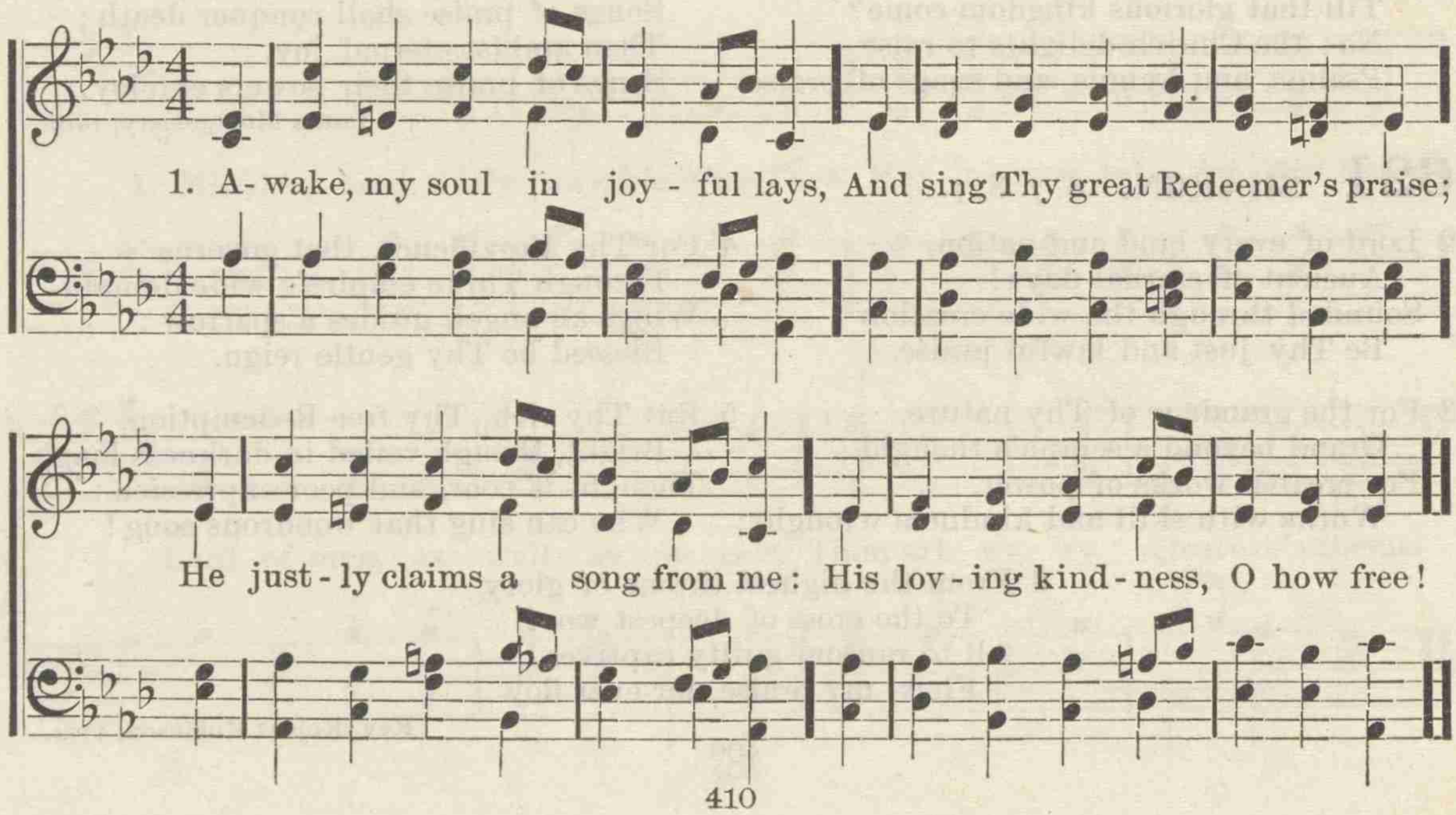
6 So tending heavenward, Lord, may we
Soon meet Thee to part never,
And all Thy matchless beauty see,
And taste Thy love forever.

7 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whose mercy changeth never,
From man and from the angel host
Be praise and glory ever.

Rev. A. Eubule Evans, 1865.

624 CANONBURY. L. M.

Robert Schumann, 1839.



625 DOREMUS. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Hymns of the Church, 1869.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretchèd wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis S. Key, 1823.

624 CANONBURY. L. M.

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,
And saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness is so great.

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness is so strong.

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

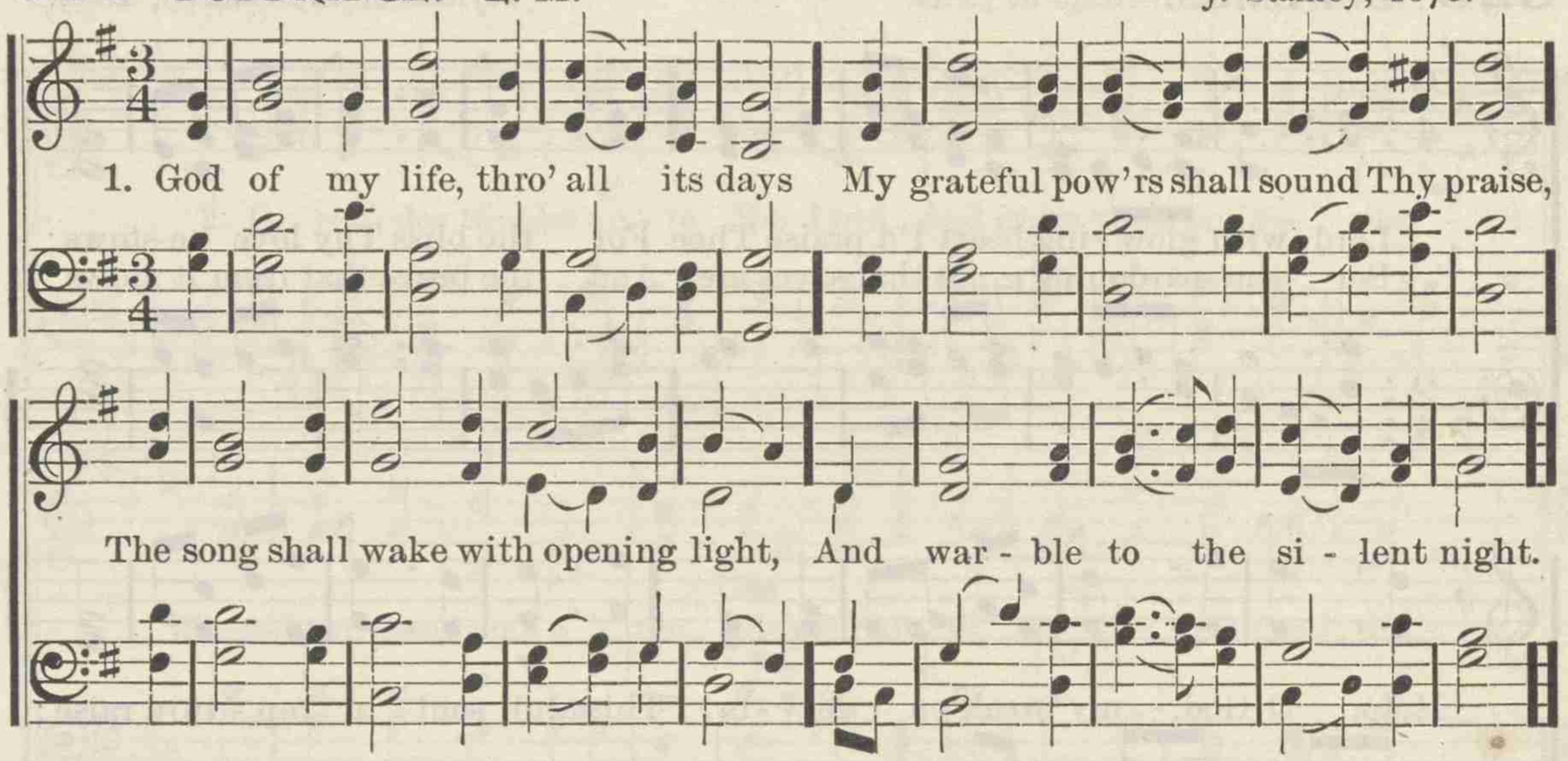
5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1782

626 DODDRIDGE. L. M.

J. Stanley, 1870.



627 L. M.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live,
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity!

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735.

1 My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine eye;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for Thee.

3 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,—
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

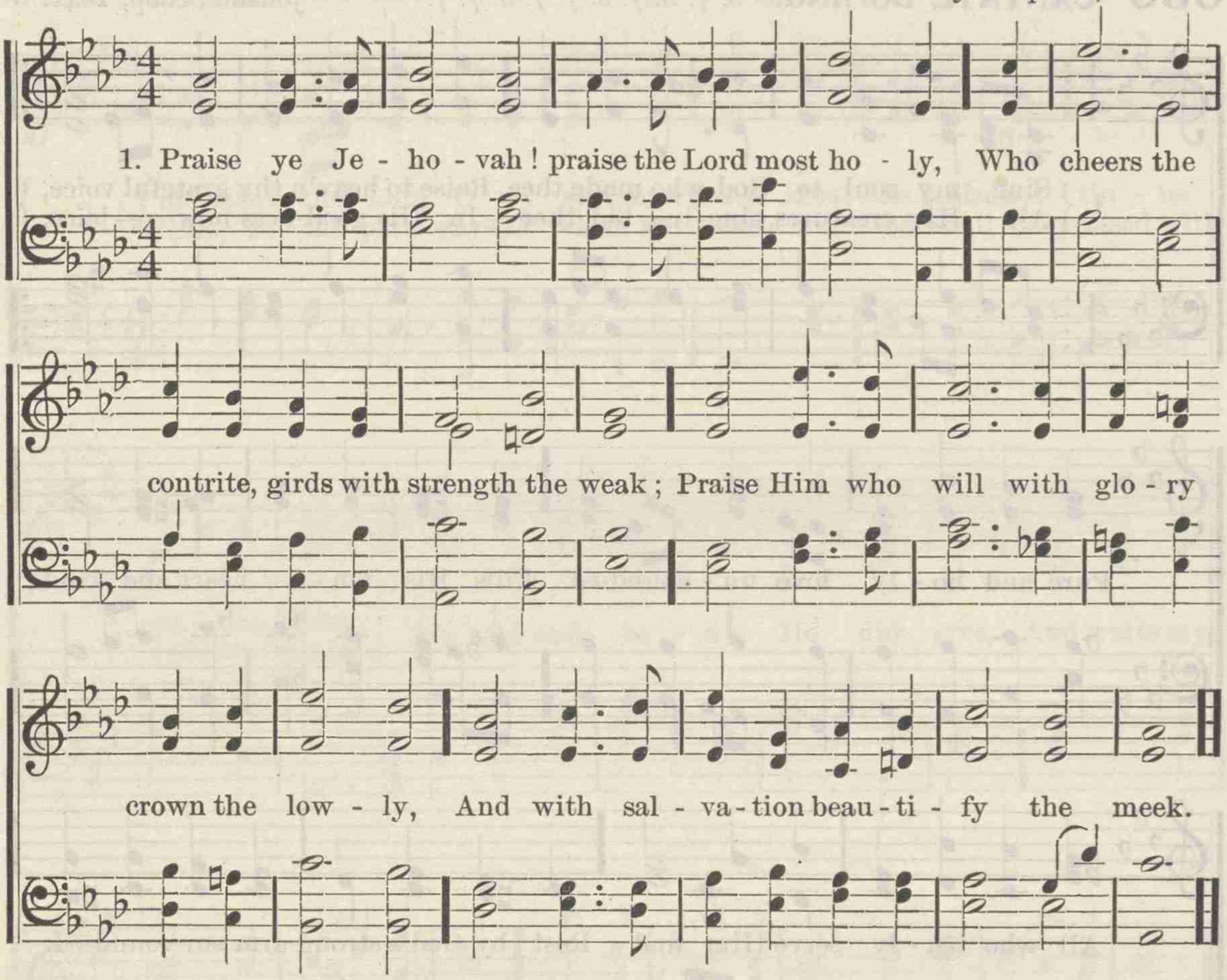
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

628 PADDINGTON. L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews, 1875.

629 WORSHIP. 11. 10. 11. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1818–



2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown ;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, Source of every blessing
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim ;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One.

M. Cockburn-Campbell, 1842.

628 PADDINGTON. L. M.

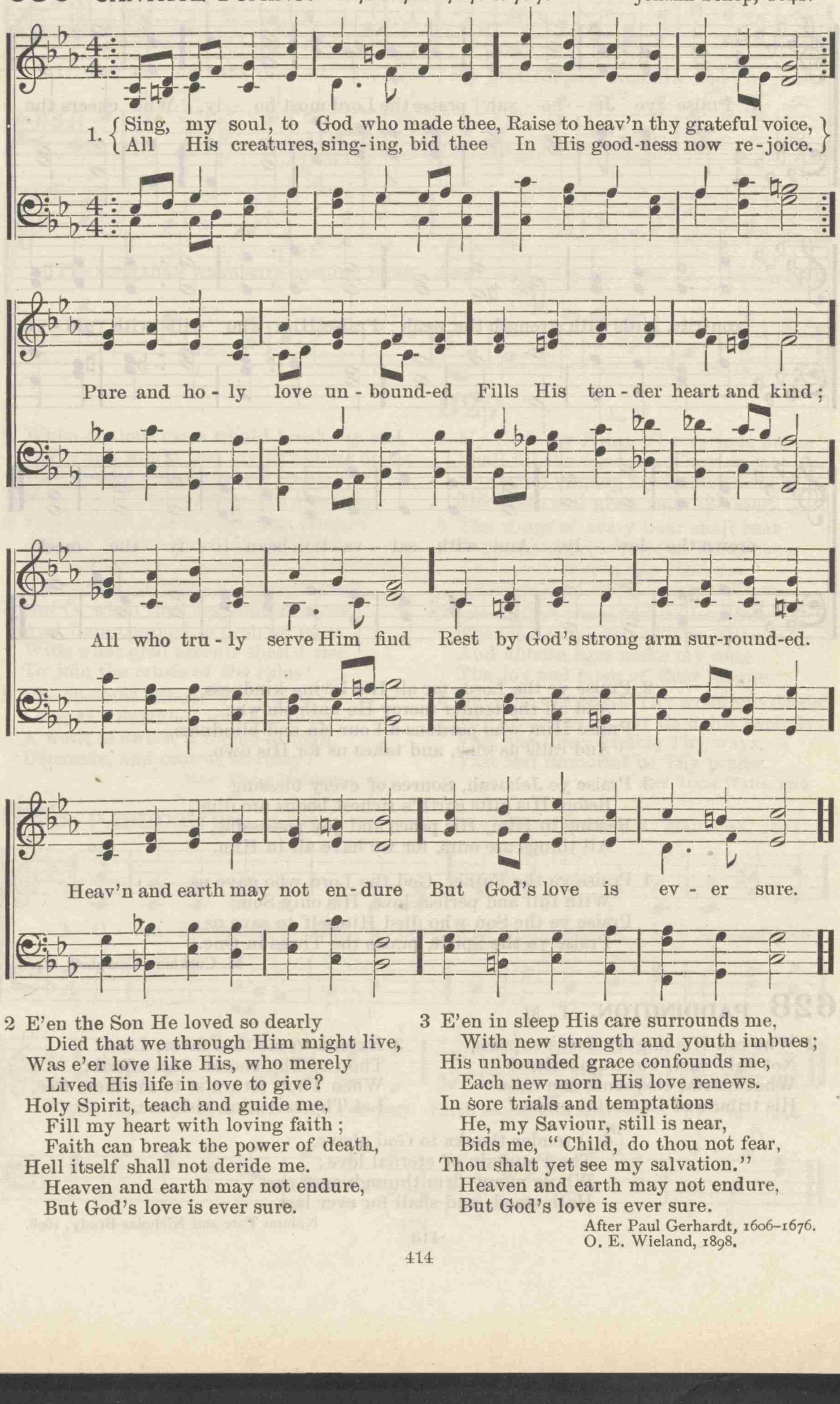
2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord !
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

4 O render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1698.

630 CANTATE DOMINO. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 7. 7. Johann Schop, 1641.



2 E'en the Son He loved so dearly
Died that we through Him might live,
Was e'er love like His, who merely
Lived His life in love to give?
Holy Spirit, teach and guide me,
Fill my heart with loving faith;
Faith can break the power of death,
Hell itself shall not deride me.
Heaven and earth may not endure,
But God's love is ever sure.

3 E'en in sleep His care surrounds me,
With new strength and youth imbues;
His unbounded grace confounds me,
Each new morn His love renews.
In sore trials and temptations
He, my Saviour, still is near,
Bids me, "Child, do thou not fear,
Thou shalt yet see my salvation."
Heaven and earth may not endure,
But God's love is ever sure.

After Paul Gerhardt, 1606–1676.
O. E. Wieland, 1898.

631 HALLE. 10. 8. 10. 8. 8. 8. 8. J. A. Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1714.

2 Happy, yea happy are they forever
Whose help the God of Jacob is,
Who hath created the earth and heaven,
The sea and all that therein is.
Our God's the Ruler of the world
Truth's banner He hath e'er unfurled
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 If there are any, who are oppressèd
He worketh justice in the tide;
Food for the hungry, forlorn, distressèd
The Lord in season doth provide;
Those bound in chains He maketh free,
His loving-kindness they shall see,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

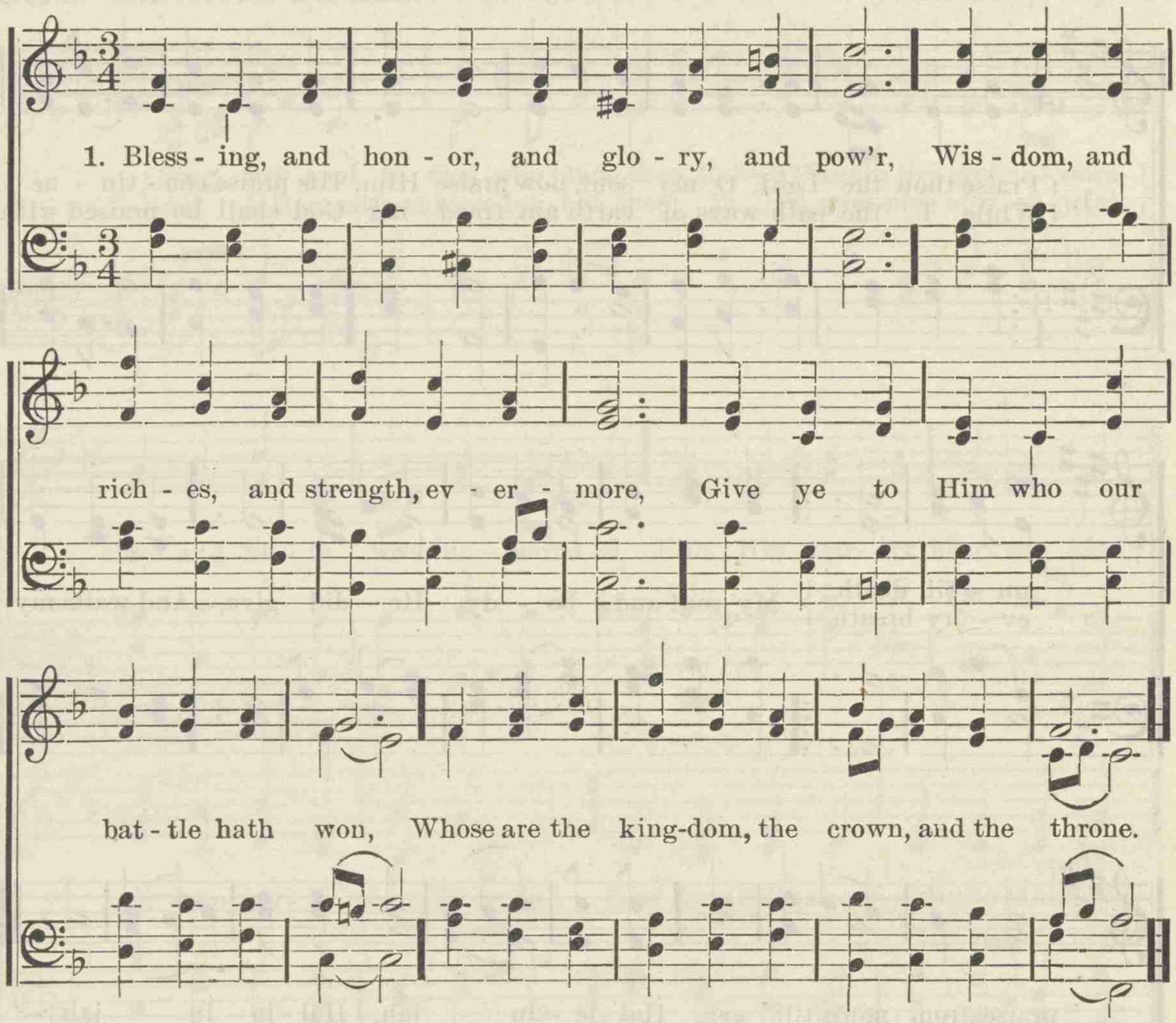
4 Eyes of the blind He doth open clearly,
Exalteth those, that are bowed down;
When He doth find such that love Him dearly,
The heavenly Father's love is shown.
He proves the strangers' safe resort,
Widows' and orphans' best support,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

5 Praise, O ye people, the Name most glorious
Of Him, who reigns almighty King:
All should unite in one holy chorus
To God the hymn of joy to bring.
O Zion, with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

J. Dan. Herrnschmidt, 1675–1723.
Tr. Rev. C. G. Haas, 1897.

632 REX MAXIMUS. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Johann Georg Hille, 1739.



2 Dwelleth the light of the glory with Him,
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,
Light in its gladness and brightness and balm.

3 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war;
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar;
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end;
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

4 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

5 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose lamp is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

6 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the psalm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1867.

633 LOBE DEN HERREN. 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

Peter Sohren, 1660.

2 Praise thou the Lord, who upholdeth all nature in splendor,
Bears thee on pinions of eagles, thy Help and Defender
Doth thee maintain
As thine own heart would ordain;
Soul, hath thou never perceived it?

3 Praise thou the Lord, who hath made thee in wisdom abounding,
Who doth restore thee, with kindness thy pathway surrounding;
In thy distress
Hath not the God of all grace
Spread out His wings to preserve thee?

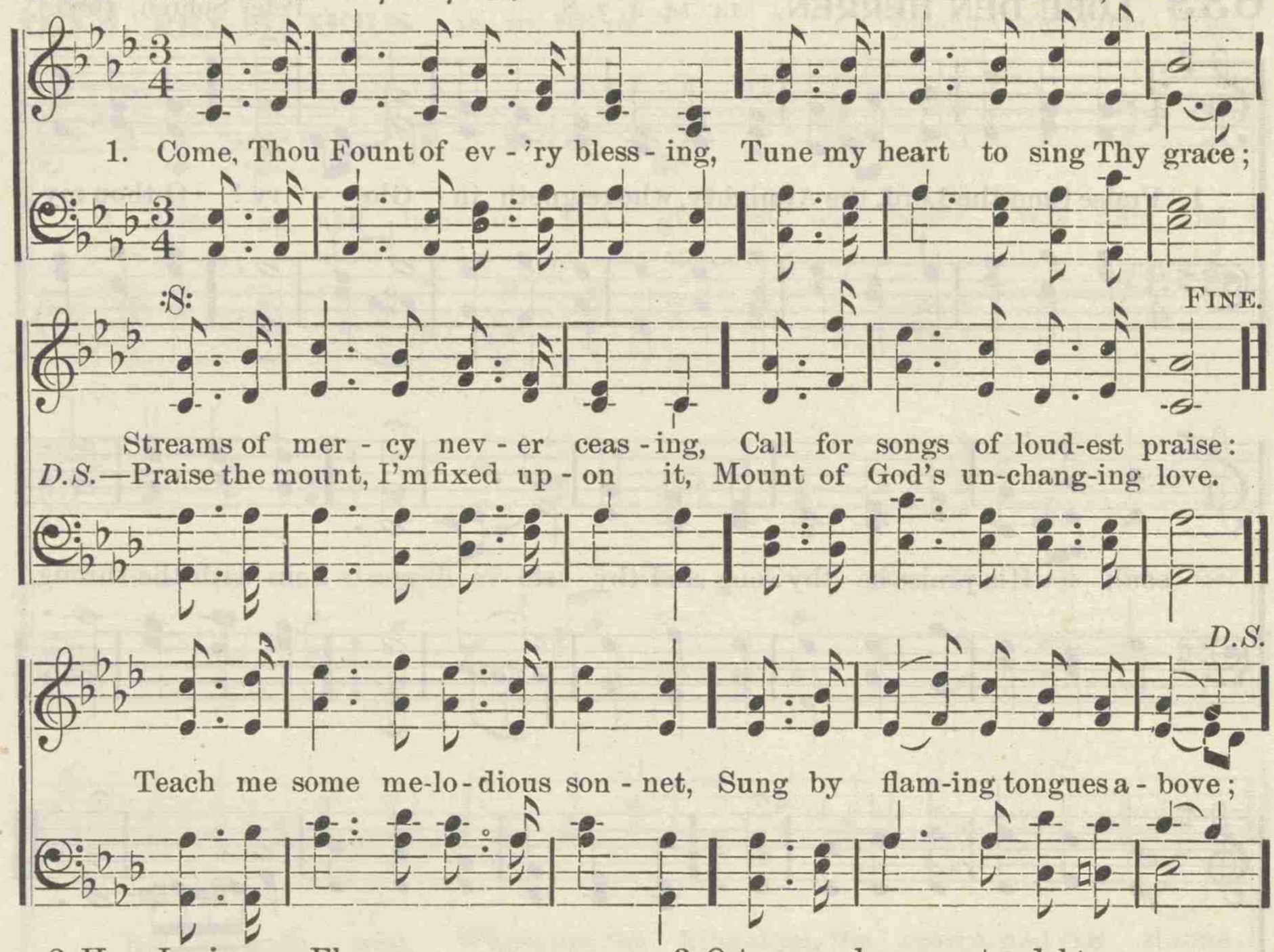
4 Praise thou the Lord, who hath blessed thine own station and calling
While from the heavens His showers of mercy are falling;
Think thou thereon,
What the Almighty hath done,
How doth His mercy run toward thee!

5 Praise thou the Lord, yea, let all that within me is praise Him,
All that hath breath, all the faithful shall join to upraise Him.
He is thy Day,
He shall still shine on thy way;—
Now with Amen end thy praising.

Joachim Neander, 1640–1680.
417 Tr. James Taft Hatfield, 1895.

634 AUTUMN. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Louis von Esch, c. 1810.



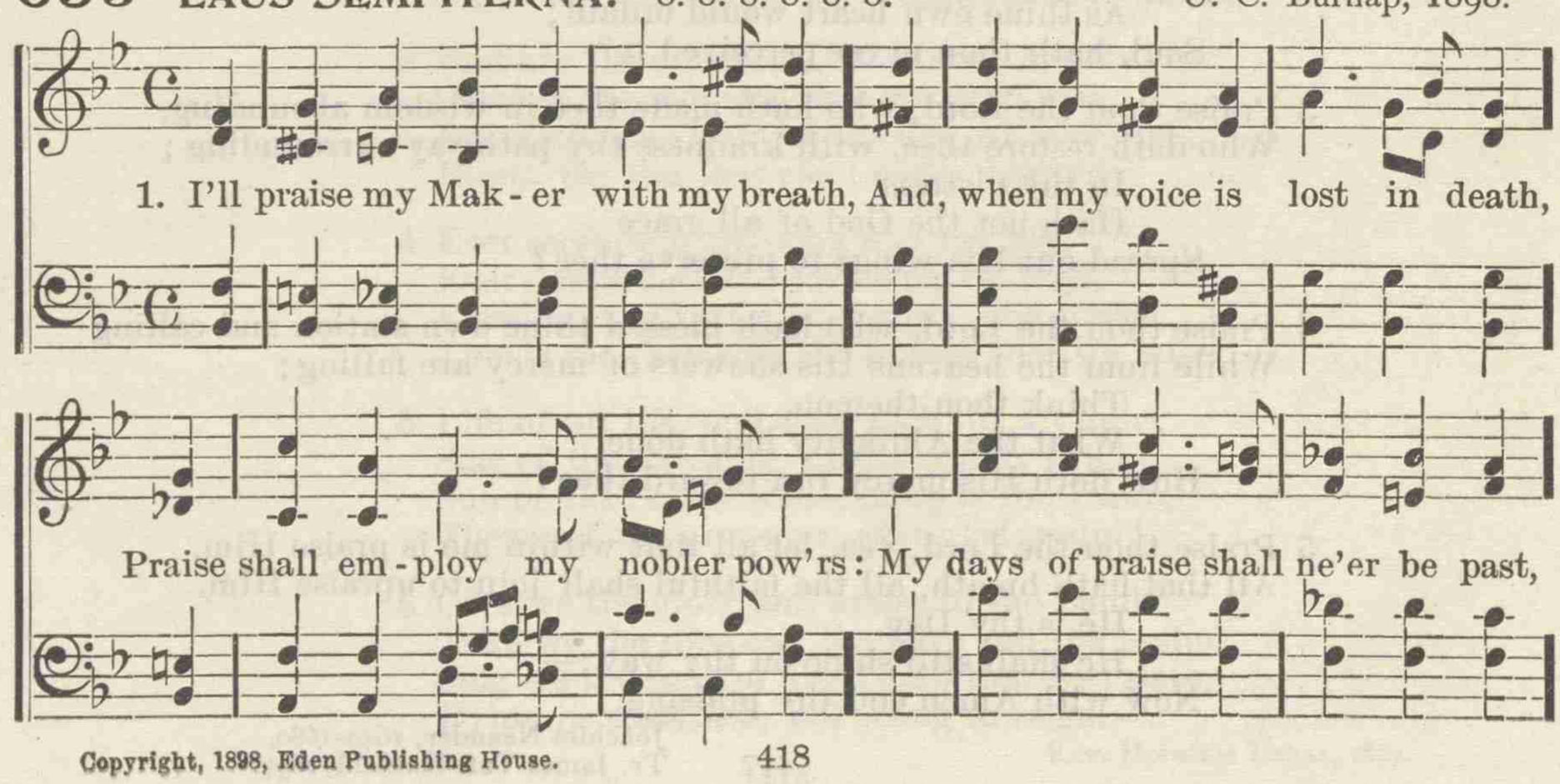
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1757.

635 LAUS SEMPITERNA. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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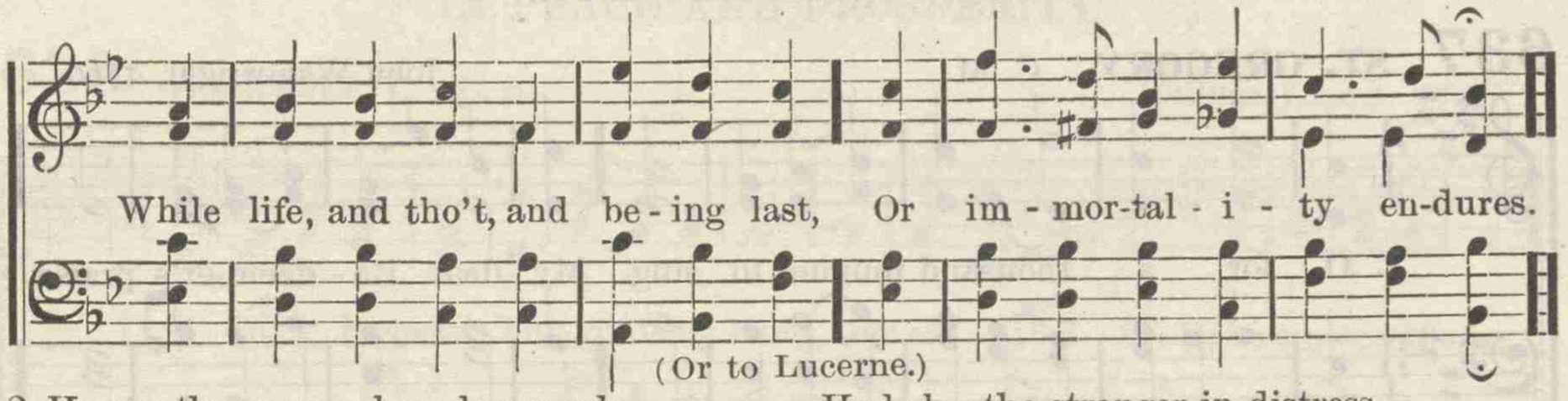


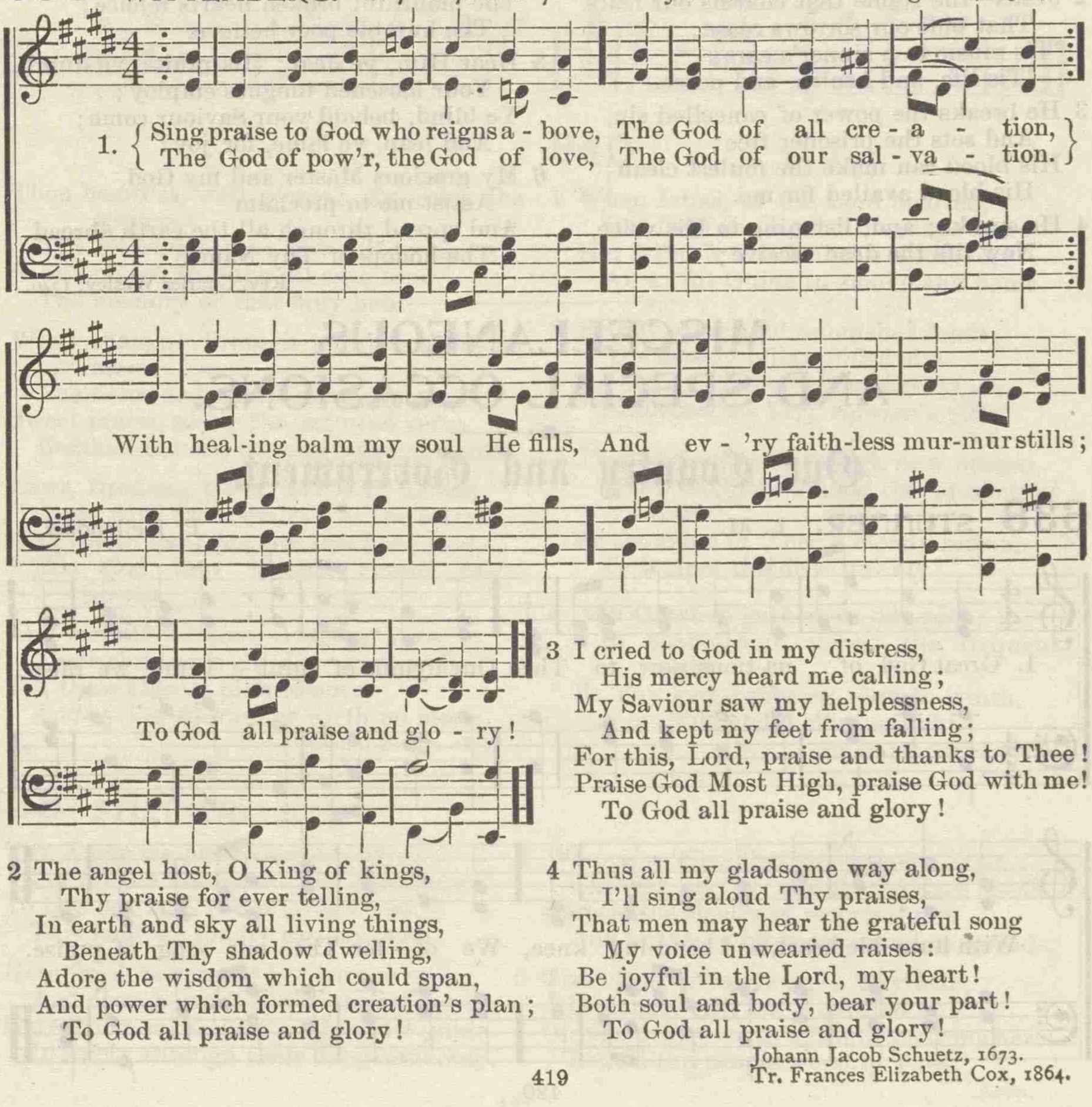
2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

636 WITTEMBERG. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. Joh. Walther's Gesangbuch, 1524.



2 The angel host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things,
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan;
To God all praise and glory!

3 I cried to God in my distress,
His mercy heard me calling;
My Saviour saw my helplessness,
And kept my feet from falling;
For this, Lord, praise and thanks to Thee!
Praise God Most High, praise God with me!
To God all praise and glory!

4 Thus all my gladsome way along,
I'll sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart!
Both soul and body, bear your part!
To God all praise and glory!

Johann Jacob Schuetz, 1673.
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1864.

637 **ST. GREGORY.** C. M. John Wainwright, 1760.

2 Jesus—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in a sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

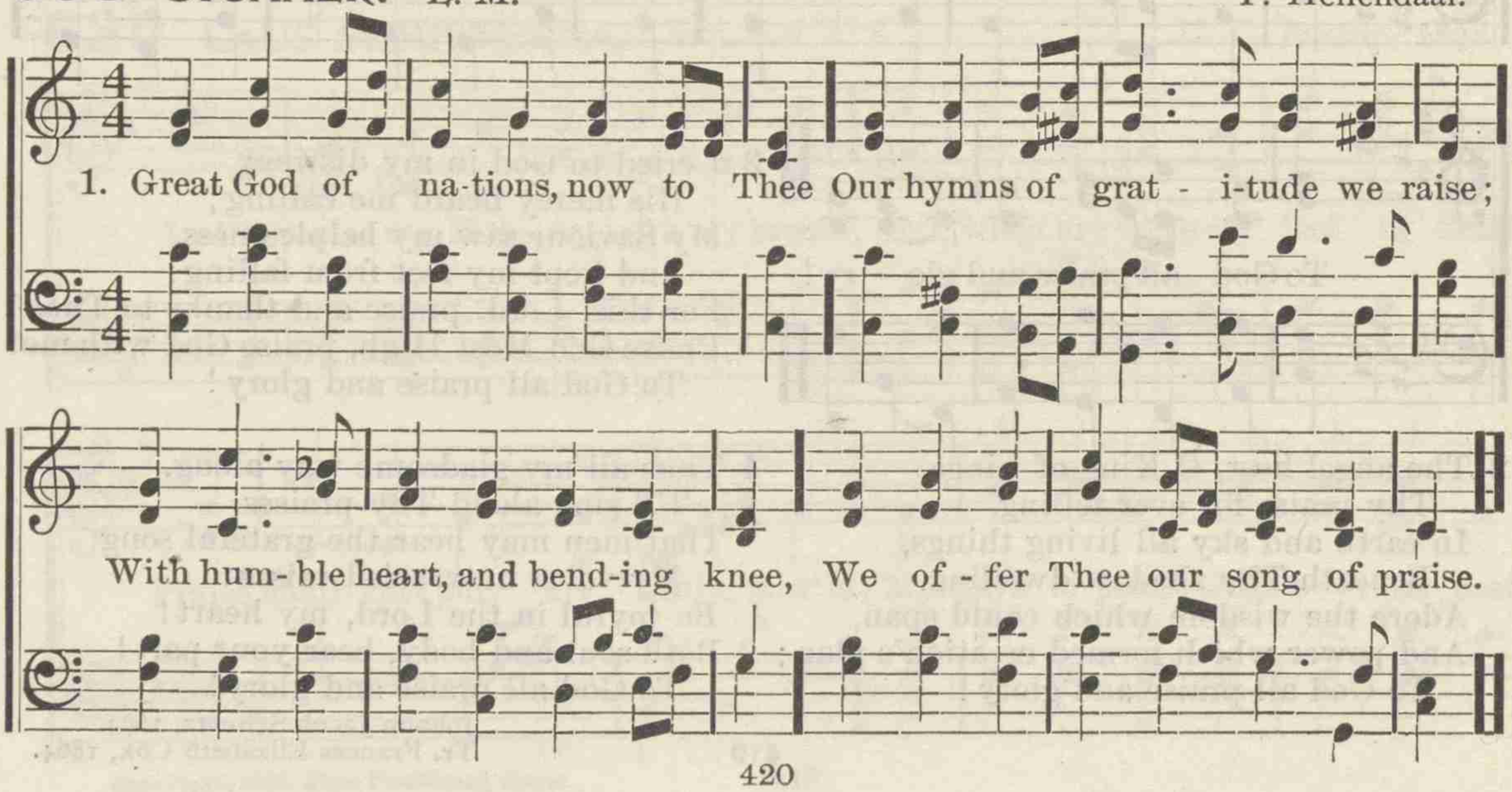
6 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

MISCELLANEOUS AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Our Country and Government.

638 **STUMMER.** L. M. P. Hellendaal.



639 WAREHAM. L. M.

William Knapp, 1738.

640

L. M.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams;
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here Thy Name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1838.

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful Guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night
Be Thy long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sir Walter Scott, 1820.

638 STUMMER. L. M.

2 Thy Name we bless almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here Thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise Thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in Thy fear;
In danger still our Guardian be;
O, spread Thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship Thee.

Anon.

641 ST. JAMES. C. M.

Raphael Courteville, 1697.

642 C. M.

2 Our Fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children, too: how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

Rev. John R. Wreford, 1837.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.

2 For, not their courage, not their sword,
To them salvation gave;
Nor strength that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save:

3 But Thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who Thy great Name adored.

4 As Thee, their God, our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King:
O, therefore, as Thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring!

5 To Thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless Thy Name.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696.

643 WORTMAN. C. M. D. With Chorus.

U. C. Burnap, 1898.
Chorus from Verdi.

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2 Our country for the world! we sing,
But in no worldly way;
Our country to the Lord we bring,
And fervent for her pray:
God make her true; God make her pure;
God make her wise and good!
And through her may the Christ make sure
Man's world-wide Brotherhood!—Cho.

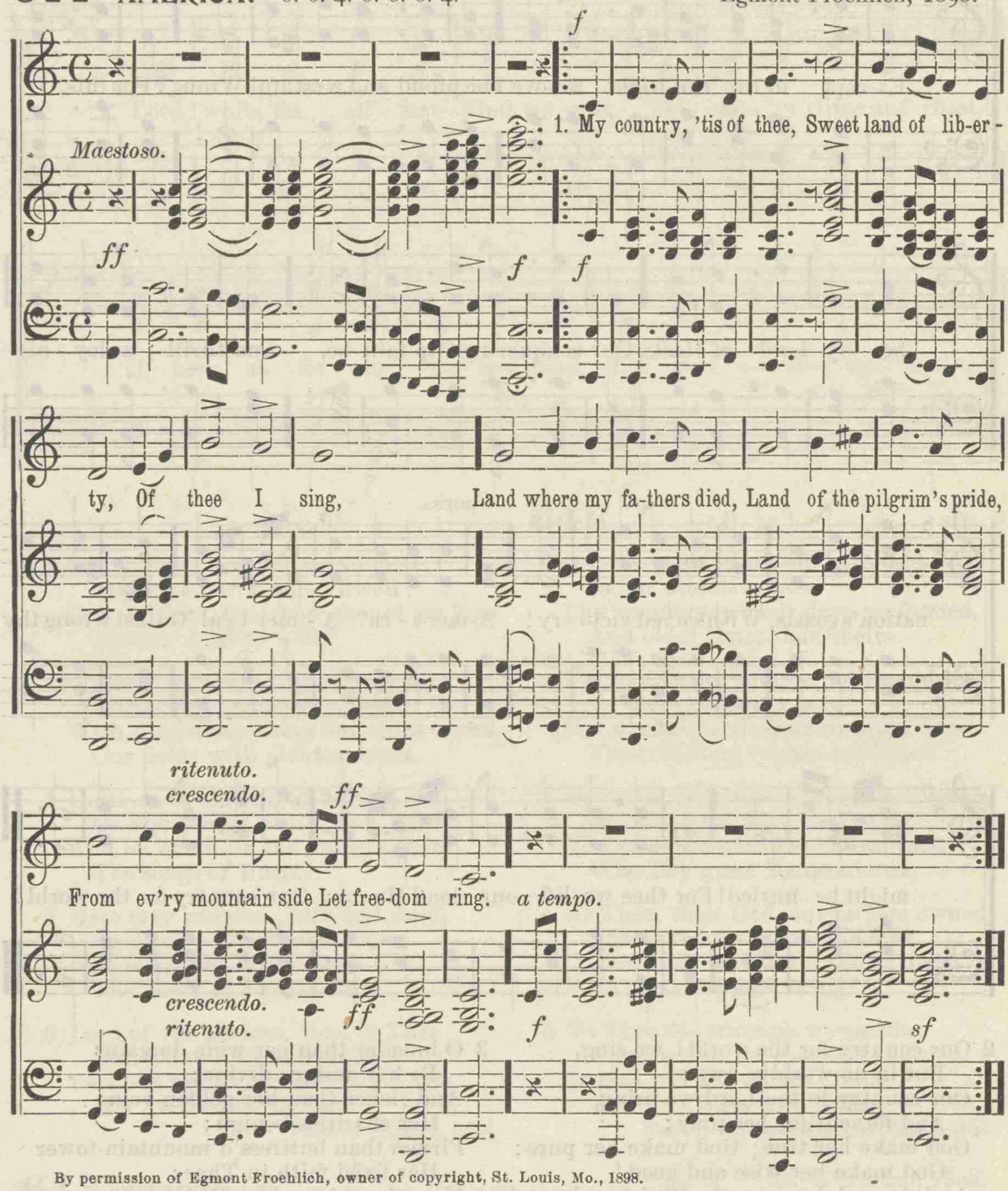
3 O broader than her wide domains
Be her designs divine;
And richer than her golden veins
Her charities benign;
Firmer than buttress'd mountain-tower
Her fixèd faith in Thee;
Her triumphs nobler through Thy power
Than gain on land or sea!—Cho.

4 Great God! our country for the world,
And all the world for Thee!
Christ's banners o'er all lands unfurled
In high exultancy!
O Day divine, speed on, speed on!
Speed truth and peace and love;
Till all below for Him be won,
Who reigns o'er realms above!—Cho.

Rev. Denis Wortman, 1898.

644 AMERICA. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Egmont Froehlich, 1898.



By permission of Egmont Froehlich, owner of copyright, St. Louis, Mo., 1898.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

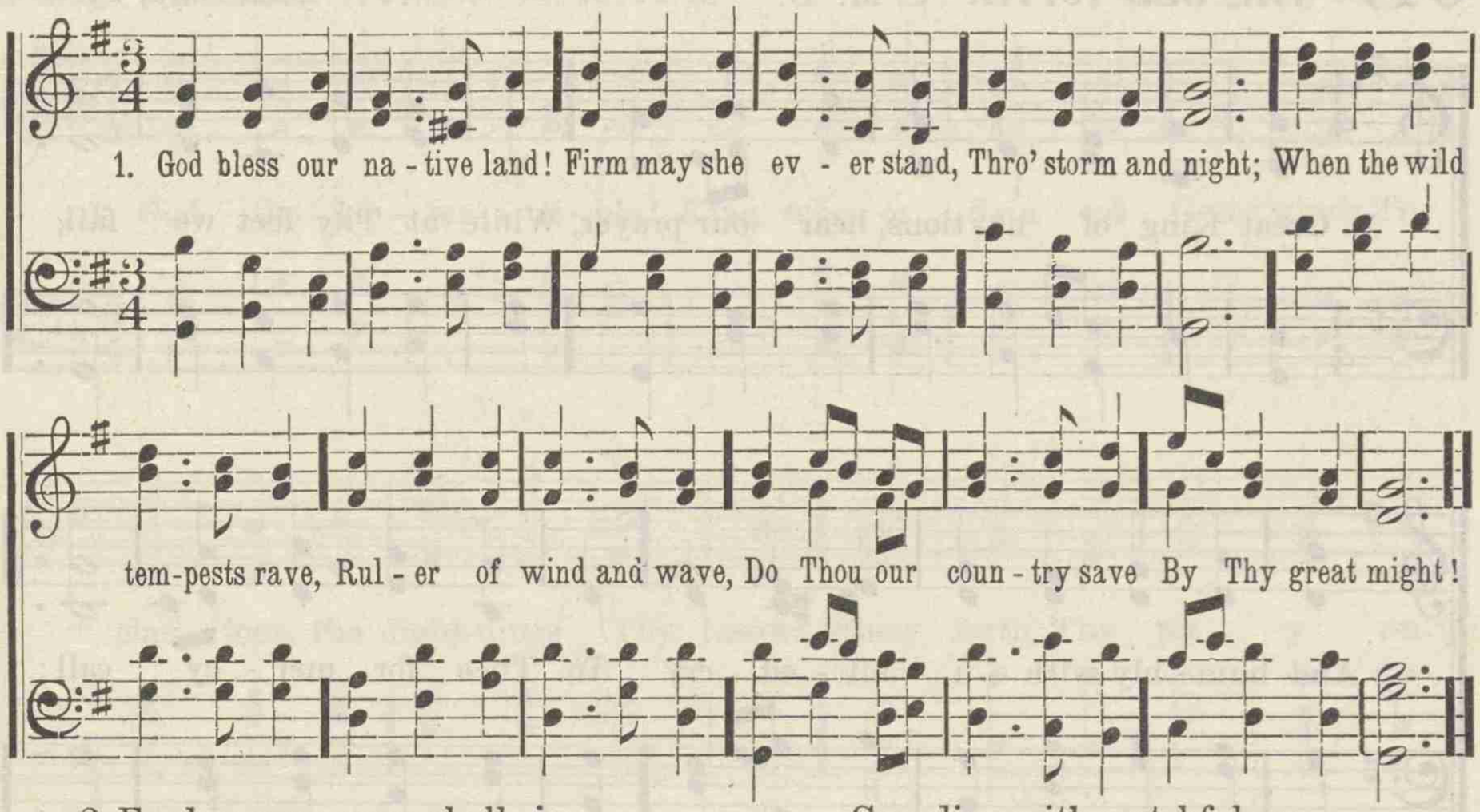
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

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

Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

645 NATIONAL ANTHEM. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Henry Carey, 1743.



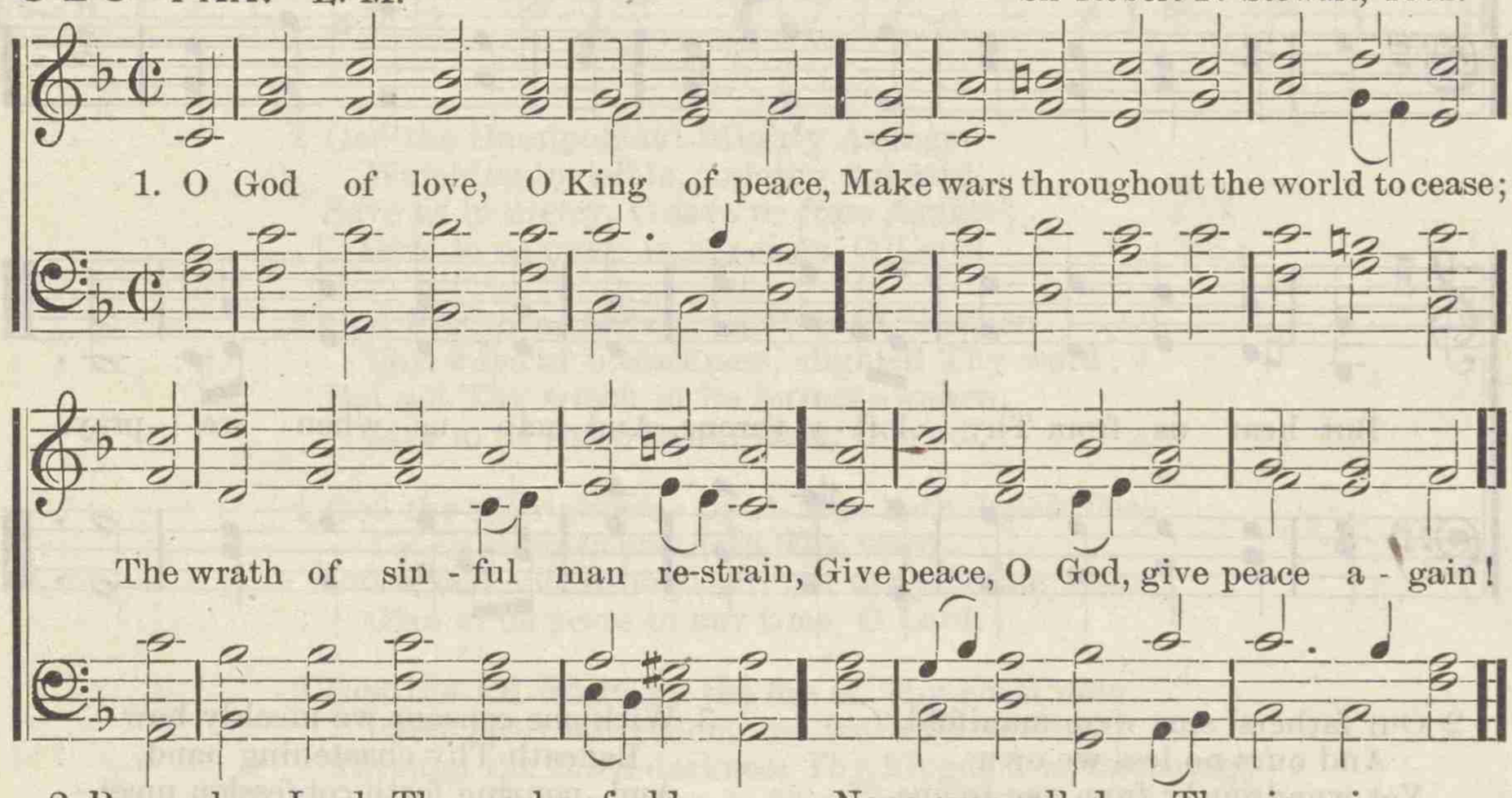
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

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

In War and National Trouble.

646 PAX. L. M.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1862.



2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, 1861.

647 THE OLD 137TH. C. M. D.

John Daye, 1562.

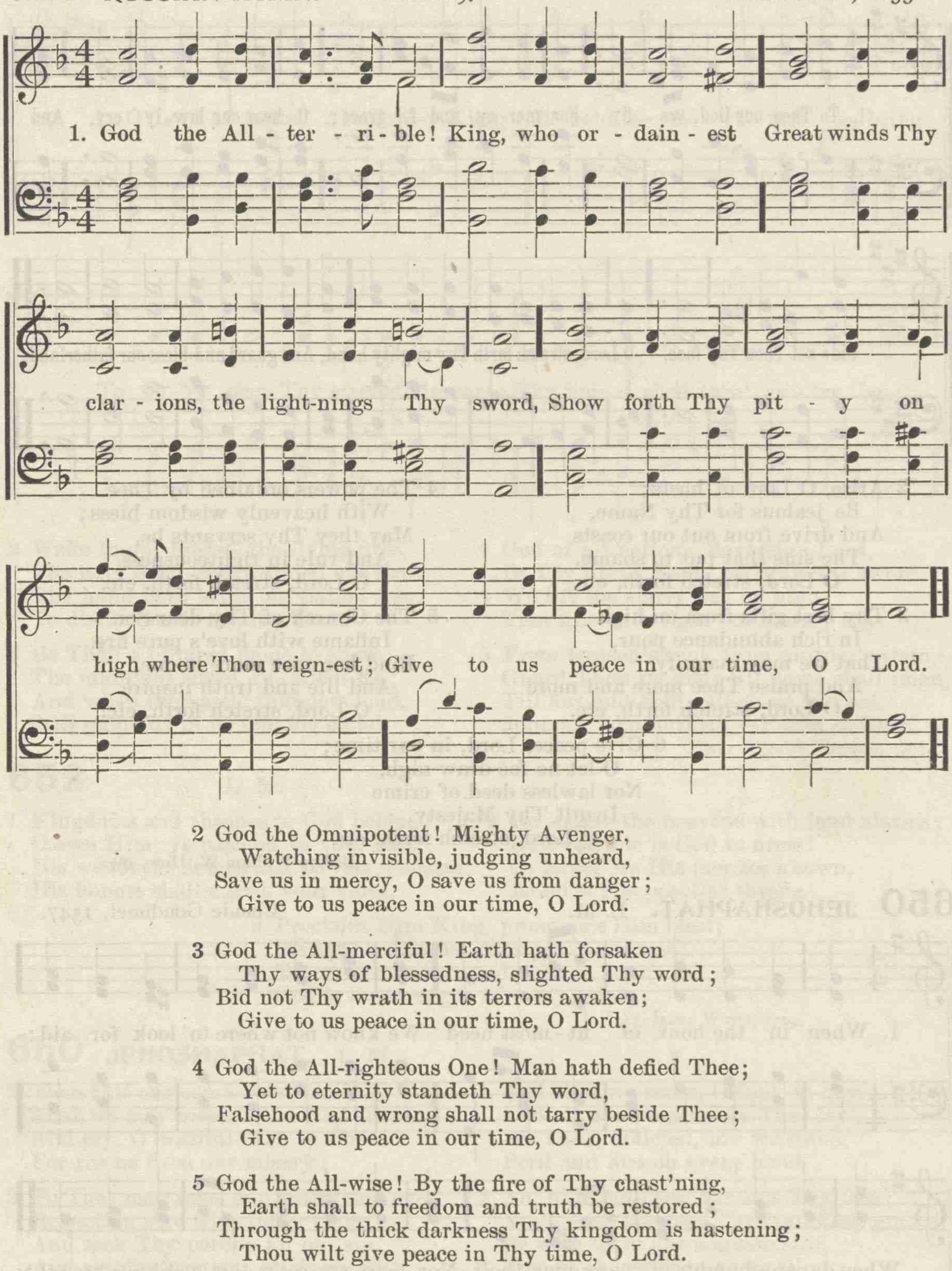
2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838.

648 RUSSIAN HYMN. 11. 10. 11. 9.

Alexis Lwoff, 1833.



2 God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

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

4 God the All-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

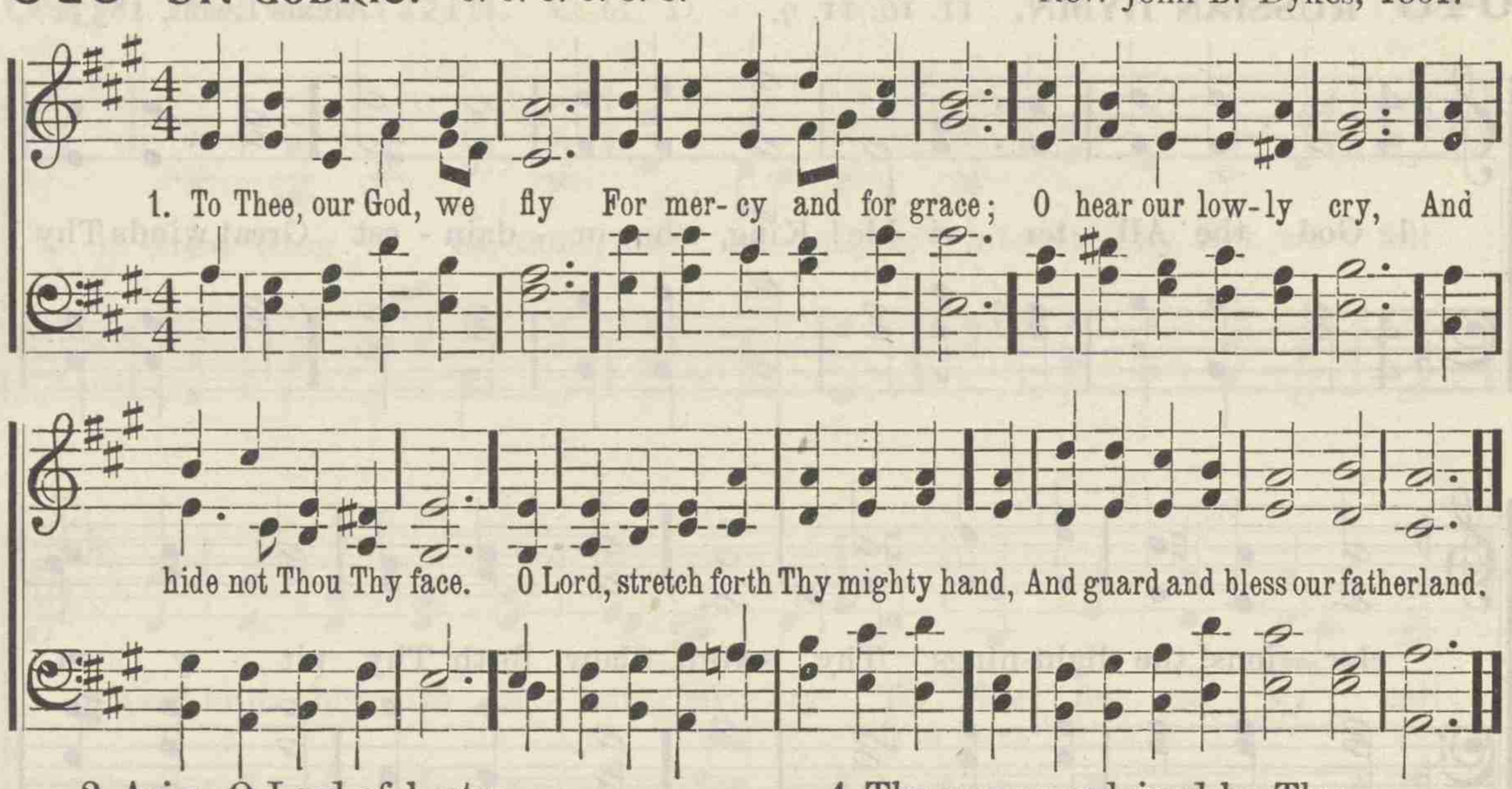
5 God the All-wise! By the fire of Thy chast'ning,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

6 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Laud Him who saved them from peril abhorred;
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Henry F. Chorley, 1842.
Verses 4, 5, Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

649 ST. GODRIC. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861.



2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

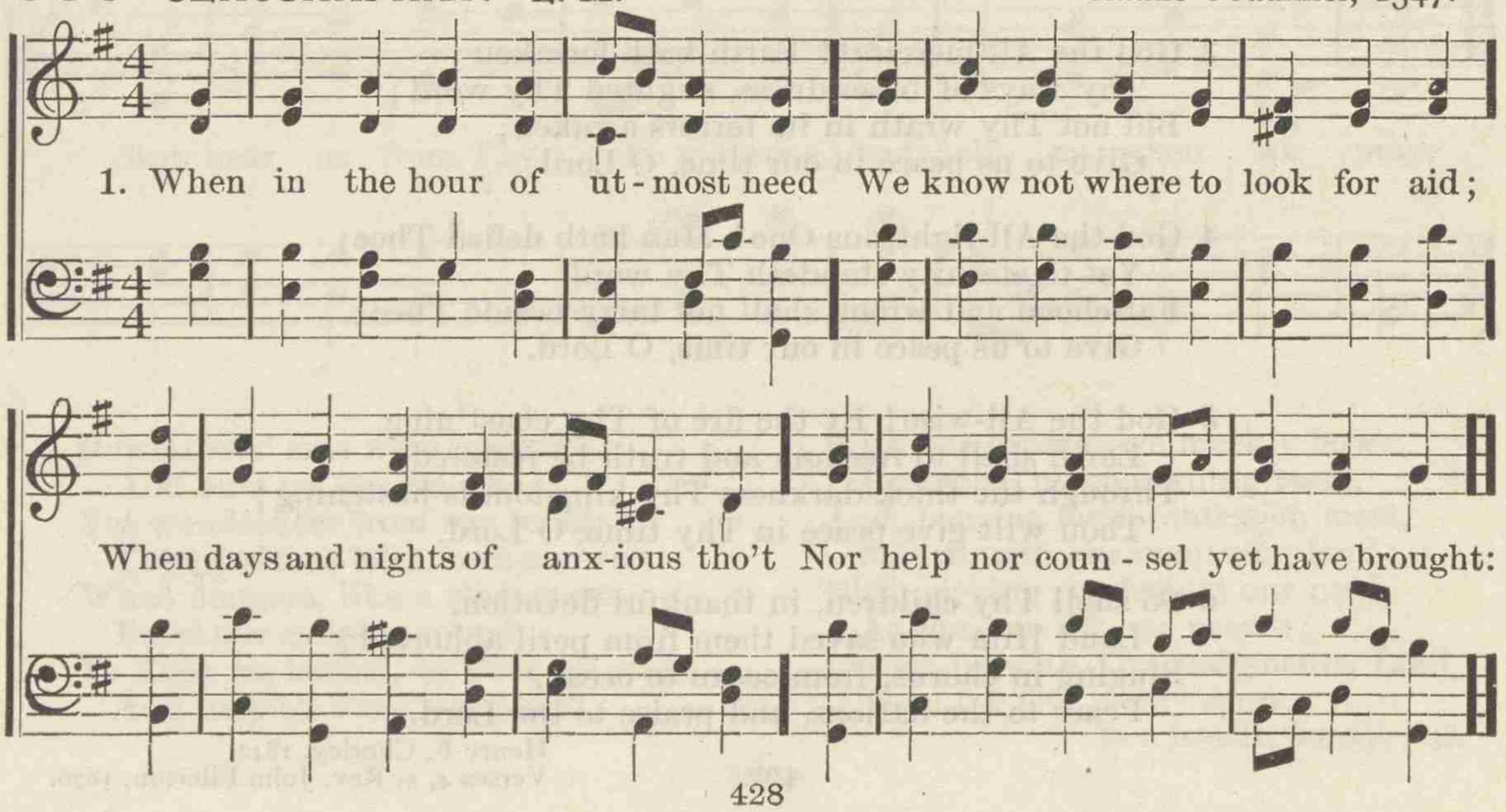
5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

Bishop William W. How, 1871.

650 JEHOSHAPHAT. L. M.

Claude Goudimel, 1547.



651 MENDON. L. M.

German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to Thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1861.

652 L. M.

1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your defense, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

650 JEHOSHAPHAT. L. M.

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery:

3 To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

4 For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee,
Through Him whose Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.

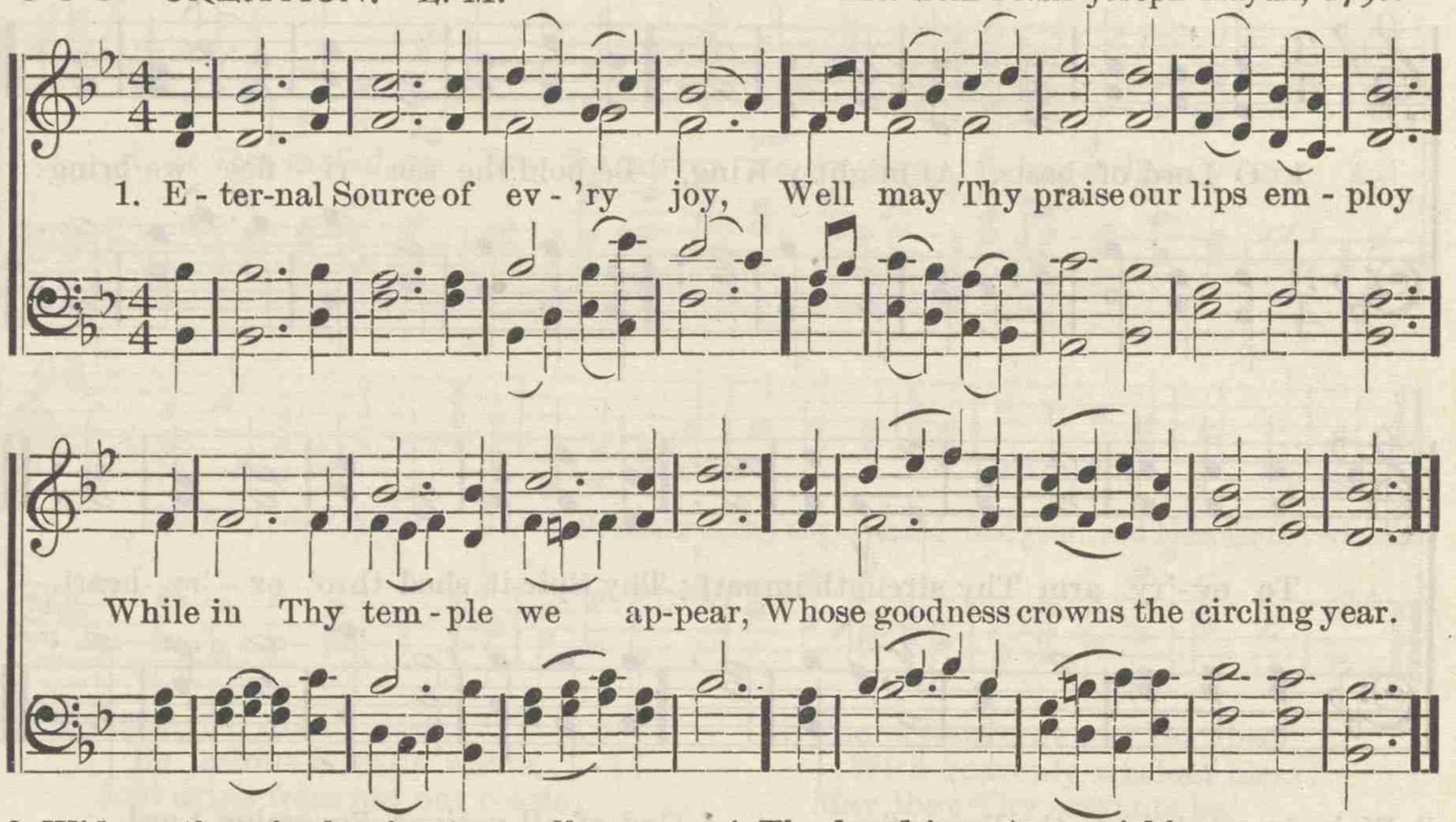
6 Ah, hide not from our sins Thy face;
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.

7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to Thee,
And walk obedient to Thy word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

Paul Eber, 1560
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

653 CREATION. L. M.

Arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798.



2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

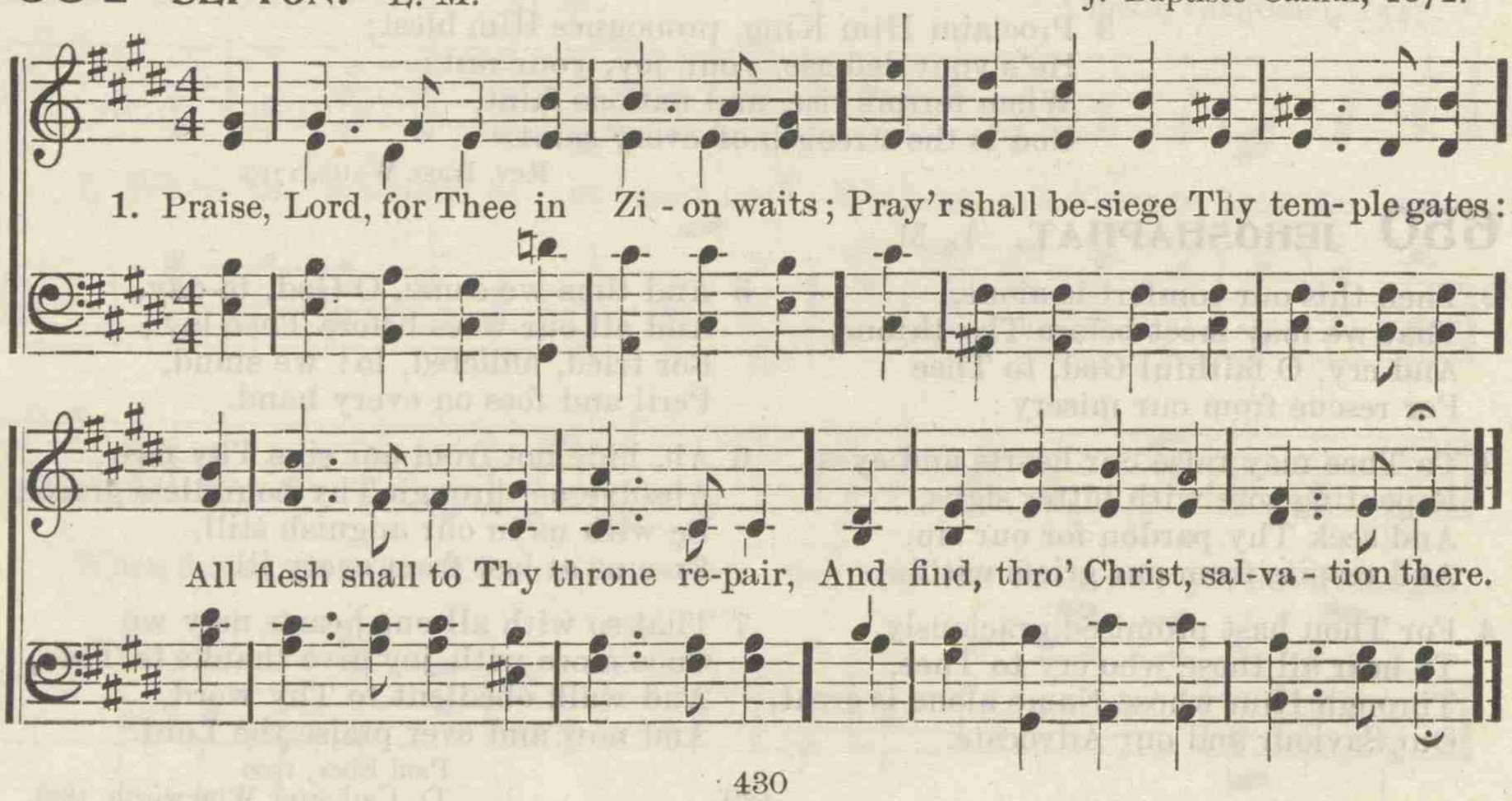
5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 O, may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

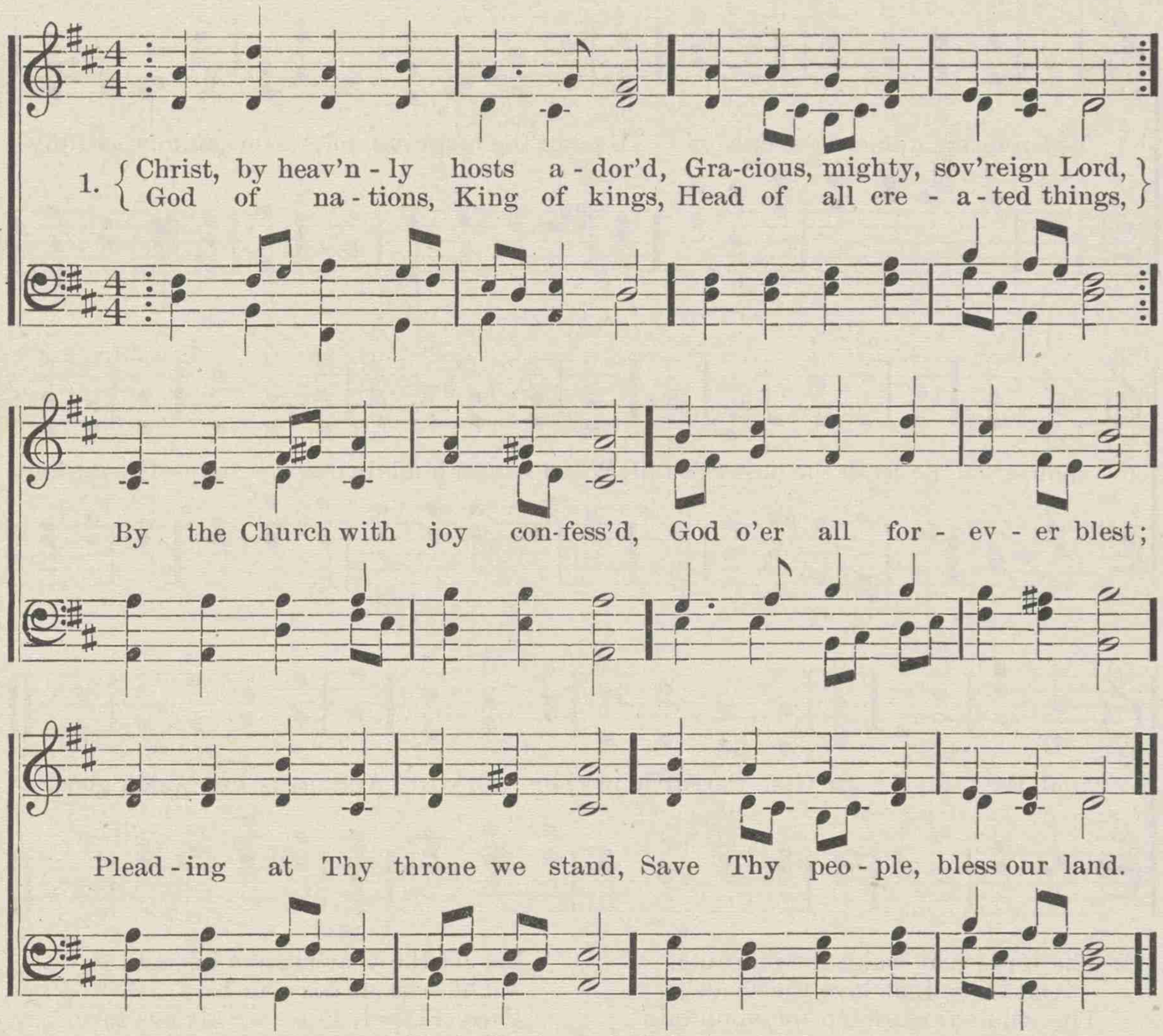
654 SEFTON. L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.



655 SALZBURG. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Joh. Rosenmüller, 1652.



(Or to St. George's, Windsor.)

2 On our field of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea:
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, 1860.

654 SEFTON. L. M.

2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

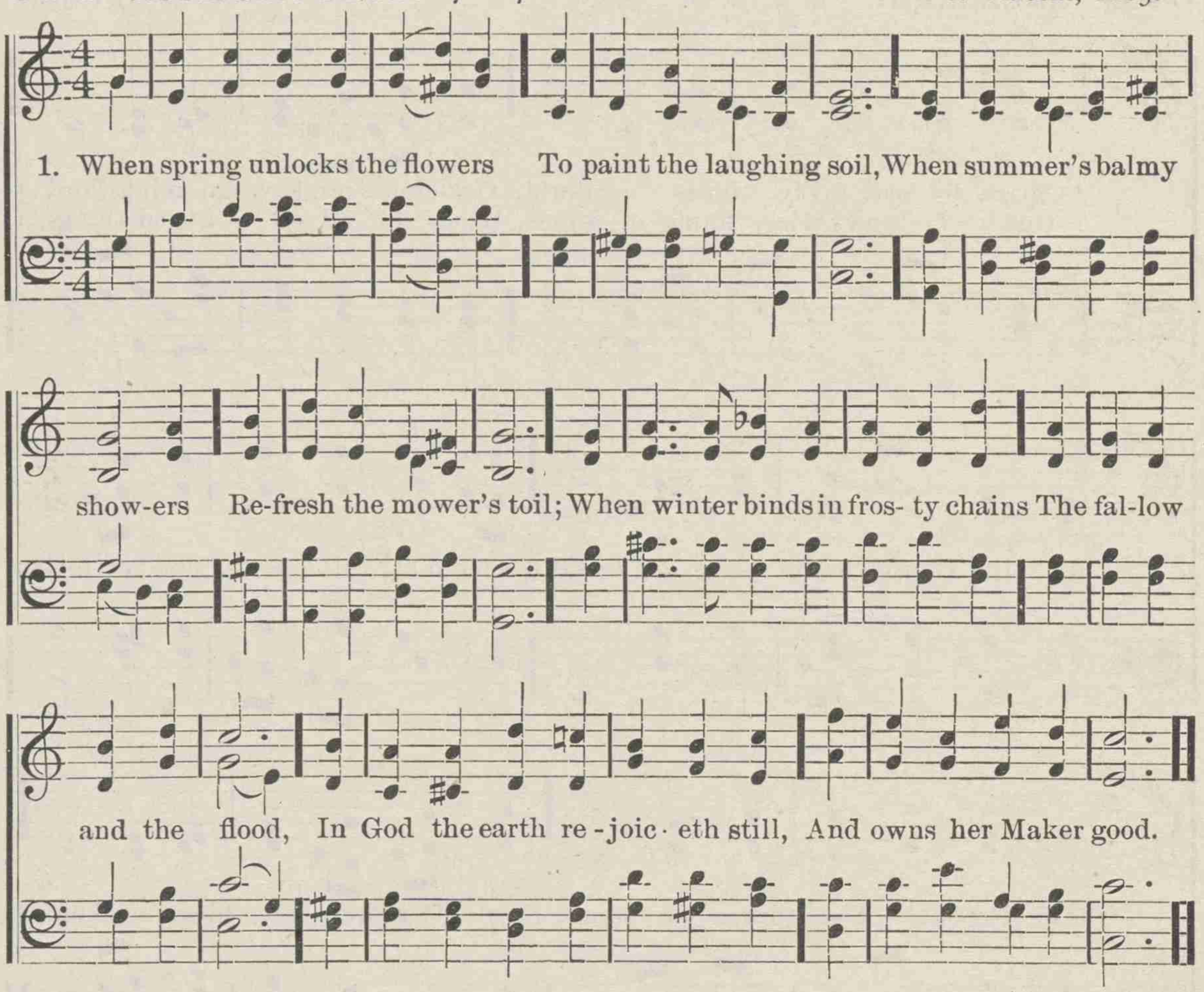
4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

656 NOBISCUM DEUS. 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

C. Vincent, 1885.



2 The birds that wake the morning,
And these that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain,
Or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from the amber bower
Rejoiceth on his way;
The moon and stars their Maker's Name
In silent pomp display.

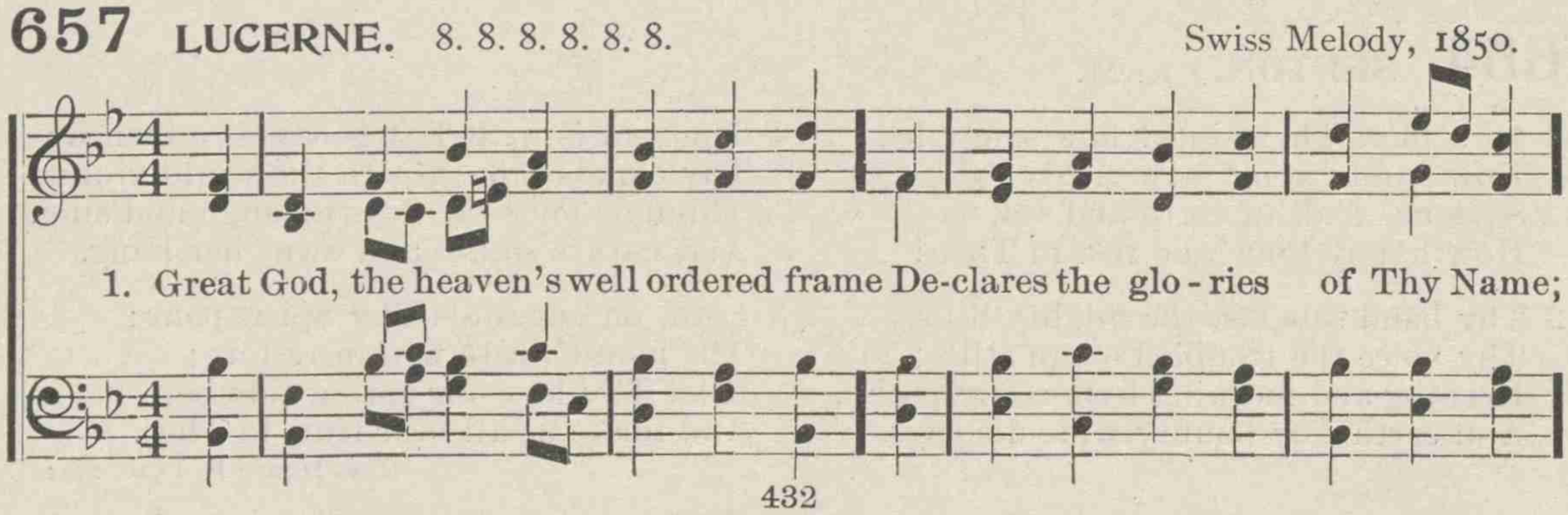
3 Shall man, the lord of nature,
Expectant of the sky,
Shall man, alone unthankful
His little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course,
The seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—
Creator, honor Thee!

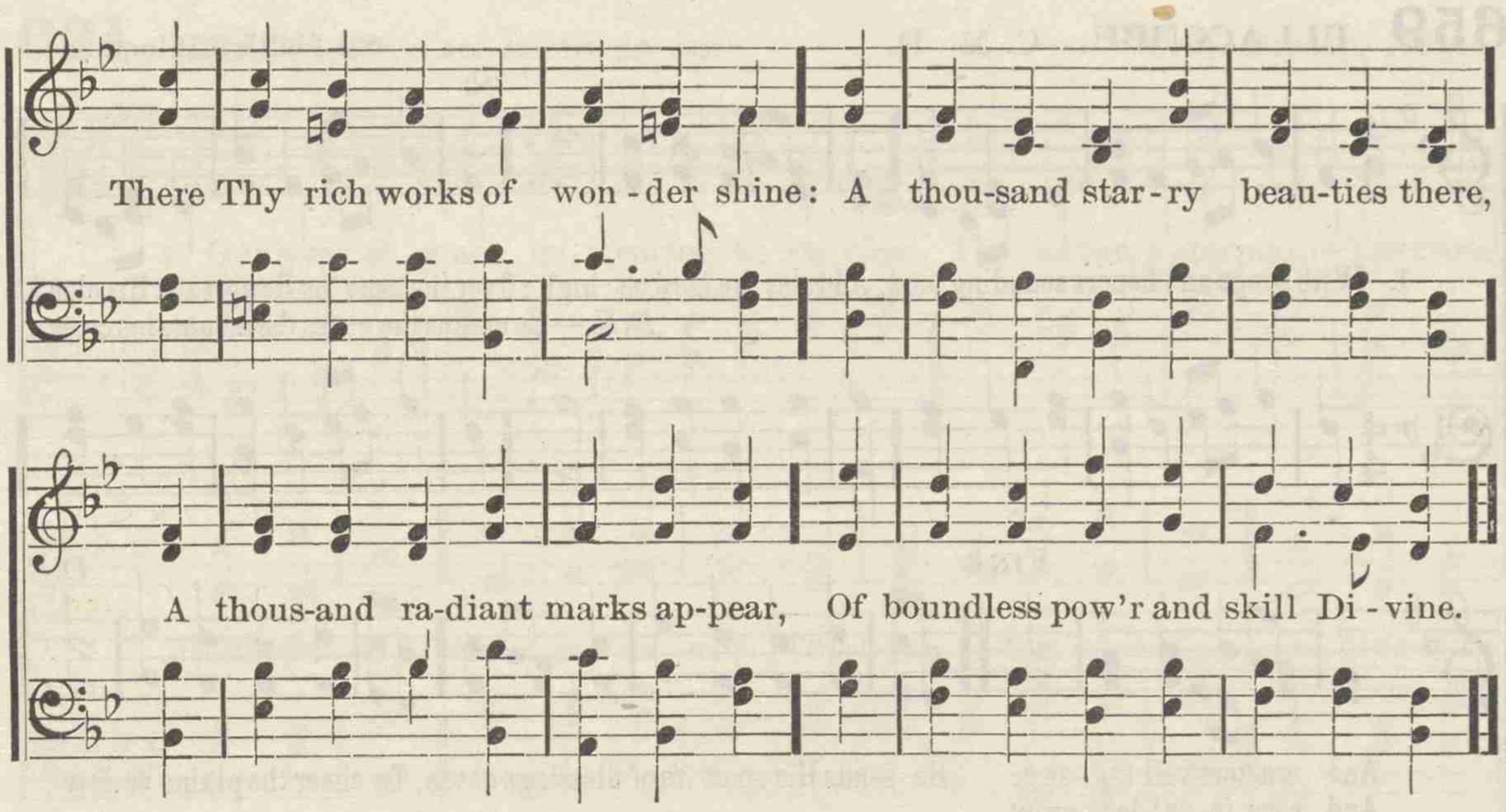
4 The flowers of spring may wither,
The hope of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter,
The birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon
Forget their old decree;
But we in nature's latest hour,
O Lord, will cling to Thee!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

657 LUCERNE. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Swiss Melody, 1850.





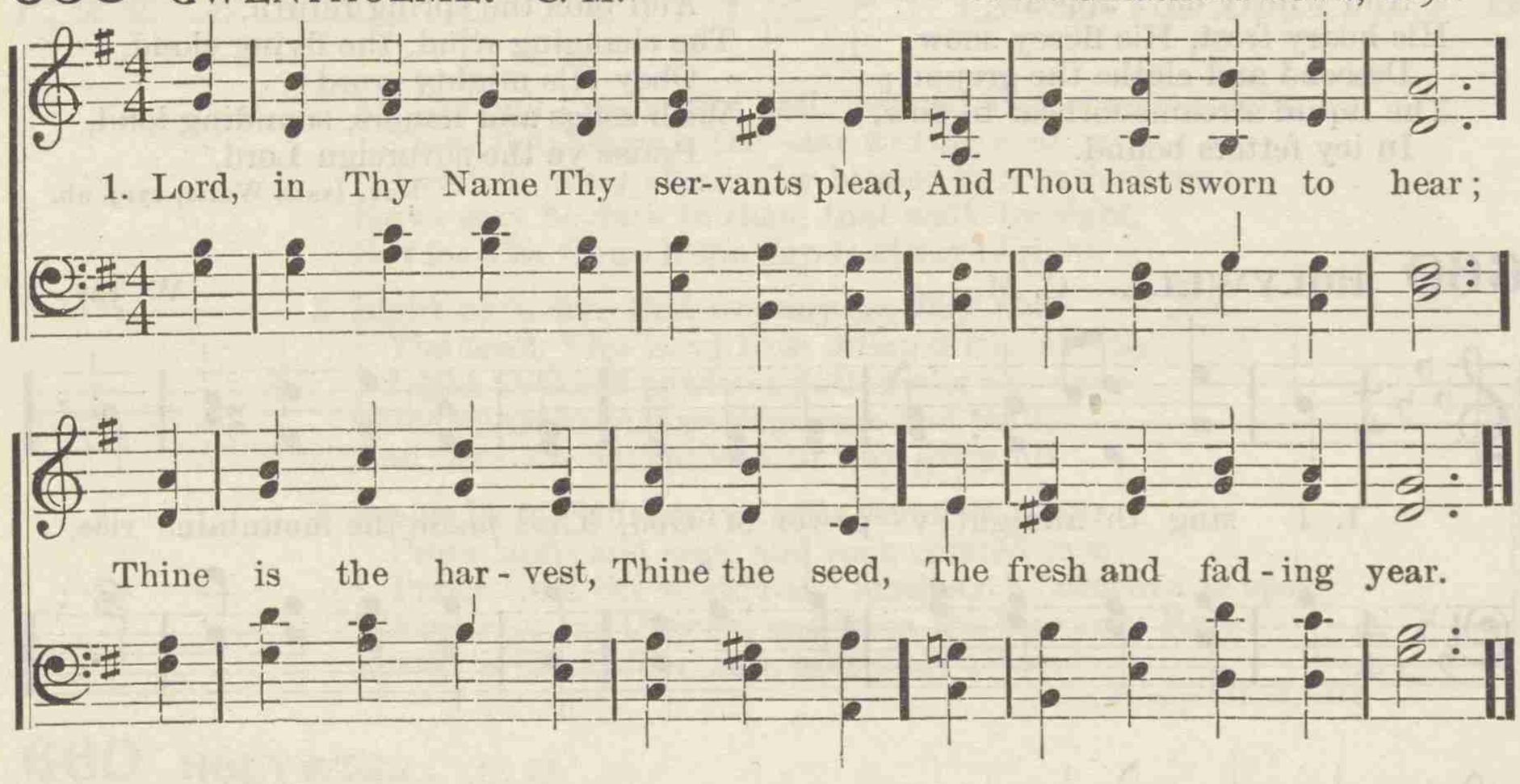
2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they rise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

658 GWENTHOLME. C. M.

G. H. Sunderland Lewis, 1890.



2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

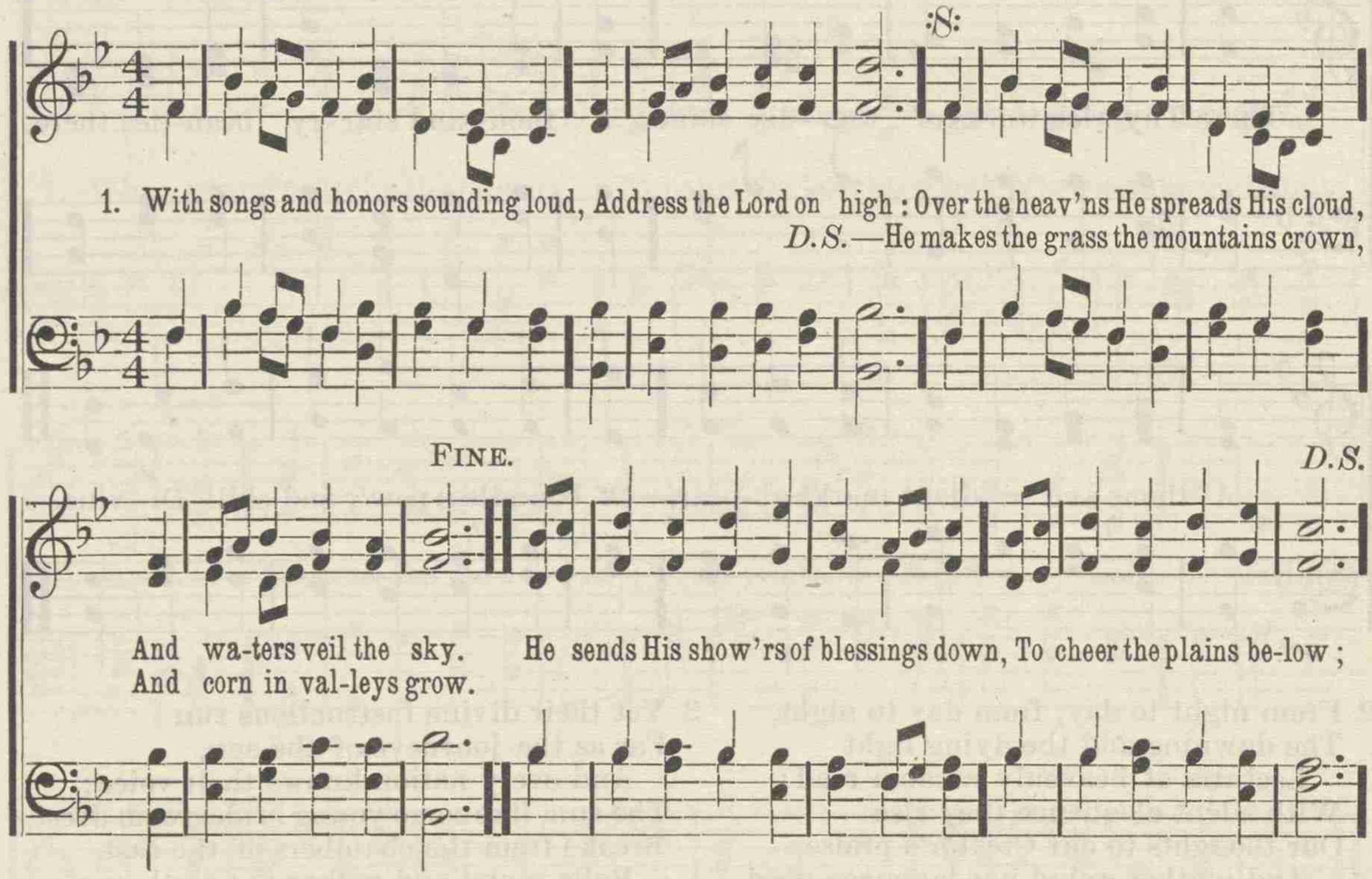
4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heavens and earth
We never may forego.

Rev. John Keble, 1856.

659 ELLACOMBE. C. M. D.

St. Gall's Collection.



2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

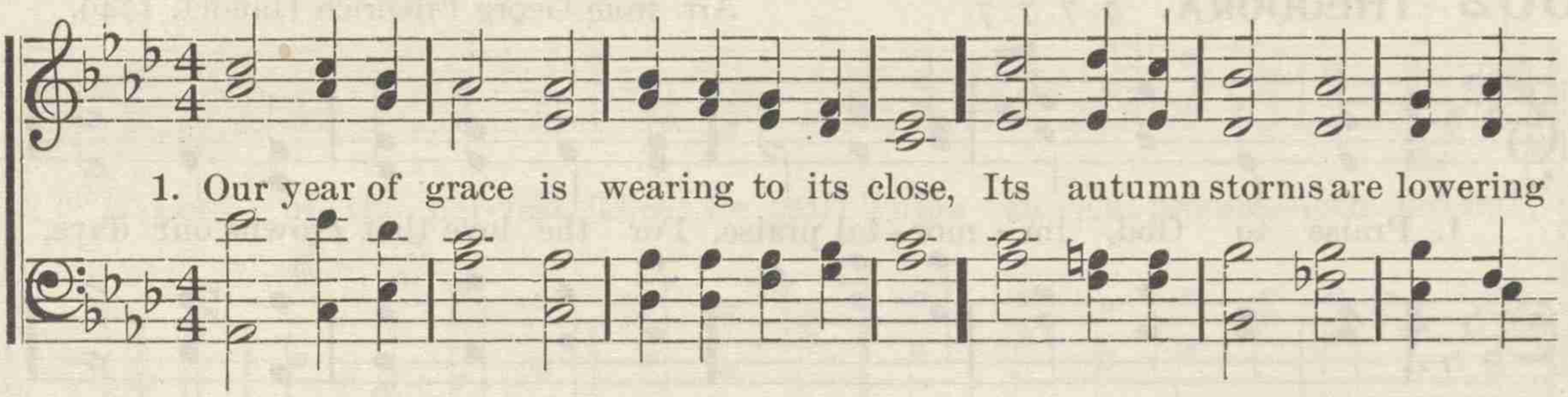
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719, ab.

660 HOLYWELL. C. M.

W. Joy.

661 CHAPMAN. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



2 All through the months hath beamed Thy cheering light,
From Bethlehem's Day-star waxing ever on;
Through every cloud Thy blessèd Sun hath shone:
Earth may be dark to them that walk by sight,
But for Thy Church the day is always bright.

3 Light us in life, that we may see Thy will,
The track Thy hand hath ordered for our way;
Light us when shadows gather o'er our day;
Shine on us in that passage lone and chill,
And then our darkness with Thy glory fill.

4 Praise be to God from earth's remotest coast,
From lands and seas, and each created race;
Praise from the worlds His hand hath launched in space;
Praise from the Church, and from the heavenly Host;
Praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Rev. Henry Alford, 1868.

660 HOLYWELL. C. M.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

5 Creatures that borrow life from Thee
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1715, ab.

Harvest.

662 THEODORA. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Georg Friedrich Händel, 1749.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

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

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

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

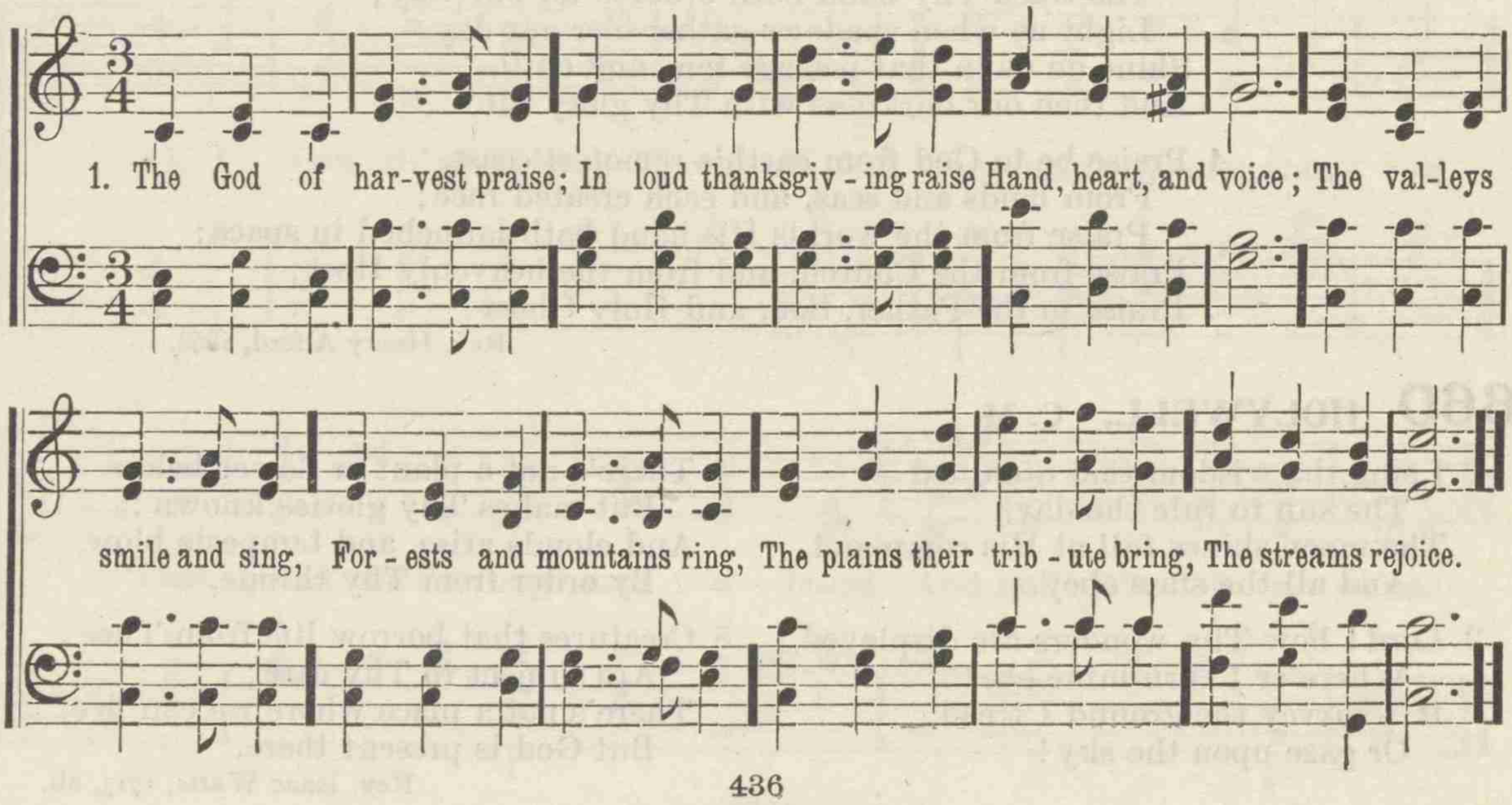
6 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;—

7 Yet to Thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone.

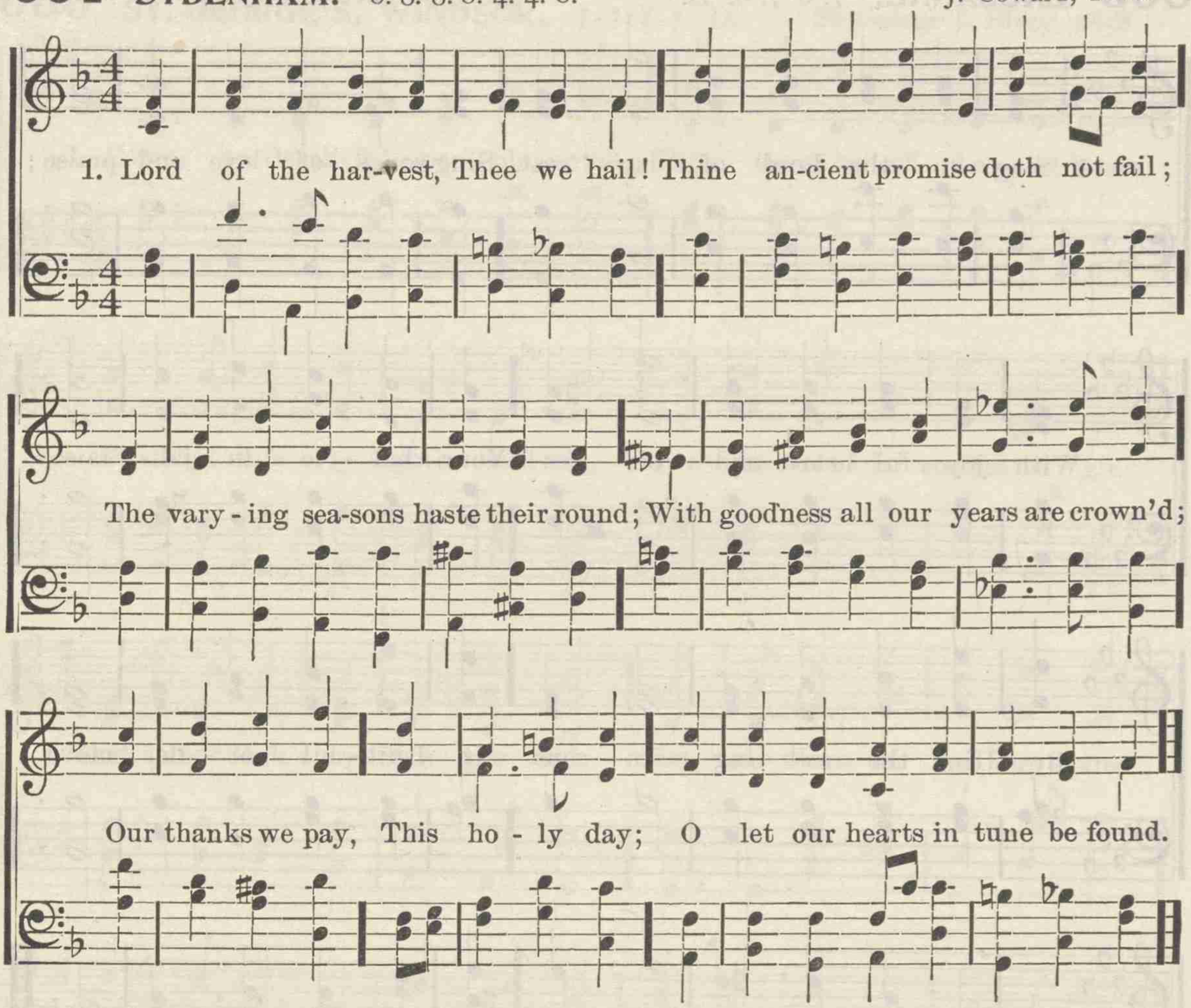
Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

663 DORT. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832.



664 SYDENHAM. 8. 8. 8. 8. 4. 4. 8. J. Coward, 1868.



2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When autumn yields its ripened grain,
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,
We still do sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

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

4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1850.

663 DORT. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

2 Yea, bless His holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1853.

665 LAUSANNE. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn, 1737–1806.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall;
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

4 To God the gracious Father,
Who made us, "very good,"
To Christ, who, when we wandered,
Restored us with His blood,
And to the Holy Spirit,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessèd dews and sunshine,
Be praise for evermore.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1866.

666 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7. 7. 7. 7. D. Sir George J. Elvey, 1858.

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

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

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest home.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1844.

667 MONTGOMERY. L. M.

John Stanley, 1770.

2 The sun shone forth in splendor bright,
And tinged the mountain-tops with gold;
The fields were flooded with his light,
And trees did all their buds unfold.

3 Thou gavest us refreshing showers,
That shook their treasures o'er the land,
Till blossom'd all the earth with flowers,
And hills rejoiced on every hand.

4 Thy love has given our harvest-store,
And scattered blessings far and wide;
Thy hand has filled our garner-floor,
And all our harvest wants supplied.

5 Lord, in Thy holy Name we raise,
With thankful heart and grateful tongue
Our tribute of adoring praise,
Our due and joyful harvest song.

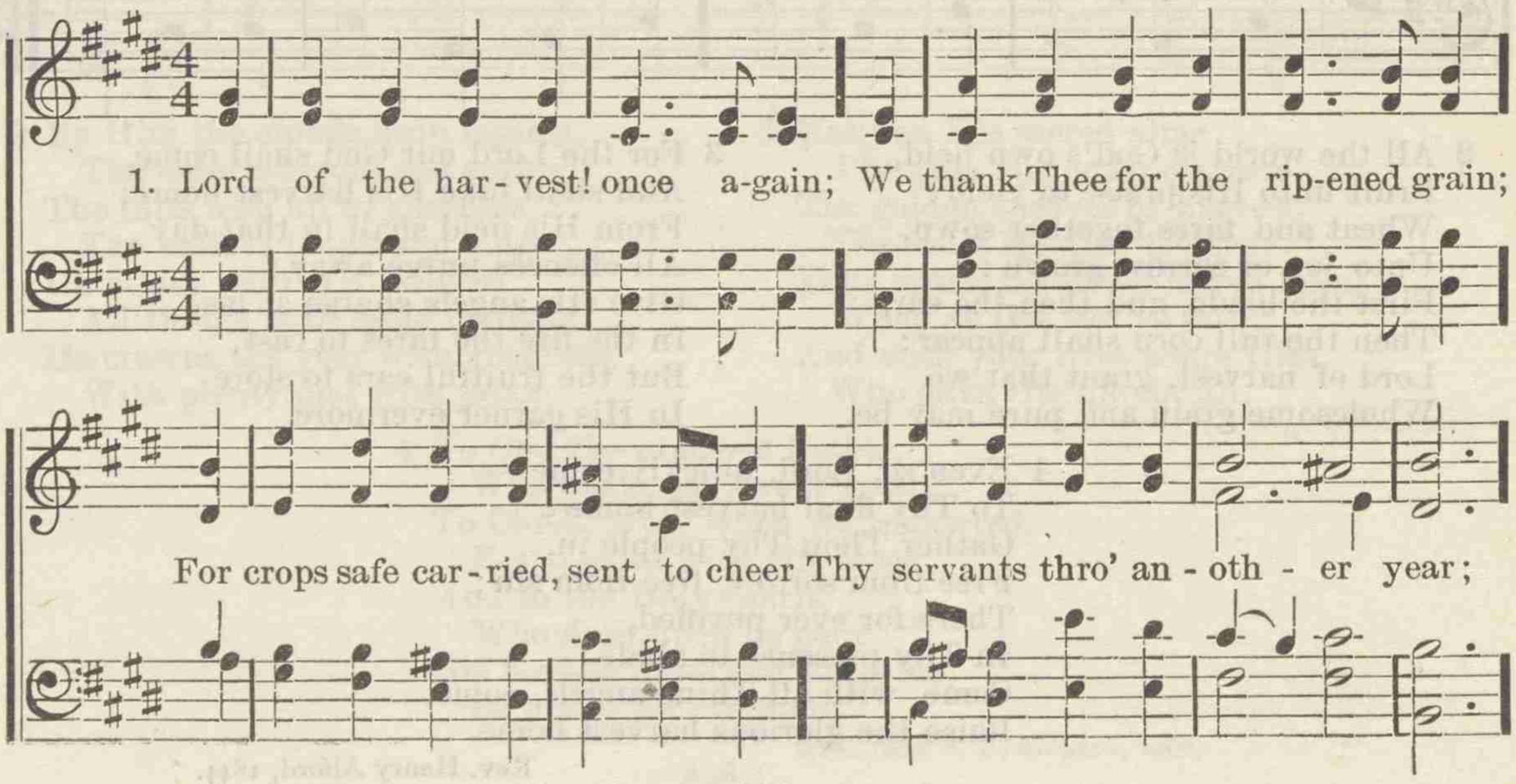
6 For all things magnify Thy love,
The genial winds, the gentle rain,
Clouds dropping fatness from above,
The blade, the ear, the golden grain.

7 O Thou, who givest daily bread,
And givest it in plenteous store,
Let all our hungering souls be fed
With bread of life for evermore.

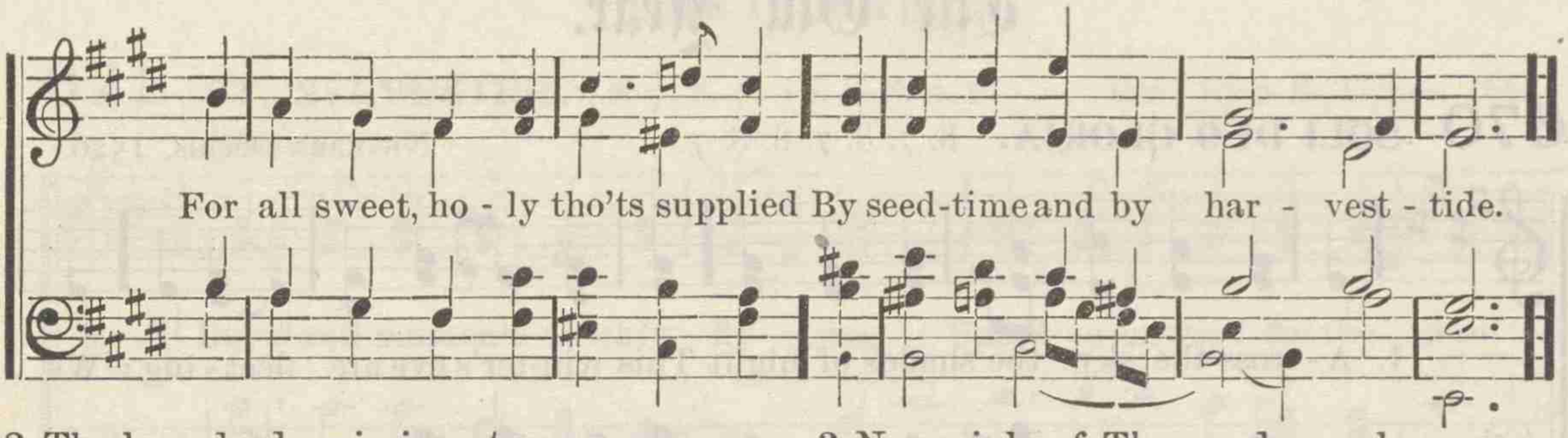
Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

668 LORD OF THE HARVEST. L. M. 61.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1890.



HARVEST.



2 The bare dead grain in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings.
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

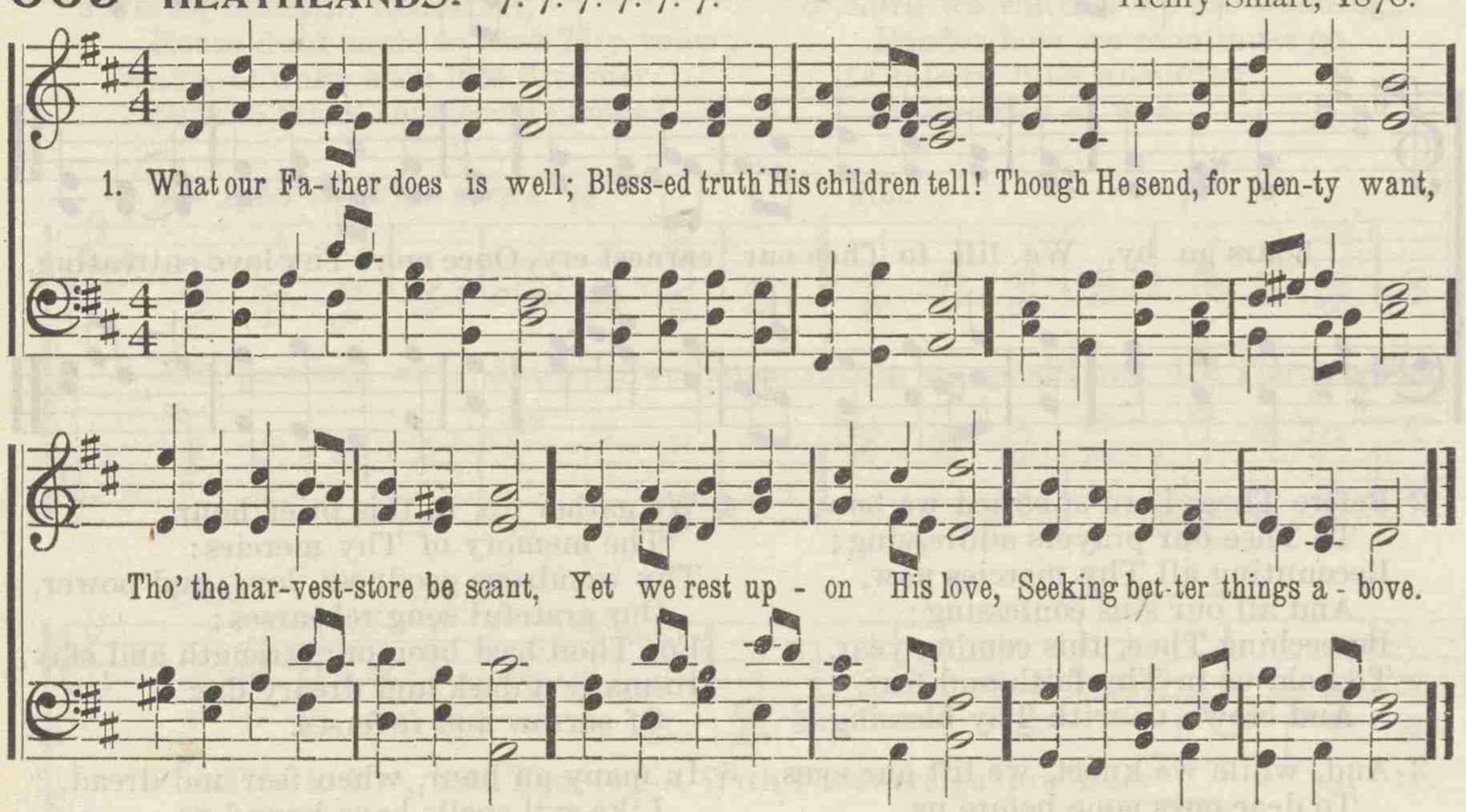
3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of Life! from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

669 HEATHLANDS. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry Smart, 1870.



2 What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is He not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises raise
For the strength His word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

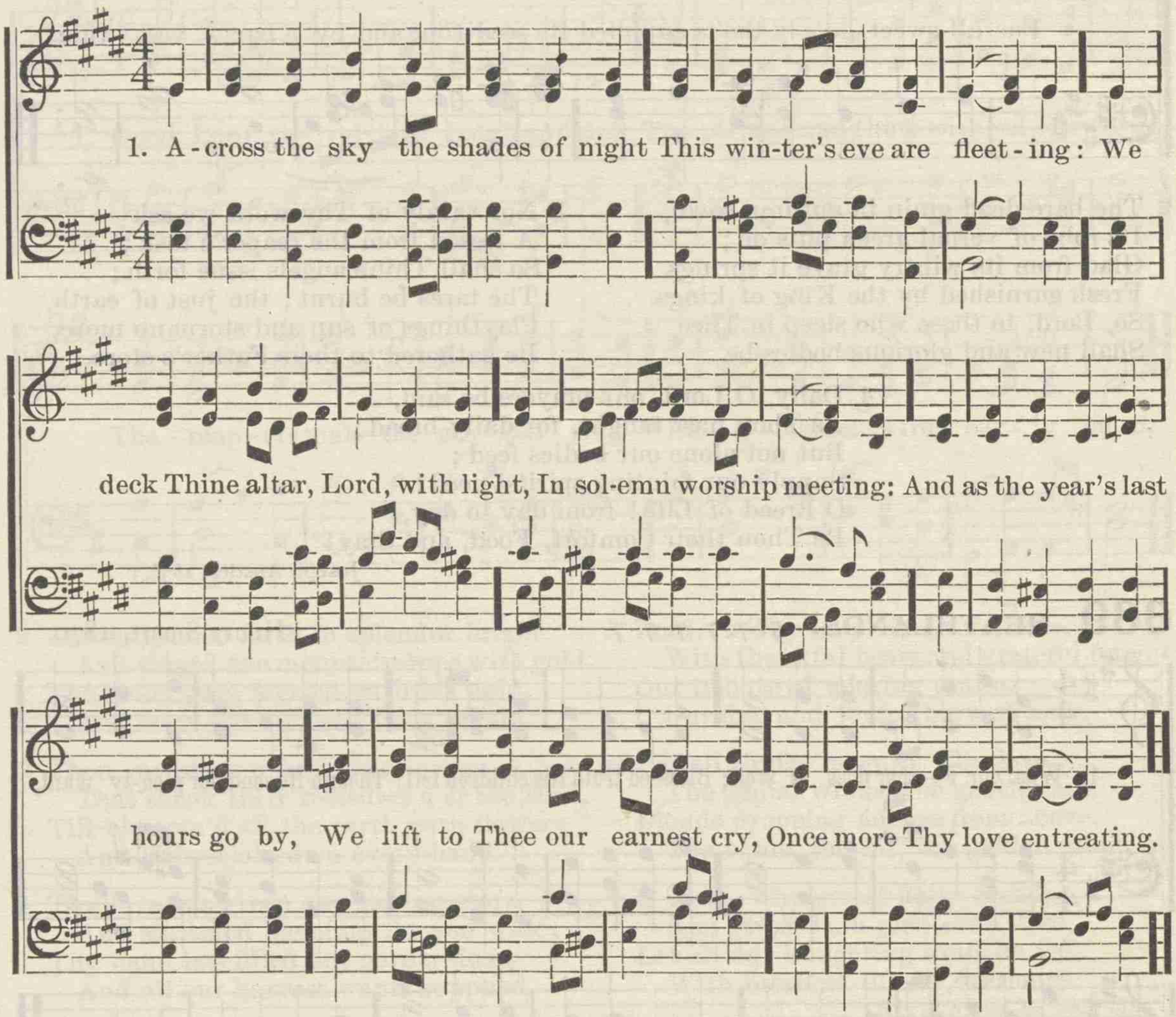
4 What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though no milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be
Now and through eternity.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1720.
Tr. Henry William Baker, 1861.

The Old Year.

670 SOLI DEO GLORIA. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. Nicolaus Decius, 1526.



2 Before Thee, Lord subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us,
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise:
Whose peace descendeth o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies:
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou hast been our strength and stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us:
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

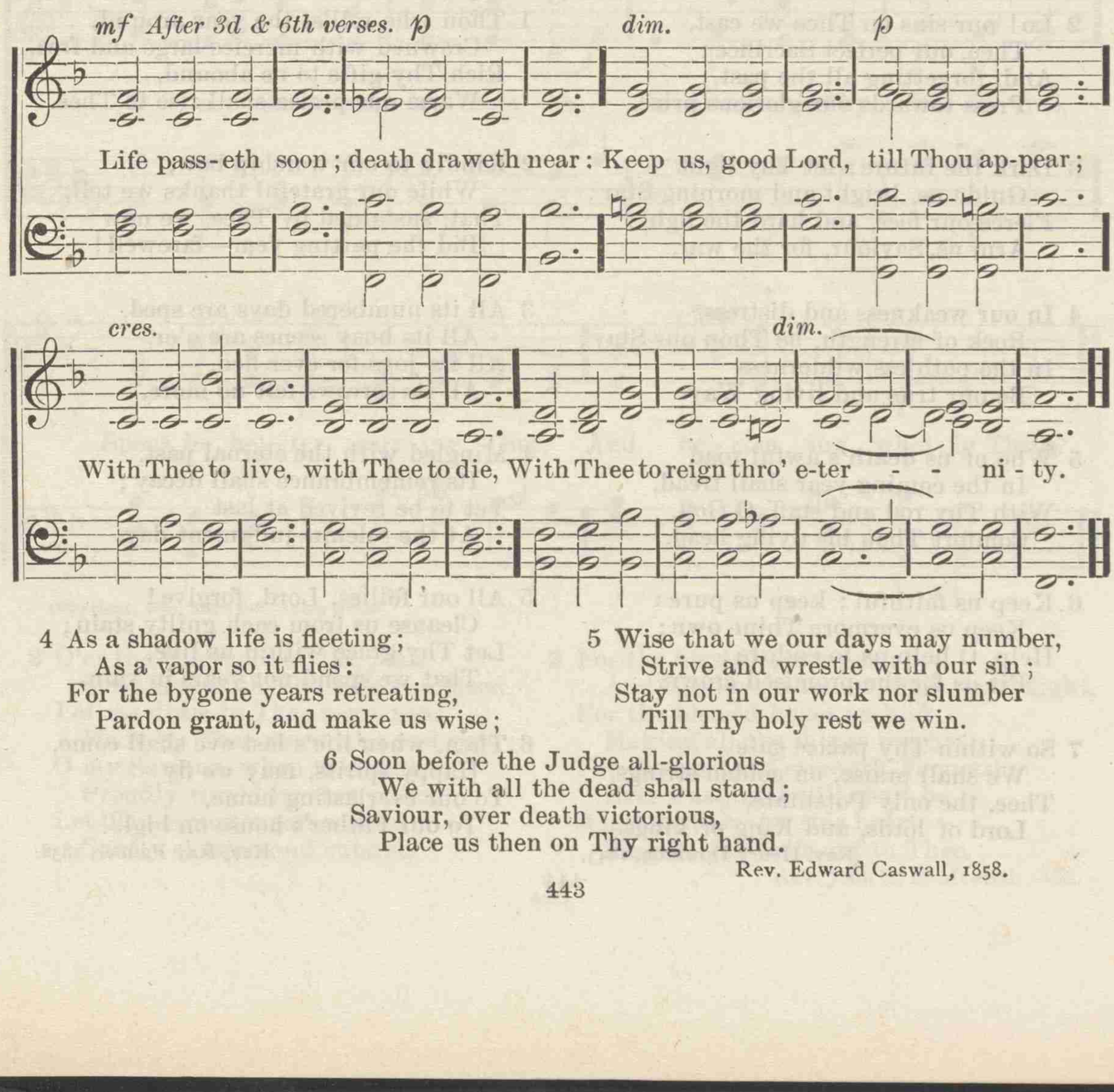
6 Thou, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

Rev. James Hamilton, 1882.

671 ST. SYLVESTER. 8. 7. 8. 7. (8. 8. 8. 9.) Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862.

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.



4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:
For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

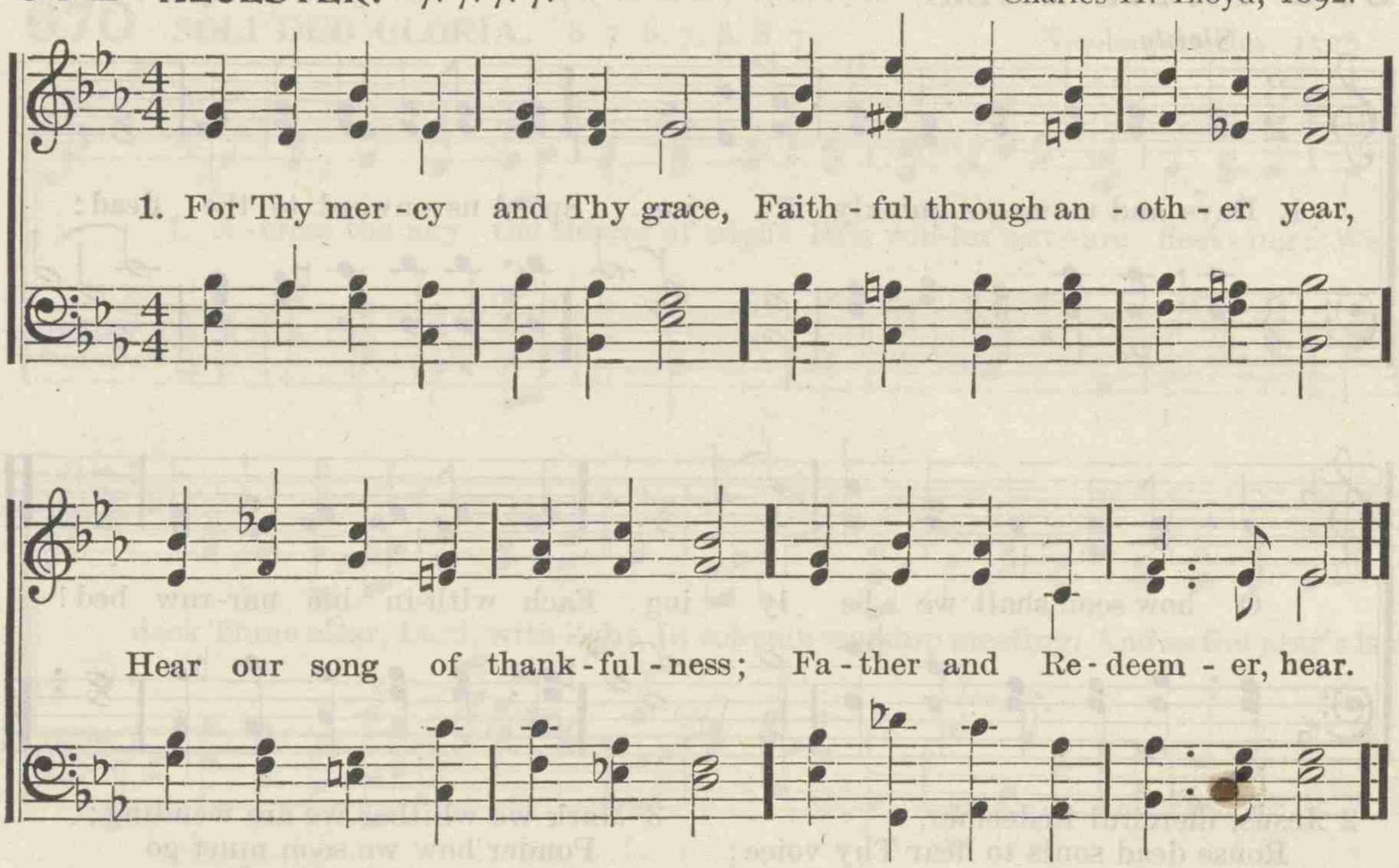
5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858.

672 ALCESTER. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Charles H. Lloyd, 1892.



2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.

6 Keep us faithful; keep us pure:
Keep us evermore Thine own:
Help, O help us to endure:
Fit us for the promised crown.

7 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Rev. Henry Downton, 1843.

673 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 Thou who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich Thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to Thee.

2 Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by Thee, we now
Bid the parting year—farewell!

3 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.

4 Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.

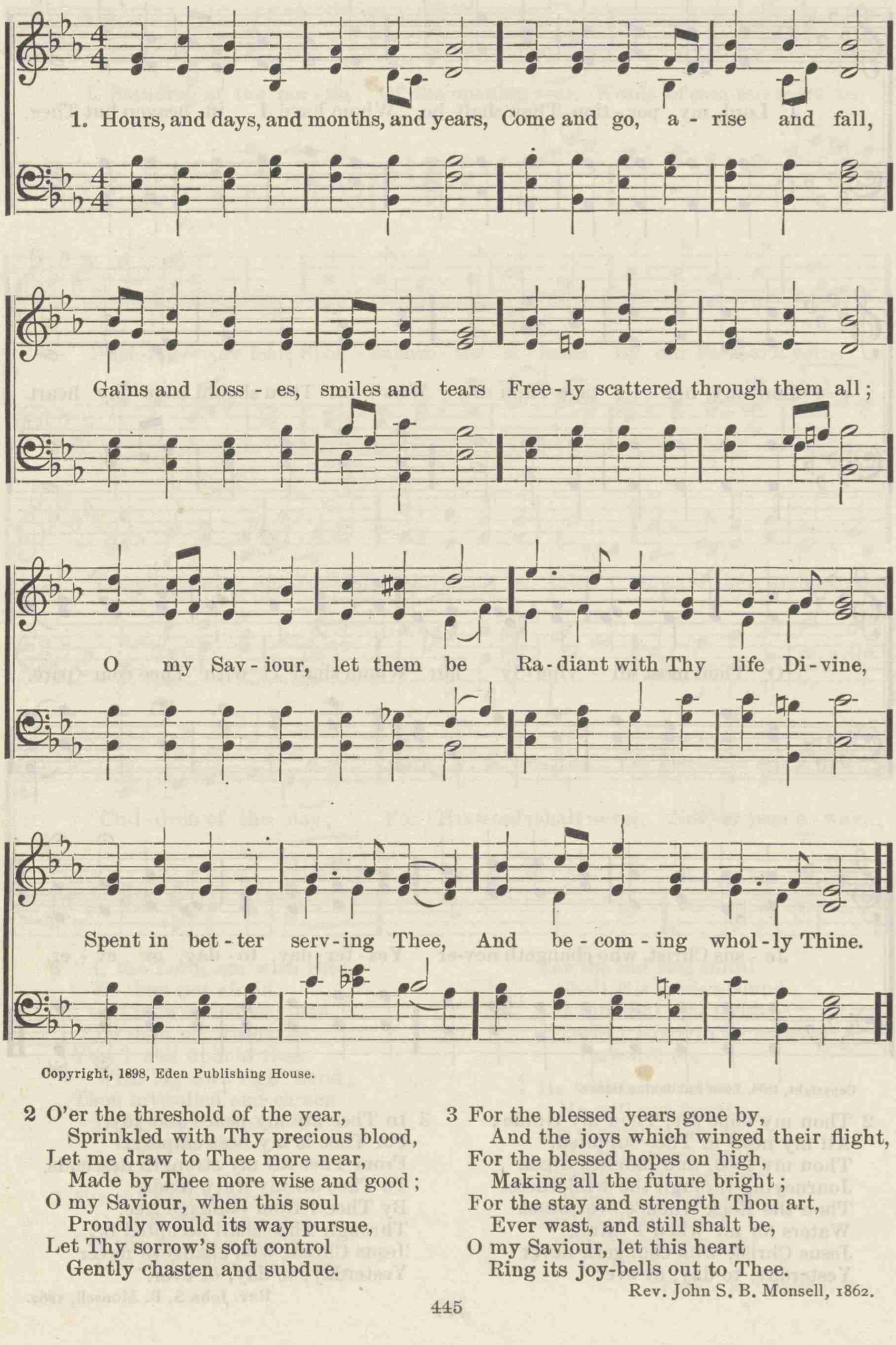
5 All our follies, Lord, forgive!
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let Thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.

6 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858.

The New Year.

674 **MONSELL.** 7. 7. 7. 7. D. U. C. Burnap, 1895.



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2 O'er the threshold of the year,
Sprinkled with Thy precious blood,
Let me draw to Thee more near,
Made by Thee more wise and good;
O my Saviour, when this soul
Proudly would its way pursue,
Let Thy sorrow's soft control
Gently chasten and subdue.

3 For the blessed years gone by,
And the joys which winged their flight,
For the blessed hopes on high,
Making all the future bright;
For the stay and strength Thou art,
Ever wast, and still shalt be,
O my Saviour, let this heart
Ring its joy-bells out to Thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

675 HERITAGE. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. U. C. Burnap, 1895.

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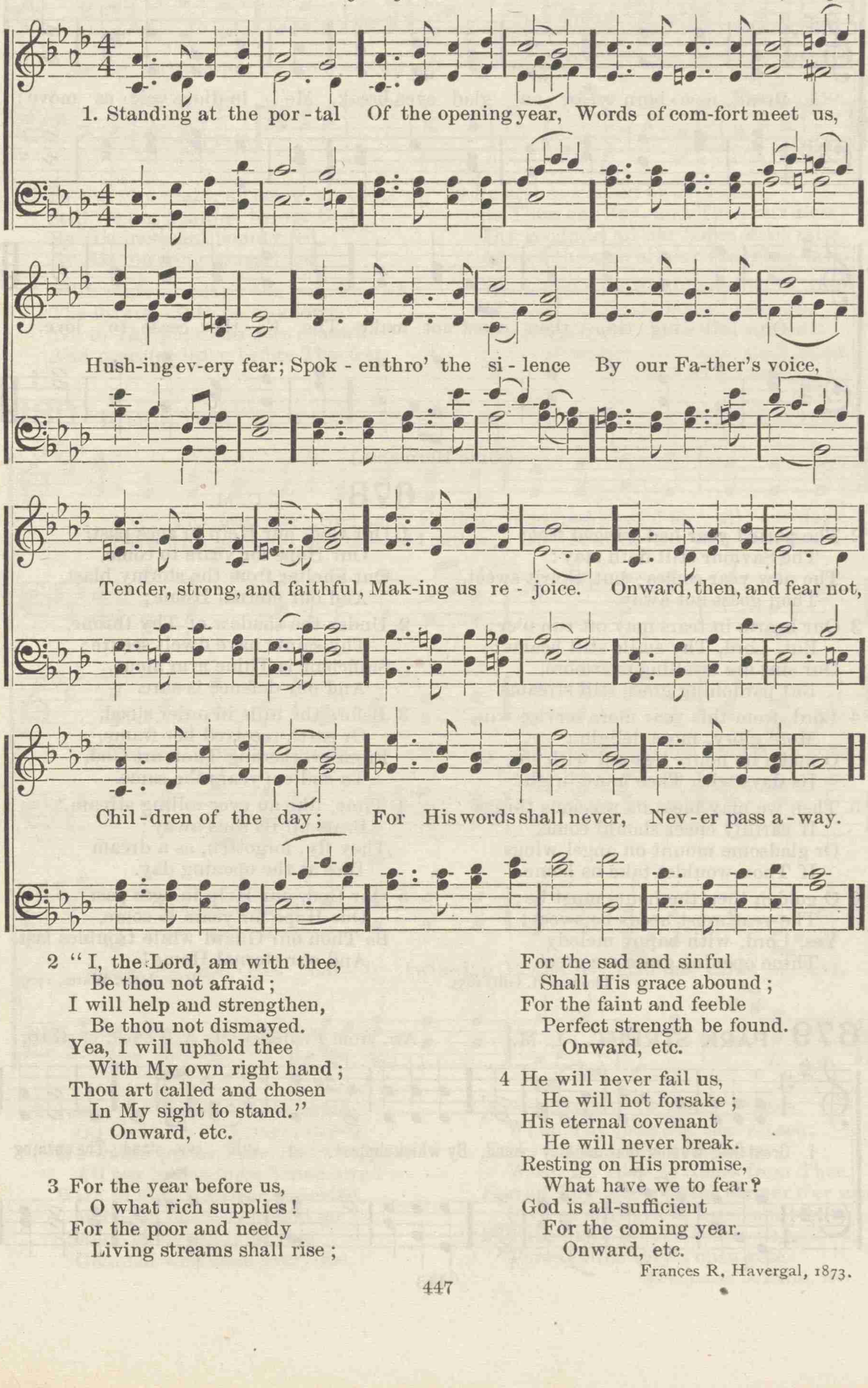
2 Thou my hope art, Thou my Guide;
All my need in Thee supplied,
Thou my food, and fadeless dress,
Journeying through the wilderness.
Thou the Rock whence ever burst
Waters for me when I thirst,
Jesus Christ, who changeth never
Yesterday, to-day, or ever.

3 In Thee are my peace and joy,
For Thee is my best employ,
From Thee all my strength descends,
To Thee all my duty tends.
By Thee I from bondage free,
Through Thee shall accepted be.
Jesus Christ, who changeth never
Yesterday, to-day, or ever.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

676 THE NEW YEAR. 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Arthur H. Mann, 1885.



2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."
Onward, etc.

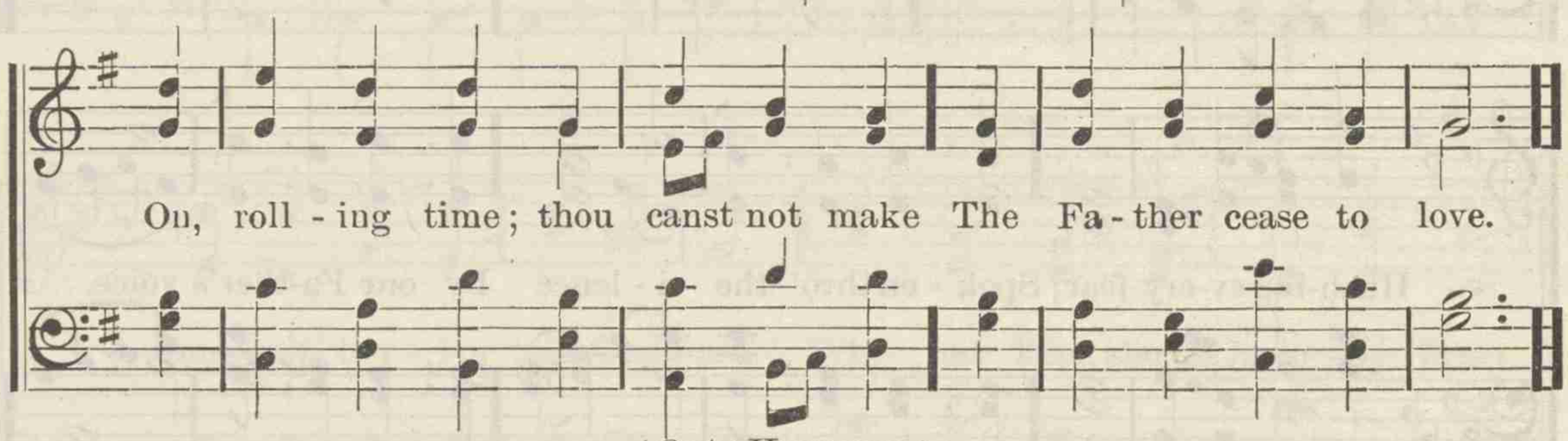
3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward, etc.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward, etc.

Frances R. Havergal, 1873.

677 MEAR. C. M.

Aaron Williams, 1760.



(Or to Hermann.)

678 C. M.

2 The parted year had wingèd feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The new year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goèst not away.

3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore,
But pardoning grace still streams.

4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight:
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright.

5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.

6 O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

Thomas H. Gill, 1855.

1 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home;

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

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

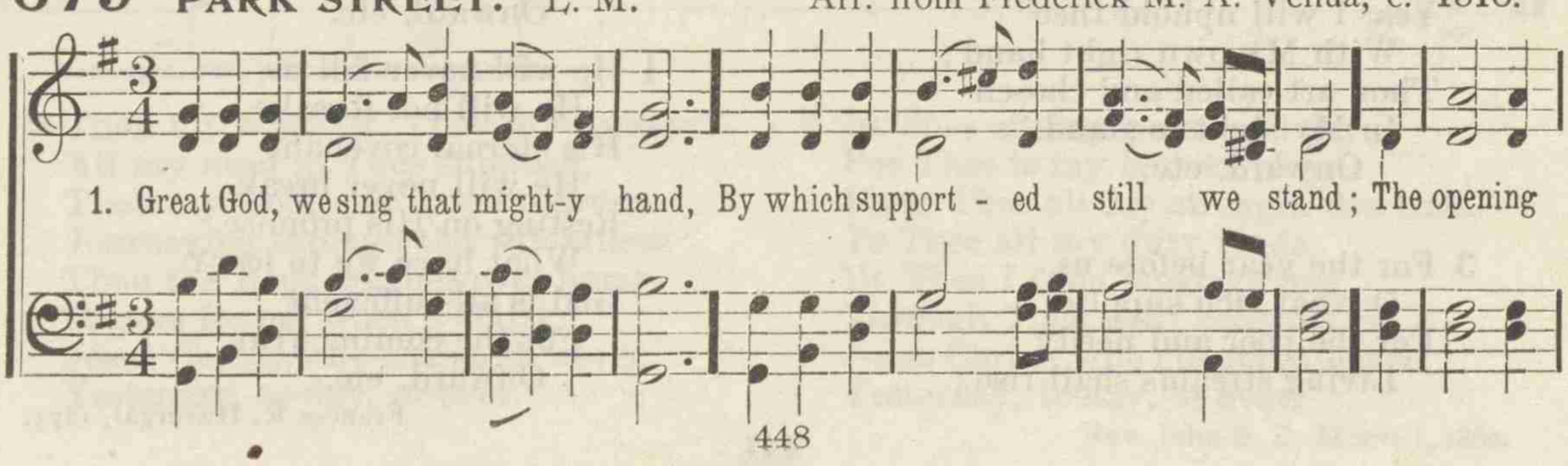
4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home!

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

679 PARK STREET. L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1810.



2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

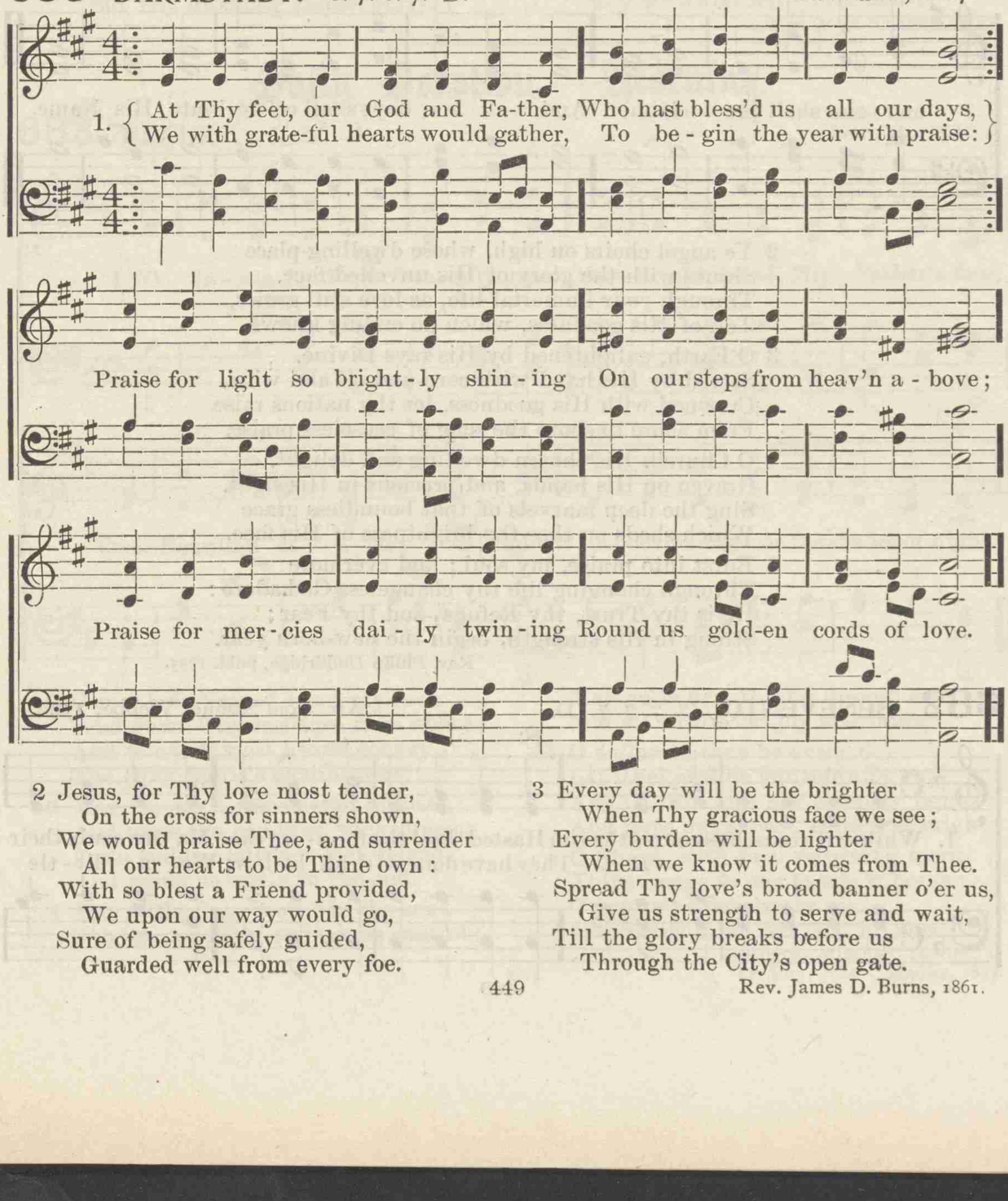
4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1755.

680 DARMSTADT. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

H. Müller, 1687.

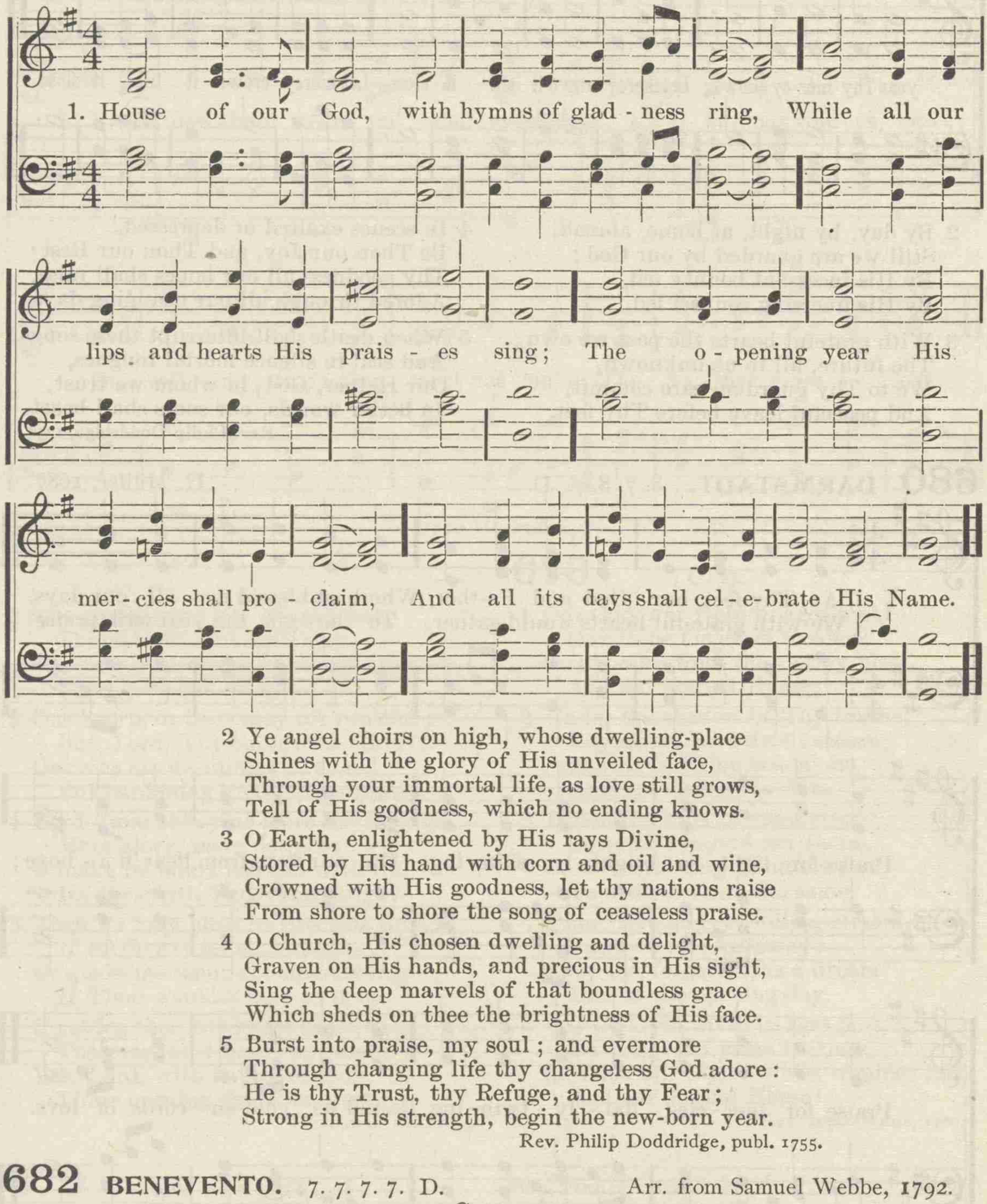


2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own:
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us
Through the City's open gate.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1861.

681 **VESALIUS.** 10. 10. 10. 10. Cooper Perry, 1890.



2 Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place
Shines with the glory of His unveiled face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of His goodness, which no ending knows.

3 O Earth, enlightened by His rays Divine,
Stored by His hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with His goodness, let thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.

4 O Church, His chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on His hands, and precious in His sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace
Which sheds on thee the brightness of His face.

5 Burst into praise, my soul ; and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore :
He is thy Trust, thy Refuge, and thy Fear ;
Strong in His strength, begin the new-born year.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755.

682 **BENEVENTO.** 7. 7. 7. 7. D. Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Spared to see another year,
Let Thy blessing meet us here;
Come, Thy dying work revive:
Bid Thy drooping garden thrive:
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;
Let our prayer Thy pity move,
Make this year a time of love.

4 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless Thy word to old and young,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774.

Daily Devotion.—Morning.

683 ERFURT. L. M.

German, 1540.

2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Send down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control:
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

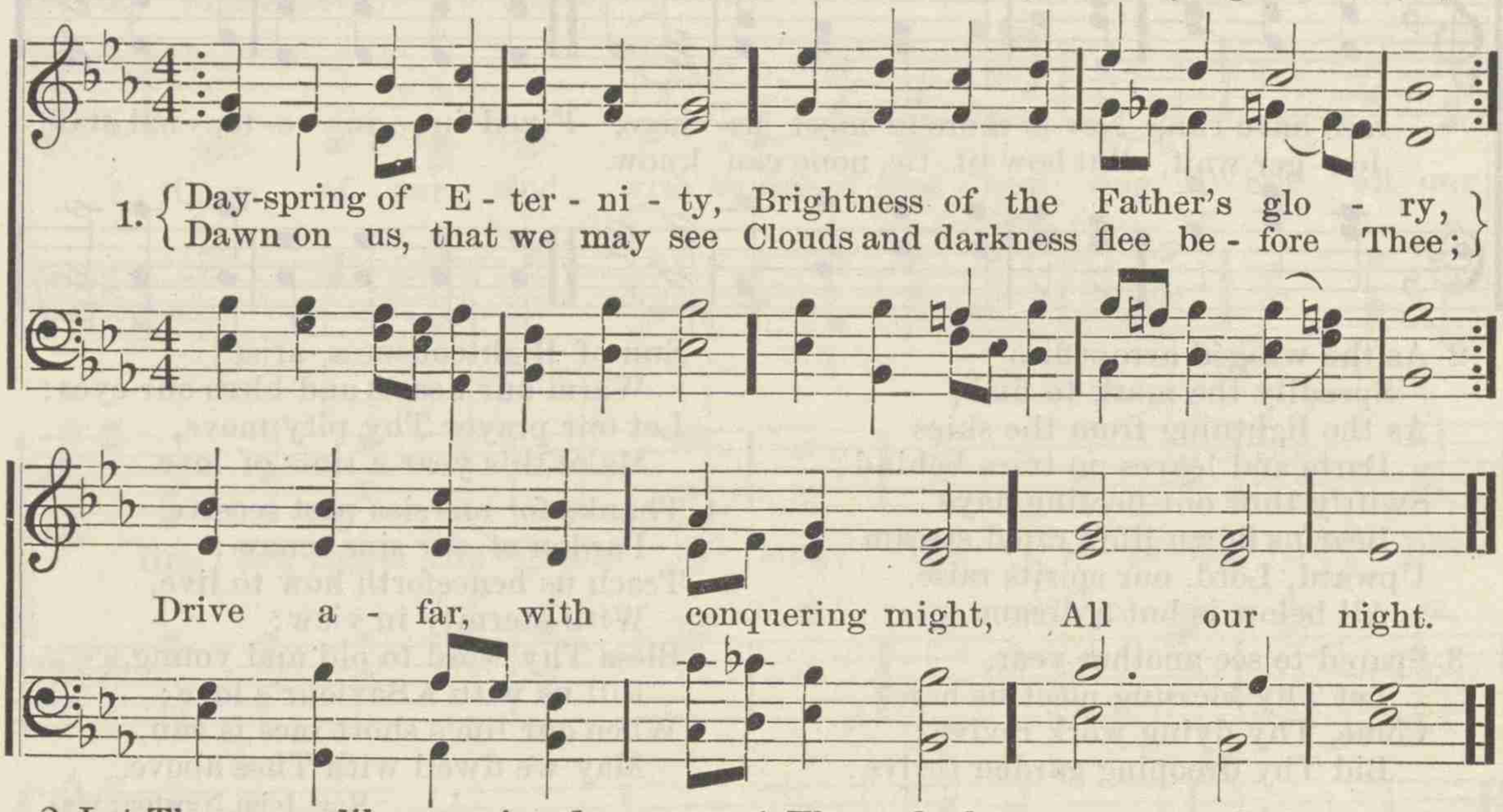
5 O hallowed thus be every day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

6 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose of Milan, 340–397.
Tr. Rev. John Chandler, 1837.

684 MORGENGLANZ. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704.



2 Let Thy grace, like morning dew,
Fall on hearts in Thee confiding;
Thy sweet comfort, ever new,
Fill our souls with strength abiding;
And Thy quickening eyes behold
Thy dear fold.

3 Give the flame of love, to burn
Till the bands of sin it breaketh,
Till, at each new day's return
Purer light my soul awaketh;
O, ere twilight come, let me
Rise to Thee.

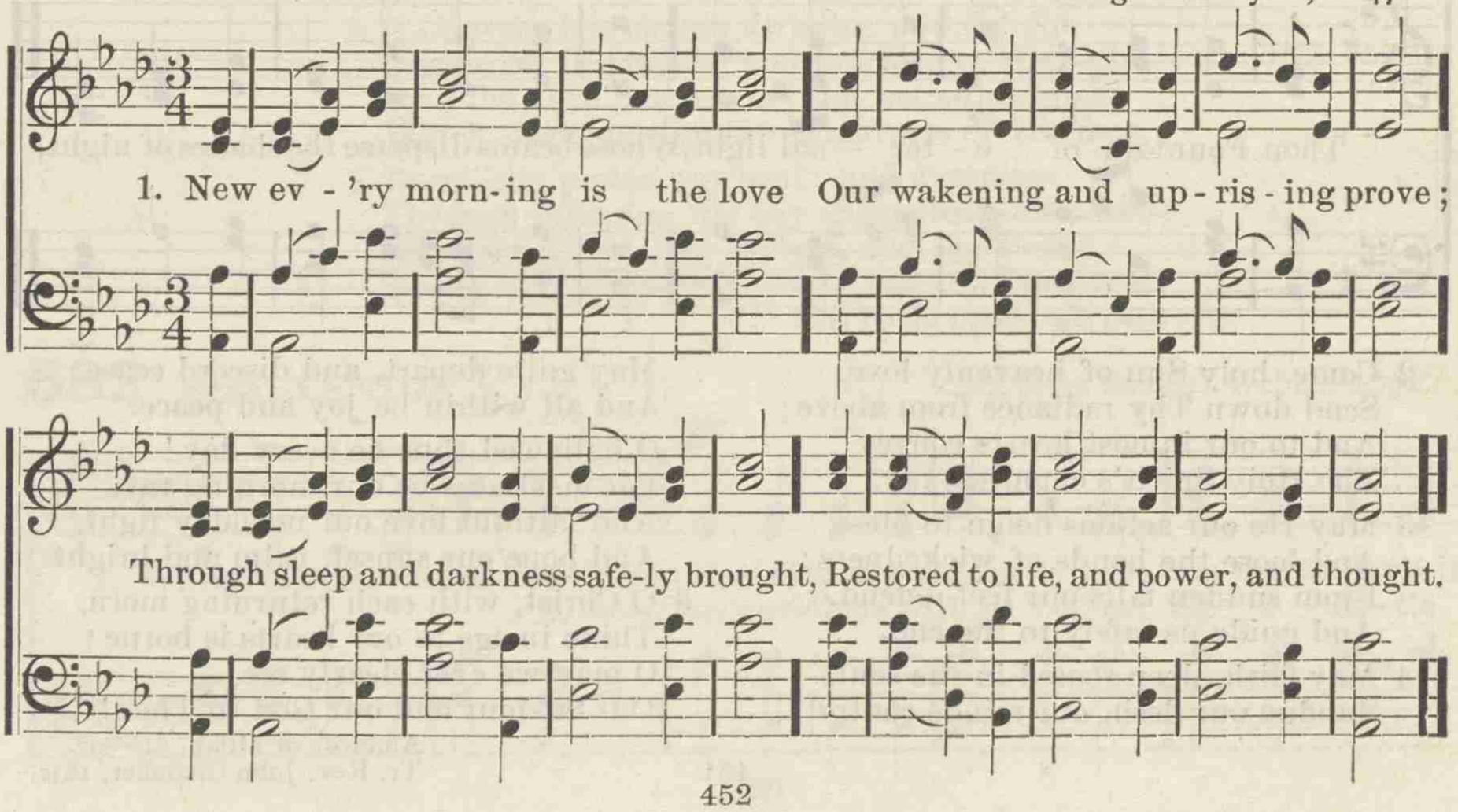
4 Thou who hast gone up on high,
Grant that when Thy trumpet soundeth,
When with glory, in the sky,
Thee the cloud of saints surroundeth,
We may stand among Thine own,
Round Thy throne.

5 Lead us to the golden shore,
O Thou rising Sun of Morning,
Lead where tears shall flow no more,
Where all sighs to songs are turning,
Where Thy glory sheds alway
Perfect day.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, 1684.
Tr. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, 1866.

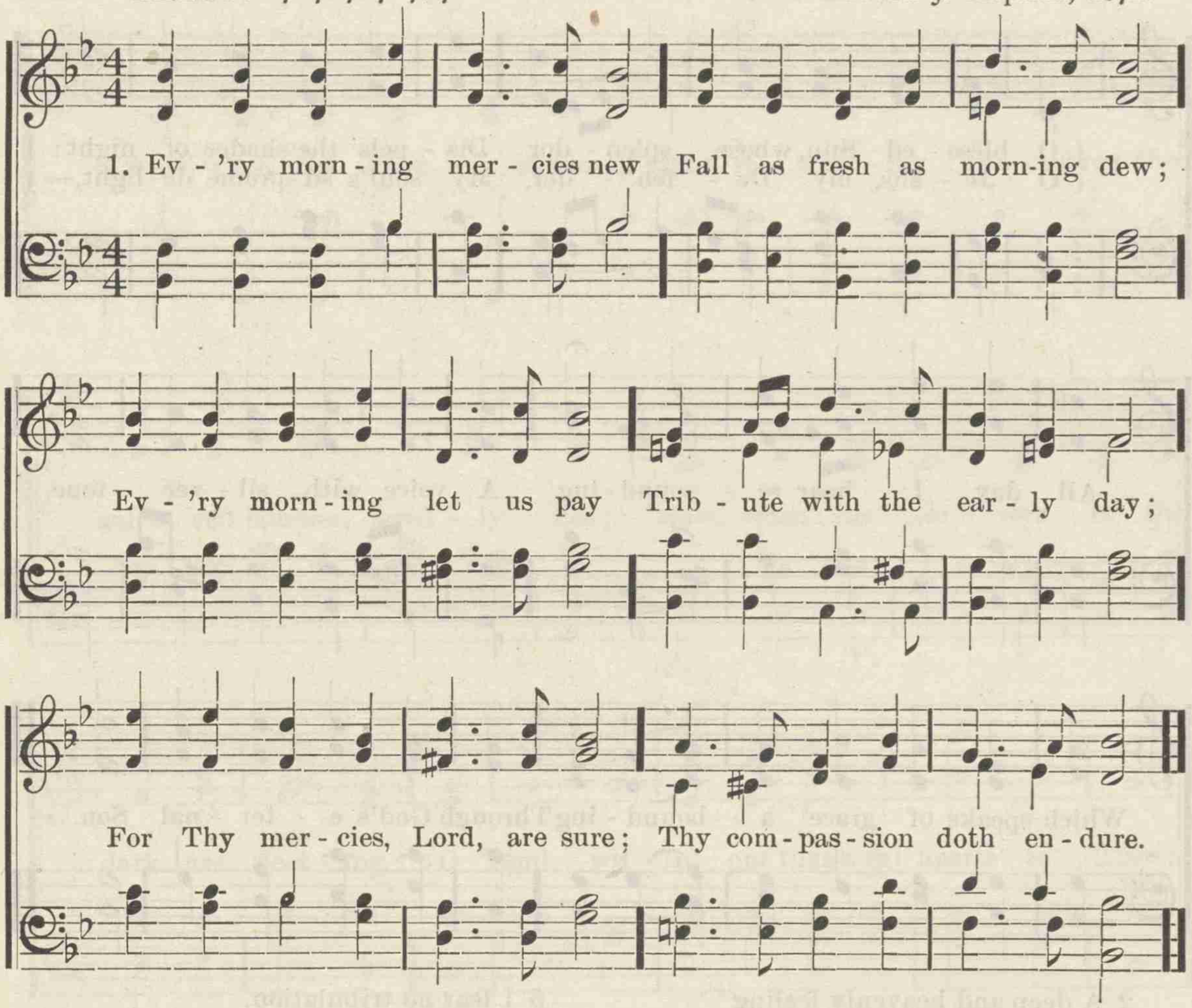
685 LOUVAN. L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847.



686 KELSO. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872.



2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Rev. Greville Phillimore, 1863.

685 LOUVAN. L. M.

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

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

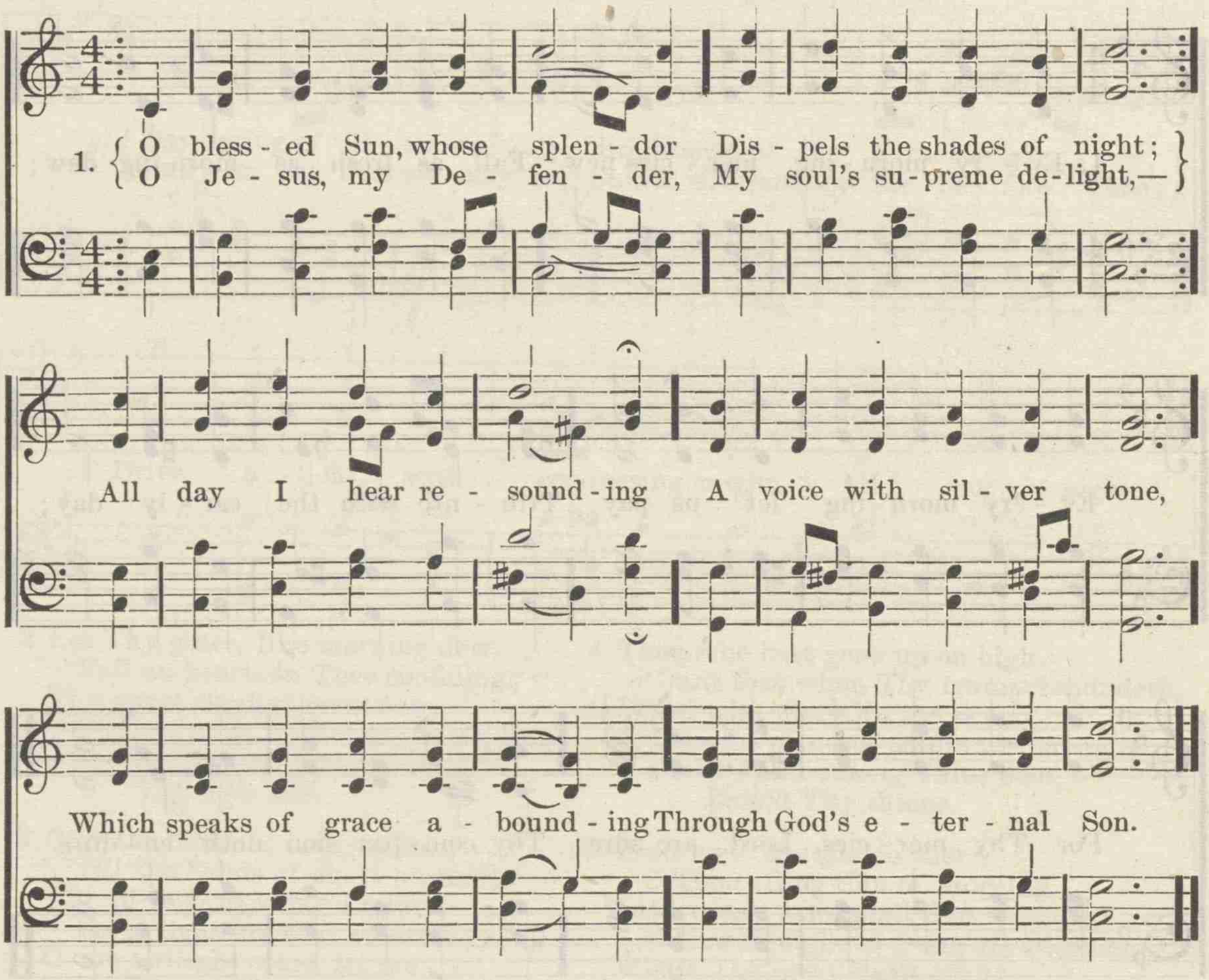
4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

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

Rev. John Keble, 1822.

687 ST. THEODULPH. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 1615.



2 A deep and heavenly feeling
Oft seizes on my breast,
Ah! here is balm for healing,
Here only is true rest!
Though fortune should bereave me
Of all I love the best,
If Christ His love still leave me,
I freely give the rest.

3 To win this precious treasure
And matchless pearl, I would
Give honor, wealth, and pleasure,
And every earthly good;
I gladly would surrender
The dearest thing which might
Obscure my Sun's bright splendor,
And rob me of His light.

4 I know no life divided,
O Lord of life! from Thee;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me.
I know no death, O Jesus
Because I live in Thee:
Thy death it is which frees us
Thy death eternally.

5 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If Thou, my God and teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

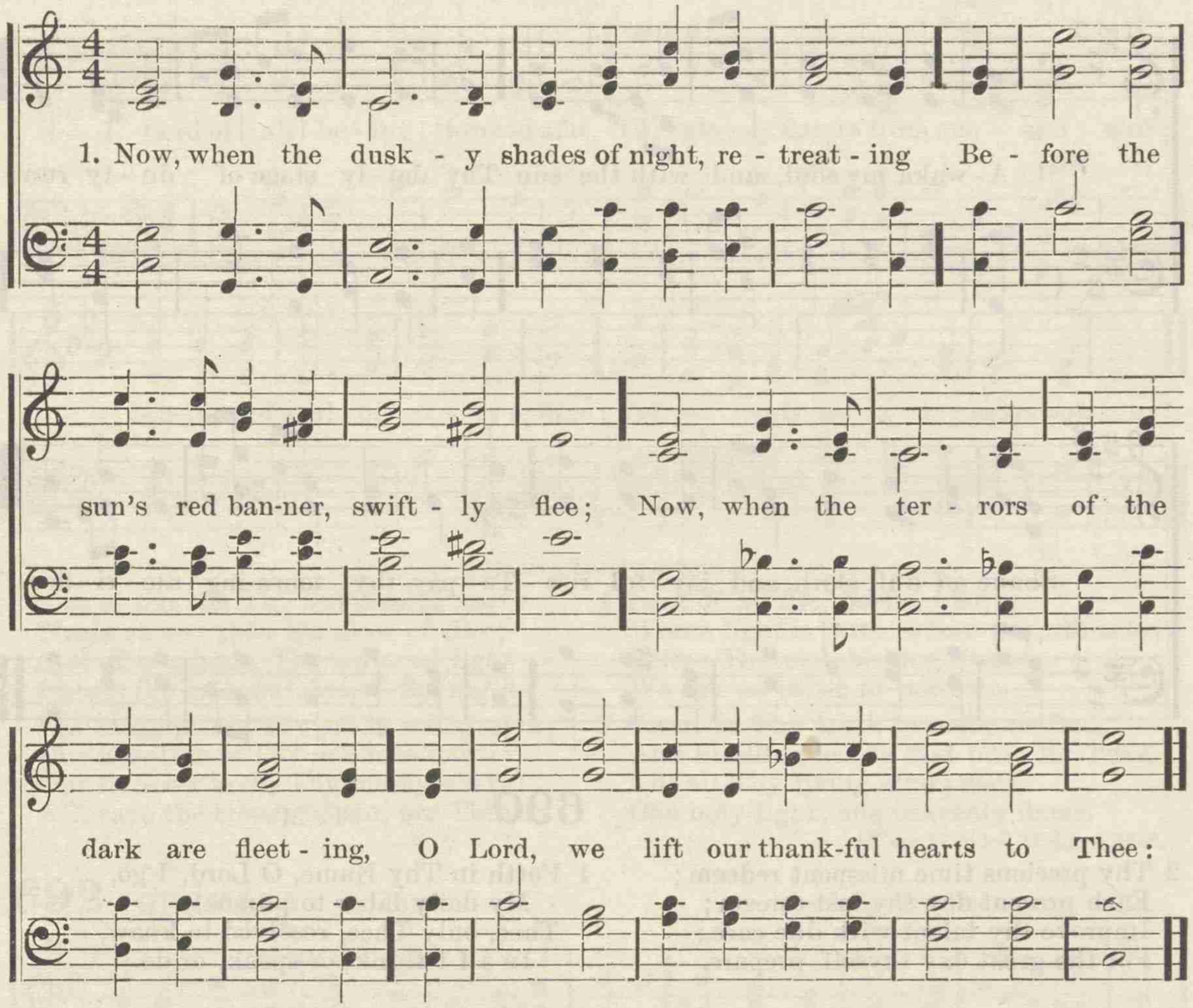
6 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest,
Ah! what shall I be yonder
In perfect peace and rest?
O blessed thought in dying!
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

7 Lord, with this truth impress me,
And write it on my heart,
To comfort, cheer and bless me,
That Thou my Saviour art;
Without Thy love to guide me,
I should be wholly lost;
The floods would quickly hide me,
On life's wide ocean tossed.

Carl Philip Spitta, 1835, tr.

688 LAUS MATUTINA. 11. 10. 11. 10.

Sir John Stainer, 1872.



2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of light unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the even and morn complete the day.

3 Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4 In vain to labor, unless Thou be with him,
Man goeth forth through all the weary day;
In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,
Unless Thy staff bring comfort on his way.

5 Thou, who hast made the north and south, watch o'er us;
Thou, in whose Name the lonely ones rejoice,
Still let Thy cloudy pillar glide before us,
Still let us listen for Thy warning voice.

6 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its spendors flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

Anon. Hedge and Huntington's Hymns etc, 1853.

689 MORNING HYMN. L. M.

Francois H. Barthelemon, 1780.

690 L. M.

1 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above;
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

4 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

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

6 For Thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749.

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

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

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

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

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

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693.

691 LUTON. L. M.

George Burder, 1790.

(Or to Otterbourne.)

2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

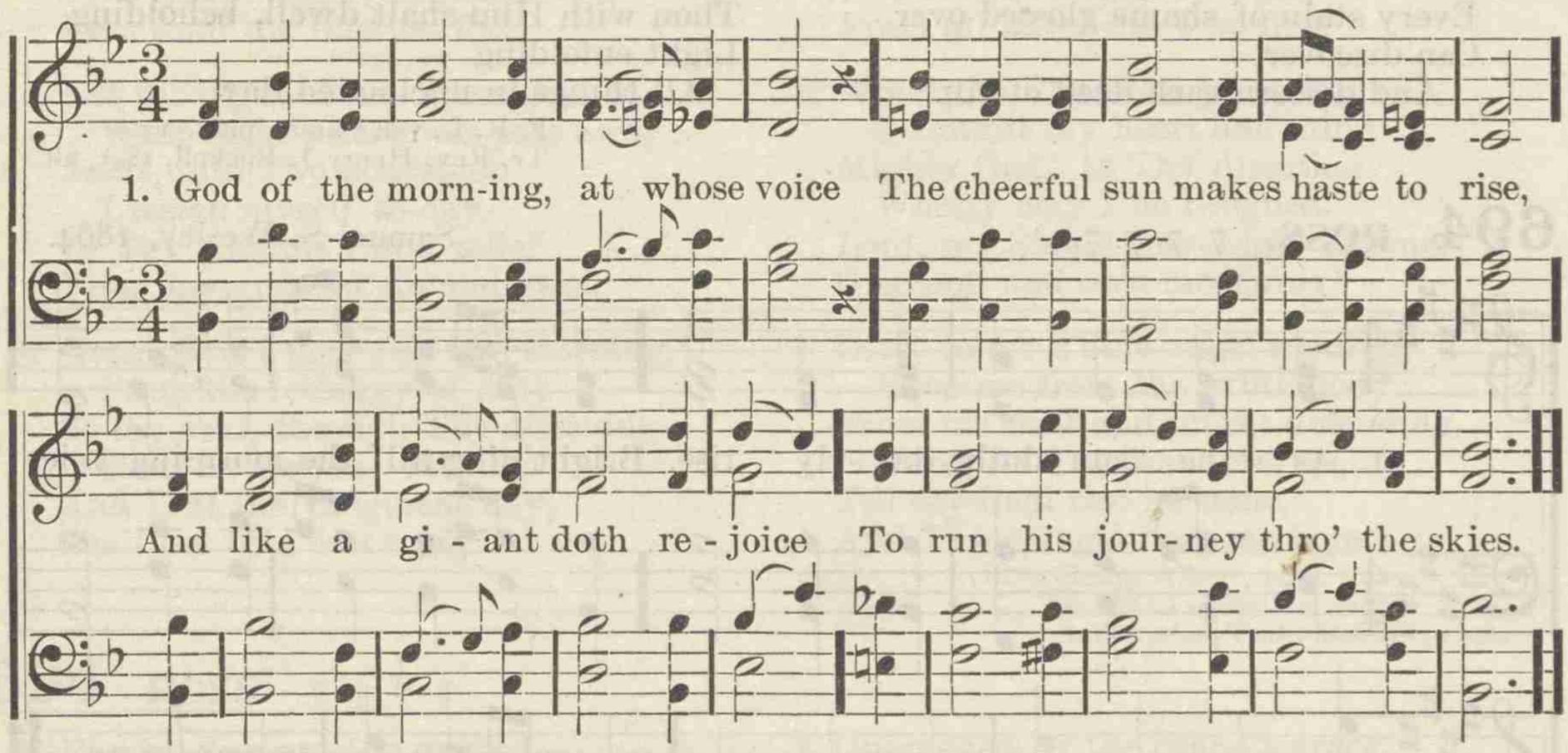
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848.

692 GERMANY. L. M.

Ludwig von Beethoven, 1815.



2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way!

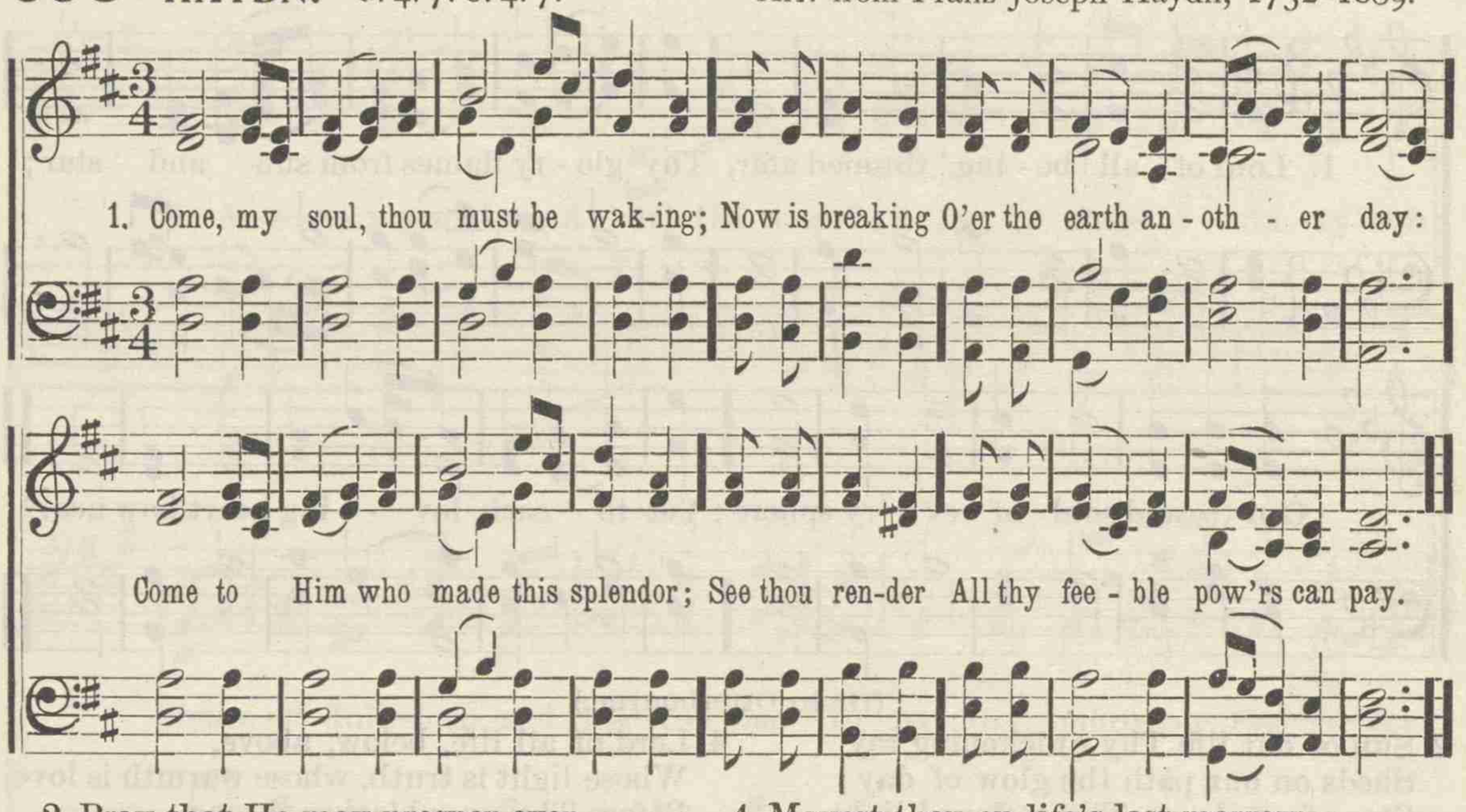
4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

693 HAYDN. 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

Arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732–1809.



2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, publ. 1700.
Tr. Rev. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841, alt.

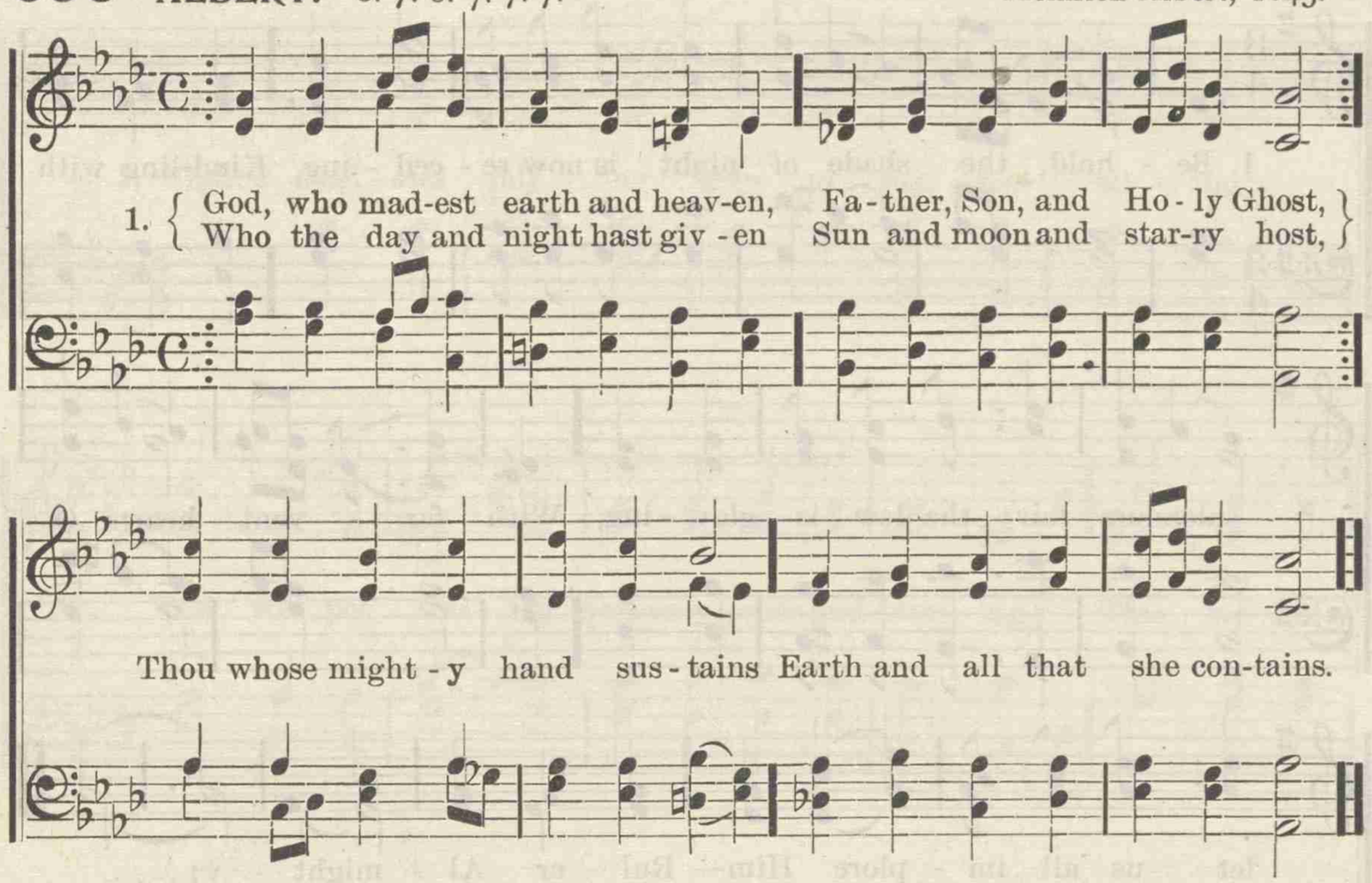
694 ROSS. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864.

(Or to Posen.)

695 ALBERT. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Heinrich Albert, 1643.



2 Praise to Thee my soul shall render,
Who this night has guarded me;
My omnipotent Defender,
Who from ill doth set me free;
Free from danger, anguish, woe,
Free from the infernal foe.

3 Let the night of my transgression
With night's darkness pass away:
Jesus, into Thy possession
I resign myself to-day.
In Thy wounds I find relief
From my greatest sin and grief.

4 Grant that I may rise this morning,
From the lethargy of sin;
So my soul, through Thy adorning,
Shall be glorious within;
And I, at the judgment day,
Shall not be a cast-away.

5 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by Thy word;
Lord, Thy constant preservation
To Thy erring child afford.
Nowhere but alone in Thee,
From all harm can I be free.

6 Wholly to Thy blest protection
I commit my heart and mind
Mighty God! to Thy direction
Wholly may I be resigned.
Lord, my Shield, my Light Divine,
O accept, and own me Thine!

7 Lord, to me Thine angel sending,
Keep me from the subtle foe;
From his craft and might defending,
Never let Thy wanderer go,
Till my final rest be come,
And Thine angel bear me home.

Henry Albert, 1644.
Tr. John Christian Jacobi, 1722.
And Arthur Tozer Russell, 1848.

694 ROSS. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord!

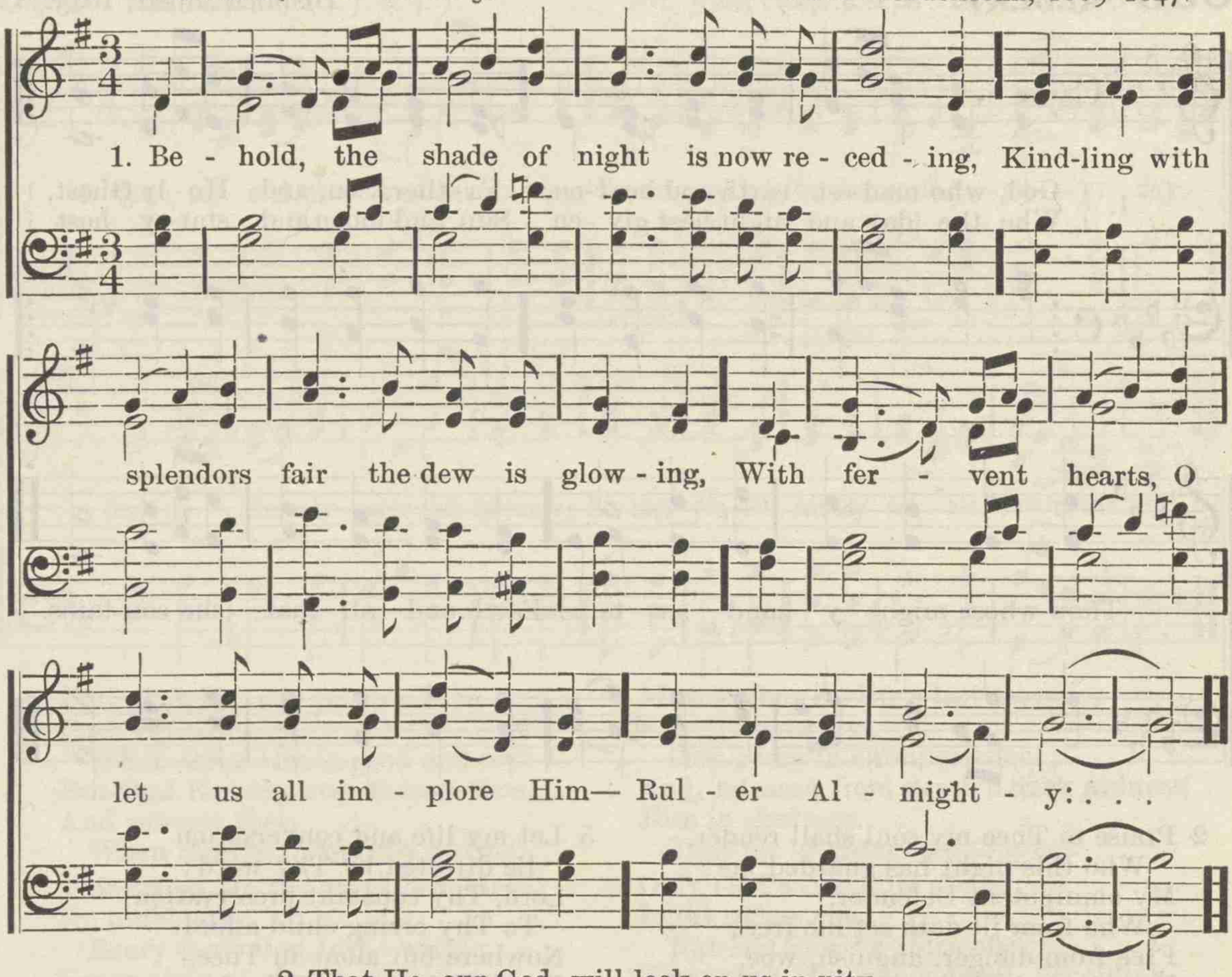
3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord!

King Alfred of England, 849–901.
Tr. Earl Horatio Nelson, 1864.

696 **PALMER.** 11. 11. 11. 5. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.



2 That He, our God, will look on us in pity,
Send strength for weakness, grant us His salvation,
And with a Father's pure affection give us
Glory eternal.

3 This grace, O grant us, Godhead Everblessèd,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858, tr.

Evening.

697

11. 11. 11. 5.

1 'Mid evening shadows let us all be watching,
Ever in psalms our deep devotion waking,
And with one voice hymns to the Lord, the Saviour,
Sweetly be singing.

2 That to the holy King our songs ascending,
We worthily, with all His saints, may enter,
The heavenly temple, joyfully partaking
Life everlasting.

3 This grace, O grant us, Godhead Everblessèd,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions
Ever resounding!

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858, tr.

698 INTEGER VITAE. 11. 11. 11. 5. Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming, 1810.

2 O Saviour, hear us! Son of God, be near us!
Thine angels send us; let Thy love attend us:
He nothing feareth, whom Thy presence cheereth,
Light his path cleareth.

3 Be near, relieving all who now are grieving;
Thy visitation be our consolation:
O hear the sighing of the faint and dying;
Lord, hear our crying!

4 Thou ever livest; endless life Thou givest!
Thou watch art keeping o'er Thy faithful sleeping;
In Thy clear shining they are now reclining,
All care resigning.

5 O Lord of Glory, praise we and adore Thee—
Thee for us given, our true Rest from heaven!
Rest, peace, and blessing, we are now possessing,
Thy Name confessing.

Rev. Arthur T. Russell, 1851.

699 STATE STREET. S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844.

700 S. M.

1 The day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1846.

1 The swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

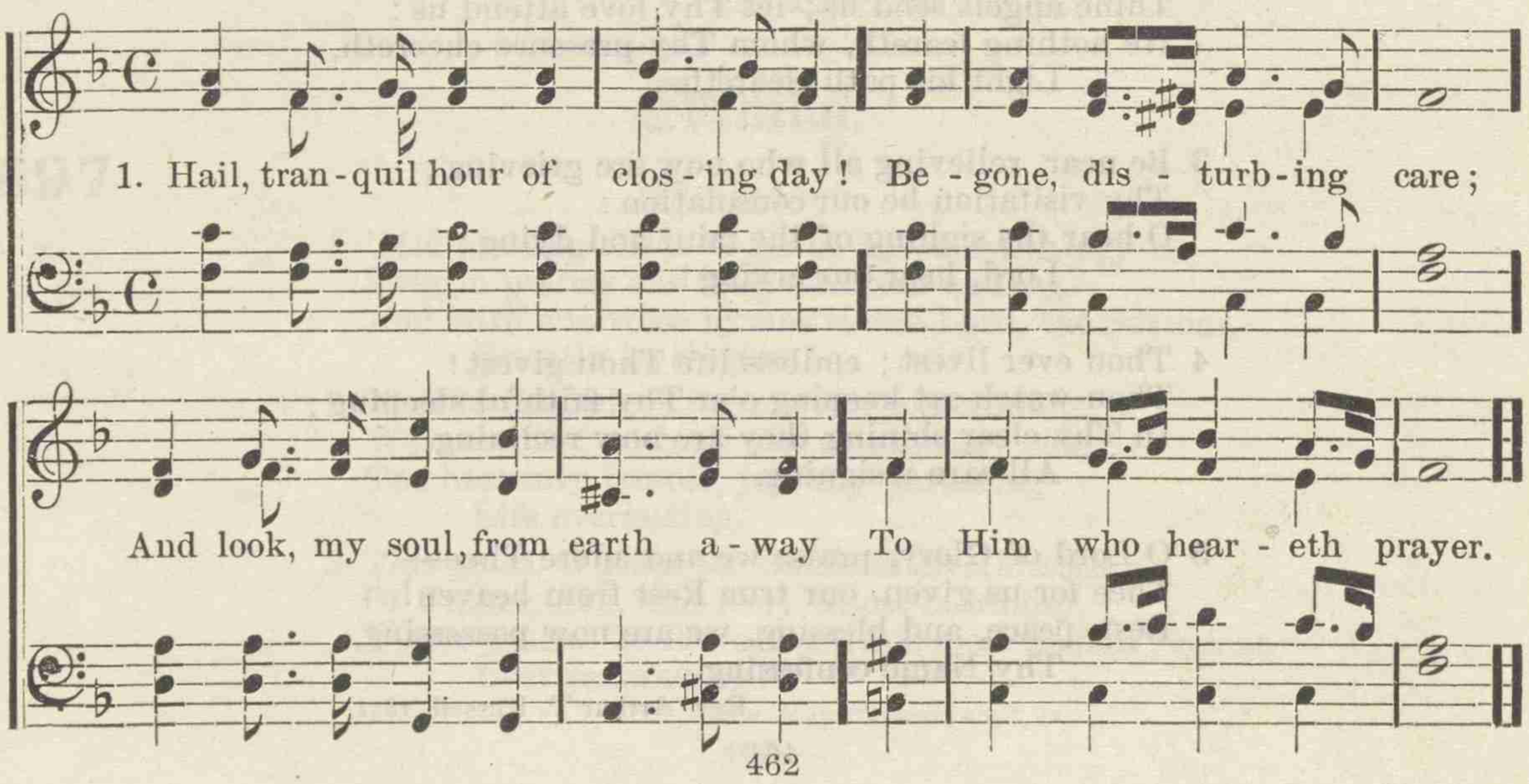
3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at His footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new luster break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1750.

701 COMPLINES. C. M.

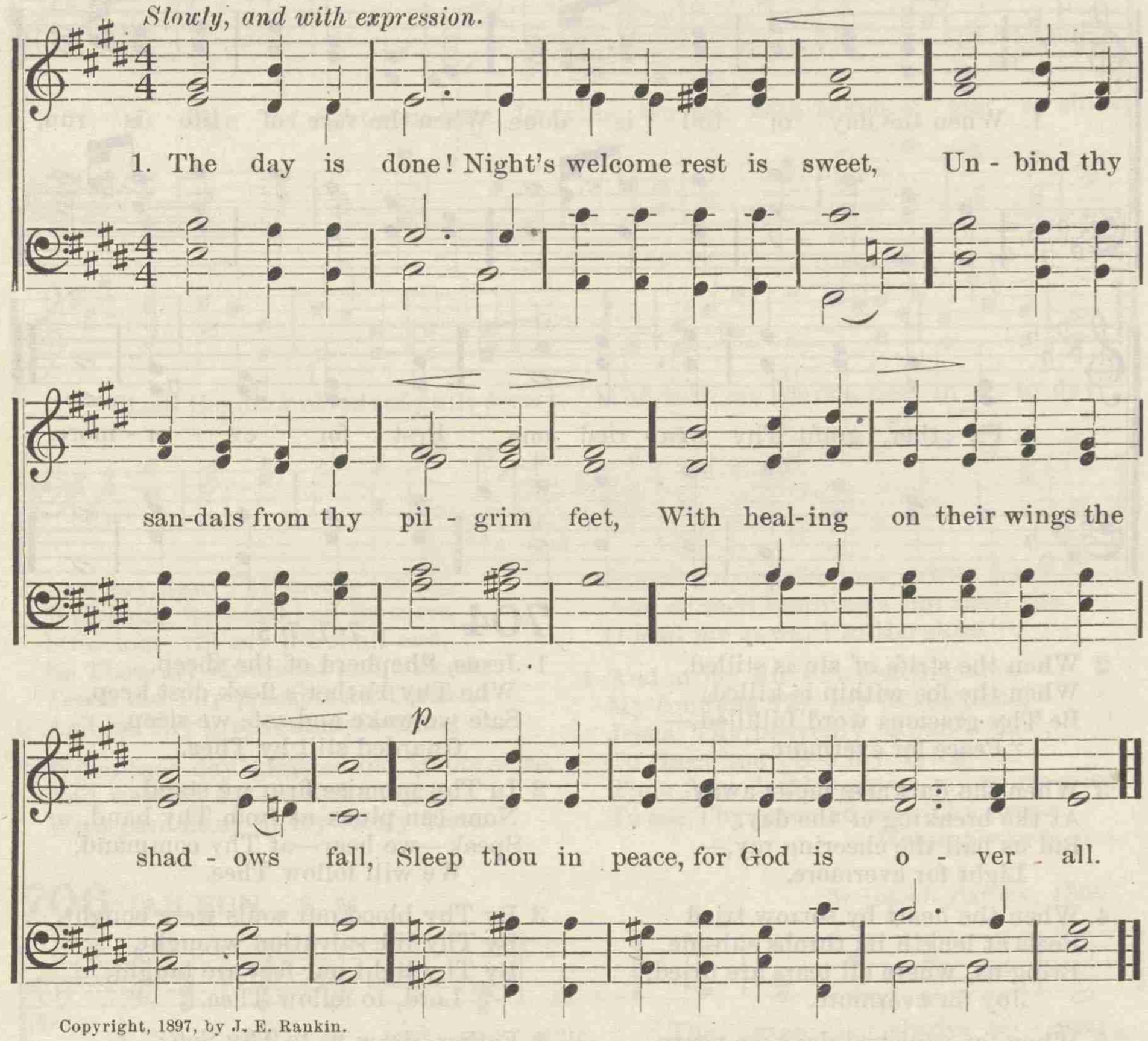
Fabio Campana, 1815-1882.



702 GOD IS OVER ALL. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Rev. R. DeWitt Mallary, 1897.

Slowly, and with expression.



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2 Behold the stars, that keep their watch on high,
Along their path of light, they faithful fly;
What earthly power can love Divine forestall,
Keep thou in peace, for God is over all.

3 And if for thee, earth's daily toils are done,
Shouldst thou not see again her rising sun,
Where thy soul's flight no ill can thee befall,
Sleep thou in peace, for God is over all.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1897.

701 COMPLINES. C. M.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence
Before His throne of grace!
While to the contrite spirit's sense
He shows His smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And pressed with wants and grief and fears,
To trust His love for all!

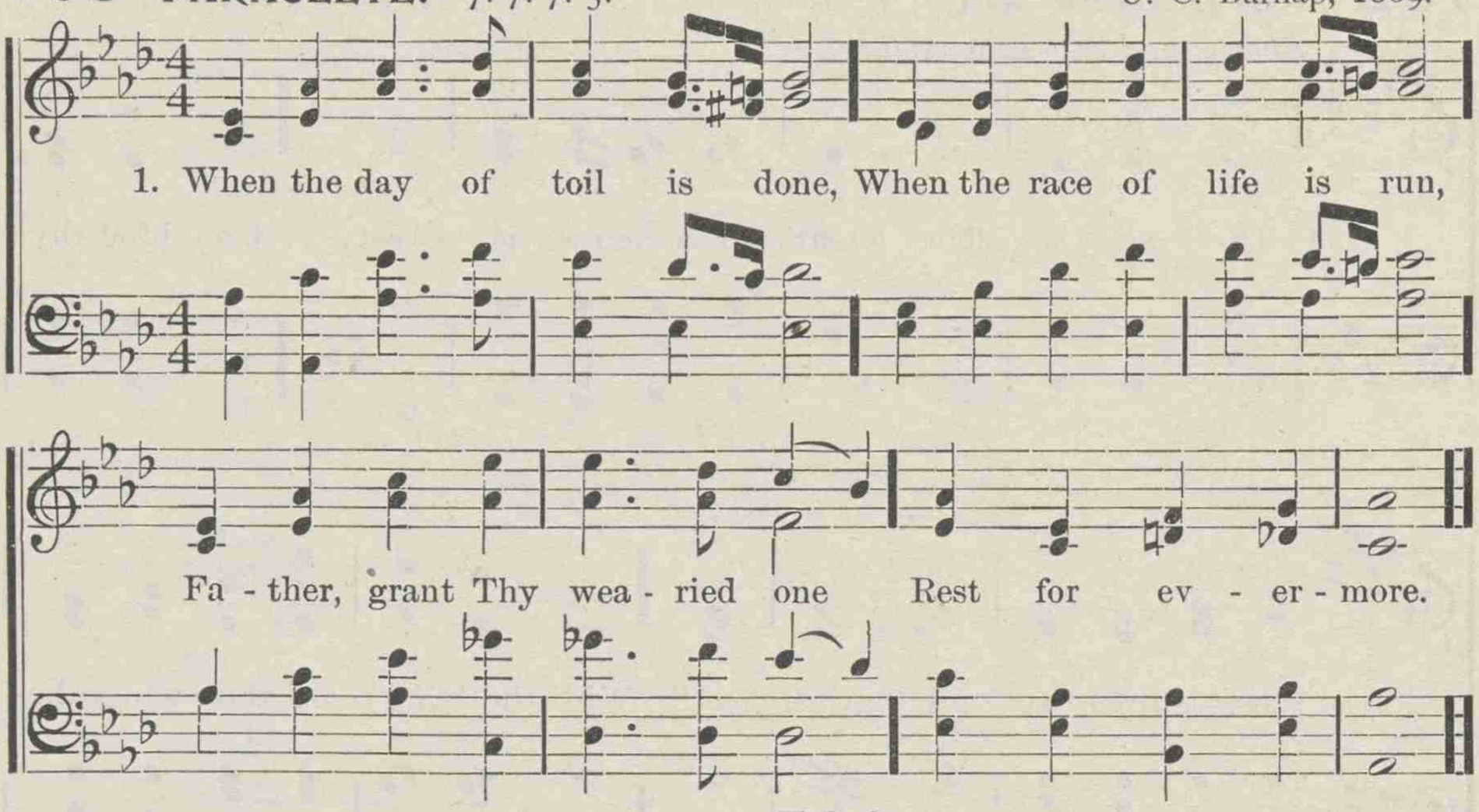
4 How sweet to look in thoughtful hope
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear Him call His children up
To His fair home on high!

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1870.

703 PARACLETE. 7. 7. 7. 5.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
"Peace for evermore."

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1865.

704 7. 7. 7. 5.

1 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep,
Who Thy Father's flock dost keep,
Safe we wake and safe we sleep,
Guarded still by Thee.

2 In Thy promise firm we stand,
None can pluck us from Thy hand,
Speak—we hear—at Thy command,
We will follow Thee.

3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,
By Thy life salvation wrought,
By Thy light our feet are taught,
Lord, to follow Thee.

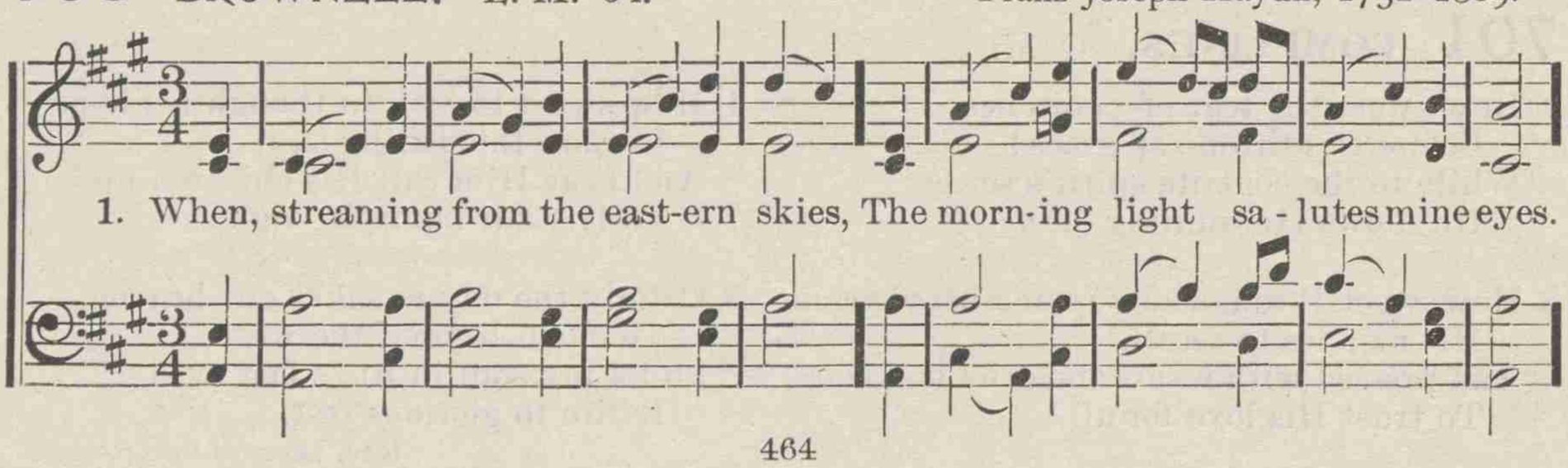
4 Father, draw us to Thy Son;
We with joy will follow on,
Till the work of grace is done,
And from sin set free—

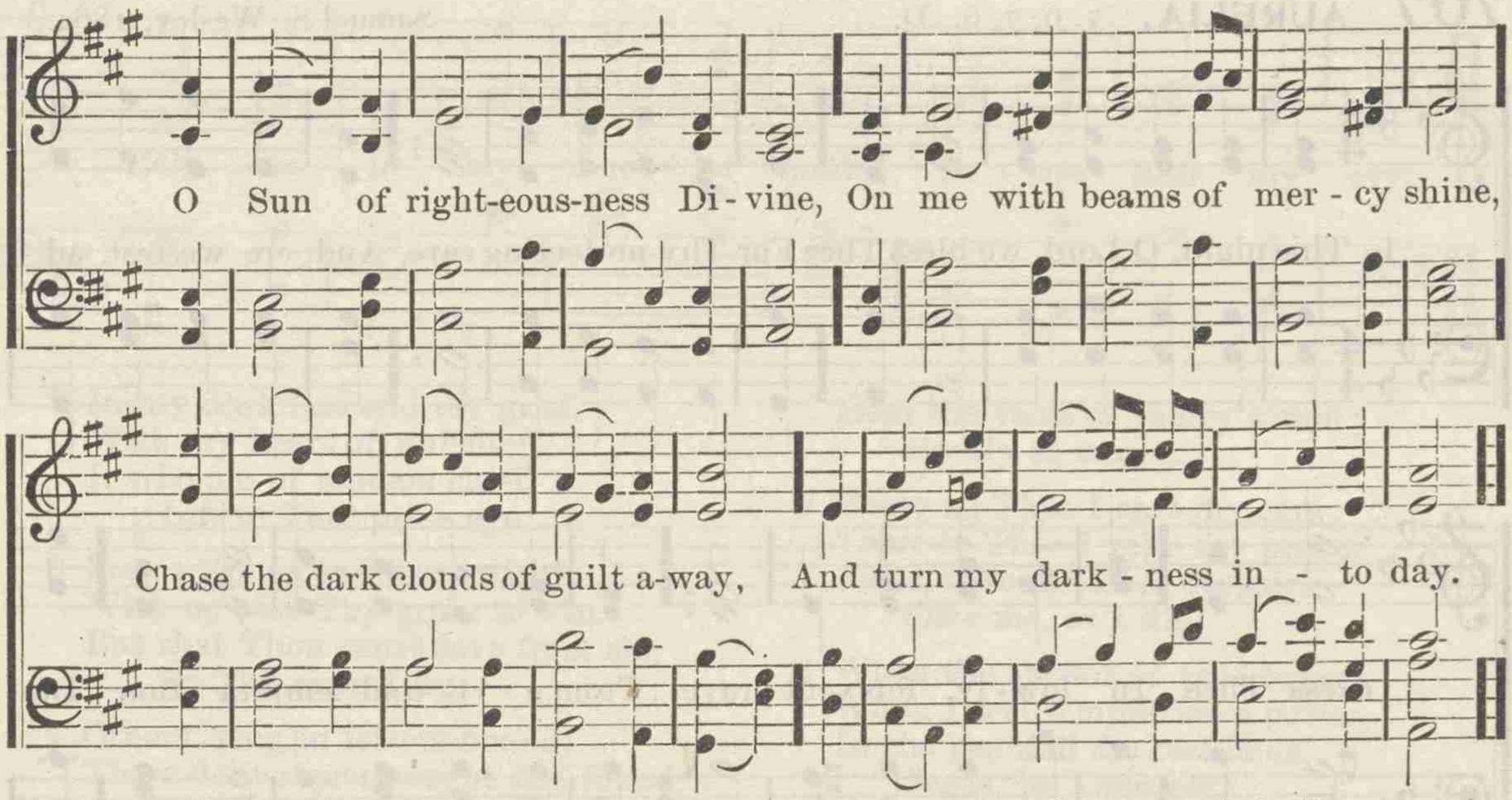
5 We in robes of glory dressed,
Join the assembly of the blest,
Gathered to eternal rest,
In the fold with Thee.

Rev. Henry Cook, 1868.

705 BROWNELL. L. M. 61.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732–1809.





2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counselor and Friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all Divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

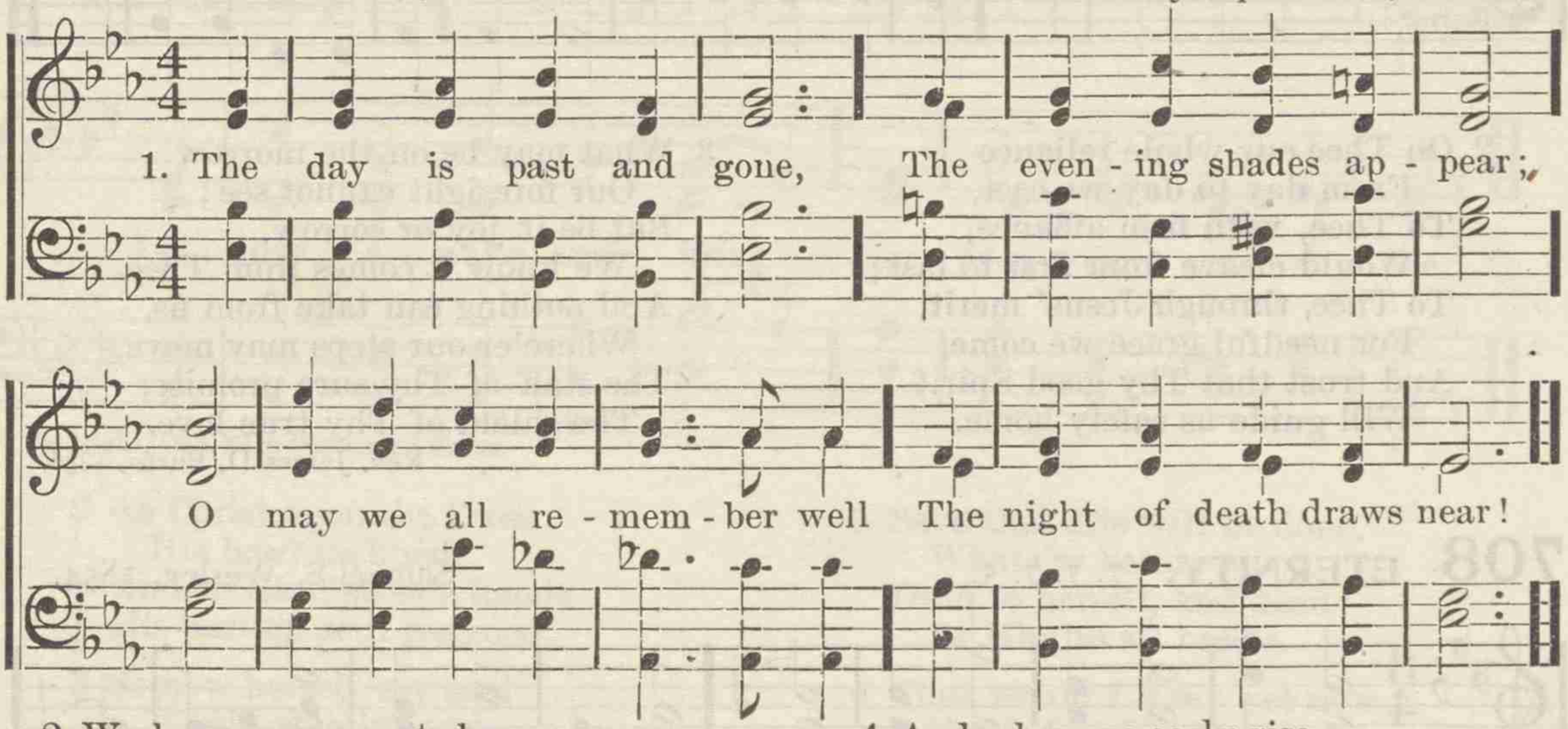
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, 1813.

706 AILEEN. S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866.



2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

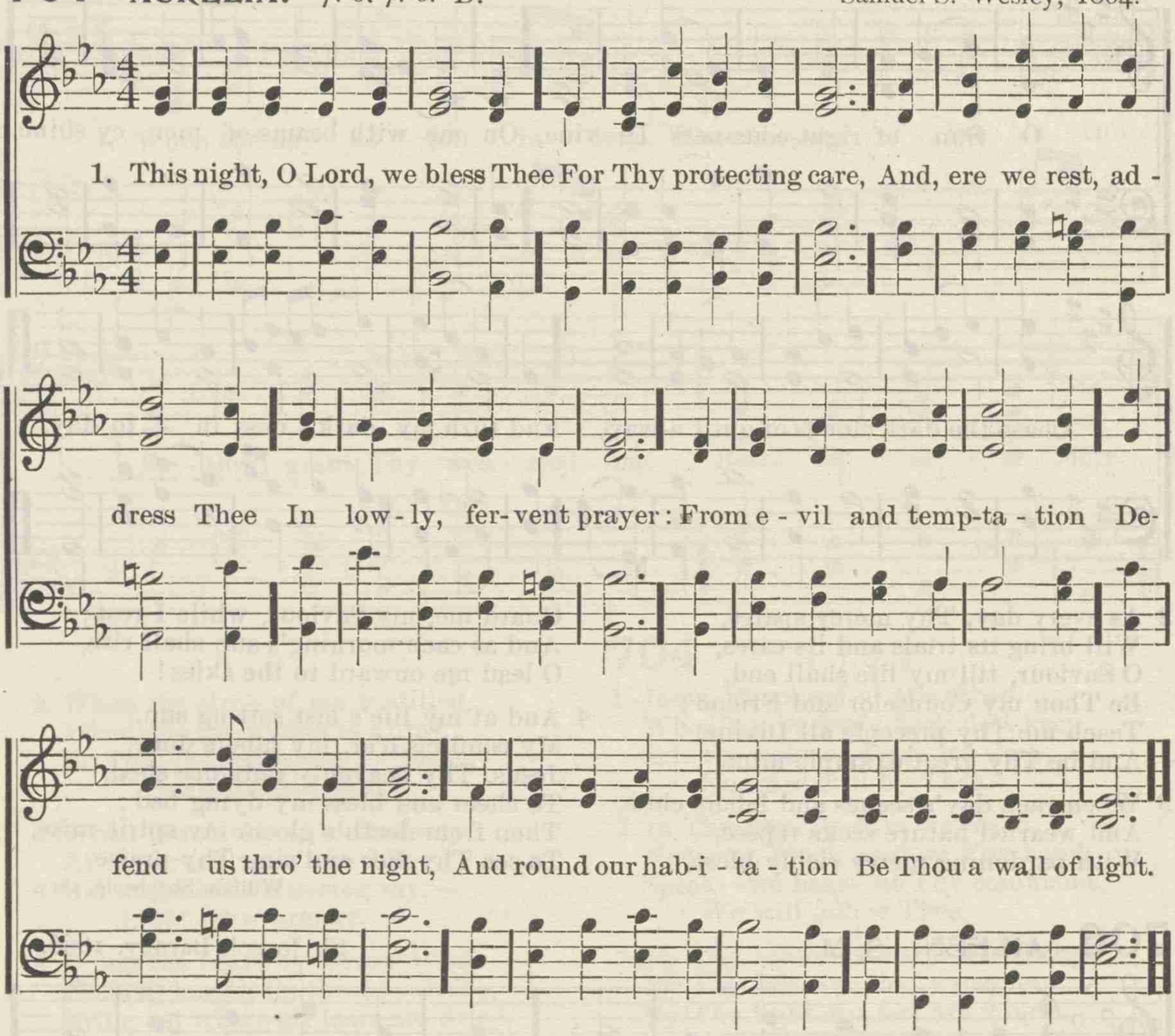
4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love!

Rev. John Leland, 1792.

707 AURELIA. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864.



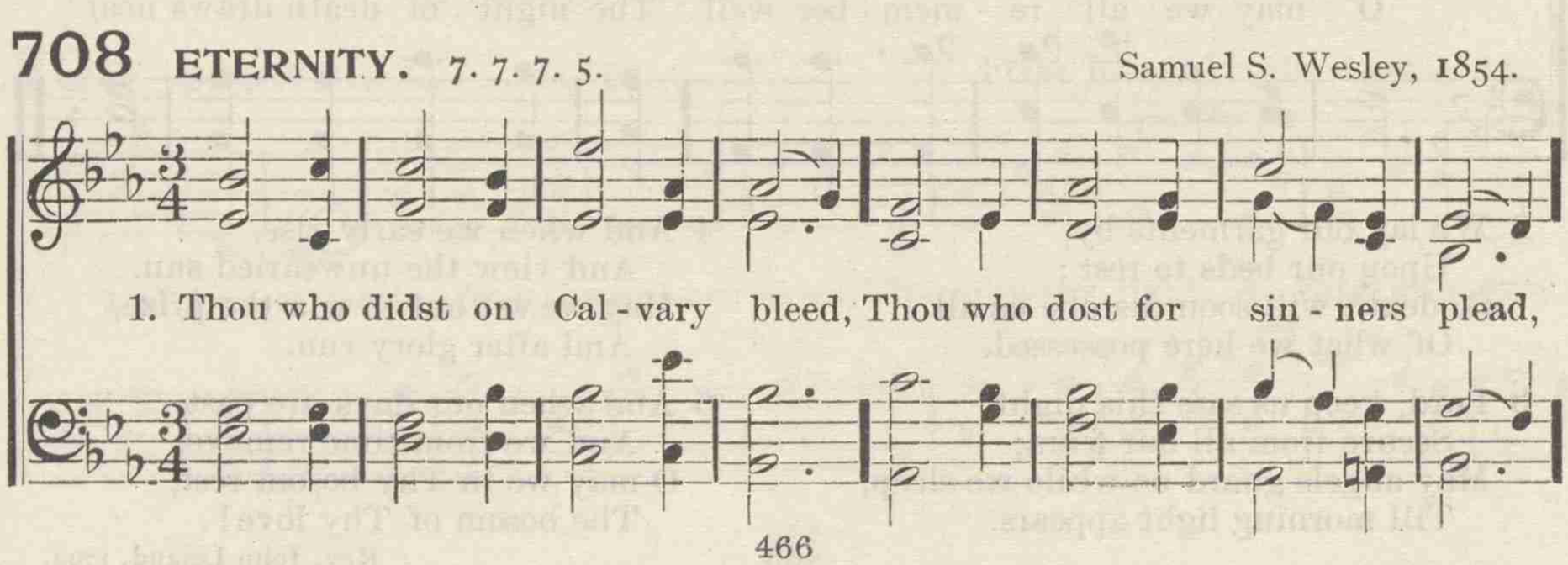
2 On Thee our whole reliance
From day to day we cast,
To Thee, with firm affiance,
Would cleave from first to last;
To Thee, through Jesus' merit,
For needful grace we come,
And trust that Thy good Spirit
Will guide us safely home.

3 What may be on the morrow
Our foresight cannot see;
But be it joy or sorrow,
We know it comes from Thee.
And nothing can take from us,
Where'er our steps may move,
The staff of Thy sure promise,
The shield of Thy true love.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1856.

708 ETERNITY. 7. 7. 7. 5.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1854.



2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Hear the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

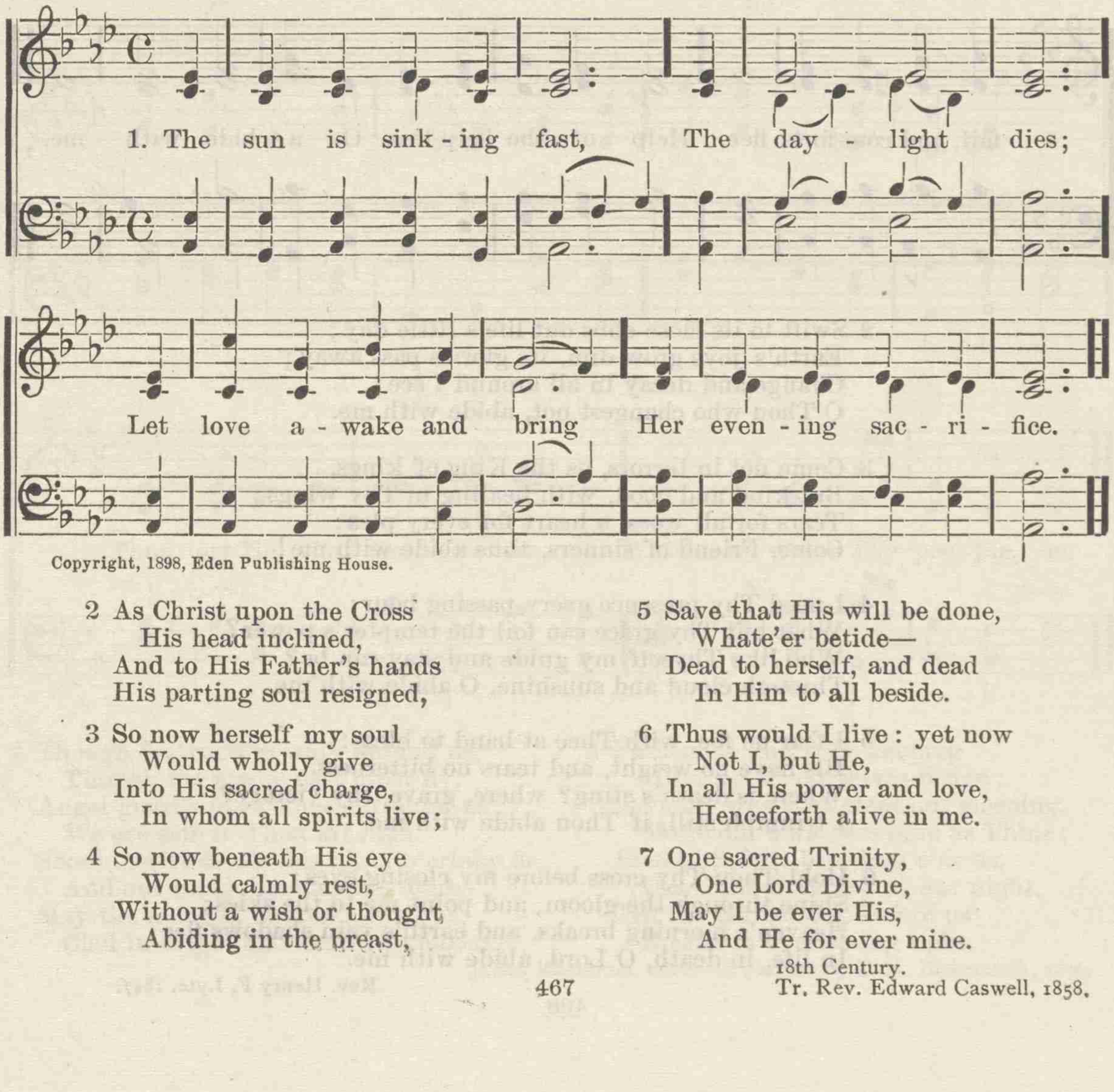
5 There on Thee I cast my care;
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1856.

709 SUNSET. 6. 4. 6. 6.

U. C. Burnap, 1894.



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2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

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

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

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

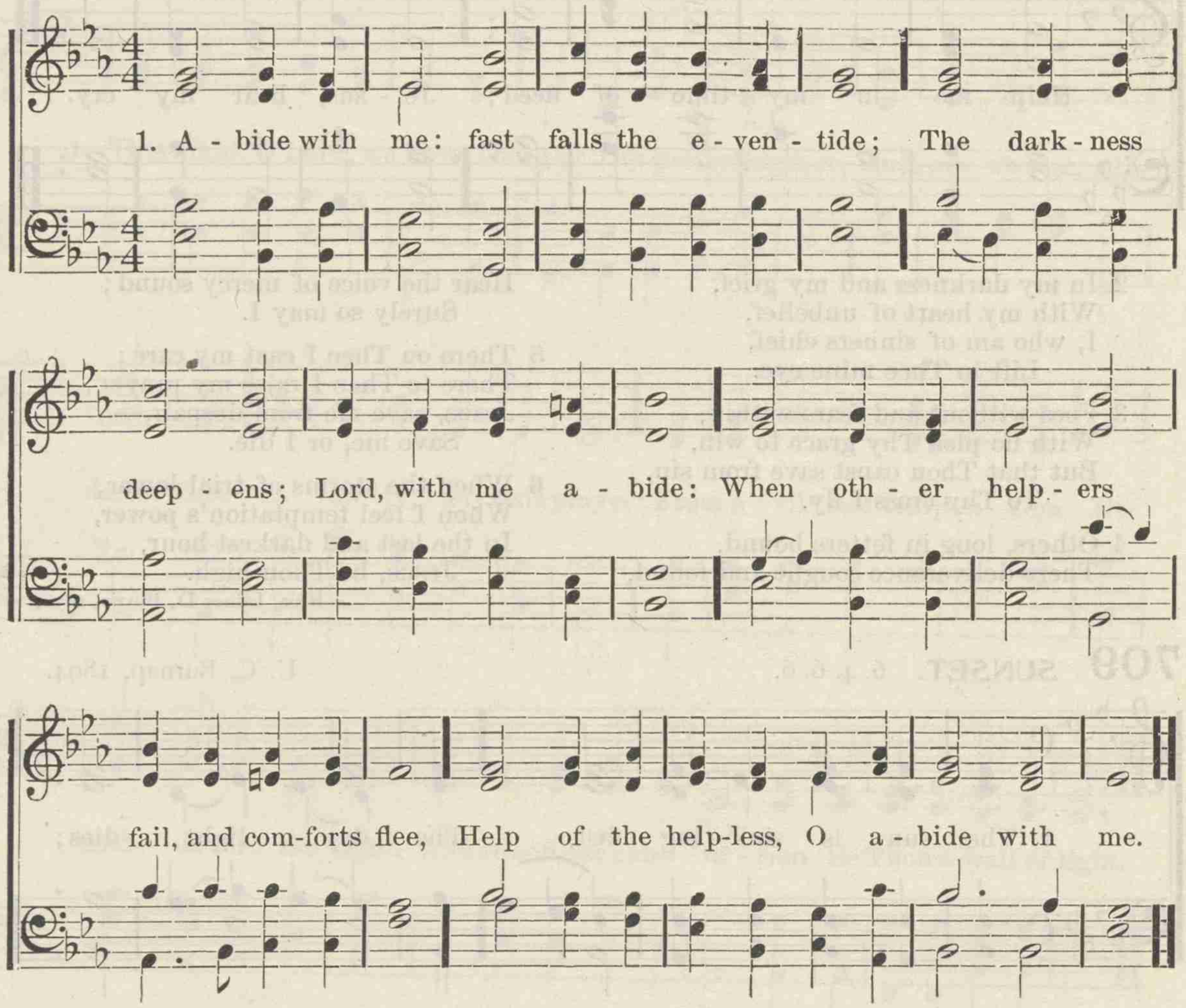
6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

18th Century.
Tr. Rev. Edward Caswell, 1858.

710 EVENTIDE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861.



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

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

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

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

6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847.

711 VESPER HYMN. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Dimitri S. Bortniansky, 1751–1825.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past must fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

James Edmeston, 1820. v. 3 added by E. H. Bickersteth, 1876.

712 TALLIS' CANON. L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1565.

(Or to Quebec.)

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

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

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

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

6 O when shall I, in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!

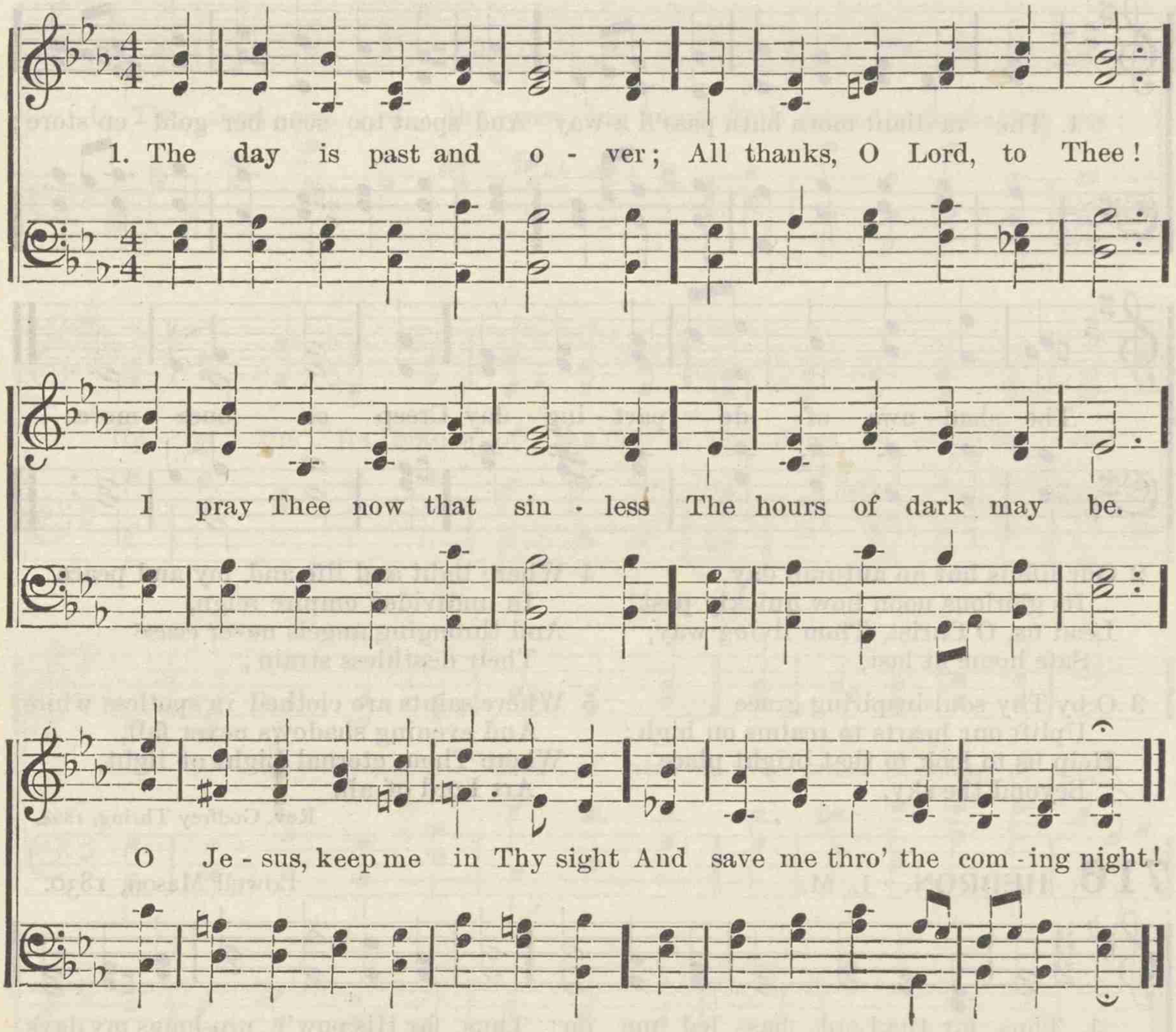
Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693, alt.

713 RIVAULX. L. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1874.

(Or to Rockingham.)

714 ST. ANATOLIUS. 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. Arthur H. Brown, 1862.



2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour;
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, 800.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1853.

713 RIVAULX. L. M.

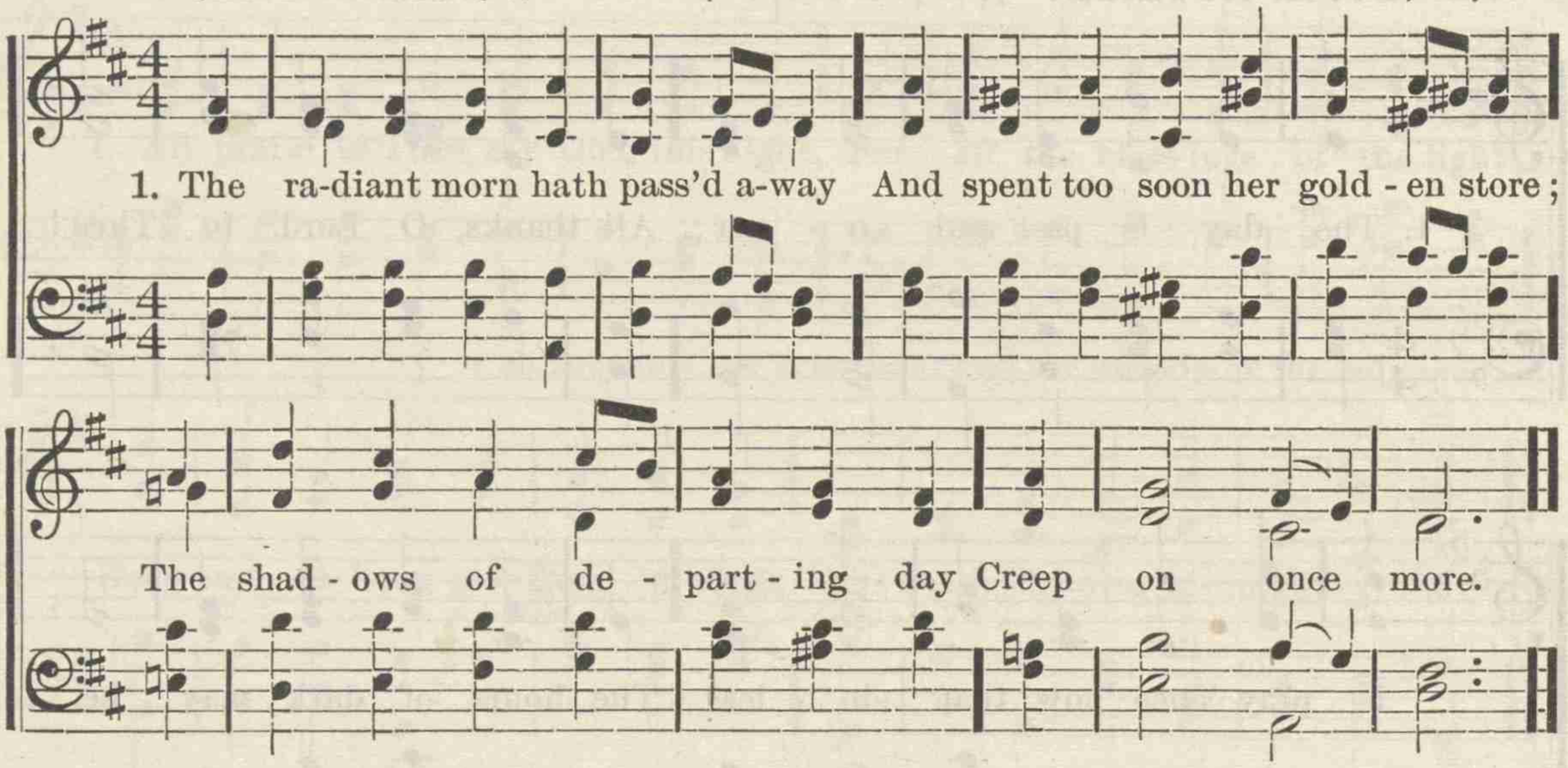
2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

715 RADIANT MORN. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872.



2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,
Safe home at last,

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky.

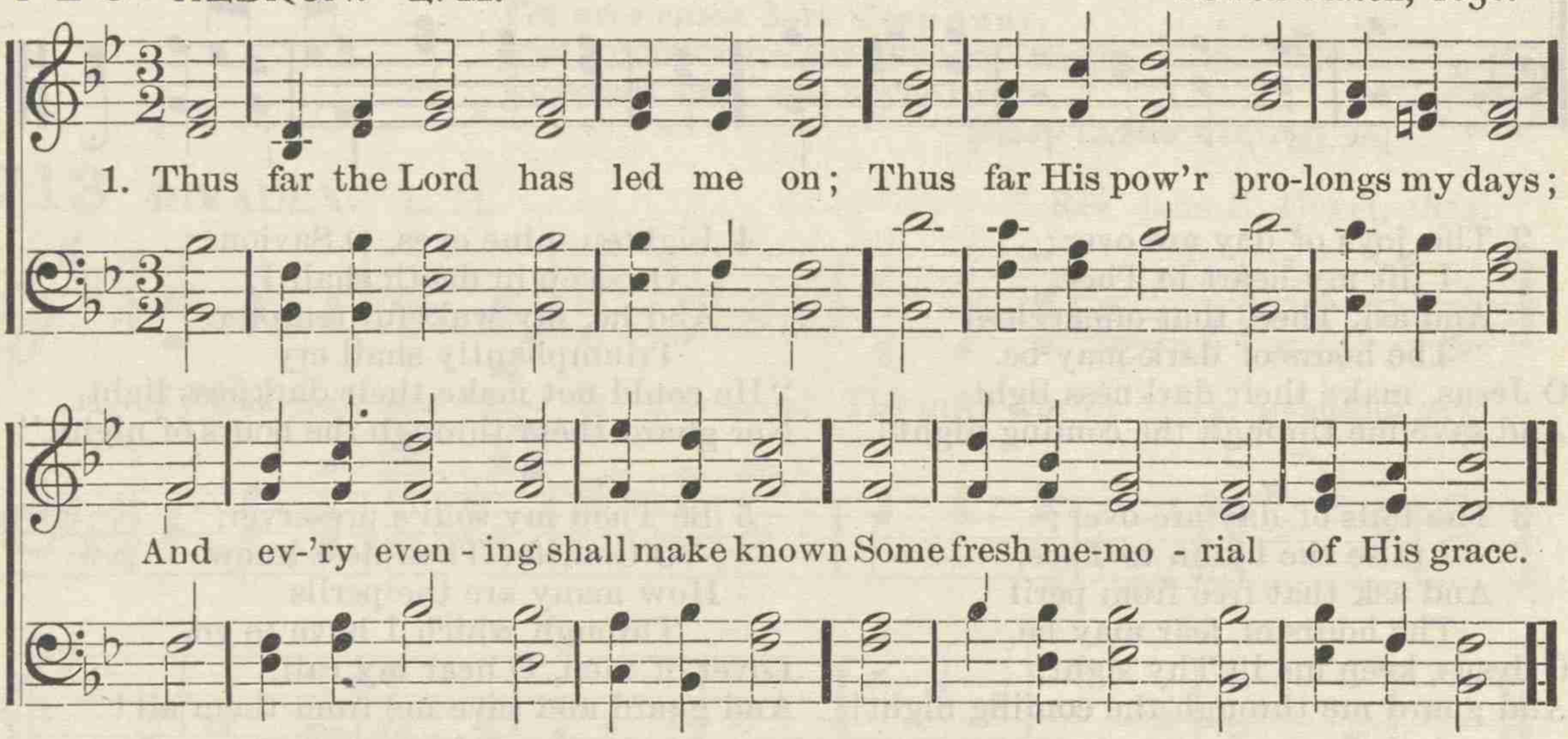
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1864.

716 HEBRON. L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830.



2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His Name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And, in the morning, make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

717 ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

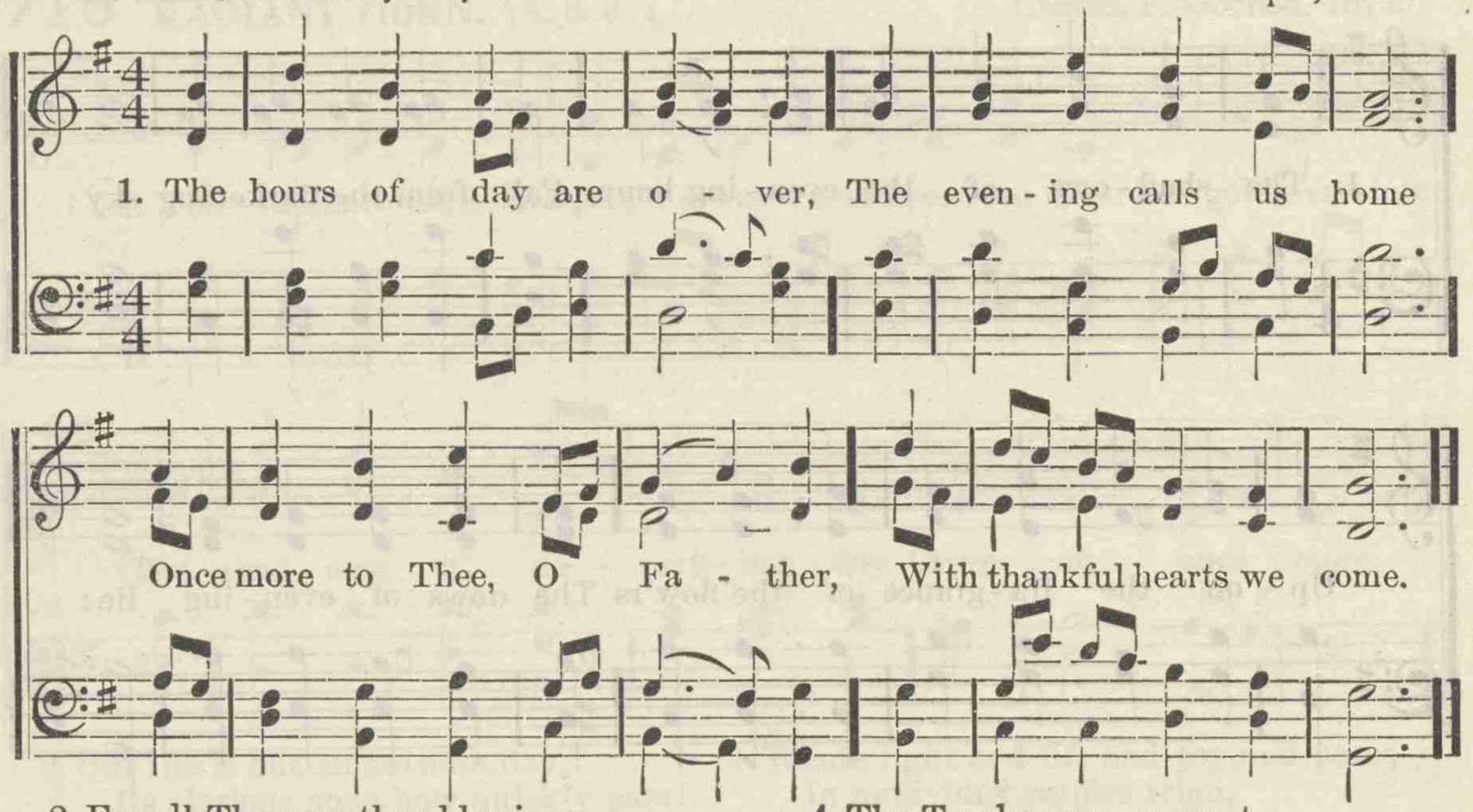
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things Divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes:
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Anne Proctor, 1862, alt.

718 ARGYLE. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Edward Hart Turpin, 1866.



2 For all Thy countless blessings
We praise Thy holy Name,
And own Thy love unchanging,
Through days and years the same.

3 For this O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most,
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;

4 The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
The home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

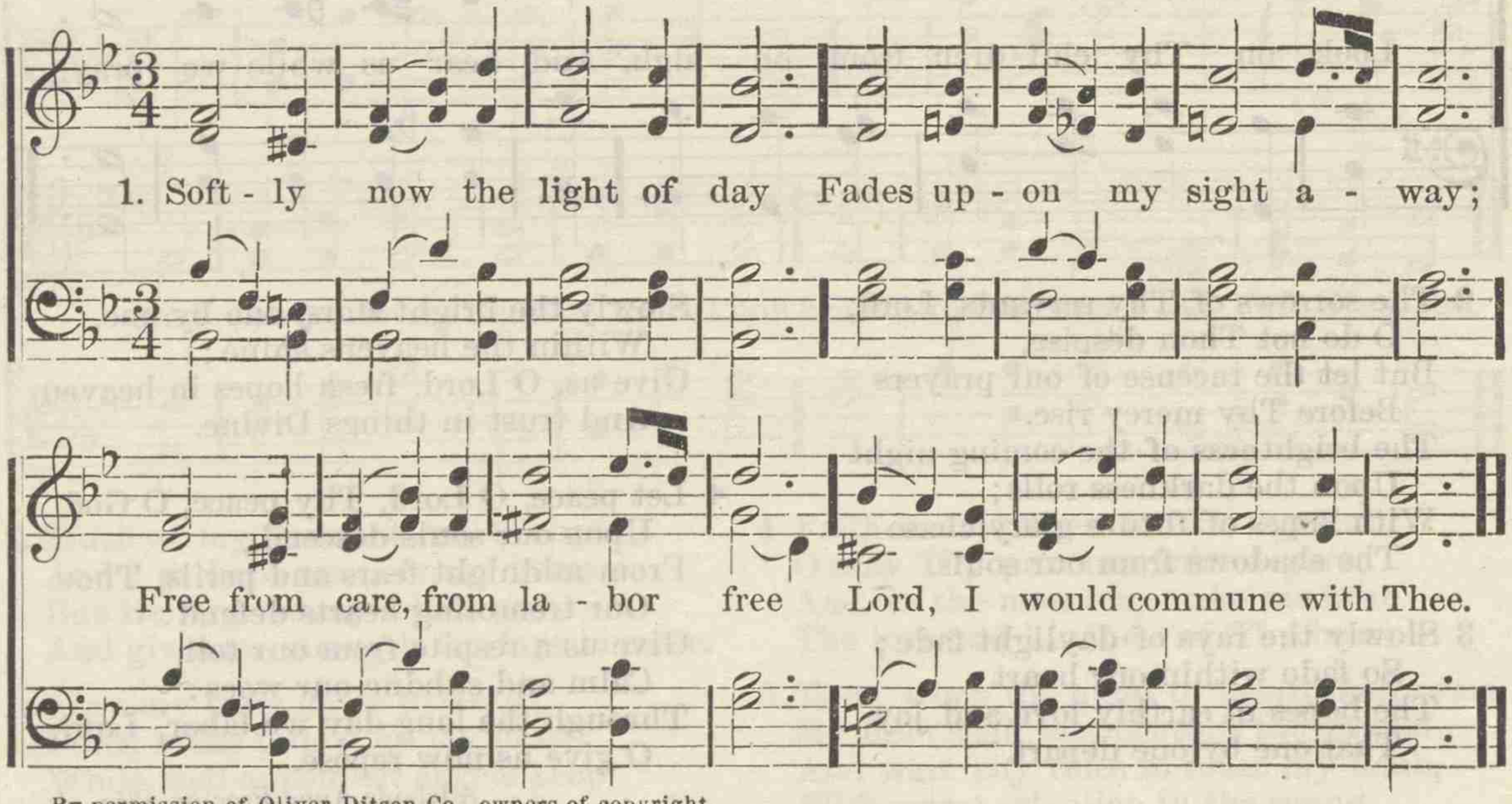
5 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;

6 With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

719 ABENDSONNE. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867.



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720 TWILIGHT. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1894.

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2 Feed with oil the languid taper,
Faintly by the night-wind fanned;
Hide it from the rising vapour
In the hollow of Thy hand.

O, my blessed Saviour, yearning
As my spirit doth for Thee,
May my lamp be trimmed and burning
When Thou comest unto me.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862

719 ABENDSONNE. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

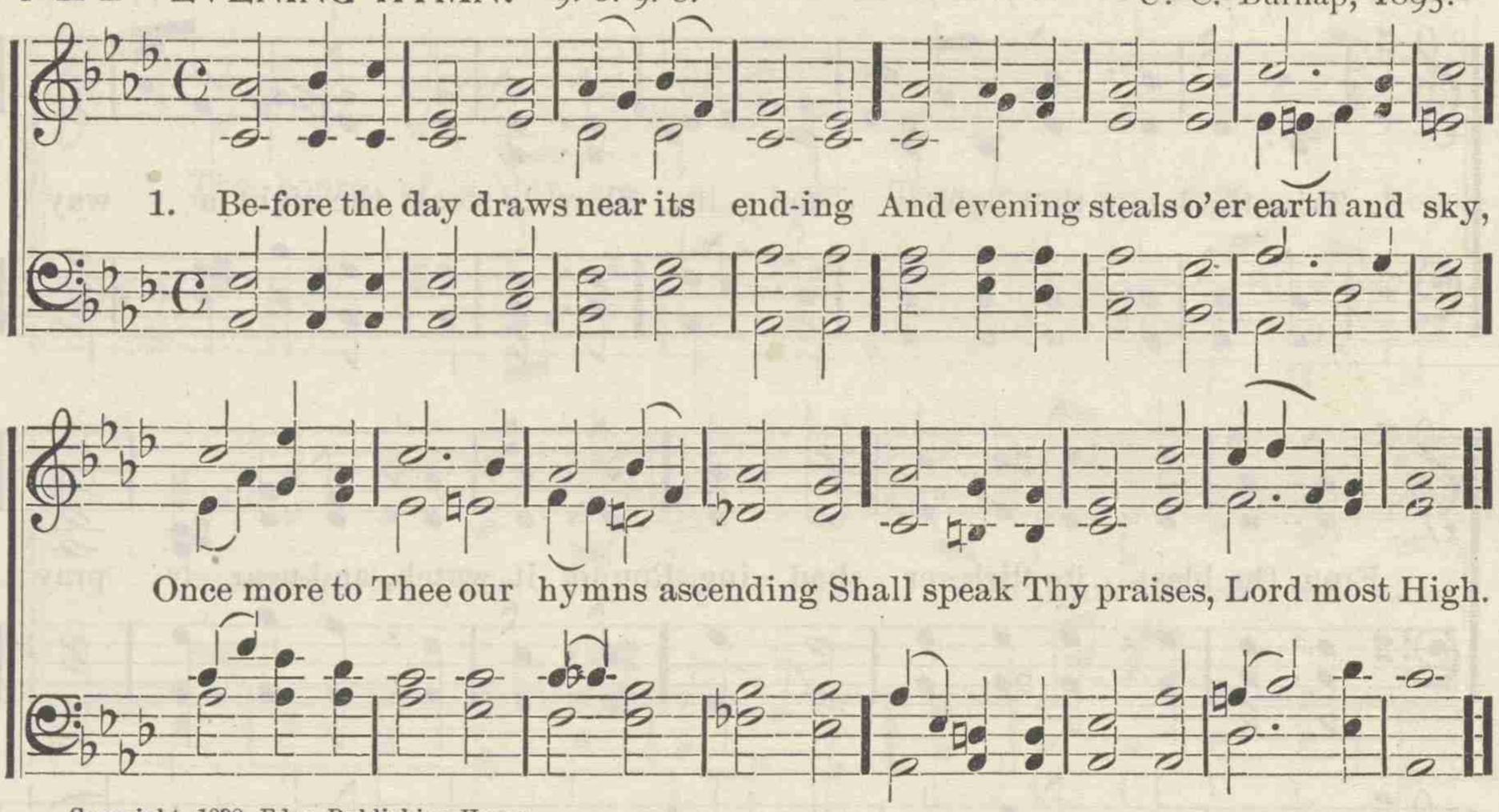
3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824.

721 EVENING HYMN. 9. 8. 9. 8.

U. C. Burnap, 1895.



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2 Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love, and faultless tone.

3 Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend their knee:
Thy Christ hath said: "Thou Father seekest
For such as these to worship Thee."

4 And through the swell of chanting voices
The blended notes of age and youth,
Thine ear discerns, Thy love rejoices,
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.

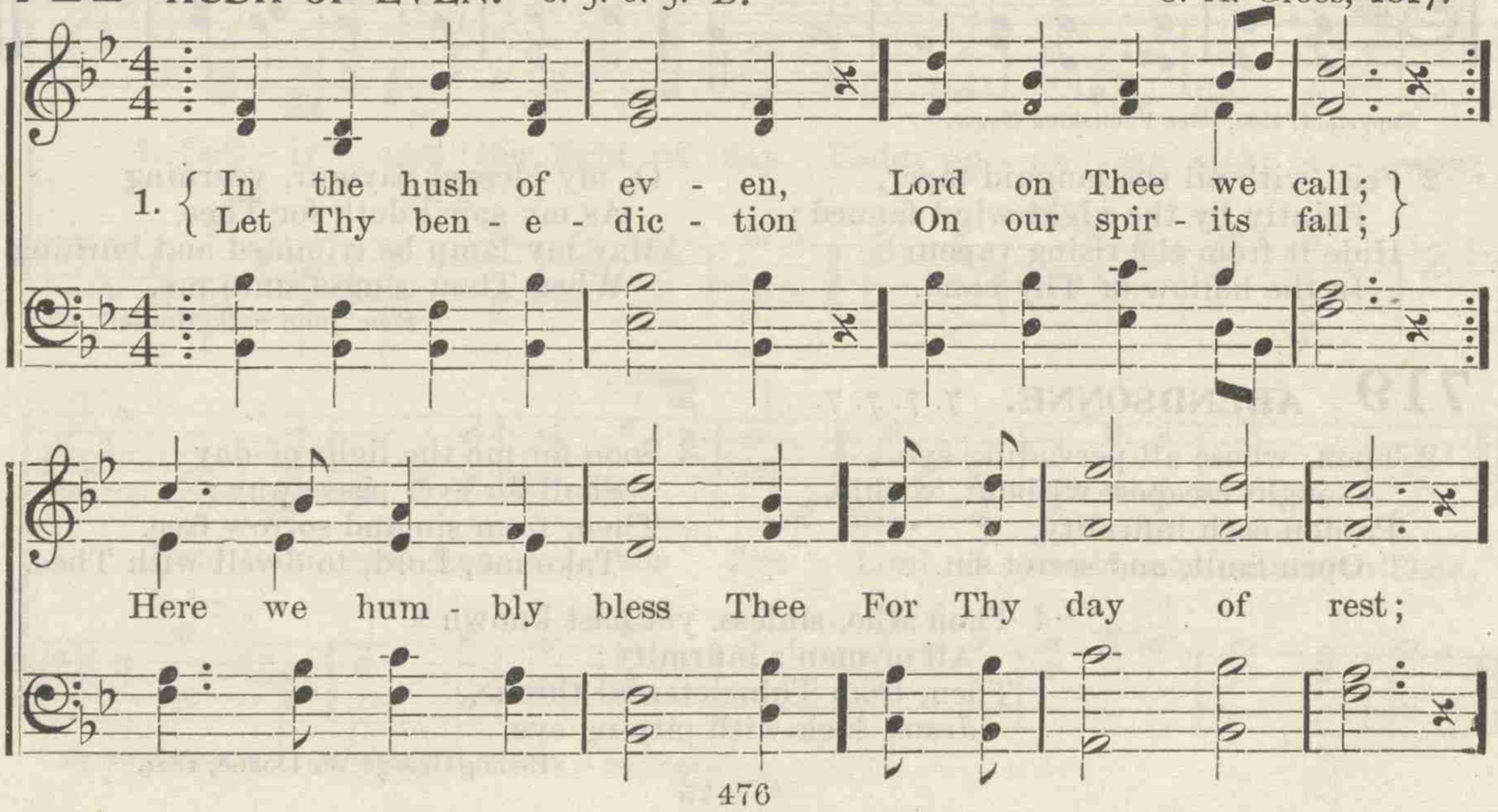
5 O Light all clear! O Truth all holy!
O boundless Mercy pardoning all!
Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly,
With one last prayer Thy children fall:—

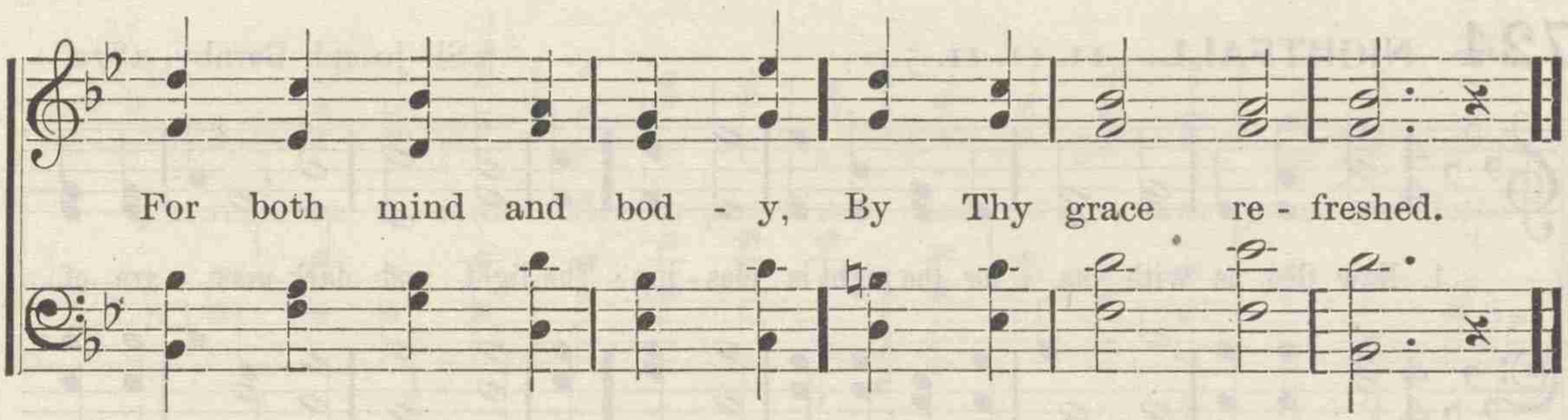
6 When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn!

Anon.

722 HUSH OF EVEN. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

C. A. Groos, 1817.





2 Here the voice of Jesus
Whispers, "Peace, be still;"
Here the Holy Spirit
Broods, our souls to fill;
Here the sad, the careworn,
Here the sin-distressed,
Find a place of refuge
On Thy loving breast.

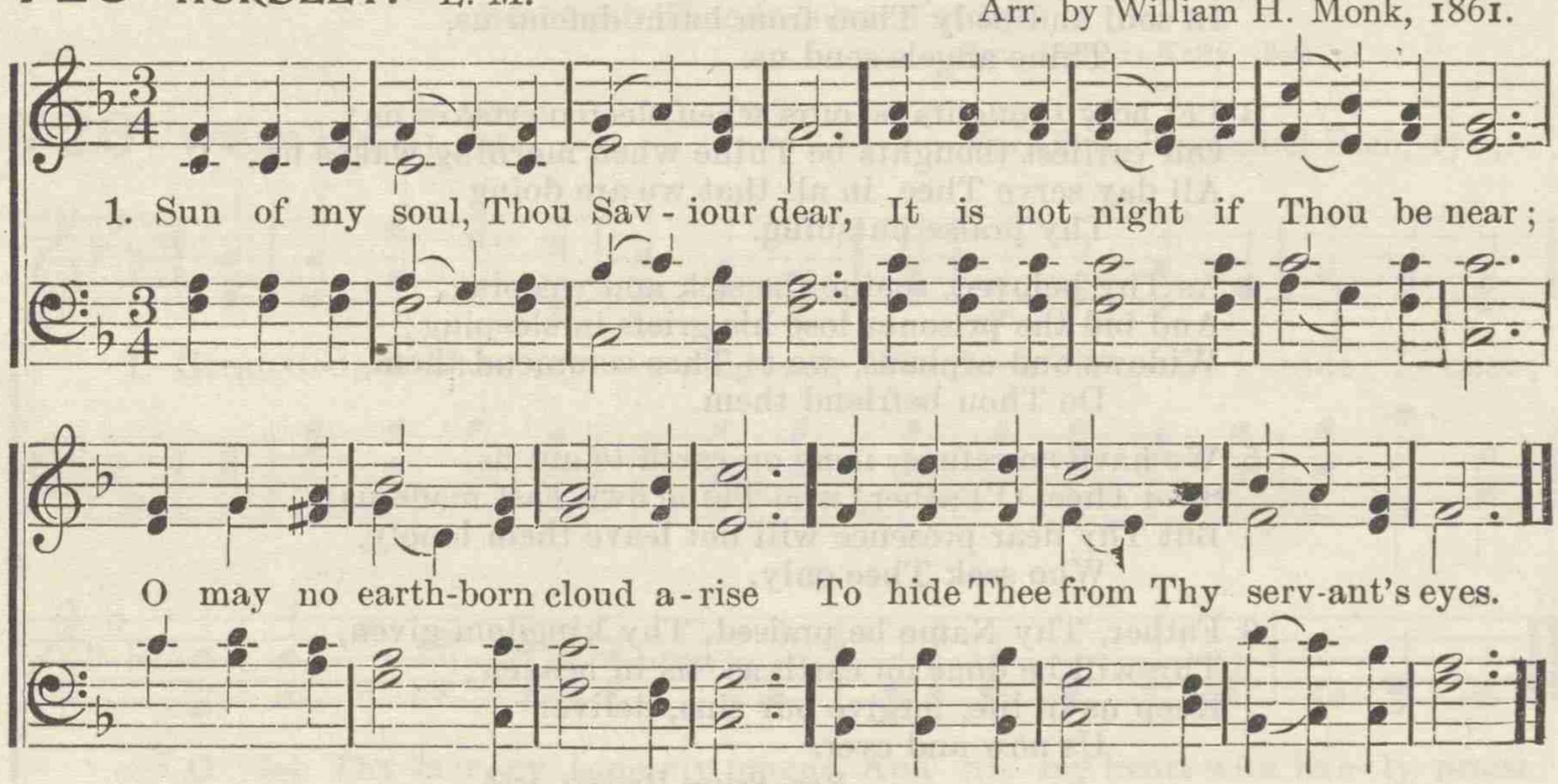
3 Speak Thy word of mercy,
As we close this day,
Bid us go in gladness
On the heav'nward way;
Keep us through the silence
Of the starry night,
Fit us for the labors
Of the morning light.

4 Then when time is over
All our conflicts past,
We shall safe in Jesus,
Dwell with Thee at last.
Honor, praise, and glory
To the Three in One,
From the whole creation,
While the ages run.

Robert Ross, 1890.

723 HURSLEY. L. M.

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792.
Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861.



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

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

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

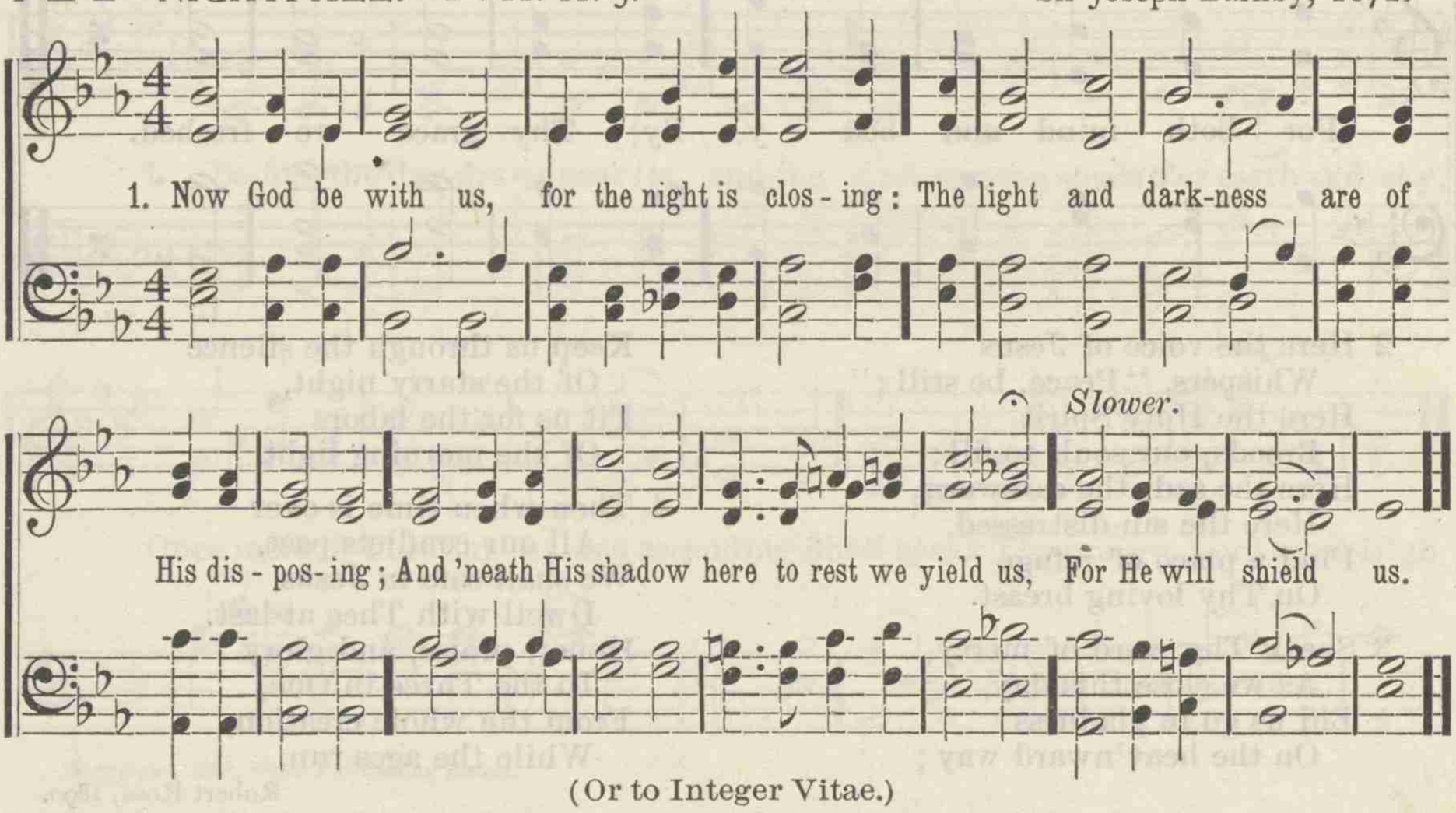
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

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

Rev. John Keble, 1820.

724 NIGHTFALL. 11. 11. 11. 5.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872.



(Or to Integer Vitae.)

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 As Thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

5 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

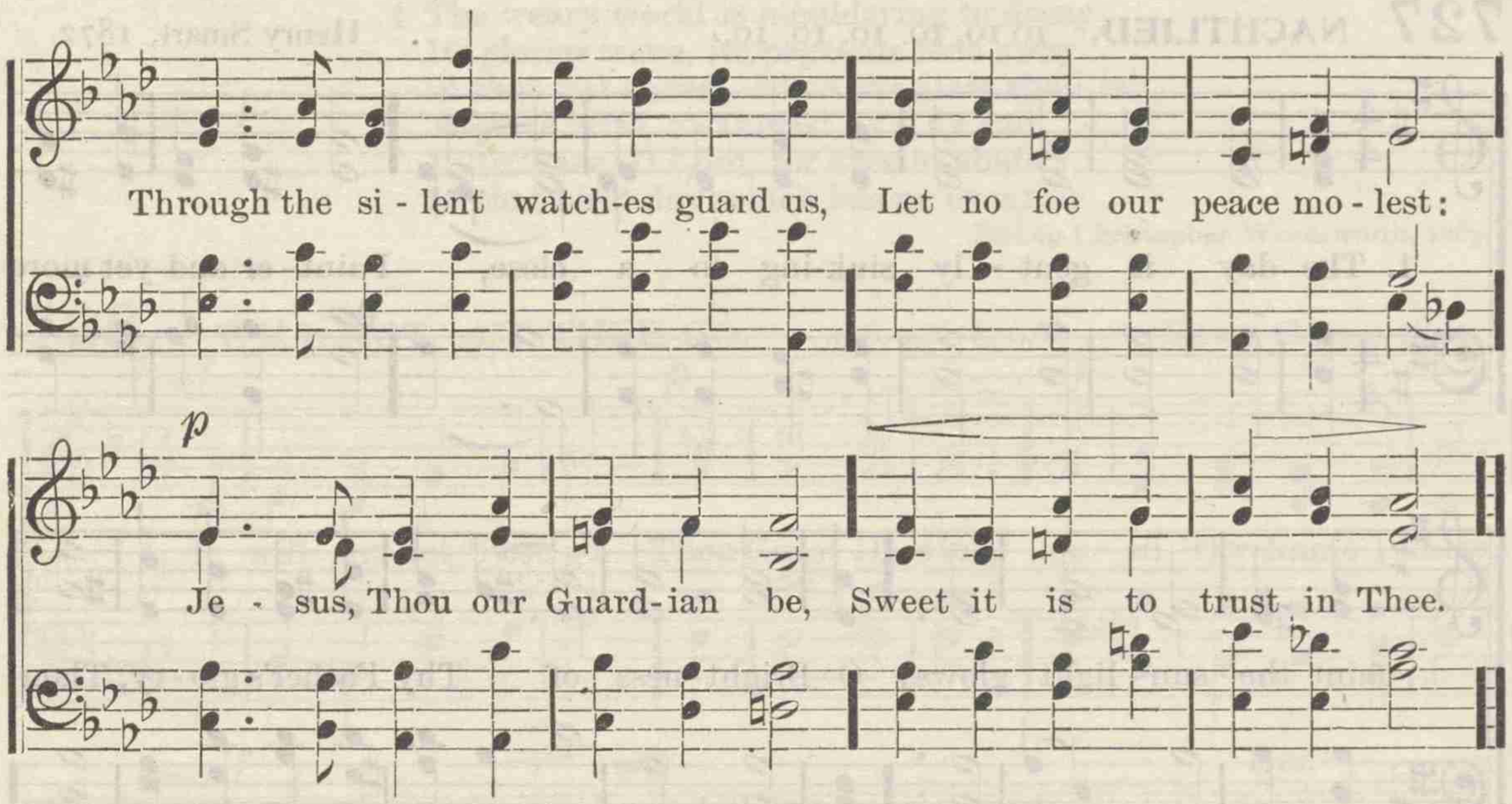
6 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Rev. Petrus Herbert, 1566.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1863.

725 ALCUIN. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Arthur H. Mann, 1890.

EVENING.

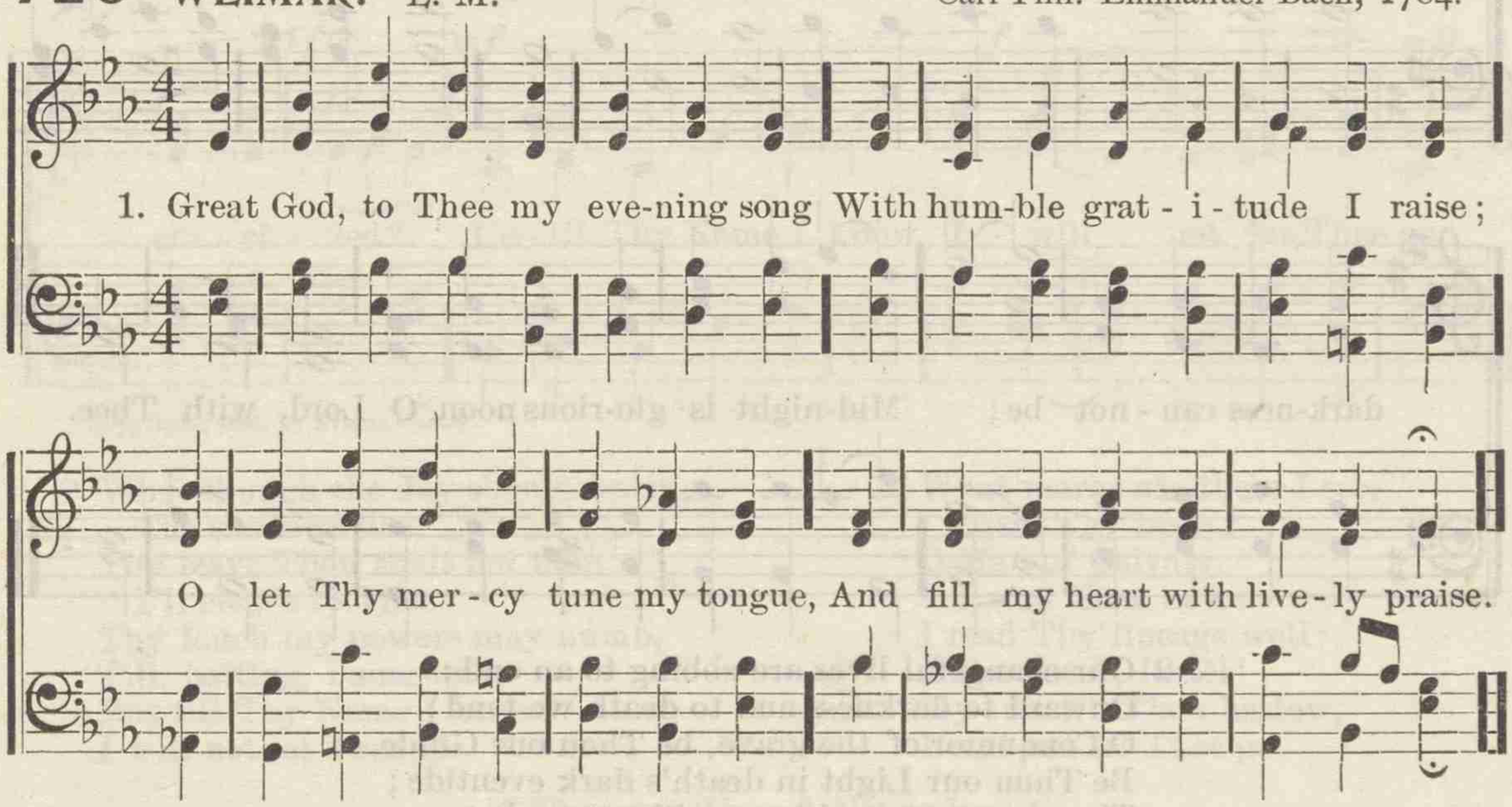


2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806.

726 WEIMAR. L. M.

Carl Phil. Emmanuel Bach, 1784.



2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

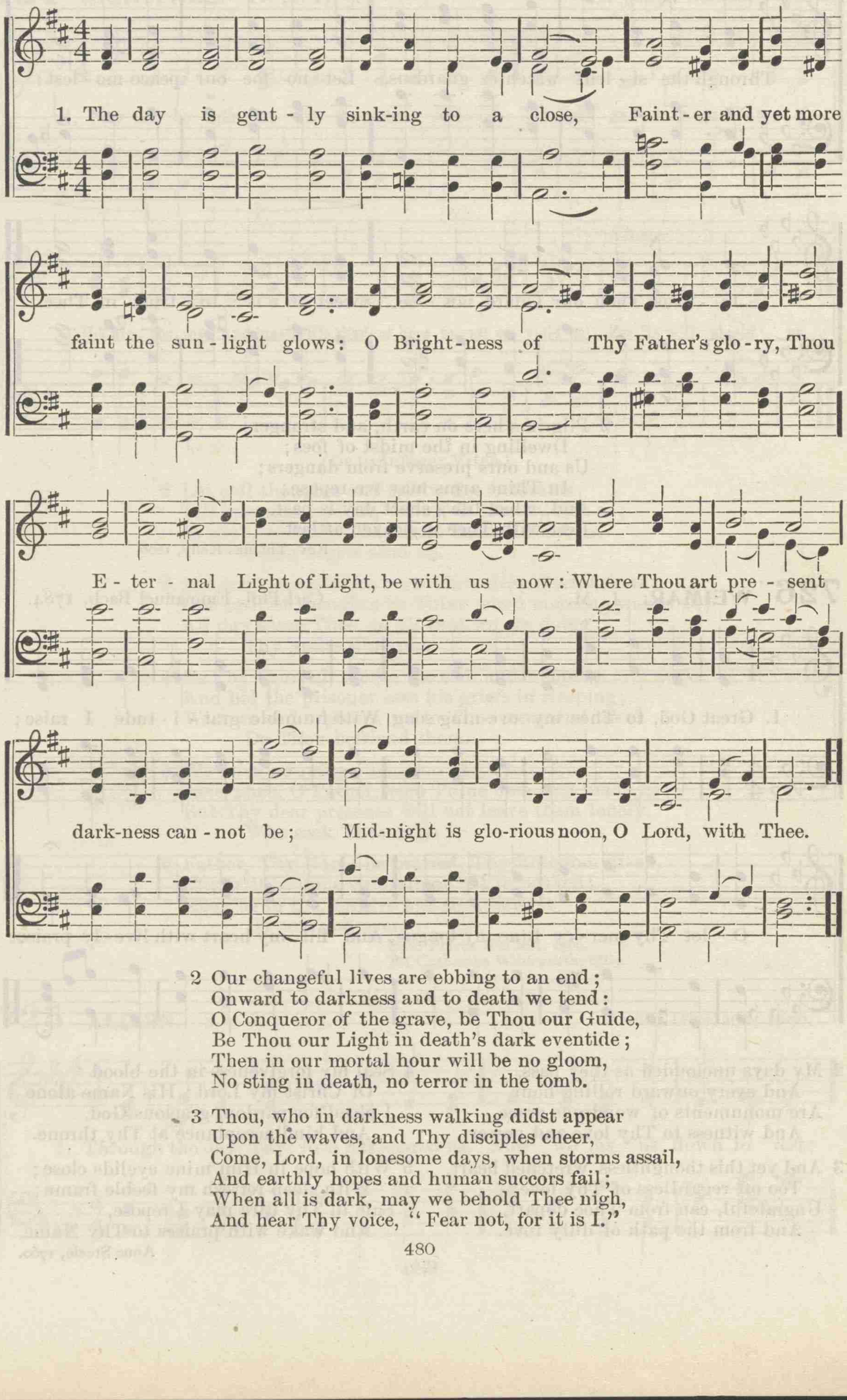
3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

Anne Steele, 1760.

727 NACHTLIED. 10 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. Henry Smart, 1872.



2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

728 I WILL NOT LET THEE GO. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6. Ernest Carter, 1895.

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2 What though the day should break,
The shadows flee,
Thy leave Thou shalt not take,
I'll cleave to Thee:
Thy touch my powers may numb,
Till, halting, I succumb,
But till Thy Name I know,
I will not let Thee go.

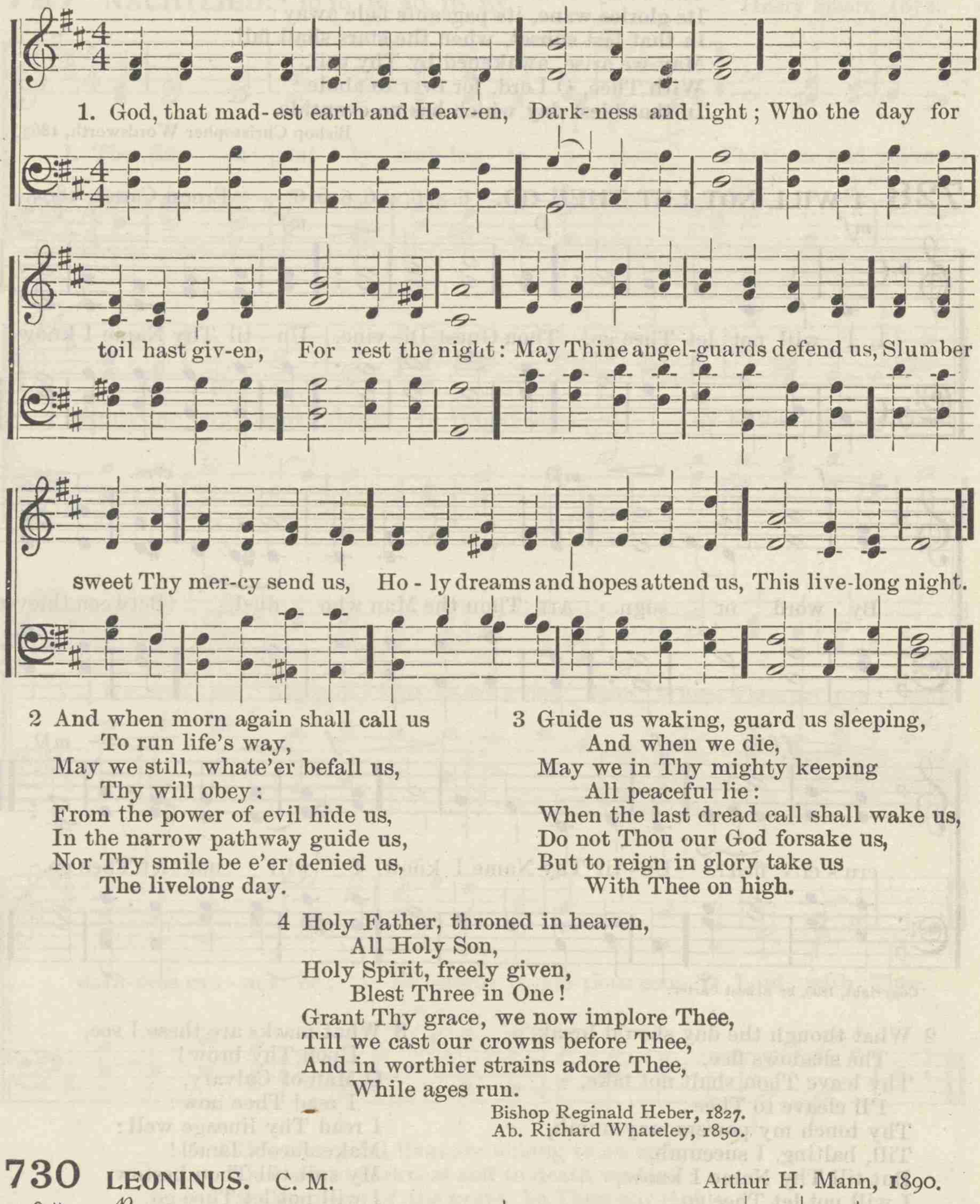
3 What marks are these I see,
Upon Thy brow!
O Man of Calvary,
I read Thee now:
I read Thy lineage well:
Make Jacob, Israèl!
My suit till Thou bestow,
I will not let Thee go.

4 The cross Thou did'st endure,
The cup, the shame;
Ah, yes, I'm doubly sure,
Thou art the same:
The Rock, once riven for me,
The Rod, that smote death's sea,
Thy blessing floods me so,
O Lord! I let Thee go!

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1895.

729 TEMPLE. 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1868.



2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey:
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guide us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

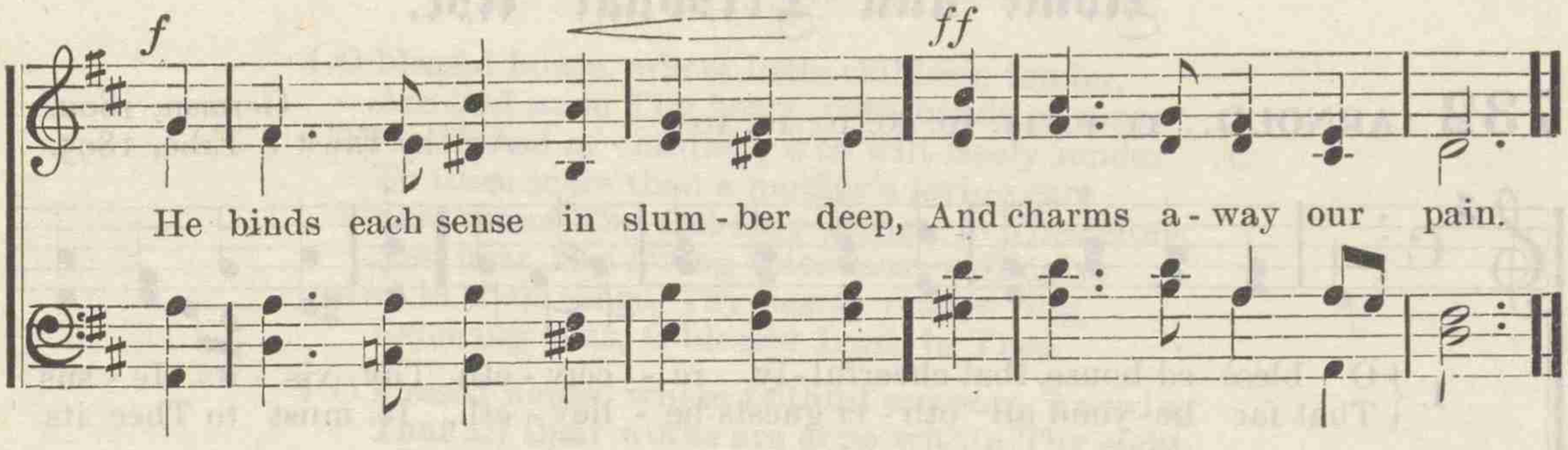
4 Holy Father, throned in heaven,
All Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, freely given,
Blest Three in One!
Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
And in worthier strains adore Thee,
While ages run.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.
Ab. Richard Whateley, 1850.

730 LEONINUS. C. M.

Arthur H. Mann, 1890.

EVENING.



2 How many wake to watch and weep!
Sad eyes they cannot close;
Billows of sorrow o'er them sweep,
In vain they woo repose.

3 But we lie down in perfect peace,
All well 'twixt us and God;
Guarded by love that cannot cease,
Love high and deep and broad.

4 So through the shadows of the night
Within His arms we rest;
And when returns the morning light
We wake upon His breast.

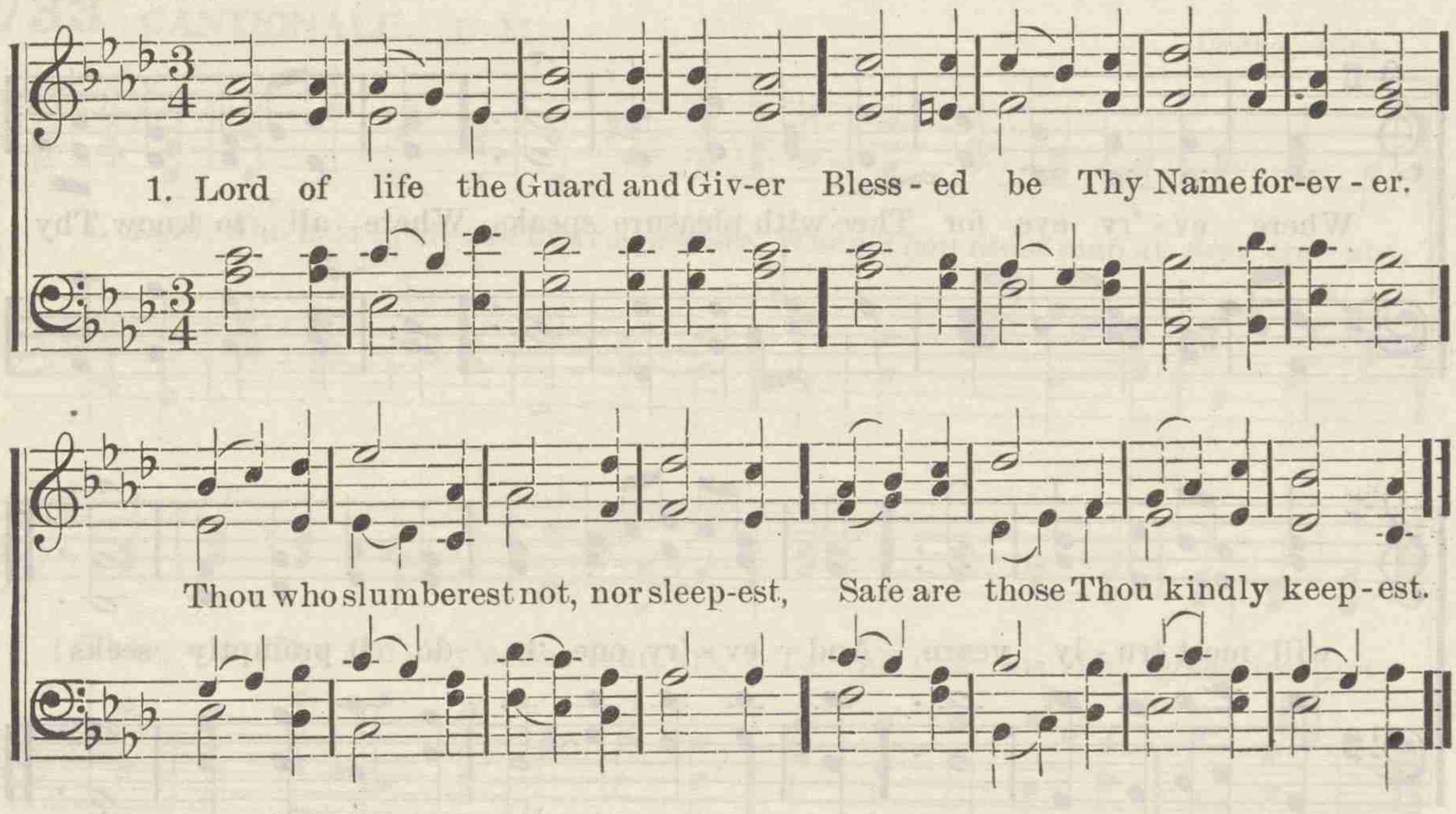
5 Lord, in the last long deathly sleep,
When friends shall close our eyes,
Do Thou Thy children safely keep
Until the Day-spring rise.

6 And when th' eternal morn shall break,
And dreary shadows flee,
May we from that calm slumber wake,
To find ourselves with Thee.

Rev. Charles D. Bell, 1882.

731 BRANCASTER. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Alan Gray, 1895.



2 Through night's curtains round us closing,
Seen of Thee is our reposing.
Trustful then, though all unworthy,
Weary we lie down before Thee.

3 Let Thine angels without number,
Watch around our beds of slumber;
Guard from spirits of perdition,
Guilty thought and evil vision.

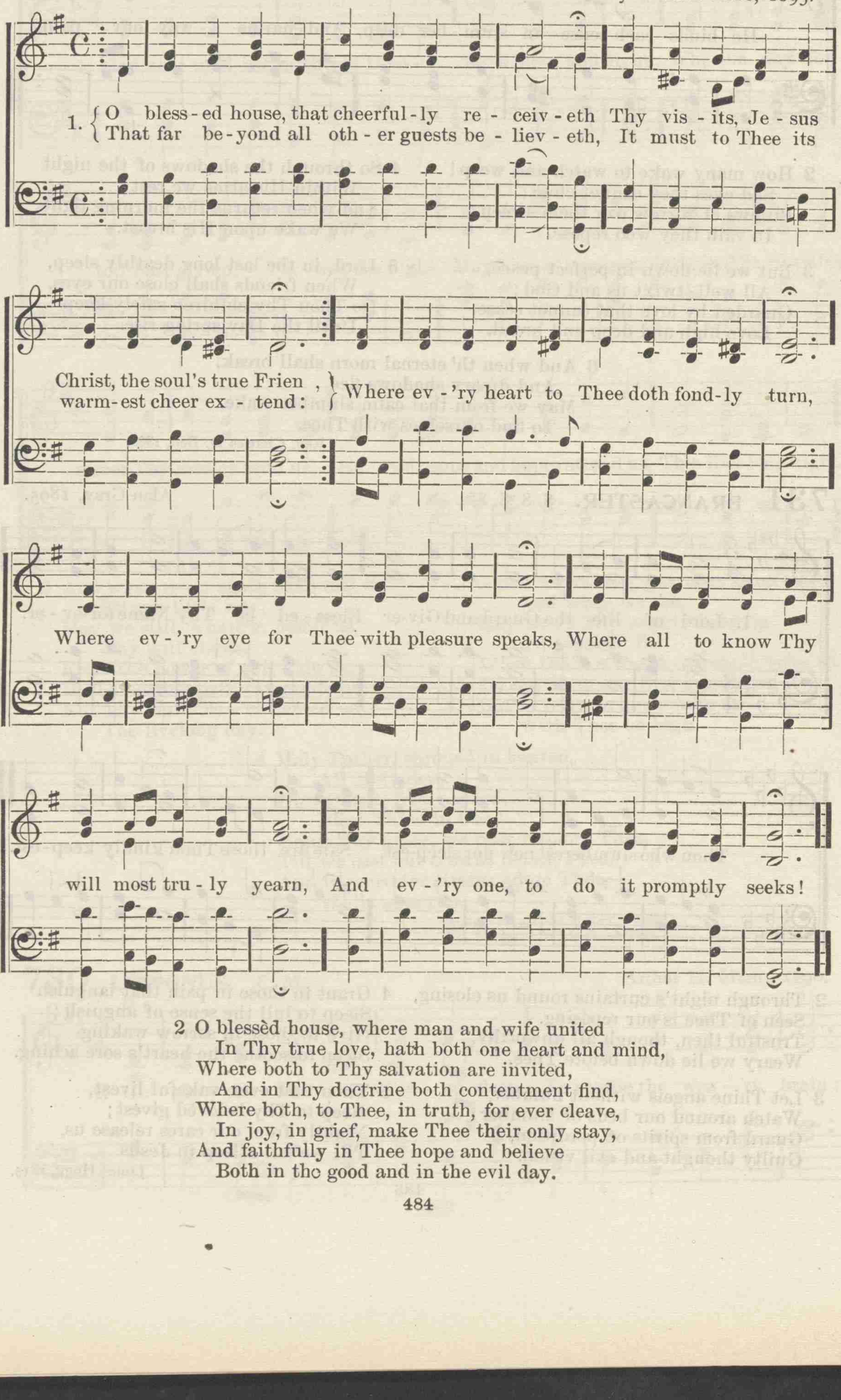
4 Grant to those in pain that languish
Sleep to lull the sense of anguish;
Give to those in sorrow waking
Sleep to soothe the heart's sore aching.

5 Thou that ever wakeful livest,
Sleep to Thy belovèd givest;
Nightly from our cares release us,
Till we fall asleep in Jesus.

James Hogg, 1815.

732 ARNOLD. 11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

German, 1800.
Arr. by Ernst I. Erbe, 1895.



2 O blessèd house, where man and wife united
In Thy true love, hath both one heart and mind,
Where both to Thy salvation are invited,
And in Thy doctrine both contentment find,
Where both, to Thee, in truth, for ever cleave,
In joy, in grief, make Thee their only stay,
And faithfully in Thee hope and believe
Both in the good and in the evil day.

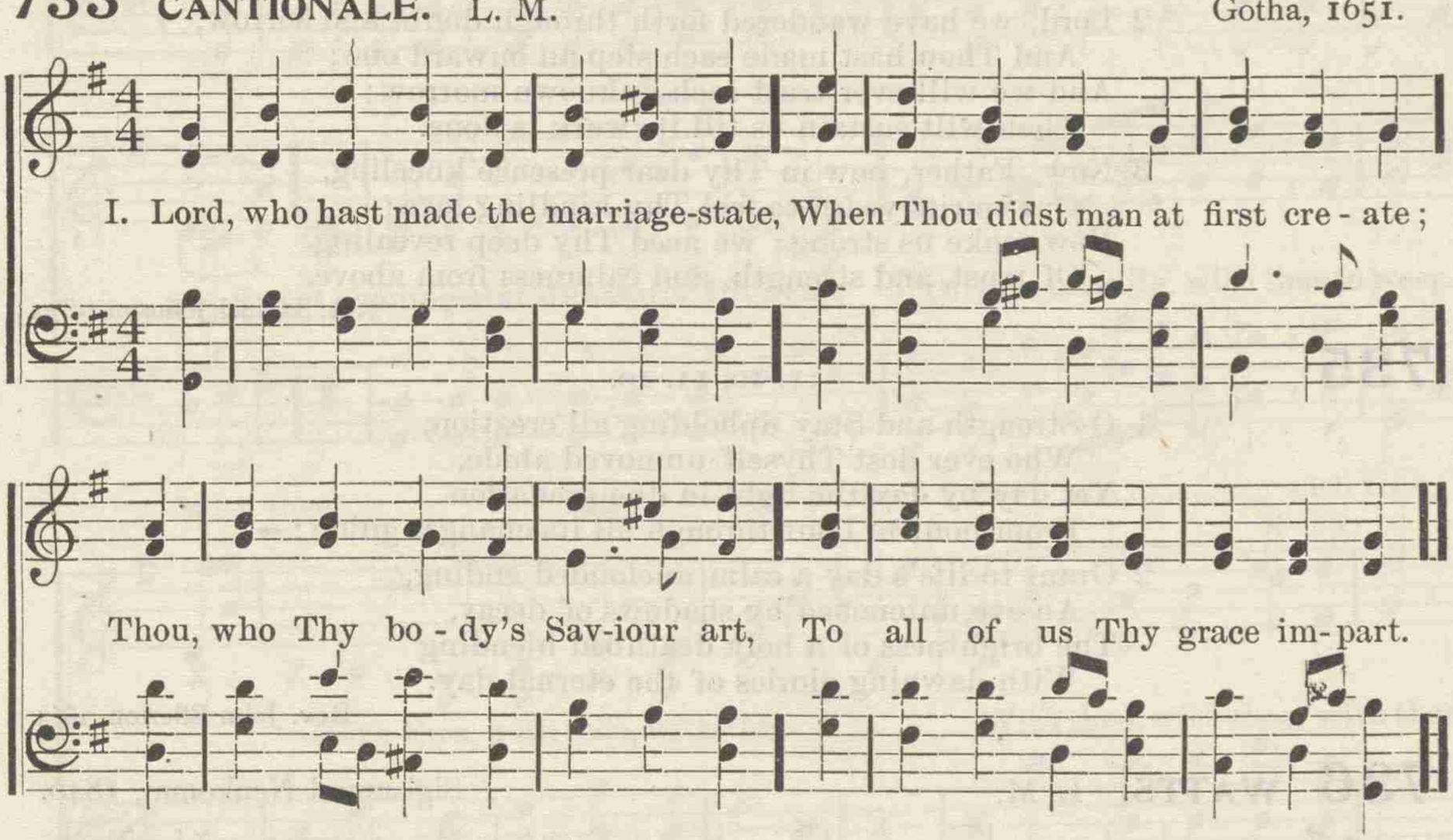
3 O blessèd house, where little children, tender,
Are laid upon Thy heart, with hands of prayer,
Thou Friend of children, who wilt freely render
To them more than a mother's loving care,
Where round Thy feet they gather, to Thee cling,
And hear Thy loving voice most willingly,
And in their songs, Thy hearty praises ring,
Rejoicing thus, O blessèd Lord, in Thee.

4 O blessèd house, where faithful servants, knowing
That all their works are done within Thy sight,
In all their works with holy zeal are glowing
To do alone what Thou esteemest right;
As Thy true servants, who are Thy delight,
In meekness willing, by that love constrained
Which shows, in all its works, the least, the bright
How in small things great faith may be maintained.

5 O blessèd house, the joys of which Thou sharest,
And never art forgot in scenes of joy;
O blessèd house, for whose sad wounds Thou carest,
Where all the sick Thy healing power employ;
Until, at last, when day's work fully ends,
All, finally, in joyful rapture, fly
To that blest House, where angels Thee attend,
Unto the blessèd Father's House on high!

Carl Philip Spitta, 1833.
Tr. Chas. W. Schaeffer, 1890, alt.

733 CANTIONALE. L. M. Gotha, 1651.



2 The husbands sanctify and bless,
Thy mind upon their hearts impress,
Teach them Thy Spirit to obey
In all they do, we humbly pray.

3 Unto the wives that grace dispense,
To cleave to Thee with confidence;
Grant they may love Thee fervently,
And walk in true humility.

4 Wisdom and faithfulness afford,
To train our children, gracious Lord,
That in Thy knowledge they may grow,
Themselves and Thee, their Saviour, know.

5 Lord Jesus, may each married pair
In all their walk Thy praise declare;
O may their rule in all things be,
The union of Thy Church with Thee.

Anon.

734 **JOHNSON.** 11. 10. 11. 10. E. Moss, 1880.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Rev. Samuel Johnson, 1870.

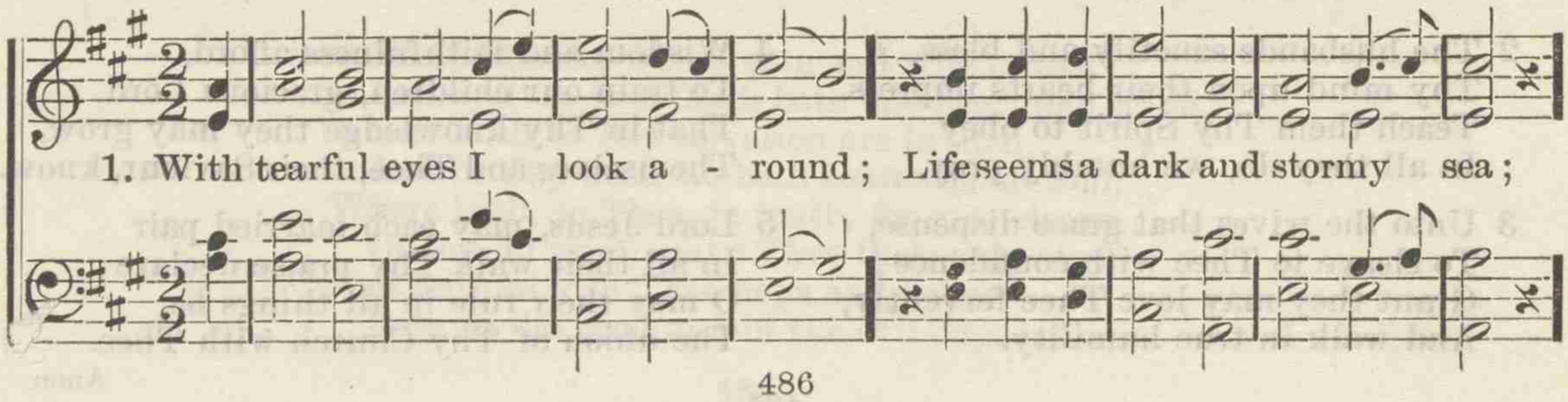
735 11. 10. 11. 10.

1 O Strength and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide:—

2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy deathbed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1865.

736 **WATTS.** L. M. Sigismund Neukomm, 1840.



2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O, to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."

3 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to Me."

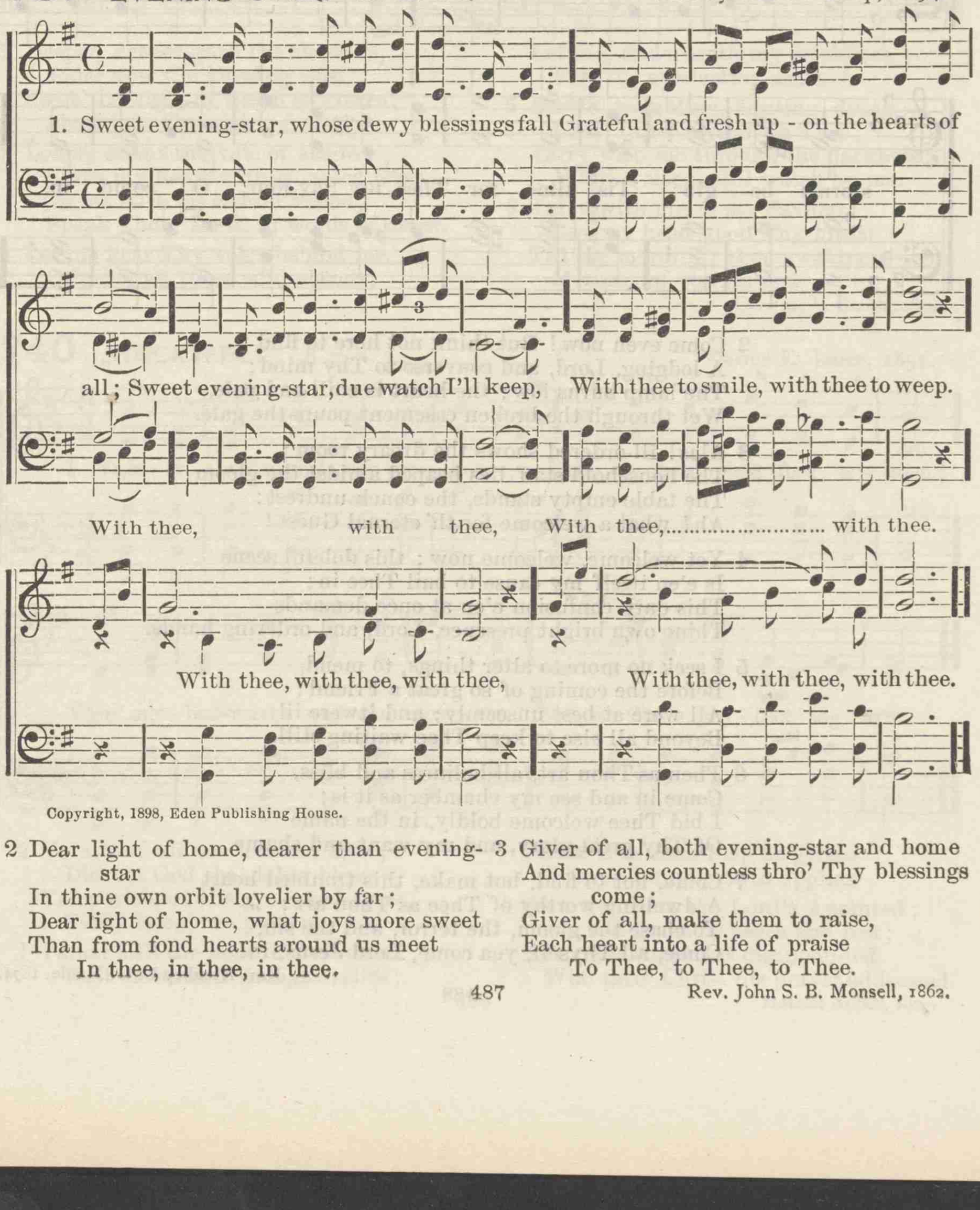
4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to Me."

5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to Me."

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

737 EVENING STAR. 10. 10. 8. 8.

Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1894.



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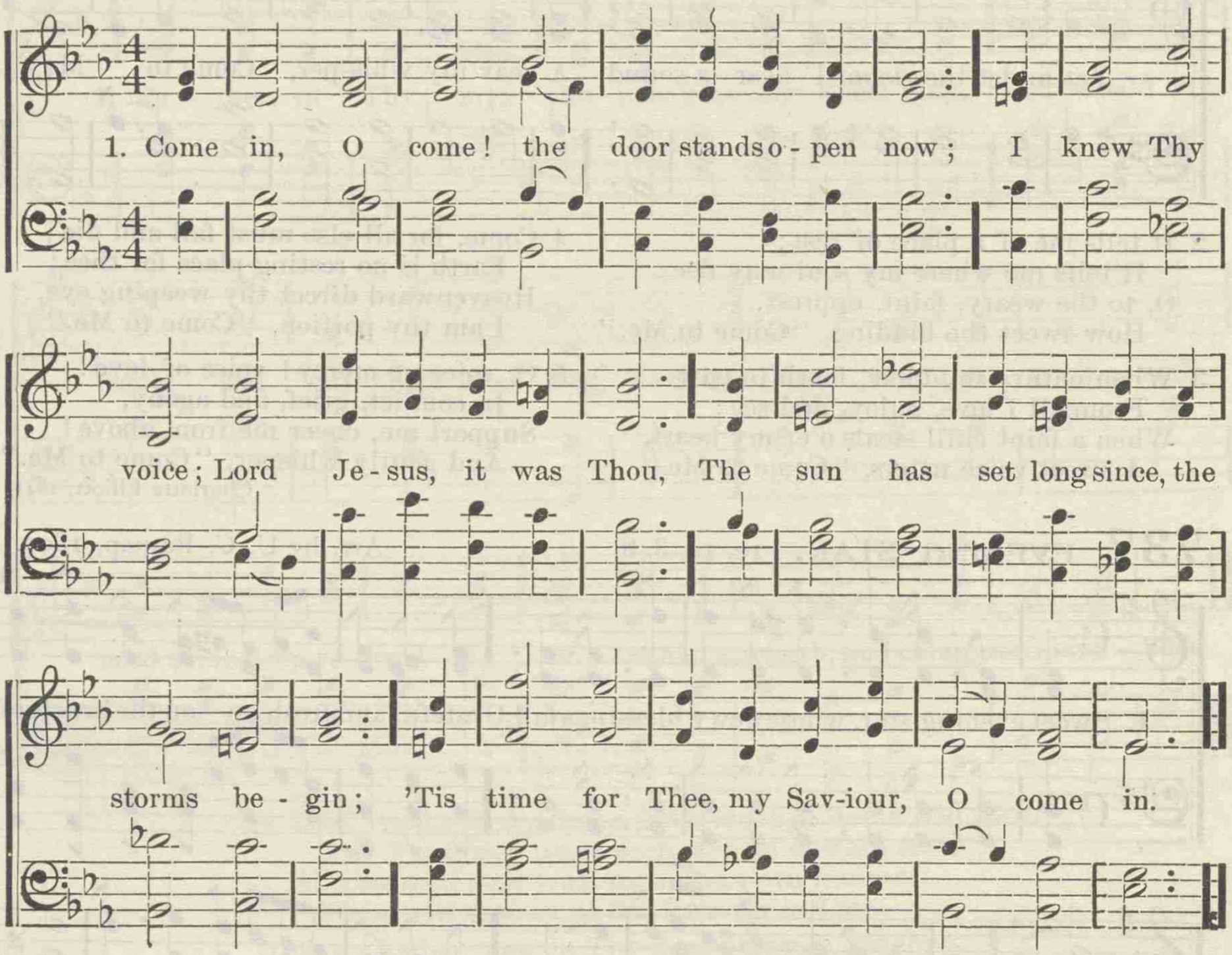
2 Dear light of home, dearer than evening-star
In thine own orbit lovelier by far;
Dear light of home, what joys more sweet
Than from fond hearts around us meet
In thee, in thee, in thee.

3 Giver of all, both evening-star and home
And mercies countless thro' Thy blessings come;
Giver of all, make them to raise,
Each heart into a life of praise
To Thee, to Thee, to Thee.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862.

738 CALLAN. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Charles Wood, 1885.



2 Come even now! But think not here to find
A lodging, Lord, and converse to Thy mind;
The lamp burns low; the heart is chill and pale,
Wet through the broken casement pours the gale.

3 Alas! ill-ordered shows the dreary room;
The household staff lies heaped amidst the gloom
The table empty stands, the couch undrest:
Ah! what a welcome for th' eternal Guest!

4 Yet welcome, welcome now; this doleful scene
Is e'en itself my cause to hail Thee in;
This dark confusion e'en at once demands
Thine own bright presence, Lord, and ordering hands.

5 I seek no more to alter things, to mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend;
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.

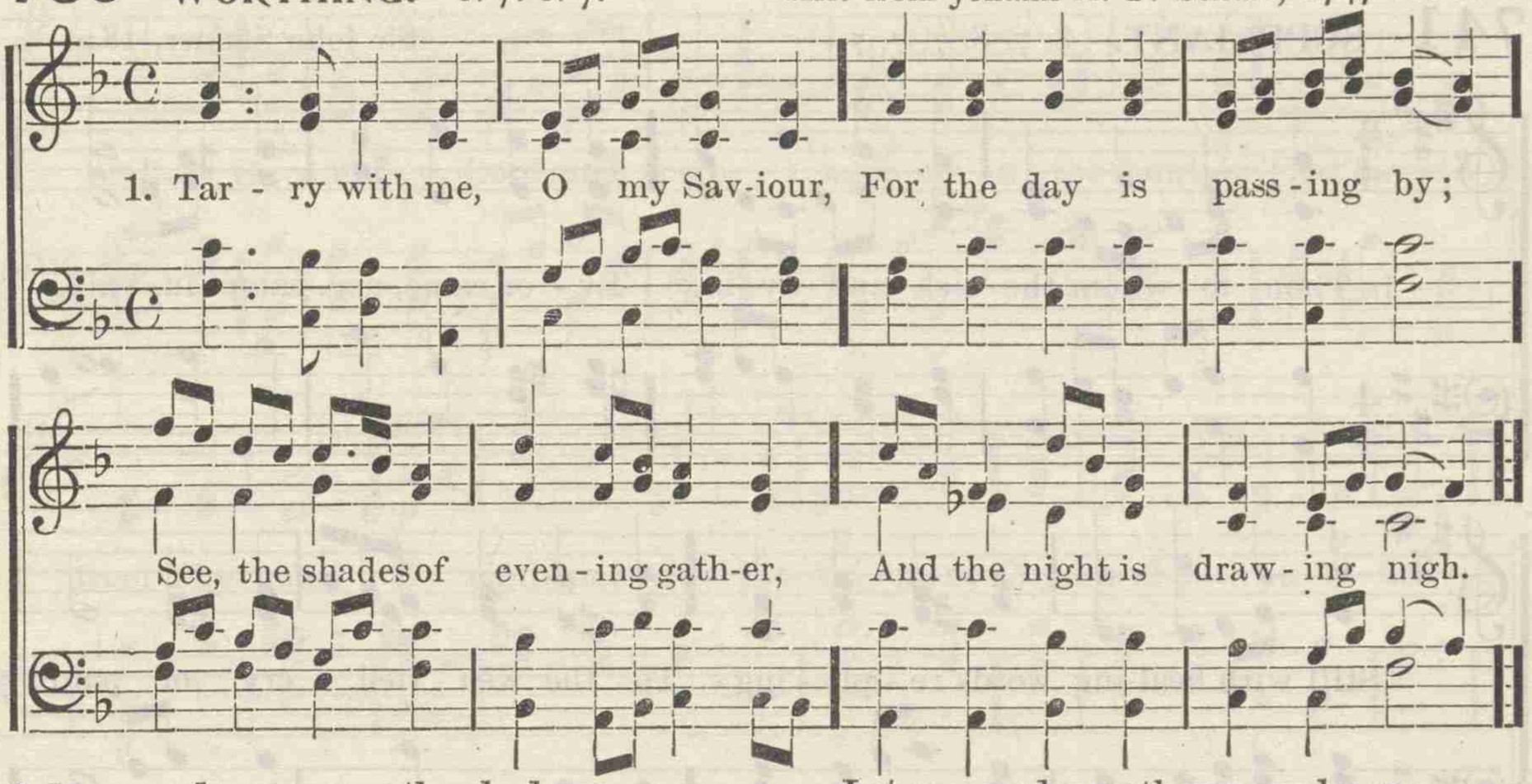
6 Then as Thou art, all holiness and bliss,
Come in and see my chamber as it is;
I bid Thee welcome boldly, in the name
Of Thy great glory, and my want and shame.

7 Come, not to find, but make, this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, 1874.

739 WORTHING. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. from Johann A. P. Schulz, 1747–1800.



2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

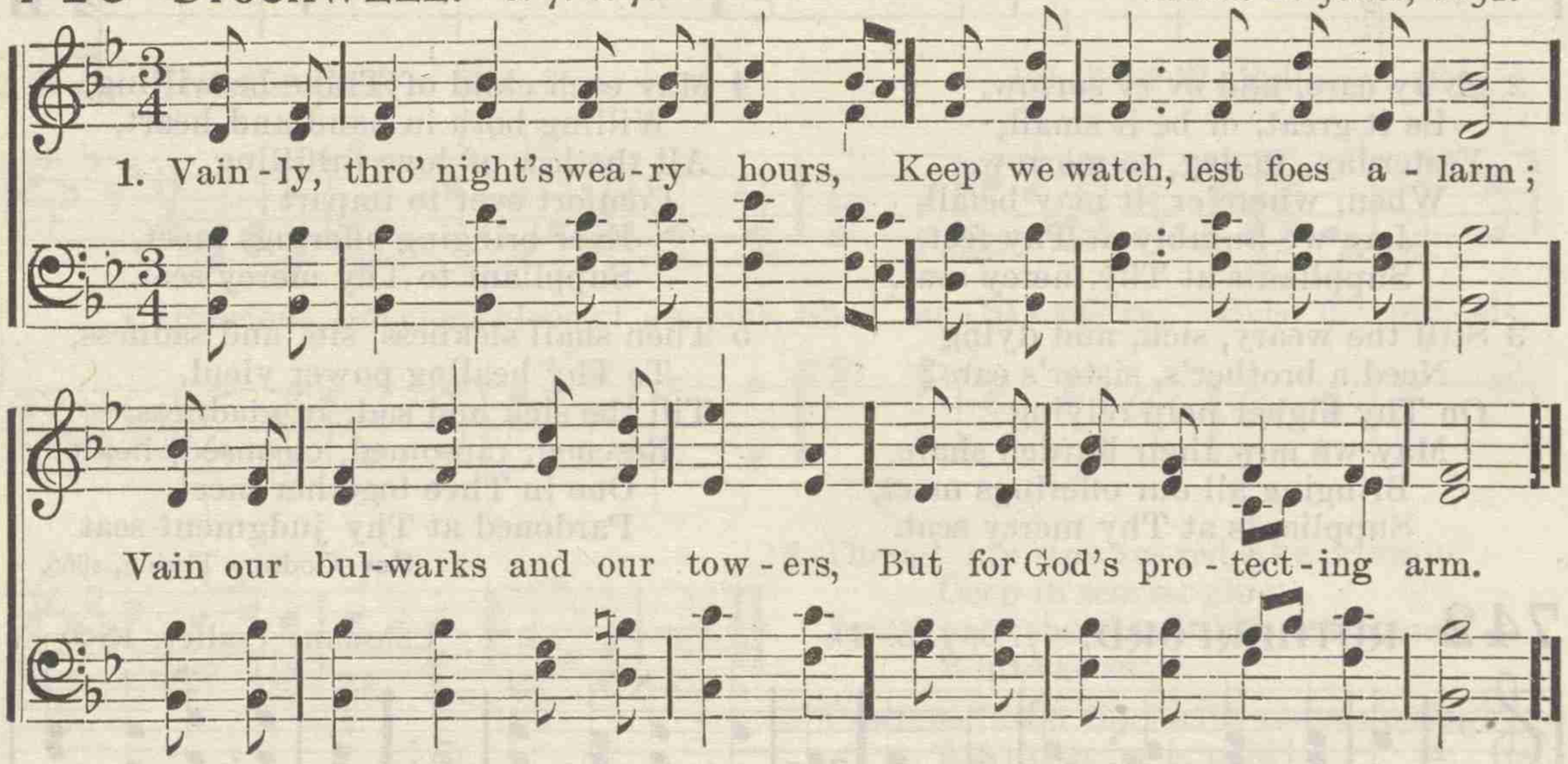
5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

Caroline L. Smith, 1853.

740 STOCKWELL. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Darius E. Jones, 1851.



2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without His grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

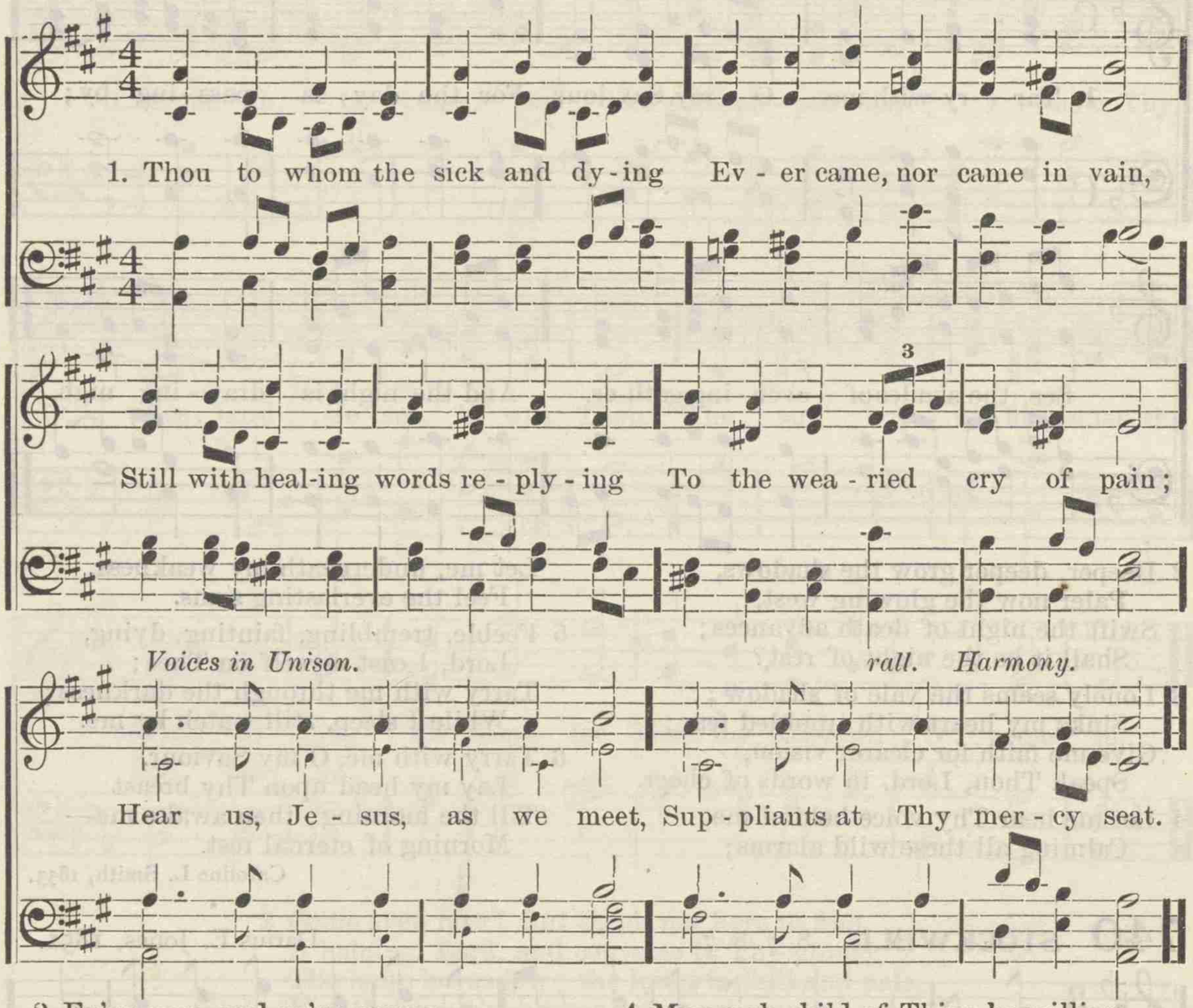
3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

For the Sick and Afflicted.

741 **SUPPLIANT.** 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. Sir John Stainer, 1840–



2 Ev'ry care, and ev'ry sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

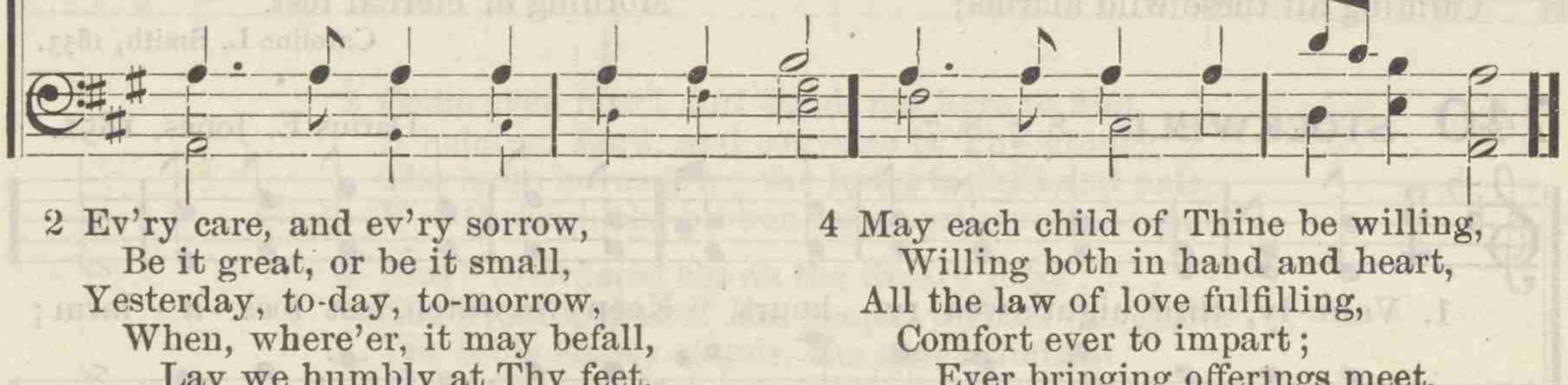
3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

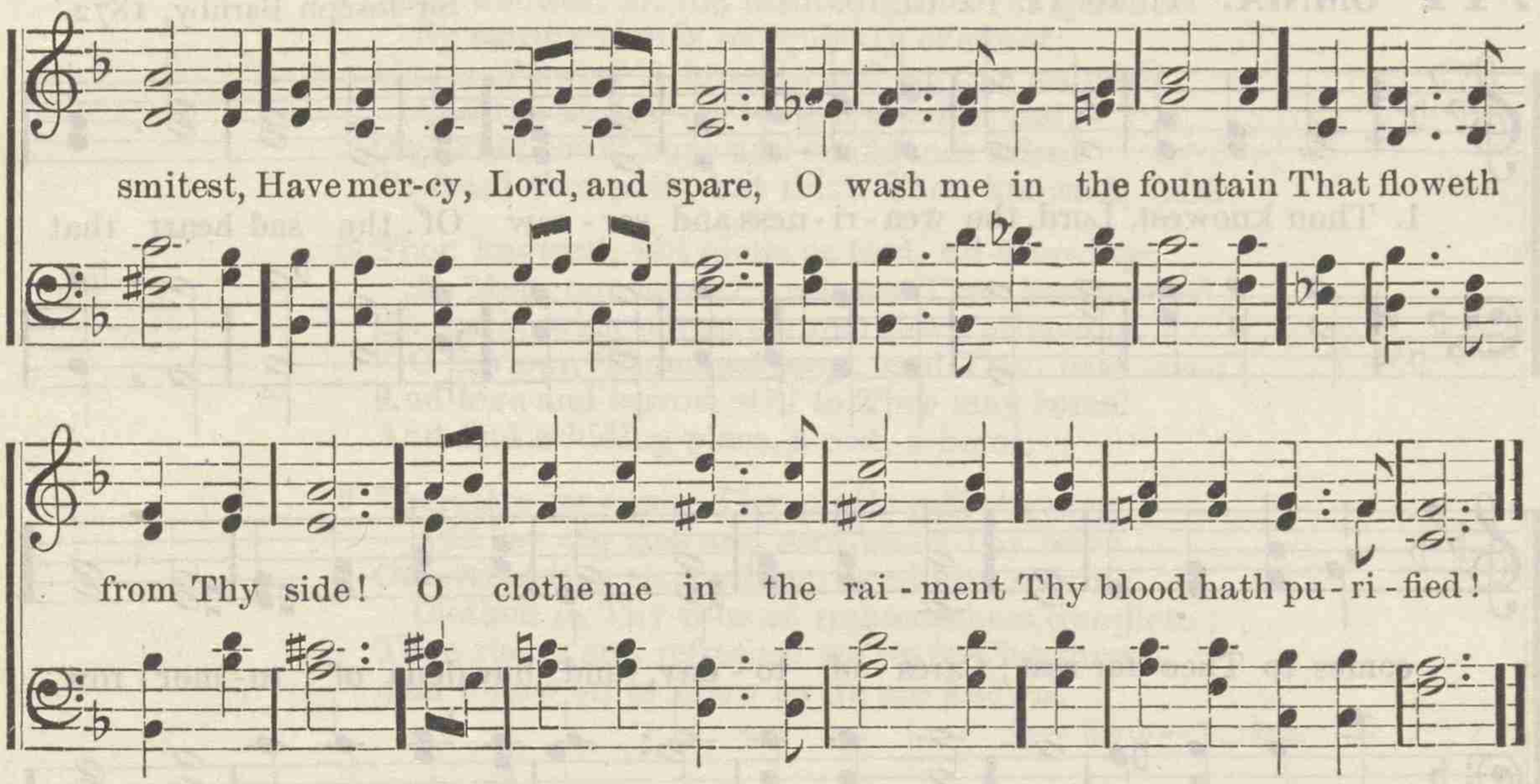
4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Comfort ever to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1866.

742 **RUTHERFORD.** 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Lausanne Psalter, 1850.





2 O hearken to my knocking,
And open wide the door,
That I may enter freely
And never leave Thee more!
O bring me, loving Jesus,
To that most blessèd place,
Where angels and archangels
Look ever on Thy face;

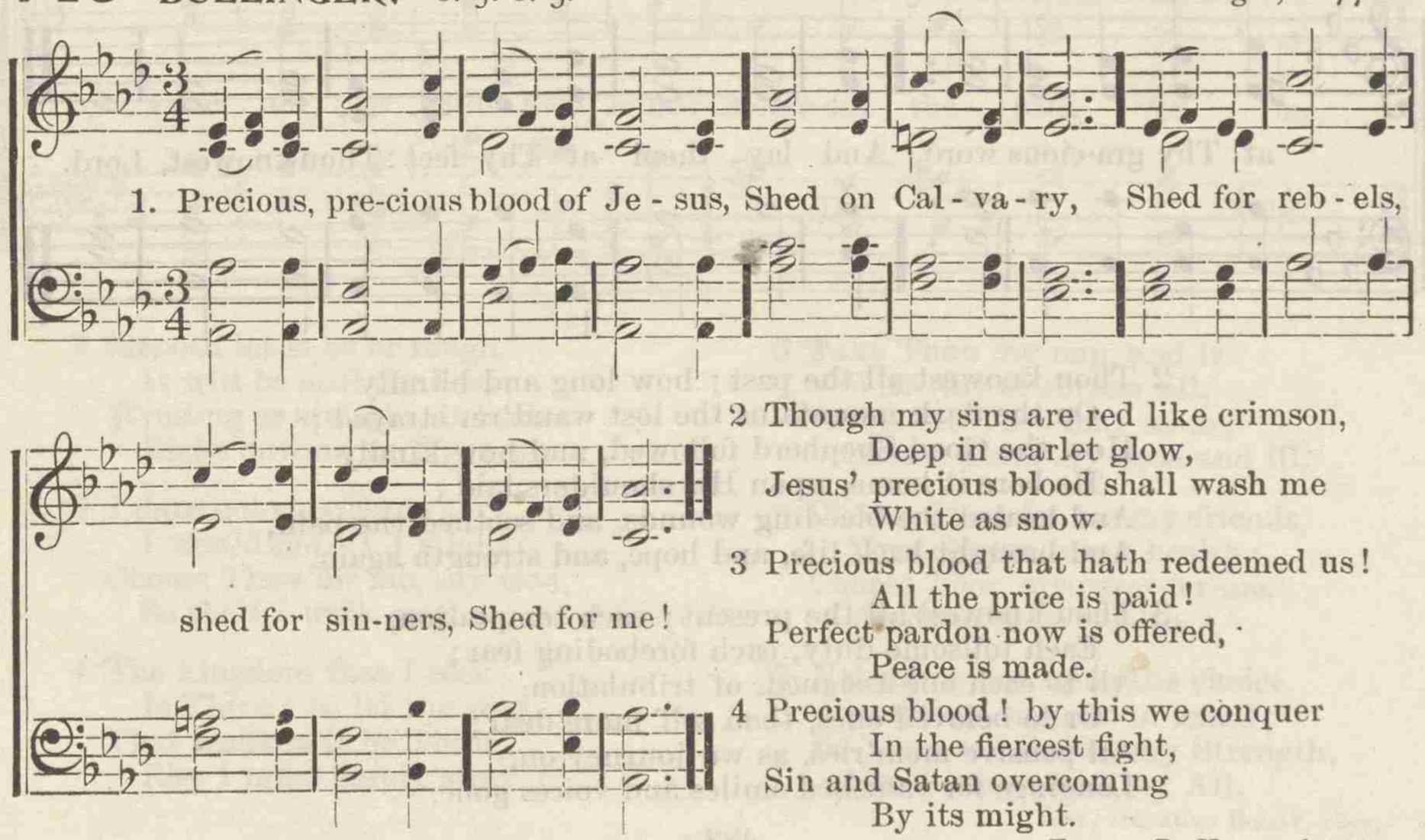
3 Where gladsome hallelujahs
Unceasingly resound;
Where martyrs, now triumphant,
Walk, robed in white, and crowned!
O make my Spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng!
O teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song!

4 O give that last, best blessing,
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go!
Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above;
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal Love!

Rev. R. F. Littledale, 1864.

743 BULLINGER. 8. 5. 8. 3.

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877.



2 Though my sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood shall wash me
White as snow.

3 Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

4 Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

Frances R. Havergal, 1860.

744 OMNIA. 11. 10. 11. 10. 10. 10.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wand'rer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
All pensive mem'ries, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest, Lord.

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

745 VIA RECTE. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

746 LEAVE IT WITH GOD. 10. 10. 10. 10. With Refrain.

Rev. R. DeWitt Mallary, 1894.

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2 Leave it with God, who feedeth the sparrow,
Chooseth for thee, the path that is narrow;
Heareth the prayer, muttered, unspoken;
Healeth with balm the heart that is broken;
Leave it with God, etc.

3 Leave it with God, for He is still near thee
Tell Him thy grief, He's waiting to hear thee,
Taker of gifts, as well as the Giver;
Leave it with God, sure He will deliver.
Leave it with God, etc.

4 Leave it with God: thy losses, thou'lt gain them;
Things that perplex thee, He will explain them,
He is a Father, watchful and tender;
He is a Father; make full surrender.
Leave it with God, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1894.

747 NAOMI. C. M.

Franz Schubert, 1797–1828.
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1832.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on His covenant of grace,
For all things to depend;

4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

Travellers by Land or Sea.

748 C. M.

1 O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep
Our Guard, when on the silent deck
The mighty watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

* 6 If duty calls, from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar;

* 7 Be Thou the Mainguard of our host
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

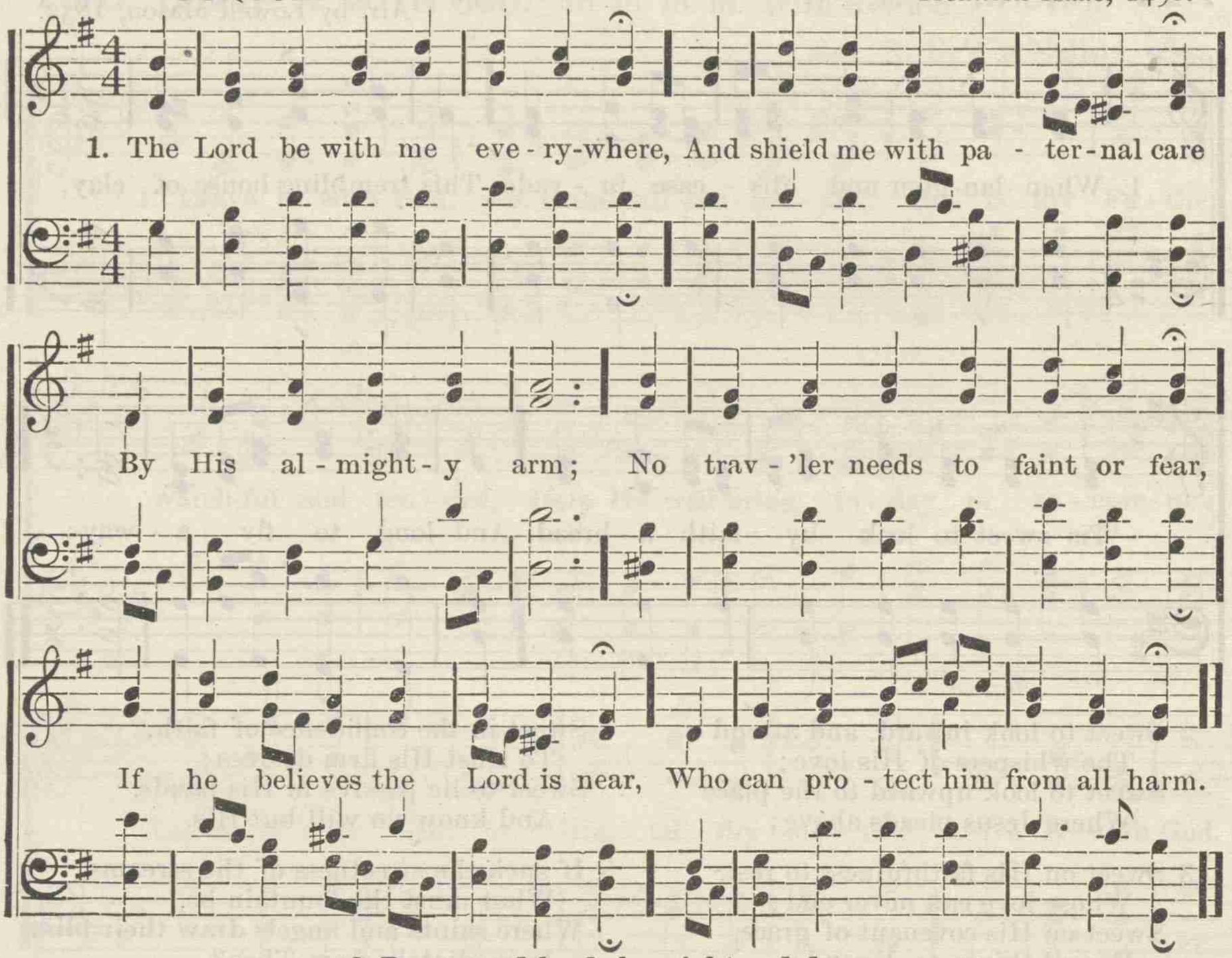
8 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman, 1865.

* To be used in time of war.

749 INSBRUCK. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8.

Heinrich Isaac, 1490.



2 By sea and land, by night and day,
O Lord, in safety me convey,
Though winds and thunders roar;
Bring me when every peril's past,
Safe to the destined place at last,
There to extol Thy help and power.

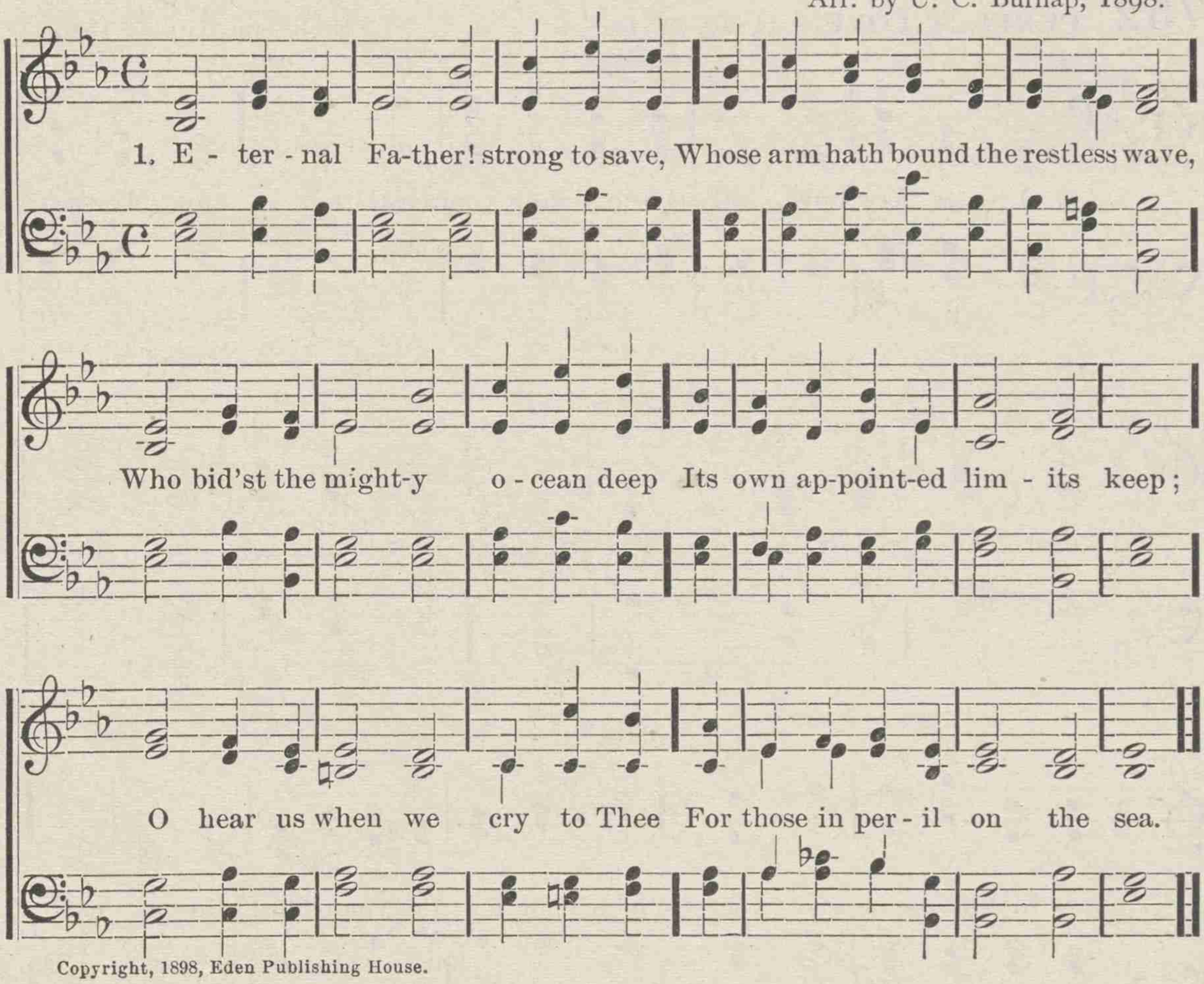
Rev. William Hammond, 1754.

750 STAR OF PEACE. 8. 7. 8. 4.

William B. Bradbury, 1844.

751 VOYAGE. L. M. 61.

Ancient Melody.
Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badd'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860.

750 STAR OF PEACE. 8. 7. 8. 4.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine! O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

Jane C. Simpson, 1830.

752 PERFECT LOVE. 11. 10. 11. 10.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1889.

qui- et, brave en - dur - ance, With child-like trust that fears nor pain nor death.

pp

3. Grant them the joy which bright - ens earth - ly sor - row;

cres.

Grant them the peace which calms all earth - ly strife,

f

And to life's day . . the glo - rious un - known mor - row

dim. *rall.*

That dawns up - on e - ter - nal love and life. A - - - men.

Dorothy F. Bloomfield, 1883.

753 ST. ALPHEGE. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Henry J. Gauntlet, 1848.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, heav'nly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heav'nly Spouse dost seal!

6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thy presence,
Their hallowed path they trace.

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

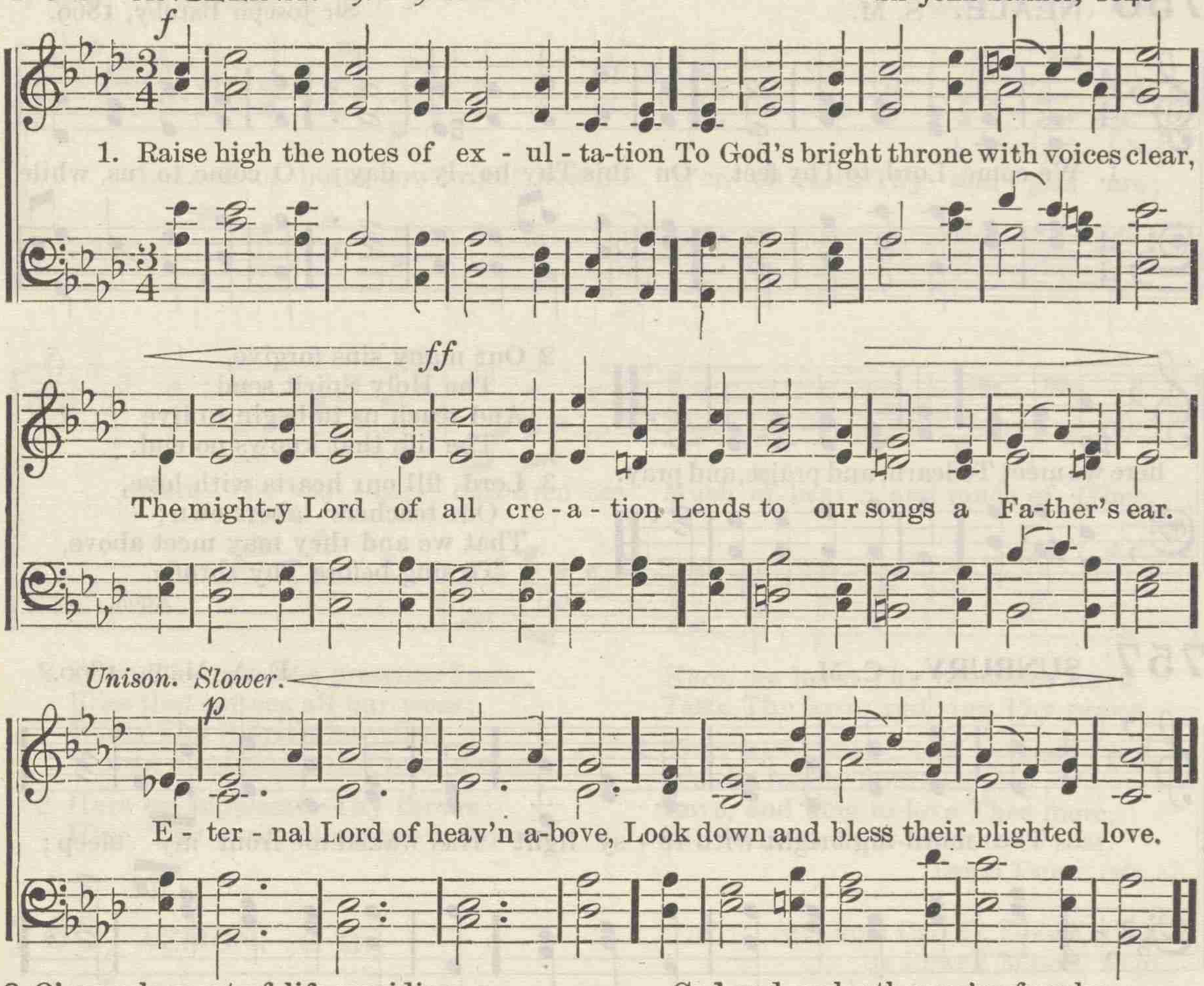
Rev. John Keble, 1857.

754 DEARLE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward Dearle, 1806–1891.

755 ANGELINA. 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

Sir John Stainer, 1840–



2 O'er each event of life presiding,
May God rich gifts on each bestow;
With heavenly light your footsteps guiding,
As through the world's dark wild ye go.
Eternal Lord, etc.

3 By God's own word each action measure,
Let Christ your great Exampler be;
Still fix your hearts on heav'nly treasure,
We hasten towards eternity.
Eternal Lord, etc.

4 With cheerful faith in God confide ye,
The pilgrim's staff with courage take;
And, till the silent grave divide ye,
God and each other ne'er forsake.
Eternal Lord, etc.

5 May peace and love, your lives adorning,
Attend you all your course along;
Your christian walk, each night and morning,
More steadfast make with prayer and song.
Eternal Lord, etc.

6 Together now your voices raising,
Vow truth to God, hand joined in hand,
Till on His glories ever gazing,
Ye must in heaven's own happy land.
Eternal Lord, etc.

Johann Gottfried Schoner. 1790.
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.

754 DEARLE. 10. 10. 10. 10.

2 For they who in Thy presence this day stand
Are loved by Thee, Thy friends and servants dear;
As each to other gives the plighted hand,
Let them Thy voice of benediction hear.

3 Each loving each the more by loving Thee,
Let more than earthly joys to them be given;
Their peaceful home a happy temple be,
And all their nuptial bliss be bright with heaven.

Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, 1870.

756 NEALE. S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869.

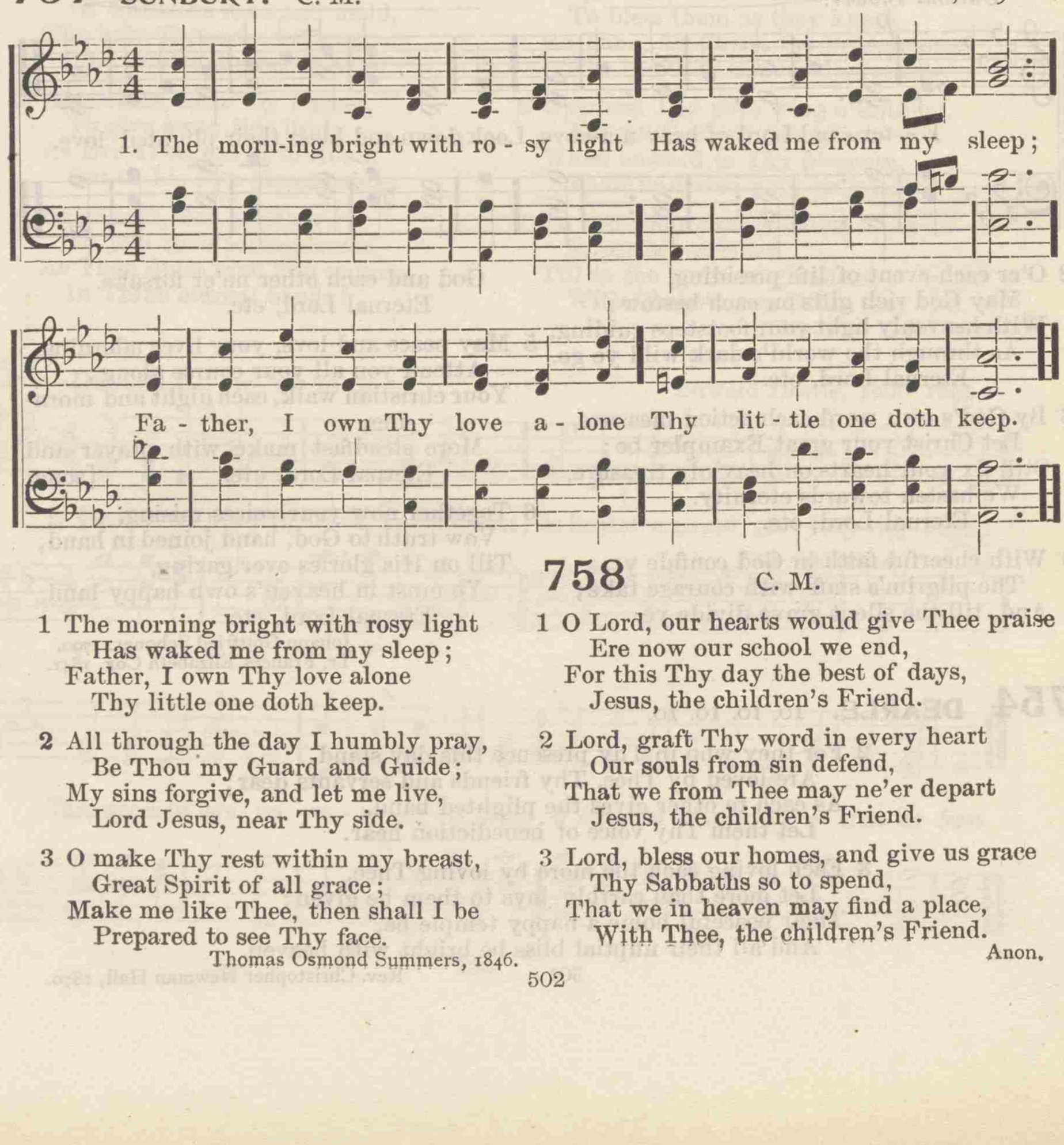
2 Our many sins forgive,
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love,
Our teachers' labors own;
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy throne.

Anon.

757 SUNBURY. C. M.

F. A. Mann, 1890.



1 The morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

Thomas Osmond Summers, 1846.

758 C. M.

1 O Lord, our hearts would give Thee praise
Ere now our school we end,
For this Thy day the best of days,
Jesus, the children's Friend.

2 Lord, graft Thy word in every heart
Our souls from sin defend,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart
Jesus, the children's Friend.

3 Lord, bless our homes, and give us grace
Thy Sabbaths so to spend,
That we in heaven may find a place,
With Thee, the children's Friend.

Anon.

759 MASON. 7. 7. 7. 7.

William Mason, 1850.

2 From Thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While Thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate Thy throne;
Here, Thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn Thy righteous ways,
Taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise.

4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love Thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

Daniel Turner, 1787, a.

760 AZMON. C. M.

Arr. from Carl G. Gläser, 1828.
by Lowell Mason, 1839.

2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.

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

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

Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1830.

761 BROWN. C. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844.

2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising did thee raise;
This made thee heavenly and Divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they, that do a Sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.

4 My Lord on thee His Name did fix,
Which makes thee rich and gay;
Amid His golden candlesticks
My Saviour walks this day.

5 This day must I 'fore God appear,
For, Lord, this day is Thine:
O let me spend it in Thy fear,
The day shall then be mine.

Rev. John Mason, 1683, alt.

762 PANCRATIUS. C. M.

Rev. H. H. Woodward, 1894.

2 God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.

3 God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though I said it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven. Does He care
Or is He good to me?
Yes; all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

5 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call me to the sky.

Ann Gilbert, 1809.

763 ST. ALBAN. 6. 5. 6. 5. 121.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732–1809.

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

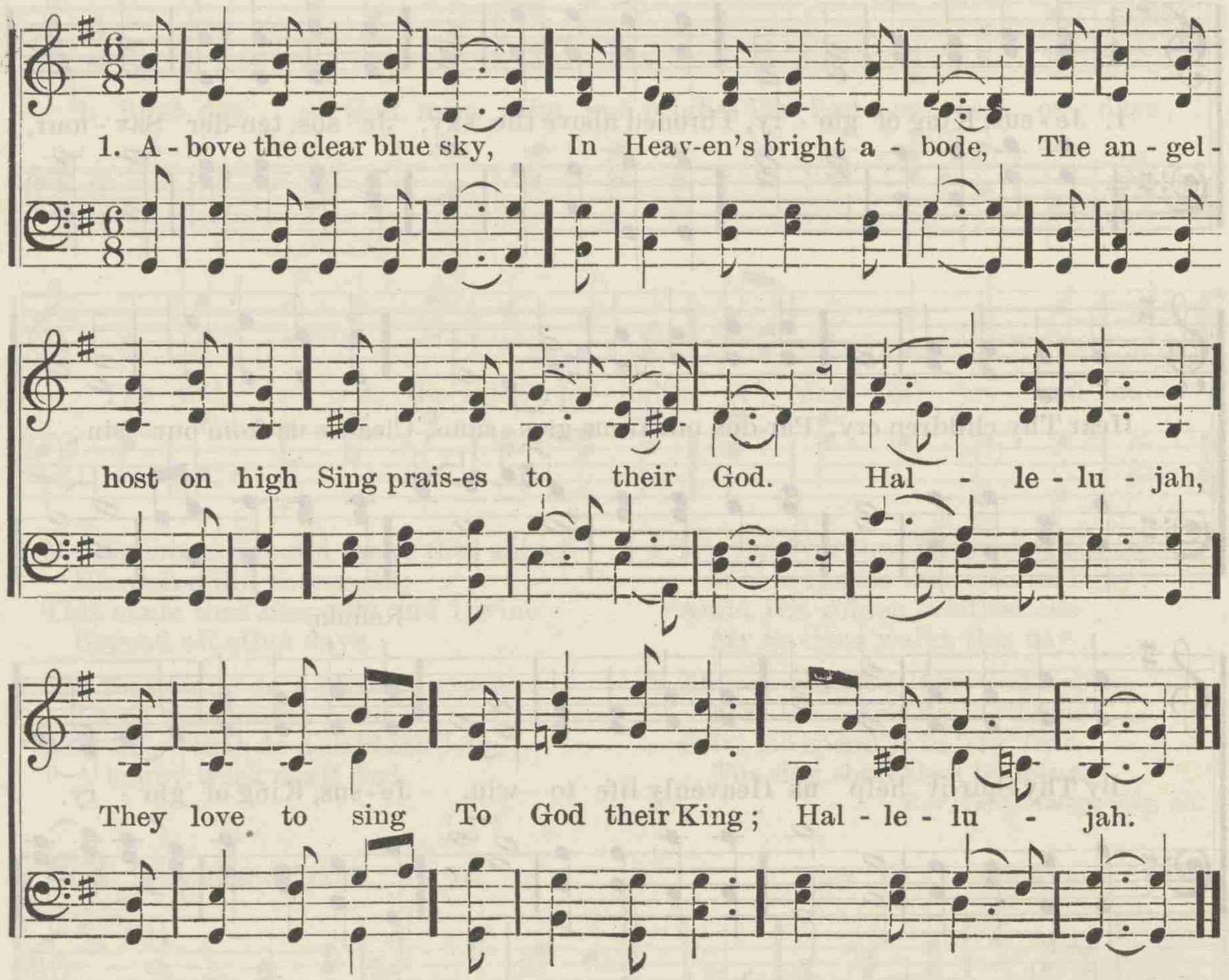
3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
We behold Thy face.—REF.

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

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

Rev. Edward Harland, 1863.

764 CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4. Edward J. Hopkins, (1818—.)



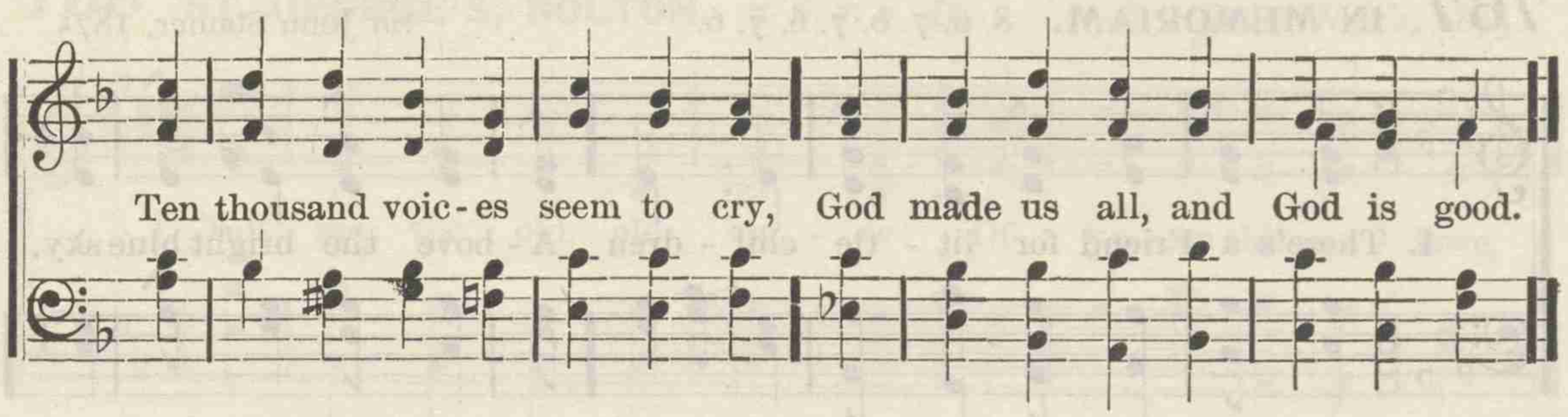
2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise,
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
Hallelujah,
We too will sing
To God our King;
Hallelujah.

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Hallelujah,
Then shall we sing
To God our King;
Hallelujah.

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around:
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Hallelujah,
All then shall sing
To God their King;
Hallelujah.

John Chandler, 1841.

765 ISLAY. L. M. Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, 1870.



2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts all seem to say
In accents clear that God is good.

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with wary spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, God is good.

4 I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, God is good.

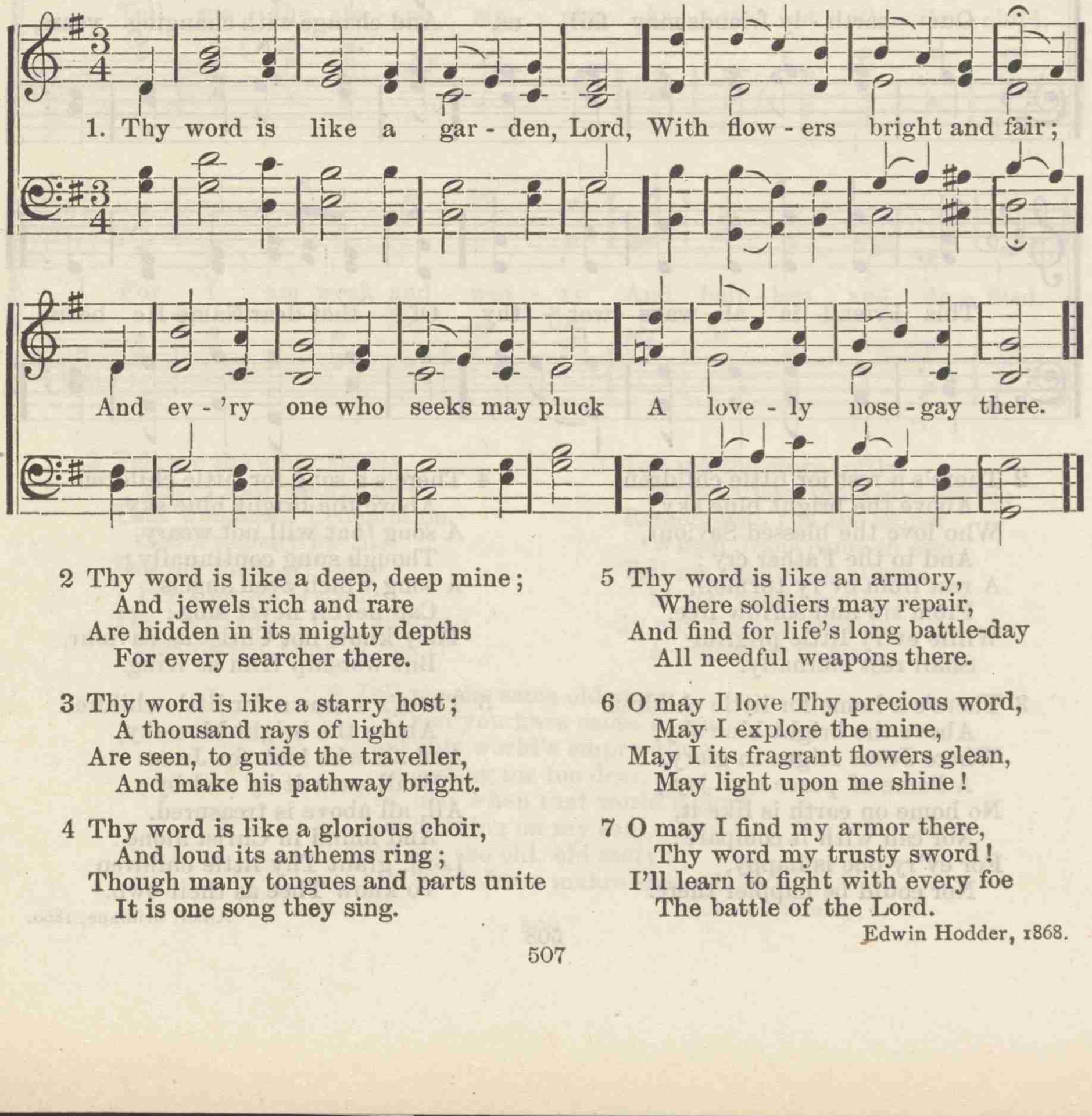
5 Yes, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endured;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quick'ning word,
These prompt our song that God is good.

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838.

766 BELMONT. C. M.

Samuel Webb, 1714–1816.



2 Thy word is like a deep, deep mine;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there.

3 Thy word is like a starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller,
And make his pathway bright.

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

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

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

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

Edwin Hodder, 1868.

767 IN MEMORIAM. 8. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. Sir John Stainer, 1875.

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

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

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

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

Albert Midlane, 1860.

768 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James Walch, 1875.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

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

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

Catherine Hankey, 1866.

769 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

William G. Fischer, 1869.

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2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.
I love to tell, etc.

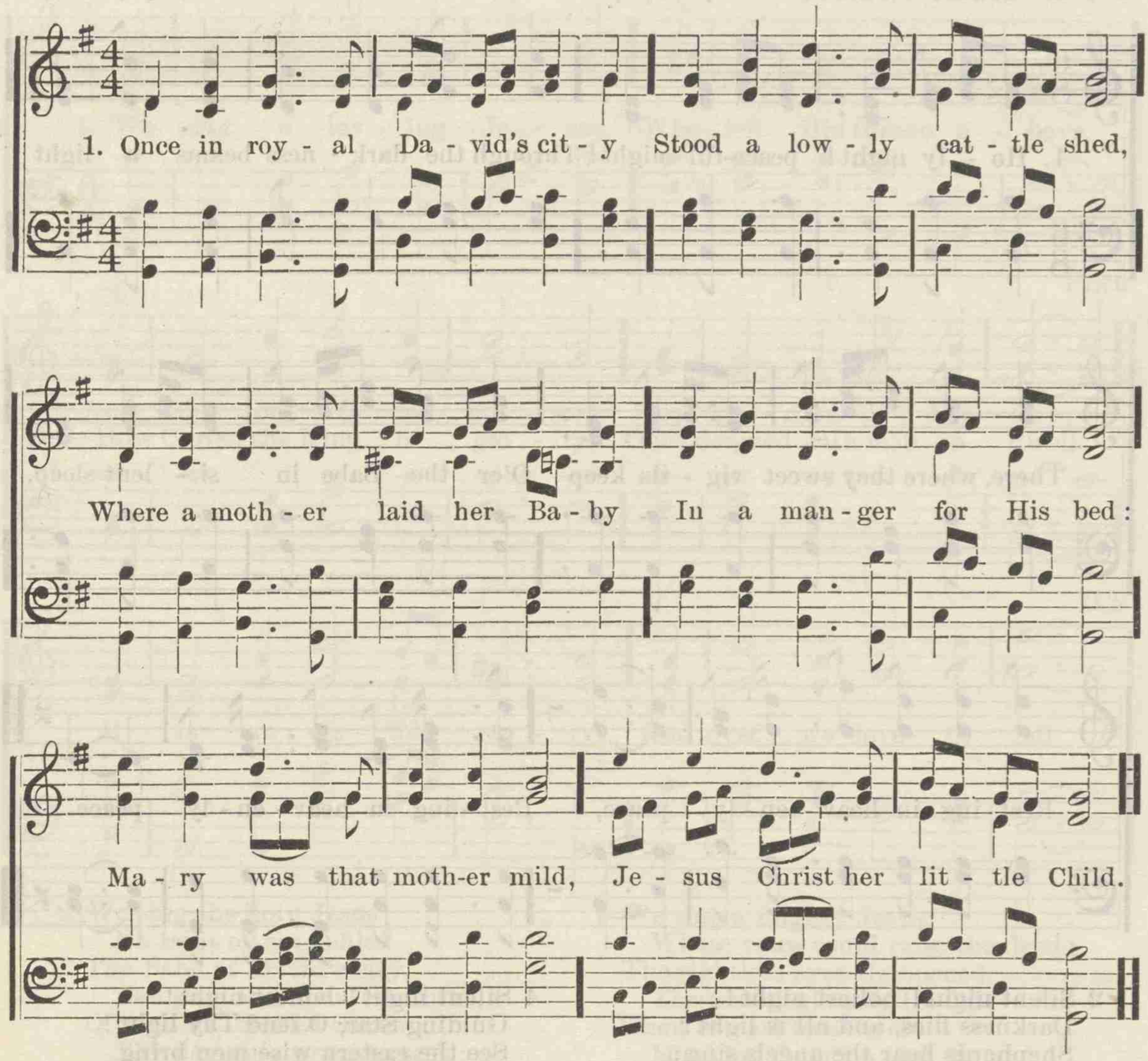
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.
I love to tell, etc.

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

Katherine Hankey, 1870; refrain added.

770 IRBY. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1856.



2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

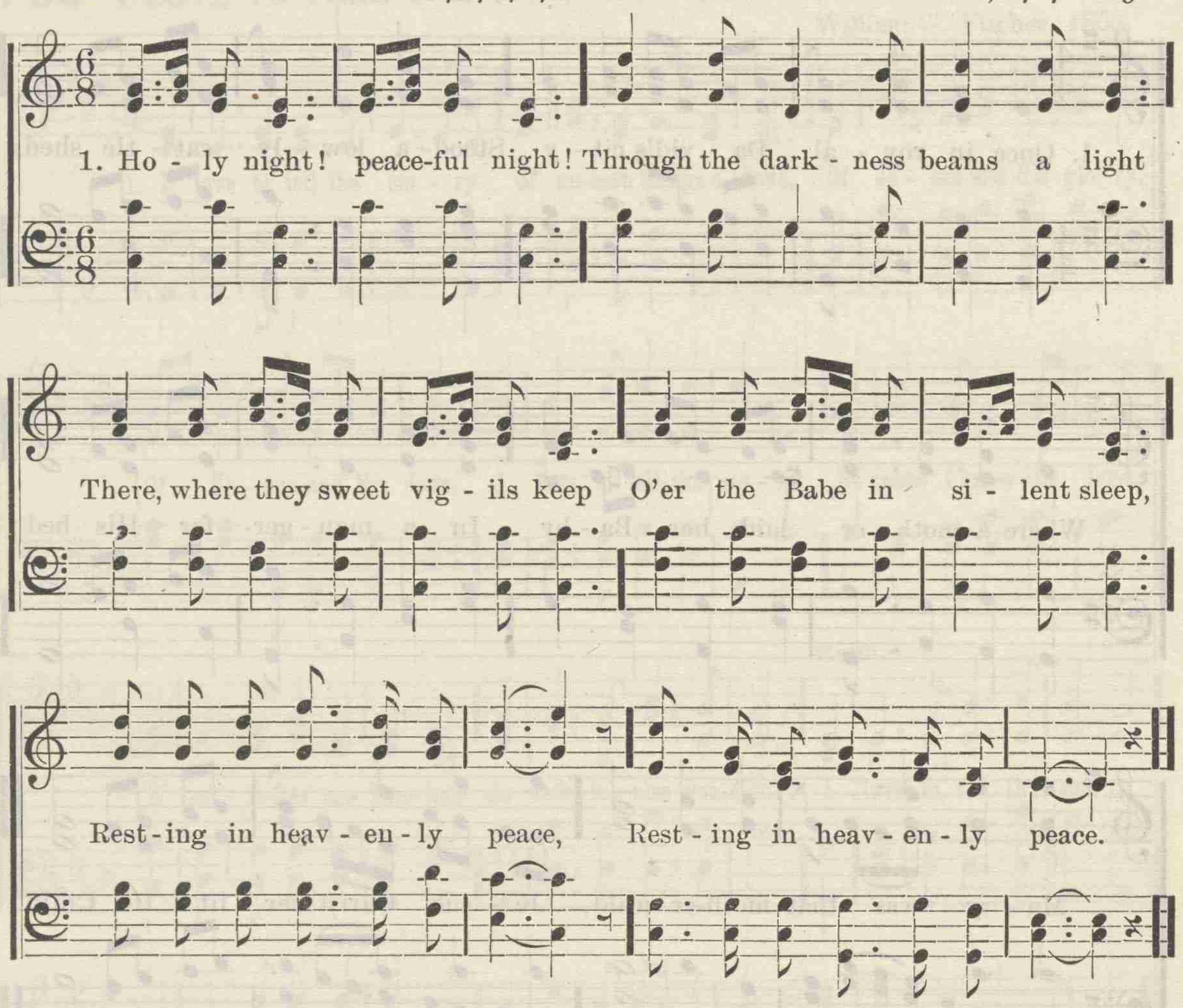
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high:
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848.

771 HOLY NIGHT. 6. 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Franz Gruber, 1787–1863.



2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies, and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Hallelujah! hail the King!
Jesus, the Saviour is here!"

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!
Child of heaven, O how bright
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born:
Blessèd was that happy morn,
Full of heavènly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend Thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus, the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend Thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King!
Jesus, our Saviour is here!

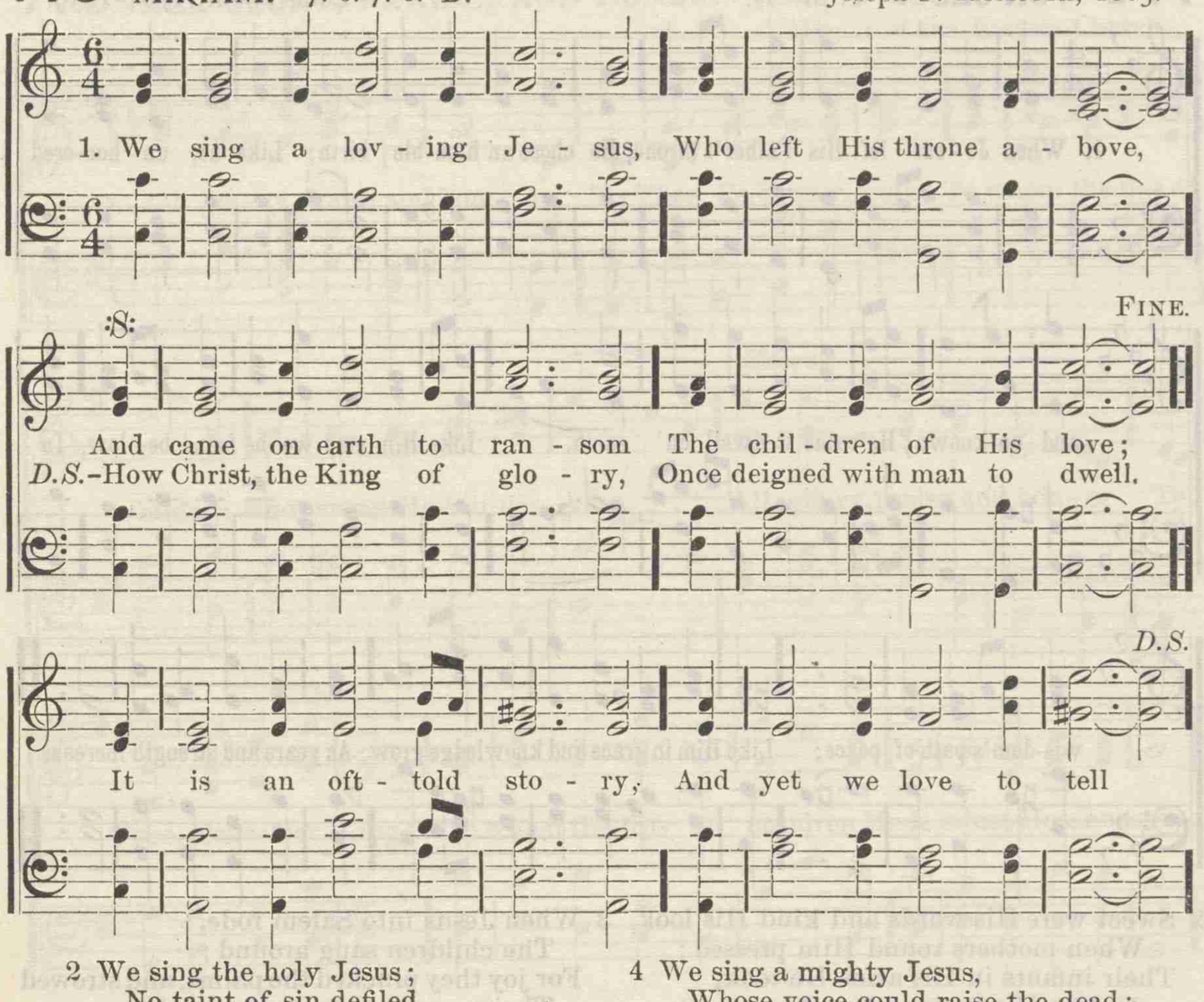
Joseph Mohr, 1792–1848, tr.

772 CLAUDIA. 6. 5. 6. 5.

Frances R. Havergal, 1870.

773 MIRIAM. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865.



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

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

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

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

Sarah Doudney, 1871.

772 CLAUDIA. 6. 5. 6. 5,

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

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

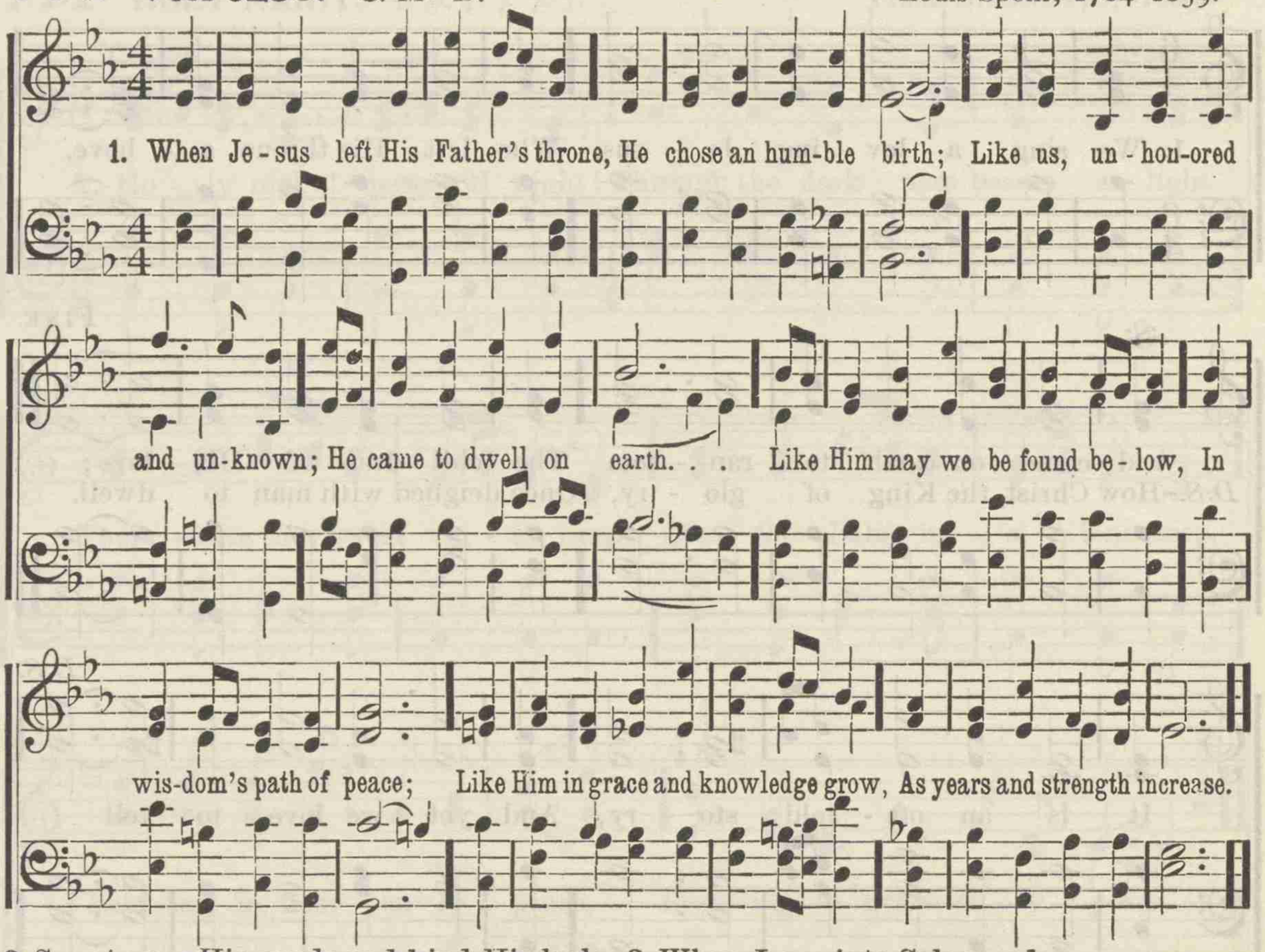
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

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

Rev. George R. Prynne, 1856.

774 VOX JESU. C. M. D.

Louis Spohr, 1784–1859.



2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we forever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

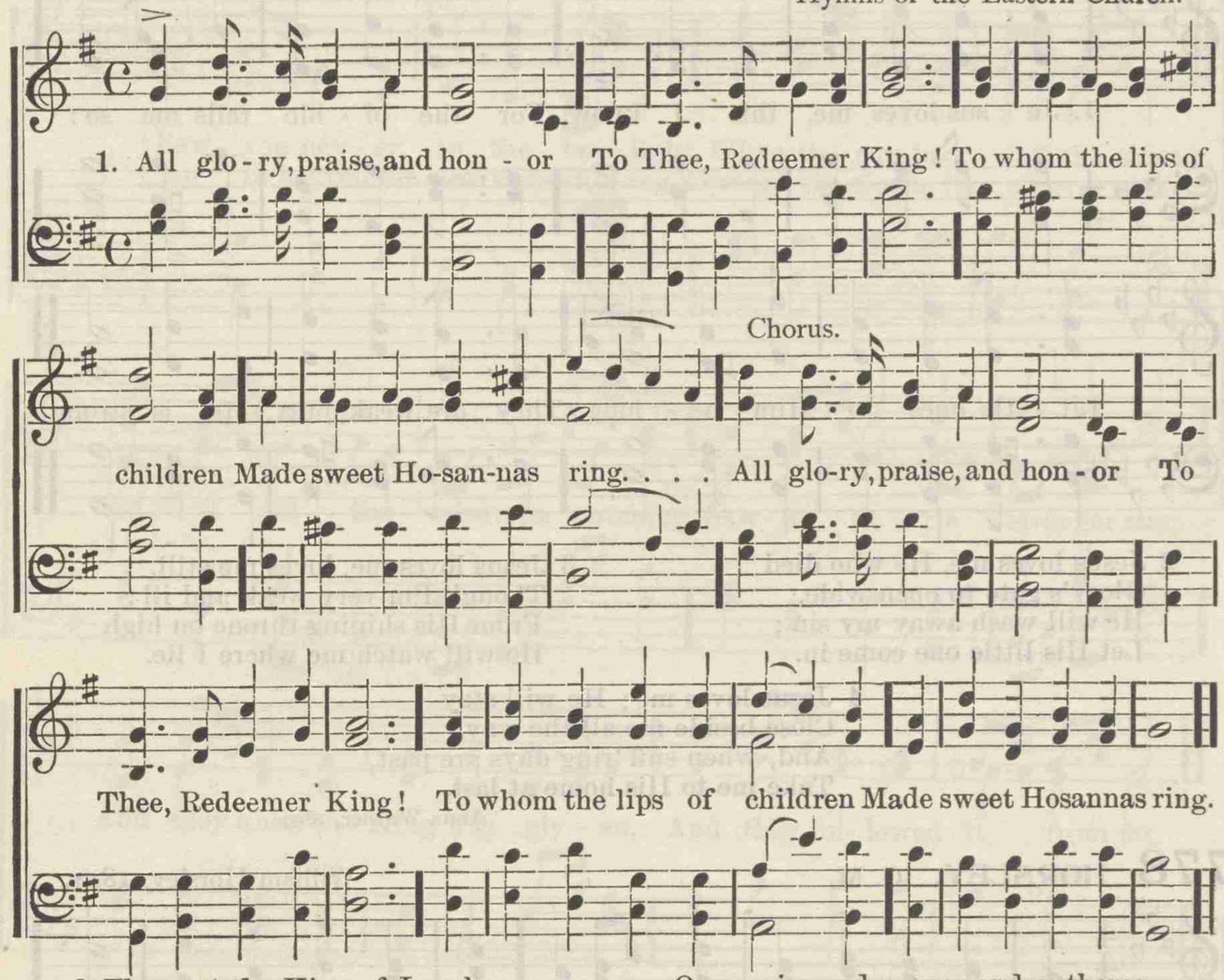
James Montgomery, 1816.

775 ITALIAN HYMN. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

F. de Giardini, 1769.
Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.

776 ALL GLORY, PRAISE, AND HONOR. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hymns of the Eastern Church.



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

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

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

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

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

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

775 ITALIAN HYMN. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

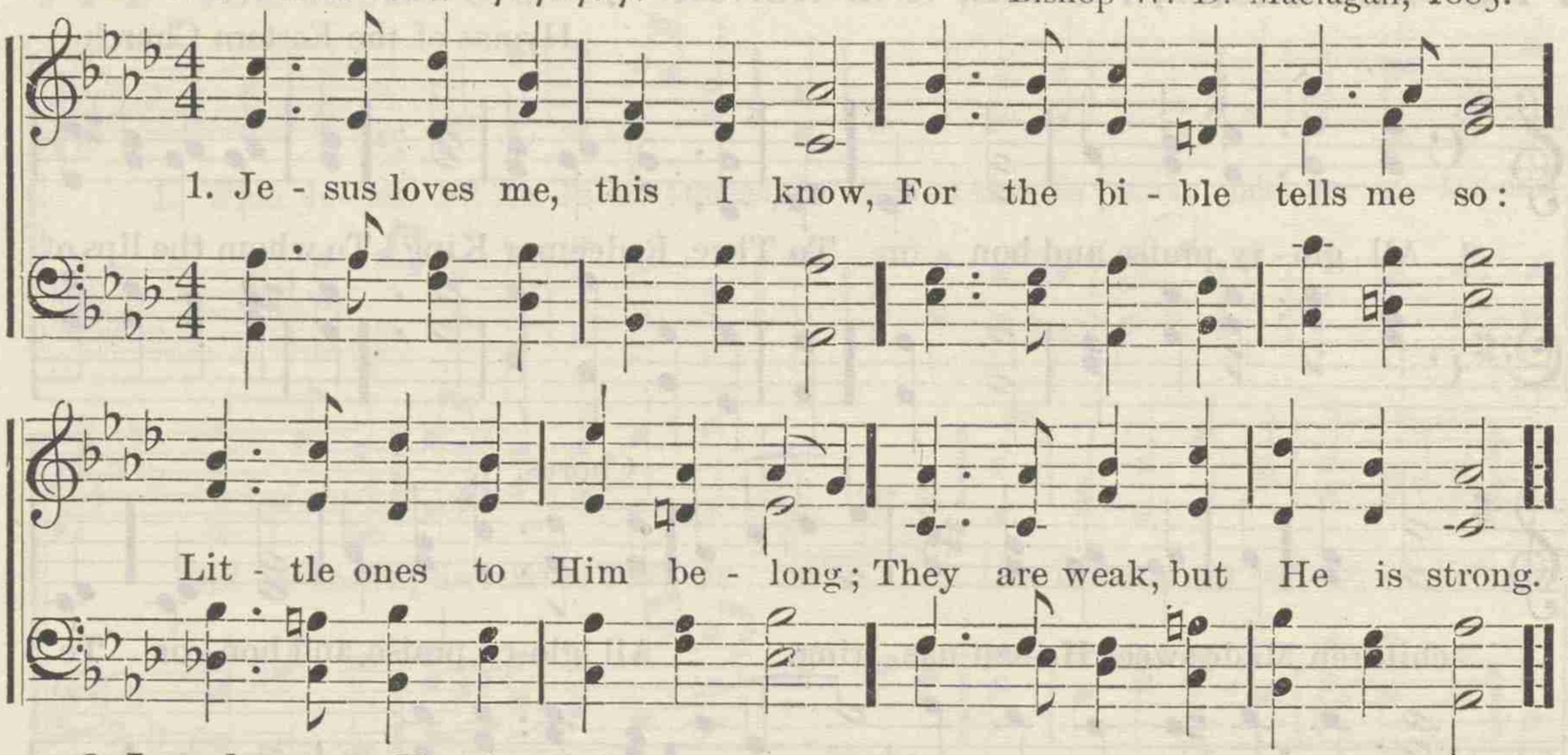
2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng,
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

Clemens Alexandrinus, before 217.
Tr. by Henry M. Dexter, 1846.

777 NEWINGTON. 7. 7. 7. 7. Bishop W. D. Maclagan, 1885.



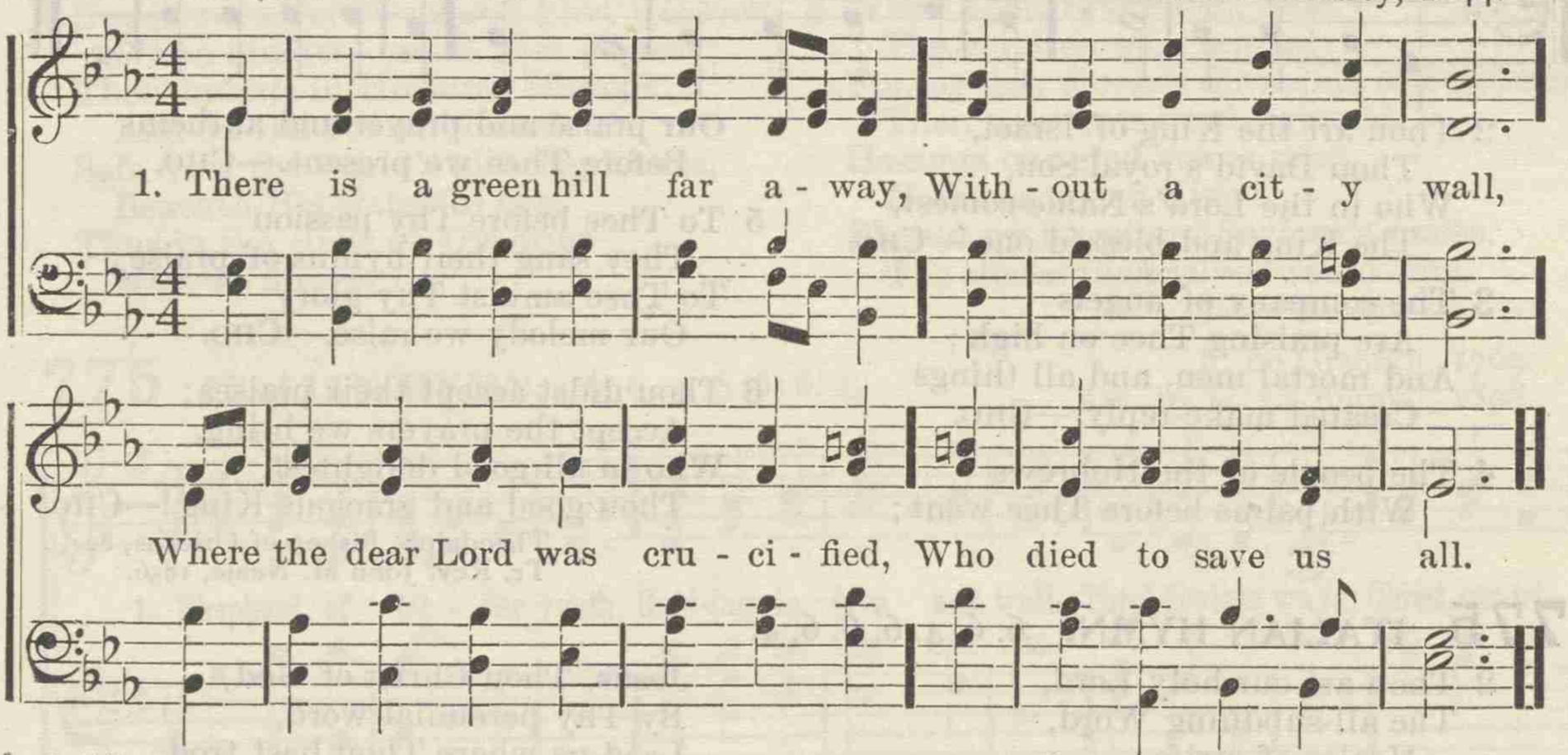
2 Jesus loves me, He who died
Glory's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin;
Let His little one come in.

3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
He will watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way,
And, when suff'ring days are past,
Take me to His home at last.

Anna Warner, 1859.

778 HORSLEY. C. M. William Horsley, 1844.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

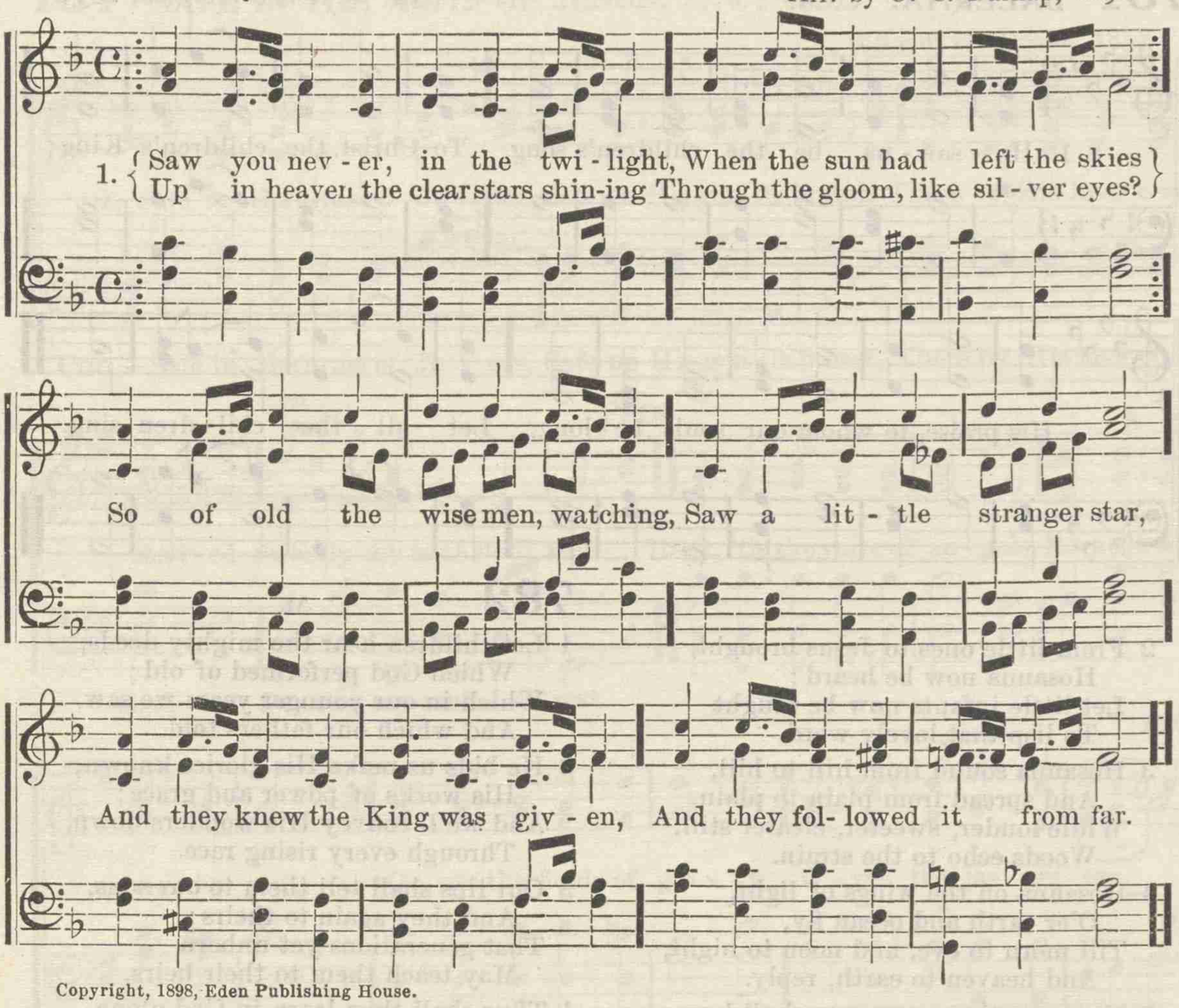
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848.

779 GREENVILLE. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712–1778.
Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And, we too, may seek His cradle;
There our heart's best treasure bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1853.

780 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear;
May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

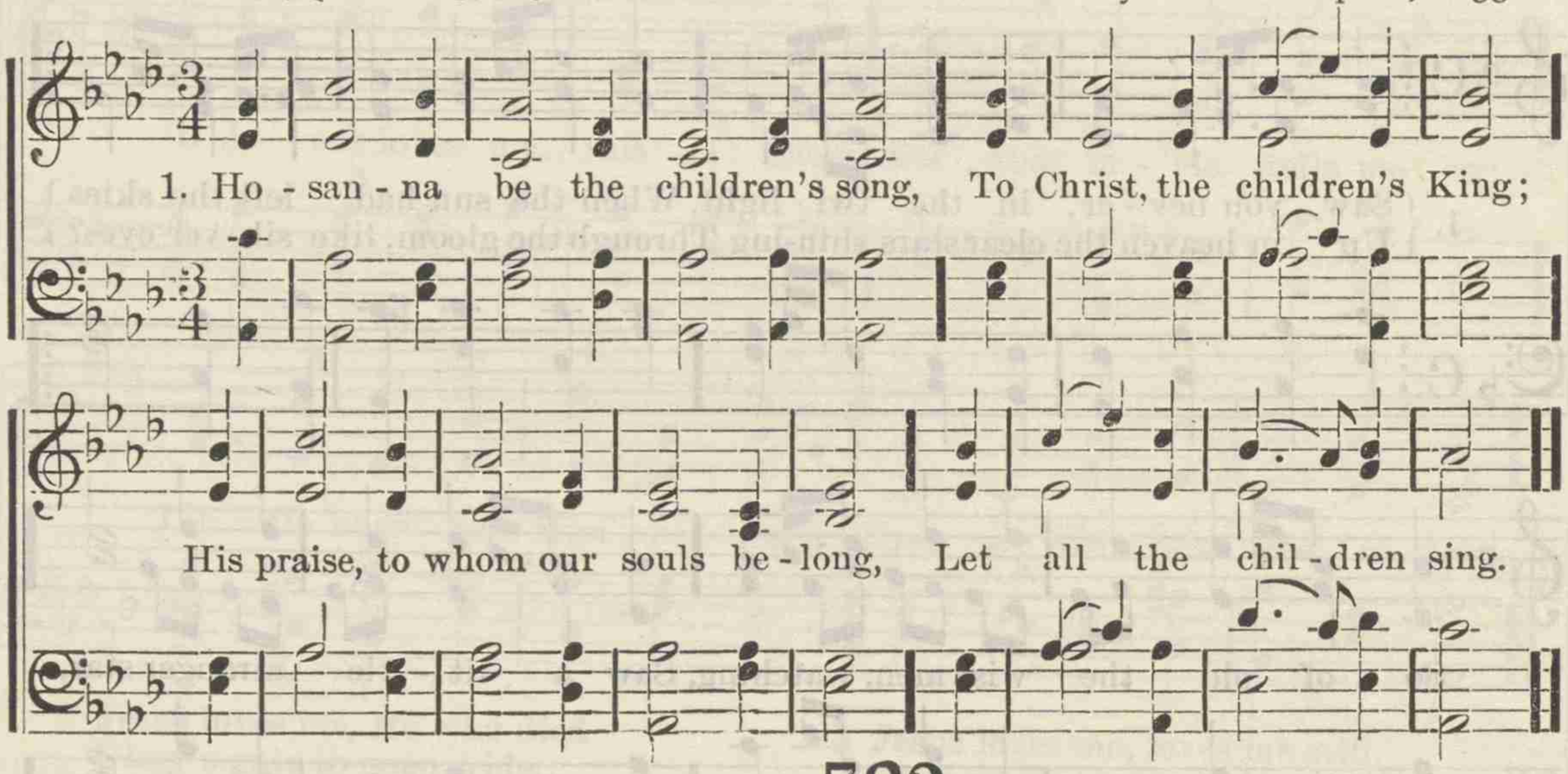
2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

781 BALERMA. C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833.



782 C. M.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be:
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's Jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

James Montgomery, 1820.

1 Let children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down,
Through every rising race.

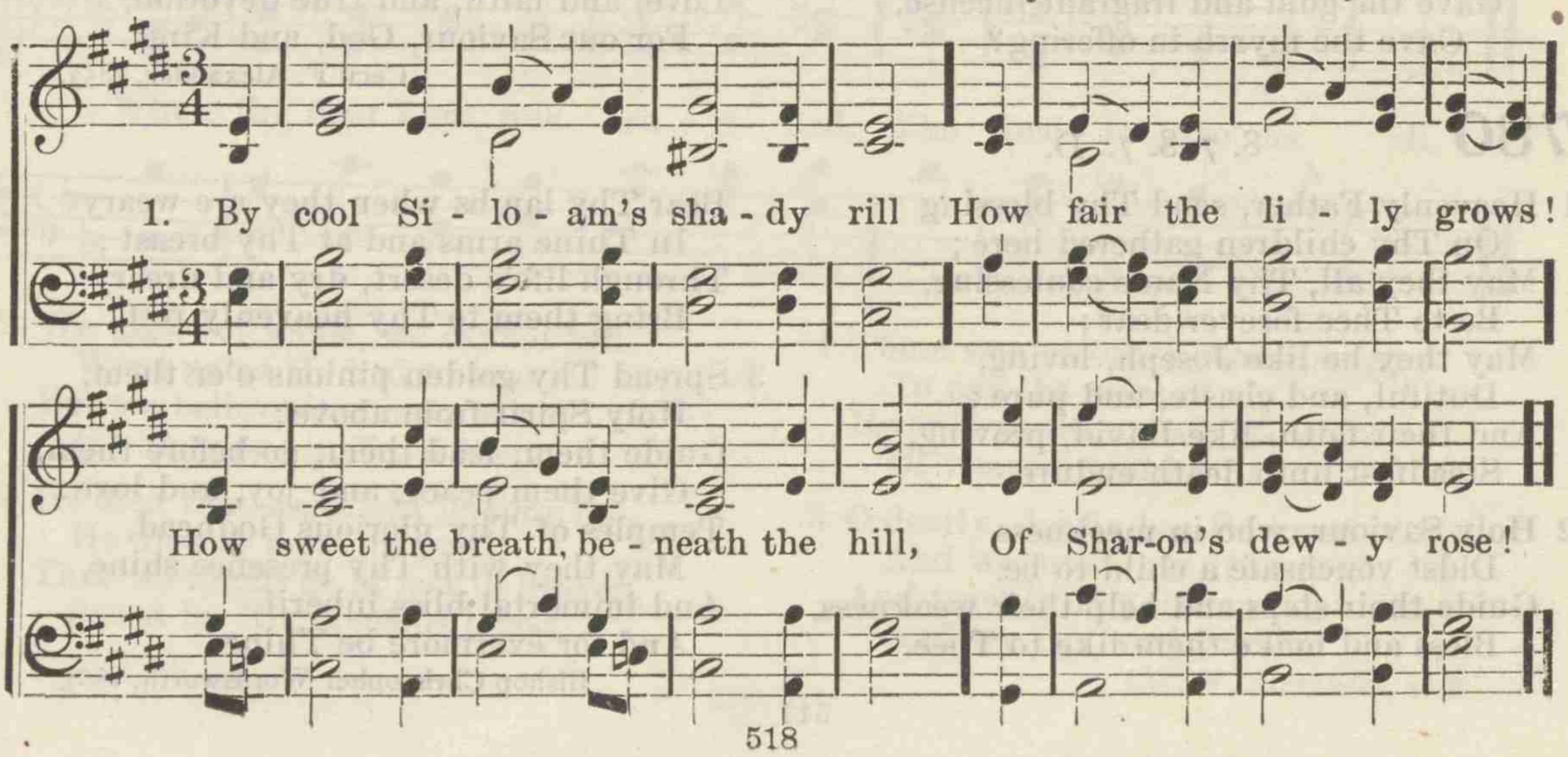
3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practice His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

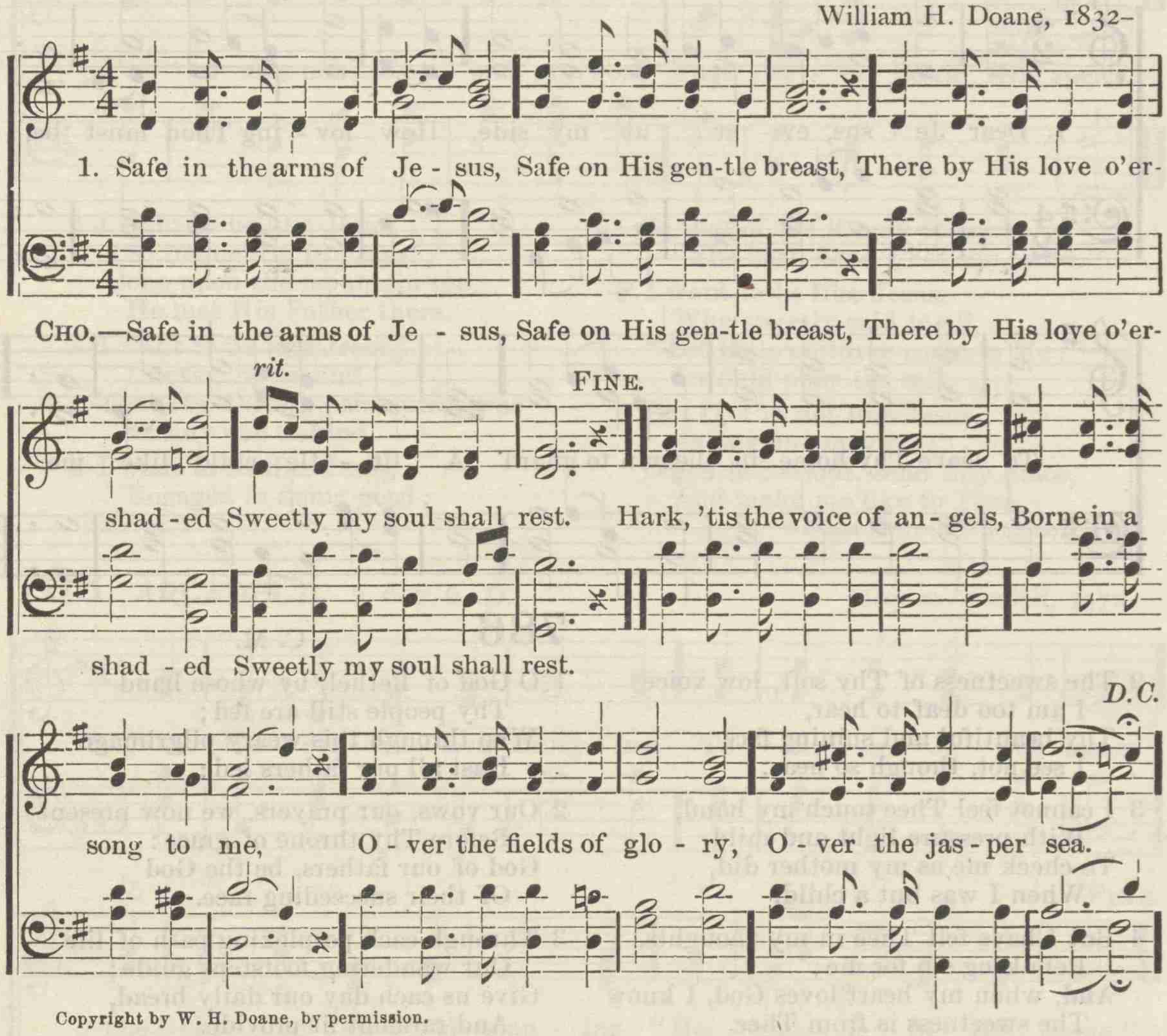
783 ROHRAU. C. M.

Johann Michael Haydn, 1760.



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

William H. Doane, 1832–



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

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

Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne, 1868.

783 ROHRAU. C. M.

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

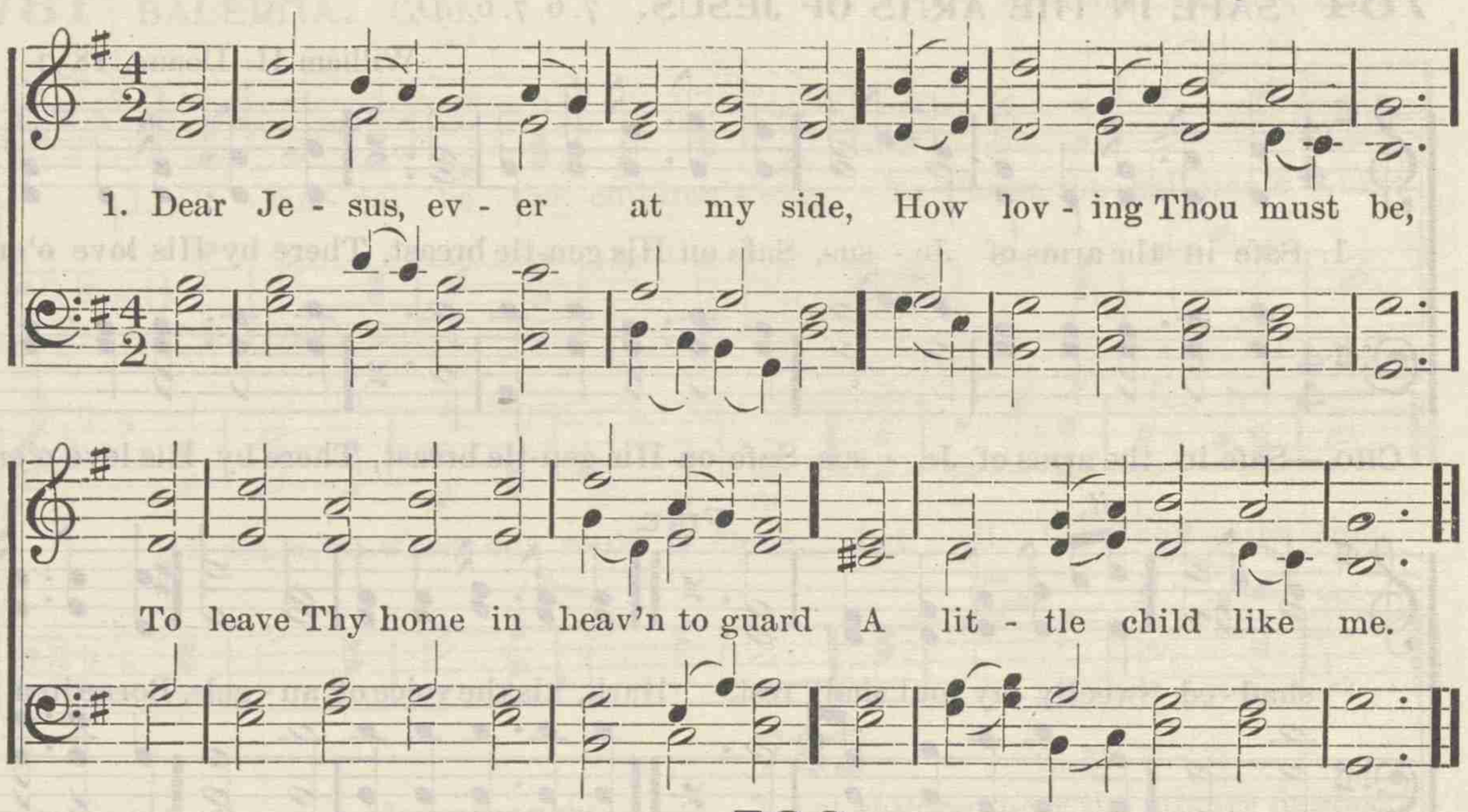
5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike Divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812.

785 ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

Rev. William Jones, 1784.



786 C. M.

2 The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear,
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near.

3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child.

4 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me, Thou art there.

6 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest, too;
Thy prayer is all for me:
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Rev. Frederick Faber, 1849, ab. and alt.

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

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

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

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

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our Portion evermore.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737.

787 ASPIRATION. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peace, 1890.

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

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

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

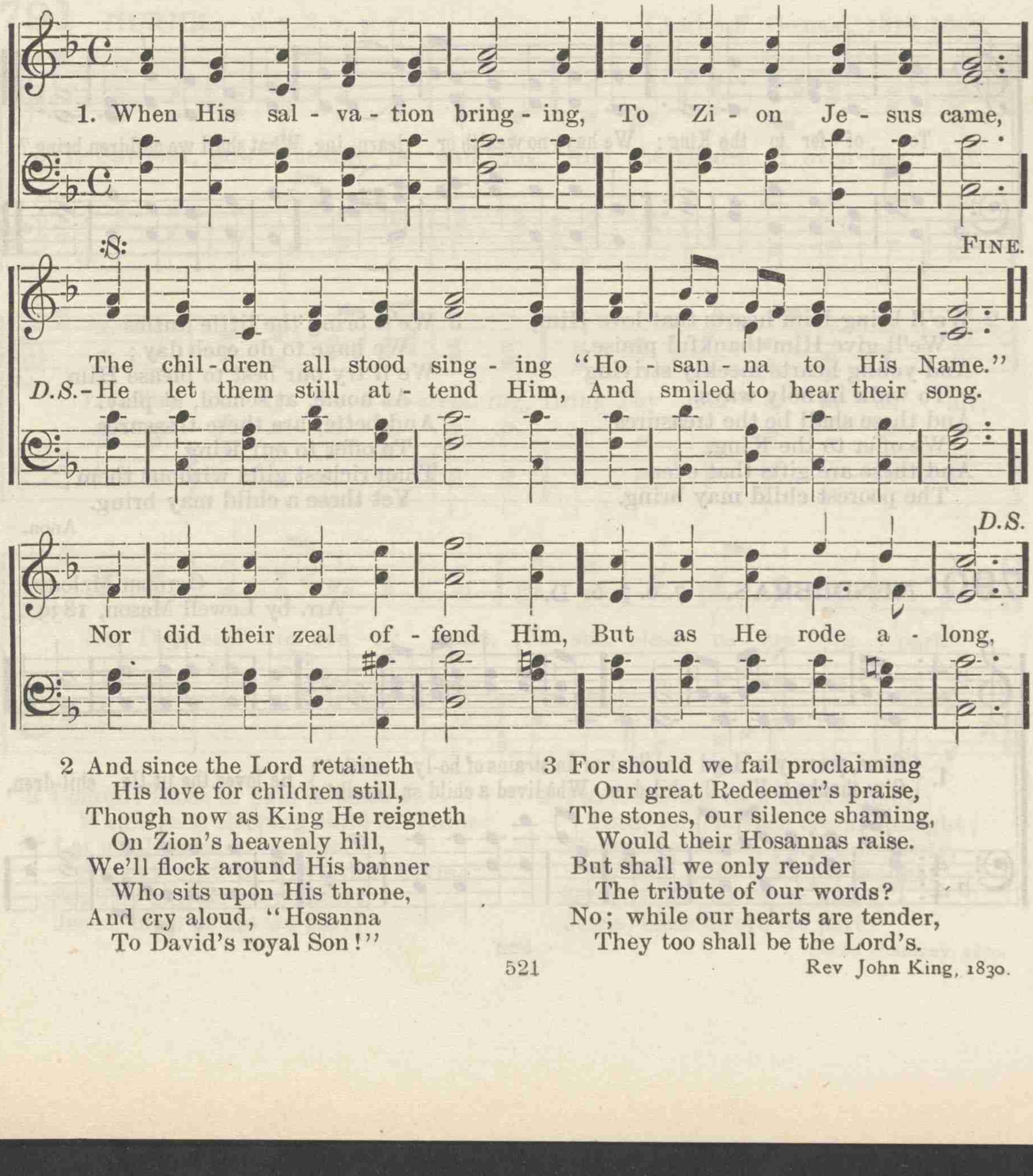
5 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me:"
I would obey the call.

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

William Meynell Whittemore, 1842.

788 ARCADELT. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Jacques Arcadelt, 1572.



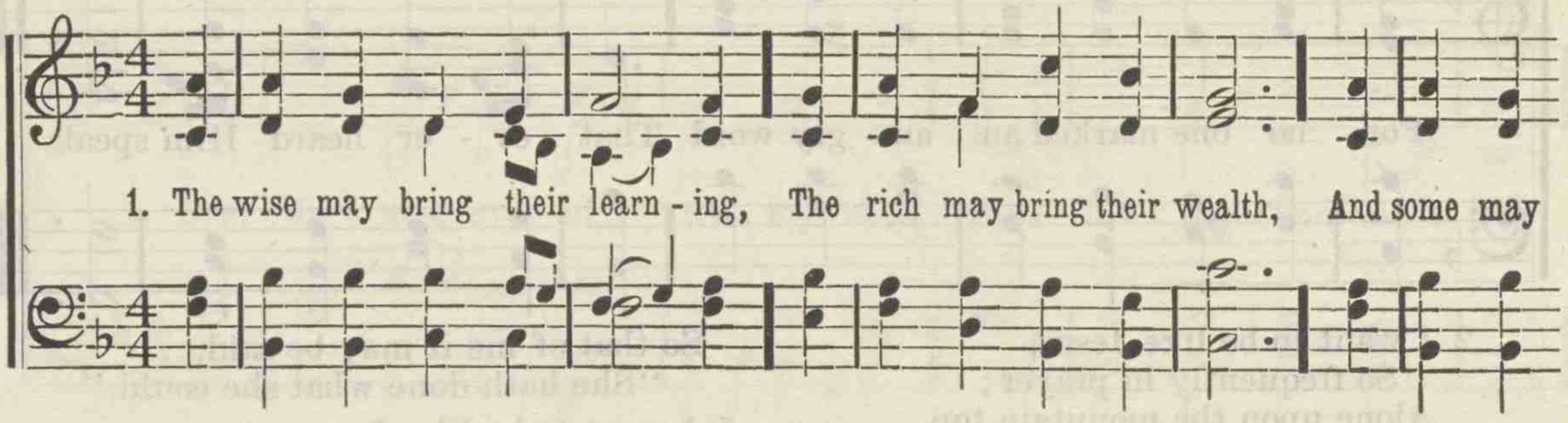
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

Rev John King, 1830.

789 MAGISTER. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.



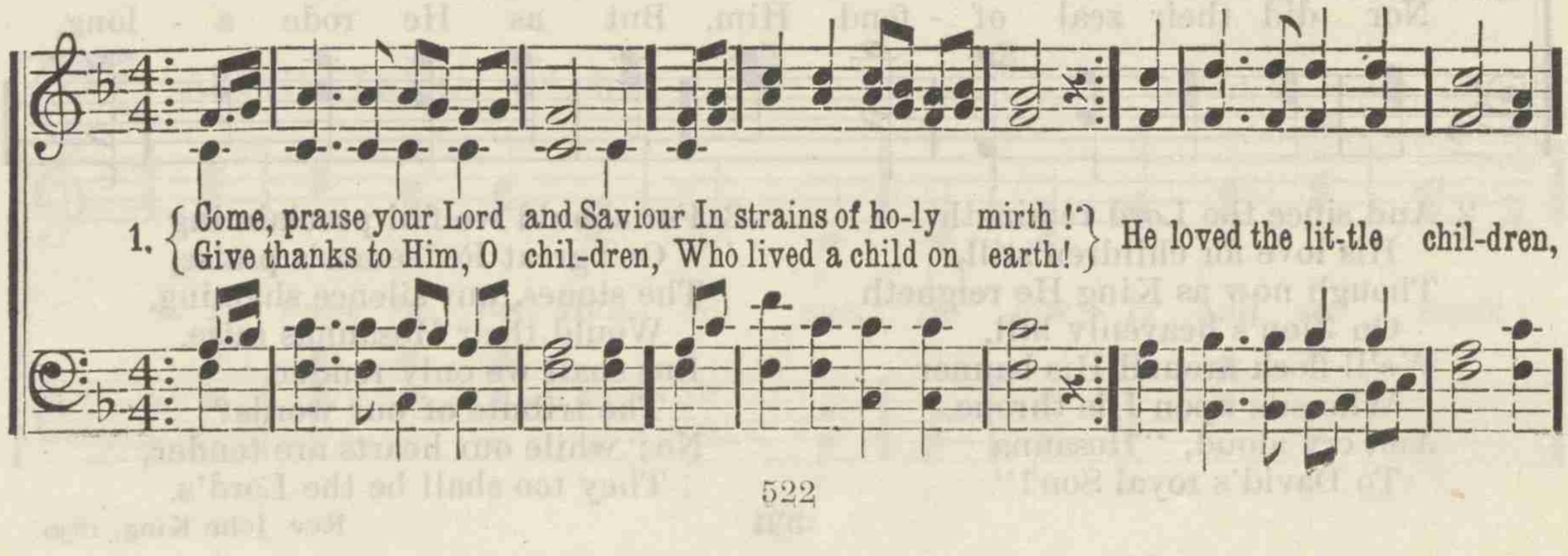
2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll give Him thankful praise,
And young hearts meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

Anon.

790 MENDEBRAS. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

German Melody.
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839.



(Or to Lausanne.)

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

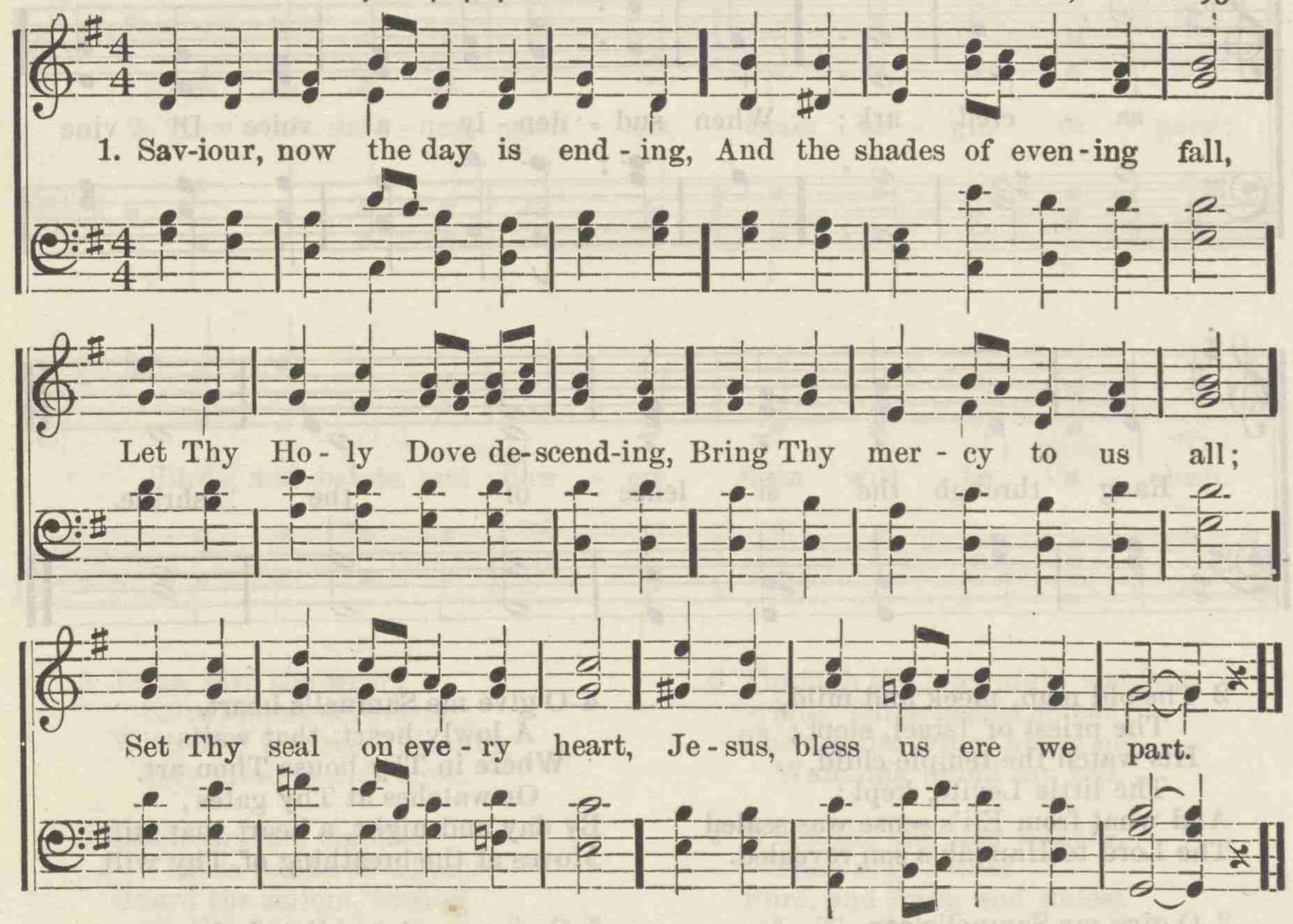
3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's son:
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
O give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

Bishop William W. How, 1872.

791 MURIEL. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Charles F. Gounod, 1818–1893.



2 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow,
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

3 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

Sarah Doudney, 1870.

792 SAMUEL. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

Rev. James D. Burns, 1857

793 REPOSE. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

794 DIX. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838.

2 Soldiers of the Cross, we stand,
Trusting in Thy powerful hand;
Rock of Strength, to Thee we fly!
Save us in adversity!
God of Power, etc.

3 Lasting are Thy mercies, Lord;
Truth eternal is Thy word;
Thou shalt reign on Zion's throne
There Thy glory shall be known.
God of Power, etc.

4 Songs of triumph we will sing
To the universal King;
Sound His mighty praise abroad;
Glory be to Israel's God!
God of Power, etc.

Anon.

795 POSEN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Georg C. Strattner, by J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705.

796 CULFORD. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867.

2 If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet Thee upward flies
Gladsome like the little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright
Till I learn to praise Thee right;
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

3 Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From the paths of virtue true
Let me never, never rove;
By Thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
Then an heir of life on high
Fearless I may live and die.

Anon, 1580, a

795 POSEN. 7. 7. 7. 7.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

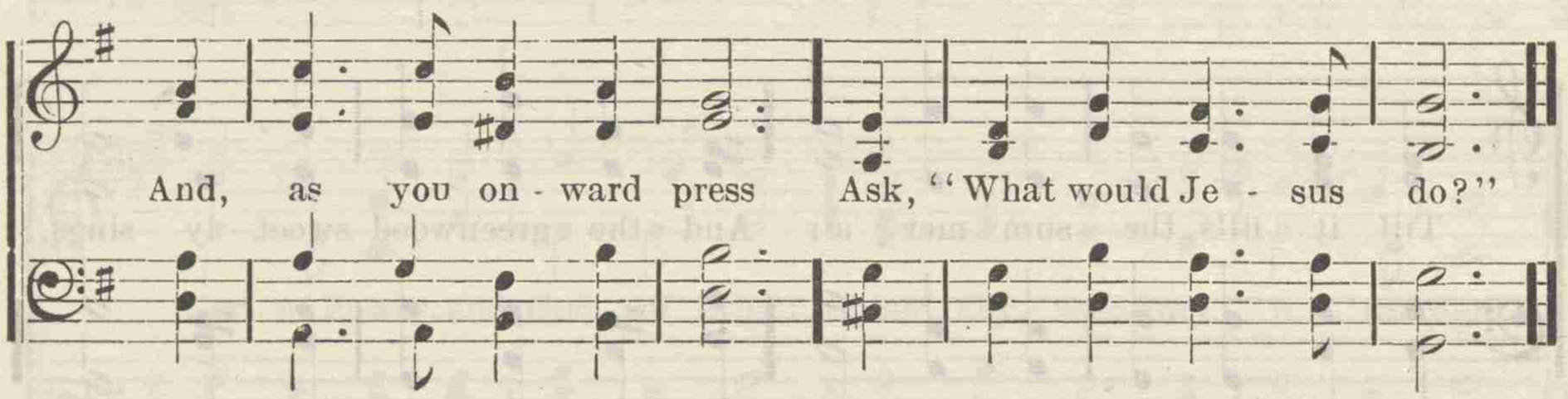
4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow;
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss?

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

Bishop William W. How, 1854.

797 HOWORTH. 6 6 6 6

Edward J. Hopkins. 1880.



2 With willing heart and hand
Your daily task pursue;
Work, for the day wears on;
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

3 Be gentle e'en when wronged,
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

4 Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue;
When fear would whisper, "yield,"
Ask, "What would Jesus do?"

5 Give, with a full, free hand—
God freely gives to you;
And check each selfish thought
With, "What would Jesus do?"

6 Then let the golden thread
Woven your life-work through,
Reflecting heaven's own light
Be, "What would Jesus do?"

M. C. W., 1870.

798 CHILD SERVICE. 7. 6. 8. 8. 6.

H. Elliot Button, 1870.

799 NINIA. 11. 11 With Refrain.

Arthur H Mann, 1890.

Refrain.

2 If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer;
For He loves me dearly, and my sins did bear.—REF.

3 If I come to Jesus, He will take my hand;
He will kindly lead me, to a better land.—REF.

4 There with happy children, robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour in that world so bright.—REF.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868

798 CHILD SERVICE. 7. 6. 8. 8. 6.

2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say—
Such grace to mine be given.

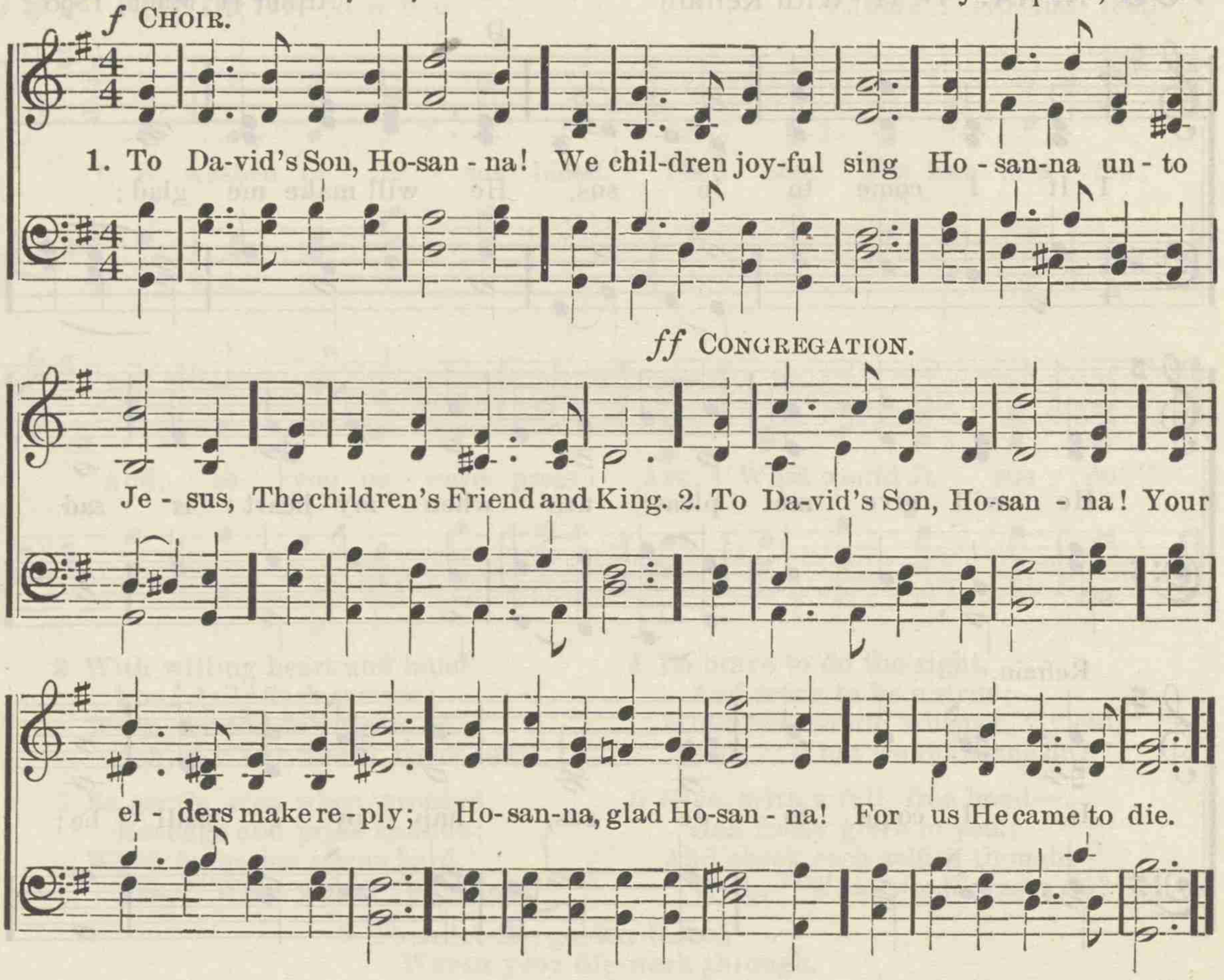
3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given.

4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust our Saviour Friend
Such grace to mine be given.

Farin, 1865.

800 HOSANNA. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1880.



Ch. 3 Hosanna sing to Jesus!
He was Himself a child;
He shared our childish sorrows,
So patient, holy, mild.

Cong. 4 Hosanna sing to Jesus!
He shared our manhood's grief;
He knows our cares and conflicts;
Our Brother gives relief.

Ch. 5 Hosanna sing to Jesus!
The children still He takes
Up in His arms and blesses;
He loves and ne'er forsakes.

Cong. 6 Hosanna sing to Jesus!
The youthful and the old,
And those who long have wandered,
He welcomes to the fold.

Ch. 7 Hosanna, loud Hosanna,
To Christ the Children's King!
We'll honor and obey Him,
And youthful tribute bring.

Cong. 8 Hosanna, loud Hosanna!
Men, women, swell the strain;
O'er all our thoughts and actions,
Lord Jesus, ever reign.

Ch. 9 Hosanna, glad Hosanna!
Our youthful voices raise;
Hosanna, Jesus, Saviour,
Accept our feeble praise.

Cong. 10 Hosanna, glad Hosanna!
Our older voices blend
Hosanna with the children;
We'll praise Thee without end.

Ch. and Cong.

11 Praise Him, ye men and maidens;
Ye fathers, mothers raise
Hosanna unto Jesus,
And swell the children's praise.

12 Both now and through the ages,
In earth and highest heaven,
Hosanna, glad Hosanna,
By all to Thee be given.

Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, 1876.

801 LITTLE WORKERS. 5. 6. 6. 5. 9.

Myles B. Foster, 1880.

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

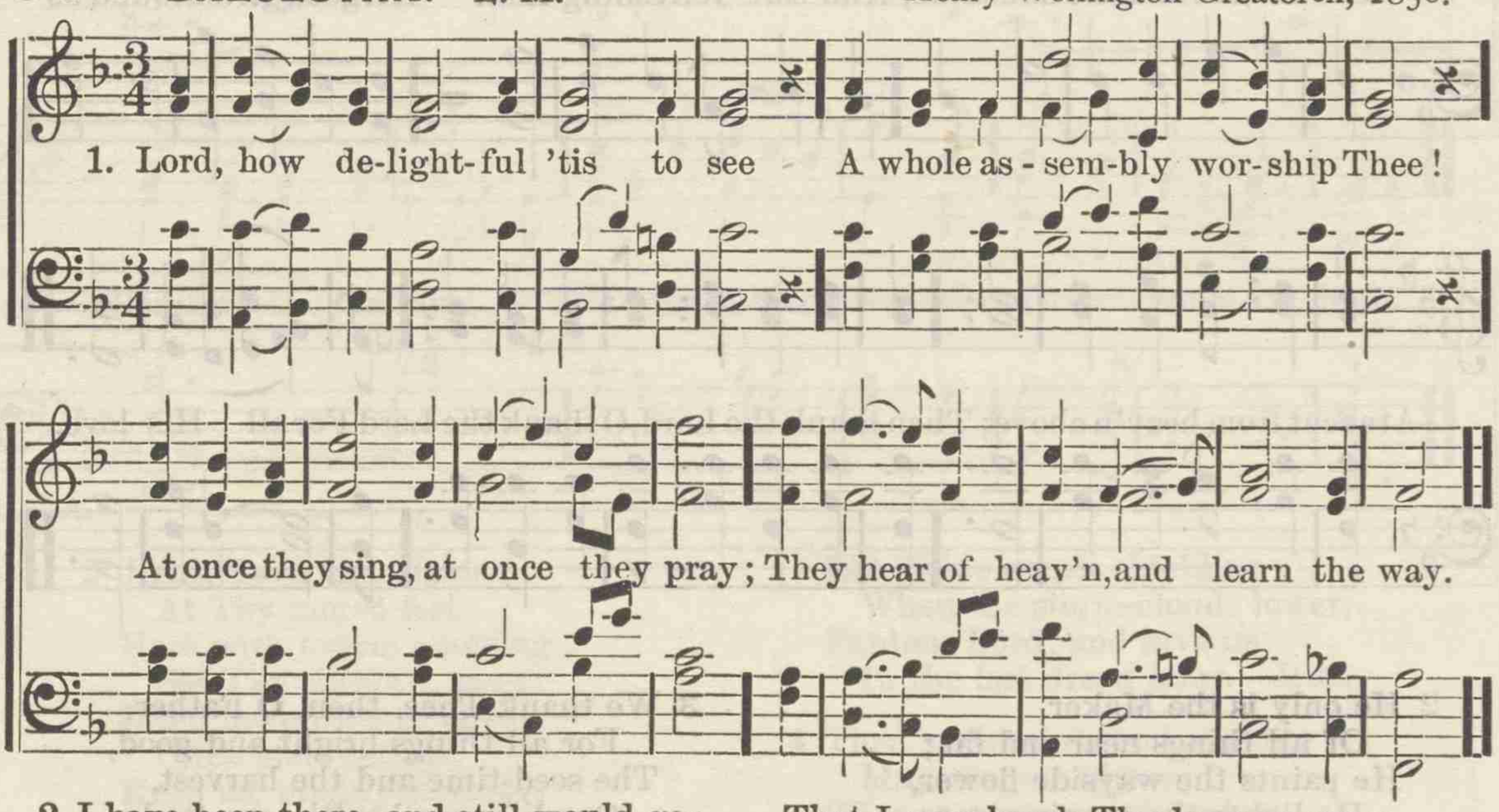
3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the nickles we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

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

Anon.

802 BALCLUTHA. L. M.

Henry Wellington Greatorex, 1856.



2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below,
No pleasures can the world display
To tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word!
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things Divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1715.

803 WIR PFLÜGEN. 7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain.

Johann A. P. Schulz, 1747–1800.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

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

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

804 THERESA. 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain. Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—REF.

Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter, 1860.

805 GLORY. C. M. With Refrain. Anon.

Refrain.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.—REF.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there?—REF.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.—REF.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.—REF.

6 And is the fountain flowing yet?
Blest Saviour, lead us there;
That we those happy ones may meet
And in their praises share.—REF.

Anne H. Shepherd, 1835.

806 REJOICING. 7. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7. Anon.

2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And join with saints above.
O that will be joyful, etc.

3 Little children will be there;
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every Sunday School.
O that will be joyful, etc.

4 Teachers, too, shall meet above,
And our pastors, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
O that will be joyful, etc.

5 O how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.
O that will be joyful, etc.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ, the Lord.
O that will be joyful, etc.

Thomas Bilby, 1831.

807 HAPPY LAND. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 7. 6. 4.

Anon.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die
On then to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

Andrew Young, 1843.

808 CHRISTIAN VICTORS. Irregular.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869.

:S:

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

His *1st two verses.* | *last verse only.*

ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,
3. And the choir of an-gels with song a-waits
4. Then onward we march, our arms to prove,

His arm spread

With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar-mies of night
Our hel - met His sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry,
Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has bro-ken the bra - zen gates,
With the ban - ner of Christ be - fore us, With His eye of love looking down from a - bove,

D.S.

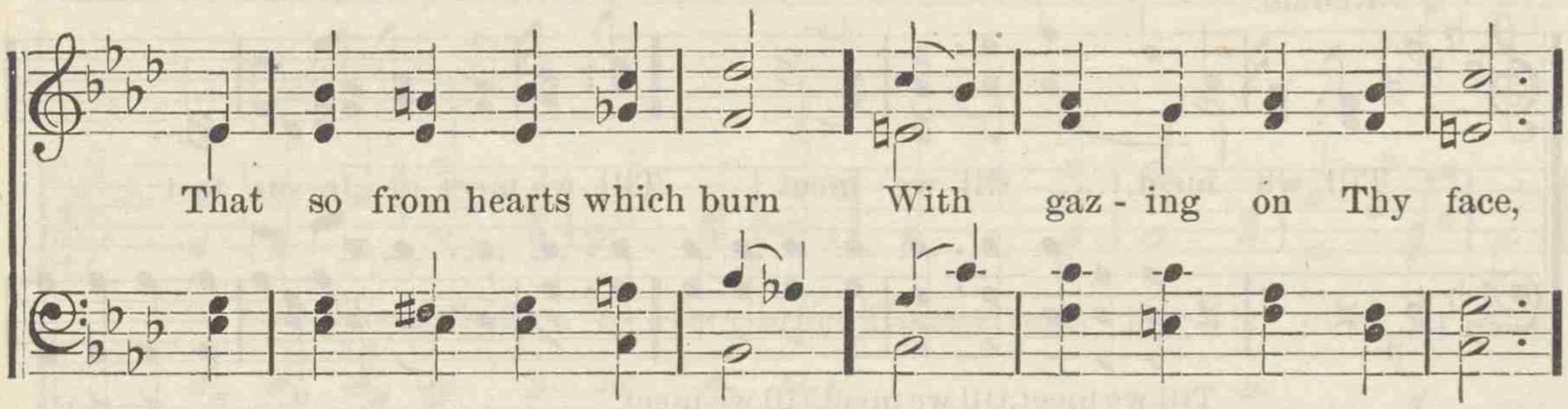
That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watchword—the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword—the In - car - na - tion.
And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

We

Rev. Gerard Moultrie, 1799-1874.

809 BLESSED HOME. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Sir John Stainer, 1875



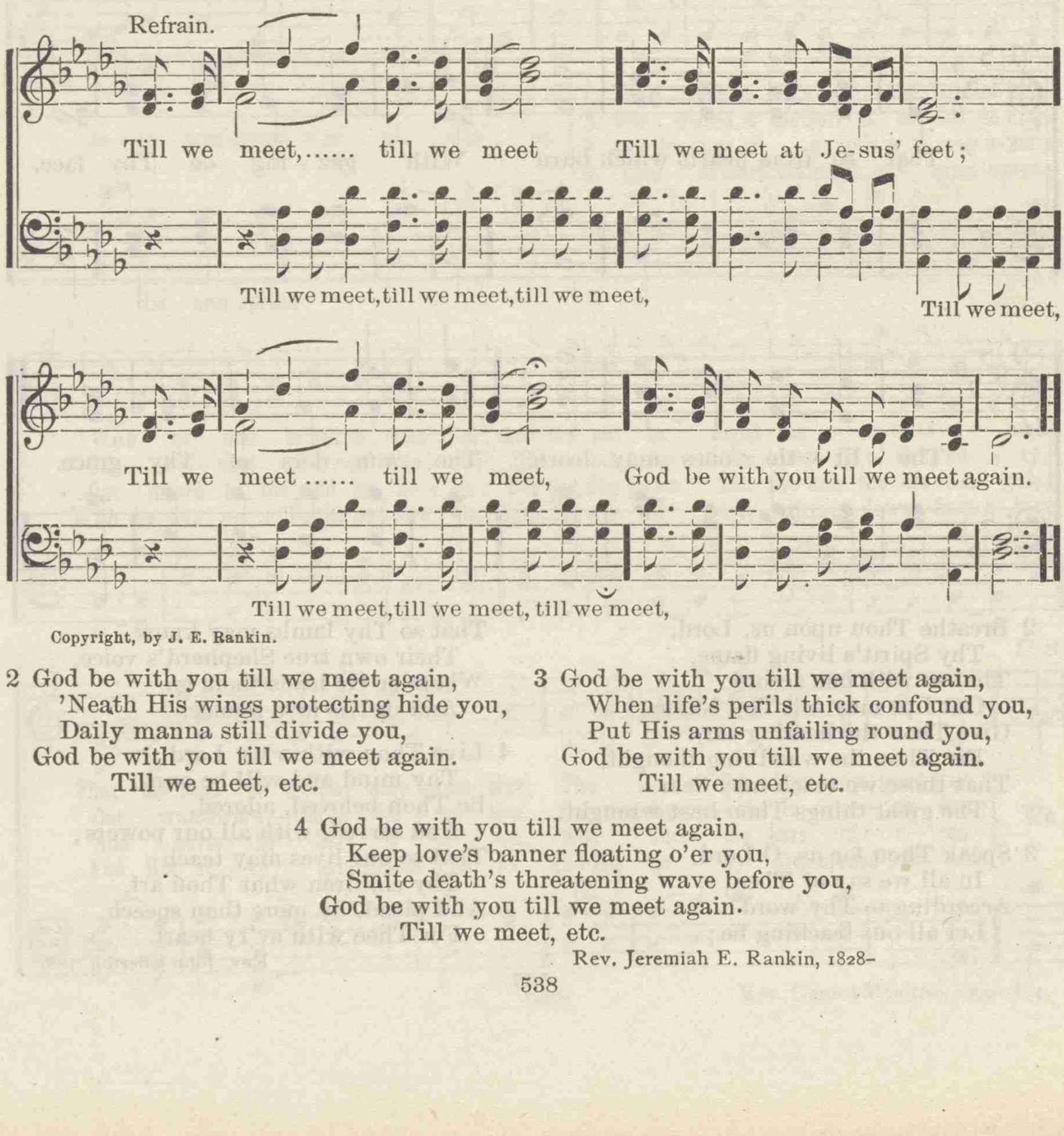
2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wand'ring thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with ev'ry heart.

Rev. John Ellerton 1881.

810 GOD BE WITH YOU. 9. 8. 8. 9. With Refrain. W. G. Tomer, 1895.



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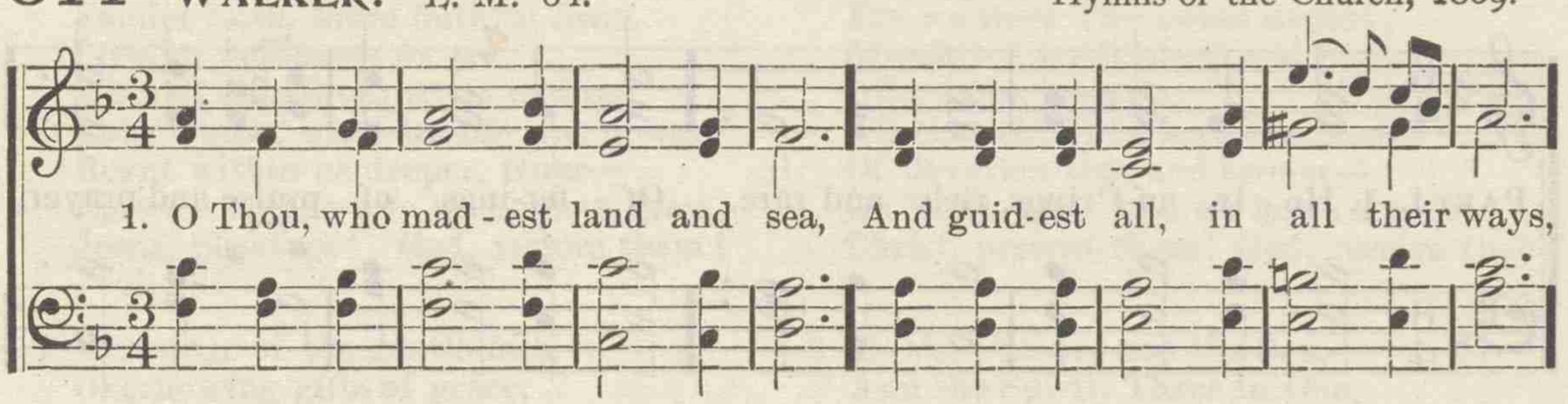
2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1828–

811 WALKER. L. M. 61. Hymns of the Church, 1869.



(Or to Melita.)

2 Great God, who with a Father's love
Dost watch o'er all created things,
And gath'rest all, below, above,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings;
Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,
And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,
Thy list'ning ear doth heed on high,
And hearken to the raven's call;
Then, heav'nly Father, hear and bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

4 Come, heav'nly Father, come to-day,
For we Thy children come to Thee,
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,
If come we in humility;
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

5 Cast forth upon the barren strand
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly;
In faith and hope, we fain would stand
Beneath Thy shelt'ring arm for aye;
Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

6 And may we all with joyful mind
Our hearts as living off'rings bring,
The first-fruits of our life, to find
A Father in our heav'nly King;
And learn in life and death to bless
Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1881.

812 HOLY OFFERINGS. 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. 8. 8. Richard Redhead, 1870.

PART II.

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long witheld, we now restore them
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them,
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

PART III.

4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,
Put for conscience' sake aside;
Lawful luxury foregone
To relieve some little one
Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
And for His dear love attended—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

5 Loveless life and joyless mood,
Chill of cold ingratitude,
When the world doth Christ betray
Following too far away,
Sins which in the daily trial
Lead too often to denial,
Help, O help us to outlive them:
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

PART IV.

6 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them,
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

7 Beamings of the gentle face,
Overflowing gifts of grace,
More of that deep consciousness
Of a changeless will to bless,
Which bestows the best assurance
Of Eternal Love's endurance—
Lost too often, we deplore them;
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

PART V.

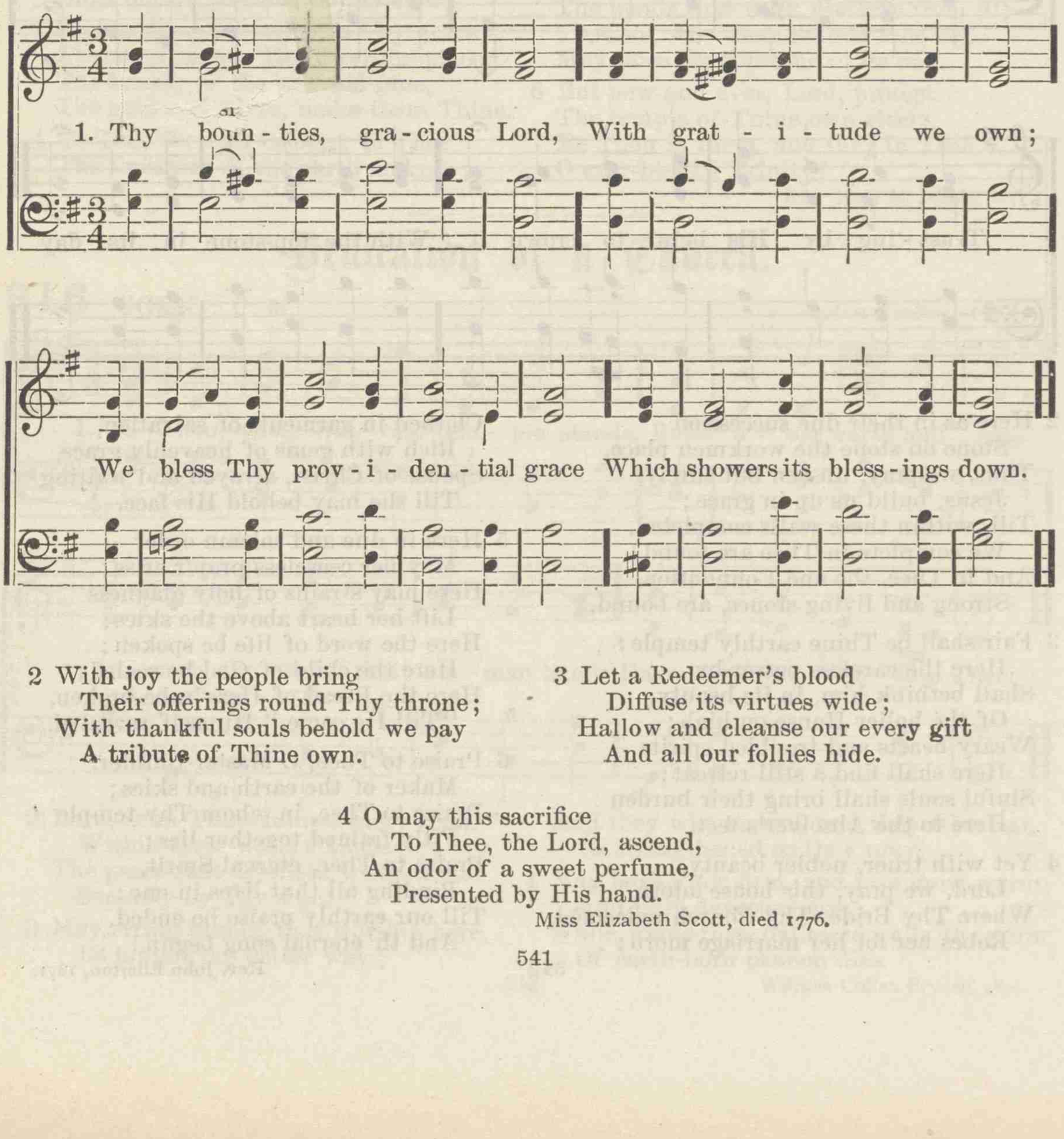
8 Homage of each humble heart
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them

9 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, holy! holy! holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1867.

813 WOOLWICH. S. M.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876.



2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round Thy throne;
With thankful souls behold we pay
A tribute of Thine own.

3 Let a Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide;
Hallow and cleanse our every gift
And all our follies hide.

4 O may this sacrifice
To Thee, the Lord, ascend,
An odor of a sweet perfume,
Presented by His hand.

Miss Elizabeth Scott, died 1776.

Laying a Corner Stone.

814 DULCE CARMEN. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Christian Gregor, 1784.
Arr. by Ernst I. Erbe, 1895.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesus, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier House on high;
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

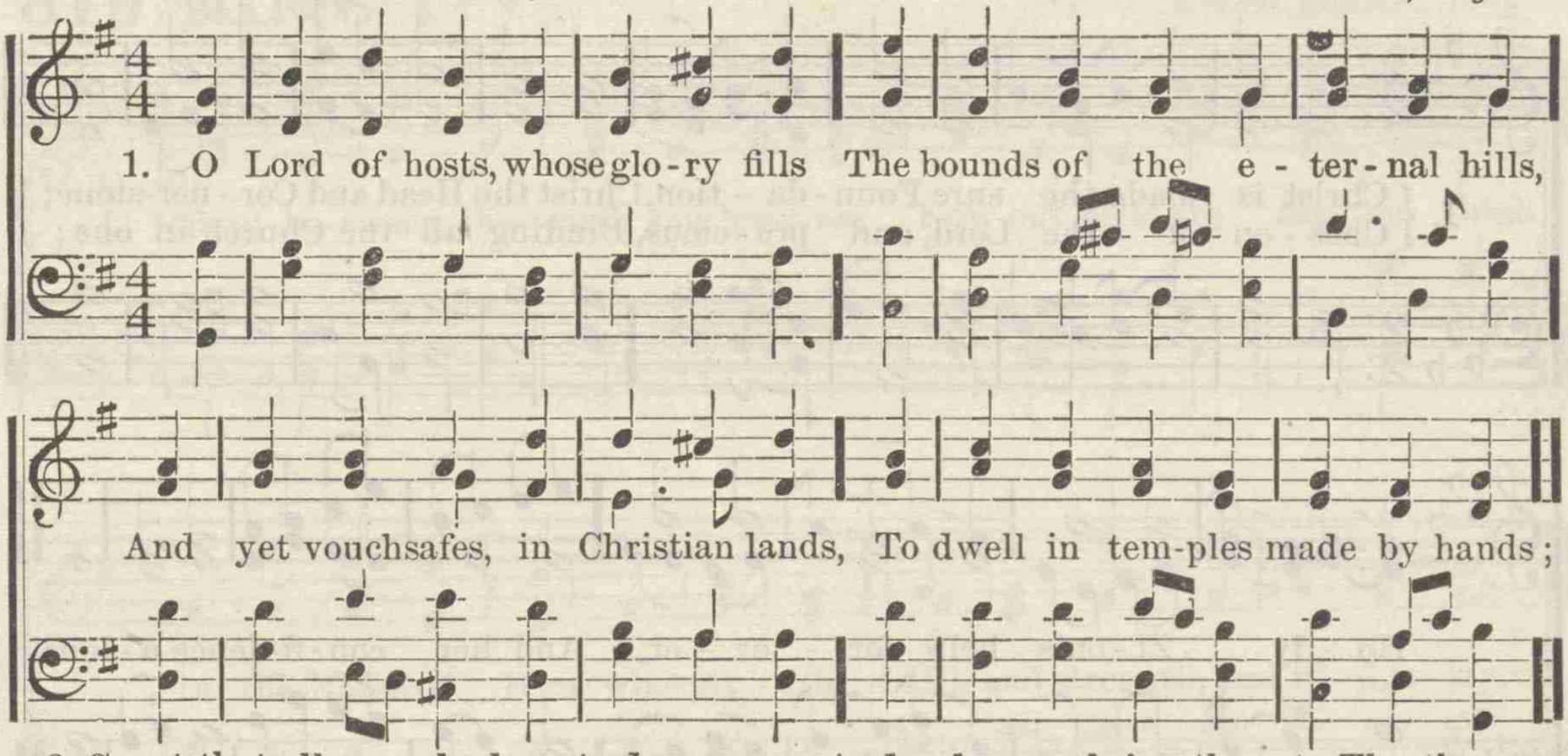
4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
Robes her for her marriage morn;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His face.

5 Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless pray'r arise;
Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken;
Here the child of God be sealed;
Here the Bread of Heav'n be broken,
"Till He come," Himself revealed.

6 Praise to Thee, O Master-Builder,
Maker of the earth and skies;
Praise to Thee, in whom Thy temple
Fitly framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one:
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And th' eternal song begun!

Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

815 **CANTIONALE.** L. M. Gotha, 1651.



2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And, when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

6 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

Rev. John M. Neale, 1844.

Dedication of a Church.

816 **YORK.** C. M. Scotch Psalter, 1615.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

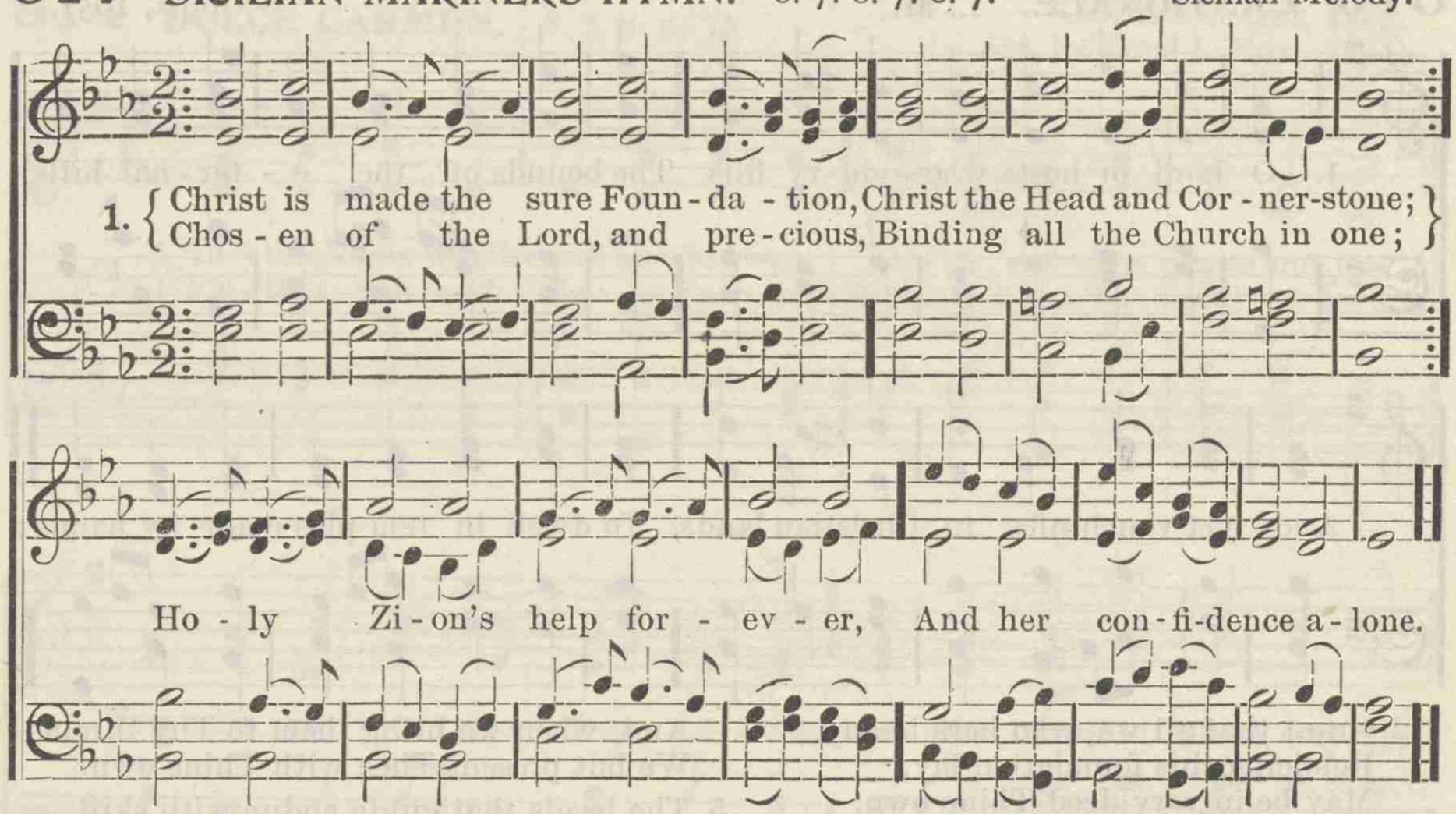
3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant, 1820.

817 SICILIAN MARINERS HYMN. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Sicilian Melody.



2 All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adorning
In glad hymns eternally;

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

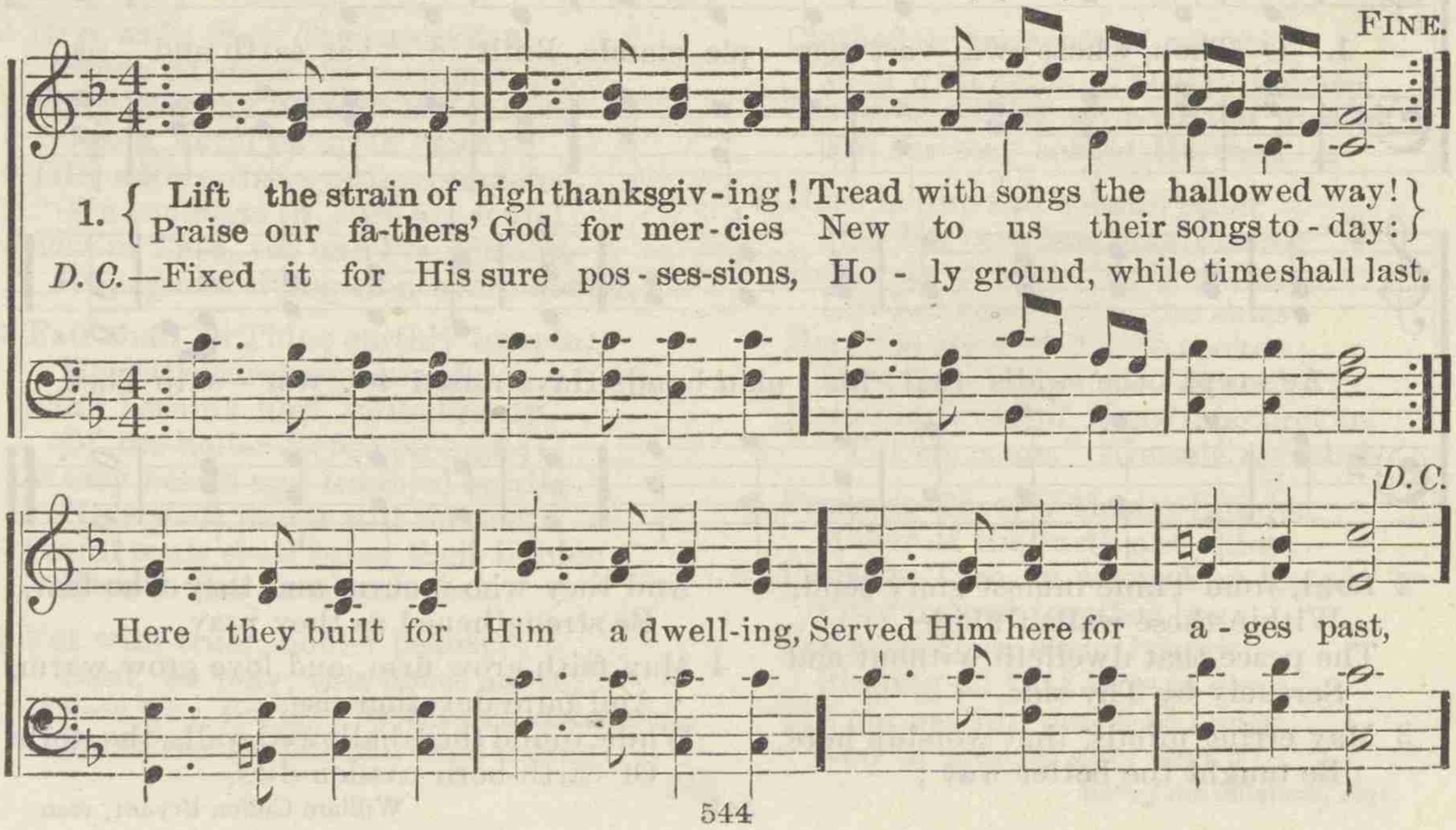
4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee forever
With the blessed to retain
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. Latin, 7th Century
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851, alt.

Restoration of a Church.

818 EMERALD. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

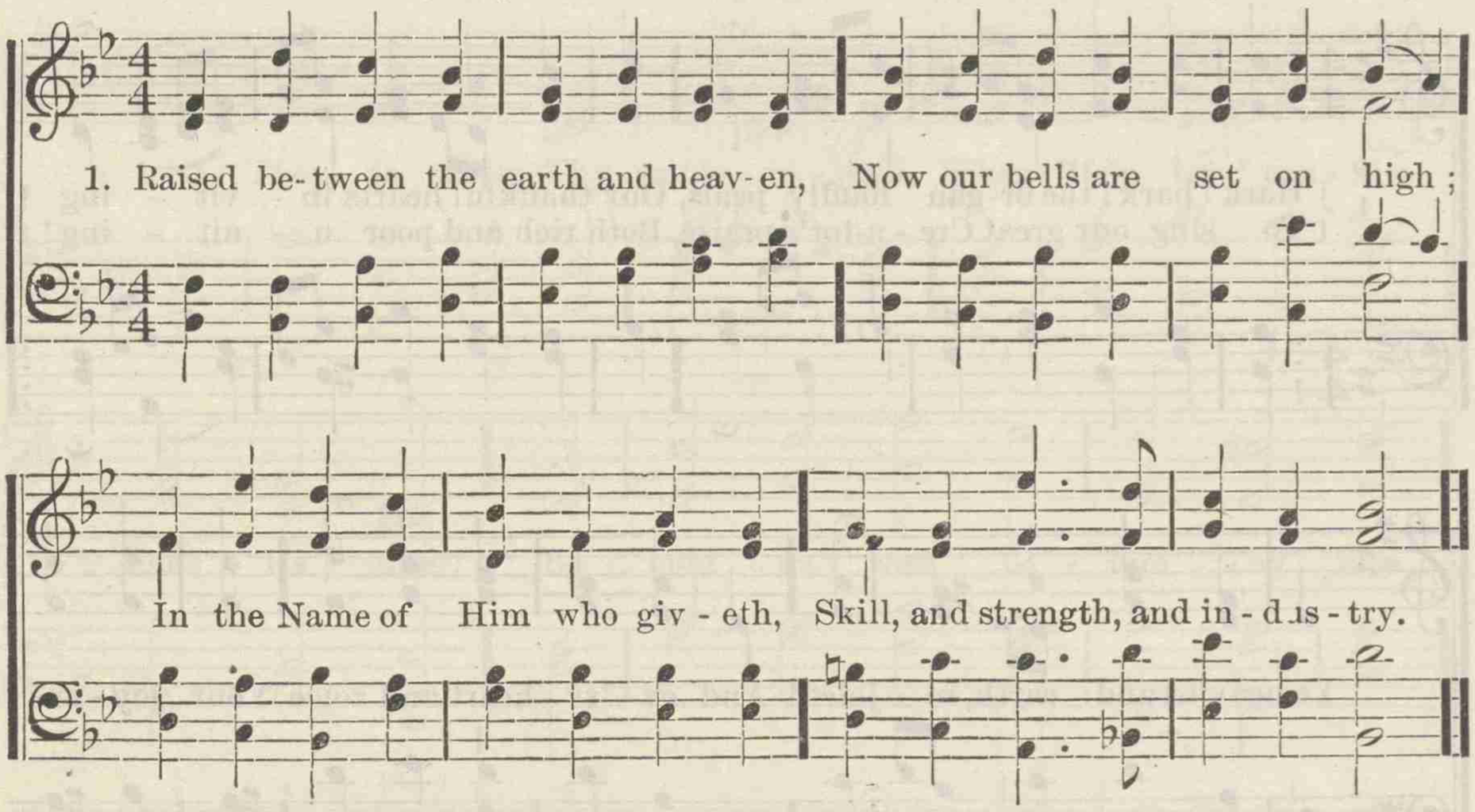
Wolfgang A. Mozart, 1756–1791.
Arr. by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1822.



Dedication of Church Bells.

819 BELFRY. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Robert Jackson, 1885.



2 For His praise we meekly lay them
As a gift beneath His throne;
All their sweet and noblest music
Shall resound for Him alone.

3 Faithful men afar shall listen,
'Mid their daily toil or rest,
While the melody shall bid them
Love the Church where all are blest.

4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,
Shall be signed with joyful peal;
And the music from the steeple
Shall our faith and love reveal.

5 They who languish, sick and lonely,
Shall be minded, as they sigh,
Of the Church's one communion,
God's true home and family.

6 When the spirits of the faithful
Pass away to light and peace;
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,
Soon our life and work must cease.

7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,
Pealing forth in grand accord,
List our hearts through joy and sorrow
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.

Rev. W. B. Smith, 1882.

818 EMERALD. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

2 When the years had wrought their changes
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought of this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode;
Heard our pray'r's, and helped our counsels
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

3 Ent'ring then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:
"Rise into Thy place of resting,
Show Thy promised presence there!"
Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Zion's height,
"This shall be My rest forever,
This My dwelling of delight."

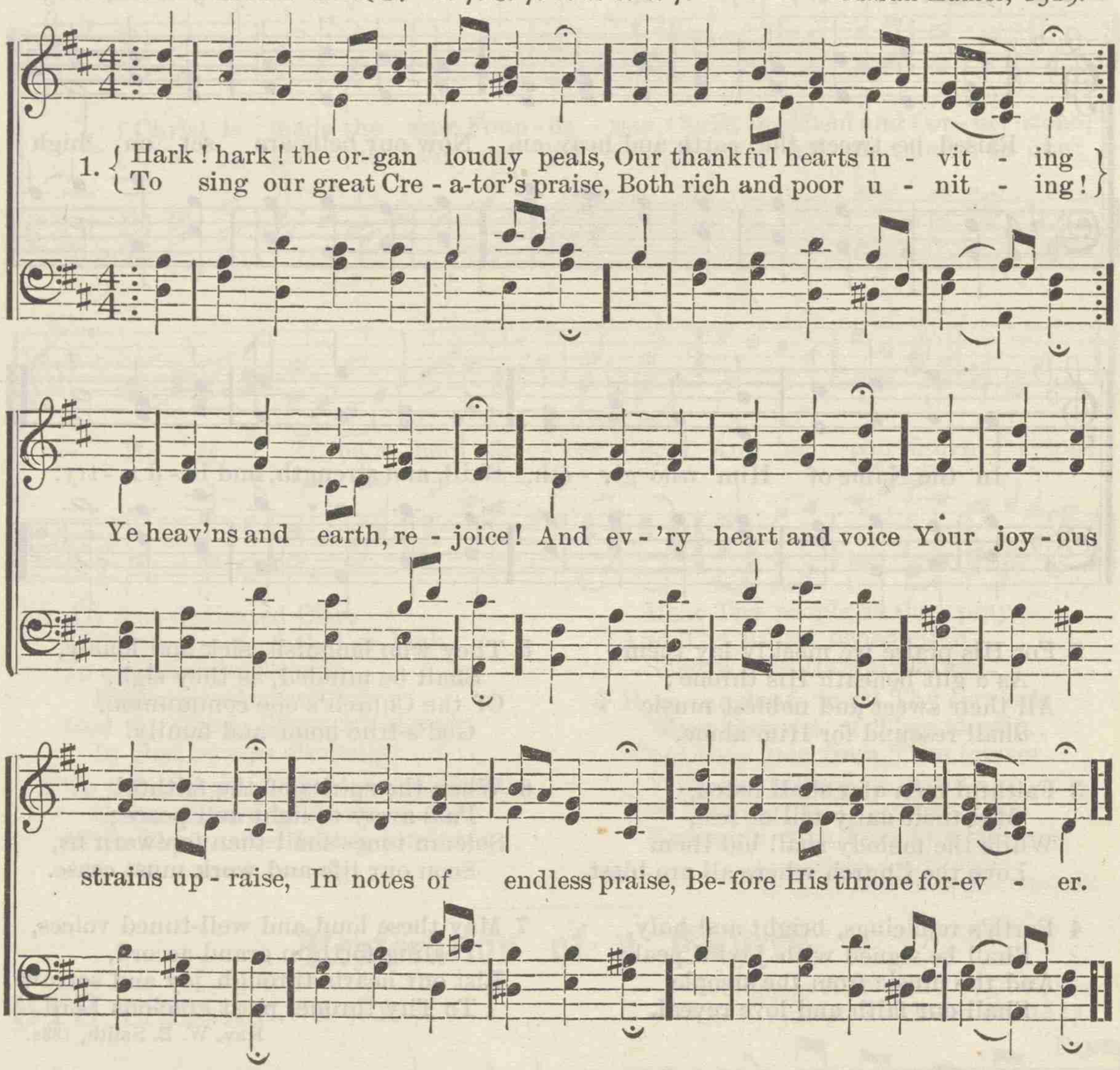
4 Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
Clothed with righteousness its priesthood,
Guide us all to rev'rence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sev'nfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heav'nly banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,
Praise to Thee, eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, all-quick'ning Spirit,
Ever blessèd Three in One:
Threefold Pow'r and Grace and Wisdom,
Molding out of sinful clay,
Living stones for that true temple
Which shall never know decay.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1869.

Dedication of an Organ.

820 EIN FESTE BURG. 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7. Martin Luther, 1529.



2 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the praise of Christ our King,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who left His throne on high,
And lowly came to die,
That we from earth might rise
To realms beyond the skies,
And live with Him forever.

3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
Who bids us flee from sin,
And makes us pure within,
Till, warmed with heavenly love,
We yearn to sing above
Glad songs of praise for ever!

4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
Our thankful hearts inviting
To high upraise our songs of praise,
Both rich and poor uniting!
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Till soaring higher and higher,
We join the heavenly choir
Before His throne for ever!

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1823-

Dedication of a Burial Ground.

821 **OLD 112th.** L. M. 61. Magdeburger Gesangbuch, 1540.

(Or to Melita.)

2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—
What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememb'rest, on Thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.

3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

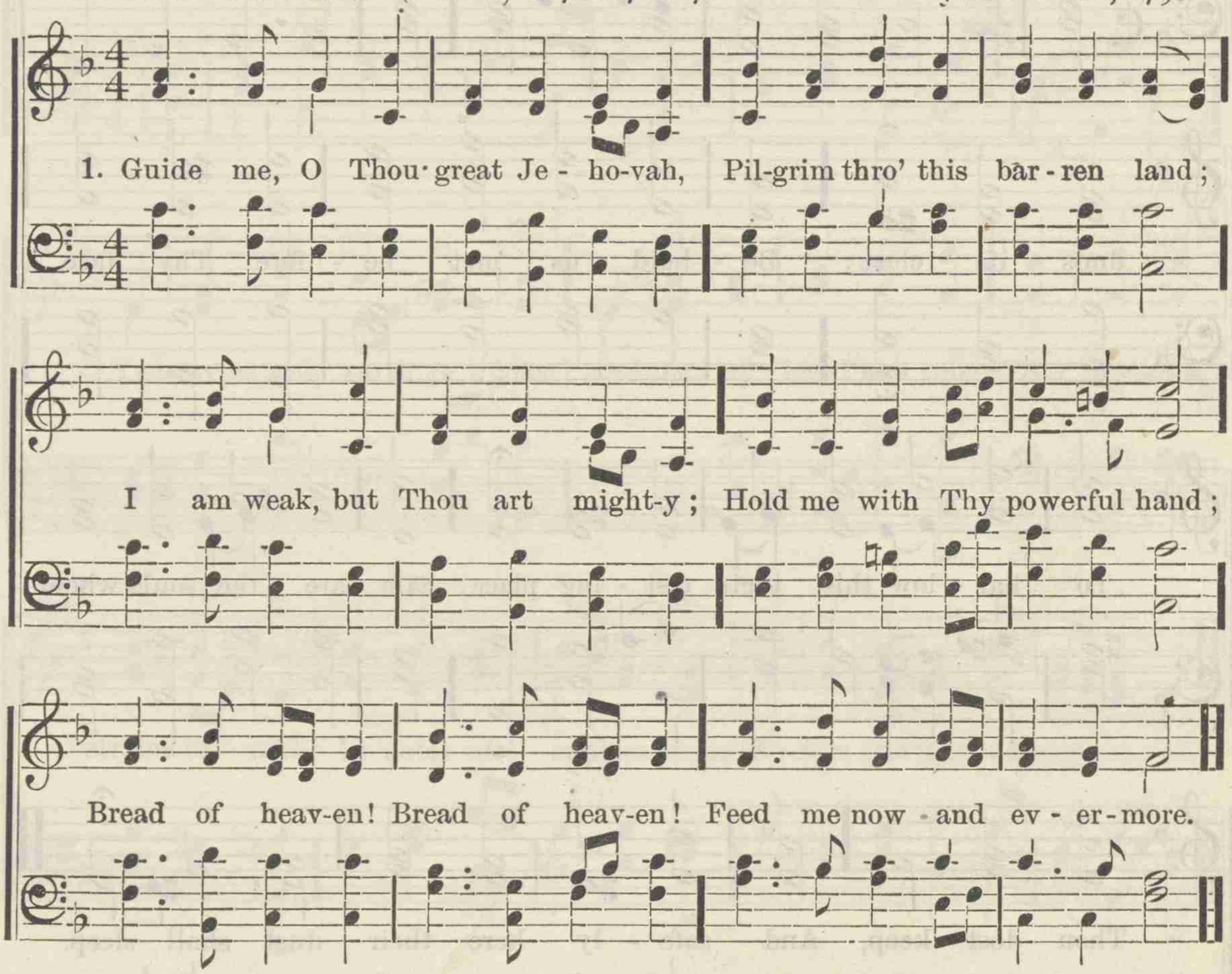
5 And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel-reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
And in Thy golden garner store,
Our fruit of tears for evermore.

Rev. John Ellerton, 1870.

PILGRIMAGE AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Pilgrimage.

822 **SAFE GUIDE.** (Lewes.) 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. John Randall, 1790.

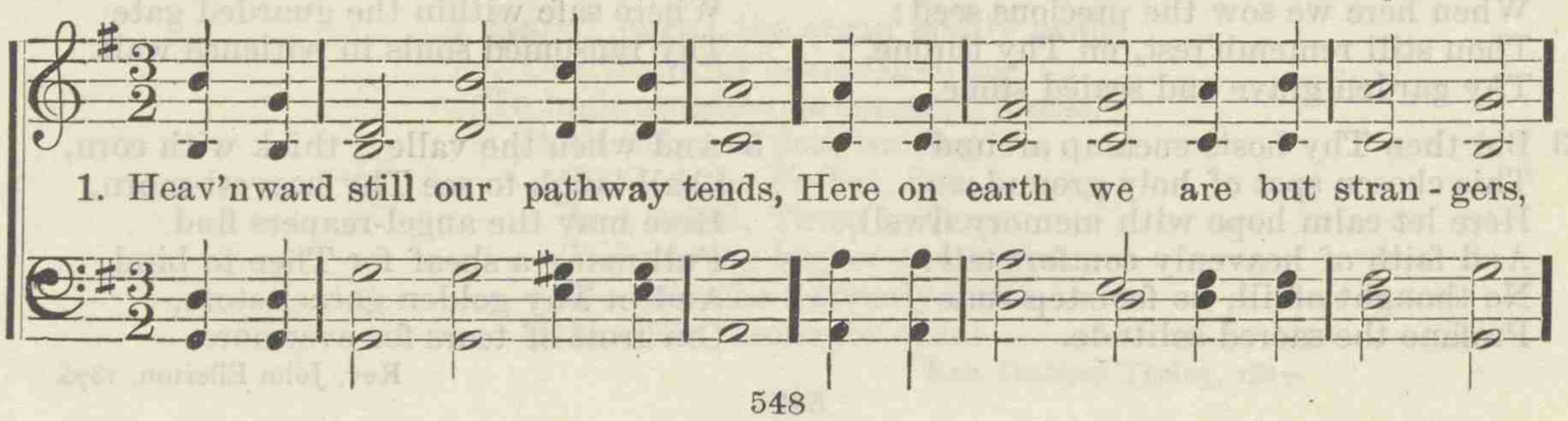


2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer! Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises! Songs of praises!
I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams, 1773.

823 **HINCHMAN.** 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. U. C. Burnap, 1869.



PILGRIMAGE.

(Or to Ratisbon.)

2 Heav'nward still, my soul, ascend!
Thou art one of heaven's creations
Earth can ne'er give aim or end
Fit to fill thy aspirations;
And a heav'n-enlightened mind
Ever, turns, its Source to find.

3 Heav'nward still! God calls to me,
In His word so loudly speaking;
Glimpses in that word I see
Of the home I'm ever seeking;
While my heart that call attends,
Still to heav'n my path ascends.

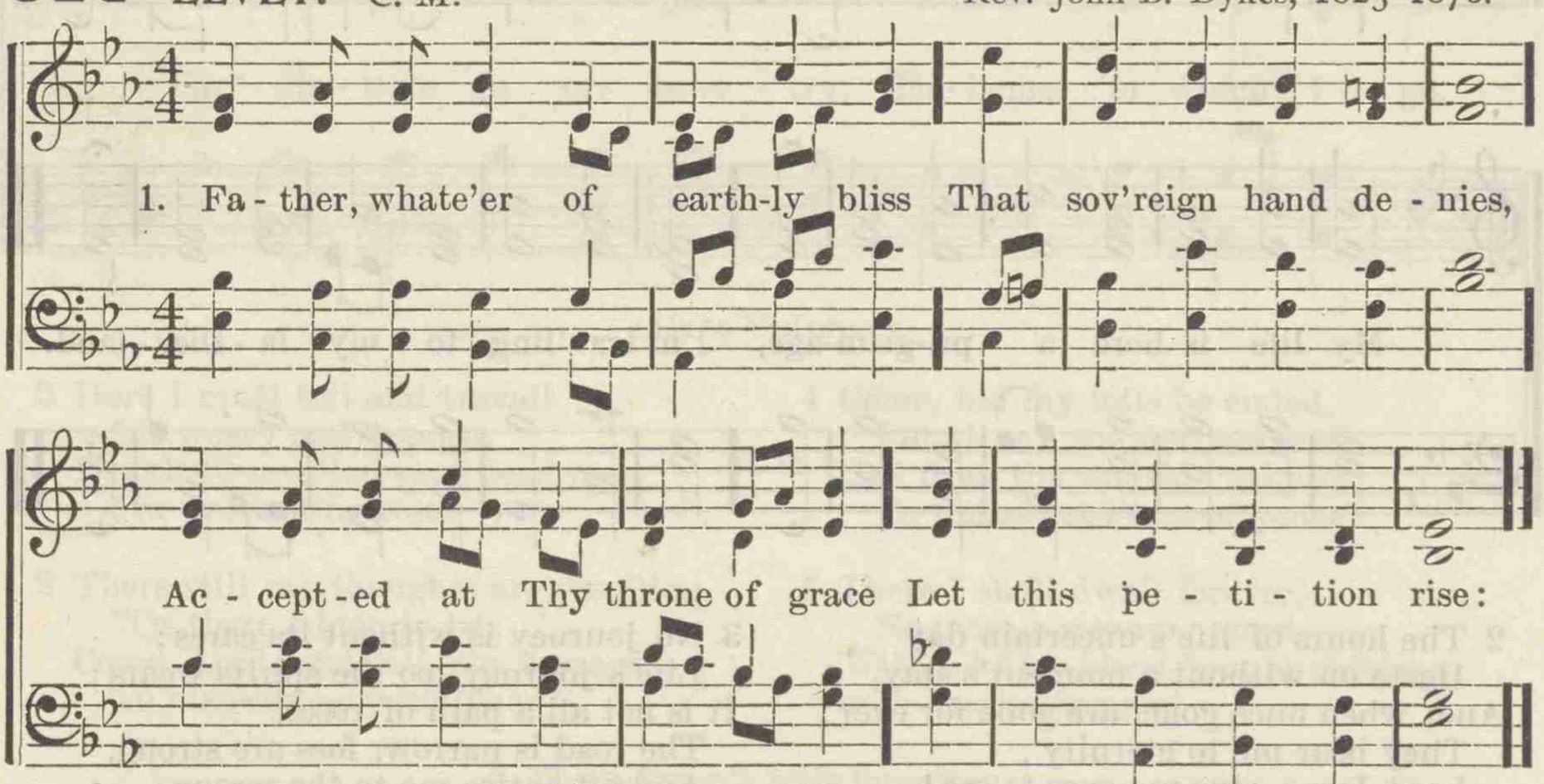
4 Heav'nward still, when life shall close,
Death to my true home shall guide me:
Then, triumphant o'er my woes,
Lasting bliss shall God provide me.
Christ Himself the way has led;
Joyful in His steps I tread.

5 Still then heav'nward! heav'nward still!
This shall be my watchword ever;
Heav'n's delights my heart shall fill,
Chasing joys that filled it never.
Heav'nward still my tho'ts shall run,
Till the gate of heav'n is won.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1731.
Tr. Frances E. Cox, 1841.

824 ELVET. C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

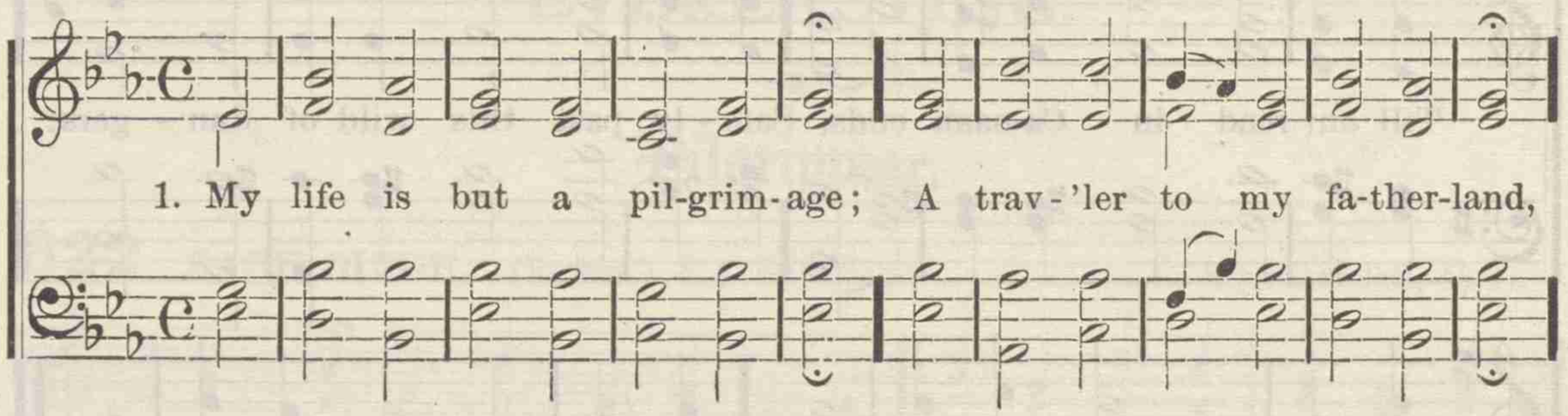


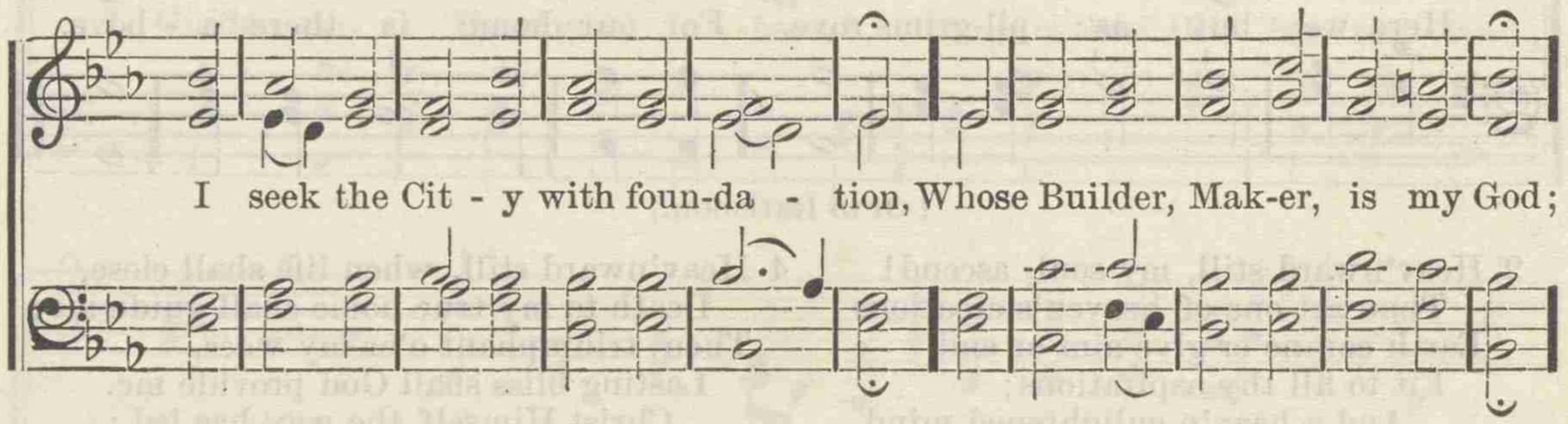
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

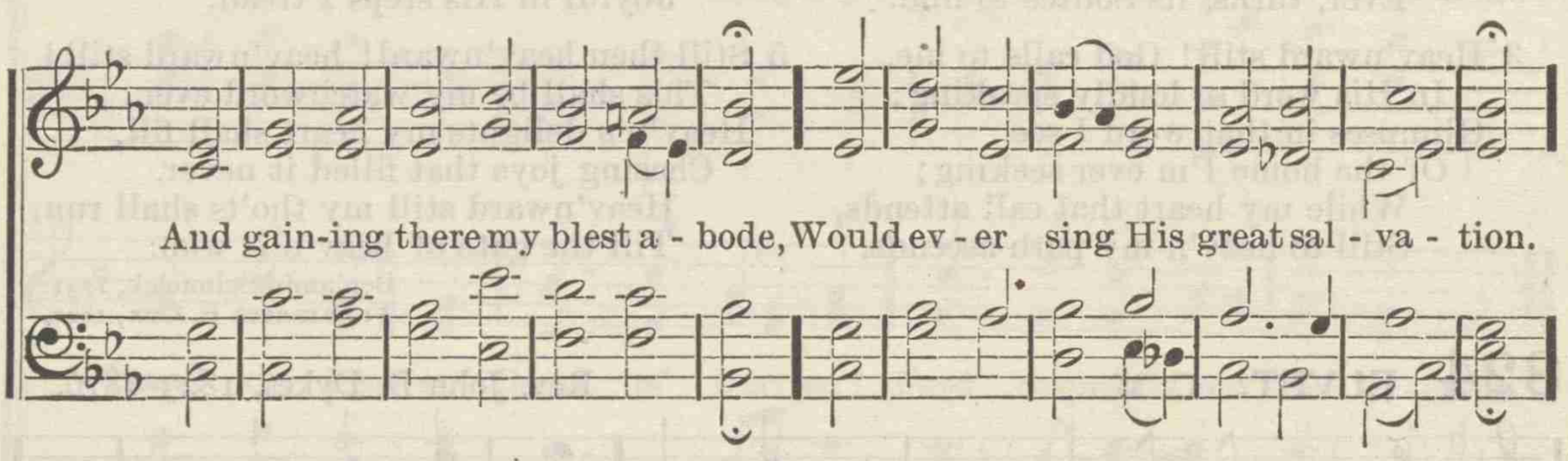
3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end!

Anne Steele, 1760.

825 WANDERER. 8. 8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 8. Claude Goudimel, 1562.







2 The hours of life's uncertain day
Haste on without a moment's stay,
And, when once gone, are gone for ever;
They bear me to eternity;
Lord Jesus, give me eyes to see!
Whate'er I need to know discover!
Nor let earth's vain delusions hide
Thee from my sight, my only Guide!

3 No journey is without its cares;
Life's journey too the spirits wears;
It is not all a path of roses,
The road is narrow, foes are strong,
And oft entice me to the wrong;
The tangled thorn my way opposes;
O'er trackless wilds I'm forced to go,
And, groping, toil my passage through.

4 At times to me the Sun is bright,
That Sun that sheds its gracious light,
Alone to bless the pure in spirit:
Then comes the roaring, raging storm,
So loud, terrific its alarm,
So dark I cannot help but fear it:
But when I think of joys above,
My terror yields its place to love.

5 Thou, Jesus, once a pilgrim too,
Wilt prove Thyself a Helper true,
Of all my anxious cries, a Hearer,
Thy warning word in mind I'll keep,
And, by Thy guidance, every step
Shall bring me to salvation nearer.
My life and strength are waning fast,
Lord, with Thy consolations haste!

6 That I may grow in holiness,
With stronger faith my spirit bless,
And thus of stumbling make me heedful.
I daily fall—help me to rise,
And, by each fall, yet more to prize
Thy helping hand, so often needful:
While in this darkened soul of mine,
Thy beams of mercy brighter shine.

7 My lot is here with strangers thrown,
And by the world I'm little known;
But *there* friends wait with joy to meet me:
And there, with those I love the most,
I'll join in song the angel-host,
Whose glories with their welcome greet me.
My Saviour come! no more delay!
And thither bear my soul away!

Friedrich Adolph Lampe, 1683-1729.

826 NIVERS. 7. 6. 7. 6.

George M. Garrett, 1890.

(Or to Vulpius.)

2 Here I must toil and travail
Oft weary and opprest,
But there my God shall lead me
For everlasting rest.

3 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
'Tis there I long to be;
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
To blessedness with Thee!

4 Come, bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease;
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet home of peace!

5 There I shall dwell forever,
No more a stranger guest,
With all Thy blood-bought children,
In everlasting rest:

6 The pilgrim's toils forgotten,
The pilgrim's conflicts o'er,
All earthly griefs behind us,
Eternal joys before.

Paul Gerhardt, 1666, tr.

827 CASTLE RISING. C. M. D.

Rev. Frederick A. J. Hervey, 1867.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852.

828 ALLEMANIA. (Goshen.) C. M. D.

Old German Melody.
Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.

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2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl—
Exceeding rich and rare.

3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite thro' the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

4 There trees forevermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.
O mother dear, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my cares were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

16th or 17th Century.

829 FORWARD. 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Henry Smart, 1872.

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light!

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1871.

830 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Part II.

1 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold:
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light!

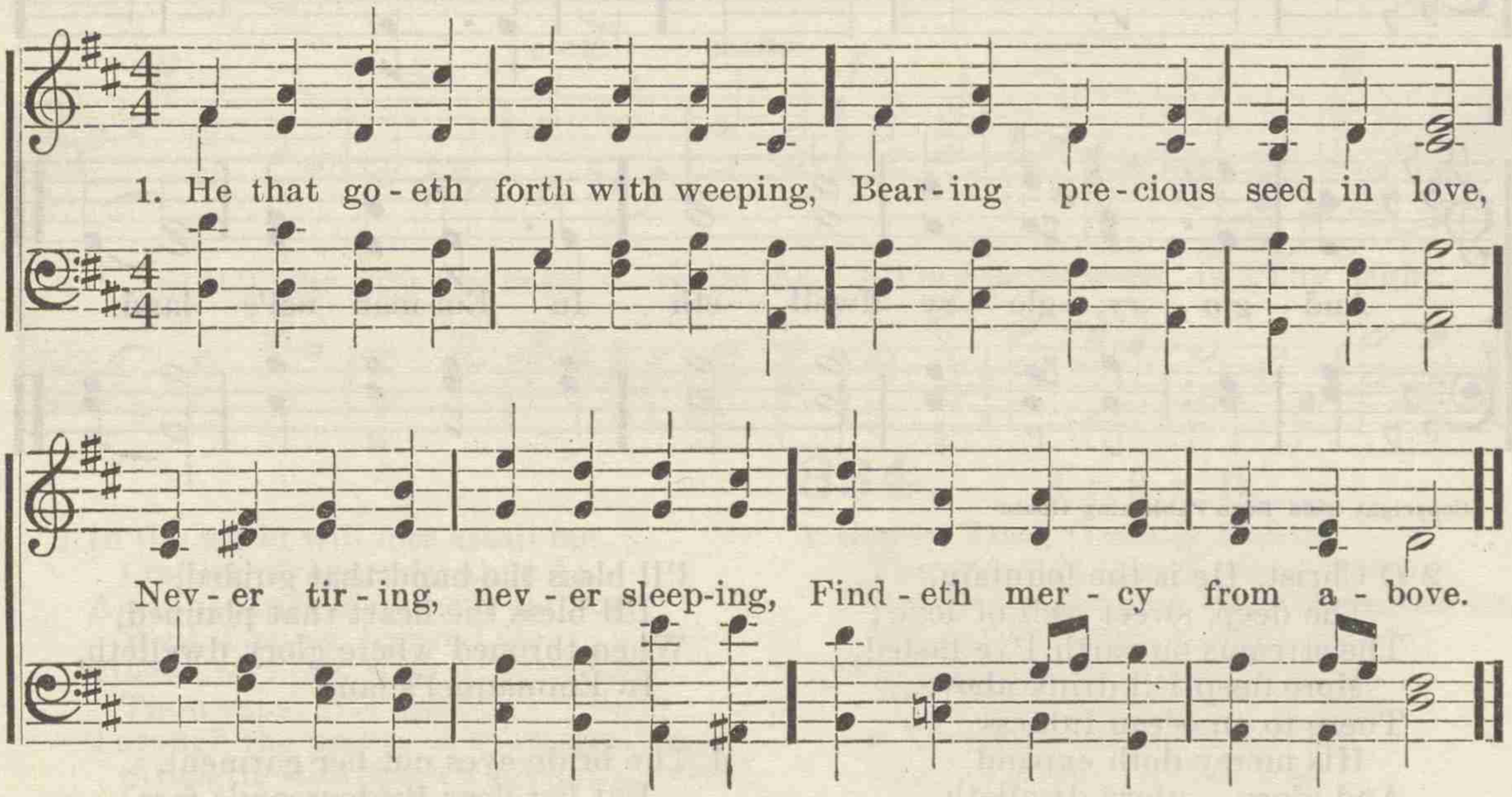
3 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

4 To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blesséd Three in One.
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1871.

831 OXFORD. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Sir John Stainer, 1840.



2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruit will thus be given,
Through an influence all Divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1858.

832 CUGINO. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

U. C. Burnap, 1894.

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2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory,—glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin, 1857.

833 AVE VERUM. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Charles F. Gounod, 1818–1893.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well, I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need:
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only Guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side!

Rev. John M. Neale, 1850.

834

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's dart assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on Thy bosom rest;
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

835 LEOMINSTER. S. M. D.

George William Martin, 1862.
Har. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874.

Slowly.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

558 Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1844.

836 NICOLAI. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Otto Nicolai, 1810–1849.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3 Far, far, as we have wandered,
And deep as is our fall,
His mercies never fail us,
Who freely pardons all;
Who bids His grace abounding
Love's mightiness display,
And David's royal fountain
Purge every sin away.

4 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn:
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound!

5 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1858

837 ST. MAUR. 10. 10. 10. 10.

Alexander Guilmant, 1837-

(Or to Langran.)

2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place,
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
The tale of love unfolded in those years
Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,
I love again, and yet again, to trace.

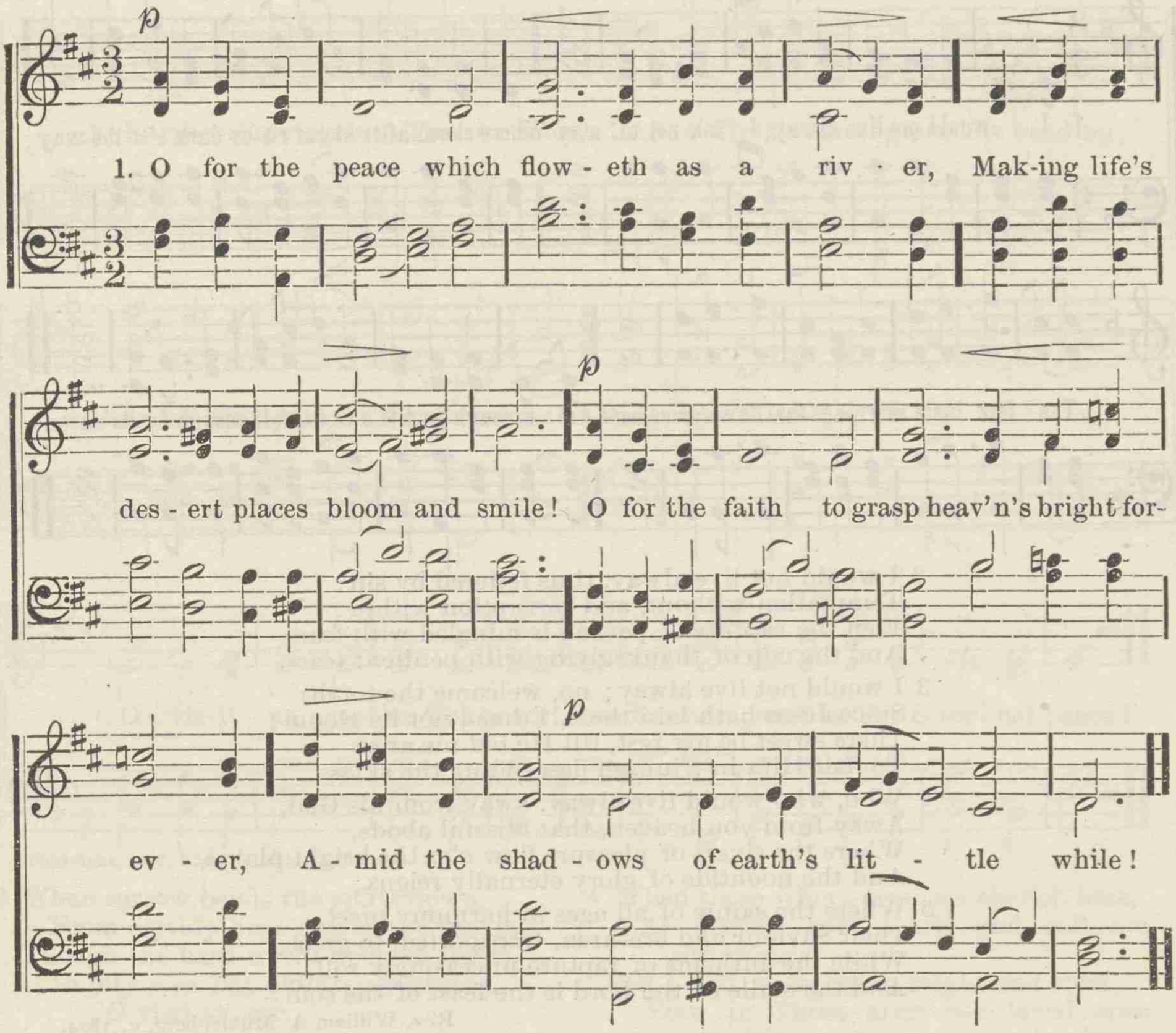
4 Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad yet healing rays:
Beacon of hope, which, lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.

5 Thoughts of His coming; for that joyful day
Impatient hope I watch and wait and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee
O what a sunrise will that advent be!

6 Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Ot Him on whom I lean, my Strength and Stay,
I can forget the sorrows on the way!

Mary Jane Walker, (Deck) 1842.

838 A LITTLE WHILE. 11. 10. 11. 10. Sir John Stainer, 1840-



2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

3 A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
Then clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

4 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lips its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fullness of the Fountain-head.

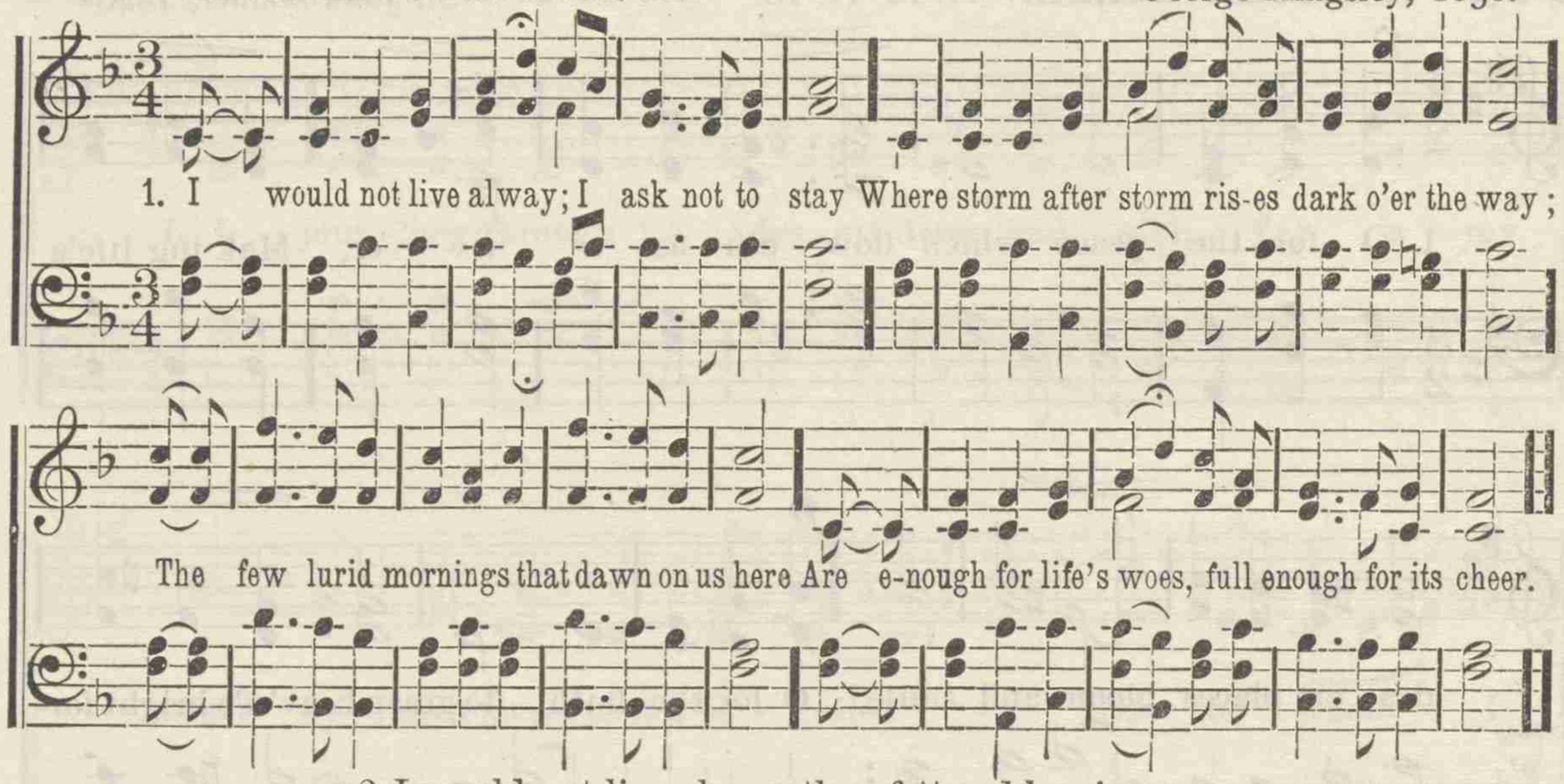
5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad forever,
Will light the shadows of the little while.

Jane Crewdson 1864.

839 KINGSLEY. 11. 11. 11. 11.

George Kingsley, 1838.



2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

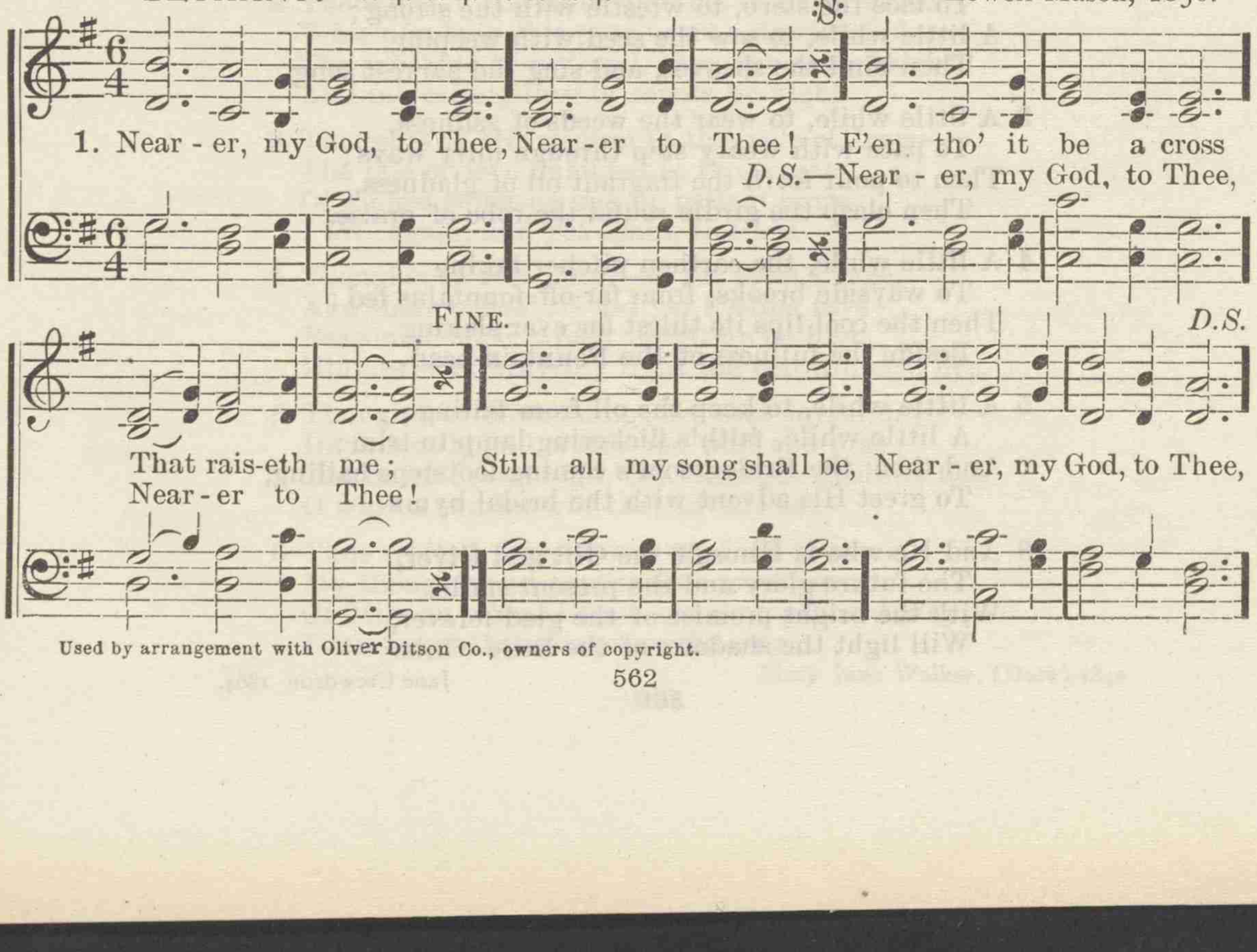
4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, c. 1824.

840 BETHANY. 6 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1856.



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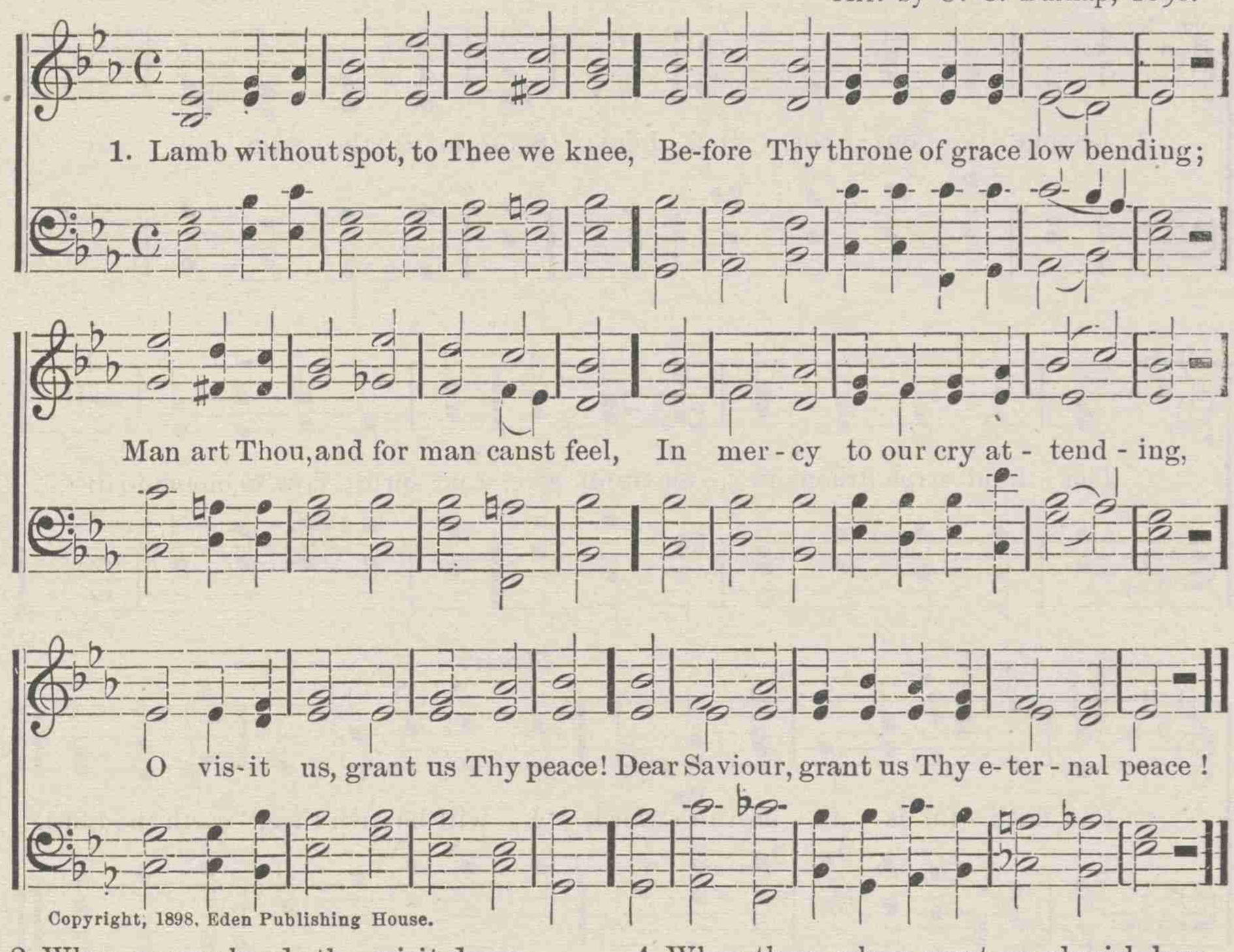
841 PEACE. 8. 9. 8. 9. 8. 10.

Ancient Melody.
Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1898.



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2 When sorrow bends the spirit down,
From earthly hope and solace turning,
Though the hard world upon us frown,
In pity o'er Thy children yearning,
O visit us, etc.

3 When conscience wrings the anguished heart,
Vainly in grief and fear lamenting,
What hand but Thine can heal the smart?
In Thy long-suffering love relenting,
O visit us, etc.

4 When those whom most we cherish here,
At death's cold touch and call are shrinking;
Let Faith, with vision bright and clear,
View in Thine arms her loved ones sinking,
O visit us, etc.

5 And when our last dread hour draws nigh,
And life's bright day-beams fast is paling,
Then, Lord, receive the parting sigh—
When life and eye and heart are failing,
O visit us, etc.

"F. M. H."

840 BETHANY. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

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

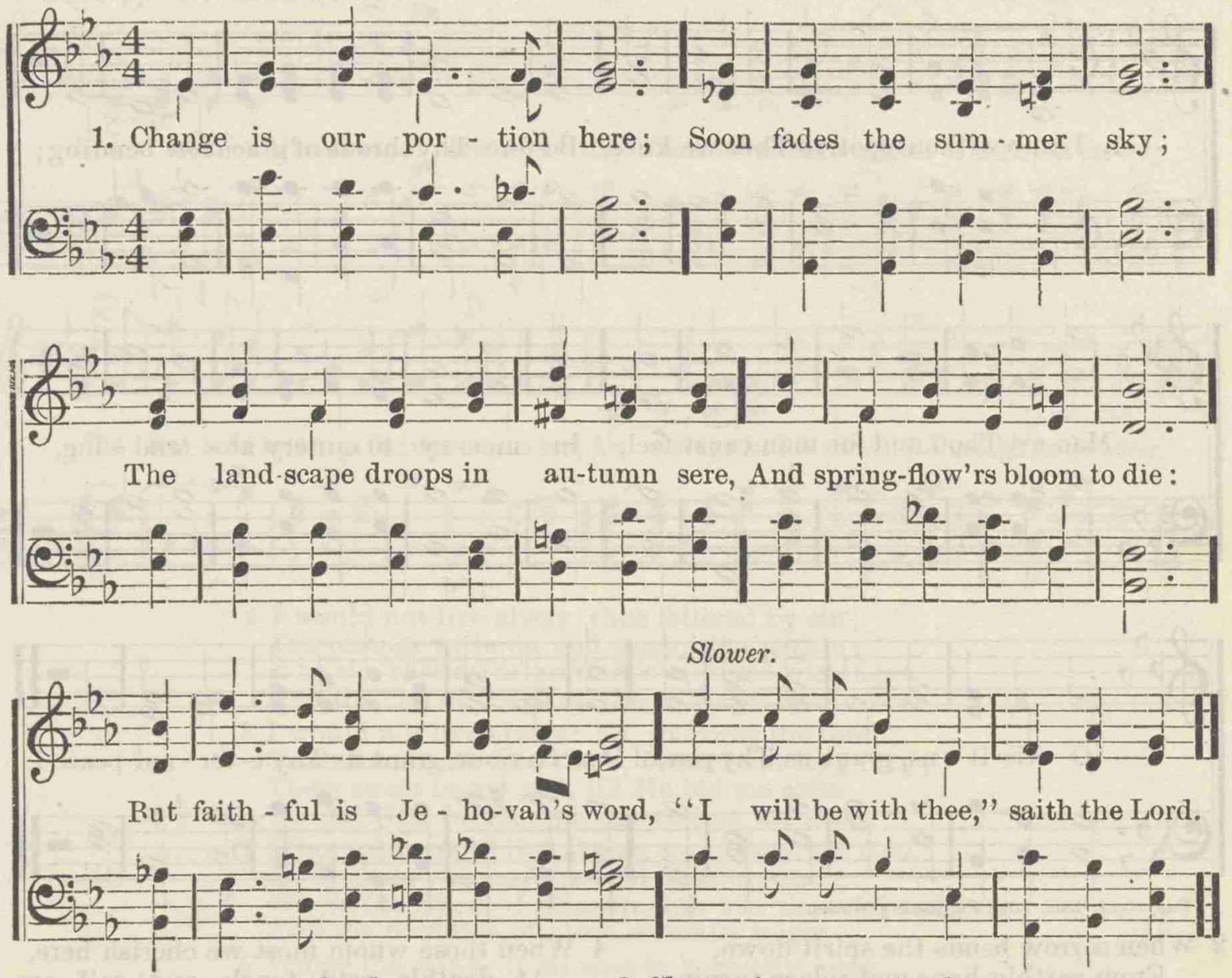
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

842 SHERBORNE. 6. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. J. T Musgrave, 1890.



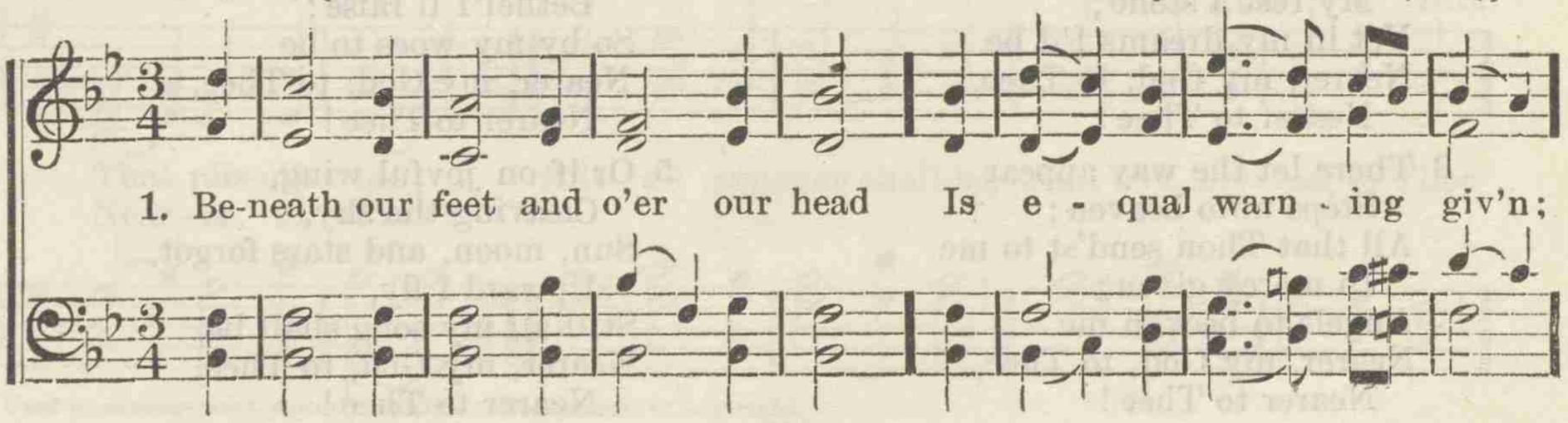
2 Change is our portion here
Along the heav'nly road;
In faith and hope, and holy fear
In love towards our God:
How often we distrust the word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

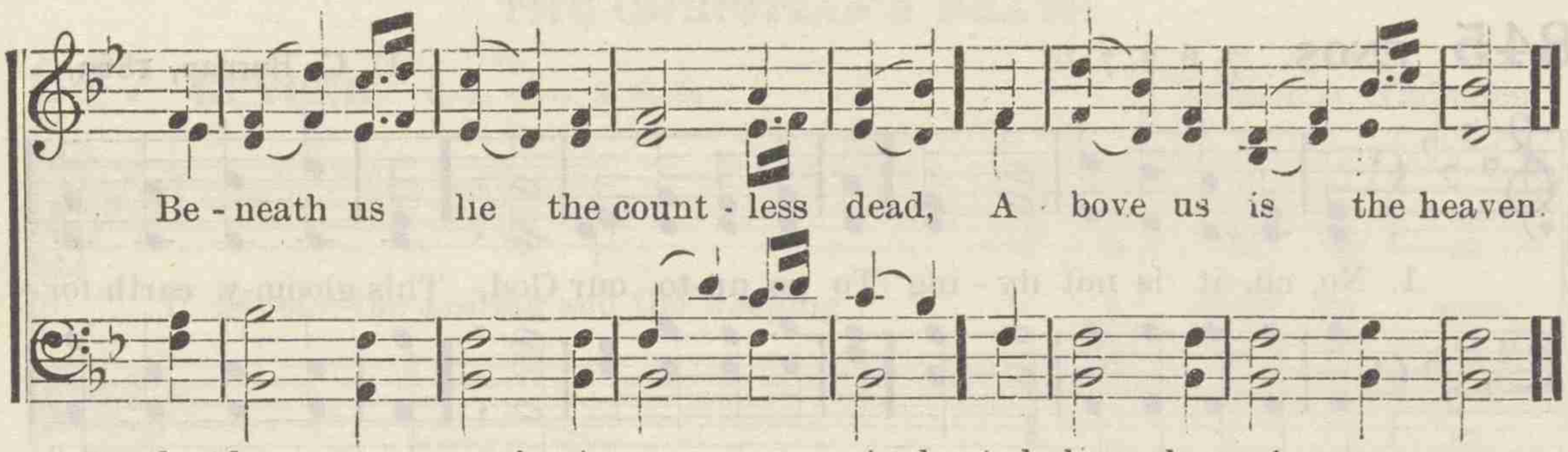
3 Change is our portion here
Yet midst our changing lot,
Midst with'ring flow'rs and tempests drear
There is that changes not:
Unchangeable Jehovah's word,
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

4 Changeless, the way of peace;
Changeless, Emmanuel's Name;
Changeless, the covenant of grace,
Eternally the same.
"I change not," is a Father's word;
And "I am with thee," saith the Lord.

James H Evans, 1838.

843 BEMERTON. C. M. Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.





2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay;
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

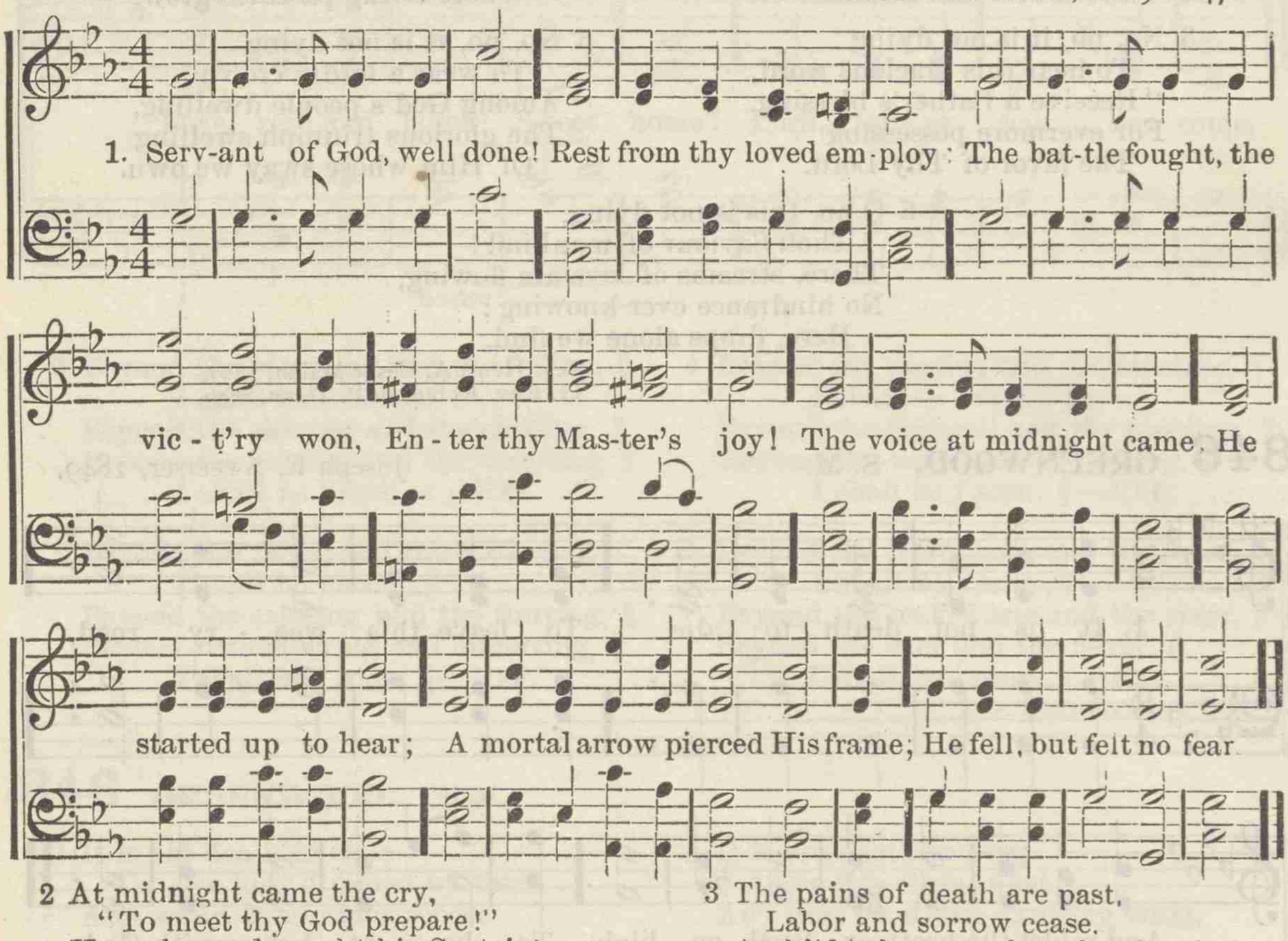
5 Then, mortal, turn! thy danger know
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below
And warns thee of her dead!

6 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1820.

The Christian's Death.

844 **ATHALIE.** S. M. D. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.



2 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye:
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease.
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery 1832

845 ENOS. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.

2 No, no, it is not dying
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
"Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of Thy Lord."

4 No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know;
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

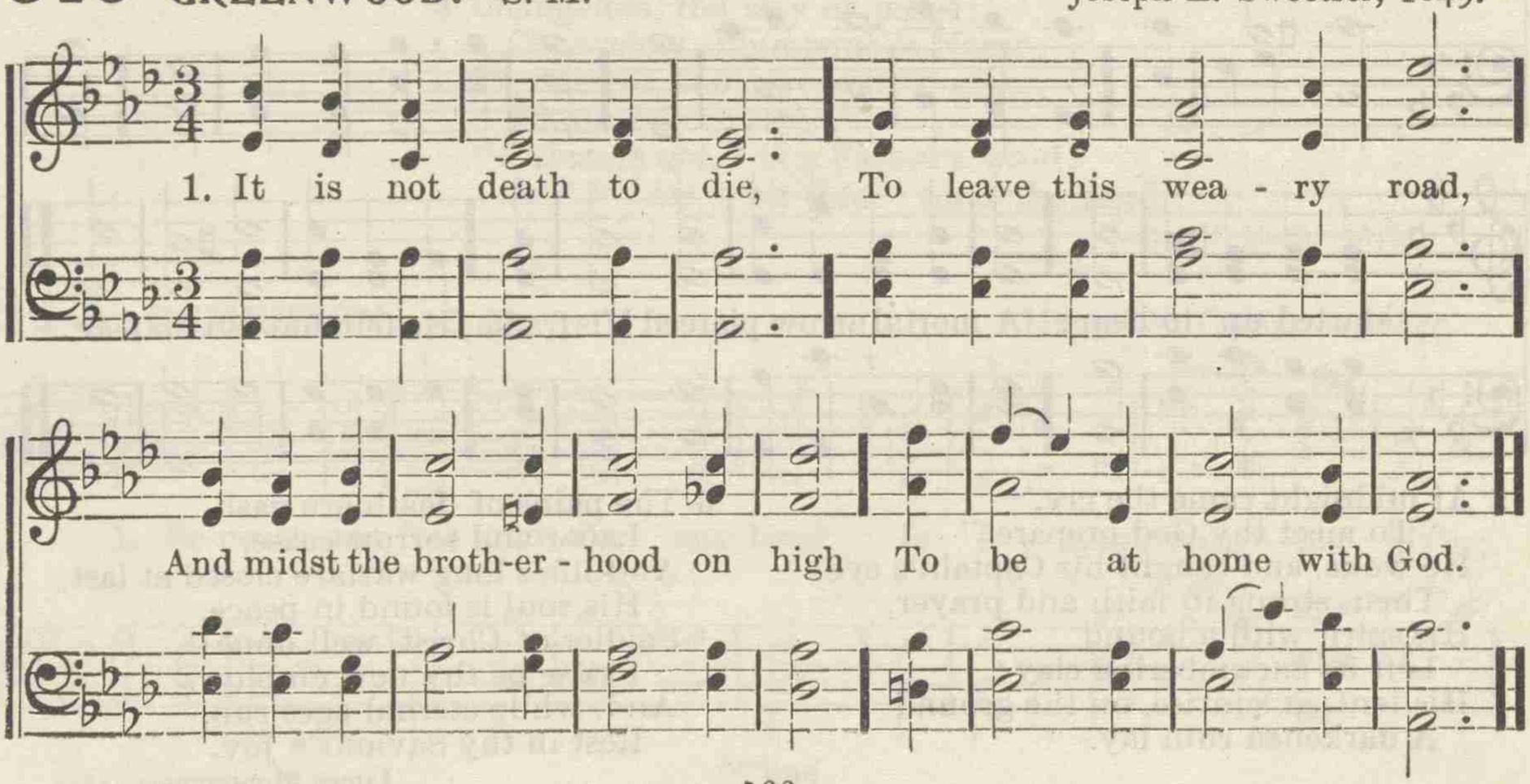
5 No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

6 O no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind!
There, streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here, drops alone we find.

Rev. Henri A. César Malan, 1830.
Tr. Rev. Robinson P. Dunn, 1850.

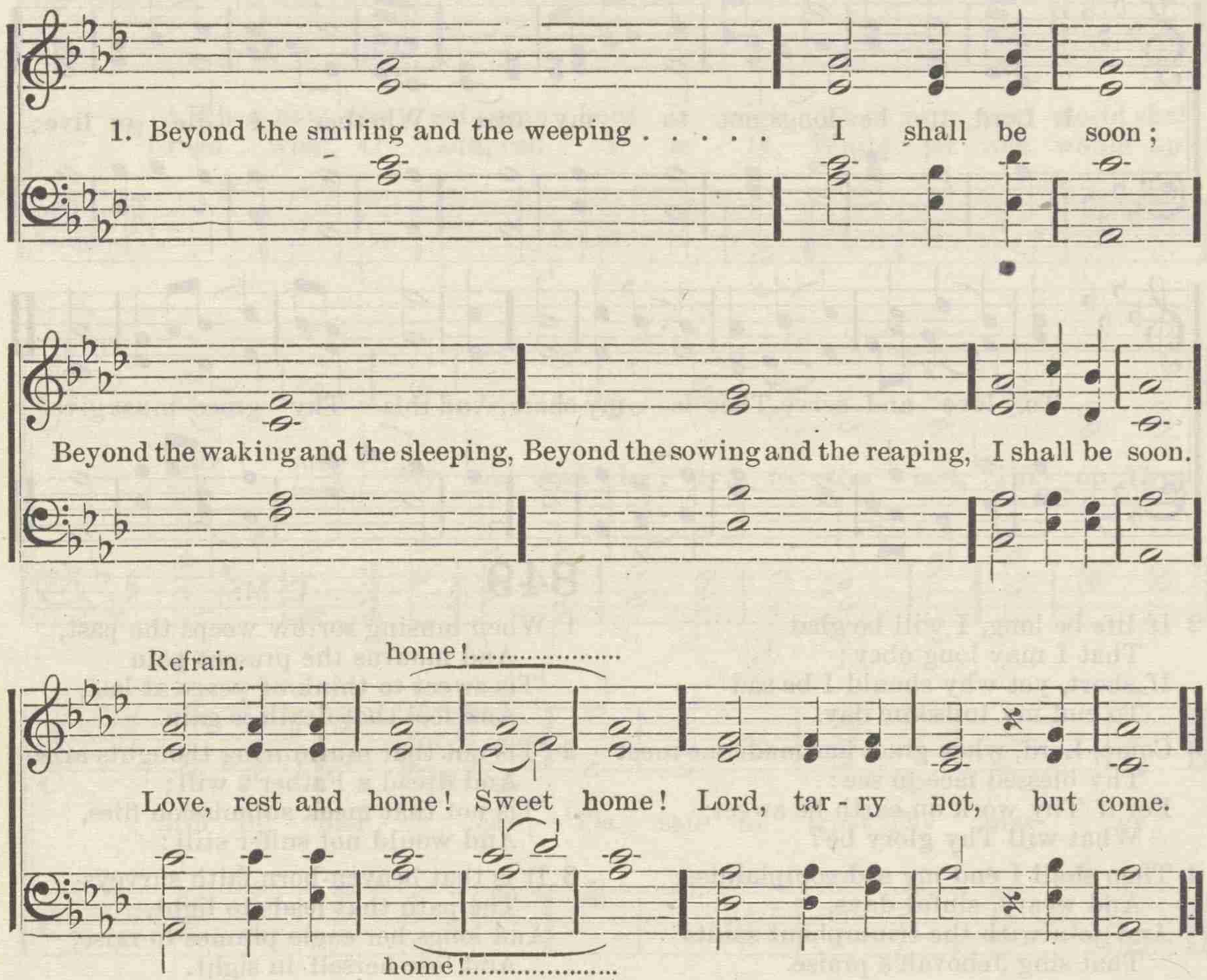
846 GREENWOOD. S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849.



847 BEYOND. 9. 4. 9. 9. 4. 6. 6.

William A. Tarbutton.



2 Beyond the blooming and the fading, ‖
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, ‖
Beyond the hoping and the dreading, ‖
I shall be | soon. ‖—REF.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting, ‖
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, ‖
Beyond remembering and forgetting, ‖
I shall be | soon. ‖—REF.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting, ‖
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, ‖
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, ‖
I shall be | soon. ‖—REF.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, ‖
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, ‖
Beyond the ever and the never, ‖
I shall be | soon. ‖—REF.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1870.

846 GREENWOOD. S. M.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

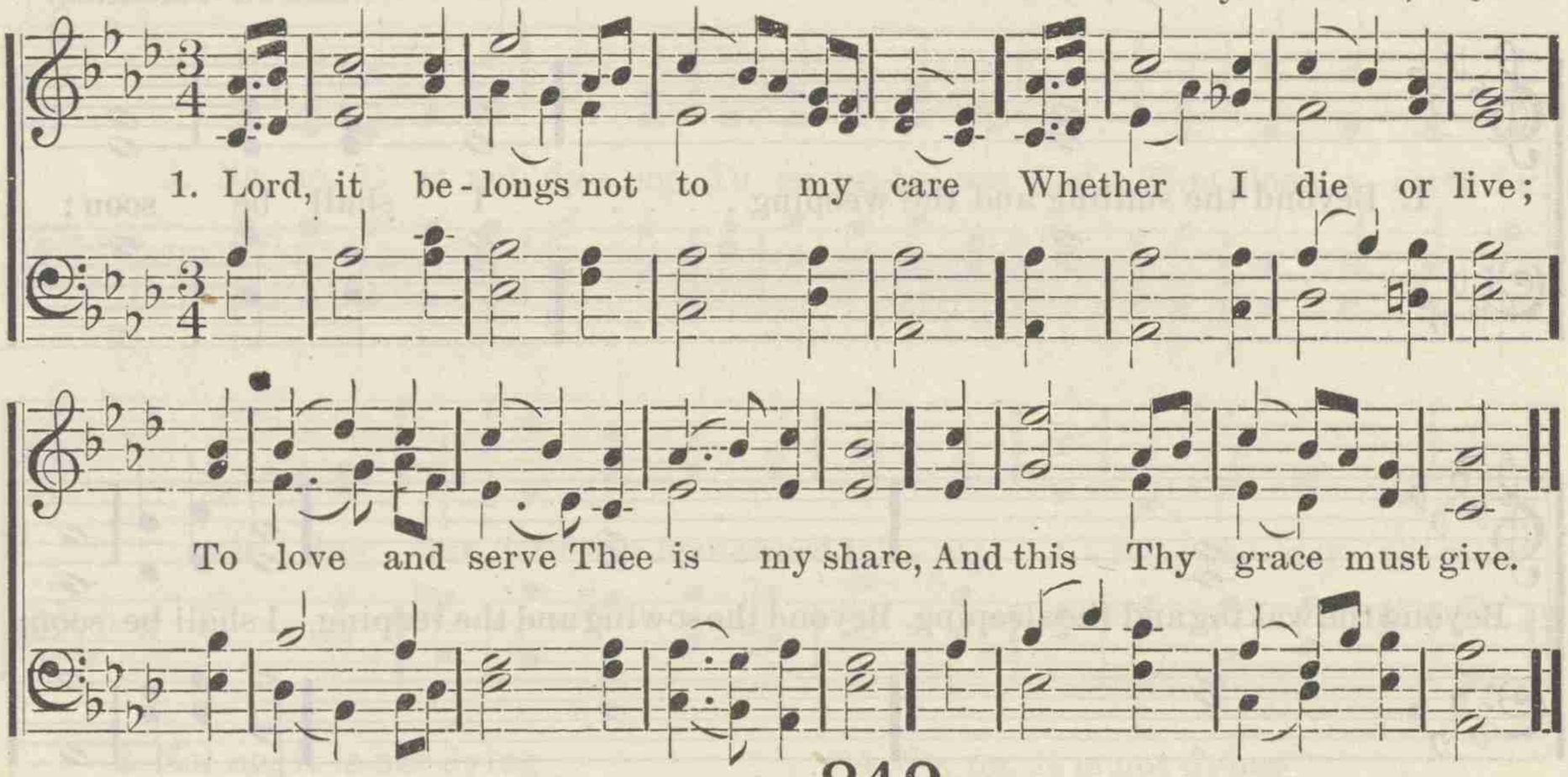
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. Henri A. César Malan, 1832.
Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847.

848 HARVILLE. C. M.

James Flint, 1850.



849 C. M.

1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Baptist W. Noel, 1852.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day.

3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see:
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

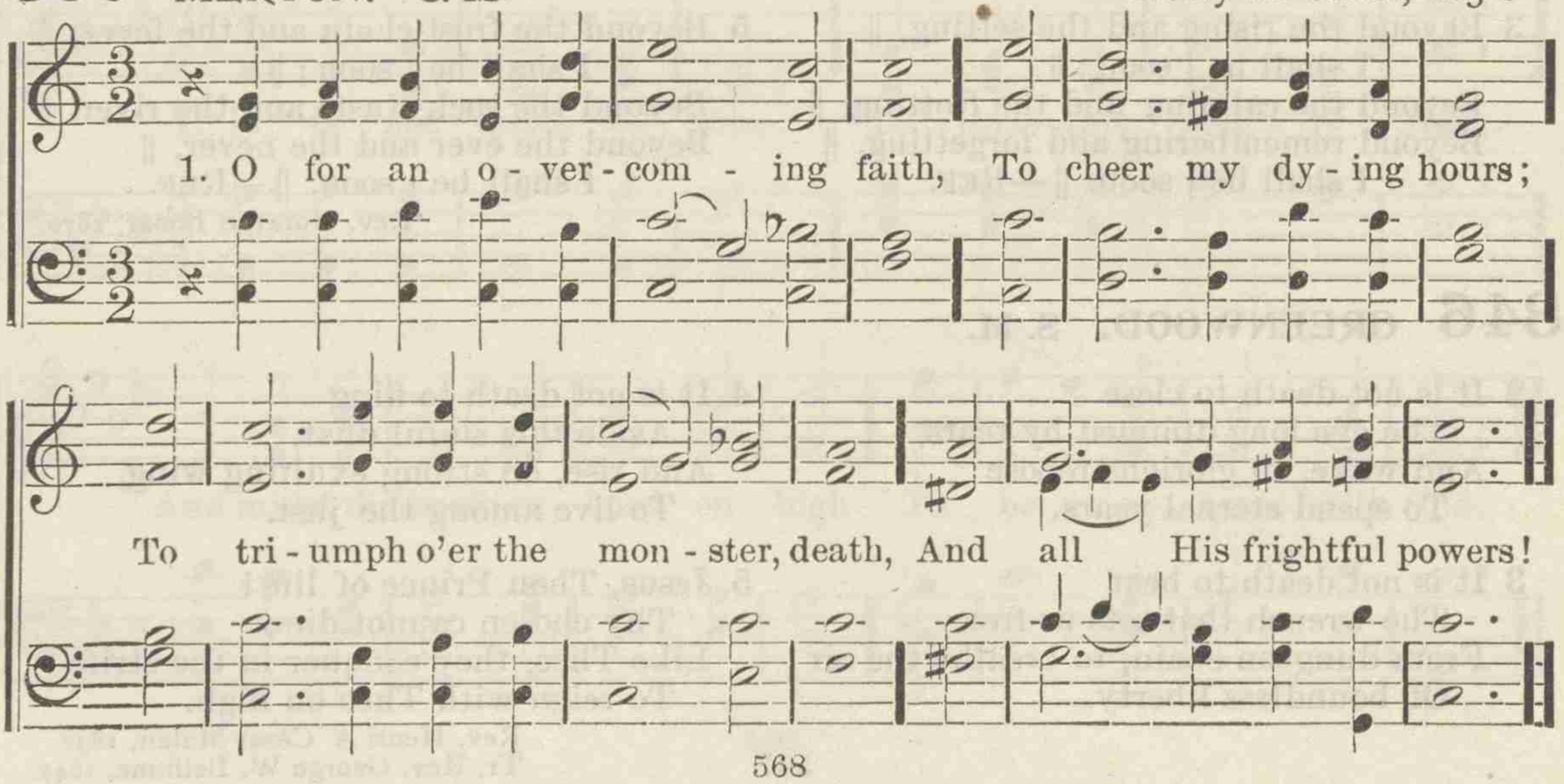
4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Rev. Richard Baxter, 1681, alt.

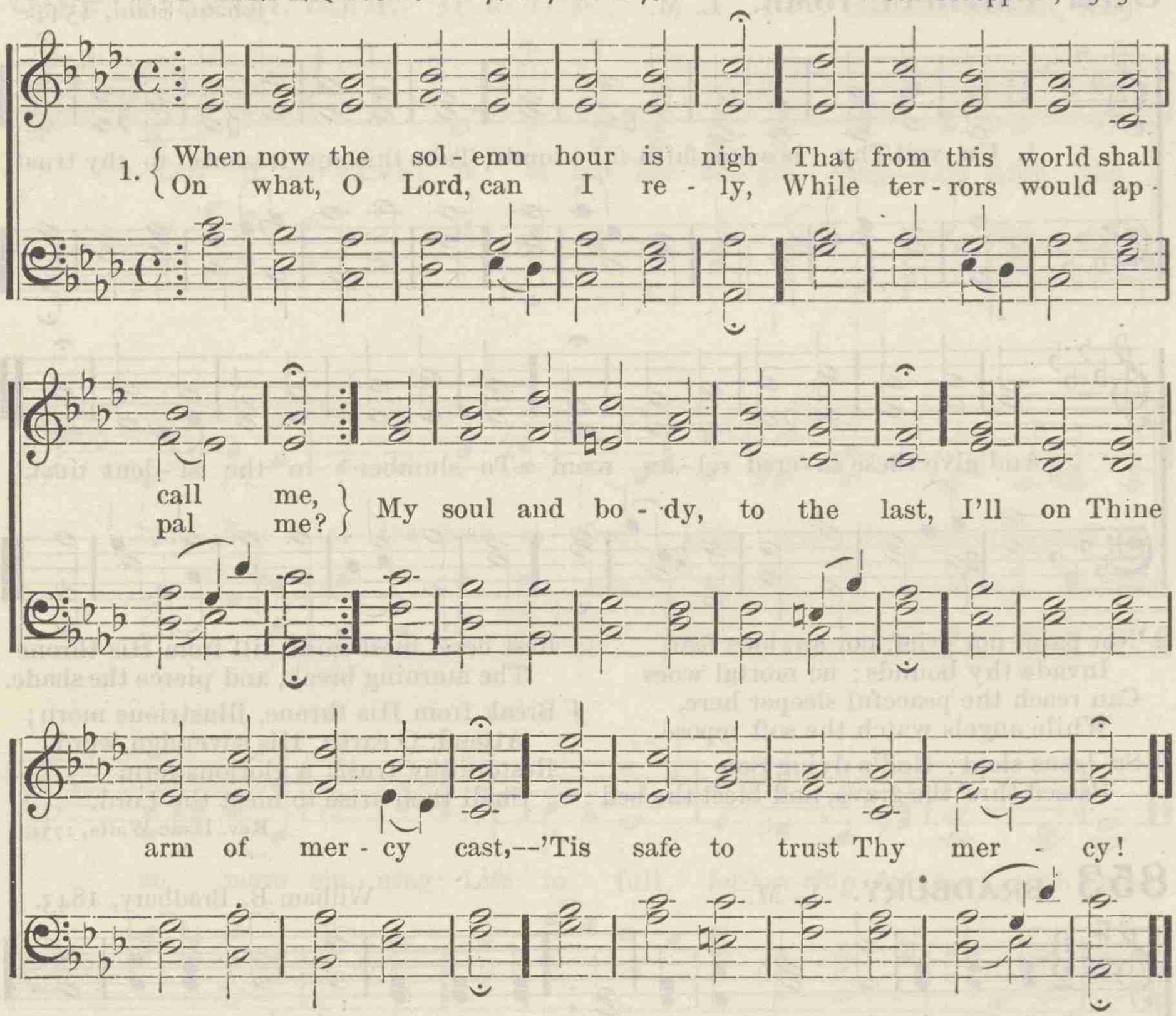
850 MERTON. C. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832.



851 AUS TIEFER NOT. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Wolff Koepphel, 1525.



2 My sins may seem in number more,
While conscience shall recount them,
Than sands upon the ocean-shore,—
Thy grace can still surmount them.
I'll think, dear Saviour, of the death
Sustained by Thee;—and thus by faith
From sinking shall uphold me.

3 I am a branch of Thee, the Vine;
My strength from Thee I borrow;
Round Thee my tendril hopes shall twine
In death's drear night of sorrow:
And when 'tis over, Thou wilt give
An endless life with Thee to live
In bliss Thy sorrows purchased.

4 My Lord—o'er death triumphant—rose,
From earth to God ascended;
His victory yields my heart repose,
The fear of death is ended:
For where He is, I too shall come,
And find with Him a joyful home:
Why should I fear to follow?

5 With outstretched arms I'll welcome Christ
That He from earth may take me:
In hope my body soon shall rest,
Till from the grave He wake me;
But Christ Himself will go before,—
Of heaven for me throw wide the door,
And bless my soul in glory.

Nicolas Hermann, 1480–1561, tr.

850 MERTON. C. M.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid;
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Burial of the Dead.

852 FAITHFUL TOMB. L. M.

Johann Stahl, 1544.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

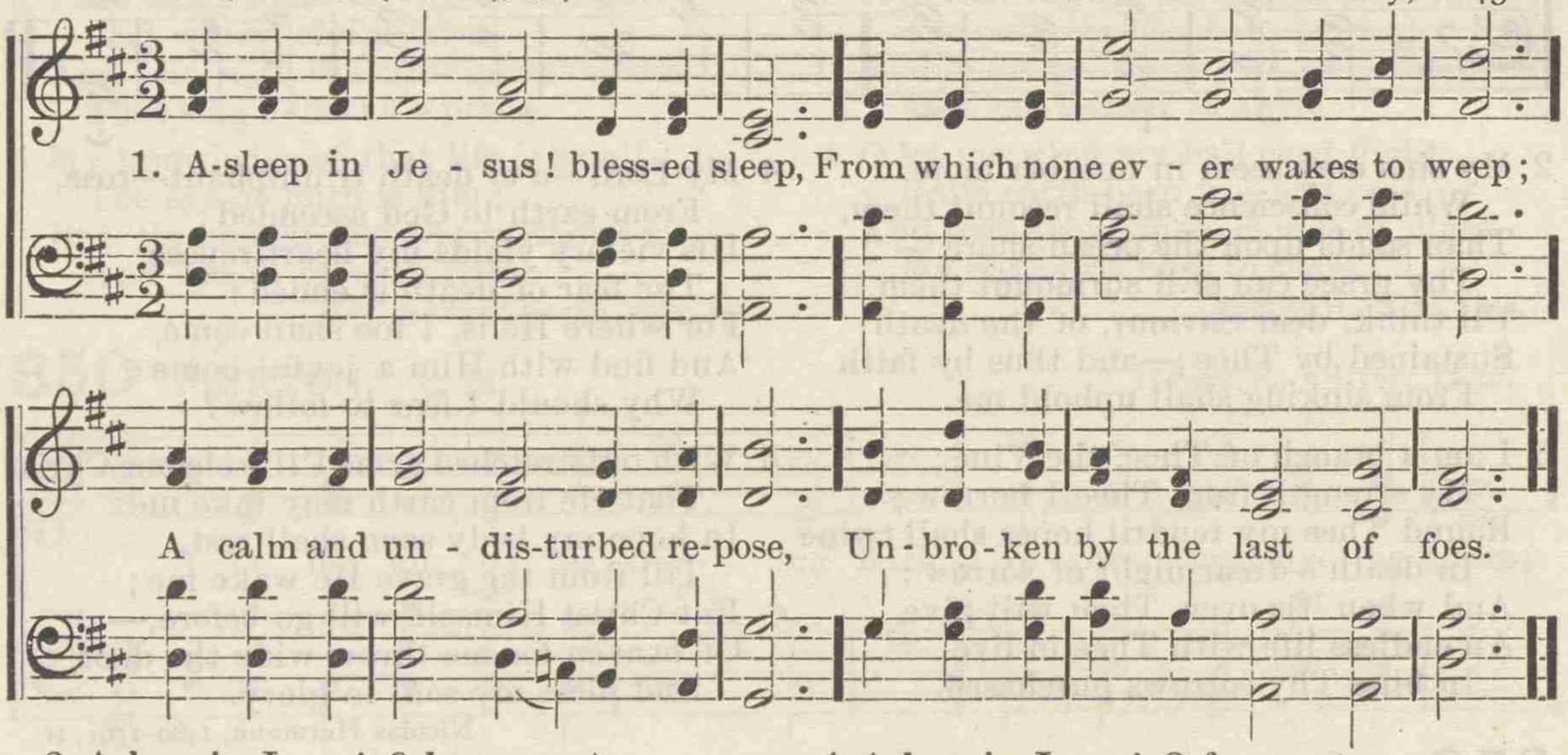
3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1734.

853 BRADBURY. L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843.



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

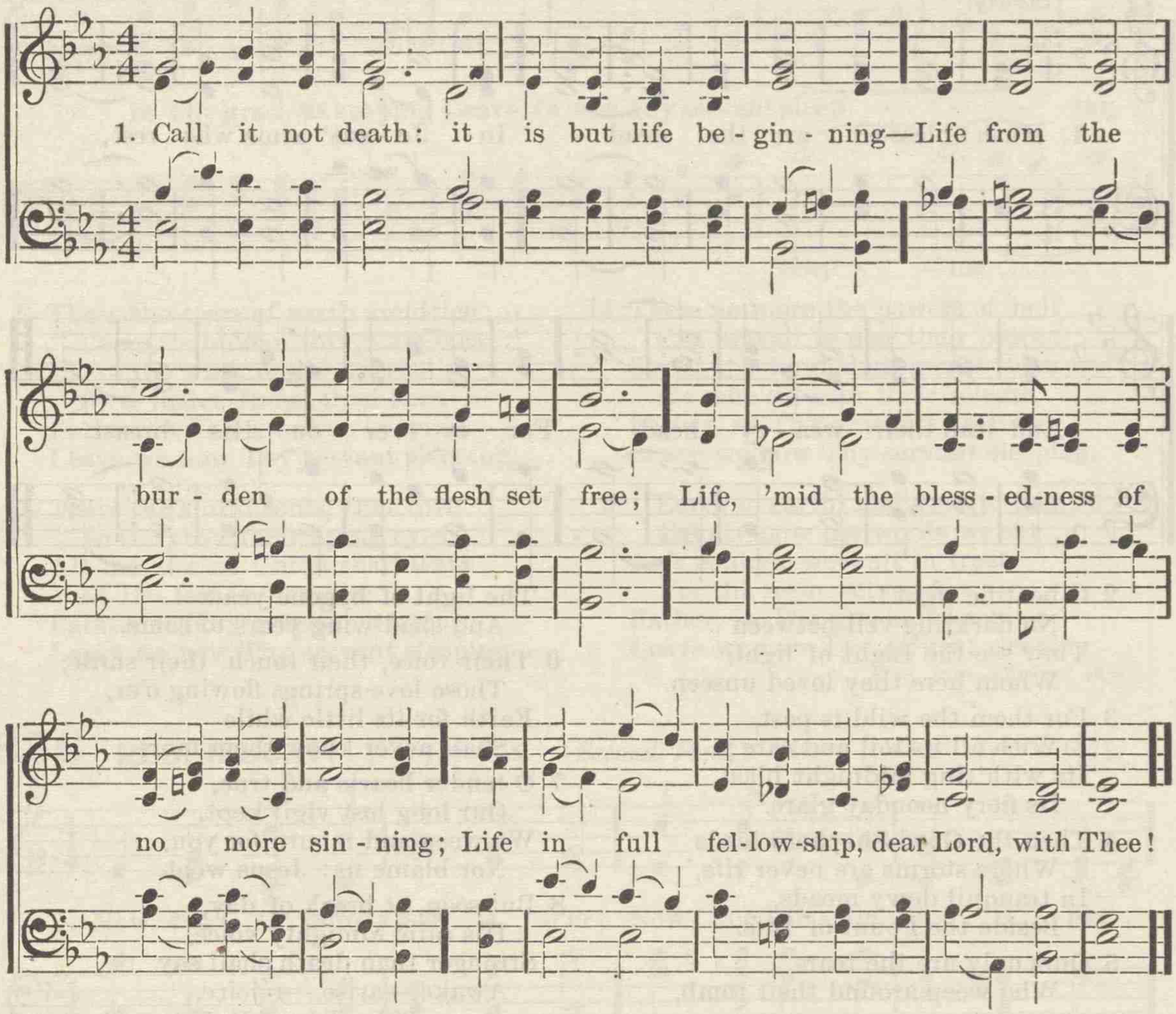
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

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

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

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

854 ETERNAL HOME. 11. 10. 11. 10. Edward Bunnett, 1889.



2 Call it not death, where life is all-pervading:
For when has ceased this frail and fleeting breath,
And "all things" are made "new," and are unfading—
In heaven above—"there shall be no more death."

3 Call it not death: it brings a radiant morrow,
A morrow free from trouble, loss, or care;
For those who sleep in Christ there's "no more sorrow"
But cloudless joy, and pleasures true and rare!

4 Call it not death: for saints who pass its portal
Shall be "with Christ," where there is "no more pain;"
The ransomed victor, robed in life immortal,
Can never suffer nor be sick again.

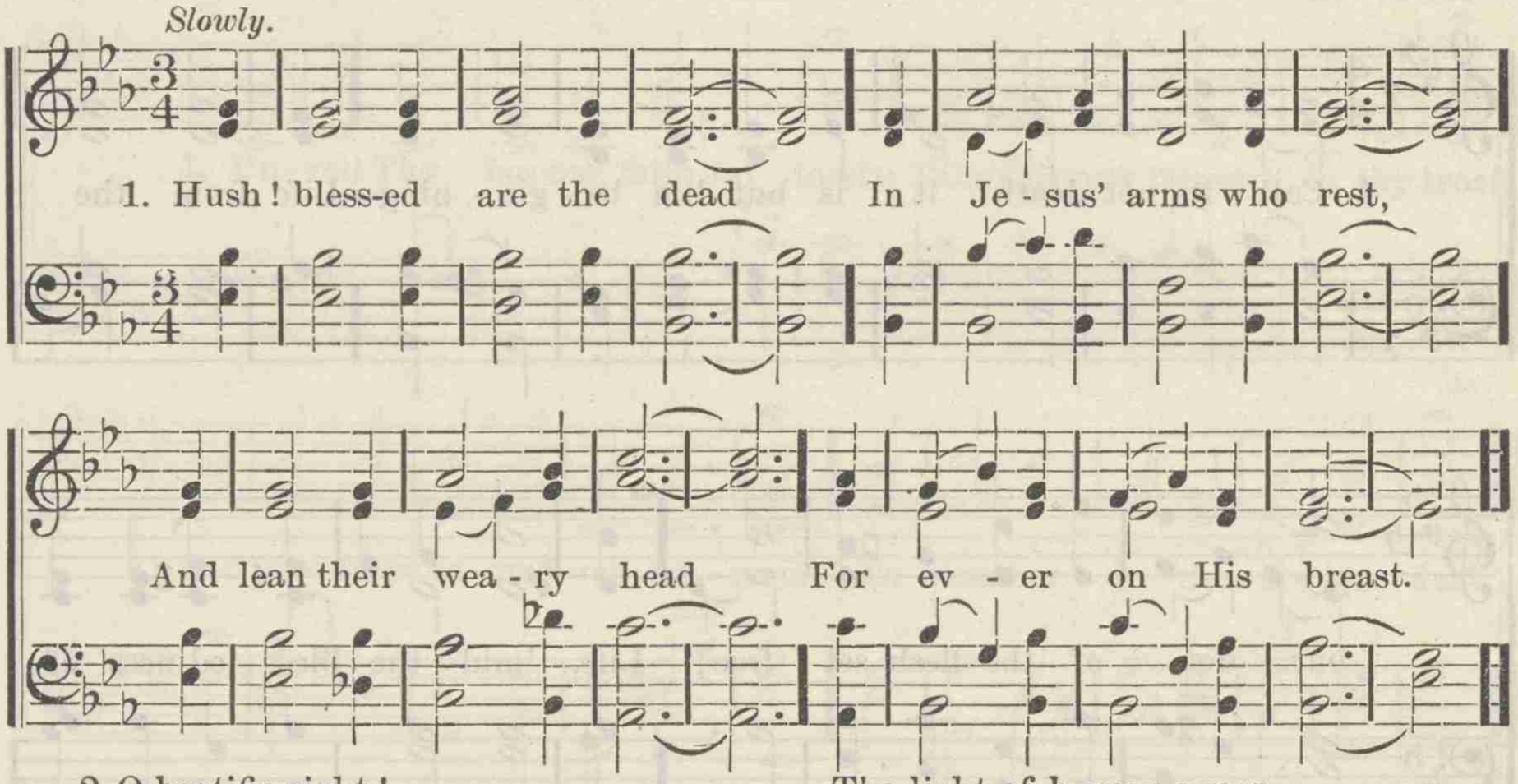
5 Call it not death: it is but the unveiling,
In regions "where there shall be no more night"—
The passing into love and joy unfailing—
The full "inheritance of saints in light."

6 Call it not death: how blest is their condition,
How far beyond all restlessness or doubt,
Who serve the Lord in jubilant fruition,—
Who "see His face," and "shall go no more out."

Rev William A. Bathurst, 1889.

855 DOLOMITE CHANT. 6. 6. 6. 6. Anon.

Slowly.



2 O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between
They see the Light of light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

3 For them the wild is past,
With all its toil and care;
Its with'ring midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

4 Then the Good Shepherd leads
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads,
Beside the Fount of Life.

5 Ours only are the tears
Who weep around their tomb,
The light of bygone years
And shad'wing years to come.

6 Their voice, their touch, their smile,
Those love-springs flowing o'er,
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

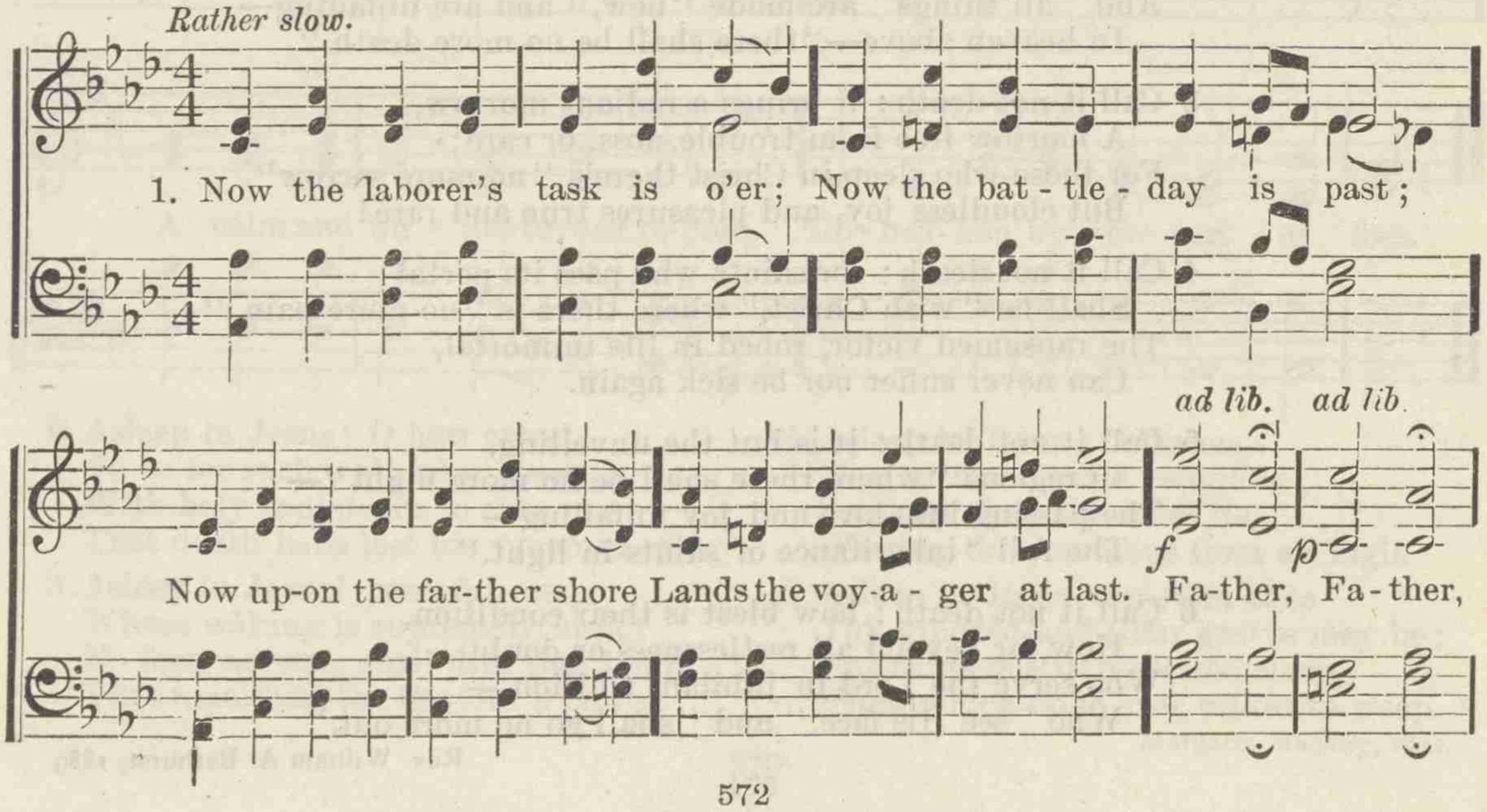
7 O tender hearts and true,
Our long lost vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you,
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

8 But soon, at break of day,
His calm almighty voice,
Stronger than death shall say
Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870.

856 IN MANUS TUAS. 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. (*First Tune.*) Sir John Stainer, 1894.

Rather slow.



2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

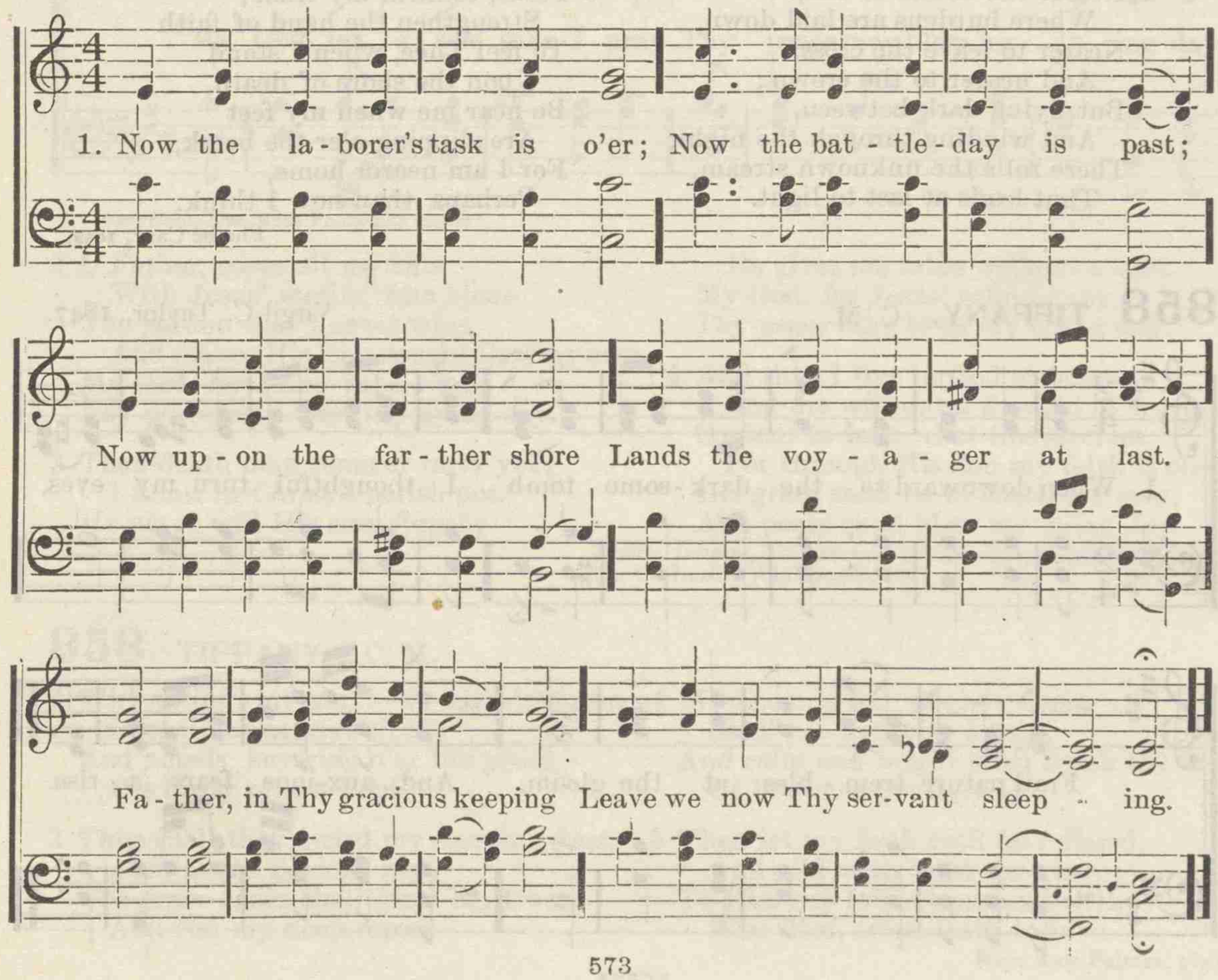
3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

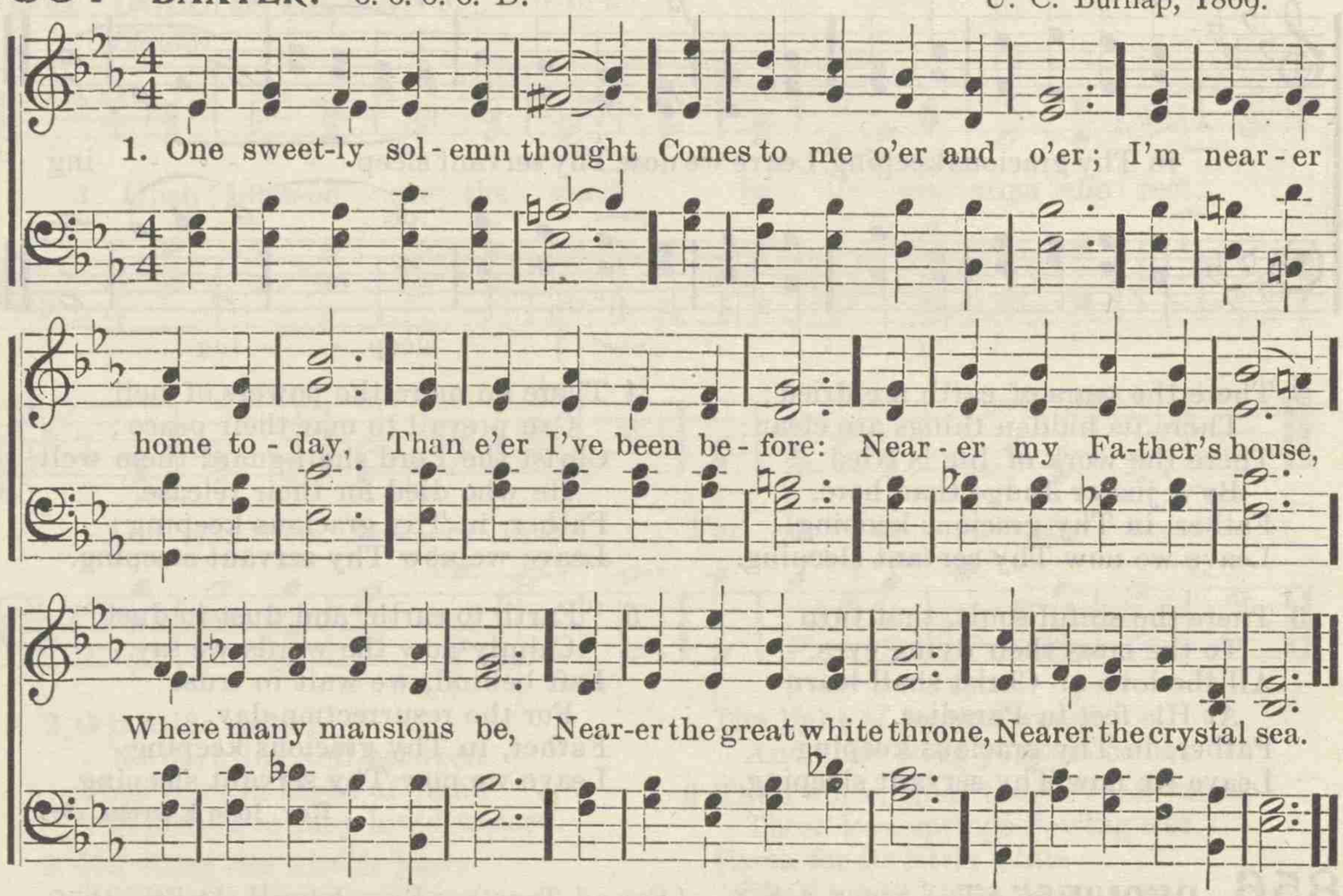
Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

856 REQUIESCAT. 7.7.7.7.8.8. (*Second Tune.*) Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.



857 BAXTER. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

U. C. Burnap, 1869.



2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the cross,
And nearer to the crown;
But, lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
There rolls the unknown stream,
That leads at last to light.

3 Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death,
Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps than now I think.

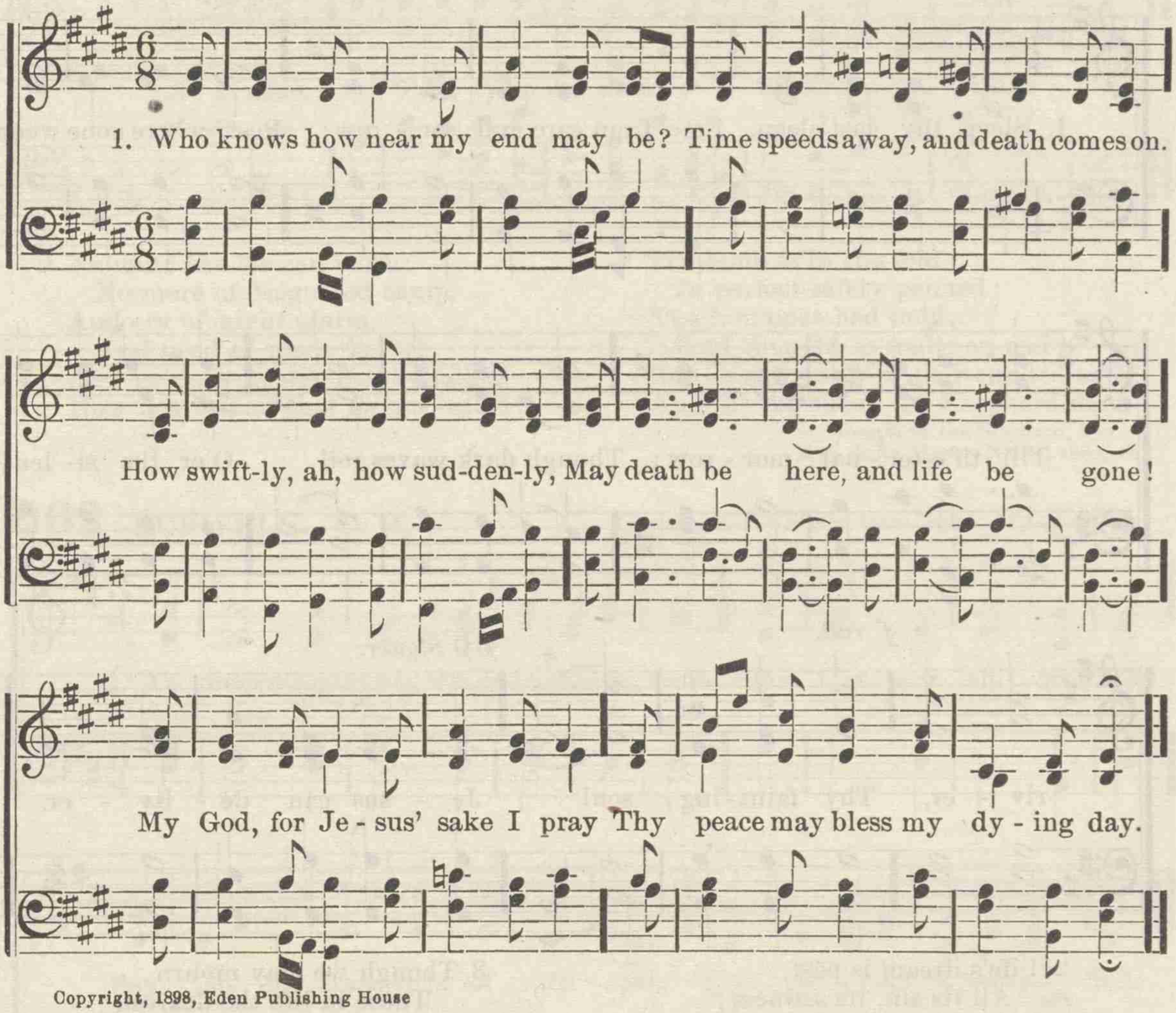
Phœbe Cary, 1852.

858 TIFFANY. C. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847.

859 DYING DAY. L. M. 61.

Chas. G. W. Jungk, 1898.



Copyright, 1898, Eden Publishing House

2 O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long-sought Rest my own.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

3 Then death may come or tarry yet;
I know in Christ I perish not.
He never will His own forget;
He gives me robes without a spot.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.

4 And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear;
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.

Emilia Juliana, Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt 1688.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858

858 TIFFANY. C. M.

2 Why shrinks my soul?—in death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

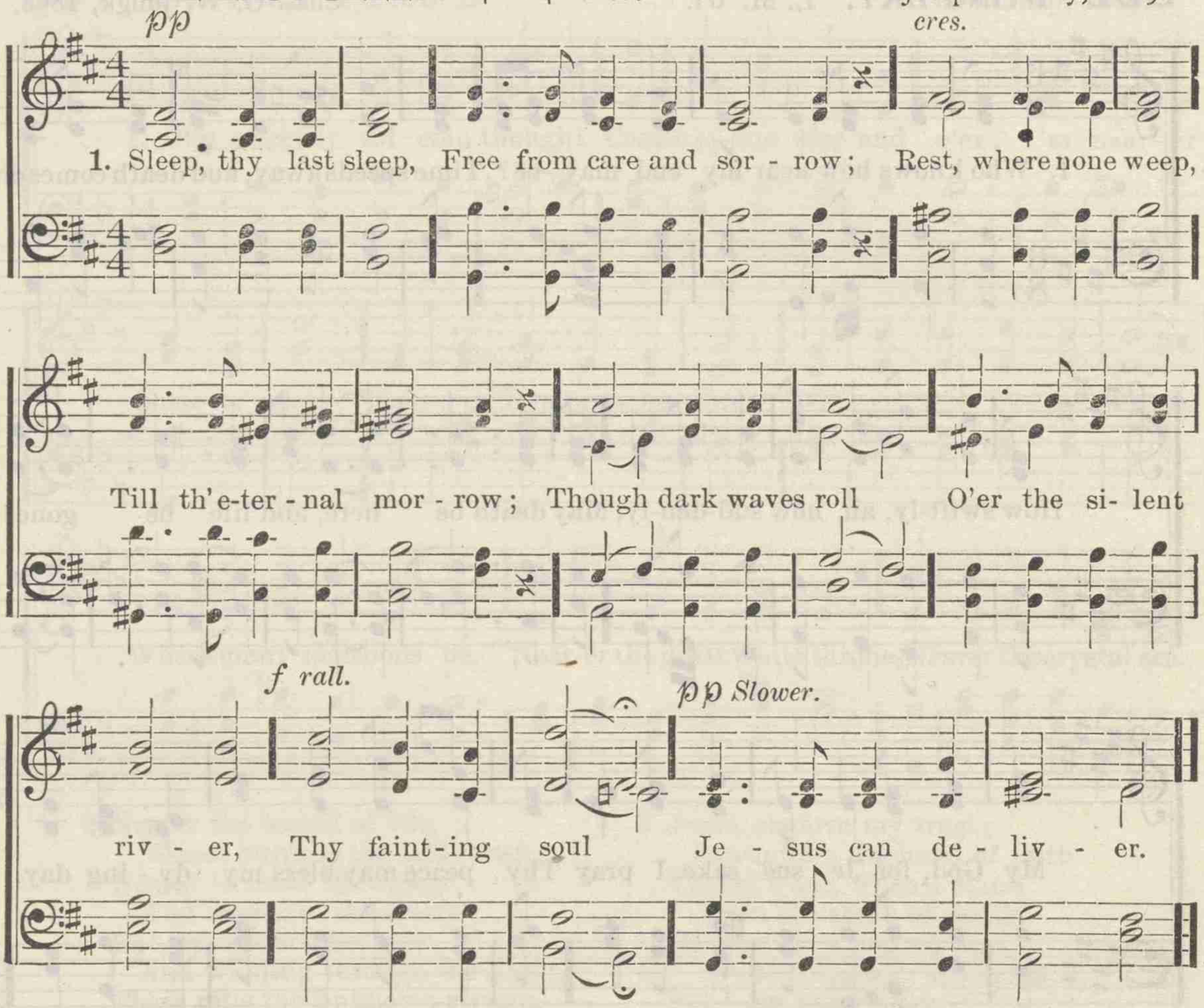
4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To Him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died, from death to save.

Rev. Ray Palmer. 1843

860 THE LAST SLEEP. 4. 6. 4. 6. D.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869.



2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Rev. Edward A. Dayman, 1868.

Burial of a Child.

861 SAFE HOME. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872.

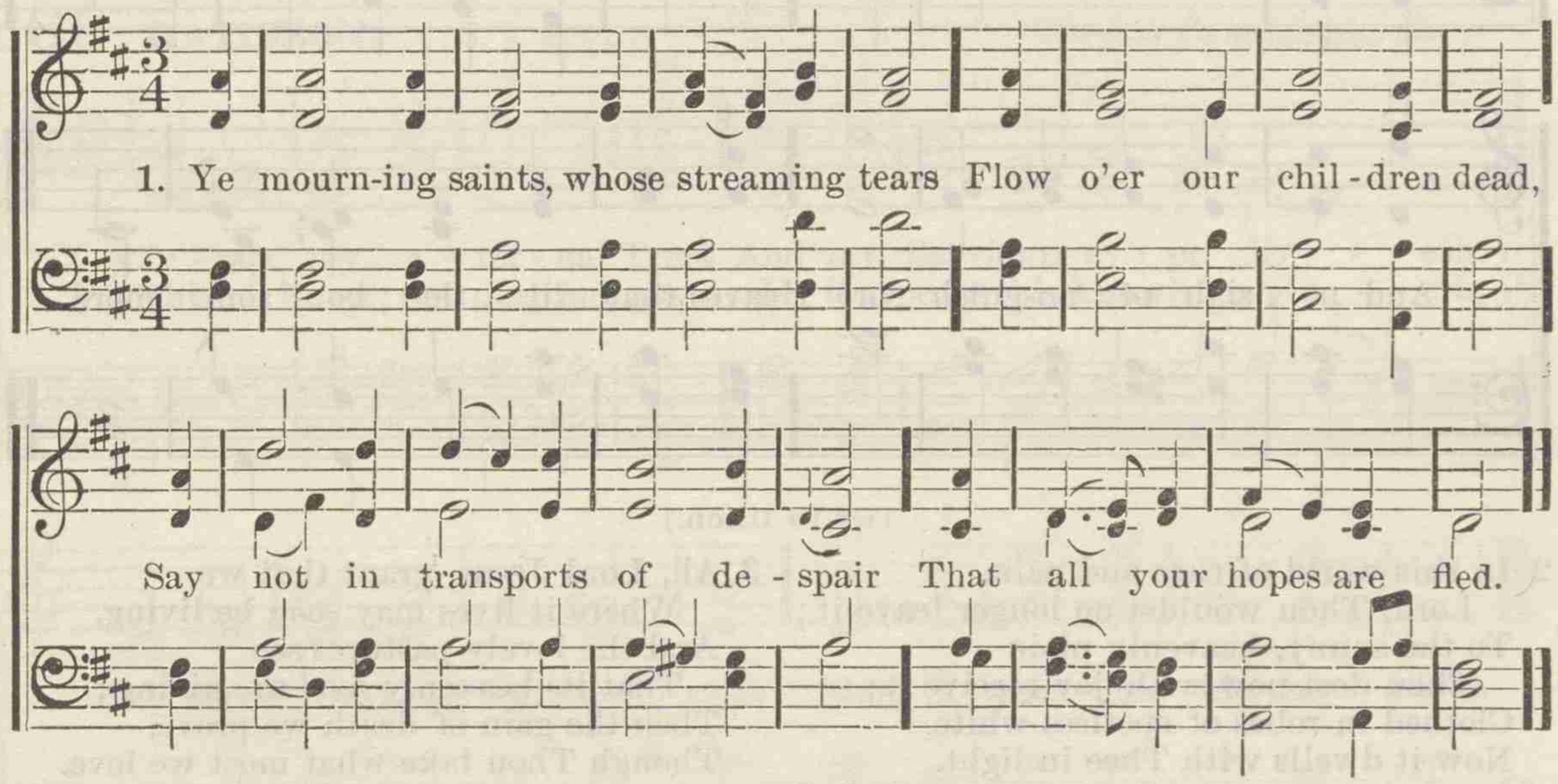
2 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he failed,
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

3 The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penned:
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

St. Joseph of the Studium, 850.
Rev. John Mason Neale, 1862, ab.

862 BOSWELL. C. M.

Christoph Willibald von Gluck, 1714–1787.



2 If, cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by the Almighty's hand.

4 I'll give the mourner, saith the Lord,
In my own house a place;
No names of daughters nor of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which Thy face we see;
And bless those wounds which through our hearts
Prepare a way for Thee.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1750.

863 C. M.

1 'Tis Jesus speaks: I fold, says He,
These lambs within my breast;
Protection they shall find in Me,
In Me be ever blest.

2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve My love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

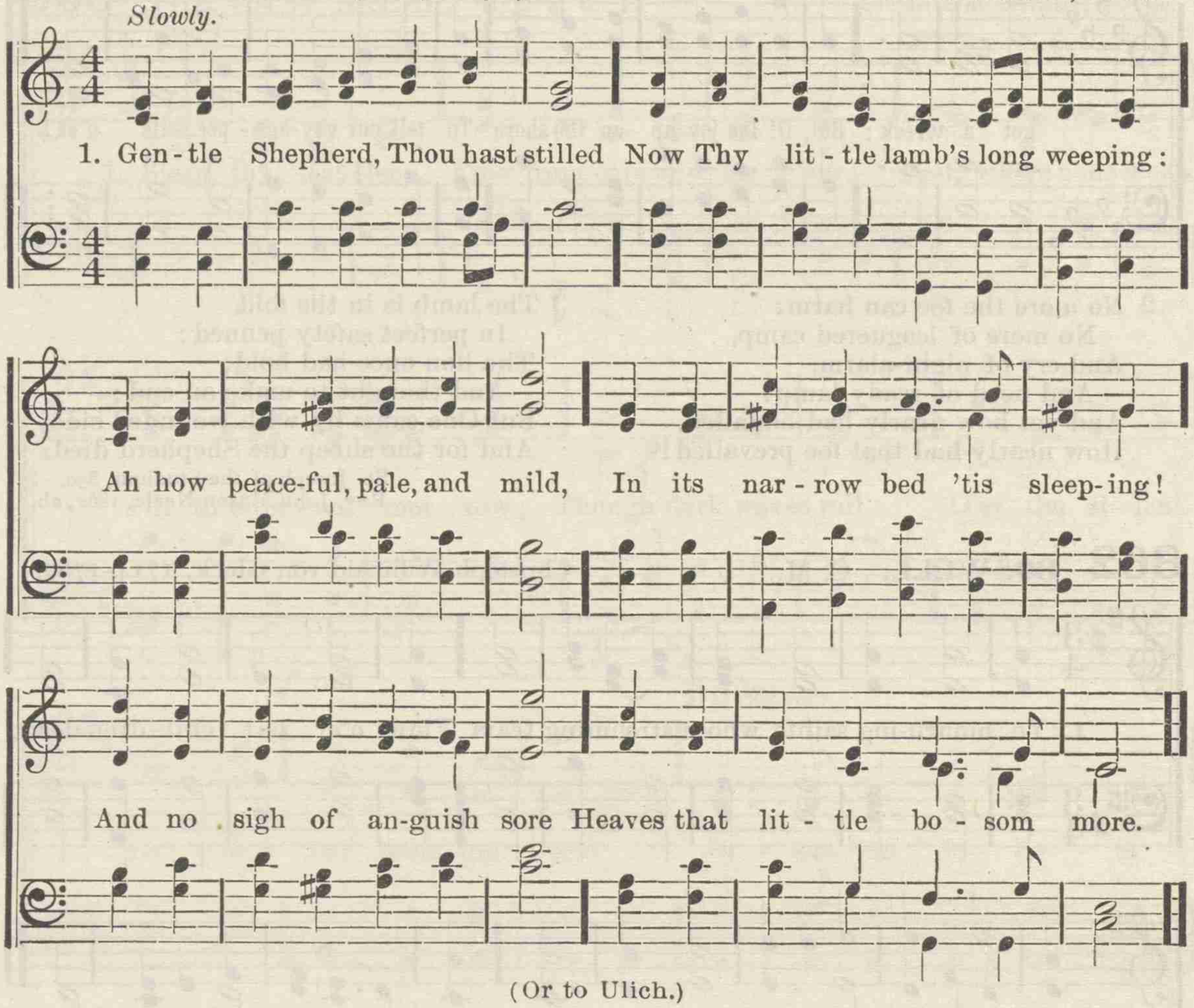
3 Their feeble frames My power shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing My praise,
And hands to do My will.

4 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joy Divine,
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever Thine!

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1787.

864 **HOLYROOD.** 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. Sir Robert P. Stewart, 1888.

Slowly.



(Or to Ulich.)

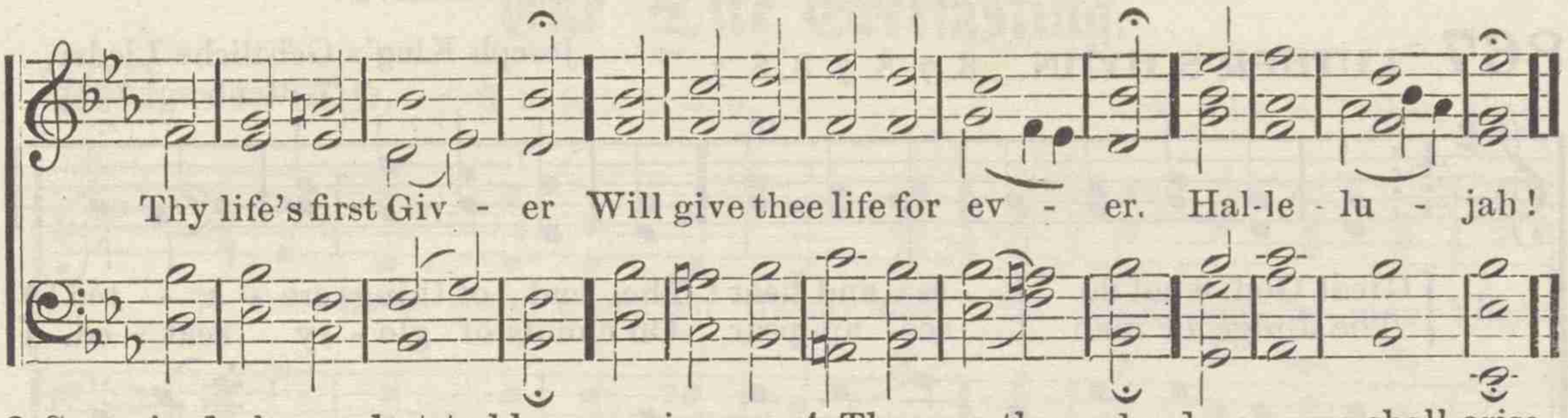
2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

Rev. Johann W. Meinhold, 1835.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

The Resurrection and Judgment.

865 **RESURRECTION.** 9. 6. 5. 7. 4. Johann Georg Beutler, 1810.



2 Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,
When, after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping,
The seed now quietly sleeping,
Hallelujah!

3 Day of praise! for thee, thou wondrous day,
In my own grave I stay;
And, when I number
My days and nights of slumber,
Thou wakest me!

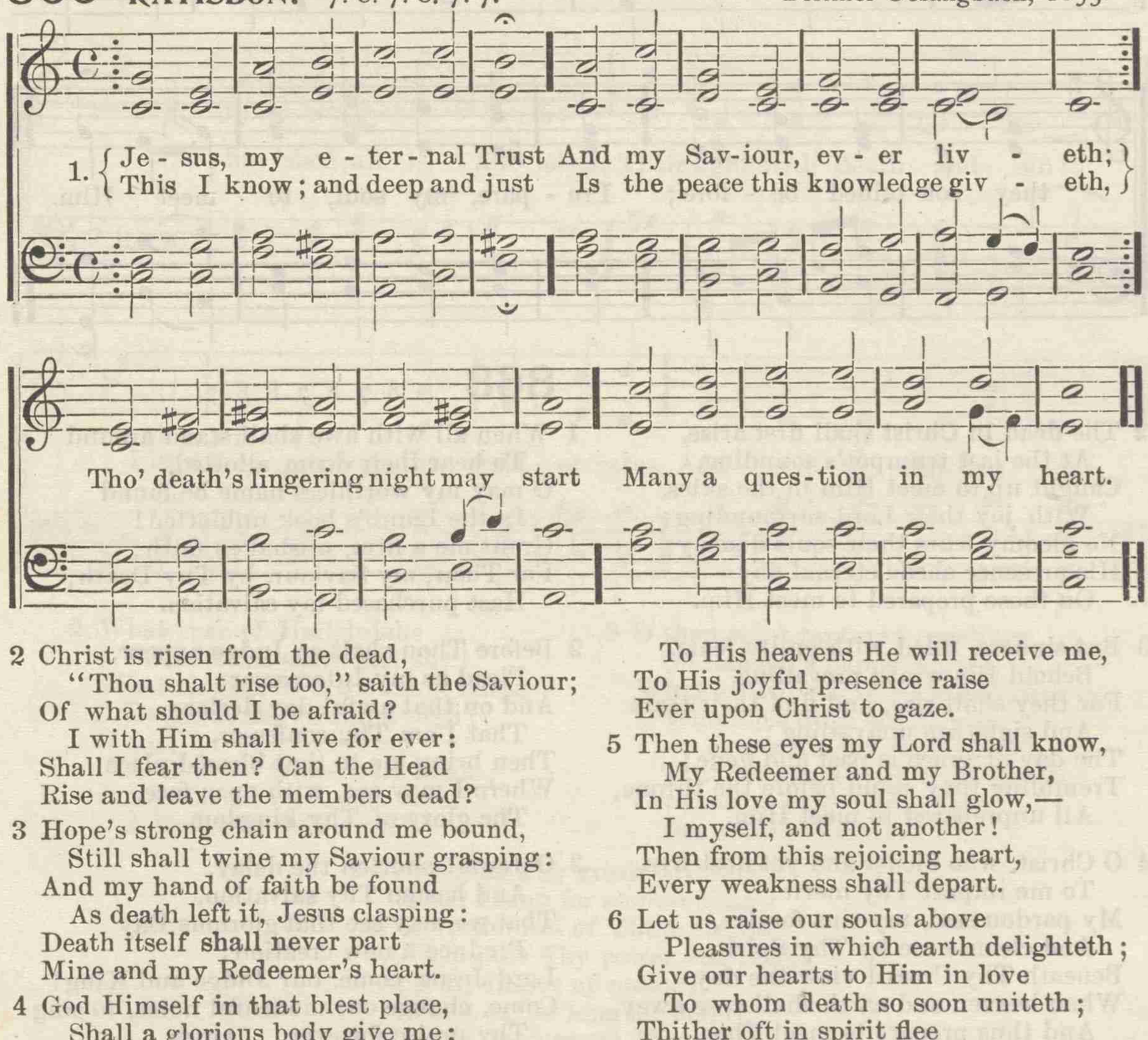
4 Then, as they who dream, we shall arise
With Jesus to the skies,
And find that morrow,
The weary pilgrim's sorrow,
All past and gone!

5 Then shall I the path to Holiest tread,
By my Redeemer led,
Through heavèn soaring,
His holy Name adoring,
Eternally!

Friedr. Gottl. Klopstock, 1724-1803.

866 RATISBON. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Berliner Gesangbuch, 1653.



2 Christ is risen from the dead,
"Thou shalt rise too," saith the Saviour;
Of what should I be afraid?
I with Him shall live for ever:
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

3 Hope's strong chain around me bound,
Still shall twine my Saviour grasping:
And my hand of faith be found
As death left it, Jesus clasping:
Death itself shall never part
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

4 God Himself in that blest place,
Shall a glorious body give me;
I shall see His blissful face,
To His heavens He will receive me,
To His joyful presence raise
Ever upon Christ to gaze.

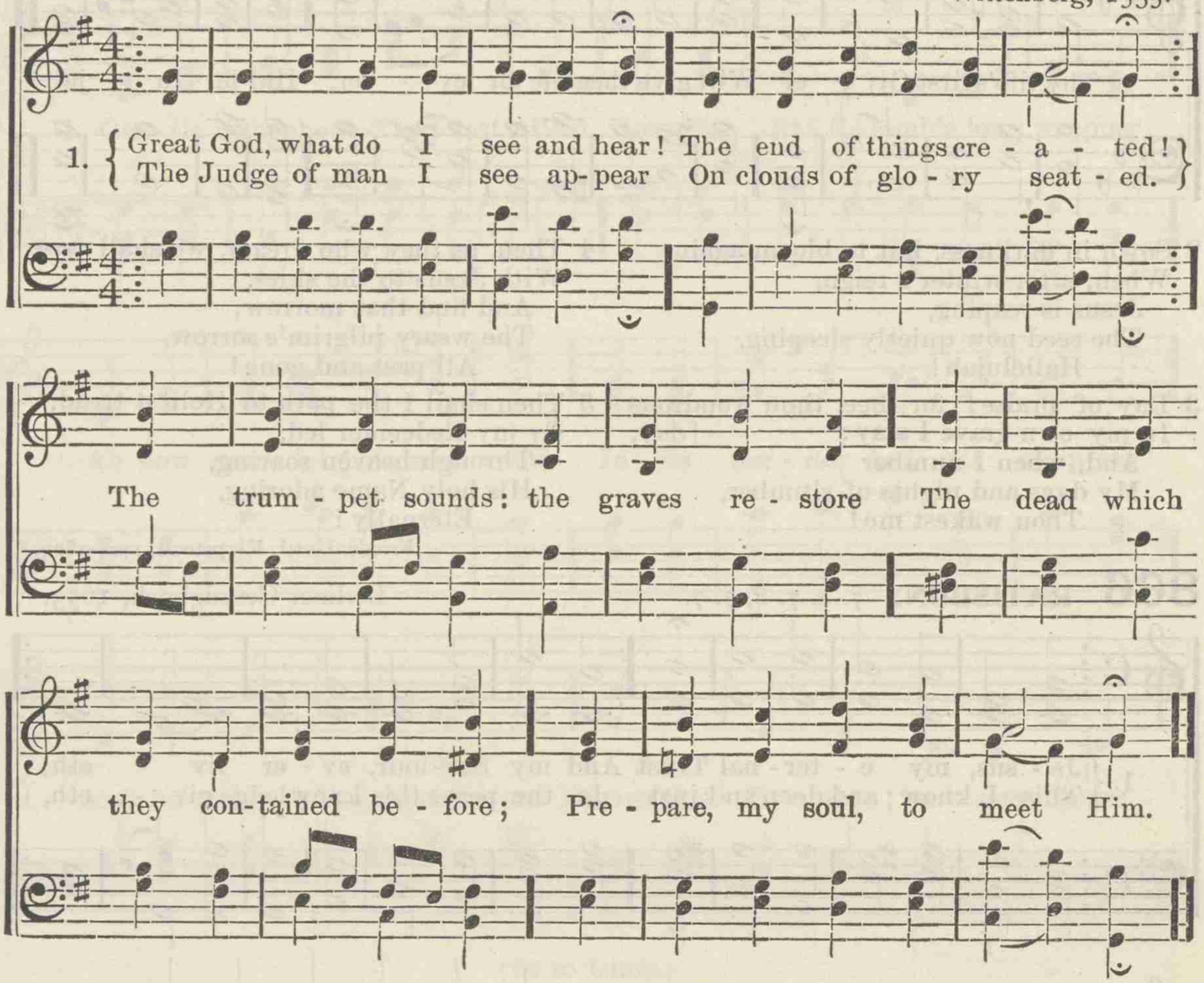
5 Then these eyes my Lord shall know,
My Redeemer and my Brother,
In His love my soul shall glow,—
I myself, and not another!
Then from this rejoicing heart,
Every weakness shall depart.

6 Let us raise our souls above
Pleasures in which earth delighteth;
Give our hearts to Him in love
To whom death so soon uniteth;
Thither oft in spirit flee
Where we would forever be!

Louisa Henrietta v. Bradenburg, 1667.
Tr. Moravian Coll., alt.

867 LUTHER'S HYMN. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Joseph Klug's Geistliche Lieder,
Wittenberg, 1535.



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

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 O Christ, who diedst and yet dost live,
To me impart Thy merit;
My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.
Beneath Thy Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

V. 1, Barth Ringwaldt, 1585.
V. 2-4, Rev. William B. Collyer, 1812.

868 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 When all with awe shall stand around
To hear their doom allotted,
O may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted!
Grant me a firm, unshaken faith;
For Thou, my Saviour, by Thy Death,
Hast purchased my salvation.

2 Before Thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor;
And on that awful day declare
That I am Thy confessor.
Then bring me to that blessèd place
Where I may see, with open face,
The glory of Thy kingdom.

3 O Jesus! shorten the delay,
And hasten Thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious Day
Produce a new creation;
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King!
Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
Thy praise for ever. Amen.

Johann Madgeburg, 1565.
Tr. Johann Christian Jacobi, 1722.

869 ALFORD. 7. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875.

2 What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Rev. Henry Alford, 1867.

870 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

6 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

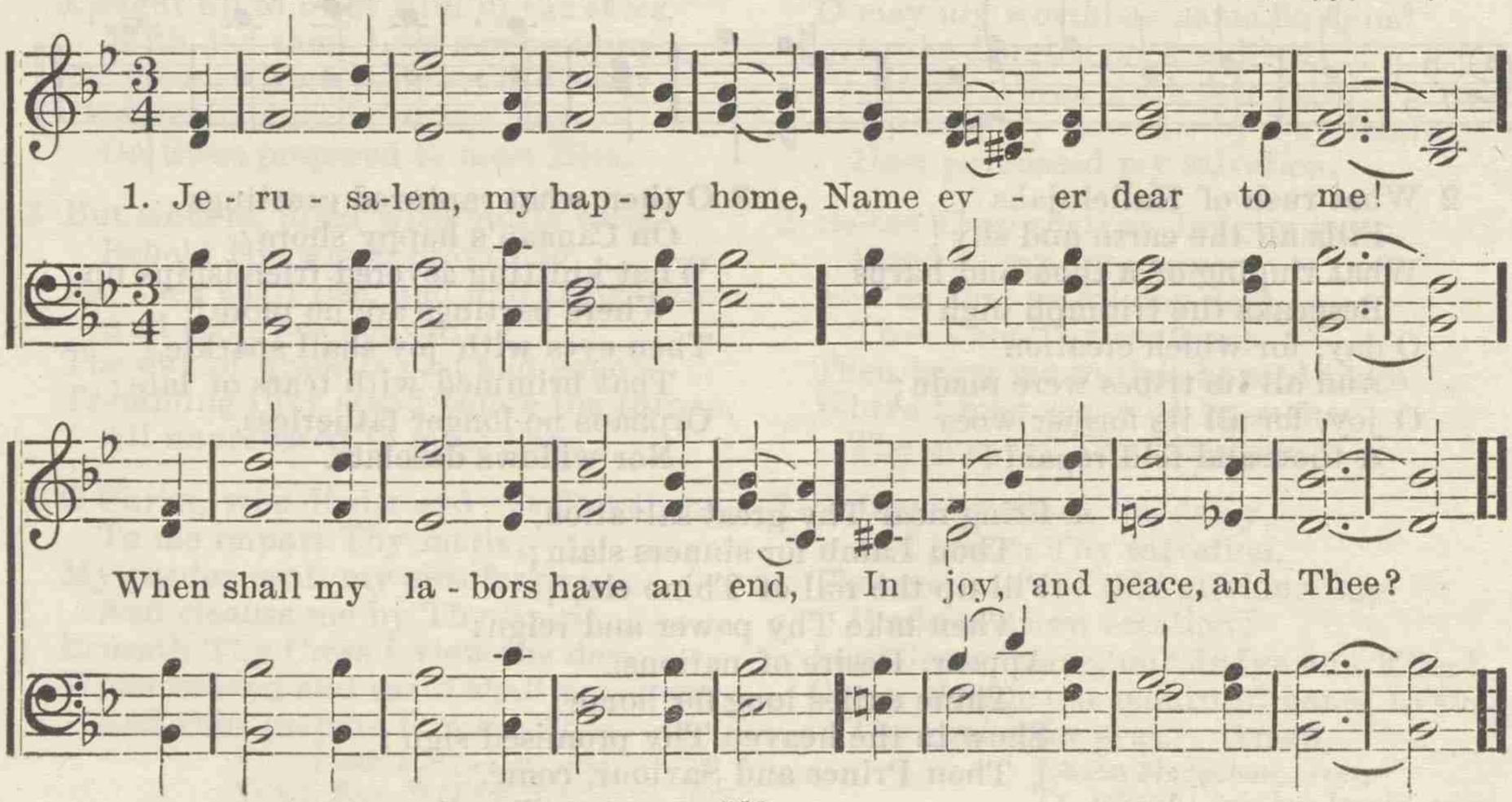
7 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

8 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat, before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835.

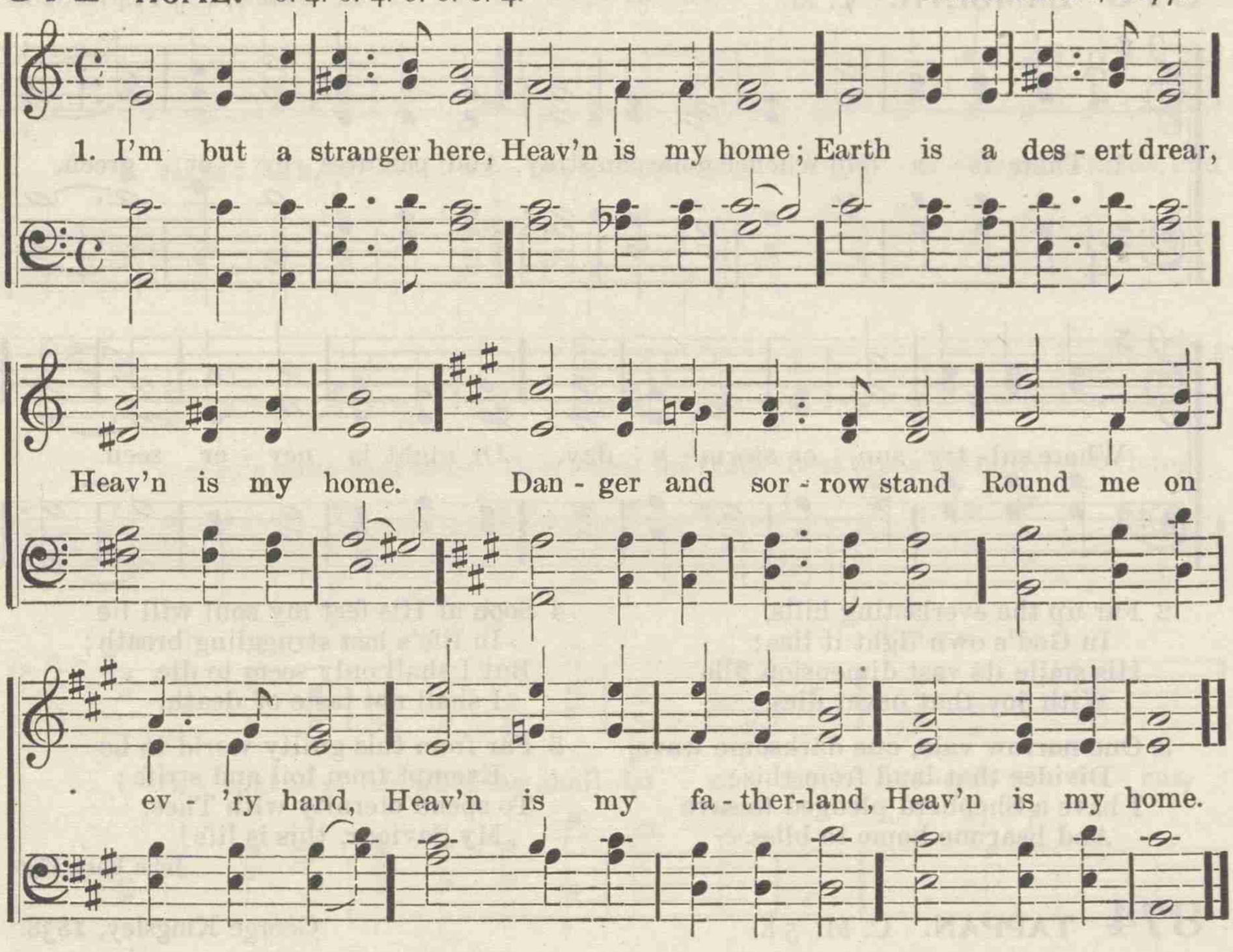
871 RAPHAEL. C. M.

Gaetano Donizetti, 1797-1848.



872 HOME. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Arthur Patton, 1877.



2 What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

Rev. Thomas R. Taylor, 1836.

871 RAPHAEL. C. M.

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold? [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery.) Eckington Coll. c. 1796.

873 LAMBETH. C. M.

S. Webbe, [?] 1740–1816.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

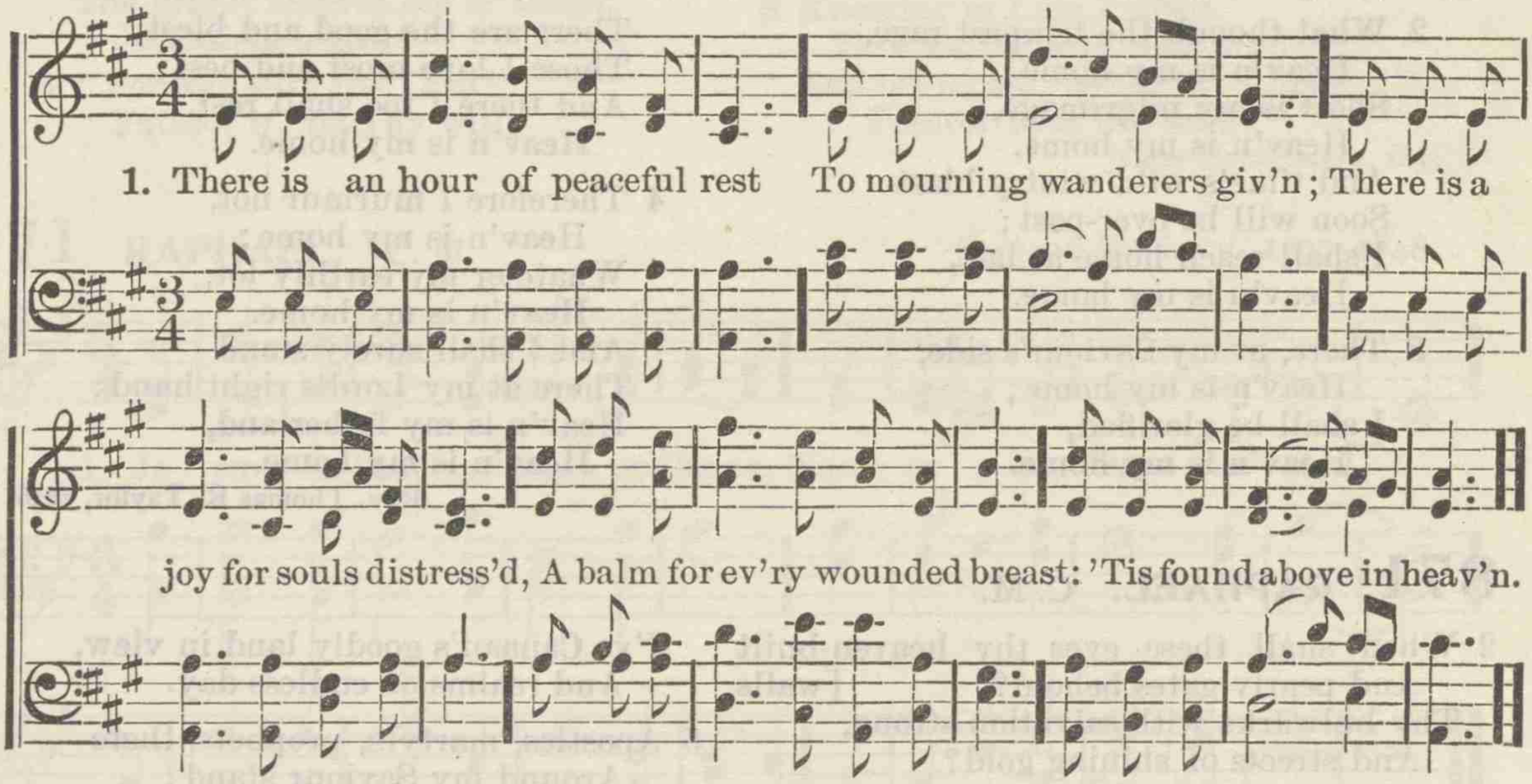
4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with Thee,
My Saviour, this is life!

John East, 1836.

874 TAPPAN. C. M. 51.

George Kingsley, 1838.



2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

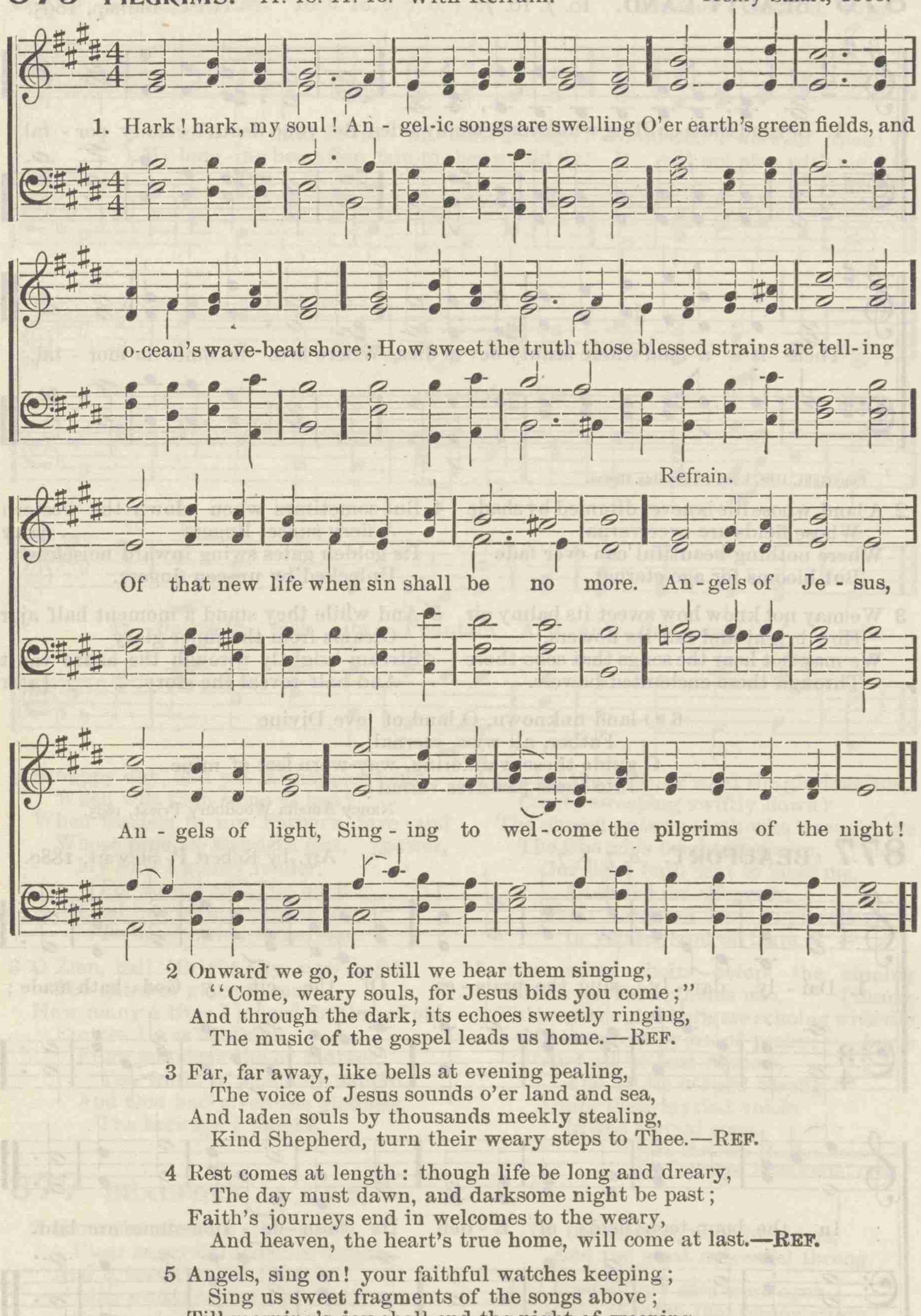
3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There, rays Divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan, 1818, ab.

875 PILGRIMS. 11. 10. 11. 10. With Refrain.

Henry Smart, 1868.



2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—REF.

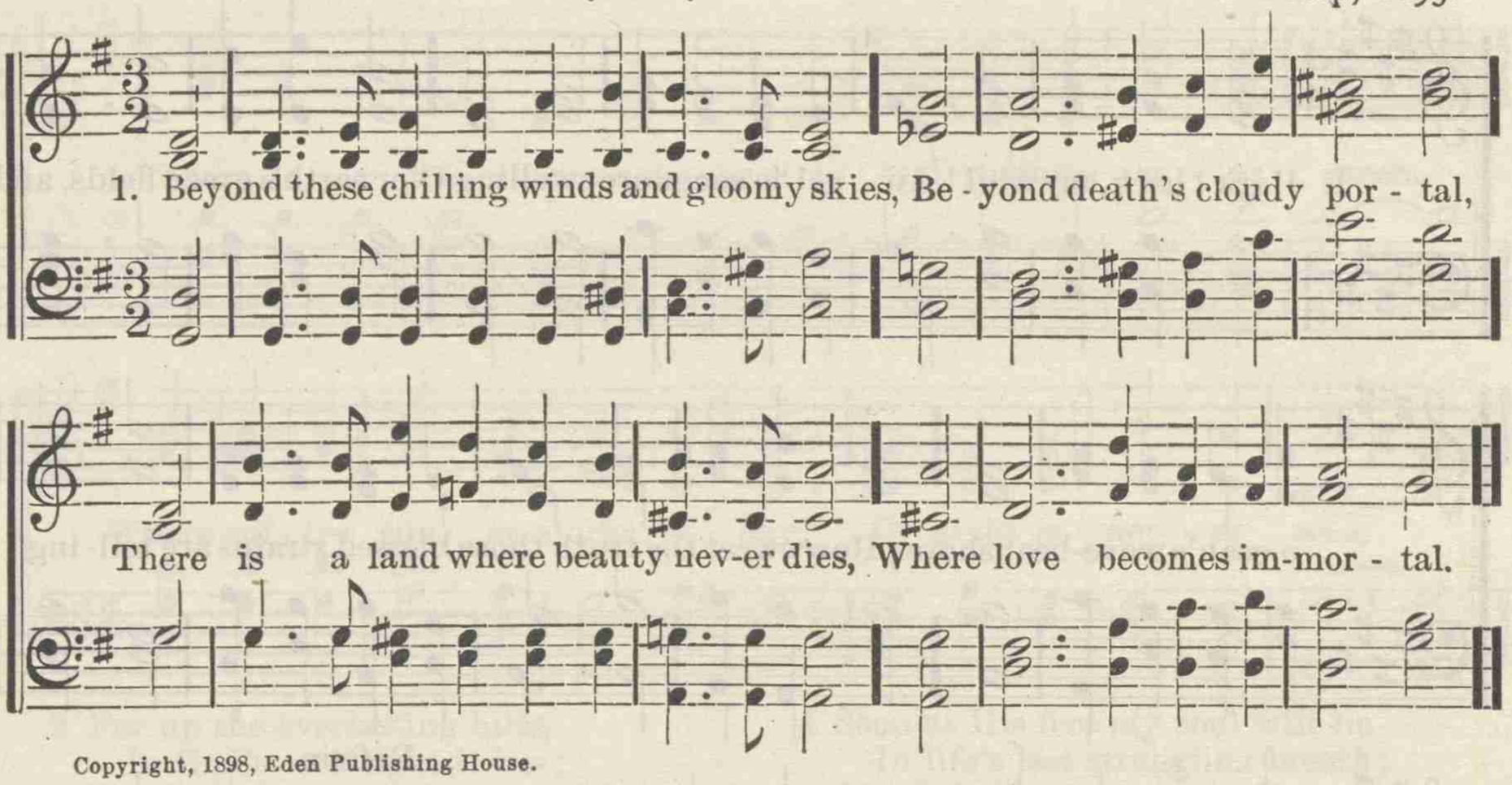
4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

876 BEAUTY LAND. 10. 7. 10. 7.

U. C. Burnap, 1895.



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2 A land, whose life is never dimmed by shade
Whose fields are ever vernal
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade
But blooms for age eternal.

3 We may not know how sweet its balmy air
How bright and fair its flowers,
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through these enchanted bowers.

4 But sometimes when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

5 And while they stand a moment half ajar
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar
And half reveal the story.

6 O land unknown, O land of love Divine
Father, all-wise, eternal,
O guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into these pastures vernal!

Nancy Amelia Woodbury Priest, 1895.

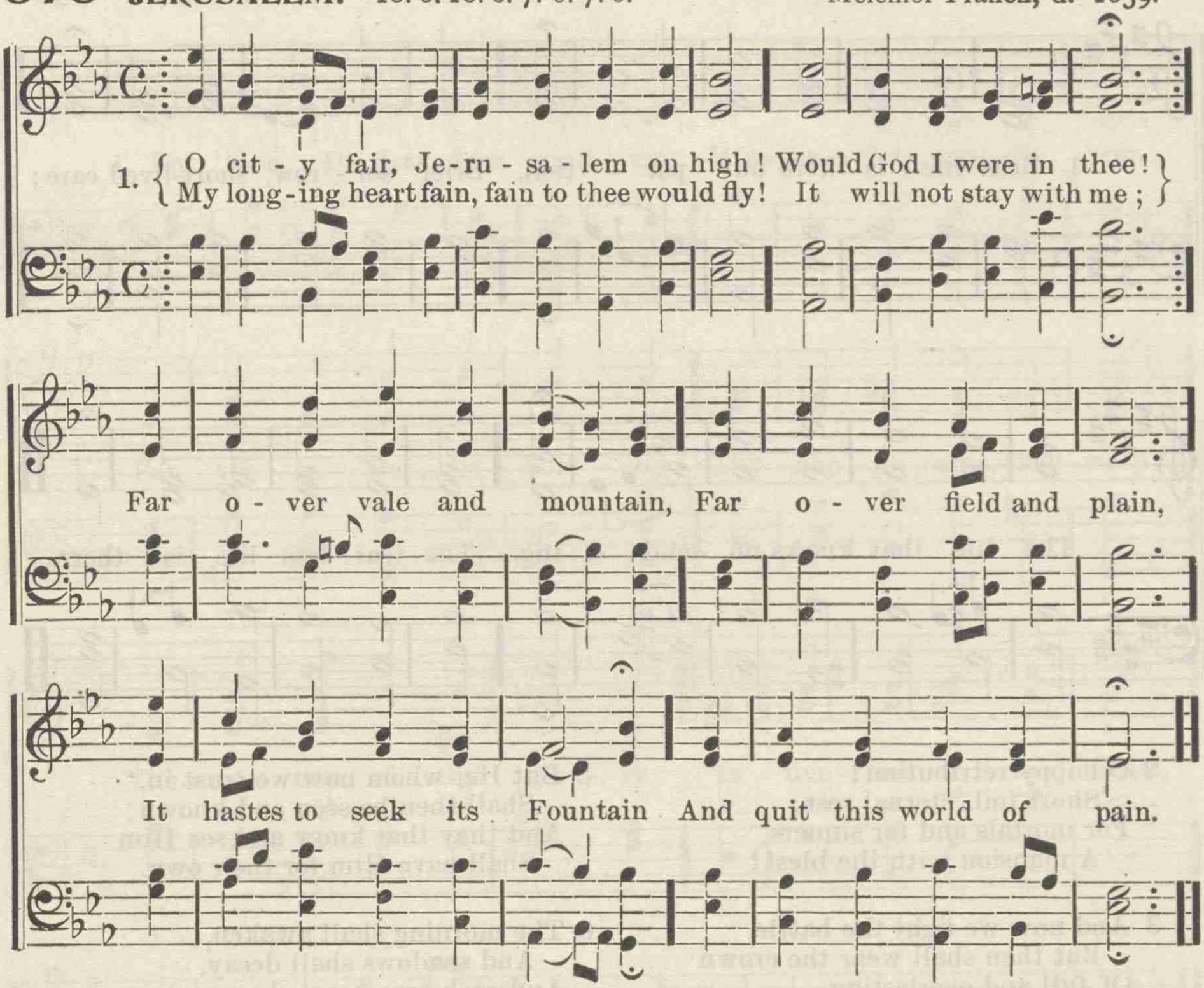
877 BEAUFORT. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. by Robert P. Stewart, 1889.

(Or to Debenham.)

878 JERUSALEM. 10. 6. 10. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Melchior Franck, d. 1639.



2 O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When fearless to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render,
For surely will His hand
Lead her with guidance tender
To heaven, her fatherland.

3 O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy naught,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.

4 O what the tribe, or what the glorious host,
Comes sweeping swiftly down?
The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
The Church's brightest crown,
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
As in the far-off years,
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

5 Innumerous choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems rise,
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone
Of that great hymn of praise,
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blessèd throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

John Matthew Meyfart, 1626.
Tr. Catharine Winkworth, 1858.

877 BEAUFORT. 8. 7. 8. 7.

2 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.

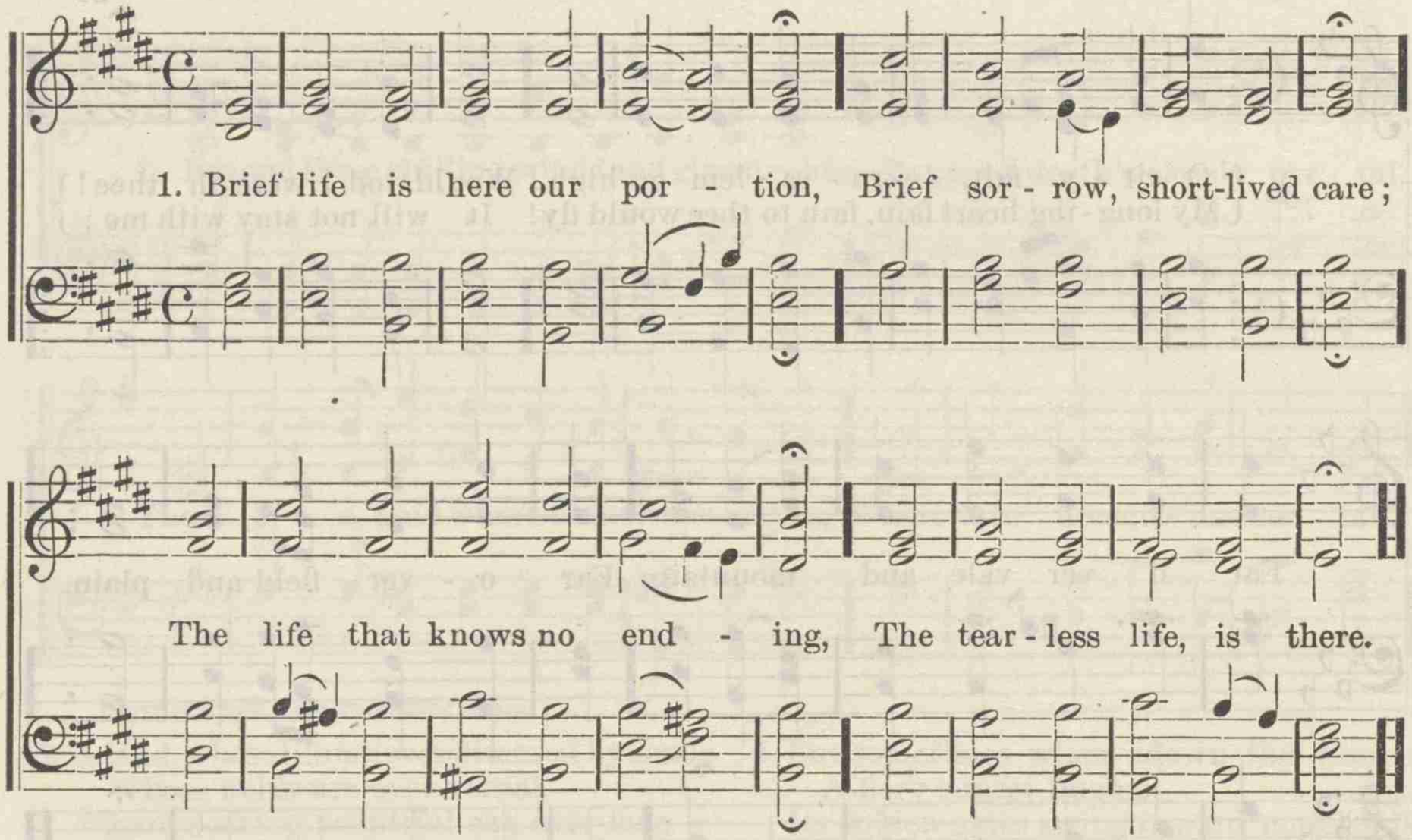
3 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the seraphs, and the elders,
And the great redeemèd throng.

4 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some visions
Of that Eden could attain!

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1867.

879 VULPIUS. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Melchior Vulpius, 1609.



2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

5 But He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

6 The morning shall awaken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

7 Yes, God, my King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851.

880 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 The Homeland! O, the Homeland!
The land of souls free-born!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn:
I'm sighing for that Country,
My heart is aching here;
There is no pain in Homeland,
To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of Homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ, bring us all to Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Hugh Reginald Haweis, 1855

881 HOMELAND. 7. 6. 7. 6 D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1867.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

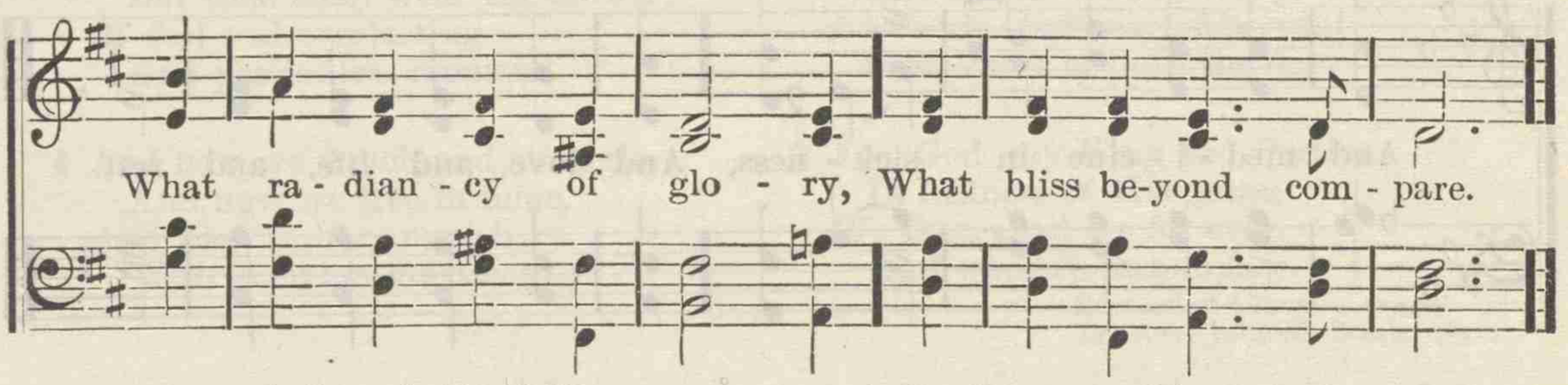
4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd Country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd Country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c, 1145.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851.

882 EWING. 7. 6. 7. 6. D. (*First Tune.*)

Alexander Ewing, 1853.



2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

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

4 O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe, victorious fold:
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?

5 Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art;
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part
His only and for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1851.

882 URBS BEATA. 7. 6. 7. 6. D. With Refrain. (*Second Tune.*)

G. F. Le Jeune, 1887.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
neath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, O I
know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry!

Refrain.

Je - ru - - - - - - sa - lem, the
What bliss beyond com-pare! Je - ru - sa-lem, the gold - en, With milk and honey
gold - en, Be - neath
blest, Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest.

Org.

883 DAVID. 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Thomas Morley, 1845-

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

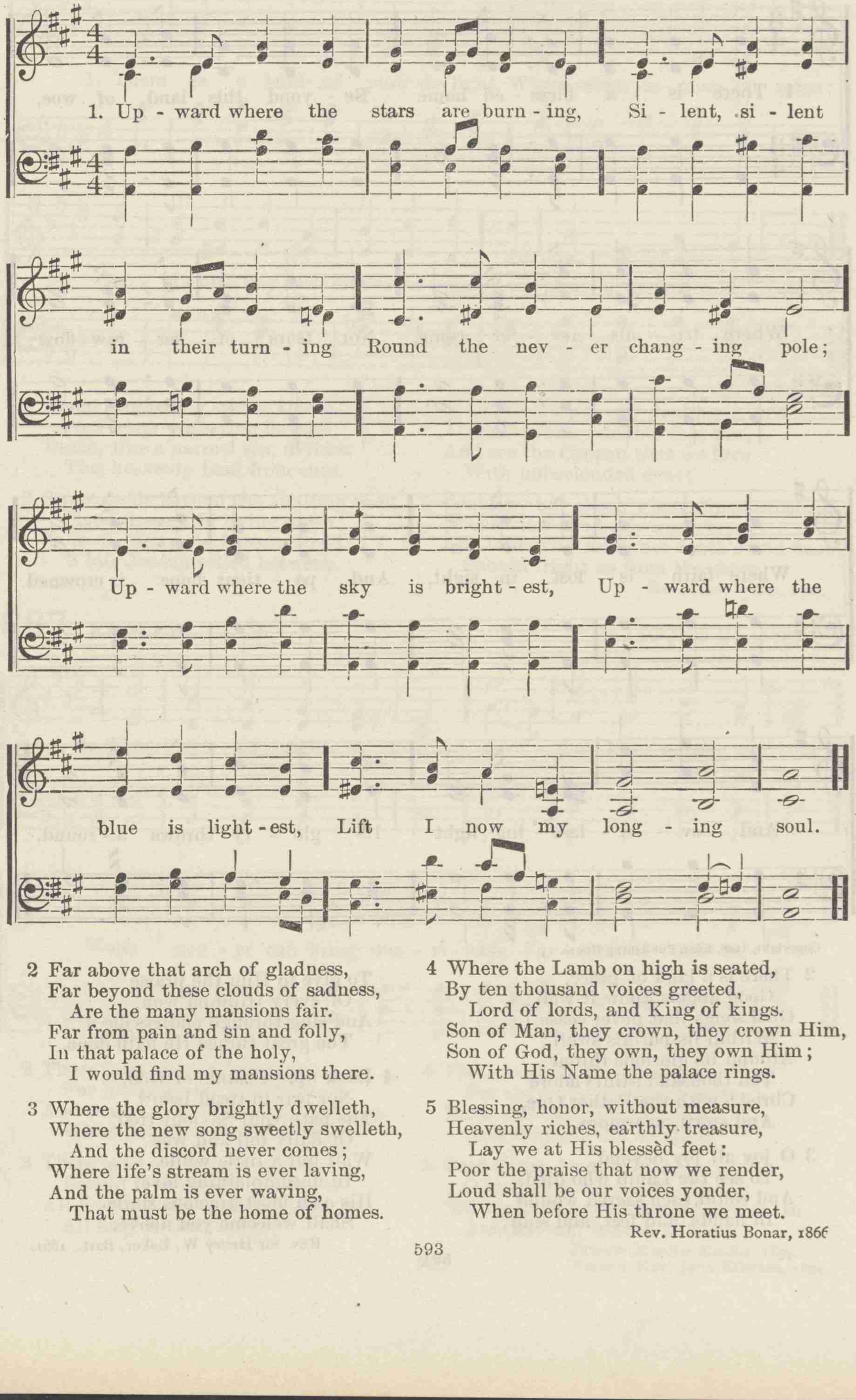
4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight?"

5 Jesus, Lord of Glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting
In Thyself complete.

St. John of Damascus, 750.
Tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1862.

884 BONAR. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867



2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansions there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His Name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

885 MIGNON. 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Arr. by U. C. Burnap, 1895.

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2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ; with the Father One,
And spirit, evermore.

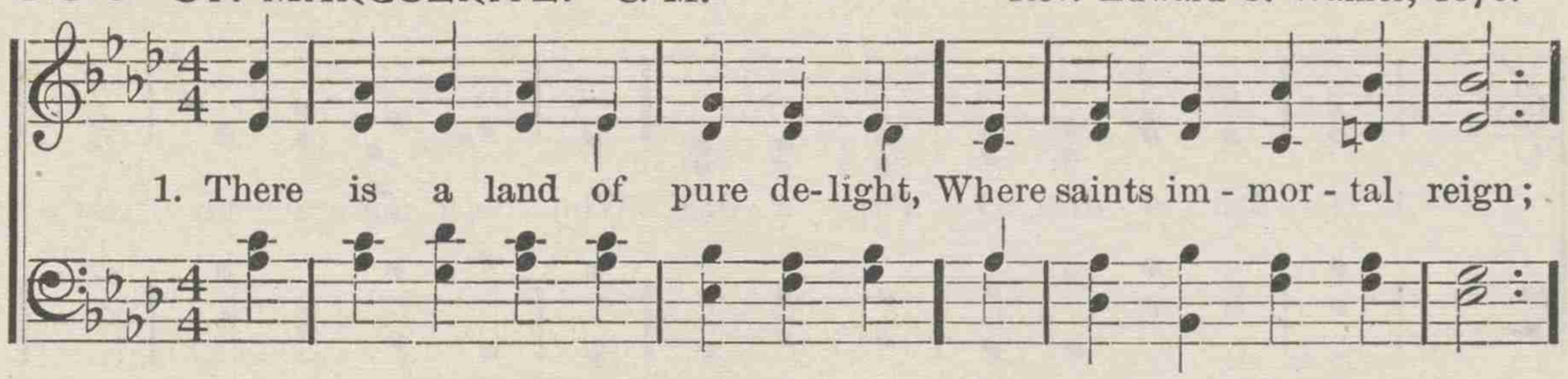
3 O joy all joy beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

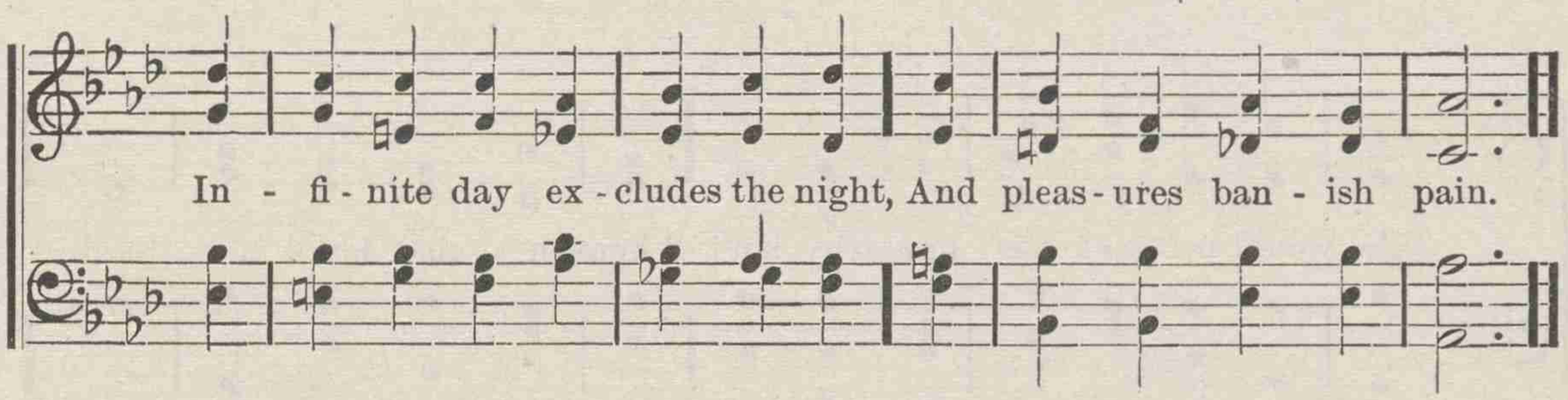
4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Rev Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861.

886 ST. MARGUERITE. C. M.

Rev. Edward C. Walker, 1876.





2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

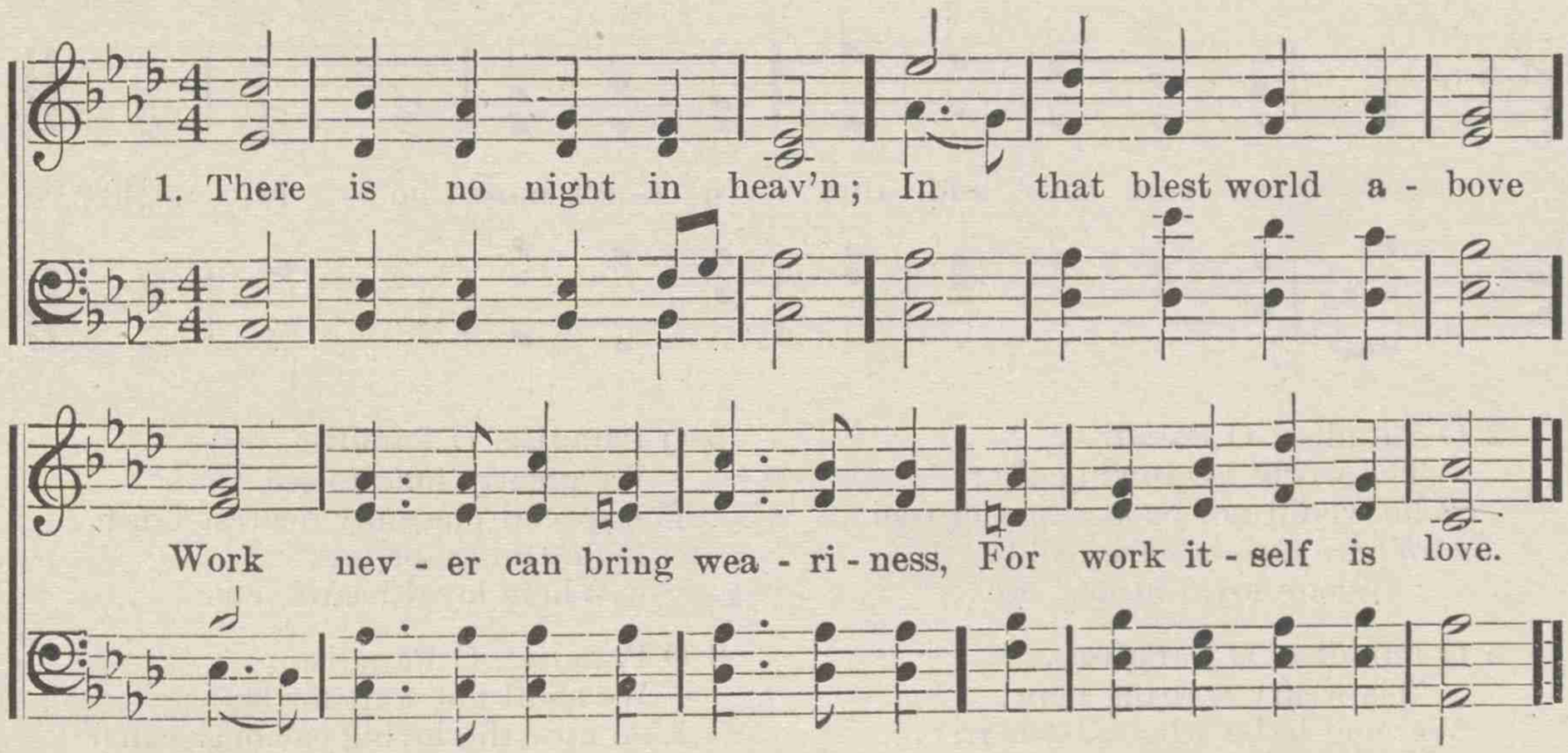
4 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

887 KNOLLIS. S. M.

Sir John Goss, 1875.



2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessèd throng—
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven;
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past and heaven is won!

Francis Minden Knollis, 1859.
Verse 5. Rev. John Ellerton, 1871.

888 PARADISE. 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. H. Smart, 1868.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
We long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

7 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above,
Where loyal hearts, etc.

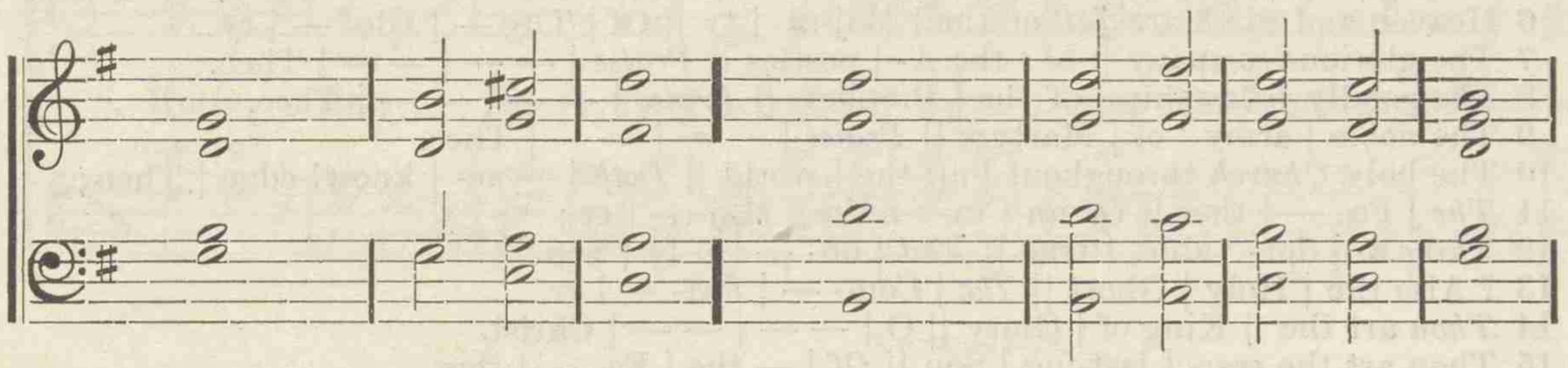
Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1862.
Hy. Anc. and Mod, 1868.

889 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Old Chant.

1 Glory *be* to | God on | high, || And on *earth* | peace, good | will to-wards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*, we | wor-ship | Thee, || We glorify Thee, we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



3 O Lord *God*, | heaven-ly | King, || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son*, | Je-sus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of *God*, | Son — | of the | Father,

5 That takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world, || Have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

6 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world, || Have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

7 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world, || *Re-* | ceive our | prayer.

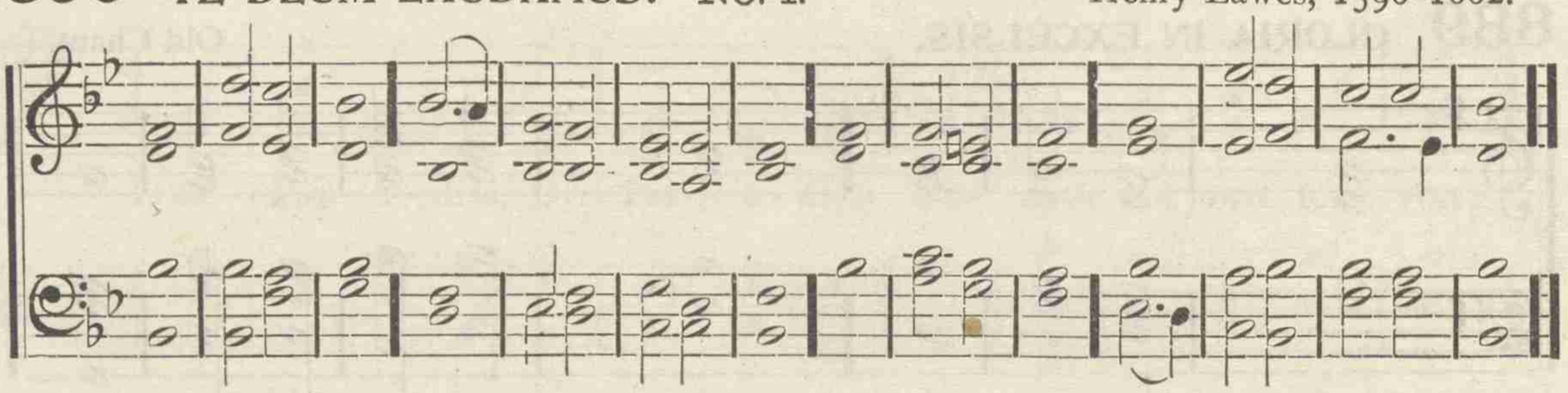
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father, || Have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.

9 For Thou *on*ly | art — | holy; || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord;

10 Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost, || Art most *high* in the | glory · of | God the | Father. || A- | men.

890 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. No. 1.

Henry Lawes, 1596–1662.



1 We *praise* | Thee O | God || We ac*know*ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the *earth* doth | worship | Thee || *The* | Father | ev-er- | lasting.
3 To Thee all *An*gels | cry a- | loud || The *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.
4 To Thee Cheru*bim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *Con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
5 *Ho*ly | Holy | Holy || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || Of | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
7 The glorious *com*pany | of · the A- | postles || *Praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
8 The goodly *fel*lowship | of the | Prophets || *Praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
9 The *no*ble | army · of | Martyrs || *Praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *Doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || *Of* an | in- · finite | Maj-es- | ty;
12 *Thine* a- | dor- · able, | true || *And* | on- — | —ly | Son;
13 * Also the | Holy | Ghost || *The* | Com- — | fort- — | er.
14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.
15 Thou art the *ev*er- | last-ing | Son || *Of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.

* Last half of Chant.

Robert Cooke, 1768–1814.

16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble Thy*self* to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
17 When Thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness · of | death || Thou didst open the *King*-dom of | Heaven · to | all be- | lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *In* the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
19 We be*lieve* that | Thou shalt | come || *To* | be — | our -- | Judge.
20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || Whom Thou hast re*deemed* | with Thy | pre-cious | blood.
21 Make them to be *num*bered | with Thy | Saints || *In* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *And* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
23 *Gov-* | — ern | them || *And* | lift them | up for- | ever.

Return to chant in B♭ at the top of page.

24 *Day* | by — | day || *We* | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
25 *And* we | worship · Thy | Name || *Ever* | world with- | out — | end.
26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep *us* this | day with- | out — | sin.
27 O *Lord* · have | mercy · up- | on us || *Have* | mercy · up- | on — | us.
28 O Lord, let Thy *mer*cy | be up- | on us || *As* our | trust — | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *Let* me | never | be con- | founded.

890 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. No. 2.

G. Percy Harris.

Verses 1-4; 7-13.

Verses 5 and 6.

Verses 14–28.

891 MAGNIFICAT. No. 1.

J. Robinson, 1682-1762.

No. 2.

Thomas Attwood, 1765-1838.

1 My soul doth *mag*ni- | fy the | Lord || And my spirit *hath* re- | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re- | garded || The *low*li- | ness of | His hand- | maiden.

3 *For* be- | hold from | henceforth || All *gen*er- | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni- · fied | me || *And* | ho-ly | is His | name.

5 And His mer*cy* is on | them that | fear Him || *Through*- | out all | gen-er- | ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the im*ag*in- | a-tion | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat || And *hath* ex- | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hun*gry | with good | things || And the *rich* | He hath · sent | empty · a- | way.

9 * He remembering His mercy hath holpen His *ser*vant | Is-ra- | el || As He promised to our forefathers, Abra*ham* | and his | seed for- | ever.

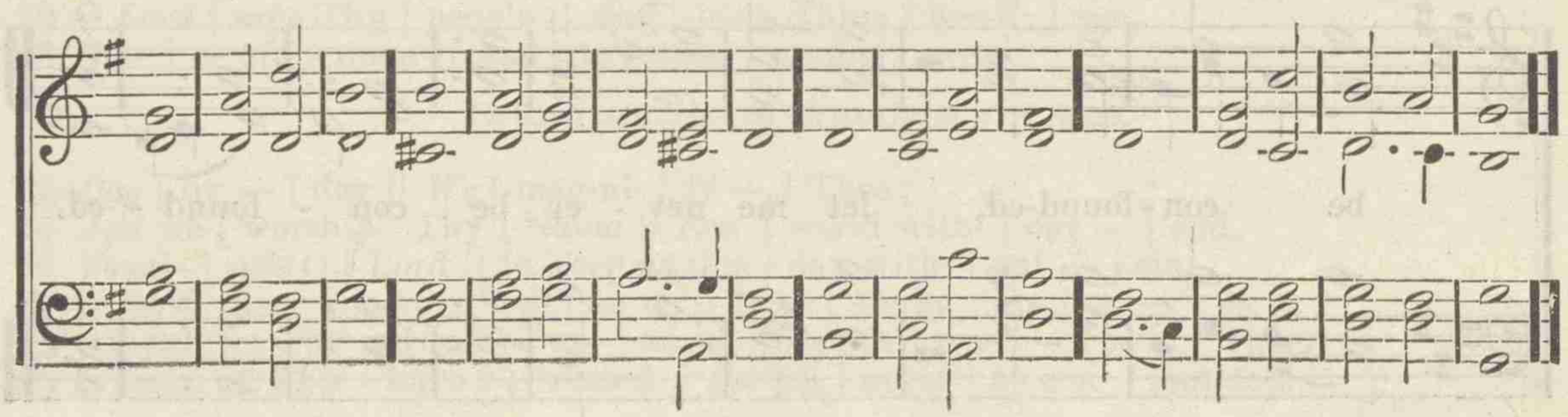
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *And* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

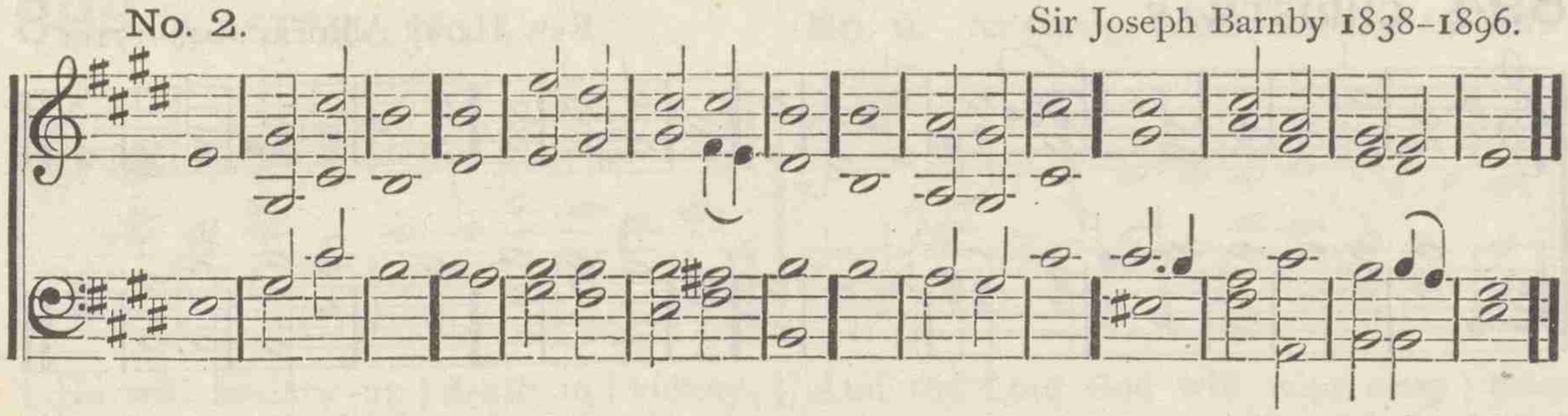
* Last half of Double Chant.

892 BENEDICTUS. No. 1.

Trent.



No. 2. Sir Joseph Barnby 1838–1896.

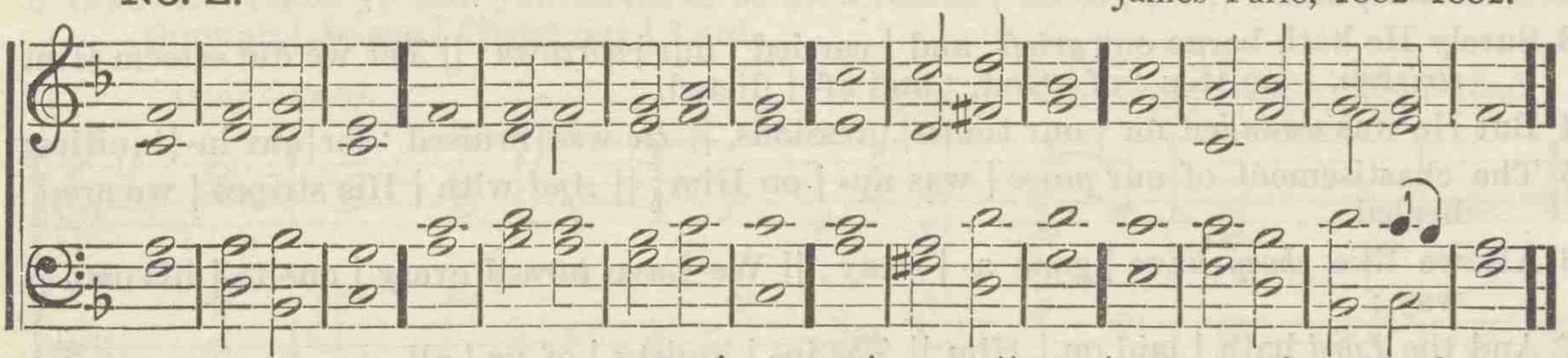


No. 3. Arr. from L. von Beethoven, 1770–1827.

1 Blessed be the *Lord* | God of | Israel || For He hath *visited* | and re- | deemed · His | people ;
2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | vation | for us || In the *house* | of His | servant | David ;
3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | holy | prophets || Which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan ;
4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || And *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *And* | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

893 NUNC DIMITTIS. No. 1. Benjamin Rogers, 1614–1698.

No. 2. James Turle, 1802–1882.



1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy ser*vant* de- | part in | peace || *Ac*- | cord-ing | to Thy | word.
2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen || *Thy* | — sal- | va- — | tion,
3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared || Be*fore* the | face of | all — | people ;
4 To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles || And to be the *glo*ry of Thy | peo-ple | Is- ra- | el.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *And* | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

894 CHRISTMAS.

Rev. Henry Aldrich, 1647–1710.

1 O *Lord*, | I will | praise Thee: || Though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned *away* | and Thou | comfort · est | me.

2 Behold, God is my salvation, I will *trust* and | not · be a- | fraid: || For the Lord Jehovah is my strength, and my song, He also *is* be- | come — | my sal- | vation.

3 For unto us a Child is born, unto *us* a | Son is | given: || And the govern*ment* shall | be up- | on His | shoulders.

4 And His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsel*lor*, the | Might-y | God: || The Ever*last*ing | Father the | Prince of | Peace.

5 Cry out and shout, thou in*habi*- | tant of | Zion: || For great is the Holy One of *Israel* | in the | midst of | thee.

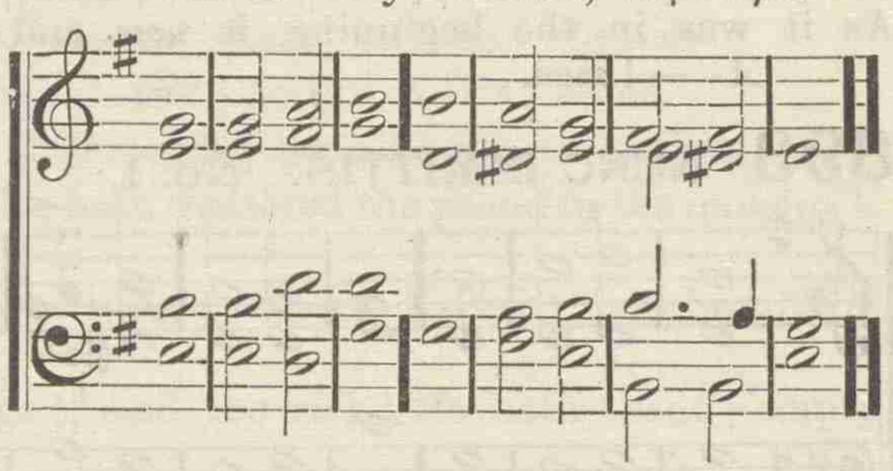
6 Glory to *God* | in the | highest: || And on *earth* | peace good | will to- · wards | men.

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* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

895 GOOD FRIDAY.

No. 1. Rev. William Felton, 1714–1769.

No. 2. John Blow, 1648–1708.



1 He is des*pised* and re- | jected of | men; || A man of *sor*rows, | and ac- | quainted with | grief:

2 And we hid as it *were* our | faces | from Him; || He was des*pised*, and | we es- | teemed · Him | not.

3 Surely He hath borne our *griefs*, and | carried · our | sorrows: || Yet we did esteem Him *stricken*, | smitten · of | God, · and af- | flicted.

4 But He was *wound*ed for | our trans- | gressions, || *He* was | bruised · for | our in- | iquities;

5 The chastisement of our *peace* | was up- | on Him; || *And* with | His stripes | we are | healed.

6 All we like *sheep* have | gone a- | stray; || We have *turned* every | one to | his own | way;

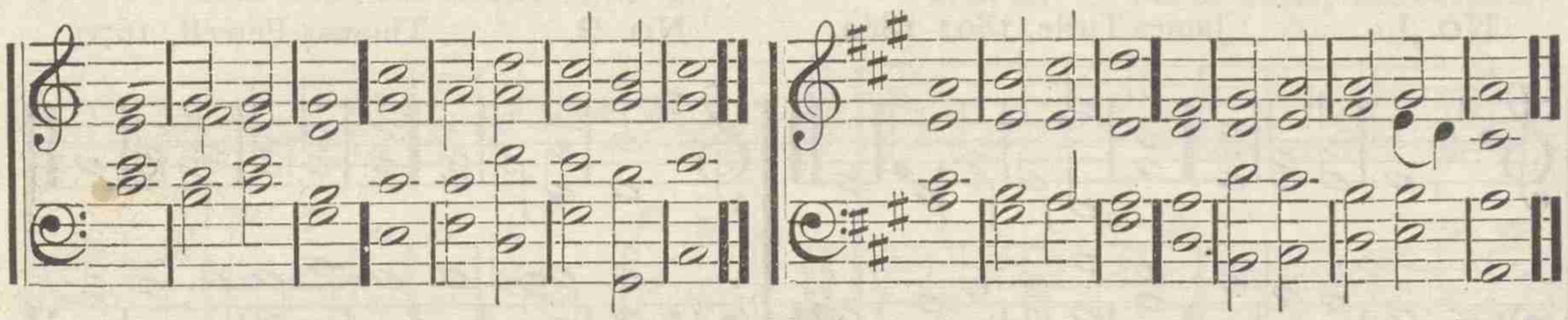
7 And the *Lord* hath | laid on | Him || *The* in- | iqui-ty | of us | all.

8 When Thou shalt make his *soul* an | offering · for | sin, || He shall see His seed, *He* | shall pro- | long His | days:

9 And the pleasure of the Lord shall *pros*per | in His | hand. || He shall see of the travail of His *soul*, and | shall be | satis- | fied.

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* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

896 EASTER. No. 1. No. 2. Sir George A Macfarren, 1813-1887.



1 He will *swallow* up | death in | victory, || And the Lord God will wipe *away* | tears from | off all | faces;
2 And the rebuke of His people shall He take away from *off* | all the | earth, || *For* the | Lord hath | spoken | it.
3 And it shall be said in that day, *Lo* | this is · our | God! || We have *waited* for | Him and | He will | save us:
4 *This* | is the | Lord! || We have waited for Him, we will be *glad* and re- | joice in | His sal- | vation.
5 Trust *ye* in the | Lord for | ever, || For in the Lord Je*ho*vah is | ever- | last-ing | strength.
6 Why seek ye the *liv*ing a- | mong the | dead. || *He* is not | here — | but is | risen.
7 O *death*, where | is thy | sting! || *O grave*, | where — | is thy | victory!
8 Thanks be to God which *give*th | us the | victory, || *Through* our | Lord — | Je-sus | Christ!
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

897 PASCHAL. No. 1. No. 2. Gregorian.

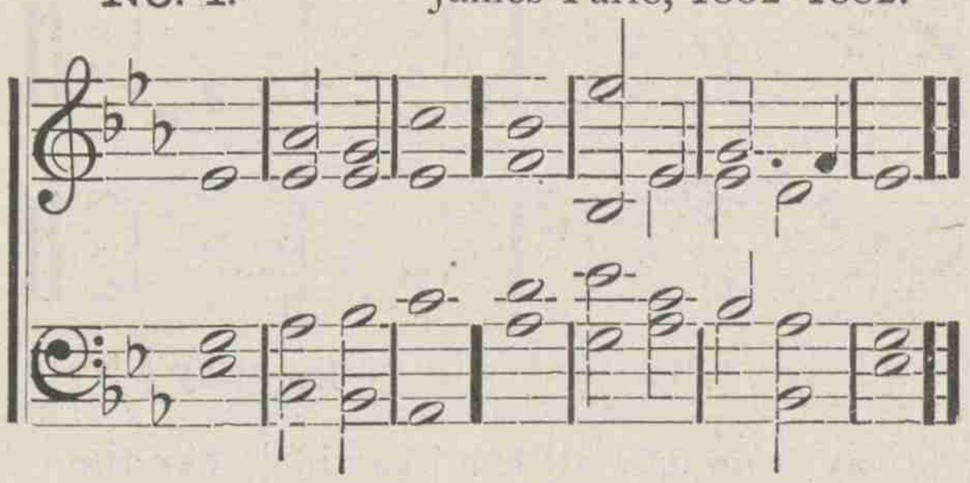
1 Christ our Passover is *sacri*- | fic-ed | for us || *There*fore | let us | keep the | feast,
2 Not with old leaven, neither with the *leaven* of | malice · and | wickedness || But with the unleavened *bread* of sin- | ce-ri- | ty and | truth.
3 Christ being raised from the *dead* | dieth · no | more || Death hath *no* more do- | min-ion | o-ver | Him.
4 For in that He died, He *died* unto | sin — | once || But in that He *liveth* He | liv-eth | un-to | God.
5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead in*deed* | un-to | sin || But alive unto *God* through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.

After Pascal. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896.

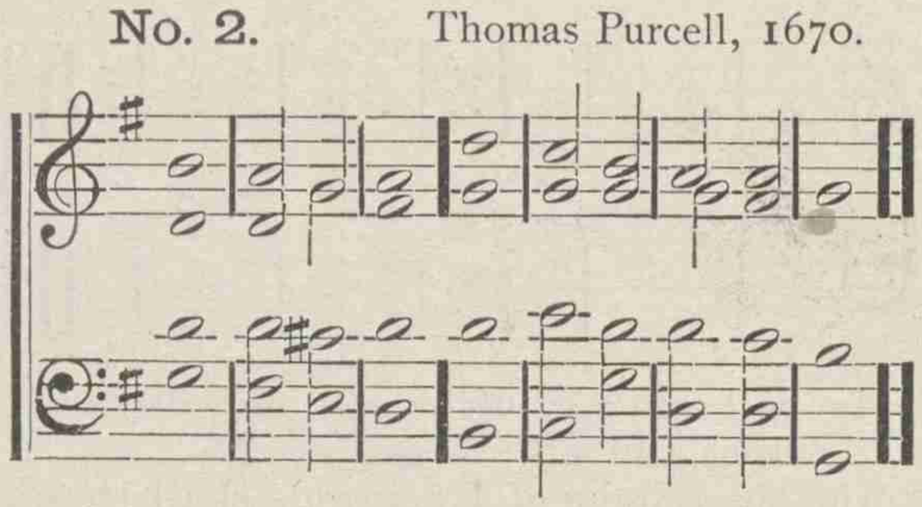
6 Now is Christ *risen* | from the | dead || And become the *first* | fruits of | them that | slept.
7 For *since* by | man came | death || By man came also the *resur*- | rec-tion | of the | dead.
8 For as in *Adam* | all — | die || Even so in *Christ* shall | all be | made a- | live.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *And* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

898 WHITSUNDAY.

No. 1. James Turle, 1802–1882.



No. 2. Thomas Purcell, 1670.



1 *Thou* hast as- | cended · on high, || *Thou* hast | led cap- | tivi-ty | captive;

2 Thou hast re*ceived* | gifts for | men, || Yea, for the rebellious also, that the *Lord* | God might | dwell a- | mong them.

3 *Bless*ed | be the | Lord! || Who *dai*ly | loadeth | us with | benefits.

4 I will pour *wa*ter upon | him · that is | thirsty, || And *floods* up- | on the | dry — | ground.

5 I will pour my *Spirit* up- | on thy | seed, || *And* my | blessing · up- | on thine | offspring;

6 And they shall spring *up* as a- | mong the | grass, || As *will*ows | by the | water- | courses.

7 And the *Spirit* and the | Bride say, | Come! || *And* let | him that | heareth · say, | Come!

8 And let him that *is* a- | thirst — | come, || And whosoever will let him *take* the | water · of | life — | freely.

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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

899 DOMINUS REGIT ME.

No. 1. Richard Farrant, 1570.

No. 2. Lowell Mason, 1837.

1 The *Lord* | is my | Shepherd: || *There*fore | can I | lack — | nothing.

2 He shall feed *me* in a | green — | pasture: || And lead me *forth* be- | side the | waters of | comfort.

3 *He* shall con- | vert my | soul: || And bring me forth in the *paths* of | righteous-ness | for His | Name's sake.

4 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 — | com-fort | me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against *them* that | trou-ble | me: || Thou hast anointed my head with *oil*, and my | cup — | shall be | full.

6 But Thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the *days* | of my | life: || And I will dwell in the *house* | of the | Lord for- | ever.

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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

900 MISERERE MEI. No. 1.

No. 2. James Turle, 1802–1882.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to *Thy* | lov-ing- | kindness || According unto the multitude of Thy tender *mer*cies | blot out | my trans- | gressions.

2 Wash me *tho*roughly | from · mine in- | iquity, || *And* | cleanse me | from my | sin.

3 For I ac*knowl*edge | my trans- | gressions: || *And* my | sin is | ever · be- | fore me.

4 Turn Thy *face* | from my | sins, || And *blot* out | all — | mine in- | iquities.

5 Give me a *clean* | heart, O | God; || *And* re- | new a · right | spirit · with- | in me.

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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

901 DEUS MISEREATUR. No. 1. Richard Langdon, 1774–1803.

No. 2. William Jackson, 1790.

1 God be merciful un*to* | us, and | bless us: || And shew us the light of His countenance, *and* be | merci-ful | un-to | us;

2 That Thy *way* may be | known up-on | earth: || Thy *sav*ing | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God: || *Yea*, let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad: || For Thou shall judge the folk righteously, and *gov*ern the | nations · up- | on — | earth.

5 Let the people *praise* | Thee, O | God: || *Let* | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

6 Then shall the earth *bring* | forth her | increase: || And God, even our own *God*, shall | give — | us His | blessing.

7 *God* | shall — | bless us: || And all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.

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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

902 QUAM DILECTA. No. 1.

Thomas Sanders Dupuis, 1733–1796.

No. 2.

Rev. P. Henley.

1 O how *a*miable | are Thy | dwellings: || *Thou* | Lord — | of — | hosts!
2 My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the *courts* | of the | Lord: || My heart and my flesh re*joice* | in the | living | God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a *nest* where she may | lay her | young: || Even Thy altars, O Lord of *hosts*, my | King — | and my | God.
4 Blessed are they that *dwell* | in Thy | house: || *They* will be | alway | praising | Thee.
5 Blessed is the man whose *strength* | is in | Thee: || *In* whose | heart — | are Thy | ways.
6 O Lord God of *hosts*, | hear my | prayer: || *Hear*ken, O | God — | of — | Jacob.
7 Behold, O *God* | our De- | fender: || And *look* upon the | face of | Thine An- | ointed.
8 For *one* day | in Thy | courts: || *Is* | better | than a | thousand.
9 I had rather be a door-keeper in the *house* | of my | God: || Than to *dwell* in the | tents — | of un- | godliness.
10 For the Lord God is a *light* | and de- | fence: || The Lord will give grace and worship, and no good thing shall He withhold from *them* that | live a | godly | life.
11 O *Lord* | God of | hosts: || Blessed is the *man* that | putteth his | trust in | Thee.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther, etc.

903 BONUM EST CONFITERI.

1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto the | Lord; || And to sing *prais*es unto Thy Name, — | O most | Highest.
2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in the | morning; || *And* of Thy | truth — | in the | night-season.
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, *and* up- | on the | lute; || Upon a *loud* instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.
4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works; || And I will rejoice in giving *praise* for the ope- | rations | of Thy | hands.
Glory be to the *Fa*ther, etc.

904 DOMINE REFUGIUM. No. 1.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.

No. 2.

Arr. from L. van Beethoven, 1770–1827.

1 Lord, Thou hast *been* our | dwell-ing | place || *In* | all — | gener- | ations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the *earth* | and the | world || Even from everlasting to ever*last*ing | Thou — | art — | Go(
3 Thou turnest *man* | to de- | struction || And *say*est Re- | turn ye | children · of | men.
4 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yester*day* when | it is | past || And *as* a | watch — | in the | night.
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood, *they* are | as a | sleep || In the morning they *are* like | grass which | grow-eth | up.
6 In the morning it flourish*eth* and | grow-eth | up || In the evening it *is* cut | down and | with-er- | eth.
7 For we are con*sumed* | by Thine | anger || And *by* Thy | wrath — | are we | troubled.
8 Thou hast set our in*iq*uites be- | fore — | Thee || Our secret *sins* in the | light — | of Thy | countenance.
9 For all our days are passed *away* | in Thy | wrath || We spend our *years* as a | tale — | that is | told.
10 The days of our years are *three*score | years and | ten || And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut *off* | and we | fly a- | way.
11 Who knoweth the *power* | of Thine | anger || Even according to Thy *fear* | so — | is Thy | wrath.
12 So teach *us* to | number · our | days || That we may ap*ply* our | hearts — | un-to | wisdom.
13 Re*turn*, O | Lord, how | long? || And let it repent *Thee* con- | cern-ing | Thy — | servants.
14 O satisfy us *early* | with Thy | mercy || That we may re*joice* and be | glad — | all our | days.
15 Make us glad according to the days wherein *Thou* hast af- | flict-ed | us || And the *years* where- | in we | have seen | evil.
16 Let Thy work ap*pear* | unto Thy | servants || *And* Thy | glo-ry | unto · their | children.
* 17 And let the beauty of the Lord our *God* | be up- | on us || And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea the work of our *hands* es- | tablish | Thou — | it.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A-* — | *men.*

* For second part of Chant.

905 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO. No. 1.

Henry Smart, 1812–1879.

No. 2.

William Boyce, 1710–1779.

1 O come, let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord || Let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before His *pres*ence with | thanks- — | giving || And show our*selves* | glad in | Him with | psalms.
3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || And a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In His hand are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth || And the *strength* of the | hills is | His — | also.
5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || And His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry — | land.
6 O come, let us *wor*ship and | fall — | down || And *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || And we are the people of His pasture, *and* the | sheep of | His — | hand.
8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || Let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.
* 9 For He cometh, for He *com*eth to | judge the | earth || And with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A-* — | *men.*

* For second part of Chant.

906 DOMINUS REGNAVIT.

Sir John Goss, 1800–1880.

1 The Lord is King, the *earth* may be | glad there- | of: || Yea, the multitude of the *isles* | may be | glad there- | of.
2 Clouds and *dark*ness are | round a- | bout Him: || Righteousness and judgment *are* the habi- | ta-tion | of His | throne.
3 The *heavens* de- | clared His | righteousness; || And *all* the | people have | seen His | glory.
4 Zion *heard* of it | and re- | joiced; || And the daughters of Judah were glad be*cause* | of Thy | judgments, O | Lord.
5 There is sprung up a *light* | for the | righteous: || And joyful *glad*ness for | such · as are | true- — | hearted.

6 Rejoice in the *Lord*, | O ye | righteous; || And give *thanks* for the re- | mem-brance | of His | holiness.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

907 CANTATE DOMINO. No. 1.

William Boyce, 1710–1779.

No. 2. Alexander R. Reinagle, 1799–1877.

No. 3. Jonathan Battishill, 1783–1801.

No. 4.

R. Woodward, c. 1744–1771.

1 O sing unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || For *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous | things.
2 With His own right hand, and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *Hath* He | gotten · Him- | self the | victory.
3 The Lord de*clared* | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth to*ward* the | house of | Israel || And all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.
5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *Sing* re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || Sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.
7 With *trum*pets | also · and | shawms || O show yourselvess *joy*ful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.
8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || The round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.
9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful toget*her* be- | fore the | Lord || *For* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.
10 With righteous*ness* shall He | judge the | world || *And* the | peo-ple | with — | equity.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

908 BENEDIC ANIMA MEA. No. 1.

Charles Norris, 1740–1790.

No. 2.

1 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || And all that is with*in* me | praise His | ho-ly | name.
2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || *And* for- | get not | all His | benefits;
3 Who for*give*th | all thy | sin || And *heal*eth | all — | thine in- | firmities;
4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || And crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | lov-ing- | kindness;
5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || Ye that fulfill His commandment, and hearken unto the | voice — | of His | word.
6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || Ye *serv*ants of | His that | do His | pleasure.
7 * O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *pla*ces of | His do- | minion || praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

909 LEVAVI OCULOS.

No. 1. Edward J. Hopkins, 1818.

No. 2. John F. Burrowes, 1787–1852.

1 I will lift up mine *eyes* un- | to the | hills || From *whence* | com-eth | my — | help.
2 My help *come*th | from the | Lord || *Who* hath | made — | heaven · and | earth.
3 He will not *suf*fer thy | foot · to be | moved || *He* that | keepeth · thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, *He* that | keep-eth | Israel || *Shall* | nei-ther | slumber · nor | sleep.
5 The *Lord* Him- | self · is thy | keeper: || The *Lord* is thy de- | fence up- · on | thy right | hand;
6 So that the sun shall not *burn* | thee by | day || *Nor* the | moon — | by — | night.
7 The Lord shall pre*serve* thee | from all | evil || *He* | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going *out* and thy | coming | in || From *this* time | forth for- | ev-er- | more.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

910 LAETATUS SUM.

No. 1.

No. 2. Sir George Job Elvey, 1816–1893.

1 I was glad when they *said* | un-to | me: || We will *go* into the | house — | of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall *stand* | in Thy | gates: || *O* | — — | — Je- | rusalem.
3 O pray for the *peace* | of Je- | rusalem: || *They* shall | prosper · that | love — | thee.
4 *Peace* be with- | in thy | walls: || And *plen*tious- | ness with- | in thy | palaces.
5 For my *brethr*en and com- | pan-ions' | sakes: || *I* will | wish — | thee pros- | perity.
6 Yea, because of the *house* of the | Lord our | God: || *I* will | seek to | do thee | good.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — |
A- — | *men.*

911 DE PROFUNDIS.

No. 1. William Croft, 1678–1727.

No. 2. James Foster, 1807–1885.

No. 3. Travers.

No. 4.

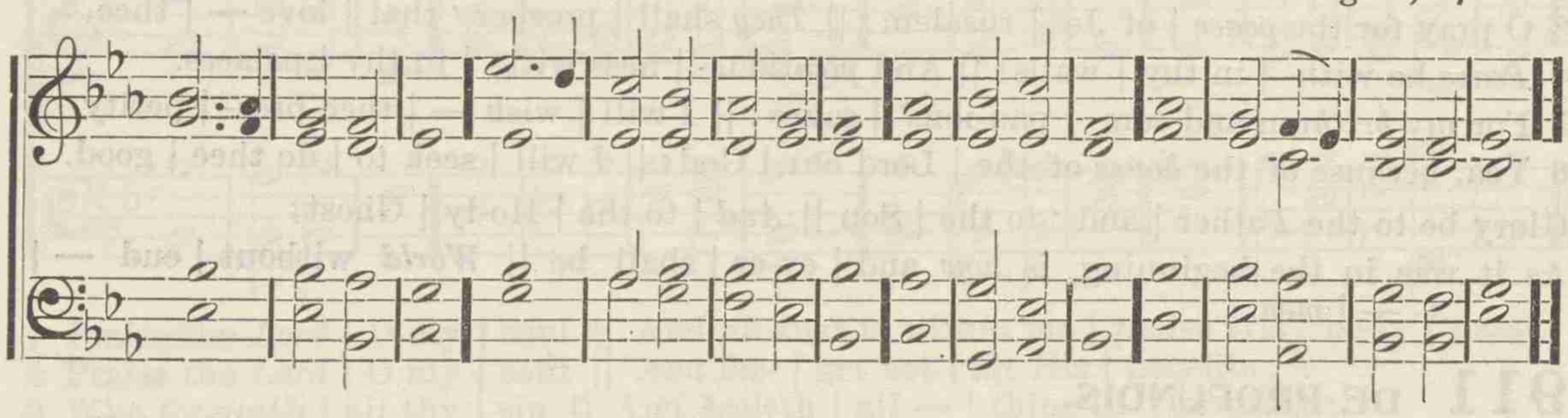
1 Out of the deep have I *call*ed unto | thee, O | Lord; || *Lord* | hear — | my — | voice.
2 O let Thine *ears* con- | sid-er | well: || *The* | voice of | my com- | plaint.
3 If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to *mark* what is | done a- | miss: || *O* | Lord, who | may a- | bide it?
4 *For* there is | mercy · with | Thee: || *There*fore | shalt — | Thou be | feared.
5 I look for the Lord; — my *soul* doth | wait for | Him: || *In* His | word — | is my | trust.
6 My soul *flee*th — | unto the | Lord: || before the morning watch, I *say*, be- | fore the | morn-ing | watch.
7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the *Lord* | there is | mercy: || *And* with | Him is | plenteous · re- | demption.
8 And *He* shall re- | deem — | Israel: || *From* | all — | his — | sins.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — |
A- — | *men.*

912 SURGE, DOMINE. No. 1.

Sir George Job Elvey, 1816–1893.

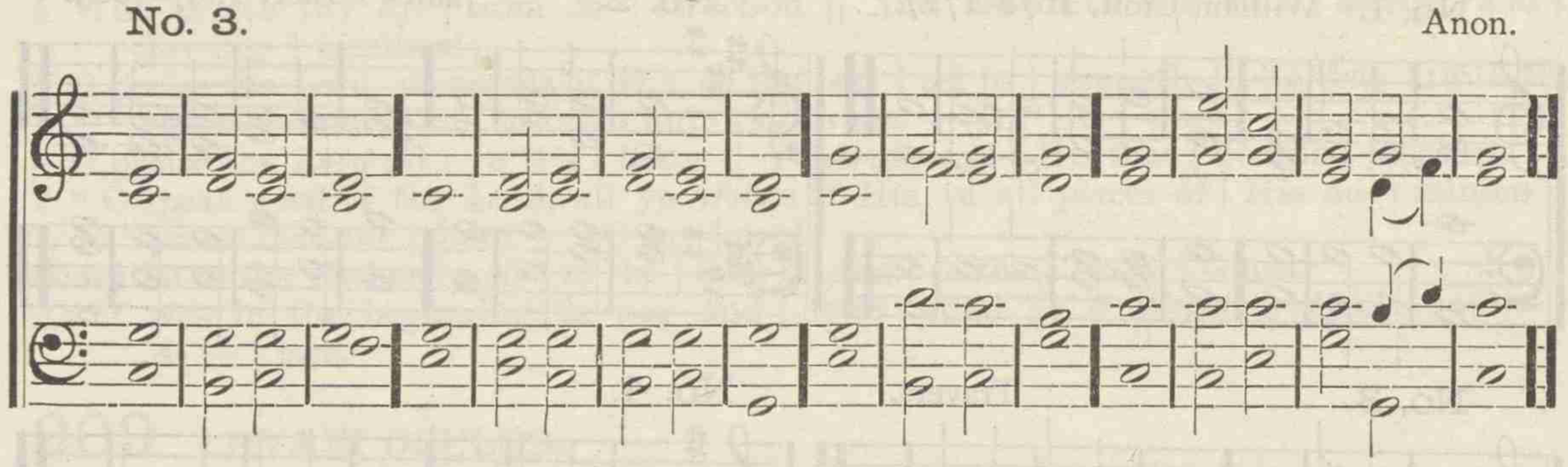
No. 2.

The Earl of Mornington, 1760.



No. 3.

Anon.



1 Arise, O *Lord*, | into Thy | resting-place: || *Thou*, and the | ark — | of Thy | strength.

2 Let Thy *priests* be | clothed with | righteousness: || *And* let Thy | saints — | sing with | joyfulness.

3 Who shall ascend into the *hill* | of the | Lord: || Or who shall rise *up* | in His | ho-ly | place?

4 Even he that hath clean *hands*, and a | pure — | heart: || And that hath not lifted up his mind unto vanity, nor *sworn* | to de- | ceive his | neighbor.

5 He shall receive the *bless*ing | from the | Lord: || And righteous*ness* from the | God of | his sal- | vation.

6 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift *up*, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: || And the *King* of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

7 *Who* is the | King of | glory; || It is the Lord strong and mighty, *Even* the | Lord — | mighty in | battle.

8 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift *up*, ye ever- | last-ing | doors: || And the *King* of | glo-ry | shall come | in.

9 *Who* is the | King of | glory: || Even the Lord of hosts, *He* | is the | King of | glory.

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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

913 LAUDATE DOMINUM. No. 1. Anon.

No. 2.

No. 3. Richard Langdon, 1774–1803.

1 *O praise* the | Lord of | heaven: || *Praise* | — Him | in the | height.

2 Praise Him, *all* ye | angels of | His: || *Praise* | — Him, | all His | host.

3 *Praise* Him, | sun and | moon: || *Praise* Him, | all ye | stars and | light.

4 *Praise* Him, | all ye | heavens: || And ye *wa*ters that | are a- | bove the | heavens.

5 Let them praise the *Name* | of the | Lord: || For He spake the word, and they were made;—He com*mand*ed,— | and they | were cre- | ated.

6 He hath made them *fast* for- | ever and | ever: || He hath given them a *law* | which shall | not be | broken.

7 *Praise* the | Lord up-on | earth: || *Ye* | dra-gons, | and all | deeps;

8 Fire and *hail*, | snow and | vapors: || *Wind* and | storm, ful- | filling His | word;

9 *Moun*tains and | all — | hills: || *Fruit*ful | trees and, | all — | cedars.

10 *Beasts* and | all — | cattle: || *Worms* | —and | feath-ered | fowls;

11 Kings of the *earth* and | all — | people: || Prin*ces* and all | jud-ges | of the | world;

12 Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the *Name* | of the | Lord: || For His Name only is *ex*cellent, and His | praise a-bove | heaven and | earth.

13 He shall exalt the horn of His people;—*all* His | saints shall | praise Him: || Even the children of Israel, *even* the | people that | serv-eth | Him.

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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end — | *A*- — | *men.*

914 BLESSED ARE THE DEAD. Funeral.

No. 1. Anon

No. 2. Thomas Tallis, 1575.

1 Blessed are the dead, who *die* in the | Lord, from henceforth ; || Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and *their* | works do | fol-low | them.

2 Our days on earth are as a shadow, and *there* is | none a- | biding ; || We are but of yesterday ; there is but a *step* be- | tween — | us and | death ;

3 Man's days are as a grass : as a flower of the *field*, | so he | flourisheth ; || He appeareth for a little *time*, then | vanish- | eth a- | way.

4 Watch ! for ye know not what *hour* your | Lord doth | come ; || Be ye also ready ; for in such an hour as ye think *not*, the | Son of | man — | cometh.

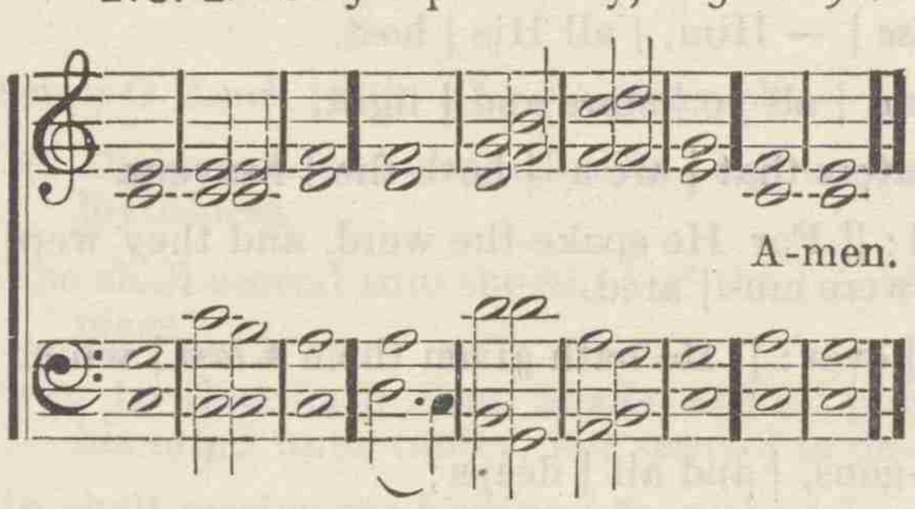
5 For if we believe that Jesus *died* and | rose a- | gain, || Even so them also which sleep in *Jesus* will | God — | bring — | with Him.

6 For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Arch*angel*, and with the | trump of | God : || And the *dead* in | Christ — | shall rise | first.

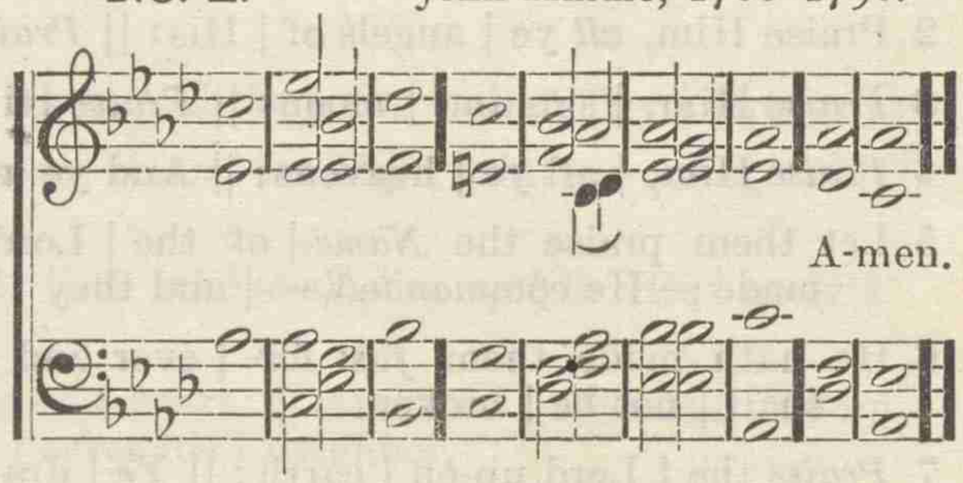
7 Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our *sins* in | His own | blood || And hath made us kings and priests to God and His Father ; to Him be *glory* and do- | minion · for- | ever · and | ever. || A-men.

915 I AM THE RESURRECTION.

No. 1. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.



No. 2. John Hindle, 1760–1796.



1 Man that is born of a woman is of few *days*, and | full of | trouble ; || He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth as a *shadow* | and con- | tinu- · eth | not.

2 It is appointed unto *men* | once to | die, || *But* | af-ter | this the | judgment.

3 I am the Resurrection | and the | Life ; || He that believeth in me, though *he* were | dead, yet | shall he | live.

4 And whosoever liveth, and believeth in *me*, shall | nev-er | die. || *Be-* | lievest | thou — | this ?

5 Death is swall*owed* | up in | victory. || O death, where is thy *sting* ? O | grave, where | is thy | victory ?

6 The sting of death is sin, and the *strength* of | sin · is the | law. || But thanks be to God, who giveth us the *victory* through | our Lord | Je-sus | Christ. || A-men.

916 FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

1 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Thou who art *Pity* where | sorrow pre- | vaileth, ||
Thou who art Safety when mortal help faileth, Strength to the *feeble*, and | Hope · to de- | spair. || Hear! *Fa*ther, | hear our | prayer!

2 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Wandering un*known* in the | land · of the | stranger, ||
Be with all travellers in sickness or danger, Guard Thou their path, *guide* their | feet · from the | snare. || Hear! *Fa*ther, | hear our | prayer!

3 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Still Thou the *tempest*, night's | terrors · re- | vealing, ||
In lightning flashing, in Thy thunders pealing: Save Thou the *shipwrecked*, the | voyager | spare. || Hear! *Fa*ther, | hear our | prayer!

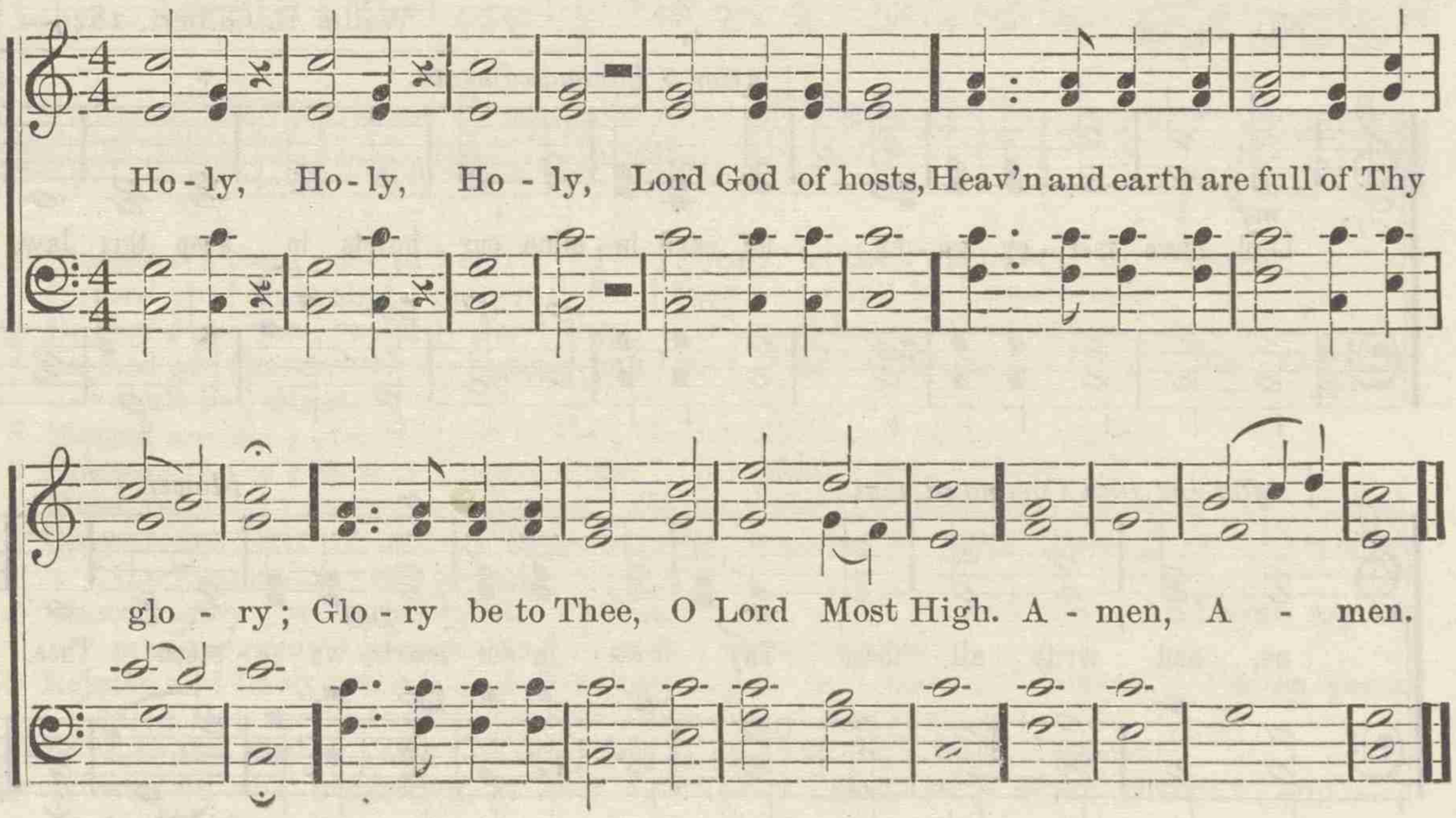
4 Hear Thou the poor that cry! Feed Thou the *hungry*, and | lighten · their | sorrow; ||
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow; They are Thy *children*, their | trust · is on | high: || Hear *Thou* the | poor that | cry!

5 Dry Thou the mourner's tear! Heal Thou the wounds of *time* | hallowed af- | fection, ||
Grant to the widow and orphan protection, Be in their *trouble* a | friend · ever | near. || Dry *Thou* the | mourner's | tear!

6 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! Long hath Thy *goodness* our | footsteps · at- | tended; ||
Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended; When at Thy *summons* for | death · we pre- | pare. || Hear! *Fa*ther, | hear our | prayer. || A-men.

917 SANCTUS.

Taylor.

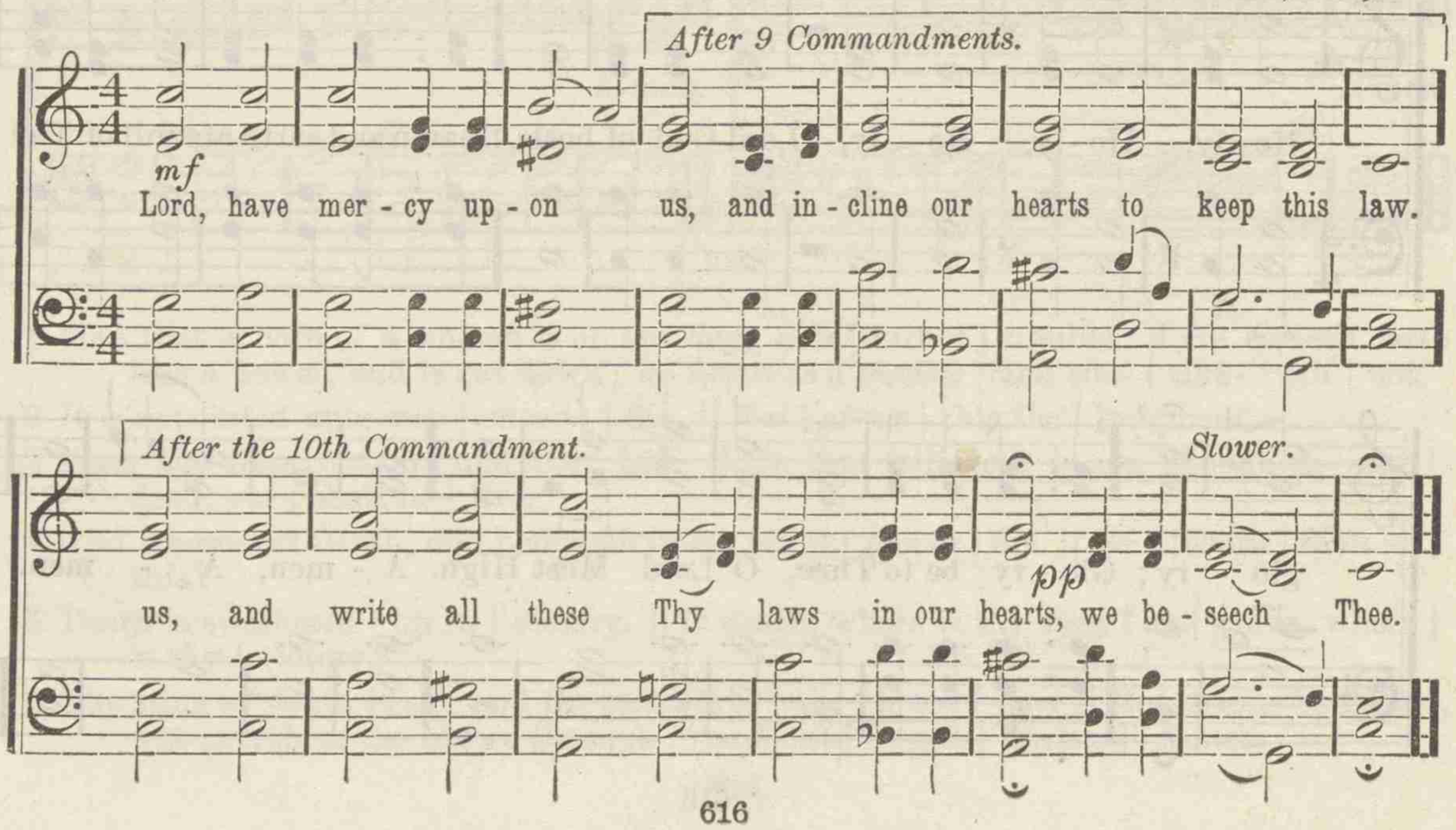


918 RESPONSES TO THE DECALOGUE. Charles F. Gounod, 1818–1893.

No. 1.

No. 2. Adapted from Charles F. Gounod by Sir Joseph Barnby 1890.

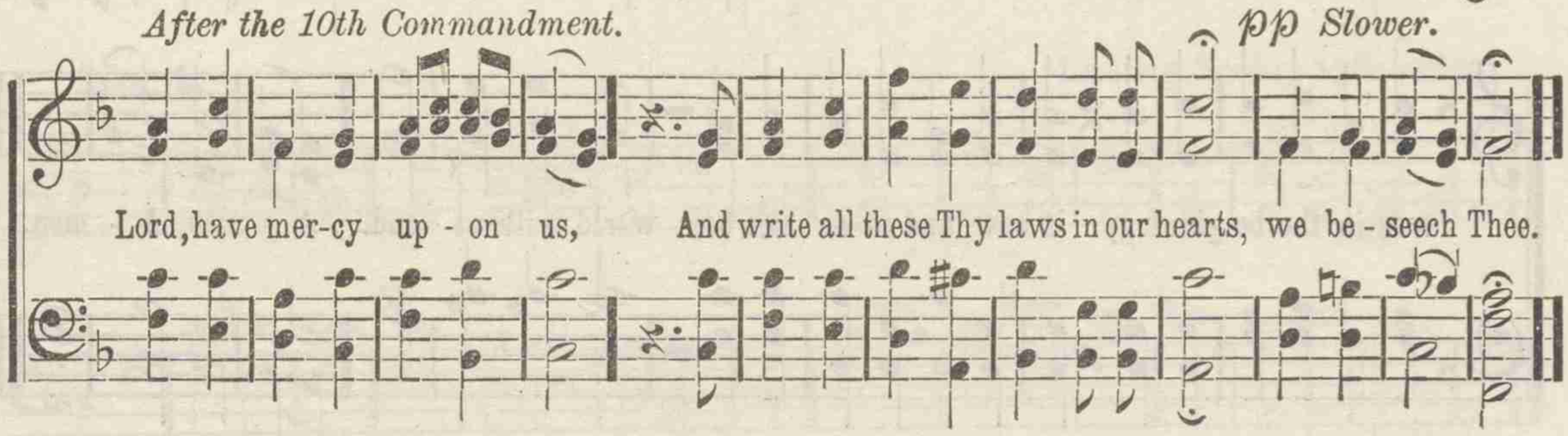
No. 3. Walter B. Gilbert, 1829—



No. 4.

After 9 Commandments.

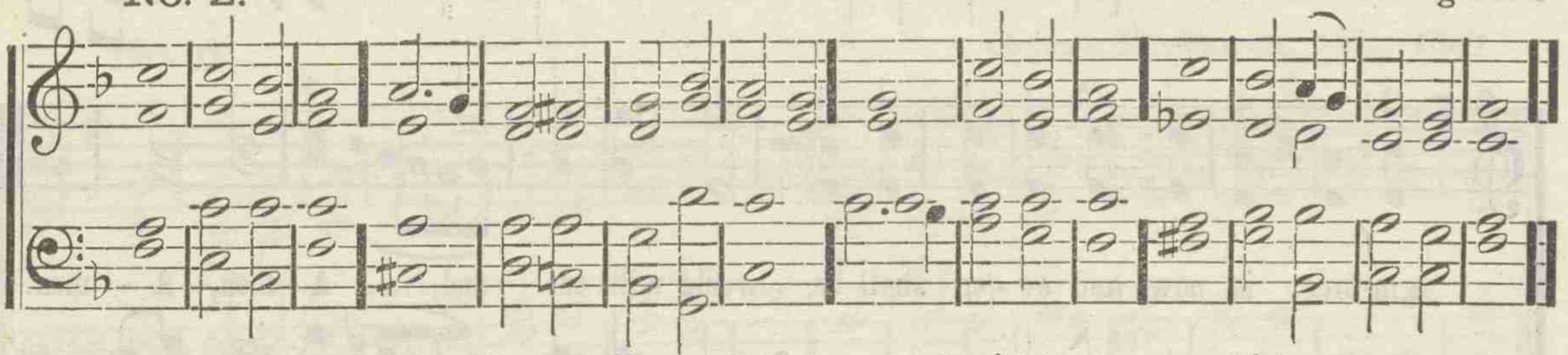
After the 10th Commandment. *pp Slower.*



919 THE BEATITUDES.

No. 1. James Turle, 1802–1882.

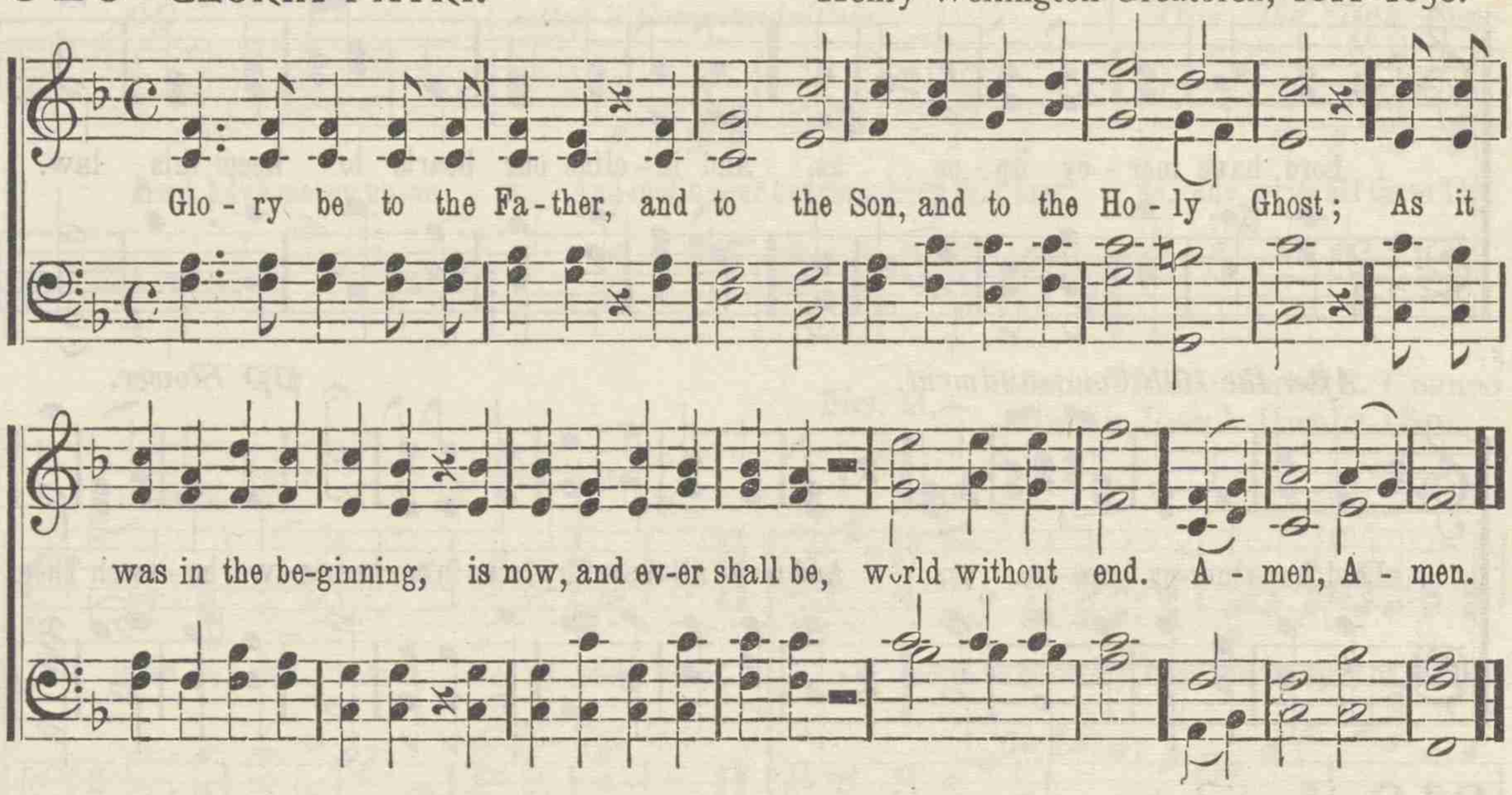
No. 2. Lingard.



1 Bless*ed* are the | poor in | spirit || *For* | theirs · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
2 Bless*ed* are | they that | mourn || *For* | they — | shall be | comforted.
3 Bless*ed* | are the | meek || *For* | they · shall in- | herit · the | earth.
4 Blessed are they which do hunger and *thirst* after | right-eous- | ness || ***For*** | they— | shall be | filled.
5 Bless*ed* are the | mer-ci- | ful || *For* | they · shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
6 Bless*ed* are the | pure in | heart || ***For*** ! they shall | see — | God.
7 Bless*ed* are the | peace-— | makers || For they shall be *call*ed the | children | of— | God.
8 Blessed are they which are persecut*ed* for | righteous- · ness' | sake || *For* | theirs · is the | kingdom · of | heaven.
9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile *you* and | perse- · cute | you || And shall say all manner of evil a*gainst* you | false-ly | for my | sake.
10 Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is *your* re- | ward in | heaven || For so persecuted *they* the | prophets · which | were be- | fore you.
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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end.— | *A*- — | *men.*

920 GLORIA PATRI.

Henry Wellington Greatorex, 1811–1858.



No. 2.

Henry Wellington Greatorex, 1811–1858.

No. 3.

No. 4. Ludwig Spohr, 1784-1859.

No. 5. John Camidge, 1790-1859.

No. 6. George M. Garrett, 1834-1897.

No. 7. Alfred Bennett, 1829.

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 | ev-er | shall be || *World* without | end.— |
A- — | *men.*

DOXOLOGIES.

1. S. M.

We give Thee glory, Lord,
Thy majesty adore;
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
We bless for evermore.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

2. C. M.

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

Tate and Brady, 1796.

3. C. M. D.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming Word
And new-creating Breath;
To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709.

4. 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.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693.

5. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

6. 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 your hearts belong,
Let all His praise prolong
  On earth, in heaven.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1843.

7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

O God, forever blest,
  To Thee all praise be given;
Thy Name Triune confest
  By all in earth and heaven;
As heretofore it was, is now,
  And shall be so forevermore.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870.

8. Nun danket. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

To God, the Father, Son,
And ever blessëd Spirit,
Eternal Three in One,
Be glory due Thy merit;
As was in ages past,
Is now, and still shall be,
While endless ages last
Most Holy Trinity.

9. 7. 6. 7. 6.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore.

10. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

O Father ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice holy Three in One,
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore.

11. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740.

12. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

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.

Anon., 1827.

13. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

PRAISE our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His Only Son,
Glory to the Spirit, be
Now, and through eternity.

Rev. Alexander Thompson, 1869.

14. 8. 7. 8. 7.

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

Anon, 1827.

15. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. or 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal run.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866.

16. 8. 7. 8. 7. 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.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

17. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

PRAISE the Father, throned in heaven;
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise the Spirit freely given;
Praise the blessèd Three in One.
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

Anon.

18. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

To Father, Son and Spirit blest,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confest,
Be highest glory given,
As hath been from the ages past,
And shall be while the ages last,
By all in earth and heaven.

Anon.

19. L. M. 6 l.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Rev. Isaac Watts (first 4 lines), 1709.

20. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

21. 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6 .7.

Ein feste Burg.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God of our Salvation.
The everlasting Three in One,
Be endless adoratiou!
Now loud His praise proclaim
And bless His Holy Name;
Honor and Majesty
And highest Glory be,
To God, our Strength, eternal.

22. 10. 10. 10. 10.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints, His Name adore,
And spread His fame, till time shall be no more.

Rev. Simon Browne, 1710; alt.

23. Gloria Patri.

See Chant No. 920.

24. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

See Hymn No. 24.

THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS

— FOR THE —

SUNDAYS and FESTIVALS throughout the CHURCH-YEAR.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xiii. 11-14.

And this, knowing the season, that now it is high time for you to awake out of sleep: for now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and jealousy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xxi. 1-9.

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and came unto Bethphage, unto the mount of Olives, then Jesus sent two deciples, saying unto them, Go into the village that is over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto me. And if any one say aught unto you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them; and straightway he will send them. Now this is come to pass, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying,

Tell ye the daughter of Zion,
Behold, thy King cometh unto thee,
Meek, and riding upon an ass,
And upon a colt the foal of an ass.

And the disciples went, and did even as Jesus appointed them, and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their garments; and he sat thereon. And the most part of the multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut their branches from the trees, and spread them in the way. And the multitude that went before him, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xv. 4-13.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and through comfort of the scriptures we might have hope. Now the God of patience and of comfort grant you to be of the same mind one with another according to Christ Jesus: that with one accord ye may with one mouth glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore receive ye one another, even as Christ also received you, to the glory of God. For I say that Christ hath been made a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, that he might confirm the promises given unto the fathers, and that the Gentiles might glorify God for his mercy; as it is written,

Therefore will I give praise unto thee among the Gentiles,
And sing unto thy name.

And again he saith,

Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with his people.

And again,

Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles;
And let all the people praise him.

And again, Isaiah saith,

There shall be the root of Jesse,
And he that ariseth to rule over the Gentiles;
On him shall the Gentiles hope.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Ghost.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xxi. 25-36.

And there shall be signs in sun and moon and stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, in perplexity for the roaring of the sea and the billows; men fainting for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the world: for the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. But when these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; because your redemption draweth nigh.

And he spake to them a parable: Behold the fig tree, and all the trees: when they now shoot forth, ye see it and know of your own selves that the summer is now nigh. Even so ye also, when ye see these things coming to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh. Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away, till all things be accomplished. Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away.

But take heed to yourselves, lest haply your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and that day come on you suddenly as a snare: for so shall it come upon all them that dwell on the face of the earth. But watch ye at every season, making supplication, that ye may prevail to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. iv. 1-5.

Let a man so account of us, as of ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Here, moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful. But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self. For I know nothing against myself; yet am I not hereby justified: but he that judgeth me is the Lord. Wherefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall each man have his praise from God.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xi. 2-10.

Now when John heard in the prison the works of the Christ, he sent by his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Go your way and tell John the things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall find none occasion of stumbling in me. And as these went their way, Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John, What went ye out into the wilderness to behold? a reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft raiment are in kings' houses. But wherefore went ye out? to see a prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet. This is he, of whom it is written,

Behold, I send my messenger before thy face,
Who shall prepare thy way before thee.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE EPISTLE. Phil. iv. 4-7.

Rejoice in the Lord alway: again I will say, Rejoice. Let your forbearance be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. In nothing be anxious: but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your

requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.

THE GOSPEL. St. John i. 19-28.

And this is the witness of John, when the Jews sent unto him from Jerusalem priests and Levites to ask him, Who art thou? And he confessed, and denied not; and he confessed, I am not the Christ. And they asked him, What then? Art thou Elijah? And he saith, I am not. Art thou the prophet? And he answered, No. They said therefore unto him, Who art thou? that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself? He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said Isaiah the prophet. And they had been sent from the Pharisees. And they asked him, and said unto him, Why then baptizest thou, if thou art not the Christ, neither Elijah, neither the prophet? John answered them, saying, I baptize with water: in the midst of you standeth one whom ye know not, even he that cometh after me, the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose. These things were done in Bethany beyond Jordan, where John was baptizing.

TNE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD, OR BIRTHDAY OF CHRIST, COMMONLY CALLED CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THE EPISTLE. Tit. ii. 11-14.

For the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men, instructing us, to the intent that, denying ungodliness and wordly lusts, we should live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world; looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a people for his own possession, zealous of good works.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke ii. 1-14.

Now it came to pass in those days, there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment made when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to enroll themselves, every one to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David; to enroll himself with Mary, who was betrothed to him, being great with child. And it came to pass, while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY, OR SECOND CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THE EPISTLE. Acts vi. 8-15; vii. 1. 2. 51-59.

And Stephen, full of grace and power, wrought great wonders and signs among the people. But there arose certain of them that were of the synagogue called the synagogue of the Libertines, and of the Cyrenians, and of the Alexandrians, and of them of Cilicia and Asia, disputing with Stephen. And they were not able to withstand the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake. Then they suborned men, which said, We have heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God. And they stirred up the

people, and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and seized him, and brought him into the council, and set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak words against this holy place, and the law: for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered unto us. And all that sat in the council, fastening their eyes on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

And the high priest said, Are these things so? And he said,

Brethren and fathers, hearken.

Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? and they killed them which shewed before of the coming of the Righteous One; of whom ye have now become betrayers and murderers; ye who received the law as it was ordained by angels, and kept it not.

Now when they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. But they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and rushed upon him with one accord; and they cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon the Lord, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke ii. 15-20.

And it came to pass, when the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it, they made known concerning the saying which was spoken to them about this child. And all that heard it wondered at the things which were spoken unto them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all things that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken unto them.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THE EPISTLE. Gal. iv. 1-7.

But I say that so long as the heir is a child, he differeth nothing from a bondservant, though he is lord of all; but is under guardians and stewards until the term appointed of the father. So we also, when we were children, were held in bondage under the rudiments of the world: but when the fulness of the time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them which were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father. So that thou art no longer a bondservant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir through God.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke ii. 33-40.

And his father and his mother were marveling at the things which were spoken concerning him; and Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the falling and rising up of many in Israel; and for a sign which is spoken against; yea and a sword shall pierce through thine own soul; that thoughts out of many hearts may be revealed. And there was one, Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Asher (she was of a great age, having lived with a husband seven years from her virginity, and she had been a widow even for fourscore and four years), which departed not from the temple, worshipping with fasting and supplications night and day. And coming up at that very hour, she gave

thanks unto God, and spake of him to all them that were looking for the redemption of Jerusalem. And when they had accomplished all things that were according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth.

And the child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST. NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE EPISTLE. Gal. iii. 23-29.

But before faith came, we were kept in ward under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed. So that the law hath been our tutor to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. But now that faith is come, we are no longer under a tutor. For ye are all sons God, through faith, in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ. There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female: for ye all are one man in Christ Jesus. And if ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, heirs according to promise.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke ii. 21.

And when eight days were fulfilled for circumcising him, his name was called Jesus, which was so called by the angel before he was conceived in the womb.

THE SUNDAY AFTER NEW YEAR.

THE EPISTLE. Tit. iii. 4-8.

But when the kindness of God our Saviour, and his love toward man, appeared, not by works done in righteousness, which we did ourselves, but according to his mercy he saved us, through the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he poured out upon us richly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by his grace, we might be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. Faithful is the saying.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. ii. 13-23.

Now when they were departed, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I tell thee: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. And he arose and took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt; and was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt did I call my son. Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had carefully learned of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying,

A voice was heard in Ramah,
Weeping and great mourning,
Rachel weeping for her children;
And she would not be comforted, because they are not.

But when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead that sought the young child's life. And he arose and took the young child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. But when he heard that Archelaus was reigning over Judæa in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; and being warned of God in a dream, he withdrew into the parts of Galilee, and came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, that he should be called a Nazarene.

THE EPIPHANY, OR THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

THE EPISTLE. Isaiah LX. 1-6.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee. The multitudes of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. ii. 1-12.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him. And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

> And thou Bethlehem, land of Judah,
> Art in no wise least among the princes of Judah
> For out of thee shall come forth a governor,
> Which shall be shepherd of my people Israel.

Then Herod privily called the wise men, and learned of them carefully what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search out carefully concerning the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him. And they, having heard the king, went their way; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xii. 1-5.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace that was given me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but so to think as to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to each man a measure of faith. For even as we have many members in one body, and all the members have not the same office: so we, who are many, are one body in Christ, and severally members one of another.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke ii. 41-52.

And his parents went every year to Jerusalem at the feast of the passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up after the custom of the feast; and when they had fulfilled the days, as they were returning, the boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and his parents knew it not; but sup-

posing him to be in the company, they went a day's journey; and they sought for him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance: and when they found him not, they returned to Jerusalem, seeking for him. And it came to pass, after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions: and all that heard him were amazed at his understanding and his answers. And when they saw him, they were astonished: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be in my Fafher's house? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them: and his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and men.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xii. 6-16.

And having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of our faith; or ministry, let us give ourselves to our ministry; or he that teacheth, to his teaching; or he that exhorteth, to his exhorting: he that giveth, let him do it with liberality; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness. Let love be without hypocrisy. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. In love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another; in honour preferring one another; in diligence not slothful; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing stedfastly in prayer; communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality. Bless them that persecute you; bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly.

THE GOSPEL. St. John ii. 1-11.

And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: and Jesus also was bidden, and his disciples, to the marriage. And when the wine failed, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine. And Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come. His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it. Now there were six waterpots of stone set there after the Jews' manner of purifying, containing two or three firkins apiece. Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the ruler of the feast. And they bare it. And when the ruler of the feast tasted the water now become wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which had drawn the water knew), the ruler of the feast calleth the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man setteth on first the good wine; and when men have drunk freely, then that which is worse: thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of his signs did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested his glory; and his disciples believed on him.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xii. 16-21.

Be not wise in your own conceits. Render to no man evil for evil. Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men. Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith the Lord. But if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. viii. 1-13.

And when he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him. And behold, there came to him a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And he stretched forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will; be thou made clean. And straightway his leprosy was cleansed. And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded, for a testimony unto them.

And when he was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him, and saying, Lord, my servant lieth in the house sick of the palsy, grievously tormented. And he saith unto him, I will come and heal him. And the centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man under authority, having under myself soldiers: and I say to this one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. And when Jesus heard it, he marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven: but the sons of the kingdom shall be cast forth into the outer darkness: there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth. And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And the servant was healed in that hour.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xiii. 8-10.

Owe no man anything, save to love one another: for he that loveth his neighbour hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not covet, and if there be any other commandment, it is summed up in this word, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: love therefore is the fulfillment of the law.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. viii. 23-27.

And when he was entered into a boat, his disciples followed him. And behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the boat was covered with the waves; but he was asleep. And they came to him, and awoke him, saying, Save, Lord; we perish. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm. And the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

THE EPISTLE. Col. III. 12-17.

Put on therefore, as God's elect, holy and beloved, a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, longsuffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving each other, if any man have a complaint against any; even as the Lord forgave you, so also do ye: and above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness. And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to the which also ye were called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto God. And whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xiii. 24-30.

Another parable set he before them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man that sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares also among the wheat, and went away. But when the blade sprang up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares

also. And the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it tares? And he said unto them, An enemy hath done this. And the servants say unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he saith, Nay; lest haply while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather up first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into the barn.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

THE EPISTLE. 2. Peter i. 16-21.

For we did not follow cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: and this voice we ourselves heard come out of heaven, when we were with him in the holy mount. And we have the word of prophecy made more sure; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts: knowing this first, that no prophecy of scripture is of private interpretation. For no prophecy ever came by the will of man: but men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xvii. 1-9.

And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart: and he was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light. And behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah talking with him. And Peter answered, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, I will make here three tabernacles; one for thee and one for Moses, and one for Elijah. While he was yet speaking, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold, a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And lifting up their eyes, they saw no one, save Jesus only.

And as they were coming down from the mountain, Jesus commanded them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen from the dead.

THE SUNDAY SEPTUAGESIMA, OR THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. ix. 24-27 and x. 1-5.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? Even so run, that ye may attain. And every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, as not beating the air: but I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected.

For I would not, brethren, have you ignorant, how that our fathers were all under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; and did all eat the same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of a spiritual rock that followed them: and the rock was Christ. Howbeit with most of them God was not well pleased, for they were overthrown in the wilderness.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xx. 1-16.

For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the labourers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard. And he went out about the third hour, and saw others stand-

ing in the marketplace idle; and to them he said, Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and the ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing; and he saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard. And when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the labourers, and pay them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first. And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. And when the first came, they supposed that they would receive more; and they likewise received every man a penny. And when they received it, they murmured against the householder, saying, These last have spent but one hour, and thou hast made them equal to us, which have borne the burden of the day and the scorching heat. But he answered and said to one of them, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take up that which is thine, and go thy way; it is my will to give unto this last, even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? or is thine eye evil, because I am good? So the last shall be first, and the first last.

THE SUNDAY SEXAGESIMA, OR THE SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

THE EPISTLE. 2. Cor. xi. 19–33 and xii. 1–9.

For ye bear with the foolish gladly, being wise yourselves. For ye bear with a man, if he bringeth you into bondage, if he devoureth you, if he taketh you captive, if he exalteth himself, if he smiteth you on the face. I speak by way of disparagement, as though we had been week. Yet wherein-soever any is bold (I speak in foolishness), I am bold also. Are they Hebrews? so am I. Are they Israelites? so am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? so am I. Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as one beside himself) I more; in labours more abundantly, in prisons more abundantly, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in labour and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and naked-ness. Beside those things that are without, there is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches. Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is made to stumble, and I burn not? If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things that concern my weakness. The God and Father of the Lord Jesus, he who is blessed for evermore, knoweth that I lie not. In Damascus the governor under Aretas the king guarded the city of the Damascenes, in order to take me: and through a window was I let down in a basket by the wall, and escaped his hands.

I must needs glory, though it is not expedient; but I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I know a man in Christ, fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I know not; or whether out of the body, I know not; God knoweth), such a one caught up even to the third heaven. And I know such a man (whether in the body, or apart from the body, I know not; God knoweth), how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. On behalf of such a one will I glory: but on mine own behalf I will not glory, save in my weaknesses. For if I should desire to glory, I should not be foolish; for I shall speak the truth: but I forbear, lest any man should account of me above that which he seeth me to be, or heareth from me. And by reason of the exceeding great-ness of the revelations—wherefore, that I should not be exalted overmuch, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me, that I should not be exalted overmuch. Concerning this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he hath said unto me, My

grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my weakness, that the strength of Christ may rest upon me.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke viii. 4-15.

And when a great multitude came together, and they of every city resorted unto him, he spake by a parable: The sower went forth to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the way side; and it was trodden under foot, and the birds of the heaven devoured it. And other fell on the rock; and as soon as it grew, it withered away, because it had no moisture. And other fell amidst the thorns; and the thorns grew with it, and choked it. And other fell into the good ground, and grew, and brought forth fruit a hundredfold. As he said these things, he cried, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

And his disciples asked him what this parable might be. And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God: but to the rest in parables; that seeing they may not see, and hearing they may not understand. Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God. And those by the way side are they that have heard; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word from their heart, that they may not believe and be saved. And those on the rock are they which, when they have heard, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away. And that which fell among the thorns, these are they that have heard, and as they go on their way they are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection. And that in the good ground, these are such as in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, hold it fast, and bring forth fruit with patience.

THE SUNDAY QUINQUAGESIMA, OR THE NEXT SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. xiii. 1-13.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xviii. 31-43.

And he took unto him the twelve, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all the things that are written by the prophets shall be accomplished unto the Son of man. For he shall be delivered up unto the Gentiles, and shall be mocked, and shamefully entreated, and spit upon: and they shall scourge and kill him: and the third day he shall rise again. And they understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, and they perceived not the things that were said.

And it came to pass, as he drew nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the way side begging: and hearing a multitude going by, he inquired what this meant. And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. And they that went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace: but he cried out the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto him: and when he was come near, he asked him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said nnto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.

THE FIRST DAY OF LENT, COMMONLY CALLED ASH-WEDNESDAY.

THE EPISTLE. Joel ii. 12–19.

Therefore also now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning: and rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil. Who knoweth if he will return and repent, and leave a blessing behind him; even a meat offering and a drink offering unto the Lord your God? Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly: gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts: let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God?

Then will the Lord be jealous for his land, and pity his people. Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto his people, Behold, I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith: and I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. vi. 16–21.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may be seen of men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face: that thou be not seen of men to fast, but of thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall recompense thee.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth cónsume, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, INVOCAVIT.

THE EPISTLE. 2. Cor. vi. 1–10.

And working together with him we intreat also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain (for he saith,

At an acceptable time I hearkened unto thee,
And in a day of salvation did I succour thee:

behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation): giving no occasion of stumbling in anything, that our ministration be not blamed; but in everything commending ourselves, as ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings, in pureness, in knowledge, in longsuffering, in kindness, in the Holy Ghost, in love unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God; by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by glory and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet

alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. iv. 1-11.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he afterward hungered. And the tempter came and said unto him, If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh him into the holy city; and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou art the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written,

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee:
And on their hands they shall bear thee up,
Lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Jesus said unto him, Again it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again, the devil taketh him unto an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and he said unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth him; and behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT, REMINISCERE.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Thess. iv. 1-7.

Finally then, brethren, we beseech and exhort you in the Lord Jesus, that, as ye received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, even as ye do walk,—that ye abound more and more. For ye know what charge we gave you through the Lord Jesus. For this is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye abstain from fornication; that each one of you know how to possess himself of his own vessel in sanctification and honour, not in the passion of lust, even as the Gentiles which know not God; that no man transgress, and wrong his brother in the matter: because the Lord is an avenger in all these things, as also we forwarned you and testified. For God called us not for uncleanness, but in sanctification.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xv. 21-28.

And Jesus went out thence, and withdrew into the parts of Tyre and Sidon. And behold, a Canaanitish woman came out from those borders, and cried, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. But she came and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. And he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs. But she said, Yea, Lord: for even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it done unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was healed from that hour.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT, OCULI.

THE EPISTLE. Ephes. v. 1-9.

Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children; and walk in love, even as Christ also loved you, and gave himself up for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for an odour of a sweet smell. But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not even be named among you, as becometh saints; nor filthiness, nor foolish talking, or jesting, which are not befitting: but rather giving of thanks. For this ye know of a surety, that no fornicator, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, which is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God. Let no man deceive you with

empty words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the sons of disobedience. Be not ye therefore partakers with them; for ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord: walk as children of light (for the fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth).

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xi. 14-28.

And he was casting out a devil which was dumb. And it came to pass, when the devil was gone out, the dumb man spake; and the multitudes marvelled. But some of them said, By Beelzebub the prince of the devils casteth he out the devils. And others, tempting him, sought of him a sign from heaven. But he, knowing their thoughts, said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and a house divided against a house falleth. And if Satan also is divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand? because ye say that I cast out devils by Beelzebub. And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast them out? therefore shall they be your judges. But if I by the finger of God cast out devils, then is the kingdom of God come upon you. When the strong man fully armed guardeth his own court, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh away from him his whole armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth. The unclean spirit when he is gone out of a man, passeth through waterless places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will turn back unto my house whence I came out. And when he is come, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he, and taketh to him seven other spirits more evil than himself; and they enter in and dwell there: and the last state of that man becometh worse than the first.

And it came to pass, as he said these things, a certain woman out of the multitude lifted up her voice, and said unto him, Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the breasts which thou didst suck. But he said, Yea rather, blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT, LAETARE.

THE EPISTLE. Gal. iv. 21-31.

Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? For it is written, that Abraham had two sons, one by the handmaid, and one by the freewoman. Howbeit the son by the handmaid is born after the flesh; but the son by the freewoman is born through promise. Which things contain an allegory: for these women are two covenants; one from mount Sinai, bearing children unto bondage, which is Hagar. Now this Hagar is mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to the Jerusalem that now is: for she is in bondage with her children. But the Jerusalem that is above is free which is our mother. For it is written,

> Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not;
> Break forth and cry, thou that travailest not:
> For more are the children of the desolate than of her which hath the husband.

Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are children of promise. But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so is it now. Howbeit what saith the scripture? Cast out the handmaid and her son: for the son of the handmaid shall not inherit with the son of the freewoman. Wherefore, brethren, we are not children of a handmaid, but of the freewoman.

THE GOSPEL. St. John vi. 1-15.

After these things Jesus went away to the other side of the sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias. And a great multitude followed him, because they beheld the signs which he did on them that were sick. And Jesus went up into the mountain, and there he sat with his disciples. Now the passover, the feast of the Jews, was at hand. Jesus therefore lifting up his eyes, and seeing that a great multitude cometh unto him, saith unto Philip, Whence are

we to buy bread, that these may eat? And this he said to prove him: for he himself would know what he would do. Philip answered him, Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little. One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two fishes: but what are these among so many? Jesus said, Make the people sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand. Jesus therefore took the loaves; and having given thanks, he distributed to them that were set down; likewise also of the fishes as much as they would. And when they were filled, he saith unto his disciples, Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost. So they gathered them up, and filled twelve baskets with broken pieces from the five barley loaves, which remained over unto them that had eaten. When therefore the people saw the sign which he did, they said, This is of a truth the prophet that cometh into the world.

Jesus therefore perceiving that they were about to come and take him by force, to make him king, withdrew again into the mountain himself alone.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT, JUDICA.

THE EPISTLE. Hebr. ix. 11–15.

But Christ having come a high priest of the good things to come, through the greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this creation, nor yet through the blood of goats and calves, but through his own blood, entered in once for all into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption. For if the blood of goats and bulls, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling them that have been defiled, sanctity unto the cleanness of the flesh: how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without blemish unto God, cleanse your conscience from dead works to serve the living God? And for this cause he is the mediator of a new covenant, that a death having taken place for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first covenant, they that have been called may receive the promise of the eternal inheritance.

THE GOSPEL. St. John viii. 46–59.

Which of you convicteth me of sin? If I say truth, why do ye not believe me? He that is of God heareth the words of God: for this cause ye hear them not, because ye are not of God. The Jews answered and said unto him, Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil? Jesus answered, I have not a devil; but I honour my Father, and ye dishonour me. But I seek not mine own glory: there is one that seeketh and judgeth. Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my word, he shall never see death. The Jews said unto him, Now we know that thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets; and thou sayest, If a man keep my word, he shall never taste death. Art thou greater than our father Abraham, which is dead? and the prophets are dead; whom makest thou thyself? Jesus answered, If I glorify myself, my glory is nothing: it is my Father that glorifieth me; of whom ye say, that he is your God; and ye have not known him: but I know him; and if I should say, I know him not, I shall be like unto you, a liar: but I know him, and keep his word. Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it, and was glad. The Jews therefore said unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am. They took up stones therefore to cast at him: but Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple.

THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER, PALMARUM.

THE EPISTLE. Phil. ii. 5–11.

Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of

men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross. Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

(FOR THE GOSPEL SEE THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT).

THE HOLY THURSDAY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. xi. 23-32.

For I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, how that the Lord Jesus in the night in which he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, This is my body, which is for you: this do in remembrance of me. In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat the bread or drink the cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread, and drink of the cup. For he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body. For this cause many of you are weak and sickly, and not a few sleep. But if we discerned ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we may not be condemned with the world.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xiii. 1-15.

Now before the feast of the passover, Jesus knowing that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. And during supper, the devil having already put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him, Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God, and goeth unto God, riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments; and he took a towel, and girded himself. Then he poureth water into the bason, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. So he cometh to Simon Peter. He saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt understand hereafter. Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, if I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith to him, He that is bathed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all. For he knew him that should betray him; therefore said he, Ye are not all clean.

So when he had washed their feet, and taken his garments, and sat down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me, Master, and, Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, the Lord and the Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done to you.

THE GOOD FRIDAY.

THE EPISTLE. Isaiah lii. 13-liii, 12.

Behold, my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted, and extolled, and be very high. As many were astonished at thee; his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men. So shall he sprinkle many nations; the kings shall shut their mouths at him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider. Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor come-

liness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to his slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xix. 1-42.

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him. And the soldiers plaited a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and arrayed him in a purple garment; and they came unto him, and said, Hail, King of the Jews! and they struck him with their hands. And Pilate went out again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him out to you, that ye may know that I find no crime in him. Jesus therefore came out, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold, the man! When therefore the chief priests and the officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Take him yourselves, and crucify him: for I find no crime in him. The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God. When Pilate therefore heard this saying, he was the more afraid; and he entered into the palace again, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate therefore saith unto him, Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to release thee, and have power to crucify thee? Jesus answered him, Thou wouldest have no power against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath greater sin. Upon this Pilate sought to release him: but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend: every one that maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar. When Pilate therefore heard these words, he brought Jesus out, and sat down on the judgment-seat at a place called The Pavement, but in Hebrew, Gabbatha. Now it was the Preparation of the passover: it was about the sixth hour. And he saith unto the Jews, Behold. your King! They therefore cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar. Then therefore he delivered him unto them to be crucified.

They took Jesus therefore: and he went out, bearing the cross for himself, unto the place called The place of a scull, which is called in Hebrew Golgatha: where they crucified him, and with him two others, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst. And Pilate wrote a title also, and put it on the cross. And there was written, JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title therefore read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and in Latin, and in Greek. The chief priests of the Jews therefore said to Pilate, Write

not, The King of the Jews; but, that he said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered, What I have written I have written.

The soldiers therefore, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also the coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore one to another, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith,

They parted my garments among them,
And upon my vesture did they cast lots.

These things therefore the soldiers did. But there were standing by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold, thy son? Then saith he to the disciple, Behold, thy mother? And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home.

After this Jesus, knowing that all things are now finished, that the scripture might be accomplished, saith, I thirst. There was set there a vessel full of vinegar: so they put a sponge full of the vinegar upon hyssop, and brought it to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up his spirit.

The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation, that the bodies should not remain on the cross upon the sabbath (for the day of that sabbath was a high day) asked of Pilate that their legs might be broken, and that they might be taken away. The soldiers therefore came, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him: but when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs: howbeit one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and straightway there came out blood and water. And he that hath seen hath borne witness, and his witness is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye also may believe. For these things came to pass, that the scripture might be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced.

And after these things Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, asked of Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore and took the body. And there came also Nicodemus, he who at the first came to him by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight. So they took the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the custom of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new tomb wherein was never a man yet laid. There then because of the Jews' Preparation (for the tomb was nigh at hand) they laid Jesus.

EASTER SUNDAY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. v. 6-8.

Your glorying is not good. Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, even as ye are unleavened. For our passover also hath been sacrificed, even Christ: wherefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

THE GOSPEL. St. Mark xvi. 1-8.

And when the sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, bought spices, that they might come and anoint him. And very early on the first day of the week, they come to the tomb when the sun was risen. And they were saying among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb? and looking up, they see that the stone is rolled back: for it was exceeding great. And entering into the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, arrayed in a white robe; and they were amazed. And he saith unto them, Be not amazed: ye

seek Jesus, the Nazarene, which hath been crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold, the place where they laid him! But go, tell his disciples and Peter, He goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him, as he said unto you. And they went out, and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them: and they said nothing to any one; for they were afraid.

EASTER MONDAY.

THE EPISTLE. Acts x. 34–41.

And Peter opened his mouth, and said,

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him. The word which he sent unto the children of Israel, preaching good tidings of peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all)—that saying ye yourselves know, which was published throughout all Judæa, beginning from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached; even Jesus of Nazareth, how that God anointed him with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him. And we are witnesses of all things which he did both in the country of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom also they slew, hanging him on a tree. Him God raised up the third day, and gave him to be made manifest, not to all the people, but unto witnesses that were chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xxiv. 13–35.

And behold, two of them were going that very day to a village named Emmaus, which was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem. And they communed with each other of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, while they communed and questioned together, that Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, What communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk? And they stood still, looking sad. And one of them, named Cleopas, answering said unto him, Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and not know the things which are come to pass there in these days? And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, The things concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and crucified him. But we hoped that it was he which should redeem Israel. Yea and beside all this, it is now the third day since these things came to pass. Moreover certain women of our company amazed us, having been early at the tomb; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them that were with us went to the tomb, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not. And he said unto them, O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they were going: and he made as though he would go further. And they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. And he went in to abide with them. And it came to pass, when he had sat down with them to meat, he took the bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the scriptures? And they rose up that very hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon. And they rehearsed the things that happened in the way, and how he was known to them in the breaking of the bread.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, QUASIMODOGENITI.

THE EPISTLE. 1. John v. 4–10.

For whatsoever is begotten of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith. And who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God? This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not with the water only, but with the water and with the blood. And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is the truth. For there are three who bear witness, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood: and the three agree in one. If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for the witness of God is this, that he hath borne witness concerning his Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in him: he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he hath not believed in the witness that God hath borne concerning his Son.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xx. 19–31.

When therefore it was evening, on that day, the first day of the week, and when the doors were shut where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when he had said this, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. The disciples therefore were glad, when they saw the Lord. Jesus therefore said to them again, Peace be unto you: as the Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe.

And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Jesus cometh, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

Many other signs therefore did Jesus in the presence of the disciples, which are not written in this book; but these are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye may have life in his name.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, MISERICORDIAS DOMINI.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Peter ii. 21–25.

For hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: who his own self bare our sins in his body upon the tree, that we, having died unto sins, might live unto righteousness; by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were going astray like sheep; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.

THE GOSPEL. St. John x. 12–16.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am a good shepherd; and I know mine own,

and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, JUBILATE.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Peter ii. 11-20.

Beloved, I beseech you as sojourners and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul; having your behaviour seemly among the Gentiles; that, wherein they speak against you as evil-doers, they may by your good works, which they behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.

Be subject to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as sent by him for vengeance on evil-doers and for praise to them that do well. For so is the will of God, that by well-doing ye should put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: as free, and not using your freedom for a cloak of wickedness, but as bond-servants of God. Honour all men. Love the hrotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king.

Servants, be in subjection to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is acceptable, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye sin, and are buffeted for it, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye shall take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xvi. 16-23.

A little while, and ye behold me no more; and again a little while, and ye shall see me. Some of his disciples therefore said one to another, What is this that he saith unto us, A little while and ye behold me not; and again a little while, and ye shall see me: and, Because I go to the Father? They said therefore, What is this that he saith, A little while? We know not what he saith. Jesus perceived that they were desirous to ask him, and he said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves concerning this, that I said, A little while, and ye behold me not, and again a little while, and ye shall see me? Verily, verily, I say unto you, that ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but when she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for the joy that a man is born into the world. And ye therefore now have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no one taketh away from you. And in that day ye shall ask me nothing.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, CANTATE.

THE EPISTLE. James i. 17-21.

Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning. Of his own will he brought us forth by the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

Ye know this, my beloved brethren. But let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Wherefore putting away all filthiness and overflowing of wickedness, receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xvi. 5-15.

But now I go unto him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have spoken these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send him unto you. And he, when he is come,

will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye behold me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world hath been judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth: for he shall not speak from himself; but what things soever he shall hear, these shall he speak: and he shall declare unto you the things that are to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall take of mine, and shall declare it unto you. All things whatsoever the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he taketh of mine, and shall declare it unto you.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, ROGATE.

THE EPISTLE. James i. 22-27.

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves. For if any one is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a mirror: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth away, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But he that looketh into the perfect law, the law of liberty, and so continueth, being not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing. If any man thinketh himself to be religious, while he bridleth not his tongue but deceiveth his heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xvi. 23-30.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, If ye shall ask anything of the Father, he will give it you in my name. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may de fulfilled.

These things have I spoken unto you in proverbs: the hour cometh, when I shall no more speak unto you in proverbs, but shall tell you plainly of the Father. In that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you; for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came forth from the Father. I came out from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go unto the Father. His disciples say, Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb. Now know we that thou knowest all things, and needest not that any man should ask thee: by this we believe that thou camest from the God.

THE ASCENSION-DAY.

THE EPISTLE. Acts i. 1-11.

The former treatise I made, O Theophilus, concerning all that Jesus began both to do and to teach, until the day in which he was received up, after that he had given commandment through the Holy Ghost unto the apostles whom he had chosen: to whom he also shewed himself alive after his passion by many proofs, appearing unto them by the space of forty days, and speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God: and, being assembled together with them, he charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father, said he, ye heard from me: for John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.

They therefore, when they were come together, asked him, saying, Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know times or seasons, which the Father hath set within his own authority. But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. And when he had said these things, as they were looking, he was taken up; and a cloud

received him out of their sight. And while they were looking stedfastly into heaven as he went, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? this Jesus, which was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven.

THE GOSPEL. St. Mark. xvi. 14–20.

And after these things he was manifested in another form unto two of them, as they walked, on their way into the country. And they went away and told it unto the rest; neither believed they them.

And afterward he was manifested unto the eleven themselves as they sat at meat; and he upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall in no wise hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

So then the Lord Jesus, after he had spoken unto them, was received up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word by the signs that followed.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, EXAUDI.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Peter iv. 7–11.

Be ye therefore of sound mind, and be sober unto prayer: above all things being fervent in your love among yourselves; for love covereth a multitude of sins: using hospitality one to another without murmuring: according as each hath received a gift, ministering it among yourselves, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God; if any man speaketh, speaking as it were oracles of God; if any man ministereth, ministering as of the strength which God supplieth; that in all things God may be glorified through Jesus Christ, whose is the glory and the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xv. 26–xvi. 4.

But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me: and ye also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be made to stumble. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service unto God. And these things will they do, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I spoken unto you, that when their hour is come, ye may remember them, how that I told you. And these things I said not unto you from the beginning, because I was with you.

WHIT-SUNDAY, PENTECOST.

THE EPISTLE. Acts ii. 1–3.

And when the day of Pentecost was now come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them tongues parting asunder, like as of fire; and it sat upon each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, from every nation under heaven. And when this sound was heard, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speaking

in his own language. And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying, Behold, are not all these which speak Galilæans? And how hear we, every man in our own language, wherein we were born? Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judæa and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, in Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and sojourners from Rome, both Jews and proselytes, Cretans and Arabians, we do hear them speaking in our tongues the mighty works of God. And they were all amazed, and were perplexed, saying one to another, What meaneth this? But others mocking said, They are filled with new wine.

THE GOSPEL. St. John xiv. 23-31.

If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my words: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's who sent me.

These things have I spoken unto you, while yet abiding with you. But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful. Ye heard how I said to you, I go away, and I come unto you. If ye loved me, ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father: for the Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe. I will no more speak much with you, for the prince of the world cometh: and he hath nothing in me; but that the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

WHIT-MONDAY.

THE EPISTLE. Acts x. 42-48.

And he charged us to preach unto the people, and to testify that this is he which is ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. To him bear all the prophets witness, that through his name every one that believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.

While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell upon all them which heard the words. And they of the circumcision which believed were amazed, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God. Then answered Peter, Can any man forbid the water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ.

THE GOSPEL. St. John iii. 16-21.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God sent not the Son into the world to judge the world; but that the world should be saved through him. He that believeth on him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light; for their works were evil. For every one that doeth ill hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, lest his works should be reproved. But he that doeth the truth cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, that they have been wrought in God.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. xi. 33-36.

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past tracing out! For

who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and unto him, are all things. To him be the glory for ever. Amen.

THE GOSPEL. St. John iii. 1-15.

Now there was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came unto him by night, and said to him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him. Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born anew. The wind bloweth, where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be? Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou the teacher of Israel, and understandest not these things? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and bear witness of that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness. If I told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall you believe, if I tell you heavenly things? And no man hath ascended into heaven, but he that descended out of heaven, even the Son of man, which is in heaven. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth may in him have eternal life.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. John iv. 16-21.

God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him. Herein is love made perfect with us, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, even so are we in this world. There is no fear in love: but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath punishment; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love, because he first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xvi. 19-31.

Now there was a certain rich man, and he was clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day: and a certain beggar named Lazarus was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; yea, even the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and that he was carried away by the angels into Abraham's bosom: and the rich man also died, and was buried. And in Hades he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am in anguish in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus in like manner evil things: but now here he is comforted, and thou art in anguish. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, and they which would pass from hence to you may not be able, and that none may cross over from thence to us. And he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house; for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. But Abraham saith, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but

if one go to them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, if one rise from the dead.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. John iii. 13-18.

Marvel not, brethren, if the world hateth you. We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Hereby know we love, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But who hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xiv. 16-24.

A certain man made a great supper; and he bade many: and he sent forth his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a field, and I must needs go out and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. And the servant came, and told his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and maimed and blind and lame. And the servant said, Lord, what thou didst command is done, and yet there is room. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Peter v. 6-11.

Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time; casting all your anxiety upon him, because he careth for you. Be sober, be watchful: your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom withstand stedfast in your faith, knowing that the same sufferings are accomplished in your brethren who are in the world. And the God of all grace, who called you unto his eternal glory in Christ, after that ye have suffered a little while, shall himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you. To him be the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xv. 1-10.

Now all the publicans and sinners were drawing near unto him for to hear him. And both the Pharisees and the scribes murmured, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

And he spake unto them this parable, saying, What man of you, having a hundred sheep, and having lost one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and his neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that even so there shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine righteous persons, which need no repentance.

Or what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a lamp, and sweep the house, and seek diligently until she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth together her friends and neighbours,

saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I have lost. Even so, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. viii. 18–23.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the Glory which shall be revealed to us-ward. For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only so, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spririt, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for our adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke vi. 36–42.

Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful. And judge not, and ye shall not be judged: and condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: release, and ye shall be released: give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they give into your bosom. For with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

And he spake also a parable unto them, Can the blind guide the blind? shall they not both fall into a pit? The disciple is not above his master: but every one when he is perfected shall be as his master. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me cast out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Peter iii. 8–15.

Finally, be ye all likeminded, compassionate, loving as brethren, tenderhearted, humbleminded: not rendering evil for evil, or reviling for reviling; but contrariwise blessing; for hereunto were ye called, that ye should inherit a blessing. For, he that would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: And let him turn away from evil, and do good; Let him seek peace, and pursue it. For the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears unto their supplication: But the face of the Lord is upon them that do evil. And who is he that will harm you, if ye be zealous of that which is good? But and if ye should suffer for righteousness' sake, blessed are ye: and fear not this fear, neither be troubled; but sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke v. 1–11.

Now it came to pass, while the multitude pressed upon him and heard the word of God, that he was standing by the lake of Gennesaret; and he saw two boats standing by the lake: but the fishermen had gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And he entered into one of the boats, which was Simon's, and asked him to put out a little from the land. And he sat down and taught the multitudes out of the boat. And when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Put out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answered and said, Master, we toiled all night, and took nothing: but at thy word I will let down the nets. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their nets were breaking; and they beckoned unto their partners in the other boat, that they

should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the boats, so that they began to sink. But Simon Peter, when he saw it, fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was amazed, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken; and so were also James and John, sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their boats to land, they left all, and followed him.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. vi. 3-11.

Or are ye ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him through baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life. For if we have become united with him by the likeness of his death, we shall be also by the likeness of his resurrection; knowing this, that our old man was crucified with him, that the body of sin might be done away, that so we should no longer be in bondage to sin; for he that hath died is justified from sin. But if we died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him: knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death no more hath dominion over him. For the death that he died, he died unto sin once: but the life that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. v. 20-26.

I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire. If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art with him in the way; lest haply the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou have paid the last farthing.

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. vi. 19-23.

I speak after the manner of men because of the infirmity of your flesh: for as ye presented your members to uncleanness and to iniquity unto iniquity, even so now present your members as servants to righteousness unto sanctification. For when ye were servants of sin, ye were free in regard of righteousness. What fruit then had ye at that time in the things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death. But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto sanctification, and the end eternal life. For the wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.

THE GOSPEL. St. Mark viii. 1-9.

In those days, when there was again a great multitude, and they had nothing to eat, he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have nothing to eat: and if I send them away fasting to their home,

they will faint in the way; and some of them are come from far. And his disciples answered him, Whence shall one be able to fill these men with bread here in a desert place? And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they say, Seven. And he commandeth the multitude to sit down on the ground: and he took the seven loaves, and having given thanks, he brake, and gave to his disciples, to set before them; and they set them before the multitude. And they had a few small fishes: and having blessed them, he commanded to set these also before them. And they did eat, and were filled: and they took up, of broken pieces that remained over, seven baskets. And they were about four thousand: and he sent them away.

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Rom. viii. 12–17.

So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh: for if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the spirit ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God. For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. vii. 15–23.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by thy name, and by thy name cast out devils, and by thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. x. 6–13.

Now these things were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted. Neither be ye idolators, as were some of them; as it is written, The people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play. Neither let us commit fornication, as some of them committed, and fell in one day three and twenty thousand. Neither let us tempt the Lord, as some of them tempted, and perished by the serpents. Neither murmur ye, as some of them murmured, and perished by the destroyer. Now these things happened unto them by way of example; and they were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the ages are come. Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may endure it.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xvi. 1–9.

And he said also unto the disciples, There was a certain rich man, which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he was wasting his goods. And he called and said unto him, What is this that I hear of thee? render the account of thy stewardship; for thou canst be no longer steward. And the steward said within himself, What shall I do, seeing that my lord taketh away the stewardship from me? I have not strength to dig; to beg I

am ashamed. I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses. And calling to him each one of his lord's debtors, he said to the first, How much owest thou unto my lord? And he said, A hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bond, and sit down quickly and write fifty. Then said he to another, And how much owest thou. And he said, A hundred measures of wheat. He saith unto him, Take thy bond, and write fourscore. And his lord commended the unrighteous steward because he had done wisely: for the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of light. And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. xii. 1-11.

Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. Ye knew that when ye were Gentiles ye were led away unto those dumb idols, howsoever ye might be led. Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking in the Spirit of God saith, Jesus is anathema; and no man can say, Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit.

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are diversities of ministrations, and the same Lord. And there are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all. But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal. For to one is given through the Spirit the word of wisdom; and to another the word of knowledge, according to the same Spirit: to another faith, in the same Spirit; and to another gifts of healings, in the one Spirit; and to another workings of miracles; and to another prophecy; and to another discernings of spirits: to another divers kinds of tongues; and to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh the one and the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally even as he will.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xix. 41-49.

And when he drew nigh, he saw the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, when thine enemies shall cast up a bank about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall dash thee to the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

And he entered into the temple, and began to cast on them that sold, saying unto them, It is written, And my house shall be a house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of robbers.

And he was teaching daily in the temple. But the chief priests and the scribes and the principal men of the people sought to destroy him: and they could not find what they might do; for the people all hung upon him, listening.

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. xv. 1-10.

Now I make known unto you, brethren, the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye received, wherein also ye stand, by which also ye are saved; I make known, I say, in what words I preached it unto you, if ye hold it fast, except ye believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried; and that he hath been raised on the third day according to the scriptures; and that he appeared to Cephas; then to the twelve; then he appeared to above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain until now, but some are fallen asleep; then he appeared to James; then to all the apostles; and last of all, as unto one born out of due time, he appeared to me also. For I am the least of the apostles,

that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not found vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xviii. 9–14.

And he spake also this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and set all others at nought: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I get. But the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote his heart, saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner. I say unto you, This man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled; but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 2. Cor. iii. 4–9.

And such confidence have we through Christ to Godward; not that we are sufficient of ourselves, to account anything as from ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God; who also made us sufficient as ministers of a new covenant: not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. But if the ministration of death, written, and engraven on stones, came with glory, so that the children of Israel could not look stedfastly upon the face of Moses for the glory of his face; which glory was passing away: how shall not rather the ministration of the spirit be with glory? For if the ministration of condemnation is glory, much rather doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory.

THE GOSPEL. St. Mark vii. 31–37.

And again he went out from the borders of Tyre, and came through Sidon unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the borders of Decapolis. And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to lay his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude privately, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spat, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphata, that is, Be opened. And his ears were opened, and the bond of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain. And he charged them that they should tell no man: but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it. And they were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh even the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Gal. iii. 15–22.

Brethren, I speak after the manner of man: Though it be but a man's covenant, yet when it hath been confirmed, no one maketh it void, or addeth thereto. Now to Abraham were the promises spoken, and to his seed. He saith not, and to seeds, as of many; but as of one, And to thy seed, which is Christ. Now this I say: A covenant confirmed beforehand by God, the law, which came four hundred and thirty years after, doth not disannul, so as to make the promise of none effect. For if the inheritance is of the law, it is no more of promise: but God hath granted it to Abraham by promise. What then is the law? It was added because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise hath been made; and it was ordained through angels by the hand of a mediator. Now a mediator is not a mediator of one; but God is one. Is the law then against the promises of God? God

forbid: for if there had been a law given which could make alive, verily righteousness would have been of the law. Howbeit the scripture hath shut up all things under sin, that the promise by faith in Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke x. 23-37.

And turning to the disciples, he said privately, Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see: for I say unto you, that many prophets and kings desired to see the things which ye see, and saw them not; and to hear the things which ye hear, and heard them not.

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour? Jesus made answer and said, A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, which both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee. Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbour unto him that fell among the robbers? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Gal. v. 16-24.

But I say, Walk by the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary the one to the other; that ye may not do the things that ye would. But if ye are led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, secrecy, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I forewarn you, even as I did forewarn you, that they which practise such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and the lusts thereof.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xvii. 11-19.

And it came to pass, as they were on the way to Jerusalem, that he was passing through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off: and they lifted up their voices, saying, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go and shew yourselves unto the priests. And it came to pass, as they went, they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, with a loud voice glorifying God; and he fell upon his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering said, Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine? Were there none found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger? And he said unto him, Arise, and go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.

THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Gal. v. 25–vi. 10.

If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk. Let us not be vainglorious, provoking one another, envying one another.

Brethren, even if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of meekness; looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. For if a man thinketh himself to be somethiug, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let each man prove his own work, and then shall he have his glorying in regard of himself alone, and not of his neighbour. For each man shall bear his own burden.

But let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things. Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. And let us not be weary in welldoing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. So then, as we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of the faith.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. vi. 24–34.

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other: or else he will hold to one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Ephes. iii. 13–21.

Wherefore I ask that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which are your glory.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fulness of God.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever. Amen.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke vii. 11-17.

And it came to pass soon afterwards, that he went to a city called Nain; and his disciples went with him, and a great multitude. Now when he drew near to the gate of the city, behold there was carried out one that was dead, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, we had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came nigh and touched the bier: and the bearers stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother. And fear took hold of all: and they glorified God, saying, A great prophet is arisen among us: and, God hath visited his people. And this report went forth concerning him in the whole of Judæa, and all the region round about.

THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Ephes. iv. 1-6.

I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xiv. 1-11.

And it came to pass, when he went into the house of one of the rulers of the Pharisees on a sabbath to eat bread, that they were watching him. And behold, there was before him a certain man which had the dropsy. And Jesus answering spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath, or not? But they held their peace. And he took him, and healed him, and let him go. And he said unto them, Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a well, and will not straightway draw him up on a sabbath day? And they could not answer again unto these things.

And he spake a parable unto those which were bidden, when he marked how they chose out their chief seats; saying unto them, When thou art bidden of any man to a marriage feast, sit not down in the chief seat; lest haply a more honorable man than thou be bidden of him and he that bade thee and him shall come and say to thee, Give this man place; and then thou shalt begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest place; that when he that hath bidden thee cometh, he may say to thee, Friend, go up higher: then shalt thou have glory in the presence of all that sit at meat with thee. For every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Cor. i. 4-9.

I thank my God always concerning you, for the grace of God which was given you in Jesus Christ; that in everything ye were enriched in him, in all utterance and all knowledge; even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you: so that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye be unreproveable in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. God is faithful, through whom ye were called into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth xxii. 34-46.

But the Pharisees, when they heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, gathered themselves together. And one of them, a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? And he said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and

first commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hangeth the whole law, and the prophets.

Now while the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them a question, saying, What think ye of the Christ? whose son is he? They say unto him, The son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David in the Spirit call him Lord, saying,

The Lord said unto my Lord,
Sit thou on my right hand,
Till I put thine enemies underneath thy feet?

If David then calleth him Lord, how is he his son? And no one was able to answer him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions.

THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Ephes iv. 22-28.

Put away, as concerning your former manner of life, the old man, which waxeth corrupt after the lusts of deceit; and that ye be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, which after God hath been created in righteousness and holiness of truth.

Wherefore, putting away falsehood, speak ye truth each one with his neighbour: for we are members one of another. Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath: neither give place to the devil. Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have whereof to give to him that hath need.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. ix. 1-8.

And he entered into a boat, and crossed over, and came into his own city. And behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven. And behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth. And Jasus knowing their thoughts said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise and take up thy bed, and go unto thy house. And he arose, and departed to his house. But when the multitudes saw it, they were afraid, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Ephes. v. 15-21.

Look therefore carefully how he walk, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is. And be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit; speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father; subjecting yourselves one to another in the fear of Christ.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xxii. 1-14.

And Jesus answered and spake again in parables unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a certain king, which made a marriage feast for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the marriage feast: and they would not come. Again he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them that are bidden, Behold, I have made ready my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come to the marriage feast. But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his own farm, another to his merchandise: and the rest laid hold on his

servants, and entreated them shamefully, and killed them. But the king was wroth; and he sent his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned their city. Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they that were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore unto the partings of the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage feast. And those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was filled with guests. But when the king came in to behold the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding-garment; and he saith unto him, Friend, how comest thou in hither not having on a wedding-garment? And he was speechless. Then the king said to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and cast him out into the outer darkness; there shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few chosen.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Ephes. vi. 10–17.

Finally, be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Wherefore take up the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

THE GOSPEL. St. John iv. 46–54.

And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judæa into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son; for he was at the point of death. Jesus therefore said unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will in no wise believe. The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. The man believed the word that Jesus spake unto him, and he went his way. And as he was now going down, his servants met him, saying, that his son lived. So he inquired of them the hour when he began to amend. They said therefore unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at that hour in which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house. This is again the second sign that Jesus did, having come out of Judæa into Galilee.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Phil. i. 3–11.

I thank my God upon all my remembrance of you, always in every supplication of mine on behalf of you all making my supplication with joy, for your fellowship in furtherance of the gospel from the first day until now; being confident of this very thing, that he which began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ: even as it is right for me to be thus minded on behalf of you all, because I have you in my heart, inasmuch as, both in my bonds and in the defence and confirmation of the gospel, ye all are partakers with me of grace. For God is my witness, how I long after all in the tender mercies of Christ Jesus. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and all discernment; so that ye may approve the things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and void of offence unto the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are through Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xviii. 23–35.

Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would make a reckoning with his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not wherewith to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And the lord of that servant, being moved with compassion, released him, and forgave him the debt. But that servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence: and he laid hold on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay what thou owest. So his fellow-servant fell down and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay that which was due. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were exceeding sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then the lord called him, and saith to him, Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou besoughtest me: shouldest not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due. So shall also my heavenly Father do unto you, if ye forgive not every one his brother from your hearts.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Phil. iii. 17–21.

Brethren, be ye imitators together of me, and mark them which so walk even as ye have us for an example. For many walk, of whom I told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is perdition, whose god is the belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things. For our citizenship is in heaven; from whence we also wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory, according to the working whereby he is able even to subject all things unto himself.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xxii. 15–22.

Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might ensnare him in his talk. And they send to him their disciples, with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, and carest not for any one: for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar, or not? But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's. And when they heard it, they marvelled, and left him, and went their way.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. Col. i. 9–14.

For this cause we also, since the day we heard it, do not cease to pray and make request for you, that ye may be filled with the knowledge of his will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding, to walk worthily of the Lord unto all pleasing, bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all power, according to the might of his glory, unto all patience and longsuffering with joy; giving thanks unto the Father, who made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of his love; in whom we have our redemption, the forgiveness of our sins.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. ix. 18–26.

While he spake these things unto them, behold, there came a ruler, and worshipped him, saying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live. And Jesus arose, and followed him, and so did his disciples. And behold, a woman, who had an issue of blood twelve years, came behind him, and touched the border of his garment: for she said within herself, If I do but touch his garment, I shall be made whole. But Jesus turning and seeing her said, Daughter, be of good cheer; thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour. And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the flute-players, and the crowd making a tumult, he said, Give place: for the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn. But when the crowd was put forth, he entered in, and took her by the hand; and the damsel arose. And the fame hereof went forth into all that land.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Thess. iv. 13–18.

But we would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as the rest, which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xxiv. 15–28.

When therefore ye see the abomination of desolation, which was spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place (let him that readeth understand), then let them that are in Judæa flee unto the mountains: let him that is on the housetop not go down to take out the things that are in his house: and let him that is in the field not return back to take his cloke. But woe unto them that are with child and to them that give suck in those days! And pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on a sabbath: for then shall be great tribulation, such as hath not been from the beginning of the world until now, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days had been shortened, no flesh would have been saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened. Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is the Christ, or, Here; believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect. Behold, I have told you beforehand. If therefore they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the wilderness; go not forth: Behold, he is in the inner chambers; believe it not. For as the lightning cometh forth from the east, and it is seen even unto the west; so shall be the coming of the Son of man. Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 2. Peter iii. 3–14.

Know this first, that in the last days mockers shall come with mockery, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for, from the day that the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they wilfully forget, that there were heavens from of old, and an earth compacted out of water and amidst water, by the word of God; by which means the world then was, being overflowed with water, perished: but the heavens that now are, and the earth, by the same word, have been stored up for fire, being reserved againt the day of judgment and destruction of ungodly men.

But forget not this one thing, beloved, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some count slackness; but is longsuffering to youward, not wishing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall be dissolved with fervent heat, and the earth and the works therein shall be burned up. Seeing that these things are thus all to be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy living and godliness, looking for and earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God, by reason of which the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? But, according to his promise, we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for these things, give diligence that ye may be found in peace, without spot and blameless in his sight.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xxv. 31-46.

But when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all the nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away into eternal punishment: but the righteous into eternal life.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Thess. v. 1-11.

But concerning the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that aught to be written unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. When they are saying, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall in no wise escape. But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief: for ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day: we are not of the night nor of darkness; so then let us not sleep, as do the rest, but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night. But let us, since we are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation. For God appointed us not unto wrath, but unto the obtaining of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him. Wherefore exhort one another, and build each other up, even as also ye do.

THE GOSPEL. St. Matth. xxv. 1-13.

Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were foolish, and five were wise. For the foolish, when they took their lamps, took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. Now while the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. But at midnight there is a cry, Behold, the bridegroom! Come ye forth to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out. But the wise answered, saying, Peradventure there will not be enough for us and you: go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves. And while they went away to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage feast: and the door was shut. Afterward come also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour.

OTHER FESTIVALS GENERALLY OBSERVED BY THE EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

FESTIVAL OF REFORMATION, On Sunday Nearest October 31st.

THE EPISTLE. Gal. ii. 16-21.

Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, save through faith in Jesus Christ, even we believed on Christ Jesus, that we might be justified by faith in Christ, and not by the works of the law: because by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. But if, while we sought to be justified in Christ, we ourselves also were found sinners, is Christ a minister of sin? God forbid. For if I build up again those things which I destroyed, I prove myself a transgressor. For I through the law died unto the law, that I might live unto God. I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me. I do not make void the grace of God: for if righteousness is through the law, then Christ died for nought.

THE GOSPEL. St. John ii. 13-21.

And the passover of the Jews was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem. And he found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting: and he made a scourge of cords, and cast all out of the temple, both the sheep and the oxen; and he poured out the changers' money, and overthrew their tables; and to them that sold the doves he said, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.

FESTIVAL OF HARVEST.

THE EPISTLE. Acts xiv. 15-17.

Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you, and bring you good tidings, that ye should turn from these vain things unto the living God, who made the heaven and the earth and the sea, and all that in them is: who in the generations gone by suffered all the nations to walk their own ways. And yet he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness.

THE GOSPEL. St. Luke xii. 13-21.

And one out of the multitude said unto him, Master, bid my brother divide the inheritance with me. But he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? And he said unto them, Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. And he spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he reasoned within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have not where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater and there will I bestow all my corn and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, be merry. But God said unto him, Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee; and the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING-DAY. Last Thursday in November.

THE EPISTLE. 1. Tim. ii. 1-8.

I exhort therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings, be made for all men; for kings and all that are in high place; that we may lead a tranquil and quiet life in all godliness and gravity. This is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who willeth that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, one mediator also between God and men, himself man, Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all; the testimony to be borne in its own times; whereunto I was appointed a preacher and an apostle (I speak the truth, I lie not), a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and truth.

THE GOSPEL. Psalm cv. 40-45.

The people asked, and he brought quails, and satisfied them with the bread of heaven. He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out; they ran in the dry places like a river. For he remembered his holy promise, and Abraham his servant. And he brought forth his people with joy, and his chosen with gladness: And gave them the lands of the heathen: and they inherited the labour of the people; that they might observe his statutes, and keep his laws. Praise ye the Lord.

THE

HISTORY OF THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST, OUR LORD,

As Recorded by the Four Evangelists.

Part First.---The Introduction.

Then Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. There they made him a supper in the house of Simon the leper; and Martha served: but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him. And as he sat at meat, there came Mary having an alabaster cruse of ointment of spikenard, very costly: and she brake the cruse, and poured it over his head, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him: Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor! This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and having the bag took away what was put therein. And some of the other disciples, when they saw it, had indignation, saying, To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor. And they murmured against her. But Jesus perceiving it said unto them, Let her alone; why trouble ye the woman? she hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor always with you, and whenever ye will ye can do them good: but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she hath anointed my body aforehand for the burying. And verily I say unto you, Wheresoever the gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her. (1)

On the next day a great multitude that had come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took the branches of the palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried out, Hosanna, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, even the King of Israel! And Jesus, having found an young ass, sat thereon; as it is written, Fear not, daughter of Zion: behold, thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt. The people therefore that was with him when he called Lazarus out of the tomb, and raised him from the dead, bare witness, For this cause also the multitude went and met him, for that they heard that he had done his sign. The Pharisees therefore said among themselves, Behold, how ye prevail nothing: lo, the world is gone after him. (2)

Now the feast of unleavened bread drew nigh, which is called the Passover. And Jesus said unto his disciples, Ye know that after two days the feast of the Passover, and the Son of man is delivered up to be crucified. Then were gathered together the chief priests, and the elders of the people, unto the court of the high-priest, who was called Caiphas; and they took counsel together that they might take Jesus by subtilty, and kill him. But they said, Not during the feast, lest a tumult arise among the people; for they feared the people. (3)

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(1) St. John xii. 1-8. St. Matth. xxvi. 6-13. St. Mark xiv. 3-9.
(2) St. John xii. 12-15 and 17-19.
(3) St. Matth. xxvi. 1-5. St. Mark xiv. 1.2. St. Luke xxii. 1.2.

Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests and captains and communed with them how he might betray him unto them, and said: What are ye willing to give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And when they heard it, they were glad, and promised to give him money. And they weighed unto him thirty pieces of silver. And he consented, and sought opportunity to deliver him unto them in the absence of the multitude. (1)

Part Second.---The Last Supper of Jesus with His Disciples.

And on the first day of unleavened bread, when they sacrificed the passover, his disciples said unto him, Where wilt thou that we go and make ready that thou mayest eat the passover? And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat. And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare? And he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water, follow him into the house where he entereth in. And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples, where is the guest-chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples? And he shall show you a large upper room furnished; there make ready. And his disciples went forth, and came into the city, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover. (2)

And in the evening he cometh with the twelve, and he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him. And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer! For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God. And he took the cup, gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves: for I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come. (3)

And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be accounted the greatest. And he said unto them: The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is the greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is the chief, as he that doth serve. For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? but I am among you as he that serveth. Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. (4)

Now Jesus knowing that his hour was come, that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. And during supper the devil having already put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him, Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he came forth from God, riseth from supper, and layeth aside his garments; and he took a towel, and girded himself. Then he poureth water into the basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. So he cometh to Simon Peter. He saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt understand hereafter. Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith unto him, He that is bathed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all. For he knew him that should betray him; therefore said

(1) St. Matth. xxvi. 14-16. St. Mark xiv. 10. 11. St. Luke xxii. 4-6.
(2) St. Matth. xxvi. 17-19. St. Mark xiv. 12-16. St. Luke xxii. 7-13.
(3) St. Luke xxii. 14-18. St. Matth. xxvi. 20. St. Mark xiv. 17.
(4) St. Luke xxii. 24-30.

he, Ye are not all clean. So when he had washed their feet, and taken his garments and sat down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me, Master, and, Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, the Lord and the Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, A servant is not greater than his lord; neither one that is sent is greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them. I speak not of you all: I know whom I have chosen: but that the scripture may be fulfilled, He that eateth my bread lifted up his heel against me. From henceforth I tell you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am he. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. (1)

When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. The disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake. And they were exceedingly sorrowful and began to say unto him every one, Is it I, Lord? And he said unto them, It is one of the twelve, he that dippeth with me in the disk. And as they were eating, Jesus took the bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave to them, saying, Take, eat; this is my body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it. This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins; this do ye, as oft as you drink it, in remembrance of me, and they all drank of it. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom. (2)

There was at the table reclining in Jesus' bosom one of his disciples whom Jesus loved. Simon Peter therefore beckoneth to him, and saith unto him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake. He leaning back, as he was, on Jesus' breast saith unto him, Lord, who is it? Jesus therefore answereth, He it is, for whom I shall dip the sop, and give it him. So when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon. And he said, For the son of man goeth, even as it is written of him: but woe unto that man through whom the Son of man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had not been born. And Judas, which betrayed him, answered and said, Is it I, Rabbi? He saith unto him, Thou hast said. And after the sop, then entered Satan into him. Jesus therefore saith unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spake this unto him. For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him, Buy those things that we have need of against the feast; or, that he should give something to the poor. He then, having received the sop, went immediately out; and it was night. (3)

When therefore Judas was gone out, Jesus saith, Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him; if God be glorified in him, God shall also glorify him in himself, and shall straightway glorify him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me, and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say unto you. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, whither goest thou? Jesus answered, Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow afterwards. Peter saith unto him, Lord, why cannot I follow thee even now? I will lay down my life for thee. Jesus answereth, Wilt thou lay down thy life for me? Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have

(1) St. John xiii. 1-20.
(2) St. Matth. xxvi. 26-29. St. Mark xiv. 22-25. St. Luke xxii. 19. 20.
(3) St. John xiii. 21-30. St. Matth. xxvi. 21-25. St. Mark xiv. 18-21. St. Luke xxii. 21-22.

prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren. And he said unto him, Lord, I am ready to go with thee both in prison and to death. And he said, I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, until thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me. (1)

Part Third.---Christ's Agony at Gethsemane and Arrest.

And when they had sung a hymn and Jesus having spoken many things unto them (See St. John XIV–XVII.) he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, as was his custom unto the Mount of Olives. And Jesus saith unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered. But after I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee. But Peter said unto him, Although all shall be offended, yet will not I. And Jesus saith unto him, Verily I say unto thee, that this day, even in this night, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice! But he spake the more vehemently, If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise! Likewise also said they all. (2)

And he said unto them, When I sent you forth without purse, and wallet, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing. Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his wallet: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one. For I say unto you, that this that is written must yet be accomplished in me, and he was reckoned among the transgressors: for the things concerning me have an end. And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough. (3)

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, where was a garden, into the which he entered himself and his disciples. Now Judas also, which betrayed him, knew the place: for Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples. And when Jesus was at the place, he said unto them: Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder. Pray, that ye enter not into temptation! And he took with him Peter and James and John, the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be greatly amazed, and sore troubled. And he saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; abide ye here, and watch with me. And he went forward a little, about a stone's cast; and he kneeled down, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass away from him, And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; remove this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt. And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done. And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy, neither wist they what to answer him. And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it was great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going, behold, he is at hand that doth betray me. (4)

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(1) John xiii. 31–38. St. Luke xxii. 31–43.
(2) St. Matth. xxvi. 30–35. St. Mark xiv. 26–31. St. Luke xxii. 39. St. John xviii. 1.
(3) St. Luke xxii. 35–38.
(4) St. John xviii. 1–2. St. Matth. xxvi. 36–46. St. Mark xiv. 32–42. St. Luke xxii. 40–46.

And straightway, while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, having received the band of soldiers and officers from the chief priests and the Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches, with swords and staves, and went before them. Jesus therefore, knowing all the things that were coming upon him, went forth, and saith unto them, Whom seek ye? They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he. And Judas also, which betrayed him, was standing with them. When therefore he said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground. Again therefore he asked them, Whom seek ye? And they said, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus answered, I told you that I am he; if therefore ye seek me, let these go their way, that the word might be fulfilled which he spake, Of those whom thou hast given me I lost not one. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast. And forthwith Judas came to Jesus, and said, Hail Master; and kissed him. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore didst thou come, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? (1)

Then they came and laid hands on Jesus, and took him. When they which were about him saw what would follow, they said unto him, Lord, shall we smite with the sword? And one of them, Simon Peter, having a sword, smote the high priest's servant, and cut off his right ear. Now the servant's name was Malchus. And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed it. Then said Jesus unto Peter, Put up again thy sword into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword; the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Thinkest thou that I cannot beseech my Father, and he shall even now send me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? (2)

In that same hour Jesus said unto the chief priests, and captains of the temple, and elders, which were come against him, Are ye come out, as against a robber, with swords and staves to seize me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple, and ye laid no hold on me, but this is your hour, and the power of darkness. But all this was done, that the Scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled. Then all the disciples forsook him, and fled. And a certain young man followed with him, having a linen cloth cast about him, over his naked body: and they lay hold on him; but he left the linen cloth and fled naked. (3)

Part Fourth.---Jesus' Trial Before the Council.---Peter's Denial.

Then the band of soldiers and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him, and led him away to Annas first; for he was father-in-law to Caiphas, which was the high priest that same year. Now Caiphas was he, which gave counsel to the Jews, that it was expedient that one man should die for the people. The high priest then asked Jesus of his disciples, and of his doctrines. Jesus answered him, I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort: and in secret I have said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said. And when he had thus spoken, one of the officers which stood by struck Jesus with the palm of his hand, saying, Answerest thou the highpriest so? Jesus answered him, If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me? Annas therefore sent him bound unto Caiphas the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled. (4)

And Simon Peter followed Jesus, and so did another disciple. Now that disciple was known unto the high priest, and entered in with Jesus into the court of the high priest; but Peter was standing at the door without. So the

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(1) St. John xviii. 3-9. St. Matth. xxvi. 47-50. St. Mark xiv. 43-45. St. Luke xxii. 47. 48.
(2) St. John xviii. 10. 11. St. Matth. xxvi. 50-54. St. Mark xiv. 46. 47. St. Luke xxii. 49-51.
(3) St. Matth. xxvi. 55-56. St. Mark xiv. 48-52. St. Luke xxii. 52, 53.
(4) St. John xviii. 12-14; 19-23.

other disciple, which was known unto the highpriest, went out and spake unto her that kept the door, and brought in Peter. Then saith the damsel that kept the door unto Peter, Art not thou also one of this man's disciples? He saith, I am not, and went in, and sat with the servants to see the end. And the servants and officers stood there, who had made a fire of coals, for it was cold; and they warmed themselves: and Peter stood with them, and warmed himself. There cometh one of the maids of the high priest; and when she saw Peter warming himself, she looked upon him and said, Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth. But he denied before them all, saying, I know not, neither understand I, what thou sayest. And he went out into the porch; and the cock crew. (1)

Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus, to put him to death, but found none. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together. At the last came two false witnesses, and said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, made with hands, and to build another within three days, made without hands. But neither so did their witness agree together. And the high priest stood up in the midst and asked Jesus, saying, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? But Jesus held his peace. Again the high priest asked him, and said unto him, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus said unto him, Thou hast said: I am; nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death! (2)

Now one of the servants of the high priest, being a kinsman of him whose ear Peter cut off, saith to Peter, Did I not see thee in the garden with him? And another confidently affirmed, saying, Of a truth this fellow also was with him, for he is a Galilean. And after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech betrayeth thee. Then began he to curse and swear, saying, I know not the man, of whom ye speak. And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew the second time. And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter called to mind the word that Jesus said unto him, Before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.(3)

And the men that held Jesus mocked him, some began to spit in his face, and buffeted him; and they blindfolded him, beat him, and asked him, saying, Prophesy: who is he that struck thee? And many other things spake they against him, reviling him. (4)

Now when the morning was come, all the chief priests and the elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him to death. (5)

Then Judas, which betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I betrayed innocent blood. But they said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver, and said, It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, since it is the price of blood. And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called, The field of blood, unto this day. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying, And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was priced whom they of the children of Israel did price; and they gave them for the potter's field, as the Lord appointed me. (6)

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(1) St. John xviii. 15–18. St. Matth. xxvi. 58. 69–72. St. Mark xiv. 54. 66–69. St. Luke xxii. 54–56.
(2) St. Matth. xxvi. 59–66. St. Mark xiv. 55–64. St. Luke xxii. 67–71.
(3) St. John xviii. 25–27. St. Matth. xxvi. 71–75. St. Mark xiv. 69–72. St. Luke xxii. 58–63.
(4) St. Matth. xxvi. 67–68. St. Mark xiv. 65. St. Luke xxii. 63–65.
(5) St. Matth. xxvii. 1. St. Mark xv. 1.
(6) St. Matth. xxvii. 3–10.

Part Fifth.---Trial Before Pilate.

And the whole company of them rose up, and bound Jesus and led him away from Caiphas unto the hall of judgment, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate, the governor; and it was early. (1)

And the Jews themselves entered not into the judgment hall, that they might not be defiled, but might eat the passover. Pilate therefore went out unto them, and saith, What accusation bring ye against this man? They answered and said unto him, If this man were not an evil-doer, we should not have delivered him up unto thee. Pilate therefore said unto them, Take him yourselves, and judge him according to your law. The Jews said unto him, It is not lawful for us to put any man to death: that the word of Jesus might be fulfilled, which he spake, signifying by what manner of death he should die. (2)

And they began to accuse him, saying, We found this man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, and saying that he himself is Christ a king. Then Pilate entered into the judgment hall again, and called Jesus, and said unto him, Art thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me? Pilate answered, Am I a Jew! Thine own nation, and the chief priests, have delivered thee unto me. What hast thou done? Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence. Pilate therefore said unto him, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate saith unto him, What is truth? And when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews, and saith unto them, I find in him no fault at all. (3)

And when the chief priests and elders accused him of many things, he answered nothing. Then said Pilate unto him, Answerest thou nothing? Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he gave him no answer, not even a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly. (4)

But they were the more urgent, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Judæa, and beginning from Galilee even unto this place. But when Pilate heard it, he asked whether the man were a Galilæan. And when he knew that he was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him unto Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem in these days. Now when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad, for he was of a long time desirous to see him, because he had heard concerning him; and he hoped to see some miracle done by him. And he questioned him in many words; but he answered him nothing. And the chief priests and the scribes stood, vehemently accusing him. And Herod with his soldiers set him at nought, and mocked him, and arraying him in gorgeous apparel sent him back to Pilate. And Herod and Pilate became friends with each other that very day; for before they were at enmity between themselves. (5)

And Pilate called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people, and said unto them, Ye brought unto me this man, as one that perverteth the people: and behold, I, having examined him before you, found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him: no, nor yet Herod: for he sent him back unto us; and behold, nothing worthy of death hath been done by him. I will therefore chastise him, and release him. (6)

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(1) St. John xviii. 28. St. Matth. xxvii. 2. St. Mark xv. 1. St. Luke xxiii. 1.
(2) St. John xviii. 28–32.
(3) St. John xviii. 33–38. St. Matth. xxvii. 11. St. Mark xv. 2. St. Luke xxiii. 2–4.
(4) St. Mark xv. 3–5. St. Matth. xxvii. 12–14.
(5) St. Luke xxiii. 5–12.
(6) St. Luke xxiii. 13–14.

Now at the feast the governor was wont to release unto the people one prisoner, whom they would. And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas, lying bound with them that had made insurrection, men who in the insurrection had committed murder. And the multitude went up and began to ask him to do as he was wont to do unto them. But Pilate answered them, saying, Ye have a custom, that I should release unto you one at the passover, Who will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ, the King of the Jews? For he perceived that for envy the chief priests had delivered him up. And while he was sitting on the judgment-seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that righteous man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him. (1)

Now the chief priests aud the elders persuaded and stirred up the multitude, that they should ask for Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. But the governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? But they cried out all together, saying, Away with this man and release unto us Barabbas! Now Barabbas was a robber. And Pilate spake unto them again, desiring to release Jesus, saith unto them, What then shall I do unto Jesus which is called Christ? They all cried, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him. I will therefore chastise him, and let him go. And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him: and the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed. (2)

Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him. And the soldiers led him away within the court, which is the Prætorium; and gathered unto him the whole band. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And they plaited a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they kneeled down before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head. (3)

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him. Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man. When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him. The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God.

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he was the more afraid; and went again into the judgment hall, and saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest thou not to me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin. And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him: but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar!

When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in Hebrew, Gabbatha. And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he said unto the Jews, Behold your King! But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar. (4)

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(1) St. Matth. xxvii. 15–19. St. Mark xv. 6–14. St. Luke xxiii. 17–19. St. John xviii. 39.
(2) St. Matth. xxvii. 20–23. St. Mark xv. 11–14. St. Luke xxiii. 19–23. St. John xviii. 40.
(3) St. John xix. 1–3. St. Matth. xxvii. 27–30. St. Mark xv. 16–19.
(4) St. John xix. 4–15.

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children. And Pilate, wishing to content the multitude released unto them Barabbas, that for insurrection and murder had been cast into prison, whom they asked for; but Jesus, when he had scourged him, he delivered up to their will to be crucified. (1)

Part Sixth.---Jesus Christ's Crucifixion and Death.

And when they had mocked him, they took off from him the robe, and put on him his garments, and led him away to crucify him. And he went out, bearing the cross for himself, unto the place called The Place of a Skull, which is called in Hebrew Golgatha. And when they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus; him they compelled, to go with them, that he might bear his cross, and laid the cross on him. (2)

And there followed him a great multitude of the people, and of women who bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For behold, the days are coming, in which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the breasts that never gave suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry.

And there were also two others, malefactors, led with him to be put to death. (3)

And when they were come unto a place called Golgatha, they gave him wine to drink mingled with myrrh; and when he tasted it, he would not drink it and received it not. (4)

There they crucified him and with him two robbers, one on the right hand, and one on the left, and Jesus in the midst: And it was the third hour, that they crucified him, (5)

And Jesus said, FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO. (6)

The soldiers therefore, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also a coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore one to another, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my garments among them, And upon my vesture did they cast lots, These things therefore the soldiers did. And they sat and watched him there. (7)

And they set up over his head his accusation. And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross; and the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS. This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek and Latin. Then said the chief priests of the Jews to Pilate, Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said, I am King of the Jews. Pilate answered, What I have written I have written. (8)

And the people stood beholding. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ha! thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself, and come down from the cross. In

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(1) St. Matth. xxiii. 24–26. St. Mark xv. 15. St. Luke xxiii. 24–25. St. John xix. 16.
(2) St. Matth. xxvii. 31.32. St. Mark xv. 20.21. St. Luke xxiii. 26. St. John xix. 16.17.
(3) St. Luke xxiii. 27–32.
(4) St. Matth. xxvii. 33.34. St. Mark xv. 23.
(5) St. Matth. xxvii. 38. St. Mark xv. 25.27.28. St. Luke xxiii. 33. St. John xix. 18.
(6) St. Luke xxiii. 34.
(7) St. John xix. 23.24. St. Matth. xxvii. 35.36. St. Mark xv. 24. St. Luke xxiii. 34.
(8) St. Matth. xxvii. 37. St. Luke xxiii. 38. St. Mark xv. 26. St. John xix. 19–22.

like manner also the chief priests mocking him among themselves with the scribes said, He saved others; himself he cannot save. If this is the Christ of God, his chosen, the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, that we may see and believe. He trusteth on God; let him deliver him now, if he desireth him; for he said, I am the Son of God. (1)

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, Art not thou the Christ? Save thyself and us. But the other answered, and rebuking him said, Dost thou not even fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said, Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom. And he said unto him, VERILY I SAY UNTO THEE, TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE. (2)

But there were standing by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, WOMAN, BEHOLD, THY SON! Then saith he to the disciple, BEHOLD, THY MOTHER! And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home. (3)

And it was now about the sixth hour, and a darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour, the sun's light failing. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI? that is to say, MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME? And some of them that stood by, when they heard it, said, Behold, he calleth Elijah. (4)

After this Jesus, knowing that all things are now finished, that the scripture might be accomplished, saith, I THIRST. Now there was set there a vessel full of vinegar; and one ran, and filling a sponge full of vinegar put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, The rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elijah will come to save him. (5)

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, IT IS FINISHED!

And Jesus cried again with a loud voice, and said, FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT! And having said this, he bowed his head, and yielded up his spirit. (6)

And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake; and the rocks were rent; and the tombs were opened; and many bodies of the saints that had fallen asleep were raised; and coming forth out of the tombs after his resurrection they entered into the holy city and appeared unto many. (7)

Now the centurion which stood by over against him, and they that were with him watching Jesus, when they saw the earth quake, and the things that were done and that he so gave up his ghost, feared exceedingly and glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man, Truly this was the Son of God! And all the multitudes that came together to this sight, when they beheld the things that were done, returned smiting their breasts, (8)

And all his acquaintance and the women that followed him from Galilee and ministered unto him, stood afar off, seeing these things. Among which was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the Less, and of Joses, and Salome the mother of Zebedee's children, and many other women which came up with him unto Jerusalem. (9)

The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation, that the bodies should not remain on the cross upon the sabbath (for the day of that sabbath was a high day), asked of Pilate that their legs might be broken and that they might be taken away. Therefore the soldiers came, and brake the legs of the

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(1) St. Luke xxiii. 35.36. St. Matth. xxvii. 39–43. St. Mark xv. 29–32.
(2) St. Luke xxiii. 39–43.
(3) St. John xix. 25–27.
(4) St. Luke xxiii. 44–45. St. Matth. xxvii. 45–47. St. Mark xv. 33–35.
(5) St. John xix. 28.29. St. Matth. xxvii. 48.49. St. Mark xv. 36.
(6) St. John xix. 30. St. Luke xxiii. 46. St. Matth. xxvii. 50. St. Mark xv. 37.
(7) St. Matth. xxvii. 51–53. St. Mark xv. 38. St. Luke xxiii. 45.
(8) St. Matth. xxvii. 54. St. Mark xv. 39. St. Luke xxiii. 47.48.
(9) St. Matth. xxviii. 55.56. St. Mark xv. 40.41. St. Luke xxiii. 49.

first, and the other which was crucified with him, but when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs, but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and straightway there came out blood and water. And he that hath seen hath borne witness, and his witness is true: and he knoweth that he said true, that ye also may believe. For these things came to pass, that the scripture might be fulfilled, A bone of him shall not be broken. And again another scripture saith, They shall look on him whom they pierced. (1)

Part Seventh.---Christ's Burial.

And when the even was now come, because it was the Preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath, there came a rich man from Arimathea, a city of the Jews, named Joseph, a counsellor of honorable estate. He was a good and righteous man and had not consulted to their counsel and deed, which had also awaited for the kingdom of God, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews. And he boldly went in unto Pilate, and asked for the body of Jesus. And Pilate marvelled if he were already dead: and calling unto him the centurion he asked him whether he had been any while dead. And when he learned it of the centurion, he commanded, that the corpse be granted to Joseph. And he bought a clean linen cloth and took down the body of Jesus. (2)

And there came also Nicodemus, he who at the first came to him by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight. So they took the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the custom of the Jews is to bury. (3)

Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new tomb, Joseph's own new tomb, hewn out in the rock, where in never man before was laid. There laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day, for the tomb was nigh at hand. And the women which had come with him out of Galilee and Mary Magdalene and Mary Joses, followed after and, sitting over against the sepulchre, beheld the sepulchre and how his body was laid. And Joseph rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb, and departed. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments. And on the sabbath they rested according to the commandment, (4)

Now on the next day that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees were gathered together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember, that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest haply his disciples come and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; and the last error will be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a guard: go your way, make it as sure as ye can, So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, the guard being with them. (5)

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(1) St. John xix. 31-37.
(2) St. Matth. xxvii. 57-59. St. Mark xv. 42-46. St. Luke xxiii. 50-53. St. John xix. 38.
(3) St. John xix. 39-40.
(4) St. John xix. 41.42. St. Matth. xxvii. 60.61. St. Mark xv. 46.47. St. Luke xxiii. 53-56.
(5) St. Matth. xxvii. 62-66.

FORMS OF PRAYER

That may be used for Devotions at Home.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Almighty and everlasting God, Source of all being, and Fountain of all good; we Thy children, created by Thee, continually preserved by Thee, and indebted to Thee for all that we possess and all that we enjoy, would come before Thee this morning, to express our sense of Thy goodness to us, to acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, to adore Thy greatness, and commend ourselves to Thy care.

Glory be to Thy Name that Thou hast made us capable of holding communion with Thee, the Father of our spirits, and of receiving the revelations of Thy word and will. Glory be to thy name for the heavenly doctrines, precepts, and provinces of the gospel of Thy Son. We make it our earnest prayer to Thee, that our hearts be touched by its holy influences, that our characters may be formed by its spirit, that our lives may be governed by its laws. O guide us, we beseech Thee, in the ways of its truth to the everlasting home which it promises to the righteous.

Let our attendance this day on Thy public worship, and the services and instructions of Thy house, conduce to our spiritual improvement and our eternal good. Let us enter Thy gates with thanksgiving, and Thy courts with praise, and take with us our best affections and resolutions to the temple of the Lord. Let our prayers and meditations exalt and purify us, and assist us to discharge our duties in this life, and contribute to prepare us for that eternal world to which we are rapidly hastening.

Bless all who call upon Thy name this day. May they approach Thee in sincerity, humility and love. May all denominations of Christians, however divided in opinion, be joined together in the bond of peace and an earnest regard for the interests of true religion and virtue. We offer these our petitions in the Name of Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son; ascribing to Thee, the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, all glory and honor, might, majesty and dominion, now and for evermore. Amen.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Our Father, who art in heaven; accept, we beseech Thee, our grateful acknowledgments for Thy goodness to us this day; for preserving our lives; for shielding us from danger; for supplying our daily bread; for permitting our attendance on the ordinances of Thy house. Let it not be in vain that those of us who have united with Thy people in public worship, have lifted up our thoughts to God, and listened to the voice of instruction. We fervently pray that whatever good impressions may have been made upon us may be durable; that whatever good resolutions we may have formed may be steadfastly kept; that the errors which we have confessed may be reformed; that every devout aspiration we may have breathed in the sanctuary, may be

remembered in the world to guard us against temptation, and preserve us holy and undefiled. Help us all to set our affections on things above. Keep ever in our minds, a lively sense of our responsibility to Thee. May we constantly live as in Thy world, in Thy sight, as Thy subjects, Thy creatures, Thy children. Let it be our study at home and abroad, by day and night, to love and fear Thee as we ought, and to do those things which are well pleasing in Thy sight.

Enable us to become true followers of Thy Son Jesus Christ in all things; to clothe ourselves with His humility, purity and benevolence. Let Thy will, as it was His, be ours also. Like Him, may we go about doing good. May the contemplation of His character, and imitation of His example, bring us constantly nearer His own perfection, and to those mansions of everlasting happiness which He has promised to His disciples, and gone before to prepare for them.

Watch over us during the darkness of this night, and the defenceless hours of sleep; preserve us from all dangers; and bring us to the light of another morning more inclined to love Thee, and resolved to serve Thee, than we ever have been. Accept our evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, which we offer in the Name of Jesus Christ our most blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

MONDAY MORNING.

Great and glorious Lord our God; we, Thy servants, whom Thou hast brought to see the light of another morning, prostrate ourselves before Thee, and humbly acknowledge Thee as the God of our lives, and the Giver ot all good. It is Thou who sustainest us in the defenceless hours of sleep, and when we awake we are still with Thee. Encompassed by the same care which guarded us by night, we go forth to the occupations of the day. O God, our trust is in Thee. Give us grace to perform our duty faithfully; to use this world as not abusing it; to hold fast our integrity as long as we live; to remember that Thou seest us always, and that we must render a final account of all that we do to Thee, the Witness and the Judge of men.

We thank Thee, O most merciful Father, for our domestic ties and family blessings. May we, the members of this household, mutually endeavor to discharge our several duties to each other with tenderness and fidelity. Let the gentle and pure spirit of the blessed Jesus possess our hearts, and influence our conduct. Let tranquility, harmony and love abide in our dwelling, and the voice of health and cheerfulness be continually heard in it. Wilt Thou extend Thy loving kindness to all our friends. Delight in their happiness here, and make them heirs of the inheritance of the saints in the future and eternal world.

O Thou, whose blessing is on the habitation of the just, let us be the joyful objects of that blessing, now and evermore. O God, hear us in Thy great mercy; pity our sins; and from our united hearts accept this tribute of devotion, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MONDAY EVENING.

O Thou who dwellest in the heavens, but whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, unto Thee do we lift up our souls. Thou art never far from any of us, and we cannot flee from thy presence. If we say, the darkness shall hide us, soon the night shall be light about us; for the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee. Thou seest us at this moment, and discernest every thought and intention of our hearts. Thou art acquainted with all our ways, and there is not a word in our tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. When discouraged by difficulties, let us look up to Thee from whom our help cometh; and when distressed by calamity, may we take refuge in Thy mercy, and find peace by staying our minds on the eternal One. Through life may we act always as seeing Him who is invisible. In death may we find our consolation in the presence of Him, who, when flesh and heart fail, will be the strength of our heart and our portion for ever.

Accept our thanks, most merciful Father, for Thy great goodness in bringing us to the close of another day, in the enjoyment of so many blessings. While we gratefully receive the gifts of Thy bounty, let us not incur the guilt of loving the creature more than the Creator, or of laying up treasure on earth to the neglect of our treasure in heaven; but help us so to pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not things eternal.

Graciously regard whatever of duty we have this day performed. Forgive whatever has been sinful in us. Let no evil come near us or our dwelling in the night; and bring us to the morning rejoicing still in Thy great goodness, and praising Thee, the Father of all mercies, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Almighty God, Maker of all things, whose we are, and on whom we entirely depend; we bless Thee that Thou hast kept us during the past night; that Thou hast refreshed us with grateful slumbers; that Thou hast preserved us from the dangers which walk in darkness, and hast opened our eyes on the light of another day. We acknowledge, O God, that these are but a small part of Thy mercies. Thou hast been always with us; Thou art continually doing us good. All the blessings which we enjoy, or have enjoyed, come down from Thee, the Father and Friend of all.

O teach us how to thank Thee as we ought; to show forth Thy praise not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days. Let us cherish that faith which is imbibed from a pure doctrine, and is manifested by a holy life. Let us cultivate that piety which deeply reverences and supremely loves a Being of infinite perfection, and which produces, as its natural fruit, a sincere love for all mankind. May every day of our lives be marked by some valuable improvement, some act of virtue, some victory over temptation and passion. May we be continually advancing nearer to perfection, to the moral likeness of our Saviour, and to Thy rest and happiness above.

O God, we look to Thee for Thy protection through this Day, keep us from danger, from sickness, and from falling into sin. Enable us to be useful to society, and to obtain the approbation of those whom we love. Let us especially conduct ourselves this day, and through all days, as to secure Thy favor which is life, and Thy loving kindness which is better than life. We ask all things in the Name, and as disciples of Thy beloved Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Ever gracious and indulgent God, who hast brought us to the close of this day in safety and peace; we render Thee our devout thanksgivings for the mercies which we have experienced, and commend ourselves to Thy continued protection.

We therefore pray Thee, O Father, that above all things Thou wouldst assist us in loving and serving Thee. What our lot shall be, we leave to Thy wise providence; but O teach us, under all circumstances, to be grateful to Thee in prosperity, and resigned to Thy will in affliction and distress. Inspire our hearts with a purer love to Thee; enlighten our minds with heavenly wisdom; and make our desires conform themselves to Thy purposes. Let gratitude be the pervading disposition of our souls. May we always feel that we are Thy children; that we have received from Thee infinitely more than we deserve; and that the least return which we can make to Thee, is, to be contented and cheerful under Thy paternal government.

May our reverence for Thy will and commandments be displayed in our conduct toward our brethren of the human family; so that we may constantly regard them with feelings of pure benevolence, and do unto them as we should wish them to do unto us. Let us go to rest this night at peace with all mankind, and with bosoms free from all envy, hatred, malice and uncharitable-

ness; and grant that we may rise up in the morning with a firm resolution to imitate Thee, according to the measure of our humble capacity, by doing good.

Hear, answer, forgive and accept us, O Father in heaven, for Thine infinite mercy's sake in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

O Thou infinite and eternal Spirit, by whose power the world in which we live, and the countless worlds by which we are surrounded, were created from nothing; by whose wisdom they and all that they contain are constantly directed; by whose goodness they are preserved in order, and filled with happiness and beauty; and without whose support, they would all return to the nothing, from which they came: we, Thy dependent offspring, humbly adore that power which displays itself so abundahtly wherever we turn our eyes; we adore that wisdom which governs all things rightly, and we bless that goodness by which all things are blessed, We come to Thee this morning with the grateful acknowledgment of our dependence on Thy bounty and protection. We thank Thee for the gospel of Thy Son Jesus Christ; for the heavenly radiance which it has shed on the path of our duty, through the gloom of affliction, and on the bed of death. We thank Thee that it has enabled us to look beyond the bounds of mortality and time and defy the power of danger and death; and that it has promised to the faithful servants of God, and true disciples of Christ, those glorious rewards of a future life, which eye has never seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

All is from Thee; all joy, all support, all improvement, all hope. O may we become worthy of Thy mercies, by receiving them as from Thee, and using them according to Thy will, by renouncing and avoiding all that is evil, and following after, and cleaving to all that is good; by living and dying in Thy fear and love. And when we come to die, may we be able to look back on a life not uselessly spent, and forward to a blessed immortality.

Hear us, O Father, in heaven where Thou dwellest, and accept us in the Name of Jesus Christ our Redeemer; as whose disciples we address Thee, and through whom we ascribe unto Thee everlasting honors. Amen.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

O God, the unchangeable and everlasting Fountain of life, perfection and happiness; we lift up our hearts unto Thee, the greatest, wisest and best of beings. Grant that we may increase in the knowledge of Thee, day by day; that we may constantly attain more pure and worthy conceptions of Thy nature and providence; that we may manifest a more becoming reverence for Thy perfections, and a truer concern for Thy honor and service.

O Thou who art love, and who dwellest in love, let us humbly imitate Thy constant and universal goodness. May we behave in our several stations with integrity and benevolence, and discover the real spirit of piety and goodness in all the relations of life. May we walk within our houses with perfect hearts; be affectionate and faithful to our friends, and just and kind to all men. May we put on the ornament of a meek, compassionate, forgiving spirit; and may every good and generous disposition be daily improving in our breasts, until we become fit for that happy kingdom, where love, and peace, and joy forever reign.

We also pray Thee, O God, to teach us in the knowledge and the government of ourselves: may we keep our hearts with all diligence, amidst all the trials and changes of the world; in prosperity may we be humble, temperate and charitable; in adversity may we be patient, and wholly resigned to Thy will.

O God, we pray Thee, to bless our country, our rulers, our friends, the churches of Christ, the ministers of religion, the instructors of youth, the rising generation, and all the means of establishing, preserving and diffusing the principles of liberty and virtue. Keep us this night by Thine almighty

power; be always our Defender, Guide and Friend; and to Thee, the infinite and eternal God, we will ascribe continually all glory, honor, and praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THURSDAY MORNING.

O thou great Creator, Governor and Supporter of men; Thou dwellest in light, and art the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning. Grateful for the care which Thou hast exercised over us during the night past, we would cheerfully submit ourselves to Thy guidance through the day upon which we have entered.

Thou prolongest our lives, that we may attain more and more to the true end of life. May this day witness some improvement in knowledge, piety and virtue. May it witness our diligence in that occupation to which Thou hast called us. We desire and purpose to keep our consciences void of offence, and to abstain from every action offensive to the eye of Divine purity; but the experience which we have had of our frailty, makes us diffident of our strength. Our confidence is in Thy power to strengthen our faith, invigorate our obedience, and cause us to run in the way of Thy commandments. We implore Thine aid, that we may walk before Thee this day, and all the days of our lives. Smile on our endeavors after improvement and usefulness; enable us to make every day some progress in a holy life; teach us to feel the uncertainty and value of our days on earth; and when they shall be numbered and finished, receive us into the light and bliss of Thy glorious presence, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THURSDAY EVENING.

O God, the Father of mercies, the God of love, and of all consolation; we thank Thee, that Thou hast created us in Thine own image; implanted in our hearts a sense of good and evil; and called us to the fear and love of Thee, the greatest and best of beings. We praise Thee for our continual support, and for all the comforts of our lives. Thou givest us health and fruitful seasons, and fillest our hearts with food and gladness. Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits.

Take us, merciful Father, under Thine almighty protection, through this night, and the remaining part of our lives; enable us, under all the changes of this world, to do that which is right in Thy sight. If, through Thy kind providence, we spend our days in prosperity, may we beware lest we forget Thee in our abundance. Under all the troubles of life, may the consolations of religion sustain our spirits; and in the hour of death, let Thy mighty power support us, and let Thy mercy, O God, be upon us. Command Thy blessing upon Thy servants, even life for evermore.

We pray unto Thee, O gracious God, in behalf of all our friends. Supply their wants out of the stores of Thy bounty; let Thy watchful providence evermore defend them from evil; and let Thy goodness and mercy follow them all the days of their lives.

We address our united devotions unto Thee, the Giver of all good things, in the Name and as the disciples of Jesus Christ; and now unto the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, dwelling in the light to which no man can approach, whom no man hath seen or can see, be honor and power everlasting. Amen.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Almighty and everlasting God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; we, Thy needy creatures, render Thee our humble praises, for Thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day. We thank Thee for refreshing us with the slumbers, and guarding us from the dangers of the past night. For all Thy mercies we bless and magnify Thy glorious Name; humbly beseeching Thee to accept this our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

And since it is by Thy mercy, O gracious Father, that another day is added to our lives, we here dedicate both our souls and our bodies to Thee and Thy service in a sober, righteous and godly life; in which resolution do Thou, O merciful God, confirm and strengthen us; that as we grow in age, we may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In particular, we implore Thy grace and protection for the ensuing day. Keep us temperate in our meats and drinks, and diligent in our several callings. Grant us patience under any afflictions Thou shalt see fit to lay on us, and minds always contented with our present condition. Give us grace to be just and upright in all our dealings; quiet and peaceable; full of compassion; ready to do good unto all men, according to our abilities and opportunities. Direct us in all our ways, and prosper the works of our hands in the righteous business of our several stations. Defend us from all dangers and adversities; and be graciously pleased to take us, and all things belonging to us, under Thy fatherly care and protection. These things, and whatever else Thou shalt see necessary and convenient for us, we humbly beg in the Name and as the disciples of Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Most merciful God, who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and hast promised forgiveness to all who confess and forsake their sins; we come before Thee this evening in an humble sense of our unworthiness, acknowledging our transgressions of Thy righteous laws.

Reward all who have done us good, and pardon all those who have done or wish us evil, and give them repentance and better minds. Be merciful to all who are in trouble; and of Thine abundant goodness minister unto them according to their several necessities.

To our prayers, O Lord, we join our unfeigned thanks for all Thy mercies; for our being, our reason, and all other endowments and faculties of the soul and body; for our health, friends, food and raiment, and the other comforts and conveniences of life. Above all, we adore Thy mercy in sending Thy Son into the world to redeem us from sin and death, and to show us the Father. We bless Thee for Thy patience with us; for the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit; for Thy continual care and watchful providence over us through the whole course of our lives. We pray Thee to continue Thy blessings to us; and to give us grace to show our thankfulness in a sincere obedience to Thy laws.

We beseech Thee to protect us this night. Defend us from all dangers, and give us such refreshing sleep as may fit us for the duties of the following day. Make us ever mindful of the time when we shall lie down in the dust; and grant us grace always to live in such a state, that we may never be afraid to die; so that living and dying we may be Thine, and Thine for evermore. We ask all in the Name of Thy Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

SATURDAY MORNING.

O God, our Creator and heavenly Father, in whom we live and move and have our being; we, Thy needy creatures, render Thee our humble praises, for Thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day and especially for Thy watchful providence, that no disturbance hath come nigh us or our dwelling during the past night, but that we are brought in safety to the beginning of this day. We bless and magnify Thy glorious Name: humbly beseeching Thee to accept this our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for His sake, who lay down in the grave, and rose again for us, Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ.

We would, O gracious Father, dedicate both our souls and our bodies to Thee and Thy service, in a sober, righteous, and godly life; in which resolution, do Thou, O merciful God, confirm and strengthen us; that, as we grow in age, we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But O God, who knowest the weakness and corruption of our nature, and the manifold temptations which we daily meet with; we pray Thee to have

compassion on our infirmities and to give us the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit; that we may be effectually restrained from sin and excited to our duty. Imprint upon our hearts a dread of Thy judgments, and a grateful sense of Thy goodness to us, as may make us both afraid and ashamed to offend Thee. Keep in our minds a lively remembrance of that great day, in which we must give an account of our thoughts, words and actions; and according to the works done in the body, be eternally rewarded or punished, by Him whom Thou hast appointed the Judge of the quick and the dead, Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Direct us in all our ways, and prosper the works of our hands in the business of our several stations. Defend us from all dangers and adversities and take us under Thy fatherly care and protection. These things, and whatever Thou shalt see necessary to us, we humbly beg, through the merits and mediation of Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

SATURDAY EVENING.

O God, who givest all things: to the stars their light, to the fountains their waters, to the earth its plants, to the fruits their flavor, to the flowers their fragrance, to all nature its abundance and beauty, to man health and reason and manifold bounties;—it is by Thee that we live, that we think, that we labor: may we not forget Him from whom cometh all blessing. O God, who faintest not, neither art weary; whose everlasting work is still fresh as Thy creative thought: we bless Thee for the pity of night and sleep, giving us the rest Thou never needest. We would close this week in Thy Name and retire this evening in peace and thankfulness, and commit the folded hours to Thee. Pity our weakness; and, for the sake of Jesus Christ, forgive us all our sins and numberless shortcomings. Thou knowest the secrets of our hearts. Create within us, O God, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us. Send Thy holy angels, spirits of light, that they may keep far from us all evil. Give repentance to the sinful, perseverance to the just, and peace to the sorrowful. O Lord, through toil and repose, save us from any fatal slumber of the spirit; and keep us through life to the holy vigils of love and service, as they that watch for Thy morning of eternity. Let our prayer rise to Thee, O God, and upon us let Thy blessings descend. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

Glory in the highest heavens be to Thee, O God, who hast proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to men. Thanks for the glad tidings of great joy brought by Jesus Christ our Lord. We rejoice in the yearly celebration of the festival of Christmas and hail the morning that commemorates the birth of Him, who came to this world to redeem mankind from sin, from death and from hell. We adore, O most merciful God and heavenly Father, Thy providence in the coming of this messenger from heaven. Holy is the truth He taught, immortal the hope He inspires. Break our slumbers, and let the light of Christ search our souls and scatter our darkness. Revive the purity and deepen the power of the testimony of Thy church, and, through the dim of earthly interests and the storm of human passions, let it make the still small voice of Thy Spirit inly felt. Nearer and nearer may Thy kingdom come from age to age; meeting the face of the young as a rising dawn. May all people be filled with Christ's spirit of liberty, and ruled by His law of love. Let all superstition and wrong disappear before the religion which came down from heaven, bringing the best of gifts to men. May Thy grace abound and Thy saving truth reign over all nations and in all hearts; and to Thee be praise everlasting. Amen.

SYLVESTER.

O Thou in whose sight a thousand years are but a day and whose years are without beginning or end: we would raise our thoughts to the eternity in which Thou dwellest, and to those things which know no change from glory to glory.

We render Thee our sincere thanks for Thy word and its blessed truths conveyed to us, for its warnings, consolations, comforts and inspirations towards a better life given to all who would receive it in a faithful and upright heart. Receive the most humble and earnest returns of a glad and thankful heart for the blessings of nature and the blessings of grace, for health and wealth, for the help and support of every minute and the gifts of every day. What are we, O Lord, and what is our fathers' house, that Thou, O great and merciful God of men and angels, shouldst multiply upon us the proofs of Thy loving-kindness?

We mourn that the closing year, with its broken vows and lost opportunities, has so much to fill each of us with shame. May we confess our manifold sins and shortcomings with the earnest desire to forsake them all for ever. Blot out our iniquities through the blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and grant us Thy Spirit, that we may realize that we truly are made partakers of the new and everlasting testament and the covenant of grace.

The departing year has carried hence the hopes and treasures of many hearts. Dear friends have disappeared, whose coming steps we shall hear no more. Bring home to us a sense of our mortality and the brevity of our earthly career. Made wiser by the solemn lessons of the past, may we henceforth walk more worthily of our vocation as children of God. Guide us through the perils of all coming time and at last, when we shall tread the verge of Jordan, may we turn to Thee as our Father and our best Friend and be made partakers of Thy everlasting kingdom of peace and glory, through the merits of our Lord and Redeemer. Amen.

NEW YEAR.

We bow before Thee, O Thou God of our lives, and seek Thy blessing. May the coming year prove a new year indeed, bringing new thoughts, new desires and better resolutions. Happy, thrice happy, will it be for us if it lead us into a new and divine life. Should it bring trial and sorrow, and take from us health and friends, still happy will it be, if, through Thy grace, we are enabled to use it well according to Thy holy word and will, making Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son, our great and only example. O let not this year be marked by broken vows, by a sinful surrender of our souls to the tyranny of wicked passions, by indolence, and deadness of heart. But may it prove for ever memorable as a year in generous purposes and Christian deeds. By the Divine power of Thy holy Spirit may we convert all the changes of life into opportunities of grace; and so may we be raised above the power of time, and breathe the air of an eternal world, even while we sojourn in this vale of shadows. O may Thy word be our rod, and Thy Son our Guide, that we may dwell in Thy house for ever and ever. Amen.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Almighty God, we beseech Thee graciously to behold this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and to suffer death upon the cross. Thou hast not spared Thine only Son, but delivered Him up for us all, that He might bear our sins, that Thou mightest remove from us the power of the adversary and save us from everlasting death. Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. All we like sheep have gone astray: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

Help us so to remember and give thanks for our Lord's Passion that we may obtain remission of sin. May this holy season of Lent prompt us never to forget what our Saviour accomplished for us, when he languished on the cross and Himself tasted the awful agonies of death. May we thereby at all times be reminded of what we owe Him—a thankful heart and faithful love, true repentance of our sins and a life pleasing in His sight. In the duty of the day strengthen and sustain us; and, in the night of affliction and trouble,

may we look to Thee, beloved Saviour. Comfort us with the assurance that Thou will wipe away all tears from our eyes. And when we come to the dark valley of the shadow of death, be Thou our Guide and Comforter, and bring us to the regions of endless day. We commit ourselves entirely to Thy disposal; and whenever we enjoy or suffer, whether we live or die, may we be mercifully accepted at the throne of everlasting peace and glory. Amen.

EASTER.

Lord Jesus Christ, Thou invincible and almighty Victor over sin, death and hell, we give Thee thanks for Thy glorious resurrection, whereby Thou hast conquered death and hast brougt unto light everlasting life. Thou art the almighty Lord and livest from eternity to eternity. Thou hast saved Thy people from death and redeemed it from hell. Death, where is thy sting? Hell, where is thy victory?

Thou hast destroyed death and wipest all tears from our eyes. Our hearts are filled with gladness and our soul exultingly blesses Thy Name. Thou truly art the resurrection and the life. Whosoever believeth in Thee, will live, even if he die. Thou art the life of the faithful, hence they can never die.

O blessed Lord, Thou camest forth like the beautiful dawn of morn. Now Thou impartest to Thy people Thy everlasting peace, which encompasseth all heavenly bounties,—the mercy of God, forgiveness of sins, righteousness, comfort, victory, eternal joy, eternal life. O may the sweet, comforting, living peace of Christ's resurrection permeate our hearts and fill our souls with joy.

Help us, dear Lord, to arise unto a new life in true repentance, forsaking the world and its vanity, and subduing all sinful inclination. Comfort us, when in sorrow and distress; and, on the final day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, call forth our body through the power of Thy resurrection and grant us the awakening unto life everlasting, where every tear shall be found an orb of joy, and every sigh an inspiration of God. Amen.

ASCENSION.

Holy Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, ascended on high with the sound of trnmpets, we extol Thee. After accomplishing the redemption of mankind, Thou didst return to Thy glory. All our foes are under Thy feet; Thou hast delivered us from them all. At the right hand of the majesty of God Thou pleadest for us. We rejoice since Thou hast said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." We now know, that death to us is the gateway to heaven. Thou art crowned with honor and glory and hast laid up a crown of righteousness for those who love Thy coming. Thou hast come into Thy kingdom to rule over heaven and earth, in nature, grace and glory; and wilt say on that glorious day to come, to all the faithful, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Blessed Redeemer, give us Thy Spirit; give us piety, chastity, meekness, humility, righteousness, the childhood of God, life, peace, and eternal happiness. Let us be where Thou art, draw us to Thee, bring us to the host of the angels and saints; may we see Thy glory. Teach us daily to strive after a spiritual ascension, to contemplate our future dwelling and to flee the world with its vanities, ways, and sins, so that, while we live, we live to Thee, and when we die, we die to Thee, O Lord. Amen.

WHITSUNDAY.

"I pour water upon the thirsty, and streams upon those who are dry; I will pour out my spirit upon the flesh, so that they grow as grass, and as the willows by the water's side." This gracious promise, dearest Jesus, Thou hast fulfilled at holy Whitsuntide, when through the gift of Thy holy Spirit, Thou didst enable Thy apostles to proclaim unto all people the forgiveness of sins in Thy blood, and salvation.

FORMS OF PRAYER THAT MAY BE USED FOR DEVOTIONS AT HOME.

O most precious Holy Spirit, enlighten our understanding to know Jesus Christ more thoroughly; sanctify our will to desire nothing but what is pleasing in Thy sight; give us courage and strength to walk in Thy ways, to withstand sin and to live as true children of God.

Thou Spirit of grace and prayer, of wisdom and love! Teach us to pray with fervor, to know the truth and to keep our hearts in the one thing needful,—the fear of the Lord. Pluck out of our hearts all wrath, obstinacy, envy, malice, and revenge. When the waters of distress beat over our head, and the waves of trial meet above us, be our comfort and strength. Help us to subdue the lusts of the flesh. May we grow in faith, truth, humility, hope and patience. Be our Teacher, and magnify Jesus within us; yea, help us by Thy power to call Jesus our Lord and Redeemer.

Cleanse us; give us pure hearts; expunge all impurities, evil passions, and the dominion of sin. Grant, that we may grow in all good things and bear much fruit. Remain with us in trouble and in death; cry out within us, "Abba, dear Father!"

Holy Spirit, enter into our poor, feeble hearts, there to live and to reign. Adorn us with Thy gifts; make us new, pure and lovely; teach us to appear before God in spirit and truth and to walk forever in Thy light. Amen.

PRAYERS,

WHICH MAY BE USED IN CELEBRATING HOLY COMMUNION.

A PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness; according to Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin."

Holy Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, a sinner comes before Thy most holy face, and begs Thee earnestly and humbly for the forgiveness of his sins. Alas, my God! I have offended Thee in various ways, with evil thoughts, desires, words, and actions, and what I should have done, I have left undone. O Lord, Holy God! thereat I am greatly grieved, and all my soul deeply regrets it. By Holy Baptism Thou hast made me a member of Thy body; therefore I ought to hear Thy voice alone, and present my limbs as a living sacrifice, holy and well pleasing unto Thee. But O! what shall I say? I have listened to the voice of the world and of the flesh more than unto Thy voice, and have done so many things against Thy will. O the blindness of my heart! O the follies of my youth! If now Thou wilt enter into judgment with me, I am lost forever; for my conscience testifies against me, and my sins are more numerous than the sands of the sea. But, O Lord, have mercy upon me, according to Thy loving-kindness; do not account with me for the evil I have done, but give me credit for what Jesus Christ, my Saviour, has done for me; for the sake of Jesus, be merciful to me, a sinner. I will strive to lead a new and godly life; with the power of Thy Spirit, O merciful God, I will endeavor not to sin wantonly or wilfully against Thee. Amen.

GENERAL CONFESSION.

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I a poor sinner acknowledge and bewail my manifold sins and wickedness, which I have from time to time committed by thought, word and deed, against Thy Divine Majesty, provoking against me most justly Thy wrath and indignation, in this world and in the world to come. I do earnestly repent, and am heartily sorry for these my misdoings, the remembrance of them is grievous unto me; the burden of them is intolerable. I have none other comfort or trust, than Thy grace, which aboundeth above my guilt, and the precious merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. Longing after this grace I say: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy child; but I come at this time of grace to ask of Thee pardon and peace, new confidence towards Thee, and strength to lead a new and righteous life through Thy good and holy Spirit. Amen.

PRAYER AFTER THE CONFESSION.

My soul rejoiceth in Thee, O God of comfort and Father of mercy, that Thou hast sent into this world Thine only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, for a mediator and a sacrifice for our sins; and that Thou givest me a lively faith, whereby I am made partaker of such Thy benefits. Thou hast again assured me, Thy penitent child, of Thy pardoning love and grace; and hast brought nigh the comforts of the gospel of the crucified Saviour. I have anew prom-

ised and pledged allegiance to Thee and to my Redeemer. Strengthen and assist me, O Lord, now to walk in the light of Thy truth and in the way, which is pleasing in Thy sight. Thou knowest, O omniscient God, my weakness. Equip me with heavenly armor, to battle against the lusts of the flesh and the temptations of the world. Grant, that my devotion to Thee be true and sincere. May I watch and pray. Visit me with Thy blessing, while I partake of the Holy Supper, that I may grow in grace and knowledge of Thy Son, my Redeemer; and may lead a life of godliness, which has the promise of this world and the world to come. Amen.

A PRAYER BEFORE HOLY COMMUNION.

O most merciful God and Father, we beseech Thee, that Thou wilt be pleased in this Supper, in which we celebrate the glorious remembrance of the bitter death of Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, to work in our hearts through the Holy Spirit, that we may daily more and more with true confidence give ourselves up unto Thy Son Jesus Christ; that our afflicted and contrite hearts, through the power of the Holy Ghost, may be fed and comforted with His true body and blood; yea, be truly united with Him, true God and man, that only heavenly bread: and that we may no longer live in our sins, but He in us, and we in Him, and thus truly be made partakers of the new and everlasting testament, and of the covenant of grace. Make us steadfast in faith, that we may not doubt but Thou wilt forever be our gracious Father, never more imputing our sins unto us, and providing us with all things necessary, as well for the body as the soul, as Thy beloved children and heirs. Grant us also Thy grace, that we may take upon us our cross cheerfully, deny ourselves, confess our Saviour, and in all tribulations, with uplifted heads expect our Lord Jesus Christ from heaven, where He will make our mortal bodies like unto His most glorious body, and take us unto Him in eternity. Amen.

ANOTHER.

O great and merciful God, who now callest us to Thy holy table, we humbly beseech Thee to make us partakers of the Divine vigor of the blood shed by our dearest Saviour for the forgiveness of our sins.

Out of Thy heavenly dwelling-place send us Thy light and truth, to lead us to Thy holy table, and give us the experience of Thy peace, and the grace of the Holy Ghost. Purify our hearts, so that we may offer ourselves to Him who gave Himself for us. Fill our souls more and more with repentance, faith, love, fervor, joyfulness and gratitude. We seek Thy face, O Lord, save Thy servants, who hope in Thee. Amen.

A PRAYER AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

All-sufficient God, Thou chief good and greatest delight of all the pious! In Thee alone does our heart find its rest, and in Thy grace its highest joy. The world with all its glories is vanity. Sin with its brief pleasure produces disgust. Let us consider all things well, and not love the world, nor that which is in the world; the world passeth away with the pleasure thereof, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. Lord if we have but Thee, we have enough, though we have nothing in the world beside. Rest content, my soul, for the Lord is kind to thee. He has fed and refreshed thee at the table of His grace. O infinite Goodness! Therefore praise the Lord, O my soul, and what is in me praise His holy Name. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Preserve, great God, this peace in my heart, and continue to do good unto my soul. Fortify me and Thy children in all suffering by the comfort of the Holy Spirit. Our adversity, which is temporal and easy to bear, nevertheless produces a surpassing glory for us, who regard not the visible but the invisible. For what is visible is temporal, what is invisible is eternal. A time will come when Thou wilt bring all who love Thee to the place of perfect rest, there to behold Thy face in righteousness, and to be satisfied, awakened in Thy image. Amen.

PRAYERS FOR THE SICK AND DYING.

IN SICKNESS.

Almighty God, heavenly Father, since Thou hast said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," therefore I call upon Thee in this my sickness and great distress, and beseech Thee, in the Name of Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, that Thou wouldst not forsake me. If this sickness is not unto death, then, O Lord, help me to recover for Thy mercy's sake, that I may proclaim and praise the wonders of Thy power and continue to live in fear of Thee and be an instrument of Thy glory, by serving Thee faithfully and doing good in my generation.

Should it, however, please Thee in Thy unsearchable wisdom to call me away from this world of trouble and sorrow, even so, my God and Father, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Visit me, O Lord, with Thy salvation, that I may willingly submit myself to Thy will. Deliver me in Thy good appointed time from my bodily pain and eventually save my soul. Keep me steadfast in Christian faith. Allow me never to forsake Thee, so that at the end of my days my soul may be received into those heavenly habitations, where the spirits of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity. Grant this, O Father, for the sake of Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost in eternity. Amen.

ANOTHER.

Merciful God and gracious Father! Behold me on this bed of sickness, unable to rise. It has pleased Thee to deprive me of health, and send this illness upon me;—Thy will be done! Give me patience to bear all without murmurs or discontent. In my better days Thou hast often gladdened my heart, why should I not now endure in patience? God is good; He chides in moderation; His judgments cannot entirely forsake me. I have received good things at Thy hands, and Thou hast often refreshed me in my days of health; I will accept these days of suffering likewise, in Thy power and patience, and will humbly remember how many happy hours the Lord has given me, compared to which these short intervals of suffering are insignificant. I know, my God, that Thou art loving and gracious; therefore, Thou wilt not impose more upon me than I can bear.

My God, here I am; do with me as Thou wilt; let me fully understand Thy counsel, which is, that this disease shall be as a fire to destroy the impurities that taint my soul; as a call to prayer for the forgiveness of all my sins, for the sake of Jesus; as a voice commanding me to put my house in order, and to prepare for death, the grave, and eternity. Make me fitting to please Thee in Thy heavenly mansion, for I know, that these temporal sorrows are to be succeeded by surpassing glory. Therefore, be quiet, my soul; why art thou cast down and why art thou so disquieted within me? Hope in God for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God. In Him I trust alone, He will do all things well, He will advance my welfare. For God forsaketh none of those who put their trust in Him; though things look strange and doubtful, never give way to dread and doubts. Thou shalt be astonished to see how God will deliver Thee. Amen.

A THANKSGIVING FOR A CONVALESCENT.

"Behold thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." "Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High."

Almighty and gracious God! I come before Thy holy face, and thank Thee for having raised me up from my bed of sickness. I still think of the hours of anguish, of the sorrowful nights, of the great danger, which beset me. But lo, Thy mighty hand has raised me from my couch: Thou hast set me on my feet again, and enabled me to go out and come in. Thy grace has transformed my complaints into rejoicing. Lord, Lord! Thou hast done great things for me, therefore I am glad; Thy love and mercy have helped me to this hour. — Whosoever serveth God will be comforted after affliction, and released from trouble; and after chastisement he will find grace; for Thou, O God, dost not rejoice in our perdition; after the storm Thou permittest the sun again to shine; after the weeping and wailing Thou dost overwhelm us with joy. This mercy and fatherly care I too have experienced in my sickness; therefore, while I live, I will proclaim before the great congregation, what Thou, almighty God, hast done for me. Thou hast blessed the medicine, assuaged my pains, given me strength to overcome my suffering, and sent days of refreshment after the wretched and weary nights. Therefore, praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name; praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

In my pain and sickness, I have discovered that silver and gold, honor and glory of the world, and even kind friends, did not avail to lift the cross from my shoulders, and if Thou hadst not helped me, I should have perished in my misery. Therefore, I will no longer strive after vain and fleeting things, but rejoice in Thee; I will avoid the sinful converse of the world, and cling to Thy altar, where is heard the voice of thanksgiving, and where Thy wonders are told; I will renounce ungodly things and wordly lusts, and live chaste, righteous and godly in this world, so that when Thou shalt come with my dying hour and the end of my life, I may be prepared to enter into the joys of heaven. Amen.

PRAYER IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Almighty and everlasting God, most merciful Father, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who art willing and able to fulfill all Thou hast said; Thy word is truth; in the beginning Thou hast promised Thy dear Son; He came and redeemed me from the devil, death, hell, and sin; afterwards Thou hast in Thy gracious Providence, given us for a greater security the sacraments of Holy Baptism and of the Lord's Supper; hast given His body and blood; and offerest through Him forgiveness of sins, eternal life, and a home in heaven. Into Thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour, I humbly commend my soul, beseeching Thee that it may be precious in Thy sight. Wash it, I pray Thee, in the blood of that immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the sins of the world; that whatsoever defilements it may have contracted in the midst of this sinful world through the lusts of the flesh, and the wiles of Satan, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee, and receive life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thine only Son, our Lord. Amen.

ANOTHER.

Merciful and loving God, Thou who dost not suffer men to die, and sayest, Come again, ye sons of men! Thou who dost draw Thy loved ones unto Thee by death, and givest them a share of the glory acquired for us by the bitter sufferings and death of Jesus! I am growing weaker; I must die; I must meet the Bridegroom; keep the light of Thy lamp fresh and burning. Not

knowing my hour of death, I will resign myself into Thy hands in time and commend my soul to Thee. Cleanse my heart from all worldly and sinful thoughts; fill it with the Holy Ghost; help me to remember Jesus Christ and at all times to fix my eyes upon Him. When the hour of death arrives, keep me, if it is Thy holy will, from assaults, sad thoughts and acute pains, and leave me a sound mind to the last, ever conscious of Thy holy presence. By Thy grace, let me have joy in dying; let me look into the bliss of heaven, and give me to taste a few drops of the heavenly sweetness, so that I may depart this life in gladness and comfort. To Thee I commend my soul when it leaves the body; O take it into Thy hands; cover it with Thy righteousness, and lead it into the joys of heaven. I also commend to Thee my body, resting in the ground; give it a gentle rest, until the last trumpet shall sound and call, "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!" and then, in the Name of Jesus, let me joyfully arise and enter into eternal life. Amen.

SHORT PRAYERS FOR THE DYING.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

O gracious God, heavenly Father and Creator, in whose hands are the issues of life and death; Lord Jesus Christ, who hast redeemed me; Lord God, Holy Ghost, who hast brought me to the knowledge of Christ, my Saviour; Most Holy Triune God; I implore Thee for the forgiveness of my sins, for the comfort in my anguish, for the shortening of death's agony, for a peaceful end and life eternal,—all for Thy mercy's sake. Amen.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

O dearest God and Father, let me depart hence gently and softly in Jesus; I know that Thou hast loved me, and given me Thy Son, in whom I have believed and will believe to the last moment of my life. O give me, through the Holy Ghost, the assurance that I shall not be lost! Strengthen my faith, that, what I have beheld, I may soon behold in the life eternal! O Jesus, stand by me, and do not forsake me. Amen.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, have mercy upon me! Christ, Thou Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, leave me Thy temporal and eternal peace. Amen.

Psalms, Selected for Responsive Reading

— IN THE —

Services of the Churches.

PSALM **1.** *Beatus vir.*

1. BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law does he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in due season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The wicked are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor the sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the wicked shall perish.

PSALM **8.** *Domine, Dominus noster.*

1. O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine adversaries, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5. For thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels, and crownest him with glory and honor.

6. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7. All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8. The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM **16.** *Conserva me, Domine.*

1. PRESERVE me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust.

2. I have said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: I have no good beyond thee.

3. As for the saints that are in the earth, they are the excellent in whom is all my delight.

4. Their sorrows shall be multiplied that exchange the Lord for another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take their names upon my lips.

5. The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

6. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

7. I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: yea, my reins instruct me in the night seasons.

8. I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

9. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth, my flesh also shall retain hope.

10. For thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

11. Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulnes of joy; in thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PSALM **19.** *Cœli enarrant.*

1. THE heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handywork.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech: and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language: where their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth: and their words to the end of the world.

5. 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 his course.

6. 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.

7. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8. The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can understand his errors: clear thou me from secret faults.

13. Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright and I shall be clear from great transgressions.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight: O Lord, my Rock, and my Redeemer.

PSALM **23.** *Dominus regit me.*

1. THE LORD is my Shepherd: I shall not want.

2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4. 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.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6. 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 **32.** *Beati, quorum.*

1. BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven: whose sin is covered.

2. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity: and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3. When I kept silence: my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

5. I acknowledged my sin unto thee: and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord: and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

6. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely when the great waters overflow, they shall not reach unto him.

7. Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble: thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

8. I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will counsel thee with mine eyes upon thee.

9. Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in, else they will not come near unto thee.

10. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

11. Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

PSALM **33.** *Exultate, justi, in Dominum.*

1. REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

2. Give thanks unto the Lord with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery of ten strings.

3. Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

4. For the word of the Lord is right; and all his work is done in faithfulness.

5. He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

6. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

7. He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap; he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

8. Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

9. For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

10. The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the thoughts of the people of none effect.

11. The counsel of the Lord standeth fast for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

12. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

13. The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

14. From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

Psalm **39.** *Dixi, custodiam.*

1. I SAID, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2. I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

3. My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire kindled: then spake I with my tongue,

4. Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

5. Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

6. Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not, who shall gather them,

7. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8. Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9. I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

10. Remove thy stroke away from me; I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11. When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity.

12. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

13. O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

Psalm **42.**

Quemadmodum desiderat cervus.

1. AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3. My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

4. When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude keeping holiday.

5. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

6. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7. Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

8. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

9. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10. As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?
11. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM **46.** *Deus noster refugium.*

1. GOD is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.
2. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be moved into the heart of the sea;
3. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled: though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
4. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
5. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.
6. The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.
7. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
8. Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolation he hath made in the earth.
9. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.
10. Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.
11. The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM **47.** *Omnes gentes, plaudite.*

1. O CLAP your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
2. For the Lord Most High is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.
3. He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.
4. He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.
5. God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.
6. Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
7. For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.
8. God reigneth over the nations: God sitteth upon his holy throne.
9. The princes of the people are gathered together to be the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

PSALM **51.**

Miserere mei Deus, secundum.

1. HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
3. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.
4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.
5. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
6. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
10. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
11. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.
13. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14. Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
15. O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise,

16. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19. Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Psalm 57.

Miserere mei, Deus miserere.

1. BE merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I take my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

2. I will cry unto God Most High; unto God that performeth all things for me.

3. He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

4. My soul is among lions: and I lie among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.

5. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth.

6. They have prepared a net for my steps; my soul is bowed down: they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves.

7. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise.

8. Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake right early.

9. I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing praises unto thee among the nations.

10. For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

11. Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: let thy glory be above all the earth.

Psalm 61.

Exaudi, Deus, deprecationem.

1. HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2. From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3. For thou hast been a refuge for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4. I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever: I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

5. For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

6. Thou wilt prolong the king's life: his years shall be as many generations.

7. He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.

8. So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

Psalm 65. *Te decet hymnus, Deus.*

1. PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2. O thou that hearest prayer: unto thee shall all flesh come.

3. Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4. Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, the holy place of thy temple.

5. By terrible things wilt thou answer us in righteousness, O God of our salvation: thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.

6. Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains: being girded with power.

7. Which stilleth the roaring of the seas: the roaring of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8. They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

9. Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it; the river of God is full of water: thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

10. Thou waterest her furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof: thou makest it soft with show-

ers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

11. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and thy paths drop fatness.

12. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the hills are girded with joy.

13. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing.

Psalm 72. *Deus, judicium.*

1. GIVE the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

2. He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

3. The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the hills, in righteousness.

4. He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

5. They shall fear thee while the sun endureth, and so long as the moon, throughout all generations.

6. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

7. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.

8. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

9. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

10. The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

11. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

12. For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; and the poor, that hath no helper.

13. He shall have pity on the poor and needy: and the souls of the needy he shall save.

14. He shall redeem their soul from oppression and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

15. And they shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: and men shall pray for him continually, they shall bless him all day long.

16. There shall be abundance 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.

17. His name shall endure forever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him happy.

18. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel: who only doeth wondrous things.

19. And blessed be his glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

Psalm 84. *Quam dilecta tabernacula.*

1. HOW amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3. Yea, the sparrow hath found her 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.

4. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

5. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are the high ways of Zion.

6. Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs; yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

7. They go from strength to strength: every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

8. O Lord of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

9. Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10. 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.

11. 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.

12. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Psalm 86. *Inclina, Domine.*

1. BOW down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

2. Preserve my soul; for I am godly: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

3. Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for unto thee do I cry all the day long.

4. Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

5. For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive: and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

6. Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer: and attend to the voice of my supplications.

7. In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

8. There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord: neither are there any works like unto thy works.

9. All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord: and they shall glorify thy name.

10. For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

11. Teach me thy way, O Lord: I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

12. I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

13. For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my heart from the lowest pit.

14. O God, the proud are risen up against me: and the congregation of violent men have sought after my soul, and have not set thee before them.

15. But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

16. O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me: give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

17. Show me a token for good; that they which hate me see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

Psalm 90. *Domine, refugium.*

1. LORD, thou hast been our dwellingplace in all generations.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction: and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7. For we are consumed by thine anger: and in thy wrath are we troubled.

8. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee: our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.

10. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; or even by reason of strength fourscore years: yet is their pride but labor and sorrow; for it is soon gone, and we fly away.

11. Who knoweth the power of thine anger, and thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?

12. So teach us to number our days: that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

13. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14. O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy: that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

15. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us: and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Psalm 91. *Qui habitat.*

1. HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in whom I trust.

3. For he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4. He shall cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge: his trust shall be thy shield and buckler.

5. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

11. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.

16. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

Psalm **92.** *Bonum est confiteri.*

1. IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;

2. To show forth thy lovingkindness in the morning: and thy faithfulness every night.

3. With an instrument of ten strings, and with the psaltery: with a solemn sound upon the harp.

4. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

5. How great are thy works, O Lord, thy thoughts are very deep.

6. A brutish man knoweth not: neither doth a fool understand this.

7. When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish: it is that they shall be destroyed forever;

8. But thou, O Lord, art on high for evermore.

9. For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish: all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

10. But my horn hast thou exalted like the horn of the wild ox: I am anointed with fresh oil.

11. Mine eye also hath seen my desire on mine enemies: and mine ears have heard my desire of the evil-doers that rise up against me.

12. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

13. They that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

14. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

15. To show that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

Psalm **95.** *Venite, exultemus.*

1. O COME, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the heights of the hills are his also.

5. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

7. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand. To-day, O that ye would hear his voice!

8. Harden not your heart, as at Meribah, as in the day of Massah in the wilderness:

9. When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

10. Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

11. Wherefore whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

PSALM **97.** *Dominus regnavit.*

1. THE Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad.
2. Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne.
3. A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his adversaries round about.
4. His lightnings lightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.
5. The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.
6. The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people have seen his glory.
7. Ashamed be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.
8. Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.
9. For thou, Lord, art most high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.
10. O ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.
11. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.
12. Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks to his holy name.

PSALM **98.** *Cantate Domino.*

1. 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.
2. The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.
3. 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.
4. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth, break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.
5. Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp: with the harp, and the voice of melody.
6. With trumpets and sound of cornet: make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.
7. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof: the world, and they that dwell therein.
8. Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills sing for joy together before the Lord: for he cometh to judge the earth.
9. With righteousness shall he judge the world: and the people with equity.

PSALM **103.** *Benedic, anima mea.*

1. BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.
2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;
4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
6. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.
7. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.
8. The Lord is full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
9. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.
10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.
11. For as the heaven is high above the earth: so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
12. As far as the east is from the west: so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
13. Like as a father pitieth his children: so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
14. For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust.
15. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more.
17. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him: and his righteousness unto children's children;
18. To such as keep his covenant: and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens: and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20. Bless the Lord, ye, his angels, ye mighty in strength: that fulfill his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts: ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22. Bless the Lord, all ye his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

Psalm 104. *Benedic, anima mea.*

1. BLESS the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty;

2. Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

3. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind;

4. Who maketh winds his messengers: his ministers a flaming fire;

5. Who laid the foundations of the earth: that it should not be moved forever.

6. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture: the waters stood above the mountains.

7. At thy rebuke they fled: at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

8. They went up by the mountains; they went down by the valleys unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

9. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

10. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the mountains.

11. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

12. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

13. He watereth the mountains from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

14. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

15. And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

16. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

17. Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

18. The high mountains are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

19. He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

20. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

21. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

22. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

23. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

24. O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches.

25. Yonder is the sea, great and wide, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26. There go the ships; there is leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

27. These wait all upon thee: that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

28. That thou givest unto them they gather, thou openest thine hand, they are satisfied with good.

29. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

30. Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the ground.

31. The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

32. Who looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the mountains, and they smoke.

33. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

34. Let my meditation be sweet unto him; I will rejoice in the Lord.

35. Let sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more: bless the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM **107.** *Confitemini Domino.*

1. O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

2. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary;

3. And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

4. They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way; they found no city of habitation.

5. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

6. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

7. He led them also by a straight way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

8. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

9. For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with good.

10. Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

11. Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contended the counsel of the Most High:

12. Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

13. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

14. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

15. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

16. For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

17. Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

18. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

19. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

20. He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

21. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

22. And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with singing.

II.

23. THEY that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

24. These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

25. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

26. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul melteth away because of trouble.

27. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

28. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

29. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

30. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

31. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

32. Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the seat of the elders.

33. He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into a thirsty ground.

34. A fruitful land into a salt desert, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

35. He turneth the wilderness into a pool of water, and dry land into watersprings.

36. And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation.

37. And sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

38. He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

39. Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, trouble and sorrow.

40. He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

41. Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

42. The upright shall see it, and be glad, and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

43. Whoso is wise, and give heed to these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

Psalm **111.** *Confitebor tibi.*

1. I WILL give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

2. The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

3. His work is honorable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth forever.

4. He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

5. He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

6. He hath showed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

7. The works of his hands are verity and judgment; all his commandments are sure.

8. They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

9. He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant forever: holy and reverend is his name.

10. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth forever.

Psalm **115.** *Non nobis, Domine.*

1. NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory: for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.

2. Wherefore should the nations say: Where is now their God?

3. But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he pleased.

4. Their idols are silver and gold: the work of men's hands.

5. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not;

6. They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not;

7. They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

8. They that make them are like unto them: yea, every one that trusteth in them.

9. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

10. O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

11. Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

12. The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us: he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

13. He will bless them that fear the Lord: both small and great.

14. The Lord shall increase you more and more: you and your children.

15. Blessed are ye of the Lord: which made heaven and earth.

16. The heavens are the heavens of the Lord: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

17. The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence.

18. But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm **119.** *Beati immaculati.*

1. BLESSED are they that are upright in the way: who walk in the law of the Lord.

2. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies; that seek him with the whole heart.

3. Yea, they do no unrighteousness; they walk in his ways.

4. Thou hast commanded us thy precepts, that we should observe them diligently.

5. O that my ways were established: to observe thy statutes!

6. Then shall I not be ashamed: when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7. I will praise thee with uprightness of heart: when I shall learn thy righteous judgments.

8. I will observe thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

II. *In quo corrigit.*

9. WHEREWITHAL shall a young man cleanse his way: by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

10. With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

11. Thy word have I hid in my heart: that I might not sin against thee.

12. Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

13. With my lips have I declared: all the judgments of thy mouth.

14. I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

15. I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

16. I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

III. *Retribue servo tuo.*

17. DEAL bountifully with thy servant, that I may live, so will I observe thy word.

18. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

19. I am a sojourner in the earth: hide not thy commandments from me.

20. My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times.

21. Thou hast rebuked the proud that are cursed, which do wander from thy commandments.

22. Remove from me reproach and contempt; for I have kept thy testimonies.

23. Princes also sat and talked against me: but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes.

24. Thy testimonies are my delight, and my counsellors.

Psalm 121. *Levavi oculos.*

1. I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?

2. My help cometh from the Lord: which made heaven and earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6. The sun shall not smite thee by day: nor the moon by night.

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in: from this time forth, and for evermore.

Psalm 122. *Lætatus sum.*

1. I WAS glad when they said unto me: Let us go into the house of the Lord.

2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates: O Jerusalem.

3. Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together:

4. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, for a testimony unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9. For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Psalm 139. *Domine, probasti.*

1. O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

2. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

3. Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

4. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

5. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

6. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

7. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

8. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

9. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

10. Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

11. If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, then the night shall be night about me.

12. Even the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the

day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

13. For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

14. I will give thanks to thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

15. My frame was not hidden from thee, when I was made in secret: and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

16. Thine eyes did see mine unperfect substance: and in thy book all my members were written: which day by day were fashioned: when as yet there was none of them.

17. How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

18. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

19. Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye blood-thirsty men.

20. For they speak against thee wickedly: and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

21. Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee?

22. I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

23. Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts;

24. And see if there be any way of wickedness in me: and lead me in the way everlasting.

Psalm 141. *Domine, clamavi.*

1. LORD, I cry unto thee: make haste unto me, and consider my voice, when I cry unto thee.

2. Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

3. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

4. Incline not my heart to any evil thing, to practise wicked works with men that work iniquity: and let me not eat of their dainties.

5. Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head: for yet my prayer also shall be in their calamities.

6. When their judges are overthrown in stormy places, they shall hear my words; for they are sweet.

7. Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth.

8. But mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord: in thee is my trust; leave not my soul destitute.

9. Keep me from the snares which they have laid me, and the traps of the workers of iniquity.

20. Let the wicked fall into their own nets, and let me ever escape them.

Psalm 145. *Exaltabo te, Deus.*

1. I WILL extol thee, my God, O King: and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

2. Every day will I bless thee: and I will praise thy name for ever.

3. Great is the Lord and highly to be praised, and his greatness is unsearchable.

4. One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5. Of the glorious majesty of thine honor, and of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.

6. And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

7. They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness: and shall sing of thy righteousness.

8. The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and great to mercy.

9. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

10. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

11. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

12. To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.

13. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

14. The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

15. The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

16. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

17. The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works.

18. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

19. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

20. The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

21. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

Psalm **147.** *Laudate Dominum.*

1. PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

2. The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

3. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

4. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

5. Great is our Lord, and mighty in power: his understanding is infinite.

6. The Lord upholdeth the meek: he bringeth the wicked down to the ground.

7. Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving: sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

8. Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

9, He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

10. He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

11. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

12. Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

13. For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

14. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

15. He sendeth out his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

16. He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

17. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

18. He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

19. He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

20. He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm **150.** *Laudate Dominum.*

1. PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

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