CHURCH HYMNS WITH TUNES
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PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Church Hymns
NEW EDITION, CONTAINING 658 HYMNS.

The present New and Revised Edition of CHURCH HYMNS has occupied the careful attention of a Committee appointed for the purpose for a period of over five years.

A New Book.—The result of their labours is not merely a New Edition of the old CHURCH HYMNS, but in reality a New Book. Some 250 Hymns included in the Old Edition have been omitted and about 320 others substituted in their place. The number of Hymns for Children has been more than doubled.

Text.—Special care and attention have been bestowed on the Text of the Hymns, and it is confidently believed that the present Hymn book contains the most accurate reproduction of the authors’ texts to be found anywhere.

Music.—The general superintendence of the musical portion has been entrusted to Dr. C. H. Lloyd Precentor and Musical Instructor of Eton College. Hymns have, as far as possible, been connected with those tunes with which they are popularly associated. The number of alternative tunes is exceptionally large. A special feature has been made of Plain Song Tunes, some sixty of which, selected and harmonised by Dr. Basil Harwood, of Christ Church, Oxford, have been included. It should be noted, however, that in all cases where a Plain Song Tune has been allotted to any hymn, an alternative modern tune is also given.

A Full List of Editions and Styles of Binding may be had on application.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE
LONDON: Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; 43 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
BRIGHTON: 129 North Street.
CHURCH HYMNS

WITH TUNES.

The Music Edited by

CHARLES H. LLOYD,

The Plain Song Tunes Selected and Harmonized by

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.
1903.

(Published under the direction of the Church Hymn-Book Committee.)
PREFACE.

The present edition contains a number of copyright tunes, inserted by permission in the previous edition, and already acknowledged. To these many more are now added. The Editor cordially thanks many owners of copyright tunes (especially the Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.) for their generous permission to include tunes in their possession. In particular he thanks:

The Proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" for Galilee, by Dr. Philip Armes; St. Timothy, by the Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart.; Via Pacis and St. Joseph of the Studium, by Sir Joseph Barnby; St. Beatrice, by Sir J. F. Bridge, M.V.O.; Xavier, by Dr. F. Champneys; Alford, Caritas, Come unto Me, Dominus regit me, Gerontius, Pax Dei, Requiescat, Ricaulx, St. Cross, St. Cuthbert, Stephanos, and Vox Dilecti, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; Diademata, by Sir G. J. Elvey; Leicester, by W. Hurst; St. Columba and Southwell, by H. S. Irons; Sacramentum Unitatis, by Dr. C. H. Lloyd; Father, let me dedicate, by Sir G. A. Macfarren; All things bright and beautiful, Litany, Merton, St. Philip, and Unde et memores, by Dr. W. H. Monk; Dominica, by Sir H. S. Oakeley; Victory, adapted from Palestrina; Rex Gloriae, by Henry Smart; Credo and Sebaste, by Sir John Stainer; Litany, by Dr. E. H. Turpin, and Monkland, by J. Wilkes.

Messrs. Novello and Co. for—O Perfect Love, Praise the Lord, and Pro omnibus sanctis, by Sir Joseph Barnby; Jehovah-Nissi, by Dr. G. J. Bennett; St. John the Baptist, by J. B. Calkin; Dies Dominica, Dunholme, Lux Benigna, and Thanksgiving, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; Osborne, by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg; Dulkeith, by T. Hewlett; Dona Dei, by H. S. Irons; Margaret, by the Rev. T. R. Matthews; Freshwater and Nature, by Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart.; Nachtlied, by Henry Smart; Charity, Cross of Jesus, Deum videbunt, Dignus est Agnus, Evening Prayer, Exsurgat Deus, Simplicity, and Woodlynn, by Sir John Stainer; and Bishopsgarth, by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

A., for Laudemus and Monkswood; E. F. A., for Chapel Brue; Mr. W. Amps, for Venice; The Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge (Dublin), for Mocas, by A. R. Reinagle; Mr. T. E. Aylward, for his tune Sarum Hymnal, No. 46; Mr. W. S. Bambridge, for Clewer and Granham Hill; Dr. G. J. Bennett, for Eastgate; The Rt. Rev. Bishop Bickersteth, for Pax tecum, by G. T. Calbeck; Mrs. Borrodaile, for Eternity and Warfare, by Miss L. J. Hutton; Mr. A. M. Bramall, for Compassion, by Fountain Meen; Mr. A. H. Brewer, for Annunciation; Rev. H. Walter Brock, for Moseley, by Henry Smart; Rev. Dr. E. W. Bullinger, for Bullinger; Dr. E. Bannett, for Agnes; Victoria Lady Carbery, for Gretton and St. Jude, by Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, and
St. Hugh, by Dr. E. J. Hopkins; Rev. R. R. Chope, for St. Aëlred, St. Anatolius, and St. Bees, by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes; Mr. G. F. Cobb, for Chesterton and Laudate Salvatorem; Lord Crofton, for Crofton; Rev. R. F. Dale, for St. Catherine; Mr. P. H. Diemer, for Enmore; Mr. E. Edwards, for Lux; The Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone, for Erskine, by W. H. Gladstone; The Executors of Sir John Goss, for Peterborough; Rev. W. J. Hall, for Eucharistica, by J. Langran; Rev. J. Hampton, for Gethsemane, by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.; Dr. Basil Harwood, for Almondsbury; Mr. W. L. Howlett, for St. Laurence, by the Rev. Dr. L. G. Hayne; Rev. Canon Hutton, for Ascendit, Lincoln, St. Eustacie, St. Gabriel, and St. Jerome, by H. H. Pierson, and for Soon and for ever, by H. H. Pierson and H. S. Irons; Mr. Basil Johnson, for Dulcet and Wells; Mr. H. Lahee, for Nativity; Mr. P. Tottenham Lucas, for Missouri and Yarlet; Messrs. Metzler and Co., for Redhead, No. 66; Rev. J. Napleton, for Glebehampton; Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., for Protector meus (Anon.); Mr. Arthur Page, for The Lord of Might; Dr. Horatio Parker, for Harbinger; Sir Walter Parratt, M.V.O., for Sundown; Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart., for Jubilate; Messrs. Pawson and Brailsford, for St. Margaret, by E. H. Lemare; Rev. F. Peel, for God of our fathers; Signor E. Pieraccini (lately dead), for St. Salvador; Mr. Giles Shaw, for Zoa, by the Rev. W. H. Havergal; Mr. T. L. Southgate, for Gideon, by J. B. Southgate; Mr. T. Worsley Staniforth, for Jerusalem; Rev. Dr. G. W. Torrance, for Adoration; Mrs. J. Walch, for Sawley, by J. Walch; Mr. J. G. Walton, for St. Finbar; Mr. C. Lee Williams, for Thorngrove, and Tibberton; His Grace the Archbishop of York, for Bread of Heaven, Kensington, Newington, Showers of Blessing, and The Shadow of the Cross; and the Representatives of the late J. M. W. Young, for St. Remigius.

Permission has been purchased from the following owners of Copyrights for the use of the undermentioned tunes:—The Proprietors of the “Chorale Book for England” for their arrangement of “Die Nacht ist kommen”; Rev. James Baden Powell, for his settings of Salve, festa Dies, for Easter, Ascension, and Whitsuntide; Mr. Cyril Bowdler, for Bowdler, No. 178; Mr. A. H. Brown, for Apostolicus, Kettlebaston, Orthodoxus, St. Ferdinand, St. Stythian's, and Wimbish; the Trustees of the Church Hymnary (Scotland), for Meiningen, called Rock of Ages in that book; The Congregational Union, for Cairnbrook, by Dr. E. Prout; Mr. W. Crofton Hemmons, for Palmyra, by Dr. J. Summers; The Very Rev. H. H. Dickinson, for Childhood, by the Rev. C. J. Dickinson; Mr. J. W. Elliott, for Oblation; The Executors of Dr. E. J. Hopkins, for Christmas Morn and Feniton Court; Mr. H. S. Irons, for Ecce Homo, Fons Lucis, Hope, Penitence, Qui dedit nobis victoriam, Regnabit Deus, St. Chrysostom, St. Julian, and St. Paul; Mrs. M. J. Monk, for Angel-voices, by Dr. E. G. Monk; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., Ltd., for Intercession and Sabbath (Callecott), Regent Square (Smart), and
Tabor (Steggall); Dr. A. L. Peace, for Edom; Mr. W. Walker for Redhead, Nos. 46, 47; Rev. F. G. Wesley, for Colchester, Hawarden, and Houghton, by Dr. S. S. Wesley.

The Editor expresses his regret if through inadvertence any tunes in which copyright exists have been printed without permission.

Some 250 hymns included in the old edition have been omitted, carrying with them a number of tunes for which there was no further need. At the same time some tunes, which had failed to establish themselves in popular favour, have been replaced by others which it is hoped may prove more attractive. In the task of selection and rejection the Editor has had the assistance of the Rev. Canon Hutton and the Rev. W. Abbott, two members of the Committee who are specially acquainted, the one with the requirements of Cathedral worship, and the other with the practical needs of ordinary parishes. If here and there a tune is found which has no special musical value, it has been inserted on account of associations which could not be ignored. For the harmonies the Editor is mainly responsible. Where he has altered those of the earlier edition, his aim has been to make the different voice parts more interesting, and the effect fuller. Open notes have generally been substituted for the black notes of the old edition, as being easier to read; and, with a few special exceptions, double bars have been placed to correspond with the end of each line of the words.

A special feature has been made of Plain Song tunes, of which about sixty have been included. The selection and harmonization of these demanded technical knowledge of an exceptional kind, and the Editor congratulates himself on having secured for this purpose the invaluable assistance of Dr. Basil Harwood, of Christ Church, Oxford.

At the request of the Committee the Editor has added expression marks; but they are intended rather as suggestions than as authoritative interpretations.

The Editor offers his warm thanks to Mr. Henry King for much valuable advice on many difficult points; and he is deeply grateful to his niece, Miss Kathleen Lloyd, for her ungrudging help in copying tunes, verifying references, correcting proofs, preparing indexes, and supplying composers’ dates.

The labour expended on the previous edition by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and his colleague Mr. J. W. Elliott is cordially acknowledged. The present Editor is very conscious of the imperfection of his own work; but he is not without hope that this book may in some ways tend to the advancement of good and worthy music in the service of the Church.

Eton, July, 1908.
GENERAL INDEX.

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The table above lists various hymns and their corresponding authors, composers, and tunes. The index is organized by the first line of each hymn, followed by the hymn number, author, name of tune, and composer.
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J. Turle

W. S. Bambridge

S. Howard

A. L. Peace

J. B. Dykes

A. H. Brewer

F. A. J. Hervey

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Old German Melody, by J. C. Bach.

T. Tallis

Old German Melody.
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**447** Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott | M. Luther |
**458** Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchsten Gut | J. J. Schütz |
**387** Befiehl du deine Wege | P. Gerhardt |
**445** Jesu geh' voran | N. L. von Zinzendorf |
**460** Gott ist gegenwartig | G. Tersteegen |
**469** Christe, du Beistand deiner Kreuzgemeine | M. A. von Lowenstern |
**504** Liebe die du mich zum Bilde | J. Scheffler |
**511** Seelenbrautigam, O du Gotteslamm | N. L. von Zinzendorf |
**520** Wem in Leidenstagen | H. S. Oswald |
**563** Ich will dich lieben, meine Starke | J. Scheffler |
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See also Cross-References at end of each Section.
Heathlands.

Six 7's.  

H. Smart, 1813-1879.

\[mf\] Thy feet, O Christ, we lay 
Thine own gift of this new day;  
Doubt of what it holds in store  
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;  
\[p\] Lest it prove a time of loss, 
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

\[mf\] If it flow on calm and bright, 
Be Thyself our chief delight;  
If it bring unknown distress, 
Good is all that Thou canst bless;  
\[p\] Only, while its hours begin, 
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

\[mf\] We in part our weakness know,  
And in part discern our foe;  
Well for us, before Thine eyes  
All our danger open lies;  
\[p\] Turn not from us, while we plead  
Thy compassions and our need.

\[mf\] Fain would we Thy word embrace,  
Live each moment on Thy grace,  
\[cr\] All ourselves to Thee consign,  
Fold up all our wills in Thine,  
\[f\] Think, and speak, and do, and be  
Simply that which pleases Thee.

\[p\] Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;  
Hear, and grant the choicest boon  
\[cr\] That Thy love can e'er impart,  
Loyal singleness of heart;  
\[f\] So shall this and all our days,  
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise. Amen.
Morning.

Tallis's Canon (First Tune).  L.M.  T. Tallis, 1520?-1585.

Morning Hymn (Second Tune).  L.M.  F. H. Barthélemont, 1741-1808.

A-men.

A-men.
PART I.

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

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

In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

*By influence of the light divine,*
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearyed sing
High praise to the eternal King. Amen.

PART II.

*ALL* praise to Thee, Who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake!

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

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

*Praise God,* from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.
CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies, p  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
Day-star, in my heart appear!

mf Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
.ErrorMessage
More and more Thyself display,  
f Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

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

Morning.
Ratisbon.  
Six 7's.  
Werner's Choralbuch, 1815.

\( \text{mf} \)
\( \text{p} \)
FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go
Our daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let us cheerfully fulfil;
In all our works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all our works to Thee.

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

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven. Amen.
MY Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy Holy Name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou willest I may live,
And what Thou willest be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
 Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.
Morning.

Montgomery.  L.M.  J. Stanley, 1713-1786.

\[ \text{mf} \]

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

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.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days:
f Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise. Amen.

(7)
NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

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

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

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

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

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

A - men.
LIGHT that knew no dawn,
That shines to endless day,
All things in earth and heaven
Are lustred by Thy ray;
No eye can to Thy throne ascend,
Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend.

Thy grace, O Father, give,
That I may serve in fear:
Above all boons, I pray,
Grant me Thy voice to hear;
From sin Thy child in mercy free,
And let me dwell in light with Thee.

That, cleansed from stain of sin,
I may meet homage give,
And, pure in heart, behold
And serve Thee while I live;
Clean hands in holy worship raise,
And Thee, O Christ, my Saviour, praise.

In supplication meek
To Thee I bend the knee;
O Christ, when Thou shalt come,
In love remember me,
And in Thy kingdom, by Thy grace,
Grant me a humble servant's place.

Thy grace, O Father, give,
I humbly Thee implore;
And let Thy mercy bless
Thy servant more and more.
All grace and glory be to Thee
From age to age eternally.

A - men.
9
Altenburg.

Morning.

Eight 7's.

M. Vulpius, 1560-1616?

\[ \text{Music staff with note values and symbols for the piece.} \]

\[ J = 84. \]

\[ \text{A-men.} \]
Morning.

mf ONCE again to meet the day
Time hath borne us on our way;
Once again to God we bring
Prayer's most lowly offering;
We, the making of Thine hand,
In Thy strength alone we stand;
p God of mercy, God of might!
Guard us till the fall of night.

p Round us always as we move
Folded be Thy tender love;
If we wander from the way,
Lead us back, O Lord, we pray;
If temptations close us in,
If we doubt, or faint, or sin,
God of mercy, God of power!
Leave us not in that dark hour.

mf All we do and all we are,
Thou art with us everywhere;
Under Thine all-seeing eye
We must live, and we must die.
O'er the creatures of Thy word
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord;
p God of mercy, God of might!
Guard us, keep us, day and night.

cr Then when time is past and gone,
When the Day of Doom comes on,
When the trumpet calls the dead,
When the heavens and earth are fled,
Shrivelling at the only breath
Of the tempest of Thy wrath,

f dim Save us then, O God of might!
By Thy mercies infinite! Amen.

Also the following:
As the bird, whose clarion gay—61
Behold the shade of night departs—49
Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One—51
Day is breaking, dawn is bright—63
Great God of boundless mercy, hear—69
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!—198
Now that the daylight fills the sky—50
O Christ, Whose glory fills the heaven—67
O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace—59
See the golden sun arise!—65

Afternoon.

The following may be used:
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide—355
Again, as evening's shadow falls—10
As now the sun's declining rays—11
Father, ere yet another day is ended—14
Lead, kindly Light—455
O God of truth, O Lord of might—52
O Strength and Stay—53
The day is gently sinking to a close—28
The sun is sinking fast—33
May also be sung to "Commandments," No. 12.

mf A GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

p O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou,
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

mf Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.
As now the sun's declining rays
Towards the eve descend,
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
Oh, grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die!

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.
Evening.

Commandments (First Tune).

L.M.

Geneva Psalter, 1549.

Angelus (Second Tune).

L.M.

G. Josephi, c. 1657.
Evening.

At even, when the sun did set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

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

And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

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

Evening, Ten 7's.

C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

A-men.
Evening.

\[mf\]

\[F\]ATHER, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace;
Thou, Whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,
Father, guard our couch from ill,
Lull Thy children to repose:
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer:
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray;
Wordly thoughts and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to Thy Cross untrue,
Secret faults and undescribed
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view;
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Pray that these may pardoned be.

\[p\]

Holy Spirit, breathing balm,
Fall on us in evening’s calm;
Yet awhile, before we sleep,
We with Thee will vigils keep.
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence;
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still.

\[mf\]

Blessèd Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
Then when shrinks the lonely heart,
Thou, O God, most present art.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o’er our defenceless head;
Let Thy Angels’ guardian-host
Keep all evil from our bed,
\[cr\]
Till the flood of morning rays
\[f\]
Wakes us to a song of praise. Amen.
Father, ere yet another day is ended,
Into Thy hands be all its hours commended;
Angels about our way keep watch and ward,
Lighten our darkness with Thy peace, O Lord.
When falls on life’s gay noon the night of sadness,
Oh may we feel Thee near, Eternal Gladness;
Our feeble faith uphold, new strength afford,
Lighten our darkness with Thy Presence, Lord.
Sunshine and cloud are Thine; yet gloom is dreary,
Hope yields to fear, and we grow weak and weary,
Lead us to rest on Thy unfailing word,
Lighten our darkness with Thy love, O Lord.
Pain wrings the heart, and fierce temptations try us:
Dimly we know that Elder Brother by us,
Who in the garden suffered and implored,
Lighten our darkness for His sake, our Lord.
Father, when earthly life for us is ended,
Into Thy hands its deeds and years commended,
Now our one guide, be then our one reward,
Evening.

Tallis's Canon.

T. Tallis, 1520?-1585.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

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

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

Oh may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous
To serve my God when I awake.

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

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.
Evening.

Upsal (First Tune).

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

J. Crüger, 1598–1662.

A-men.
Evening.

Temple (Second Tune).

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. E. J. Hopkins, 1818–1901.

G O D that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high. Amen.
Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured, Who is the Immortal Father, Heavenly, Blest;

Holyest of Holyes, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of evening round us shine,
Evening.

We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.

Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With undefiled tongue,

Son of our God, Giver of life, alone!

Therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord, they own. Amen.
Evening.

mf Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere we lay us down to sleep;
Bid Thine Angels, pure and holy,
Round our bed their vigils keep.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the Cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing
Till Thine Angels bear us home.

Amen.
Evening.

Palmyra.

8.6.8.6.8.8. J. Summers, b. 1843.

Lord of my life, Whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here, lowly, at the hour of prayer,
Before Thy throne I bow:
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

Oh may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow,
To Thee, and to Thy glory live,
Dead else to all below,
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray;
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through eternity. Amen.
Die Nacht ist kommen.

Evening.

11.11.11.5.

Der Böhmischen Brüder Kirchengesang, 1566.

Amen.
Evening.

p NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow we to rest may yield us,
For He will shield us.

Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body from all harm defend us;
   Thine Angels send us.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
cr All day serve Thee; in all that we are doing
   Thy praise pursuing.

p We have no refuge: none on earth to aid us,
cr Save Thee, O Father, Who Thine own hast made us;
mf But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,
   Who seek Thee only.

f Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
   Us now and ever. Amen.
Evening.

JAM SOL RECEDIT IGNEUS (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Sarum.

Almondsbury (Second Tune).

L.M.

Basil Harwood, b. 1859.
N OW sinks in night the flaming sun;
O Thou, our Everlasting Day,
Thrice Holy Godhead, Three in One,
Thy brightness to our hearts display:

To Thee we hymn the morning lay,
To Thee our evening vows are given;
Grant us, as here to Thee we pray,
To praise Thee in the courts of heaven.

No shadows there, nor clouds impede
The view with visions of affright:
Nor sun nor moon those mansions need;
The Lamb is their perpetual Light.

Oh, yet unseen by mortal sight,
May in our souls that scene endure,
That we, through hope of that delight,
May purer grow as Thou art pure.

And when the day shall come that we
Shall know no more, as now, in part,
May we unveiled Thy Presence see,
Be like, and know Thee as Thou art:

And evermore with voice and heart
Join concert with Thy heavenly Host,
And bear, in praising Thee, our part,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
O BRIGHTNESS of the Eternal Father's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
Lord Jesu Christ, in Whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed;

Now that the daylight fades, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:

We praise once more the Father and the Son
And Holy Ghost Divine.

Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Praise from Thy Saints, O Lord;
Be Thou, O Son of God, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored! Amen.
SAVIOR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;

Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;

From harm and danger keep Thy children free;

For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace 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.

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. Amen.
SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise:
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

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

Grant us Thy peace 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.

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. Amen.
SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-  
Ere repose our spirits seal; [ing,  
Sin and want we come confessing;  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst  
heal.

Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

p SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-  p Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Ere repose our spirits seal; [ing,  Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Sin and want we come confessing;  mf Thou art He Who, never weary,  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst  
Watchest where Thy people be.
heal.  

Should swift death this night o'ertake  
us,
And our couch become our tomb,

Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
May the morn in heaven awake us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.  

Amen.
Evening.

Sun of my Soul (First Tune).    L.M.    H. Percy Smith, 1825-1898.

Evening.

mf SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
    It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

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

mf 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.

p 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.

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

mf Come near and bless us when we wake,
    Ere through the world our way we take;
cr Till in the ocean of Thy love
f We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.
Sweet Saviour! bless us 'ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.
Evening.

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 Jesu, be our Light.

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 Jesu, be our Light.

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 Jesu, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Jesus, and our All!

Through life’s long day, and death’s dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our Light.

Sweet Saviour! bless us: night is come;  
Amid the darkness near us be!  
Good Angels watch about our home;  
And we are one day nearer Thee!

Through life’s long day, and death’s dark night,  
O gentle Jesu, be our Light. Amen.
St. Wilfrid (First Tune).  4.4.7.8.7.  Mainzer Choralbuch.

Monkswood (Second Tune).  4.4.7.8.7.  A., 1894.
Evening.

The day departs;
Our souls and hearts
Long for that better morrow,
When Christ shall set His people free
From every care and sorrow.

The sunshine bright
Is lost in night;
O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

Be Thou still nigh,
With sleepless eye,
While all around are sleeping,
And Angel-guards, at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

The land above,
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten;
For all its borders Christ Himself
Doth with His glory lighten.

May we be there,
That joy to share,
Glad Hallelujahs singing:
With all the ransomed evermore
Our joyful praises bringing.

Lord Jesu, Thou
Our Refuge now,
Forsake Thy servants never;
Uphold and guide that we may stand
Evening.

Nachtlied.

Six 10's.

H. Smart, 1813-1879.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Evening.

THE day is gently sinking to a close,
  Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of Thy Father’s glory,—Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

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.

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 succours fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice,—(f)“Fear not, for it is I.”

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. Amen.
Evening.

St. Anatolius (First Tune). 7.6.7.6.8.8. A. H. Brown, b. 1830.

St. Anatolius (Second Tune). 7.6.7.6.8.8. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.
Evening.

T
HE
day
is
past
and
over;
All
thanks,
O
Lord,
to
Thee;
I
pray
Thee
now
that
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The
hours
of
dark
may
be:
O
Jesu,
keep
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in
Thy
sight,
And
guard
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through
the
coming
night.

The
joys
of
day
are
over;
I
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heart
to
Thee,
And
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that
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hours
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O
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keep
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sight,
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the
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night.

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

Be
Thou
my
soul’s
preserver,
For
Thou
alone
dost
know
How
many
are
the
perils
Through
which
I
have
to
go:
O
loving
Jesu,
hear
my
call,
And
guard
and
save
me
from
them
all.
Amen.

(43)
Evening.


Evening.

*mf* The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

*mf* We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

*f* So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

(45)
Evening.

St. Gabriel (First Tune).
F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889.

St. Corentin (Second Tune).
H. S. Irons, b. 1834.
Evening.

mf THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

mf Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;—
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

mf Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;

cr Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging Angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

f Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all! Amen.
Evening.


\( J = 88. \)
Evening.

p THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise:
cr The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

p Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
cr Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

p 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 labour, Lord,—
Oh give us now repose. Amen.
St. Columba (First Tune).

Evening.

H. S. Irons, b. 1834.

Sundown (Second Tune).

W. Parratt, b. 1841.
Evening.

p THE sun is sinking fast,
    The daylight dies;

f Let love awake, and pay
    Her evening sacrifice.

p As Christ upon the Cross
    His head inclined,
    And to His Father's hands
    His parting soul resigned,

mf So now herself my soul
    Would wholly give
    Into His sacred charge,
    In Whom all spirits live;

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

Save that His will be done,
    Whate'er betide,
    Dead to herself, and dead
    In Him to all beside.

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

One Sacred Trinity!
    One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
    And He for ever mine. Amen.
Salzburg.

Evening.

Eight 7's.

J. Hintze, 1622-1702.

Amen.
Evening.

\textit{mf} THROUGH the changes of the day
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offerings of thanks we pay,
Father, in this evening hour.
Praises to Thy Name belong,
Source and Giver of all good;
While we lift our evening song,
Fill our souls with gratitude.

From the dangers which have frowned,
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet.
All the day that mercy hath
Guarded us from ills untold,
All the day along our path
Scattered blessings manifold.

Spirit, Who hast been our Light
And the Guardian of our way,
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us to another day:
Help us, Father, so to spend
All our moments as they flee,
That, when life and labour end,
We may fall asleep in Thee. Amen.
THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Also the following:

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide—355
All-Holy Sovereign of the sky—64
Before the ending of the day—55
Creator! Who from heaven Thy throne—68
Great Creator, wise and good—62
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer—437
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom—455
Lo! the firmament doth bear—60

O Blest Creator, God Most High—70
O God of truth, O Lord of might—52
O God, Thou art my God alone—489
O Sovereign Lord of Nature's might—66
O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation—53
O Trinity of Blesséd Light—71
Source of light and life divine—58
The roseate hues of early dawn—558
AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

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

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.

Oh wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

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

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."

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.
Close of Service.

Freu dich sehr (First Tune).  8.7.8.7.4.7.  From J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.

St. Thomas (Second Tune).  8.7.8.7.4.7.  Webbe's Collection, 1792.
Close of Service.

May also be sung to "St. Raphael," No. 154.

mf LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
cr Let us each, Thy love possessing,
   Triumph in redeeming grace.
   p Oh refresh us,
   In this dry and barren place.

\[ \text{\textit{f}} \] 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!

p So, whene'er the signal's given
   Us from earth to call away,
cr Borne on Angels' wings to heaven,
   Glad the summons to obey,
   May we ever
   Reign with Christ in endless day. Amen.
Close of Service.

Langdale (First Tune). 8.7.8.7. R. Redhead, 1820–1901.

Sicilian Mariners (Second Tune). 8.7.8.7. Sicilian Melody.

\[\text{\textit{Also the following}:}
\]

Lord, now we part in Thy blest Name—467

(58)
Sunday.


As Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless the new-born earth,
So give us now that Sabbath rest, which makes Thy children free—
Free for the work of love to man, of thankfulness to Thee.
But in Thy worship, Father, Oh lift our souls above,
By holy word, by prayer and hymn, by eucharistic love;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the earth which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up to God.
So lead us on to heaven, where in Thy Presence blest
The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,
Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath no alloy,
And through eternity there flows the deepening stream of joy.

f To Thee, Who giv'st us freedom, our Father and our King;
To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ransomed spirits sing;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven, O Holy Ghost;—to Thee
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal glory be. Amen.

* The slurs are required in Verse 3.

(59)
Sunday.

Angels' Song (Modern Form).  L.M. Adapted from O. Gibbons, 1583-1625.

**LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,**

In this Thy house, on this Thy
Accept, as grateful sacrifice, [day];
The songs which from Thy temple rise.

Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

**f In Thy blest kingdom we shall be**

From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

**mf No rude alarms of raging foes;**

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

**f 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!  Amen.
Day of Rest.

7.6.7.6. D.

J. W. Elliott, b. 1833.

DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

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.

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. Amen.
Sunday.

Die parente temporum (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode I. Solesmes.

Brockham (Second Tune).

L.M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1669-1707.

(62)
GOD, our Father, Thee we praise,
On this Thy day, the First of days,
Great Source of all, Creation's might,
Who call'st earth's darkness into light.

This day Thy Well-Beloved Son
Rose from the dead—His victory won;
This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame.

Oh may our weary hearts this day
Be cheered and blest by love's sweet ray;
That we, through love, may praise aright
The great First Source of life and light.

Father, Who by Thy power benign,
In man Thine Image didst enshrine;
With Thy great love our spirits fill
That heart and hand may do Thy will.

Jesu, with Whom we here would be,
Dead unto sin, entombed with Thee;
By love inflamed may we arise
Each unto Thee a sacrifice.

Spirit Divine, in Whom we live,
To us Thy holy unction give,
Until our hearts shall burn to see
Thy love which binds all love to Thee.

O Great and Holy Three in One,
Father and Spirit with the Son,
Who wrought salvation's mystery,
Knit all our hearts, O God, to Thee. Amen.
Our day of praise is done; The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all!

Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

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 life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But Oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.
SERVANTS of God, awake,
   To hail this sacred day,
   And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

Upon this happy morn
   The Lord of life arose;
   He burst the bands of death,
   And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
   And reaps the fruit of all His love.

All hail, triumphant Lord!
   Heaven with Hosanna rings,
   And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!  Amen.
May also be sung to "Brockham," No. 42.

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

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

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

And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And sweet supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.
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.

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.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain, 
In might victorious rose again:

O Jesu, may we raised be 
From death of sin to life in Thee.

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!

All praise to God the Father be; 
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee, 
Whom with the Spirit we adore 
For ever and for evermore. Amen.
Sunday.

The Day of Praise (First Tune).  S.M.  C. Steggall, b. 1826.

Dominica (Second Tune).  S.M.  H. S. Oakeley, b. 1830.
Sunday.

\[mf\] THIS is the day of Light.
Let there be light to-day.
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

\[p\] This is the day of Rest.
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of Peace.
Thy peace our spirits fill!
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of Prayer.
Let earth to heaven draw near:
\[mf\] Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
\[p\] Come down to meet us here.

This is the First of days!
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen.
Sunday.

I. Smith, d. 1800 (?).

C.M.

mf This is the day the Lord hath made, Hosanna to the Anointed King,
    He calls the hours His own; To David's Holy Son!
    Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
    And praise surround the throne. Salvation from the throne.

mf To-day He rose and left the dead, Hosanna in the highest strains
    And Satan's empire fell; The Church on earth can raise;
    To-day the Saints His triumphs spread, The highest heavens in which He reigns
    And all His wonders tell. Shall give Him nobler praise.

Amen.

Also the following:
First day of days! wherein arrayed—56
Framer of the earth and sky—57
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524
Source of light and life divine—58

(70)
Bristol.

C.M.        Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.

EARLY MORNING.

mf BEHOLD, the shade of night departs,
    And beauteous shines the day;
Then to the Lord with grateful hearts
Let us unite to pray:

p To pray for pardon of the past,
    For grace from sin to cease;
For guidance now, and at the last
For never-ending peace.

mf These blessings grant, O Father, Son,
    And Spirit, God of grace,
f To Whom be praise, blest Three in One,
    In every time and place. Amen.
Jam lucis orto sidere (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VI. Ancient Plain Song.

Lux (Second Tune).

L.M.

E. Edwards, b. 1830.


Now that the daylight fills the sky,
Lift we our hearts to God on high,
That He in all we do or say
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

May He restrain our tongues, lest strife
Break forth to mar the peace of life;
And guard with watchful care our eyes
From earth's absorbing vanities.

Oh may our inmost hearts be pure,
Our thoughts from folly kept secure,
The pride of fleshly sense subdued
By temperate use of drink and food!

So when the daylight leaves the sky,
And night's dark hours once more are nigh,
May we, unsoiled by sinful stain,
Sing glory to our God again.

All praise to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
One God, both now and evermore. Amen
NUNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITUS (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

THIRD HOUR.

COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One
Art with the Father, and the Son;
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess
With Thy full flood of holiness.

Let heart, and lips, and strength, and mind,
Sound forth our witness to mankind;
And love light up our mortal frame,
Till others catch the living flame.

Now to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise and thanks and glory given
By men on earth, by Saints in heaven. Amen.
THIRD HOUR.

\( \text{COME, Holy Ghost, Who ever One} \)
\( \text{Art with the Father, and the Son;} \)
\( \text{Come, Holy Ghost, our souls possess} \)
\( \text{With Thy full flood of holiness.} \)

\( \text{LET heart, and lips, and strength, and mind,} \)
\( \text{Sound forth our witness to mankind;} \)
\( \text{And love light up our mortal frame,} \)
\( \text{Till others catch the living flame.} \)

\( \text{NOW to the Father, to the Son,} \)
\( \text{And to the Spirit, Three in One,} \)
\( \text{Be praise and thanks and glory given} \)
\( \text{By men on earth, by Saints in heaven. Amen.} \)
SIXTH HOUR.

mf O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Sending the early morning ray,
Lighting the glow of perfect day;

Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And while Thou keepst the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.
SIXTH HOUR.

mf O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
Who orderest time and change aright,
Sending the early morning ray,
Lighting the glow of perfect day;

Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire:
And while Thou keepst the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Eirene.

11.10.11.10.

F. R. HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

A-men.
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;

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.

Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy Co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored. Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Christe, Qui Lux es et Dies (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode II. Sarum.

Leonburg (Second Tune).
L.M.
German.

(80)
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

EVENING.

mf 0 CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day,
    Who shed'st through night Thy searching ray,
    Who very Light of Light art known,
    And heaven's own Light to earth hast shown,

All-holy Lord, to Thee we bend,
Thy servants through this night defend;
Oh grant us, Lord, in Thee to rest,
Our night with quiet slumbers blest.

Let but the eyes light slumber take,
The heart to Thee be aye awake,
Be Thy right hand upheld above
Thy servants resting in Thy love.

Our Sun and Shield, behold from high,
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;
Thy servants guard and guide for good,
The purchase of Thy precious Blood.

Be mindful of us, Lord, we pray,
Whilst in this mortal flesh we stay;
Thou only canst the soul defend,
Be present with us to the end. Amen.
LATE EVENING.

mf BEFORE the ending of the day,
    Creator of the world, we pray
That Thou with wonted love wouldst keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

Our souls from evil dreamings keep
Through all the unguarded hours of sleep;
Our ghostly foe do Thou prevent,
And let our rest be innocent.

or Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!
Hear Thou our praises, while we sing,
Adoring with the heavenly Host
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

(82)
LATE EVENING.

mf BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That Thou with wonted love wouldst keep
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

Our souls from evil dreamings keep
Through all the unguarded hours of sleep;
Our ghostly foe do Thou prevent,
And let our rest be innocent.

cr Hear Thou our prayer, Almighty King!
Hear Thou our praises, while we sing,
f Adoring with the heavenly Host
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Hymns for the Week.

Sunday.

Primo dies omnium (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode IV. Sarum.

Church Triumphant (Second Tune).  L.M.  J. W. Elliott, b. 1833.
MORNING.

FIRST day of days! wherein, arrayed
In light and beauty, earth was made;
And life to give us from the dead
Victorious our Creator sped!

Let us with joyful hearts arise,
And, chasing slumber from our eyes,
Right early seek the Lord of grace,
As erst the Prophet sought His face;

That He may hearken to our prayer,
Stretch forth His arm with kindly care,
And every past offence forgiven,
Restore us to our home in heaven;

And as on this His sacred day
We here our thankful homage pay
Of praise and prayer, each peaceful hour
May o'er us ample blessings shower.

Father of majesty and light!
Put every evil thought to flight;
From deeds unholy and impure
Our frames, Thy workmanship, secure;

That, from all carnal bondage free,
And made for ever pure, to Thee
We may in adoration raise,
Our hope, perpetual songs of praise.

Glory to God the Father be!
Like glory, Only Son, to Thee;
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite. Amen.
FRAMER of the earth and sky,
Ruler of the day and night,
At Thy word the shadows fly,
Morn returns, and all is bright.

Through the midnight hours forlorn,
Thou, the Lord of light, art near;
Taught by Thee, the bird of morn
Tells that day will soon appear.

Tossed upon the stormy tide,
Seamen hail the morning's ray;
He who thrice his Lord denied
Found repentance with the day.

Let us then our hearts arouse,
Morning calls us to awake,
Bids us haste to pay our vows,
And our meek confessions make.

Jesu, Master, when we fall
Turn on us Thy healing face;
With that look our souls recall
Unto penitential grace.

Sin's destructions, Lord, repair,
In our darkened bosoms shine:
Thine the early morning prayer,
Morning hymns of glory Thine.

Glory to the Father be,
Equal glory to the Son;
With the Spirit, One and Three,
While eternal ages run. Amen.
SOURCE of light and life divine,
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst give Thy sunbeams birth
O'er the new created earth.

Shade of eve and morning ray
Took from Thee the name of day;
Now the shades of night are nigh,
Listen to our suppliant cry.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to Thee,
Now and through Eternity. Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Monday.

Splendor paternæ gloriae (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode I. Sarum.

L.M.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;

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

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

So gladly let us pass the day,
With meekness for its morning ray,
Our faith like noontide shining bright,
Our souls undimmed by shades of night.

Dawn's glory gilds the earth and skies;
Rise on us, Heavenly Glory, rise;
O Father in Thy Son made known,
Son, sharer of Thy Father's throne! Amen.
EVENING.

mf

L O! the firmament doth bear
Floods of water high in air,
Whence each day the dew and rain
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Soon to mount to heaven again:

Emblem of the grace in store
In God's Presence evermore,
That on lowly hearts and true
Falling like the silent dew
To its Fountain mounts anew.

Day by day, then, be it ours,
Lord, to drink those holy showers;
That within our souls may lie
Wells of water never dry,
Springing up to heaven most high.

Thou Who dost the Spirit give,
Fount of life, by which we live:
Biding in His peaceful ways
Bear we all our earthly days
Fruit of love and holy praise.

Thou Who tookest flesh and blood,
That our eyes might look on God:
To Thy Name all glory be,
In the Blessed Trinity,
Now and to eternity. Amen.
May also be sung to "Daybreak," No. 63, or "Pendrea," No. 65.

(92)
MORNING.

$f$ As the bird, whose clarion gay
Sounds before the dawn is grey, Christ, Who brings the spirit's day,
Calls us, close at hand:
"Wake!" He cries, "and for My sake,
From your eyes dull slumber shake!
Sober, righteous, chaste, awake!
At the door I stand!"

$mf$ Lord, to Thee we lift on high
Fervent prayer and bitter cry:
Hearts aroused to pray and sigh
May not slumber more:
Break the sleep of Death and Time,
Forged by Adam's ancient crime;
And the light of Eden's prime
To the world restore!

$p$ Now before Thy throne, while we
Ask, upon our bended knee,
That this blessing granted be,
And Thy grace implore;
$cr$ Unto God the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
One in Three, be glory done,
$f$ Now and evermore. Amen.
EVENING.

mf GREAT Creator, wise and good, p Father, with Thy freshening grace
At Whose voice the waters fled, Bathe the wounded spirit's sore;
And the earth in beauty stood, Till our tears the past efface,
Rising from the ocean's bed: And we fall from Thee no more.

At Whose voice the fruitful earth Till we learn the narrow road,
Robed herself in fairest dress, Shun the world's polluted breath,
Golden flowers received their birth, cr Joy in nothing but our God,
Grateful herbage, man to bless. f Triumph o'er the power of death.

mf Father, to our prayer give ear,
Hear us, O Co-equal Son,
Hear us, Blessed Comforter;
May also be sung to "Enmore," No. 61, or "Pendrea," No. 65.

MORNING.

DAY is breaking, dawn is bright:
Hence, vain shadows of the night!
Mists that dim our mortal sight,
Christ is come! Depart!

Darkness routed lifts her wings,
As the radiance upwards springs:
Through the world of wakened things
Life and colour dart.

Singing even in our woe,
With pure hearts to Thee we go:
On our senses shine!
In Thy beams be purged away
All that leads our thoughts astray!
Through our spirits, King of day,
Pour Thy light divine!

Now before Thy throne, while we
Ask, upon our bended knee,
That this blessing granted be,
And Thy grace implore;

Unto God the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
One in Three, be glory done,

Now and evermore. Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Cæli Deus Sanctissime (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode II. Sarum.

L.M.

Angels' Song (Modern Form) (Second Tune). Adapted from O. Gibbons, 1583-1625.
EVENING.

mf ALL-Holy Sovereign of the sky,
    Whose voice this day enthroned on high
Those orbs that shine so bright and fair,
And Thy Almighty power declare;

By Thy appointment to divide
The morning from the evening tide;
With influence sweet the earth to cheer,
And bless with grateful change the year.

Shine on our hearts, Thou better Day,
And inward darkness chase away;
Let evil flee before Thy smile,
And sin no more our souls defile.

Such blessings, Lord, our prayers implore,
This evening, and for evermore;
Hear us, O Father, hear, O Son,
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Thursday.

Pendrea.

7.7.7.5. D.

M. J. Monk, b. 1858.

May also be sung to "Enmore," No. 61, or "Daybreak," No. 63.

(98)
MORNING.

mf SEE the golden sun arise!
    Let no more our darkened eyes
Snare us, tangled by surprise
    In the maze of sin!
From false words and thoughts impure
Let this Light, serene and sure,
Keep our lips without secure,
    Keep our souls within.

So may we the day-time spend,
That, till life's temptations end,
Tongue, nor hand, nor eye offend!
    One, above us all,
Views in His revealing ray
All we do, and think, and say,
Watching us from break of day
    Till the twilight fall.

p Now before Thy throne, while we
Ask, upon our bended knee,
That this blessing granted be,
    And Thy grace implore;

cr Unto God the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
One in Three, be glory done,

f Now and evermore. Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Magnæ Deus potentæ (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode II. Ancient Plain Song.

St. Gregory (Second Tune).

L.M.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.
EVENING.

SOVEREIGN Lord of Nature's might,
Who badst the water's birth divide;
Part in the heavens to take their flight,
And part in ocean's deep to hide;

These low obscured, on airy wing
Exalted those, that either race,
Though from one element they spring,
Might serve Thee in a different place;

Grant, Lord, that we Thy servants all,
Saved by Thy tide of cleansing blood,
No more 'neath sin's dominion fall,
Nor fear the thought of death's dark flood!

Thy varied love each spirit bless,
The humble cheer, the high control;
Check in each heart its proud excess,
But raise the meek and contrite soul!

This boon, O Father, we entreat;
This blessing grant, Eternal Son;
And Holy Ghost, the Paraclete;
Both now, and while the ages run. Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Friday.

ÆTERNA cœLI GLORIA (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

MODE VI. SOLESMES.

BRESLAU (Second Tune).
L.M. CLAUDER'S Psalmodia nova, 1630.


**MORNING.**

*mf* O CHRIST, Whose glory fills the heaven,
    Our only Hope, in mercy given;
Child of a Virgin meek and pure;
Son of the Highest evermore:

Grant us Thine aid Thy praise to sing,
    As opening days new duties bring;
That with the light our life may be
Renewed and sanctified by Thee.

*p* The morning star fades from the sky,
*cr* The sun breaks forth; night's shadows fly:
*f* O Thou, true Light, upon us shine:
    Our darkness turn to light divine.

*p* Within us grant Thy light to dwell;
    And from our souls dark sins expel;
Cleanse Thou our minds from stain of ill,
    And with Thy peace our bosoms fill.

*mf* To us strong faith for ever give,
    With joyous hope, in Thee to live;
That life's rough way may ever be
    Made strong and pure by charity.

*f* All laud to God, the Father, be:
    All laud, Eternal Son, to Thee:
All laud, as is for ever meet,
    To God, the Holy Paraclete. Amen.
Plasmator hominis Deus (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Soldau (Second Tune).

L.M. Pentecost Hymn of 13th Century.
EVENING.

CREATOR! Who from heaven Thy throne
Ordainest all things, God alone!
Who badst the earth to being bring
Cattle and beast and creeping thing;

And as, to life called forth by Thee,
Those varied forms began to be,
To man's subjection Thou didst give
All things which on the earth do live;

Do Thou,—when lawless passion sways
Our minds and hearts to evil ways;
And thoughts of ill, unholy seed,
Are ripening into word and deed;—

To us Thy promised blessings give,
Beneath Thy grace grant us to live:
From guilty strife Thy flock release,
Make fast the gentle bands of peace.

These favours, Lord, of Thee we pray,
Thy blessing grant, this closing day;
Sole Sovereign of the heavenly Host,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
Hymns of the Ancient Church.

Saturday.

Suum Deum Clementie (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Milan.

Ludborough (Second Tune).

L.M.

T. R. Matthews, b. 1826.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
MORNING.

mf GREAT God of boundless mercy, hear;
Thou Framer of this earthly sphere:
One in eternity of might,
In Whom the immortal Three unite.

O listen to our thankful lays
Of mingled penitence and praise;
And set our hearts from error free,
More fully to rejoice in Thee.

Our hearts and reins in pity heal,
And with Thy chastening fires anneal;
Gird Thou our loins, each passion quell,
And every worldly lust expel.

f Now as our anthems, upward borne,
Awake the silence of the morn,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace,
From heaven, Thy blissful dwelling-place!

p Most gracious Father, grant our prayer;
Co-equal Only Son, give ear;
cr Who with Thee, Spirit Paraclete,
f Reign throughout ages infinite. Amen.
Deus Creator omnium (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode IV. Sarum.

Wareham (Second Tune).

L.M.
W. Knapp, 1698-1768.
BLEST Creator, God Most High,
Great ruler of the starry sky,
Who, robing day with beauteous light,
Hast clothed in soft repose the night,
That sleep may wearied limbs restore
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the careworn breast
And lull our anxious grief to rest.

We thank Thee for the day that's gone;
We pray Thee, now the night comes on,
Oh help us sinners as we raise
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.

To Thee our hearts their music bring,
To Thee our lips in concord sing:
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

Lord, when the parting beams of day
In evening's shadows fade away,
Let faith no wildering darkness know,
But night with faith's own splendour glow.

God over all, of mighty sway,
Shield us, great Trinity, we pray,
Whom with the Angels we adore,
One God, One Lord, for evermore. Amen.
O Lux beata Trinitas (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Sarum.

O Trinity of Blessed Light,
O Unity of primal Might,
The fiery sun now goes his way;
Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray.

To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;
Oh grant us with Thy Saints on high
To praise Thee through eternity.

Amen.
Stalheim.


Advent.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom draweth nigh;" 
Hear ye the oft-repeated cry? 
Go forth into the midnight dim, 
For blest are they whom He shall find 
With ready heart and watchful mind; 
Go forth, my soul, to Him.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh by;" 
The call is echoed from the sky; 
Go forth, ye servants, watch and wait: 
The slothful cannot join His train, 
No careless one may entrance gain; 
Awake, my soul,—'tis late.

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, 
We cry to Thee with one accord; 
To us Thy pitying mercy show, 
That none may reach the door too late, 
When Thou shalt enter at the gate 
And to Thy kingdom go.

"Behold, the Bridegroom draweth near;" 
The warning falls on every ear, [all; 
The night of dread shall come to 
Then, O my soul, renew thy light, 
And trim thy lamp that it burn bright; 
Soon shall I hear the call.

Amen.
Advent.

Verbūm Supernum prodīens (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode II. transposed. Sarum.

Eisenach (Second Tune).

Advent.

\textit{mf} CELESTIAL Word, to this our earth
\begin{quote}
Sent down from God's eternal clime,
To save mankind by mortal birth
Into a world of change and time;
\end{quote}

Lighten our hearts; vain hopes destroy;
And in Thy love's consuming fire
Fill all the soul with heavenly joy,
And melt the dross of low desire.

\textit{p} So when the Judge of quick and dead
\begin{quote}
Shall bid His awful summons come,
To whelm the guilty soul with dread,
And call the blessed to their home,
\end{quote}

Saved from the whirling, black abyss,
\textit{cr} For evermore to us be given
To share the feast of saintly bliss,
\textit{f} And see the face of God in heaven. Amen.
Advent.

DIES IÆ (First Tune).

Part I., verses 1, 2, 7 and 8. Part II., verses 5 and 6.

To be sung in Unison.

Modes I. & II. Ancient Plain Song.

Part I., verses 3 and 4. Part II., verses 1, 2, 7 and 8.

Part I., verses 5 and 6. Part II., verses 3, 4 and 9.
Advent.

PART I.

1. DAY of wrath! Oh, day of mourning!
See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2. Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

3. Wondrous sound the trumpet ringeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4. Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5. Lo, the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded:

6. When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7. What shall I, frail man, be pleading!
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8. King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

PART II.

1. THINK, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

2. Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

3. Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that Reckoning Day's conclusion!

4. Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

5. Thou the sinful woman savest;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

6. Worthless are my prayers and sighing;
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

7. With Thy favoured sheep, oh! place
Nor among the goats abase me; [me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

8. While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded.

9. Low I kneel, with heart submission,
See, like ashes my contrition;
Help me in my last condition!

For General Ending, see next page.
GENERAL ENDING.

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant him Thine eternal rest! Amen

(116)
Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning! See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,

Heaven and earth in ashes burning! Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,

When from heaven the Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all dependeth!

PART I.

Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning!

See fulfilled the Prophet's warning,

Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,

When from heaven the Judge descendeth,

On Whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,

Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,

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Who for me be interceding,

When the just are mercy needing?

King of majesty tremendous,

Who dost free salvation send us,

Fount of pity, then befriended us!
Advent.

THINK, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

PART II.

THINK, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

GUilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
Thou the sinful woman savest;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing:
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

( 118 )
With Thy fa-voured sheep, oh! place me, Nor a-mong the goats a-base me;

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

Doomed to flames of woe un-bounded, Call me, with Thy Saints sur-round-ed.

Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion, See, like ashes my con-tri-tion:
Advent.

Help me, in my last condition! Ah! that day of tears and mourning!

From the dust of earth returning, Man for judgment must prepare him;

Spare, O God, in mercy spare him! Lord all pitying, Jesus blest,

Grant him Thine eternal rest! Amen.
Advent.

Luther's Hymn.

8.7.8.7.8.7. Klug's Geistliche Lieder, 1535.

mf Great God, what do I see and hear! p But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
The end of things created! Behold His wrath prevailing,
The Judge of mankind doth appear, For they shall rise, and find their tears
On clouds of glory seated! And sighs are unavailing.

f The trumpet sounds; the graves restore The day of grace is past and gone;
The dead which they contained before: Trembling they stand before the throne,

p Prepare, my soul, to meet Him! All unprepared to meet Him.

mf The dead in Christ shall first arise Great God, what do I see and hear!
At the last trumpet's sounding; The end of things created!
Caught up to meet Him in the skies, The Judge of mankind doth appear,
With joy their Lord surrounding, On clouds of glory seated!
No gloomy fears their souls dismay, cr Beneath His Cross I view the day
His Presence sheds eternal day When heaven and earth shall pass away,
On those prepared to meet Him. f And thus prepare to meet Him.

Amen.

(121)
HARK, an awful voice is sounding: \( mf \) Lo! the Lamb so long expected
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise:
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

\( f \) Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Co-eternal Spirit,
While eternal ages run. \( \text{Amen.} \)
Advent.

Bristol. C.M. Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.

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

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

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

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

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovéd Name. Amen.
Advent.

8.7.8.7.4.7.
T. Olivers, 1675, and M. Madan, 1726-1790.

Helmsley (First Tune).

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
O! He comes with clouds descending, 
mf Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
God appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.

The dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
Alleluia!

Thou shalt reign and Thou alone.
Amen.
Veni, veni Emmanuel (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode I. Ancient Plain Song.

(126)
O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan’s tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o’er the grave.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai’s height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.
O Sapientia quae ex ore Altissimi prodisti, attingens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter suavi etque disponens omnia, Veni ad docendum nos viam prudentiae.

mf O WISDOM, that with God’s own breath
Didst wake the world to life from death,
And all things still from pole to pole
In calm obedience dost control:
Come, with mild strength our spirits sway,
And guide us on our heavenward way.

O Adonai, et Dux domus Israel, qui Moysi in igne flamme rubi apparuisti, et in Sina legem dedisti, Veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento.

O Prince, Who didst in wrath uprise
To scatter Israel’s enemies,
To Moses gav’st the fiery sign,
And Thine own law to keep us Thine;
See Thy loved Church again a slave;
Again stretch forth Thine arm and save.
Advent.

O Radix Jesse, qui stas in signum populorum, super quem continebunt reges os suum, quem gentes deprecabuntur, Veni ad liberandum nos; jam noli tardare.

O, sprung from Jesse's royal tree,
Thou Rod of power and majesty,
Our glorious ensign, hailed afar,
Daunting proud kings and men of war;
Come quickly, and from East and West
Rally the nations to Thy rest.

O Clavis David, et Sceptrum domus Israel, qui aperis et nemo claudit, claudis et nemo aperit, Veni et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris et umbra mortis.

O Key, that canst unlock the door
Of heaven, and none can shut it more,
O righteous Sceptre, that canst quell
Even our arch-foe, the lord of hell;
Come, rescue him who languisheth
In this dark prison-house of death.

O Oriens Splendor lucis aeternae et Sol justitiae, Veni et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.

O Splendour of the eternal Light,
Spring forth and dawn upon our sight;
Glad Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Disperse our sins and miseries;
Shine, shine on us who draw sad breath
In this dark universe of death.

O Rex gentium et Desideratus earum, Lapisque angularis qui facis utraque unum, Veni, salva hominem quem de limo formasti.

O Thou, to Whom the nations bring
Their heart's desire and hail Thee King;
The world's, the Church's corner-stone;
Who all the peoples hast made one;
Come, save poor man; 'tis Thou Who must;
For Thou didst form him of the dust.

O Emmanuel, Rex et Legifer noster, expectatio gentium et Salvator earum, Veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster.

O Thou, for Whom the nations wait,
Their promised Saviour, tarrying late!
Our King and Lawgiver art Thou;
Be so to them and save them now.
O come, with them and us to dwell,
Our King, our God, Emmanuel.
Advent.

JORDANIS ORAS PREVIA (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode IV. Sarum.

WINCHESTER NEW (Second Tune).
Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690.

(130)
Advent.

\( f \) On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh!
Awake and hearken; for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

\( mf \) Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest!
Yea! let us each our heart prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
\( dim \) Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

\( mf \) Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

\( f \) To Him Who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given:
Like praise be to the Father done,
The Lord of Might.

Advent.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

A. Page, b. 1846.

May also be sung to "Luther's Hymn," No. 75.

* This pause to be observed in the last verse only.

(132)
Advent.

The Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder:

Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

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

For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;

With trumpet-sound, and Angel-song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

Also the following:

A few more years shall roll—353
Christian, seek not yet repose—376
Come, Lord, and tarry not—381
Father of all, in Whom alone—341
Father of mercies, in Thy word—397
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424
Hosanna to the living Lord!—428
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping—326
Lord of mercy and of might—468
Lord, Thy word abideth—472
Love Divine, all loves excelling—474
O Saviour! is Thy promise fled?—506
Oh! quickly come, dread Judge of all—521
The world is very evil—561
Thou Judge of quick and dead—573
Thy kingdom come, O God—578
Ye servants of the Lord—608
Christmas.

Feniton Court (First Tune). 8.7.8.7.4.7. E. J. Hopkins, 1818-1901.

Angeli (Second Tune). 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. Horsley, 1774-1858.
ANGELS, from the realms of glory, Sages, leave your contemplations,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Brighter visions beam afar;
Ye who sang creation's story Seek the great Desire of nations,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth. Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship; Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King! Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Shepherds, in the field abiding, Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching o'er your flock by night, Waiting long in hope and fear,
God with man is now residing, Suddenly the Lord, descending,
Yonder shines the Infant Light. In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship; Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King! Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King! Amen.
CHRISTIANS, awake! Salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin’s Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the Angelic herald’s voice, “Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour’s birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.”

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

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessed Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

Like Mary let us ponder in our mind
God’s wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, Who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man’s first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the Angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphant song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven’s Almighty King. Amen.
FROM East to West, from shore to shore,
Let earth awake and sing
The holy Child Whom Mary bore,
The Christ, the Lord, the King!

He shrank not from the oxen's stall,
Nor scorned the manger-bed;
And He, Whose bounty feedeth all,
At Mary's breast was fed.

To shepherds poor the Lord Most High,
Great Shepherd, was revealed;
While Angel-choirs sang joyously
Above the midnight field.

All glory be to God above;
And on the earth be peace
To all who long to taste His love,
Till Time itself shall cease. Amen.
Christmas.

Eden.

6.6.6.6.

O. M. Feilden, b. 1837.

GOD from on high hath heard!

Let sighs and sorrows cease;
The skies unfold, and lo!
Descends the gift of Peace!

Hark! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell;
The Hosts of heaven proclaim
"God comes on earth to dwell!"

Haste with the shepherds; see
The mystery of Grace:
A manger-bed, a Child,
Is all the eye can trace.

Is this indeed the Christ?
Is this the Eternal Son?
Who, ere the worlds began,
Was with the Father One?

Yes, Faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds His glory now,
And hails Him Lord and God,
To Whom all creatures bow.

Faith sees the sapphire throne
Where Angels evermore
Adoring tremble still,
And trembling still adore.

Though silent, Thou dost speak
And bid us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

Fill us with holy love,
Heal Thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide. Amen.
HARK! hear ye not the Angel-song
   The hills of Bethlehem among?
To you this day, the Incarnate Word,
   To you, the Everlasting Lord,
To you on earth, this happy morn,
   To you the Prince of Peace is born;
Whilst heaven re-echoes yet again,
   Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men.

Thus Angels sang, and thus sing we,
   To God on high all glory be;
Let Him on earth His peace bestow,
   And unto men His favour show.
Then men and maidens, young and old,
   Come, join the shepherds at the fold,
And singing list, and listening sing
   A carol to our new-born King.
HARK, the herald Angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King.

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!"

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies!  
With the Angelic Host proclaim  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the Incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel!

Hark! the herald Angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!
Christmas.

$f$ 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.

$mf$ Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,

$f$ Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

$f^r$ Hark! the herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King! Amen.

89
St. Magnus.

C.M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1669-1707.

$H$ IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the Angelic throng,
For Angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song:

$mf$ Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;

$f$ Let heaven and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born!

$mf$ Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;

$p$ For, lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes
With grace and truth from heaven.

$mf$ Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;

$f$ Their own immortal strains! Amen.

$p$ When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;

$cr$ And learn of the celestial choir

$H$ IGH let us swell our tuneful notes, and join the Angelic throng, for Angels no such love have known to wake a cheerful song.

$mf$ Justice and grace, with sweet accord, his rising beams adorn; let heaven and earth in concert join, to us a Child is born!

$mf$ Good-will to sinful men is shown, and peace on earth is given; for, lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes with grace and truth from heaven.

$mf$ Glory to God in highest strains, in highest worlds be paid; their own immortal strains! Amen.

$p$ When shall we reach those blissful realms where Christ exalted reigns; and learn of the celestial choir their own immortal strains! Amen.
Christmas.

Noel (First Tune).  
D.C.M.  
Traditional Air.

A little slower.

St. Maria (Second Tune).  
D.C.M.  
Old German Melody.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Christmas.

mf It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:

p Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:—

pp The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

mf Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats

p O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,

cr And ever o'er its Babel sounds
mf The blessèd Angels sing.

mf For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;

cr When peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendours fling,

f And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the Angels sing. Amen.
Christmas.

NOW let our mingling voices rise
   In grateful rapture to the skies,
   And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
   When Jesus from His glory came
   To bless the sons of earth.

He came to bid the weary rest,
   To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
   To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
   And to the world's remotest bound
   The heavenly gift impart.

He came our trembling souls to save
   From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
   And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
   To lead us to a happier clime,
   Where reigns eternal day.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
   The God Whom heaven's triumphant Host
   And Saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
   As now it is, and so shall last
   When time shall be no more. Amen.
Christmas.

Adeste fideles.

Irregular.

J. Reading (?), 1677-1764.
COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels;
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin’s womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above:
“Glory to God
In the highest”;
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord. Amen.
Corde Natus (Old Form).

To be sung in Unison.

Christmas.

Modes V. & VI. Plain Song of 13th Century.
Christmas.

Corde Natus (Modern Form). 8.7.8.7.8.7.7. Plain Song of 13th Century.

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<td>Evermore and evermore!</td>
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O of the Father Sole-begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

He is here, Whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the Prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested
To receive the praise of man
Evermore and evermore!

O that ever-blessèd birthday,
When the Virgin full of grace,
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

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Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing,
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering;
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

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<td>Laud and honour to the Spirit!</td>
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<td>Ever Three and ever One,</td>
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<td>Con-substantial, Co-eternal,</td>
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<td>While unending ages run,</td>
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Amen.
Bethlehem (First Tune).

Christmas.

D.C.M.

Old Carol.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

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

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

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

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

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

Also the following:

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus—383
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424
Once in royal David's city—635
Songs of praise the Angels sang—548
St. Stephen's Day.

Lübeck.

7.7.7.7. Freylinghausen's Gesangbuch, 1704.

\[ J = 92. \]

\[ \text{Amen.} \]
First of Martyrs, thou whose name
Answers to thy crown of fame;
Not of flowers that see decay
Weave we this thy crown to-day.

Like a gem each rugged stone
Sparkling with thy life-blood shone;
Ne'er could stars such lustre shed,
Studded round thy saintly head.

Every bruise upon Thy brow
Glistens with a heavenly glow;
And thy wounded countenance
Brightens to an Angel's glance.

Victim thou art called to be
To the Victim slain for thee:
First to own Thy Lord in death,
Earliest witness to the faith:

First to tread the crimson sea,
Through the pathway marked for thee;
Leading on the Martyr host
To the heavenly Canaan's coast.

Thou, who didst dispense thy store
Daily to the sick and poor,
Now art come a welcome guest
To the Lamb's high marriage-feast.

Glory to the Father be;
Glory, Virgin-born to Thee;
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Praised by men and Angel host. Amen.
St. Stephen's Day.

Lostwithiel.


A-men.
St. Stephen's Day.

H EAD of Thy Church triumphant,
   We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

While in affliction's furnace,
   And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise which knows our days
   And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands exulting
   In Thine Almighty favour:
The love divine, which made us Thine,
   Shall keep us Thine for ever.

Thou dost conduct Thy people
   Through torrents of temptation:
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
   The fire of tribulation;
The world, with sin and Satan,
   In vain our march opposes,
Through Thee we shall break through them all
   And sing the song of Moses.

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 call us up to heaven. Amen.

Also the following:
Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams—187 [Part II.]
The Son of God goes forth to war—230

( 157 )
St. John the Evangelist’s Day.

Wach’ auf, mein Herz.

Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.

L.M.

 mf O GOD! Who gavest Thy servant grace,
Amid the storms of life distrest,
To look on Thine Incarnate face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast:
To see the Light that dimly shone,
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of the Eternal One
Through shadows of Thy mortal veil!

Be ours, O King of Mercy, still
To feel Thy Presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will,
To hear Thy voice, and know Thy love:
And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.

Amen.

May also be sung to “St. Gregory,” No. 119.
St. John the Evangelist’s Day.

Mannheim.

8.7.8.7.8.7. F. Filitz, 1804–1876.

mf WORD Supreme, before creation, He first, hoping and believing,
Born of God eternally, Did beside the grave adore;
Who didst will for our salvation Latest he, the warfare leaving,
To be born on earth, and die; Landed on the eternal shore;
Well Thy Saints have kept their station, And his witness we receiving
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh. Own Thee Lord for evermore.

Now ’tis come, and Faith espies cr Lo! heaven’s doors lift up, revealing
Thee: How Thy judgments earthward
Like an eaglet in the morn, move;
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee, Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
Thy beloved, Thy latest born: Wine-cups from the wrath above;
In Thy glory he descries Thee Yet o’er all a soft voice stealing—
Reigning from the Tree of scorn. “Little children, trust and love!”

f Thee, the Almighty King eternal, f Thee, the Father’s Word supernal,
Father of the eternal Word, Thee, of Both, the Breath adored,
Thee, the Father’s Word supernal, Heaven and earth and realms infernal
Heaven and earth and realms infernal Own, One glorious God and Lord. Amen.
GLORY to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win!

Glory to Thee, O Lord!
For now, all grief unknown,
They wait in patience their reward,
The martyr's heavenly crown.

Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land!

Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright!
Oh, that as free from wilful sin
We shrank not from Thy sight!

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

Amen.
Oh, who are they, so pure and bright,
Before the throne arrayed in white?
They stand serene and calmly fair,
As conscious of high welcome there.

That starry crown around their brow,
It tells their sacred glory now:
Blest virgin-souls, who, faultless, come
From font of grace—or martyrdom.

And in their mouth is found no guile,
Christ's Holy Innocents, whose smile
Shines purer, from their knowing not
Upon their souls sin's conscious blot.

These, these are they, the undefiled,
The child-like Saint—the saint-like child—
Marked with Christ's cross or earth's dark frown,
But wearing there that starry crown.

O help us, Saviour, by Thy grace
Near Thee to win that heavenly place;
Now following where Thy footsteps trod,
Blameless and harmless sons of God. Amen.

Also the following: We are but little children weak—643
The Circumcision.

Battishill.

J. Battishill, 1738-1801.

mf Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name decreed of old;
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

f Jesus! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

f Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth
For the promise that it gave,—
"Jesus shall His people save."

mf Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above!

dim Pleading only this we flee,

p Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

p Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

Also the following:
Conquering kings their titles take—388
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds—429
To the Name that brings Salvation—580

(162)
mf A another year hath fled; renew, p Yet, when our sins we call to mind,
Lord, with our days, Thy love! We cannot fail to grieve;

dim Our days are evil here and few; cr But thou art pitiful and kind,
cr We look to live above: And wilt our prayer receive:

mf We will not grieve, though day by day mf O Jesu, evermore the same,
We pass from earthly joys away; Our hope we rest upon Thy Name:
Our joy abides in Thee. Our hope abides in Thee.

For all the future, Lord, prepare
Our souls with strength divine;
Help us to cast on Thee our care,
And on Thy servants shine:

p Life without Thee is dark and drear,
cr Death is not death if Thou art near;

f Our life abides in Thee. Amen.

(163)
St. Sylvester.

Verses 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6, 7, 8.

Irregular.

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

Verses 5 and 9.

Life pass-eth soon: Death draw-eth near: Keep us, good Lord,

Till Thou appear; With Thee to live, With Thee to die,
New Year's Eve.

PART I.

1. Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2. Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3. Jesu, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, Oh teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;

4. Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

5. Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity!

PART II.

6. As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

7. Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy glorious rest we win.

8. Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

9. Life passeth soon:
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity!

Amen.
FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Constant through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

Lo! our sins on Thee we cast—  
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,—  
And, forgetting all the past,  
Press towards our glorious prize.

Dark the future; (cr) let Thy light  
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;  
Fierce our foes and hard the fight;  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living Way.

Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure;  
Keep us evermore Thine own:  
Help, Oh help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

Amen.
THE tide of time is rolling on,
And now another year is gone:
The end of all things soon will come;
Oh may it bring us to our home.
All things around us fade and die;
All earthly hopes are vanity:
Oh let our restless hearts be stayed
On Him Whose glories never fade.
O Lord of love, let not the past
Rise up against us at the last:
O Shepherd of our souls, be near
To guide us through the coming year.
Keep us from every evil way,
Guard and protect us day by day,
Preserve us from the sinner’s doom,
And save us from the wrath to come.

And when our spirits take their flight,
Grant they may live ’mid Saints in light;
Oh guide them to the realms above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.
To Thee, O Father, Son, to Thee,
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be still while ages last.

Also the following:
A few more years shall roll—353
Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]
O God, our Help in ages past—488
New Year's Day.

Thorngrove (First Tune). 7.5.7.5. D. C. Lee Williams, b. 1853.

\( \text{Org. Ped.} \)
New Year's Day.

\textit{mf}\quad \text{FATHER, let me dedicate}
\begin{align*}
\text{All this year to Thee,} \\
\text{In whatever worldly state} \\
\text{Thou wouldst have me be:} \\
\text{Not from sorrow, pain, or care} \\
\text{Freedom dare I claim;} \\
\text{This alone shall be my prayer,} \\
\text{Glorify Thy Name.}
\end{align*}

\textit{mf}\quad \text{Can a child presume to choose}
\begin{align*}
\text{Where or how to live?} \\
\text{Can a Father's love refuse} \\
\text{All the best to give?} \\
\text{More Thou givest every day} \\
\text{Than the best can claim,} \\
\text{Nor withholdest aught that may} \\
\text{Glorify Thy Name.}
\end{align*}

\textit{mf}\quad \text{If in mercy Thou wilt spare}
\begin{align*}
\text{Joys that yet are mine;} \\
\text{If on life, serene and fair,} \\
\text{Brighter rays may shine;} \\
\text{Let my glad heart, while it sings,} \\
\text{Thee in all proclaim,} \\
\text{And, whate'er the future brings,} \\
\text{Glorify Thy Name.}
\end{align*}

\textit{p}\quad \text{If Thou callest to the Cross,}
\begin{align*}
\text{And its shadow come,} \\
\text{Turning all my gain to loss,} \\
\text{Shrouding heart and home;} \\
\text{Let me think how Thy dear Son} \\
\text{To His glory came,} \\
\text{And in deepest woe pray on,} \\
\text{Glorify Thy Name.” Amen.}
\end{align*}
Father, let me dedicate (Second Tune).

G. A. Macfarren, 1813-1887.

\[ \text{music notation} \]

**Father, let me dedicate**

All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be:
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify Thy Name.

Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

If Thou callest to the Cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy Name." Amen.
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy Presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

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

From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That Saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love
The small notes are for verses 3 and 4.
New Year’s Day.

mf THE old year’s long campaign is o’er:
    Behold a new begun;

p Not yet is closed the holy war,
    Not yet the triumph won.

cr Out of his still and deep repose
    We hear the old year say:

f “Go forth again to meet your foes,
    Ye children of the day!

f “Go forth! firm faith in every heart,
    Bright hope on every helm,
    Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
    And this no fear o’erwhelm.
    Go in the spirit and the might
    Of Him Who led the way;
    Close with the legions of the night,
    Ye children of the day.”

mf So forth we go to meet the strife,
    We will not fear nor fly;
    Love we the holy warrior’s life,

p His death we hope to die.

mf We slumber not, this charge in view,
    “Toil on while toil ye may,

f Then night shall be no night to you,
    Ye children of the day.”

p Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
    Thine own sustain, defend;
    And give, though dim this earthly sun,
    Thy true light to the end;

cr Till morning tread the darkness down,
    And night be swept away,

f And never-ending triumph crown
    The children of the day. Amen.

Also the following:
A few more years shall roll—353
O God, our Help in ages past—488
Thou Judge of quick and dead—573

( 173 )
As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;

So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

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 heavenly King.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;

So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

Holy Jesu! 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.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;

There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King!  Amen.
Bethlehem! of noblest cities
By its radiant beauty guided
None can once with thee compare,
See the Eastern Kings appear;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
Didst for us Incarnate bear.
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Offerings of mystic meaning!—
Was the star that told His birth,
Incense doth the God disclose;
To the lands their God announcing,
Gold a royal Child proclaimeth,
Hid beneath a form of earth.  
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu! in Thy brightness
Gold a future tomb foreshows.
To the Gentile world displayed!
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid. Amen.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

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

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

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

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid! Amen.
Epiphany.

Tallis's Ordinal.  C.M.  T. Tallis, 1520-1585.

mf

IN stature grows the heavenly Child
With death before His eyes:
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse,
And He Who set the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor:
And He Who made the heaven abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

He before Whom the Angels stand,
At Whose behest they fly,
Now yields Himself to man's command
And lays His glory by.

For this Thy lowliness revealed
We, Jesu, Thee adore
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore. Amen.
NOT by Thy mighty hand,                     And Thou wilt come again,
Thy wondrous works alone,                    To reap what Thou hast sown,
But by the marvels of Thy word              The Sower and the Reaper Thou,
Thy glory, Christ, is known.                The Gatherer of Thine own.

Forth from the eternal gates,                Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field
Thine everlasting home,                      With Thine unsleeping eye:
To sow the seed of truth below,              The children of the kingdom keep
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.                To Thy Epiphany:

And still from age to age                    So, when in Thy great day
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been               The tares shall severed be,
The bearer forth of goodly seed,             May we be gathered in Thy barn
The Sower still unseen.                      With all Thy Saints to Thee. Amen.
O THOU Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

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

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

O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the heavenly Host. Amen.
SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered Nature right.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!

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

There behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign!
God in mercy leaves the sky!
Shout, ye sons of God, on high! Amen.
Epiphany.

Dundee.

C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.

\( \text{J} = 80. \)

A-men.
The people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove,
And break the tyrant’s rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The Everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesu, reign in us we pray,
And make us Thine alone,
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One. Amen.
Epiphany.

Que Stella sole pulchrior (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode III. Solesmes.

Gödel (Second Tune).

L.M.

J. H. Schein, 1586-1630.

(184)
Epiphany.

mf WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
More beauteous than the noonday light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

See now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And Eastern Sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

The guiding star above is bright;
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with power benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

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

p O Jesu, while the star of grace
Now leads us on to seek Thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use.

f All glory, Jesu, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany,
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

Also the following:

At even, when the sun did set—12 [3rd S.] Jesu, the very thought of Thee—446 [Part I.]
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies—3 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun—452
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus—383 O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord—485 [1st S.]
Fierce raged the tempest—399 O Hand of bounty, largely spread—490
From all that dwell below the skies—405 O Love, how deep! how broad!—502
God of mercy, God of grace—417 The strain upraise of joy and praise—560
Hail to the Lord's Anointed—424

( 185 )
Before Septuagesima.

Alleluia, dulce carmen (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode IV. Ancient Plain Song.

A-men.
Before Septuagesima.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

ALLELUIA, dulce carmen (Second Tune).  
Webbe's Collection, 1791.

May also be sung to “Oriel,” No. 136.

\( f \)  
ALLELUIA! Song of sweetness!  
Voice of joy that cannot die!  
Alleluia is the anthem  
Heard among the choirs on high;  
Singing in God’s blissful mansion  
Day and night eternally.

Alleluia! Joyful Mother,  
True Jerusalem and free,  
Alleluia, now triumphant,  
All thy children sing in thee:

\( p \)  
But by Babylon’s sad waters  
Mourning exiles still are we.

\( p \)  
Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia our transgressions  
Make us for awhile forego;  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

\( mf \)  
Trinity of endless glory,  
Hear Thy people as they cry:

\( cr \)  
Grant us all to keep Thy Easter  
In our home beyond the sky,

\( f \)  
There to Thee our Alleluia  
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

Also the following:
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise—544

(187)
Septuagesima.

Te lēta mundi Conditor (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Milan.

St. Gregory (Second Tune).

L.M.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

May also be sung to "St. Vincent," No. 140.

(188)
mf CREATOR of the world! to Thee
   An endless rest of joy belongs;
   And heavenly choirs are ever free
   To sing on high their festal songs.

p But we are fallen creatures here,
   Where pain and sorrow daily come;
   And how can we, in exile drear,
   Sing out, as they, sweet songs of home?

O Father! Who dost promise still,
   That they who mourn shall blessed be;
   Grant us to mourn for deeds of ill,
   That banish us so long from Thee:

cr But, weeping, grant us faith to rest
   In hope upon Thy loving care;
  f Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
   Their songs of praise in heaven to share. Amen.

Also the following:

Fight the good fight with all thy might—401
Let us with a gladsome mind—303
The spacious firmament on high—559
There is a book, who runs may read—565
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth—589
ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast Like seed into the ground: Now let the dew of heaven descend And righteous fruits abound.

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

Let not the world's deceitful cares The rising plant destroy; But let it yield a hundredfold The fruits of peace and joy.

Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent To raise us to Thy throne, Return to Thee, and sadly tell That we reject Thy Son.

mf Oft as the precious seed is sown, Thy quickening grace bestow; That all whose souls the truth receive Its saving power may know. Amen.

Also the following:
Praise to the Holiest in the height—534 The Sower went forth sowing—307
GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost, Taught by Thee, we covet most Of Thy gifts at Pentecost Holy, heavenly love.

Faith, that mountains could remove, Tongues of earth or heaven above, Knowledge—all things—empty prove Without heavenly love.

Though I as a martyr bleed, Give my goods the poor to feed, All is vain, if love I need; Therefore, give me love.

Love is kind, and suffers long; Love is meek, and thinks no wrong; Love than death itself more strong; Therefore, give us love.

Prophecy will fade away, Melting in the light of day; Love will ever with us stay; Therefore, give us love,

Faith will vanish into sight; Hope be emptied in delight; Love in heaven will shine more bright; Therefore, give us love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see Joining hand in hand agree; But the greatest of the three, And the best, is Love. Amen.

Also the following:
Great Mover of all hearts—421
Lord of mercy and of might—468

(191)
ONCE more the solemn season calls
A holy fast to keep;
And now within the temple walls
Let priest and people weep.

But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.

In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away,
And stay the uplifted rod.

O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruised reed;
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, to Thee we bow;
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.
A burdened heart that bleeds and bears
And hopes and waits in pain,
And faints beneath its fears and cares,
Yet hopes again:

Wilt Thou accept the heart I bring,
O gracious Lord and kind,
To ease it of a torturing sting,
And staunch and bind?

Alas! if Thou wilt none of this
None else have I to give:
Look Thou upon it as it is,
Accept, relieve.

Or if Thou wilt not yet relieve,
Be not extreme to sift:
Accept a faltering will to give,
Itself Thy gift. Amen.
p Farewell.

FAR from Thy heavenly care,
Lord, I have gone astray;
And all the wealth Thou gav’st to me,
Have cast away.

Now from a broken heart,
In penitence sincere,
I lift my prayer to Thee, O Lord,
In mercy hear.

And in Thy blest abode
Give me a servant’s place,
That I, a son, may learn to own
A Father’s grace. Amen.
P A T H E R, again in Jesus’ Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet:
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

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

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

Oh, by that Name, in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh, by that Love, which every love excels,
Oh, by that Blood, so freely shed for sin,
Open sweet mercy’s gate, and let us in! Amen.
Lent.

Heinlein.

7.7.7.7.

Nuremberg Gesangbuch, 1677.

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(196)
Lent.

mf Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted still, yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

v Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

Then if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit shall assail,
f Thou, his vanquisher before,
Wilt not suffer us to fail.

mf So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall Angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, oh! keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
+f That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.
Lent.

Battishill.

7.7.7.7. J. Battishill, 1738-1801.

GIVER of the perfect gift!
Only Hope of human race!
Hear the prayer our hearts uplift
Trembling at Thy throne of grace.

Who can save us, Lord, but Thou?
Let Thy mercy show Thy power;
Lo, we plead Thy promise now,
Now, in this the accepted hour.

Though the accusing voice within
Speaks of many a wrong to Thee,
Thou canst cleanse from every sin,
Thou canst set the conscience free.

Oh! may these our Lenten days,
Blest by Thee, with Thee be passed,
That with purer, nobler praise
We may keep Thy feast at last.

God the Holy Trinity,
Grant the mercy we implore:
God the One, all praise to Thee
Through the ages evermore! Amen.
HAVEN mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.
Ecce tempus idoneum (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

St. Ambrose (Second Tune).

L.M.

Old Melody.

A-men.
Lent.

mf LO! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the Lord.

For He the Merciful and True
Hath spared His people hitherto;
Not willing that the soul should die,
Though great its past iniquity.

p Then let us all with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above;

mf That He may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the Angel band
For ever in the heavenly land.

Blest Three in One and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.
Lent.

Rosehill (First Tune).
7.7.7.
A. Phillips, b. 1844.

St. Philip (Second Tune).
7.7.7.
W. H. Monk, 1823-1889.

p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die.
By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Lest we never see Thy face. Amen.

For
Now the thirty years accomplished—see 136 [Part II.]

(202)
Lent.

C.M.

Archdeacon Prys's Book of Psalms, 1621.

LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
Oh! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

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?

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell:
What we have done and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.

Mercy! O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum!
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
Oh let Thy mercy come! Amen.
Lent.

Audi, benigne Conditor (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

MERCIFUL Creator, hear!
To us in pity bow Thine ear:
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
In this our fast of forty days,

Each heart is manifest to Thee;
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Repentant now we seek Thy face;
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.
Lent.

Our sins are manifold and sore,  
Grant us to mortify each sense,  
But spare Thou them who sin deplore;  
By means of outward abstinence;  
And for Thine own Name’s sake make  
That free from every stain of sin  
The fainting and the weary soul.  
The soul may keep her fast within.

Blest Three in One and One in Three,  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.  
Almighty God, we pray to Thee  
Amen.

That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless  
Out of the deep I call  
Our  fast with fruits of righteousness. Amen.

To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;  
Out of the deep of fear,  
Before Thy throne of grace I fall;  
And dread of coming shame  
Be merciful to me.  
From morning watch till night is near  
Out of the deep I cry,  
I plead the precious Name.

The woeful deep of sin,  
Lord, there is mercy now,  
Of evil done in days gone by,  
As ever was, with Thee;  
Of evil now within.  
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,  
Be merciful to me. Amen.
Lent.

Brecknock. Six 8's. S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876.

May also be sung to the "Old 112th," No. 259.
Lent.

*SWEET Saviour! in Thy pitying grace
Thy sweetness to our souls impart;
Thou Friend and Lover of our race,
Give healing to the wounded heart;
Oh hear Thy contrite servants’ cry,
And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

Long-suffering Jesu! hear our prayer
Who weep before Thee in our shame;
We have no hope but Thee; Oh spare,
Lord, spare us from the undying flame;
Oh hear Thy contrite servants’ cry,
And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

All we have broken Thy command;
Lord, help us for Thy mercies’ sake;
Deliver us from Satan’s hand,
And safely to Thy Kingdom take;
Oh hear Thy contrite servants’ cry,
And save us, Jesu! lest we die.

We flee for refuge to Thy love,
Salvation of the helpless soul;
Pour down Thy radiance from above,
And make these sin-worn spirits whole;
Good Lord, in mercy hear our cry,
And save us, Jesu! lest we die. Amen.

Also the following:

A few more years shall roll—353
Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat—362
Art thou weary, art thou languid—363
Father of all, to Thee—394
Heal us, Emmanuel, hear our prayer—426
In the hour of trial—435
Jesu, Lover of my soul—440
Just as I am, without one plea—454
Lord Jesu, think on me—466
Lord of mercy and of might—468
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne—473
My God and Father, while I stray—475
O Jesu, Thou art standing—494
O King of earth and air and sea—495.

O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows—509
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight—511
Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need—519
Rock of ages, cleft for me—539
Saviour! when in dust to Thee—541
Saviour, Who exalted high—542
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin—590
Weep not for Him Who onward bears—143
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend—593
When gathering clouds around I view—595
When our heads are bowed with woe—597
When wounded sore the stricken soul—600

(207)
Lent.
Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode I. Sarum.

Bavaria (Second Tune).
L.M.
German.

A-men.
\textit{mf} \quad \textit{A BROAD the regal Banners fly,}
\quad \text{Now shines the Cross's mystery}
\quad \text{Upon it Life did death endure,}
\quad \text{And yet by death did life procure.}

Pierced by a spear, to cleanse our hearts,
His side a sacred Stream imparts;
Which issues in a double flood—
A Stream of Water and of Blood.

That which the Prophet-King of old
Hath in mysterious verse foretold
Is now accomplished, whilst we see
That God is reigning from the Tree.

Blest Tree, most sacred and divine,
Which dost in royal purple shine;
Supporting an Incarnate God,
And rendered holy by thy load.

Blest Tree, whose happy branches bore
The wealth that did the world restore,
The Balance which the Price did weigh
That spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

Blest Trinity, life's Source and Spring!
May every soul Thy praises sing:
Let those obtain a Crown in heaven
To whom the Cross hath conquest given. Amen.
Pange lingua (First Tune).

Mode III. Mechlin.

Oriel (Second Tune).

Anon.
**PART I.**

\( f \) Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the last, the dread affray;
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,
Sound the high triumphal lay,
How, the pains of death enduring,
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

\( p \) He, our Maker, deeply grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit forbidden
Whose reward was death and hell,
Marked e'en then this Tree the ruin
Of the first tree to dispel.

\( mf \) Therefore, when at length the fulness
Of the appointed time was come,
He was sent, the world's Creator,
From the Father's heavenly home,
And was found in human fashion,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

**PART II.**

\( mf \) Now the thirty years accomplished
Which on earth He willed to see,
Born for this, He meets His Passion,
Gives Himself an Offering free:
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
There the Sacrifice to be.

\( f \) Faithful Cross, above all other
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweet thy wood by man is reckoned
For the weight that hung on thee.

\( mf \) Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race for ever
Might a port of refuge gain,
With the sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

**Doxology to be sung at the end of each Part.**

\( f \) Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While eternal ages run. Amen.
St. Theodulph.

All glory, praise, and honour To Thee, Redeemer, King;

To Whom the lips of children Made sweet Hosannas ring.

D. C.
Holy Week.

Sunday before Easter.

ALL glory, praise, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King;
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and blessed One!
All glory, etc.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, etc.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They raised their hymns of praise,
To Thee in glory reigning
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring;
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.
Holy Week.

Winchester New (First Tune).  L.M.  Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690.


(214)
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! Ride on in majesty!
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O'er the approaching Sacrifice!

The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice!

Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh,
The Father on His sapphire-throne
Expects His own Anointed Son.

Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain!
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign! Amen.

Also the following:
Hosanna to the living Lord!—429
mf All ye who seek a comfort sure
   In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
  Or guilt the soul oppress:

p Jesus, Who gave Himself for you
   Upon the Cross to die,

CR Opens to you His sacred heart;

dim Oh, to that heart draw nigh!

mf Ye hear how kindly He invites;
   Ye hear His words so blest;
"All ye that labour, come to Me,
   And I will give you rest."

What meeker than the Saviour's
   As on the Cross He lay,[heart?—
It did His murderers forgive,
   And for their pardon pray.

f O heart! Thou Joy of Saints on high,
   Thou Hope of sinners here,

mf Attracted by those loving words
   To Thee I lift my prayer.

Wash Thou my wounds in that dear
   Blood
Which forth from Thee doth flow;

New grace, new hope inspire; a new
   And better heart bestow. Amen.
Hymns on the Passion.

St. Vincent.                         L.M.                                 J. Úglow.

May also be sung to "St. Gregory," No. 119.

p LORD Jesu, when we stand afar  Embracing in Thy wondrous love
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,    The sinful world that lies below;—
In love of Thee and scorn of self,  Give us an ever-living faith
Oh, may we count the world as loss!  To gaze beyond the things we see;

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  And in the mystery of Thy Death
And the rough way that Thou hast    Draw us and all men unto Thee.
Make us to hate the load of sin    [trod,
That lay so heavy on our God.
Hymns on the Passion.

Passion Chorale.

H. L. Hassler, 1564-1612.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.

(218)
O SACRED head! sore wounded,
      With grief and shame weighed down;
O Kingly head! surrounded
      With thorns, Thine only crown;
Once reigning in the highest
      In light and majesty,
Here mocked and scorned, Thou diest,—
And here I worship Thee.

Thy grief and bitter Passion
      Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine—mine was the transgression,
      But Thine the cruel pain:
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour,
      Turn not from me Thy face,
But look on me with favour,
      Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language can I borrow
      To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
      Thy love that hath no end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever!
      Oh! may I faithful be!
And let me never—never
      Outlive my love to Thee!

Be near when I am dying;
      Oh! show Thy Cross to me;
Lord, on Thy help relying,
      Come Thou, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
      From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing
      Dies safely in Thy love.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner’s dying Friend.

Rest we here, for ever viewing
Mercy’s streams in streams of Blood;
Precious drops, our souls bedewing;
Plead and claim our peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie,
While we see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
Till we taste Thy whole salvation
And unveiled Thy glory see.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee—
For the grief that wrought our peace—
Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.

Unto Thee, the world’s salvation,
Father, Spirit, unto Thee,
Low we bow in adoration,
Ever-blessed One and Three.

(220)
Weep not for Him Who onward bears
His Cross to Calvary;
He does not ask man's pitying tears,
Who wills for man to die.

The awful sorrow of His face,
The bowing of His frame,
Come not from torture or disgrace;
He fears not Cross or shame.

There is a deeper pang of grief,
An agony unknown,
In which His Love finds no relief;
He bears it all alone.

Oh! may I in Thy sorrow share,
And mourn that sins of mine
Should ever wound with grief or care
That loving wound of Thine. Amen.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

The following are suitable:
Now, my tongue, the mystery telling—257
O Thou, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray—260
The heavenly Word proceeding forth—262

H. Purcell, 1658–1695.
Hymns on the Passion.

Good Friday.

Ecce Homo.

Voices in Unison

J. V. Watts, b. 1822, and H. S. Irons, b. 1834.

Ten 7's.

In Harmony.

Org. Ped.
"Bound upon the accursed Tree,"
Faint and bleeding, who is He?

By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

"Bound upon the accursed Tree,"
Dread and awful, who is He?

By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By Earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder Saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

"Bound upon the accursed Tree,"
Sad and dying, who is He?

By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless Body, laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

"Bound upon the accursed Tree,"
Dread and awful, who is He!

By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoilt and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the Saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
Amen.
May also be sung to "St. Philip," No. 130.

p JESU, Lord, enthroned on high,
Willing once for us to die,
At Thy Cross we humbly lie.

Jesu, Lord, betrayed and tried,
By Thine own at last denied,
Scorned of men and crucified:

By Thy soul in anguish torn
With the insult and the scorn,
Mocking robe and crown of thorn:

By Thy tears of grief which fell;
By Thy woes which none may tell;
By Thy strife with death and hell:

By Thy sad and lonely cry
Through the gloom that veiled the sky
Ere Thou willed Thyself to die:

By Thy dying sad and lone;
By Thy Cross and victory won,
Finished work and battle done:

Dying, Lord, that we might live,
Willing now Thy grace to give,
Hear us, Jesu, and forgive.

Lord of glory, Jesu blest,
Hope of weary souls oppressed,
Grant us Thine eternal rest.

Amen.
THOU, the Eternal Son of God, Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-
The Lamb for sinners slain, To-day are laid aside; [robes
We worship Thee, Whose head is And human sorrows, Son of Man,
In agony and pain. [bowed Thy Godhead seem to hide.

None tread with Thee Thine awful p The Cross is sharp, but in Thy woe
Thou sufferest alone; [path; This is the lightest part;
Thine is the perfect Sacrifice Our sin it is which pierces Thee,
Which only can atone. And breaks Thy sacred heart.

Who love Thee most, at Thy dear Cross
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make Thou that Cross our only hope,
O Jesu Crucified! Amen.
Hymns on the Passion.

St. Cross (First Tune).

L.M.

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

(226)
**Good Friday.**

*Babylon's Streams* (Second Tune). L.M. T. Campion, d. 1619.

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Oh, come and mourn with me awhile;} \]
\[ \text{Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;} \]
\[ \text{Oh, come, together let us mourn;} \]
\[ \text{pp} \quad \text{Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Have we no tears to shed for Him,} \]
\[ \text{While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?} \]
\[ \text{Ah, look how patiently, He hangs!} \]
\[ \text{pp} \quad \text{Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!} \]

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Seven times He spake—seven words of love;} \]
\[ \text{And all three hours His silence cried} \]
\[ \text{For mercy on the souls of men;} \]
\[ \text{pp} \quad \text{Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{A broken heart, a fount of tears,} \]
\[ \text{Ask, and they will not be denied;} \]
\[ \text{A broken heart love's cradle is;} \]
\[ \text{pp} \quad \text{Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Oh, Love of God! Oh, sin of man!} \]
\[ \text{In this dread act your strength is tried;} \]
\[ \text{f} \quad \text{And victory remains with love,} \]
\[ \text{pp} \quad \text{For He, our Love, is crucified! Amen.} \]

(227)
Hymns on the Passion.

DULCOT.

7.7.7.7. Basil Johnson, b. 1861.

\[ \text{May also be sung to "Redhead, No. 47," No. 597.} \]

\textbf{mf} See the destined day arise! See, a willing Sacrifice, To redeem our fatal loss, Jesus hangs upon the Cross!

Jesu, who but Thou had borne, Lifted on that Tree of scorn, Every pang and bitter throe, Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain, Steeped in gall, the cup of pain, And with tender Body bear Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

Thence poured forth the Water flowed, Mingled from Thy side with Blood; Sign to all attesting eyes Of the finished Sacrifice.

\textbf{p} Holy Jesu, grant us grace In that Sacrifice to place

\textbf{cr} All our trust for life renewed,

\textbf{f} Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.

(228)
Good Friday.
Hymns on the Seven Words.

Saxony.
L.M.
Old German Chorale.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

To whom but Thee, O God of grace,
Shall laden souls for mercy seek?
Oh turn not Thou away Thy face,
But pardon to the contrite speak.

We have no worthiness to bring,
No plea but this—that Christ has died,
And to His Cross alone we cling,
Sheltered by Jesus crucified.

Send from the Cross our pardon true,
That voice which bids us hope and live—
"Father, they know not what they do,
Father, Thy sinful sons forgive."

So, cleansed and pardoned, we will raise
Our everlasting songs to Thee;
And Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
One God to all eternity.
Hymns on the Passion.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

Kensington.

10.10.10.10. Archbishop Maclagan, b. 1826.

A - men.
"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me;
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears;
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

Hark! through the gloom the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

Remember me, but not my shame or sin:
Thy cleansing Blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious Death for me did pardon win;
Thy Blood redeemed me in that awful day.

Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, "To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me." Amen.
Hymns on the Passion.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

Stabat Mater (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode IV. Mechlin.
**Good Friday.**

**Hymns on the Seven Words.**

**Stabat Mater (Second Tune).**

8.8.7. D.  
Traditional.

Harmonies partly after S. Webbe, 1740-1816.

**Stabat Mater**

By the Cross, sad vigil keeping,

Stood the Mother, doleful, weeping,

Where her Son extended hung; [ing,

For her soul, of joy bereaved,

Smit with anguish, deeply grieved,

Lc! the piercing sword had wrung.

Oh how sad and sore distressed

Now was she, that Mother blessed

Of the Sole-Begotten One!

Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,

Mother meek, the bitter passion

Saw she of her glorious Son.

Who on Christ's fond Mother looking, or

Such extreme affliction brooking,

Born of woman, would not weep?

Who on Christ's fond Mother thinking,

With her Son in sorrow sinking,

Would not share her sorrow deep?

For His people's sins rejected,

She beheld Him, unprotected, [rent:

Torn with thorns, with scourges

Saw her Son from judgment taken,

Her beloved in death forsaken,

Till His spirit forth He sent.

With Thy Mother's deep devotion,

Make me feel her strong emotion,

Fount of love, Redeemer kind!

That my heart fresh ardour proving,

Thee, my God and Saviour, loving,

May with Thee acceptance find.

Amen.
Hymns on the Passion.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

Gethsemane.

Six 7's.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

mf THRONED upon the awful Tree,

King of grief, I watch with

Thee;

cr Thou, the Father's Only Son,

Thou, His own Anointed One,

Thou dost ask Him—(p)can it be?—

"Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

mf Hark that cry that peals aloud

Upward through the whelming cloud!

Upward through the whelming cloud!

mf

Darkly o'er my sinful soul,

Thou, Who once wast thus bereft

That Thine own might ne'er be left,

Teach me by that bitter cry

In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

Amen.

Lord, should fear and anguish roll

Darkly o'er my sinful soul,

Thou, Who once wast thus bereft

That Thine own might ne'er be left,

Teach me by that bitter cry

Amen.

Hark that cry that peals aloud

Upward through the whelming cloud!

Hark that cry that peals aloud

Upward through the whelming cloud!

Amen.
**Good Friday.**

**Hymns on the Seven Words.**

**Erskine.**


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**"I thirst."**

*mf* HIS are the thousand sparkling rills,
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills:

*p* And yet He saith, "I thirst."

*mf* All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,

*p* Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the Cross.

*mf* But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine,
That thirsted for the souls of men:

Dear Lord! and one was mine.

*p* O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,

*cr* That thirst, were all for me. Amen.
Good Friday.

Hymnus on the Seven Words.

"It is finished."

\textit{f} HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
\textit{p} "It is finished,"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

\textit{mf} "It is finished." Oh what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
\textit{cr} Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
\textit{p} "It is finished,"
\textit{mf} Saints, the dying words record.

\textit{f} Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law,
Finished all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe.
\textit{p} "It is finished,"
\textit{mf} Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

\textit{f} Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel’s Name.
\textit{cr} All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
\textit{ff} Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! Amen.
Hymns on the Passion.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

Woodlynn.

11.10.11.10.

J. Stainer, 1840-1901.

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(238)
Good Friday.

Hymns on the Seven Words.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.

\[p\] A ND now, beloved Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
\[mf\] Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

\[pp\] Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night
Oh breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish
\[cr\] At that dread eventide let there be ligh

\[p\] To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
\[cr\] And then, Oh! then, \((p)\) Thine everlasting rest. Amen.
Hymns on the Passion.

Litany of the Seven Words.

Litany (First Tune).

7.7.7.6.  Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

(240)

PART I.

\( p \) JESU, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
Oh! may we who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

\( p \) JESU, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
Oh! remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
PART III.

Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil—
Satisfy Thy loving will:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters woe flow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VI.

Save us in our soul’s distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VII.

May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.
**PART I.**

$p$ **JESU**, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! may we who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Oh! remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

**PART III.**

$p$ **JESU**, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
May we all Thy loved ones be,  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May we thirst Thy love to know;  
Lead us in our sin and woe  
Where the healing waters flow:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART IV.

p JESU, whelmed in fears unknown,  
With our evil left alone,  
While no light from heaven is shown:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When we vainly seem to pray,  
And our hope seems far away,  
In the darkness be our stay:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Though no Father seem to hear,  
Though no light our spirits cheer,  
Tell our faith that God is near:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART V.

p JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,  
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,  
Thirsting more our love to gain:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thirst for us in mercy still;  
All Thy holy work fulfil—  
Satisfy Thy loving will:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VI.

p JESU—all our ransom paid,  
All Thy Father's will obeyed—  
By Thy sufferings perfect made:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Save us in our soul's distress,  
Be our help to cheer and bless,  
While we grow in holiness:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Brighten all our heavenward way,  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VII.

p JESU—all Thy labour vast,  
All Thy woe and conflict past—  
Yielding up Thy soul at last:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

When the death-shades round us lower,  
Guard us from the tempter's power,  
Keep us in that trial hour:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

May Thy life and death supply  
Grace to live and grace to die,  
Grace to reach the home on high:  
Hear us, Holy Jesu. Amen.

The following are also suitable for Passion-tide:

Behold the Lamb of God:—370
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus—423
Lord Jesu, when we stand afar—140
O sacred head! sore wounded—141
O Thou, before the world began—259
O Thou, the Eternal Son of God—146
Rock of ages, cleft for me—539
Saviour, Who exalted high—542
We sing the praise of Him Who died—558
When wounded sore the stricken soul—600

(243)
It is finished! Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
Teaching us the sons of Adam
How the Son of God can die.

Lifeless lies the piercèd Body,
Resting in its rocky bed,
Thou hast left the Cross of anguish
For the mansions of the dead.

In the hidden realm of darkness
Shines a light unseen before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the lowly door.

Lo! in spirit, rich in mercy
Comes He from the world above,
Preaching to the souls in prison
Tidings of His dying love.

Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near;
All amazed they come rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.

Patriarch and Priest and Prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the piercèd hands.

There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber by His side,
Reaping now the blessèd promise
Spoken by the Crucified.

Jesus, Lord of our salvation,
Let Thy mercy rest on me;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee. Amen.
Easter Eve.

Houghton. Six 7's. S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876.

SABBATH of the Saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold,
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest!
Resting from His work the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word.

Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

All that Sabbath long, I ween,
Mournful watched the Magdalene;
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

Lord, with Thee, till life shall end,
We would solemn vigil spend;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till our Lord appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep
They who 'neath the Altar sleep;
Resting from their labours past,
Waiting for the trumpet's blast;
When, the new creation done,
Endless joys shall be begun.

Jesu, keep us safe from sin;
With them let us enter in,
Dangers past and toil at end,
And to those blest joys ascend;
There in flesh our God to see,
And adore eternally. Amen.

(245)
Easter.

Lacrymæ.

7.7.7.


(by permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Weeping as they go their way
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd Tree.

All is over—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for the night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

Glory to the Lord, Who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save. Amen.
Easter.

Salzburg.

Eight 7's.

J. Hintze, 1622-1702.

A-men.

(248)
Easter.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side.
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast;
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest!

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 was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie,
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy—
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be! Amen.
Resurrexit.

8.7.8.7. 7.5.7.5. 8.7.8.7. Arthur Sullivan, 1842–1900.
Easter.

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**Easter.**

Würtemberg. 7.7.7.7., with Alleluia. J. Rosenmüller, 1610–1686.

*mf* He Who slumbered in the grave,
*mf* Now He bids us tell abroad

*mf* He Who gave for us His life,
*mf* Now He who may be restored,

*mf* He Who bore all pain and loss
*mf* Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, Angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He Who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.

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

He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,

 Alleluia! Amen.

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

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

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.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

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.

King of Glory, soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love. Amen.
COME, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear Angelic watchers say—
"He lives, Who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave:

Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring:

What though the Saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:

O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust. Amen.
COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,—
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus’ Resurrection!

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb’s dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Salve, festa Dies!

10.10., with Refrain. James Baden Powell, b. 1842.

Andante maestoso, ma con spirito.

Cantors (unaccompanied).

Hail! Festal Day, to endless ages known, When

Christ, ... o'er death victorious, gained His throne.

Chorus in Harmony (accompanied) after each verse.

Hail! Festal Day, ... to endless ages known, ... When

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Easter.

Christ, . . . o'er death victorious, gained . . . His throne.

Cantors.

2. Now, with the Lord . . . of new and heavenly birth,
7. Cast . . . off the grave-clothes; let them there remain:

His gifts return . . . to grace the springing earth.
Come forth to us, . . . our All, our only gain.

Repeat Chorus,
"Hail, &c."

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Easter.

3. He reigns supreme, Who died the death of shame; And
8. Creator, Fount of Life, Thou know'st the grave: And
11. The shades of death are pierced, his laws undone, And

all created things adore His Name. thence returning Thou art strong to save. trembling chaos flees the rising sun. Last Chorus.

(258)
Easter.

third . . morn bright-ens; rise, and come a-way.
day . . that died with Thee, to-day re-store.

CHORUS IN HARMONY (accompanied) AFTER EACH VERSE.

Hail! Fest-tal Day! . . to end-less a-ges known, . . When

Christ, . . o'er death vic-to-rious, gained . . His throne.
Cantors.

Easter.

5. No mould ring tomb shall
6. Who hold est all things
10. A count less people,

hold Thee in repose: No stone the
in Thy hollowed hand, No rock y
from death's fetters free, Own Thee Re

Ransom of the world en close.
barrier can before Thee stand.
deremer, join and follow Thee.

Verse 11 under 8.
Easter.

Last Chorus.

Hail! Festal Day, . . . to endless ages

known, . . . When Christ, . . . o'er death victorious,

 gained . . . His throne.  

Tromba or Tuba.
Easter.


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

(262)
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!

Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal, on the holy Easter morn.
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,
We with Christ to life eternal by His Resurrection rise.

Christ is risen, Christ the First-fruits of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen! (p) Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy face,
So that we, with hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be,
And by Angel-hands be gathered, and be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to God on high!
To the Father, and the Saviour, Who has gained the victory!
Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of Love and Sanctity!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Triune Majesty! Amen.
Easter.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

A. L. Peace, b. 1844.

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Easter.

HE is risen, He is risen,
Tell it with a joyful voice,
He has burst His three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice;
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ has conquered hell to-day.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All His woes are over now,
And the Passion that He bore;
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy hymning
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray
Breaking o'er the purple east;
Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen;
He hath ope'd the eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state.
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream. Amen.
Easter.

Jesu, Redemptor sæculi (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Sarum.

ELY (Second Tune).
L.M. Bishop Turton, 1780-1864.
FOR THE EVENING.

mf Jesus, the world's redeeming Lord,
The Father's Co-eternal Word,
Of Light invisible true Light,
Thine Israel's Keeper day and night;

Our great Creator and our Guide,
Who times and seasons dost divide,
Refresh at night with quiet rest
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed:

That while in this frail house of clay
A little longer here we stay,
Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep,
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

We pray Thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;
Nor let his wiles victorious be
O'er them that are redeemed by Thee.

O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

f All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.
Easter.

170

Easter Hymn. 7.7.7.7., with Alleluias. Lyra Davidica, 1708.

\[ \text{Musical notation image} \]

(238)
Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!

Who did once upon the Cross
Alleluia!

Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!

Unto Christ our heavenly King;
Alleluia!

Who endured the Cross and grave,
Alleluia!

Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured
Alleluia!

Our salvation have procured;
Alleluia!

Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!

Where the Angels ever sing
Alleluia!

A - men.
Easter.

7.8.7.8., with Alleluia.

St. Albinus.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1876.

Al-le- lu - ia! A-men.
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death, appal us!
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

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

Jesus lives! (p) For us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

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

Jesus lives! To Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.
Aurora lucis rutilat (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Church Triumphant (Second Tune).  L.M.
J. W. Elliott, b. 1833.

Easter.
Easter.

f NOW dawning glows the Day of days;
   All heaven resounds with songs of praise!
   From earth loud shouts of triumph rise,
   And hell despoiled with groans replies.

f For He, the mighty King of day,
   Hath crushed proud Death's unlawful sway,
   And, marching through his dark domain,
   Broken the weary prisoners' chain.

mf Fierce soldiers o'er His tomb kept guard;
   A mighty stone the entrance barred;
   f But, bursting from His prison, He rose
   Triumphant o'er His baffled foes.

f Loosed are the pains of hell this hour;
   Death over life hath lost his power:
   "The Lord is risen," the Angel said,
   "Why seek the living 'mid the dead?"

p Thou gracious King and Lord of day,
   Dwell Thou within our hearts, we pray;
cr So from Thine own shall grateful praise
   f Rise to Thy throne through all our days. Amen.
O Filii et Filiae (Old Form).
To be sung in Unison.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

D.C.

O Filii et Filiae (Modern Form). 8.8.8., with Alleluias.
To be sung in Unison.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

* To be sung before the first and after the last verse.

(274)
SONS and daughters, let us sing! When Thomas first the tidings heard,
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia!

That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia!

No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried
Alleluia!

That night the Apostles met in
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here."
Alleluia!

How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

On this most holy Day of days
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia!
On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song!

Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

Oh! the beauty, oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day!
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away!

On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, mother, children, brethren,
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
To Thy Cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast.

Amen.
Easter.

The Foe Behind.

Voices in Unison.

1. The foe behind, the deep before, Our hosts have dared and passed the sea, And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore, And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.
Voices in Harmony.

Easter.

2. Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoices now! The Lord hath triumphed gloriously! The Lord shall reign victorious!

3. Happy morrow, turning sorrow into peace and mirth! Bondage ending, Love descending over the earth!
Easter.

4. Seals as sur-ing, Guards se-cur-ing, Watch His earth-ly prison...

Seals are shattered, Guards are scattered. Christ hath risen!

Voices in Unison.

5. No long-er must the mournersweep, Nor call de-part-ed... Christians dead; For

Death is hallowed in-to sleep, And ev-ry grave be-comes a bed.
6. Now once more Eden’s door opened stands to
   mor-tal eyes: For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!

7. Now at last, Old things past, .. Hope, and joy, and
   peace be-gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win.
Easter.

8. It is not exile, rest on high, It

is not sadness, peace from strife: To fall asleep is

not to die: To dwell with Christ is better life.

[For verses 9 and 10, see next page.]
9. Where our banner leads us We may safely go: Where our Chief precedes us,

We may face the foe. 10. His right arm is o'er us, He our Guide will be:

Christ hath gone before us, Christians, follow ye! Amen.

(282)
Easter.

8.8.8., with Alleluias. From Palestrina, 1515?-1594.

**Victory.**

*Alleluia!* (cr) *Alleluia!* (f) *Alleluia!*

---

f **Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!**

f THE strife is o'er, the battle done:

The victory of Life is won:
The song of triumph has begun,—

Alleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!

Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their p Lord, by the stripes which wounded worst,

But Christ their legions hath dispersed;

From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,

Let shout of holy joy outburst,—

f That we may live and sing to Thee

Alleluia!

Alleluia! Amen.

(283)
"Welcome, Happy Morning."

Easter.

Five 11's.

Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.
Easter.

f "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;
   Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!
   Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
   Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
   "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,
   All good gifts returned with her returning King:
   Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
   Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

f Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

mf 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.

f "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf 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.

f Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

p Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
   Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;

mf Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
   'Tis Thine own third Morning! Rise, O buried Lord!

f "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

mf Loose the souls long imprisoned, 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!

f Hell to-day is vanquished! heaven is won to-day! Amen.
Easter.

St. Fulbert. C.M. H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1876.

Ye choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy;

How Judah's Lion burst His chains,
And crushed the serpent's head,
And brought with Him from death's
The long imprisoned dead. [domains

From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way,
Where He hath gone before.

Triumphant in His glory now,
His sceptre ruleth all;
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him bow,
And at His footstool fall.

While joyful thus His praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

Through times unknown to earthly
O Father, praise to Thee, [thought,
To Him Who our deliverance wrought,
And to the Spirit be. Amen.

Also the following:
All hail the power of Jesus' Name—356
Awake, and sing the song—366
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem—386
Light's abode, celestial Salem—459
The King of love my Shepherd is—556

(286)
Rogation Days.

St. Hugh.  C.M.  E. J. Hopkins, 1818-1901.

mf Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

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.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.
O THRONED, O Crowned with all renown,
Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn
Unspent, their watches hold;
The hosts that turn, and still return,
Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.

Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given;
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth, with timely birth,
May yield her fruits again;

The powers of earth, for all her ills,
An endless treasure yield;
The precious things of ancient hills,
Forest, and fruitful field. [wealth,
Thine is the health, and Thine the
That in our halls abound;
And Thine the beauty and the joy
With which the years are crowned.

That we may feed Thy poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy Angels’ sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own.
For so our sires in olden time
Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood, nor hewn stone,
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

And as, when ebbed the Flood, ours sires
Kneed on the mountain sod;
While o’er the new-world’s altar-fires
Shone out the Bow of God;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
Word that shall aye avail;
"Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seed-time nor harvest fail;"

For there, to give the second birth
In mysteries and signs,
The face of Christ o’er all the earth
On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
Thy earthly houses be,
In how great grace shall we Thy face
In Thine own palace see! Amen.
1. God is gone up with a merry noise Of Saints that sing on high,

2. Now empty are the courts of death, And crushed thy sting, despair;

3. And He hath tamed the strength of hell, And dragged him thro' the sky,
Ascension.

And roses bloom in the desert tomb, For Jesus hath been there!
And captive behind His chariot wheel He hath bound captivity!

\[f\] GOD is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on high,
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!

\[f\] Now empty are the courts of death,
And crushed thy sting, despair;
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,
For Jesus hath been there!

\[f\] And He hath tamed the strength of hell,
And dragged him through the sky,
And captive behind His chariot wheel
He hath bound captivity!

\[f\] God is gone up with a merry noise
Of Saints that sing on high;
With His own right hand and His holy arm
He hath won the victory!
Ascension.

Salve, festa Dies! (No. 5.) 10.10., with Refrain. James Baden Powell, b. 1842.

Maestoso.

CANTORS (unaccompanied).

Hail! Festal Day! to endless ages known,

When God ascended to His starry throne.

CHORUS AFTER EACH VERSE.

Hail! Festal Day! to endless ages known.

ORGAN.

(202)
Ascension.

When God ascended to His starry throne.

Cantors.

2. Now with the Lord, of new and heavenly birth, His gifts return to grace the springing earth.

Cantors.

3. Now glows the year with painted flowers' arm... Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.

(293)
Ascension.

-ray, And warmer light unbars the gates of day.

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.

Cantors.

4. Now Christ, from gloomy hell, comes triumphing, And
5. The reign of death o'erthrown, He mounts on high, Sent
8. Creator and Redeemer! Christ our Light! The
9. Co-equal, Co-eternal, Thou to Whom The

field and grove with flower and leafage spring.
forth with joyous praise from sea and sky. Ver. 6, p. 295.
One Begotten of the Father's Might;
kingdom of the world decreed shall come. Ver. 10, p. 295.

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.

(294)
7. A countless people from Death's fetters free,

Own Thee Redeemer, join and follow Thee.

Repeat Chorus, "Hail!" &c.

6. Loose now the captives, loose the prison door, The

10. Thou, looking on our race in darkness laid, To
Ascension.

fall - en, from the deep, to light re - store. Ver. 7, res - cue man, true Man Thy - self wast made. p. 295.

Chorus.

Hail! Festal Day! to end - less a - ges known.

When God as - cended to His star - ry. throne.

rall.

(296)
HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies!
Christ awhile to mortals given
Re-ascends His native heaven.

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

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See He lifts His hands above!
See He shows the prints of love;
Hark! the gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

Still for us He intercedes;
His prevailing Death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

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

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee. Amen.
Ascension.

St. Patrick.

Eight 7's.

Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Ascension.

mf

HE is gone—A cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven, where eye of men
Follows not, nor Angel’s ken;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the Holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—Towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll:
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe’er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate’er we need.

He is gone—But we once more
Shall behold Him as before;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—But not in vain,
Wait until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find:
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

Holy Ghost, Illuminator—see 187   [Part II.]
Ascension.

Tiverton.  
C.M.  
F. J. Grigg, d. 1768.

$\text{\textcopyright 300}$
Ascension.

f Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
    Unfold to entertain
    The King of Glory; see, He comes
    With His celestial train!

mf Who is the King of Glory? Who?
    The Lord for strength renowned;
    In battle mighty, o'er His foes
    Eternal Victor crowned.

ff Lift up your heads, ye gates! unfold
    In state to entertain
    The King of Glory; see, He comes
    With all His shining train!

mf Who is the King of Glory? Who?
    The Lord of Hosts renowned;
    Of glory, He alone is King,
    Who is with glory crowned.

ff To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
    Immortal glory be,
    Who was, and is, and shall be still
    To all eternity. Amen.
Ascension.

Opus peregisti tuum (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode IV. Sarum.

Ilsley (Second Tune).
L.M.
J. Bishop, 1665-1735.
Ascension.

mf O Saviour, Who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
While myriads in their bright array
Attend Thee homeward on Thy way.

The gates of heaven obey the call,
And open to the Lord of all;
His throne receives the Eternal Son,
Both God and Man for ever one.

Our great High Priest and Shepherd, Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious Blood
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign. Amen.
Ascension.

PART I.

\( f \) SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?
\( f \) Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory!
\( p \) He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,
\( f \) He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

\( mf \) While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends.
\( mf \) He who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

\( mf \) Now our heavenly Aaron enters with His Blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place:
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

\( f \) Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels; Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

PART II.

\( mf \) HOLY Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His Martyr army, succouring His faithful band;
See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,
\( f \) See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

\( p \) Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;
\( cr \) That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,
\( f \) Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

\( f \) So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King,
\( cr \) Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there. Amen.
Ascension.

Rex Gloræ (Second Tune).

8.7.8.7. D.

H. Smart, 1813-1879.

A-men.
Ascension.

PART I.

f See the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

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f Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory!
p He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,
f He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

mf 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,
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

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Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;
Now he plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place:
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

f Thou hast raised our human nature on the clouds to God’s right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels; Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own. Amen.

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Where the Son of Man in glory standing is at God’s right hand,
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See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,
f See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

p Lift us up from earth to heaven, give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;

cr That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with Christ our Lord may dwell,
f Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

f So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly King,
cr Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there. Amen.
Ascension.

THOU art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;

But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour

At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

Also the following:

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!—356
Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!—360
Christ, above all glory seated—374
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem—386
Crown Him with many crowns—389 and 390
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus—423

Jesu, our Hope, our heart's Desire—443
O Christ, Who hast prepared a place—480
Rejoice, the Lord is King!—537
The head that once was crowned with thorns—
Where high the heavenly temple stands—601
Veni Creator Spiritus (First Form).

Mode VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

Verse 9.

A-men.
COME, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One.
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! Amen.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire.
Come, Holy Ghost! our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art, Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart. Praise to Thy eternal merit,

Anoint and cheer our soiled face With the abundance of Thy grace. Keep far our foes, give peace at home, Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Thy blessed unction from above Is comfort, life, and fire of love. Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee, of Both, to be but One.

Enable, with perpetual light, Enable, with perpetual light, That, through the ages all a long,
The dulness of our blinded sight. This may be our endless song:

Praise to Thy eternal merit, Praise to Thy eternal merit, That, through the ages all a long,

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

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

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.
Glæsen.

Six 8's.

Adapted.

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A - men.
CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete to Thee. Amen.
Whitsuntide.

Salve, festa Dies! No. 4. 10.10., with Refrain. James Baden Powell, b. 1842.

Andante.

Cantors (unaccompanied).

Hail! Festal Day! thro' ev'ry age divine, When God's fair grace from heav'n on earth did shine; Hail! Festal Day divine.

Chorus after each Verse.

Hail! Festal Day! thro' ev'ry age divine, When

Small notes for Organ only.
God's fair grace from heav'n on earth did shine; Hail! Festal Day divine.

CANTORS.

2. Lo! God the Spirit to th'Apostles' hearts This
5. Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Holy Fount of Light! Life

ORGAN.
Whitsuntide.

Chorus.

Day in form of fire - Giver! Fire of radiance ever bright. Hail, &c.

Cantors.

3. Forth from the Father bearing mystic powers,
6. Thou Good all good containing, Peace divine!
8. Some foretaste grant us of Thy secret things,

On human hearts new strength He richly showers. Hail, &c.
Fill with Thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine. Hail, &c.
The overshadowing of Cherub-wings. Hail, &c.
Whitsuntide.

Cantors.

4. Now cease they not, to all on earth who dwell, God's
7. Who fill - est all things, earth, and sky, and sea, Cleanse
9. To love di - vine our lips and heart in - spire By

Chorus.

wonderous works in di - vers tongues to tell. Hail, &c.
Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee. Hail, &c.
fly - ing Se - raph touched with al - tar - fire.

Chorus after last Verse.

Hail! Fest - tal Day! thro' ev '-ry age di - vine, When

Small notes for Organ only.
Whitsuntide.

God's fair grace from heav'n on earth did shine; Hail!

Trumpet.

Festal Day divine. Org.

Tpt.

fff rall.
Joy! because the circling year
Brings our day of blessings here;
Day when first the Light divine
On the Church began to shine!

Like to quivering tongues of flame
Unto each the Spirit came;
Tongues, that earth might hear their call;
Fire, that love might burn in all.

So the wondrous works of God
Wondrously were spread abroad;
Every tribe’s familiar tone
Made the glorious marvel known.

Hardened scoffers vainly jeered;
Listening strangers heard and feared;
Knew the Prophet’s word fulfilled;
Owned the work which God had willed.

Still Thy Spirit’s fulness, Lord,
On Thy waiting Church be poured!
Once Thou on Thy Saints didst shower
Mighty signs and words of power;

Humbler things we ask Thee now,
Gifts from heaven to men below;
Grant our burdened hearts release,
Grant Thine own abiding peace.

Amen.
O KING, enthroned on high,
Thou Comforter Divine,
Blest Spirit of all Truth, be nigh
And make us Thine.

Thou art the Source of life,
Thou art our Treasure-store;
Give us Thy peace, and end our strife
For evermore.

Descend, O heavenly Dove,
Abide with us alway;
And in the fulness of Thy love
Cleanse us, we pray. Amen.
SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters’ darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty Wind,
The brooding of the gentle Dove;—

Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine:—

Nor let us quench Thy Sevenfold Light:
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls—and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost the Comforter! Amen.
Whitsuntide.

Pentecost.  L.M.  W. Boyd, b. 1847.

![Musical notation]

p SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  mf In every clime, in every tongue,
Oh! shed Thine influence from  Be God's eternal praises sung:
above;  Through all the listening earth be taught
And still from age to age convey  The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
The wonders of this sacred day.

p Unfailing Comfort! Heavenly Guide!
Over Thy favoured Church preside;
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.  Amen.

(324)
WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when He came the second time, So, when the Spirit of our God
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

Also the following:

Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One—51
Come to our poor nature's night—384
Gracious Spirit, Life Divine—418
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine—419

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light!—427
O Love so strong, O Power so sweet—503
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed—527

(325)
Trinity Sunday.

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! Lord God Almighty!} \]
\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;} \]
\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Holy, HOLY, HOLY! Merciful and Mighty!} \]
\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!} \]

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Holy, HOLY, HOLY! All the Saints adore Thee,} \]
\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;} \]
\[ \text{} \quad \text{Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,} \]
\[ \text{} \quad \text{Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.} \]

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Holy, HOLY, HOLY! Though the darkness hide Thee,} \]
\[ \text{} \quad \text{Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,} \]
\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee} \]
\[ \text{} \quad \text{Perfect in power, in love, and purity.} \]

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Holy, HOLY, HOLY! Lord God Almighty!} \]
\[ \text{f} \quad \text{All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea.} \]
\[ \text{p} \quad \text{Holy, HOLY, HOLY! Merciful and Mighty!} \]
\[ \text{f} \quad \text{God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.} \]
Trinity Sunday.

Ave colenda Trinitas (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Sarum.

Chesterton (Second Tune).

L.M.

G. F. Cobb, b. 1838.
Trinity Sunday.

mf ALL hail, Adorèd Trinity;
    All hail, Eternal Unity;
O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever One.

Behold to Thee, this festal day,
We utter forth a thankful lay,
For all Thy gifts of priceless worth,
The saving health of all the earth.

f Three Persons praise we evermore,
    One only God our hearts adore;
mf In Thy sure mercy ever kind
    May we our true protection find.

p O Trinity! O Unity!
    Be present as we worship Thee;
cr And with the songs that Angels sing
    Unite the hymns of praise we bring. Amen.
Trinity Sunday.

Redhead, No. 46. 8.7.8.7.  R. Redhead, 1820-1901.

Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cerubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,"—singing, [High."
"Lord of Hosts, The Lord Most

With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

Also the following:

Father of heaven, Whose love profound—395
O King of kings, before Whose throne—496
The strain upraise of joy and praise—560
Thou, Whose Almighty word—574
Three in One, and One in Three—575

(330)
Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me;"

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kin-
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

p Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
cr Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.
We have not seen, we cannot see,
The happy land above,
From sin and death and suffering free,
Where all is peace and love;

We only see the path so long
By which we have to go;
We only feel the foe so strong
Who seeks to work us woe.

We have not seen, we cannot see
The Cross our Master bore,
With all its pains, that man might be
The devil's slave no more.

We only think it hard to part
With every pleasant sin,
And give to God a perfect heart,
And make Him Lord within.

We walk by faith, and not by sight;
And, blessed Saint, like thee,
We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,
Because we cannot see.

Upon the promise we would lean
Thy doubting heart received;
Blessèd are they that have not seen,
And that have yet believed. Amen.
Conversion of St. Paul.

L.M.

Harmonized by Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

O CHRIST, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy sheltering care
To find their blest redemption there.

O Lord, give sight unto the blind,
And join us all in heart and mind;
Oh gather the dispersed to Thee;
The wavering, Lord, from doubt set free.

Those who in error wander wide,
Let Thy bright beams of mercy guide;
Whom sin hath bruised and wounded, heal:
To all the hope of glory seal.

So they who sing Thy praise above,
With us shall join in bonds of love;
And Thee for all Thy grace adore
On earth,—in heaven,—for evermore.
Saints' Days

Missionary

7.6.7.6. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872
Conversion of St. Paul.

f WE sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats of hate:
The ravening wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day!

mf O Glory most excelling
That smote across His path!
O Light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
O Voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
O Love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!

O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ,
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy.

p Lord teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power.
cr Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen Saint can find! Amen.
BLEST are the pure in heart,
   For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
   Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, Who left the heavens
   Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
   Their pattern and their King:

Still to the lowly soul
   He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
   Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek;
   May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
   A temple meet for Thee. Amen.
The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

8.7.8.7.8.7. Old German Melody.
Harmonized by J. C. Bach, 1643-1703.

Bamberg.

mf In His temple now behold Him,
    See the long-expected Lord!
Ancient prophets had foretold Him;
    God hath now fulfilled His word.
    p In the arms of her who bore Him,
        Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
    While His aged Saints adore Him,
        Ere in perfect faith they die:
        f Alleluia! Alleluia!
        Lo, the Incarnate God Most High!

    p Jesus, by Thy presentation,
        Thou, Who didst for us endure,
    f Prince and Author of salvation,
        Be Thy boundless love our theme!
    f Prince and Author of salvation,
        Be Thy boundless love our theme!

    cr Make us see Thy great salvation,
        Seal us with Thy promise sure;
    f Make us see Thy great salvation,
        Seal us with Thy promise sure;
    f And present us in Thy glory
        To Thy Father cleansed and pure.
    f And present us in Thy glory
        To Thy Father cleansed and pure.

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Saints' Days.

St. Matthias's Day.

St. Etheldreda. C.M. Bishop Turton, 1780-1864.

The highest and the holiest place
Guards not the heart from sin;
The Church that safest seems without
May harbour foes within.

Thus in the small and chosen band
Beloved above the rest,
One fell from his apostleship,
A traitor-soul unblest.

But not the great designs of God
Man's sins shall overthrow;
Another witness to the truth
Forth to the lands shall go.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die;
Thy purpose shall not fail;
The word of grace no less shall sound,
The truth no less prevail.

Righteous, O Lord, are all Thy ways;
Long as the worlds endure,
From foes without and foes within
Thy Church shall stand secure. Amen.
PRAISE ye the Lord,
Ye nations, rejoice,
Pour forth adoration
On this blessèd morn;
An Angel to Mary
Hath raisèd his voice,
Declaring salvation,
For Christ shall be born.

A Virgin conceiving
By power Divine
Shall bear, as the Saviour
Of Israel, a Son.

Then raise the glad voice,
Ye nations and lands;
Pour forth adoration,
Ye kindreds of earth;
Let the mountains rejoice,
The floods clap their hands,
And God's great Creation
Sing praise at His birth. Amen.

Also the following: Jesus! Name of wondrous love!—101
St. Mark’s Day.

\[f\] We praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

\[p\] The Saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
\[f\] Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

\[mf\] From Thee, Lord, came the courage
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

Thy love Thy Saint hath numbered
Among the Blessed Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

\[p\] O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
\[cr\] Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

\[f\] O Jesu, glorious Victor
O’er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.
Saints' Days.

St. Philip and St. James's Day.

Glenyarrah.

7.7.7.7.7. 8.12.

F. S. Kelly, b. 1881.
St. Philip and St. James's Day.

Verse 3, lines 6 and 7.

mf Would we follow, true and bold,
    Steps of holy men of old;

cr Freely leave the world, to prove
    Our, like their, undying love;

p And as freely life lay down,

mf O Saviour of the Saints of yore,
    Be Thou to us, what Thou to them wast, evermore. Amen.

Also the following:

Thou art the Way;—to Thee alone—571
St. Barnabas the Apostle.

mf O SON of God, our Captain of Salvation,
  Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,

er We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
  Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief:—

mf Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
  To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
  Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
  To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast:—

er Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
  And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
  Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
  And wins the sundered to be one again:—

p And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
  Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
  Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
  Soothe the sick-bed, and share the children's mirth.

mf Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
  To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
  He whose new name, through every Christian nation,

er From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

mf Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,
  Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"

f Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
  And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.
Saints' Days.

St. John Baptist's Day.

Harbinger.

6.6.10. D. Horatio Parker, b. 1863.

Thou . . that art

A-men.
St. John Baptist's Day.

H A I L, harbinger of Morn:
Thou that art this day born,
And heraldest the Word with clarion voice!
Ye faithful ones, in him
Behold the dawning dim
Of the bright Day, and let your hearts rejoice.

John;—by that chosen name
To call him, Gabriel came
By God's appointment from his home on high:
What deeds that babe should do
To manhood when he grew,
God sent His Angel forth to testify.

There is none greater, none,
Than Zachariah's son;
Than this no mightier prophet hath been born
Of woman. He may claim
More than a prophet's fame;
Sublimer deeds than theirs his brow adorn.

"Lo, to prepare Thy way,"
Did God the Father say,
"Before Thy face My messenger I send,
Thy coming to forerun;
As on the orient sun
Doth the bright daystar morn by morn attend."

Praise therefore God Most High;
Praise Him Who came to die
For us, His Son that liveth evermore;
And to the Spirit raise,
The Comforter, like praise,
While time endureth, and when time is o'er. Amen.
Lo! from the desert home,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh
From opening skies.

A-men.
St. John Baptist’s Day.

Your God e’en now doth stand
Within heaven’s opening door,
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims
And with Him stows,
The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads
Make His way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

O God, with love’s sweet might,
Who dost anoint and arm
Christ’s soldier for the fight
With spells that shield from harm,
Thrice Blessed Three,
Heaven’s endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally. Amen.

Also the following:
On Jordan’s bank the Baptist’s cry—81
O Saviour! is Thy promise fled?—506

( 349 )
CREATOR of the rolling flood!
On Whom Thy people hope alone;
Who cam'st by water and by blood,
For man's offences to atone:

Who from the labours of the deep
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,
And build an endless Church to Thee:

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,
And leaning on Thy bounteous hand,
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,
And on Thy sacred rock to stand:

And when, our life-long toil to crown,
Thy call shall set the spirit free,
To cast with joy our burden down,
And rise, O Lord, and follow Thee!

(350)
f "THOU art the Christ, O Lord, The Son of God Most High!"
For ever be adored
That Name in earth and sky,
In which, though mortal strength may fail,
The Saints of God at last prevail!

mf Oh, surely he was blest
With blessedness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confessed
The Godhead in the Christ! [own
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst
Thy Saint a true foundation-stone.

p Thrice was he put to shame,
Thrice did the dauntless fall;
But, oh! that look that came
From out the judgment-hall,—
It pierced and broke the spell-bound heart,
And foiled the tempter's sifting art!

cr Thrice fallen—thrice restored!
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardour burnt.
The cross he took he laid not down
Until he grasped the martyr's crown!

f O bright triumphant faith!
O courage void of fears!
O love most strong in death!
O penitential tears!

p By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call. Amen.

Also the following: Lord! have mercy when we strive—463

( 351 )
FOR all Thy Saints, a noble throng,
Who fell by fire and sword,
Who soon were called, or waited long,
We praise Thy Name, O Lord;

For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er;

Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three;

Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

So shall we learn to drink Thy Cup,
So meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned.

Amen.
We praise Thy Name, O Lord Most High,
Redeemer of our souls from death,
And all Thy mercies magnify,
In making known Thy saving faith.

O favoured one, who, ere he knew
The sharpness of the coming cross,
Of Thy bright beauty caught the view
That turns to gain all earthly loss.

Thy promise is fulfilled, and he
Dares in Thy painful steps to go;
To drink Thy cup of agony,
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

O happy choice, for earthly toil
The strife to rescue souls from sin:
For treasures that may rust and spoil,
The crown of heavenly life to win.

Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing Thee
In bliss may us with courage nerve,
The world and all its pomp to flee,
Our cross to bear, and Thee to serve.

Amen.
St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

St. Michael.

Saints' Days.

Day's Psalter, 1563.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amen.
**St. Matthew the Apostle.**

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**p** Behold, the Master passeth by!
Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?
With low sad voice He calleth thee—
"Leave this vain world, and follow Me."

O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?

**mf** From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—
Behold, the Master passeth by!

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

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.

God gently calls us every day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heaven an endless light:
Why should we love the dreary night?

Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:

Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Amen.
Saints' Days.

St. Michael and all Angels.

Tenbury.

10.10.6.6.10.  F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889.
St. Michael and all Angels.

mf O GOD the Son Eternal, Thy dread might
     Sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of heaven,
     And from the realms of light
     Cast down in burning fight
Satan's rebellious hosts, to darkness given.

Thine Angels, Lord, we sing with thankful lays,
Dwelling with Thee above yon depths of sky;
     Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,
     Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
     The mercies of their King
     To mortal Saints to bring,
p Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

mf But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,
     Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,
     Not with Thine hierarchy,
     The armies of the sky,
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

f Therefore with Angels and Archangels we
     To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
     And tune our songs to Thee,
     Who art, and art to be;
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise! Amen.
f PRAISE to God Who reigns above,
    Binding earth and heaven in love;
All the armies of the sky
Worship His dread sovereignty.

mf Seraphim His praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Marshalled Might that never cowers.

Speeds the Archangel from His face,
Bearing messages of grace;
Angel hosts His words fulfil,
Ruling nature by His Will.

Yet on man they joy to wait,
All that bright celestial state,
For in Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the Incarnate Deity.

On the throne their Lord Who died
Sits in Manhood glorified;
Where His people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

Oh, the depths of joy divine
Thrilling through those Orders nine,
When the lost are found again,
When the banished come to reign!

f Now in faith, in hope, in love,
We will join the choirs above,
Praising, with the heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
St. Michael and all Angels.

Trisagion.

mf STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial resplendence and light;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the Tris-agion* ever and aye;

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

Then, when the earth was first poised in mid-space,—
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

mf These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers:
Where with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
dim Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

mf Still let them succour us; still let them fight,
Lord of Angelic Hosts, battling for right!
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
dim We with the Angels may bow and adore!

* A Greek versicle used in the Eastern and Gallican liturgies: "Holy God, holy mighty, holy immortal, have mercy upon us." Tris-agion means "thrice-holy."
Saints' Days.

St. Michael and all Angels.

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Angels' Song.

L.M.

O. Gibbons, 1583-1625.

mf THEY come, God's messengers of love,
    They come from heavenly realms
    From fields of never-fading green,
    From skies where clouds are never seen.

    They come to watch around us here,
    To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear:
    Ye heavenly Guides, flee not away,
    God willeth you with us to stay.

p But chiefly at its journey's end,
    'Tis yours the spirit to befriend;
    And whisper to the faithful heart,
    O Christian soul, in peace depart.

p Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears
    Have sanctified frail nature's fears!
    When to the earth in sorrow weighed,
    Thou didst not scorn Thine Angels' aid:

    An Angel guard to us supply,
    When on the bed of death we lie;
    And in Thine own Almighty arms,
    O shield us in the last alarms.

Also the following:
Come, let us join our cheerful songs—378
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer—437

(360)
f WHAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe,
O Priest and Sacrifice divine,
For Thy dear Saint through whom we know
So many a gracious word of Thine;

mf Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy Manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy Boyhood's spotless years.

p How many a soul with guilt oppressed
Has learned to hear the joyful sound
In that sweet tale of sin confessed,
The Father's love, the lost and found!

p How many a child of sin and shame
Has refuge found from guilty fears
Through her, who to the Saviour came
With costly ointments and with tears!

So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see. Amen.

Bishop Turton, 1780-1864.

(361)
mf Thou Who sentest Thine Apostles
Two and two before Thy face,
Partners in the night of toiling,
Heirs together of Thy grace,
cr Throned at length, their labours ended,
Each in his appointed place;

mf Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;
One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened
Burned anew with nobler flame;
One, the kinsman of Thy Childhood,
Brought at last to know Thy Name.
St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

$f$ Praise to Thee! Thy fire within then
Spake in love, and wrought in power;
Seen in mighty signs and wonders
In Thy Church's morning hour;
Heard in tones of sternest warning
When the storms began to lour.

$p$ Once again those storms are breaking;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:
Save us, Lord, our One Salvation;
Guard the Faith revealed of old.

$mf$ Call the erring by Thy pity;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear,
Standing firmer, holding faster,
As we see the end draw near.

Till, with holy Jude and Simon
And the thousand faithful more,
We, the good confession witnessed
And the life-long conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

$f$ God the Father, great and wondrous
In Thy works, to Thee be praise;
King of Saints, to Thee be glory,
Just and true in all Thy ways;
Praise to Thee, from both proceeding,
Holy Ghost, through endless days. Amen.
Tallis's Ordinal.  

Saints' Days.  

C.M.  

T. Tallis, 1520?–1585.  

\( \text{\textcopyright} \text{CM} \).
St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

mf TO-DAY, O Lord, before our eyes
Two blest Apostles stand,
For ever in Thy holy Church
United hand in hand.

Jude bids us for the holy faith
With fervent zeal to fight,
And zeal shines brightly in thy name,
Simon the Canaanite.

p O Lord, send down into our hearts
Thy Spirit from above;
And give us ever fervent zeal
Tempered with holy love.

mf Give zeal that for Thy glory burns,
And still Thy law obeys;
Which, while with Stephen it rebukes,
With Stephen loves and prays.

So may we with Thy brethren, Lord,
In heavenly glory be;
For fellowship in holy love
Is brotherhood to Thee.

p O gracious Spirit, ever brood
On us with holy wing,

mf Give zeal and love, that we Thy praise,
In heaven may always sing. Amen.
Saints' Days.

All Saints' Day.

Quisquis valet numerare (First Tune). Mode IV. transposed. Ancient Plain Song. 
To be sung in Unison.

St. Lawrence (Second Tune). 8.7.8.7.8.7. C. Steggall, b. 1826.
If there be that skills to reckon
All the number of the blest,
He, perchance, can weigh the gladness
Of the everlasting rest
Which, their earthly warfare finished,
They through sufferings have possest.

Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the fulness of perfection
They can contemplate at last.

There the Trinity of Persons
Unbeclouded shall we see;
There the Unity of Essence
Shall revealed in glory be;
While we hail the Threelfold Godhead,
And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage
Whatsoe'er thy present pain;
Such untold reward through suffering
Thou mayest merit to attain;
And for ever in His glory
With the Light of Light to reign.

Laud and honour to the Father;
Laud and honour to the Son;
Laud and honour to the Spirit;
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal!
While unending ages run. Amen.
Crown of Life.

May also be sung to “Stirling,” No. 460.

f L0! round the throne, a glorious f band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.

p Through tribulation great they came; f “ Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
Through endless years to live and reign;
From all their labours now they rest,
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,
In God’s eternal glory blest.

p O may we tread the sacred road
That Saints and holy Martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
f And win, like them, a crown of life. Amen.
All Saints' Day.

THE Saints of God! Their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:—

mf The Saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:—

p O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

mf 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:—

mf O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

mf 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:

p That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee! Amen.
St. Ann.

Voices in Unison.

W. Croft, 1678–1727.
Arranged by Arthur Sullivan.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to

 gain; . . . His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far:-Who fol-lows in His train?

2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain;

Ch. Org. with Voices. No Ped.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

N.B.—If a simpler arrangement is preferred, the harmonies of verse 2 can be sung throughout.

(370)
All Saints' Day.

Who patient bears his cross below, He follows in His train.

Unison. Men's Voices.

3. The Martyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave;


Ped.

Who saw his Master in the sky, And called on Him to save.
4. 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?

5. A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came;

No Ped.
All Saints' Day.

Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Men's Voices.

6. 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?
7. A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid,

Around the Saviour's throne rejoice, In robes of light arrayed.

8. They climbed the steep ascent of heaven Through peril,
All Saints' Day.

To follow in their train. Amen, Amen.

16 ft. Ped. only.
Saints' Days.

All Saints.

Störl's Württemberger Gesangbuch, 1711.

\( \text{D} = 92. \)

(376)
All Saints' Day.

mf WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God’s throne who stand!
Each a golden crown is wearing—
Who are all this glorious band?

Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King!

mf 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?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour’s honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

p 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.

mf These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as Priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God’s most holy place
Blest they stand before His face. Amen.

Also the following:
How bright these glorious spirits shine!—236
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528
Ten thousand times ten thousand—552

( 377 )
Festivals of Saints.

Troyte No. 2 (First Tune).  10.10.10.4.  A. H. D. Troyte, 1811-1857.


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Festivals of Saints.

Full. Unison.  \( f \) FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony. 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!
Alleluia!

Men in Unison. Oh! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony.  \( mf \) Oh, blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

Men in Unison. \( p \) And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
\( cr \) Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
\( f \) And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong!
Alleluia!

Trebles only. \( p \) The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony. \( f \) But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way!
Alleluia!

Full. Unison.  \( ff \) 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—
Alleluia! Amen.

( 379 )
Festivals of Saints.

Franconia.

S.M. Müller's *Choralbuch*, 1754.

FOR all Thy Saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy Saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learnt from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee. Amen.

( 380 )
Given me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

p Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;

mf They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

p I ask them, whence their victory came;

f They with united breath,
Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His Death.

mf They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast:
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

f Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven. Amen.
Festivals of Saints.

Deerhurst. 15.15.15.15.  J. Langran, b. 1835.

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(382)
Festivals of Saints.

_HARK_, the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord, to Thee.

_Multitudes, which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand._

_Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the Lord of all, are there._

_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._

_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._

_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 Blessed Trinity._

_God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together all the Saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen._

(383)
St. Jerome.

Festivals of Saints.

C.M.

H. H. Pierson, 1815–1873.

mf HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!

Whence all their white array?

How came they to the blissful seats

Of everlasting day?

p Lo! these are they, from sufferings great,

cr Who came to realms of light;

f And in the Blood of Christ have washed

Those robes which shine so bright.

Maj also be sung to "St. Stephen," No. 485.
Festivals of Saints.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.

Also the following:

Come, let us join our friends above—379
Disposer supreme—391
Jerusalem, my happy home—438
Jerusalem on high—439
Jerusalem the golden!—561 [Part IV.]  
O God, our Help in ages past—488
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise—544
The Church's One Foundation—553
The Son of God goes forth to war—230
Festivals of the Apostles.

Celestis aulæ Principes (First Tune). Modes V. & VI. Ancient Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

Gideon (Second Tune).

L.M. J. B. Southgate, 1814–1868.
Festivals of the Apostles.

HAIL! Princes of the Host of heaven,
To whom by Christ, your Chief, ’tis given
On twelve bright thrones to sit on high,
And judge the world with equity.

’Tis yours to cheer with sacred light
Those who lie sunk in sin’s dark night;
To guide them in the upward path,
And rescue them from endless wrath.

With no vain arts, no earthly sword,
Ye quell the rebels of the Lord;

The Cross, the Cross which men despise,
’Tis that achieves your victories.

Through you the wondrous works of God
Are spread through every land abroad;
Thus every clime records your fame,
And distant ages praise your name.

And now to God, the Three in One,
Be highest praise and glory done,
Who calleth us from sin’s dark night,
To walk in His eternal light. Amen.
Festivals of the Apostles.

Exultet orbis gaudibus (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Sarum.

Wainwright (Second Tune).
L.M.
R. Wainwright, 1758-1825.
Festivals of the Apostles.

LET the round world with songs rejoice;
Let heaven return the joyful voice;
All mindful of the Apostles' fame,
Earth, sky, their Sovereign's praise proclaim.

mf Thou, at Whose word they bore the light
Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,
Oh still to us that light impart,
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

Thou, at Whose will to them was given
The key that shuts and opens heaven,
Our chains unbind, our loss repair,
Oh grant us grace to enter there.

Thou, at Whose will they preached the word
Which cured disease, which health conferred;
To us its healing power prolong;
The weak support, confirm the strong:

That when Thy Son again shall come,
And speak the world's unerring doom,
He may with them pronounce us blest,
And place us in Thy endless rest.

f To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee;
To Thee, Blest Spirit, glory be!
So was it aye for ages past,
So shall through endless ages last. Amen.
Festivals of the Apostles.

Æterna Christi munera.

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Ancient Plain Song.

May also be sung to "Brockham," No. 506.

THE eternal gifts of Christ the mf Theirs was the steadfast faith of
King,
The Apostles' glory let us sing; Saints,
The hope that never yields nor faints,
To Him, with hearts of gladness, raise And love of Christ in perfect glow,
The voice of thankful love and praise. That lays the Prince of this world low.

For they the Church's princes are, In these the Father's glory shone;
Triumphant leaders in the war; In these the will of God the Son;
In heavenly courts a warrior band, f In these exults the Holy Ghost; [Host.
True lights to lighten every land. Through these rejoice the heavenly

p Redeemer, hear us of Thy love,
cr That, with the glorious band above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
f Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

Also the following: Disposer supreme—391

( 390 )
Christi perennes nuntii.

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Milan.

May also be sung to “Ludborough,” No. 531.

mf HERALDS of Christ, to every age, mff The woes He bore, the words He taught,
Who open wide the Gospel
The wondrous miracles He wrought,
page,
All this ye wrote, as God decreed,
Unfolding all the wondrous plan
That all posterity might read.
Of love divine to sinful man.

The mysteries, which beneath the law
The self-same Spirit was your Guide,
The holy prophets dimly saw,
On Him your faithful minds relied;
f Ye now behold in open day,
Oh may that Spirit still be given
For Christ removes the shades away.
To teach our hearts the laws of heaven!

f Oh! praise the Father, praise the Son,
Who victory o’er the grave hath won,
And to the Spirit praise be given
By all on earth, and all in heaven. Amen.
Festivals of the Evangelists.

Evangelists.

8.8.7. D.

German.

A - men.
Festivals of the Evangelists.

mf SING to God in sweetest measures
    Praise for those who spread the treasures
    In the holy Gospel shrined:
    Blessed tidings of salvation,
    Peace on earth their declaration,
    Love from God to lost mankind.

mf Thou, by Whom the words were given
    For our light and guide to heaven,
    Spirit, on our darkness shine;
    Graft them in our hearts, increasing
    Faith, hope, love, and joy unceasing,
    Till our hearts are wholly Thine.

f Then shall thanks and praise ascending,
    For Thy mercies without ending,
    Rise to Thee, Thou Lord of love:
    With Thy gracious aid defend us;
    Let Thy guiding light attend us,
    Till we join Thy Saints above. Amen.
Festivals of Martyrs.

LET our choir new anthems raise,
Wake the morn with gladness:
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
This the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on the immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour:
For by faith they saw the Land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Faith they had that knew no shame,
Love that could not languish;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He Who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated;
Wherefore these their sufferings showed
Calvary repeated.

Up, and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then,—
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Who will first begin it?
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors! up and win it! Amen.

Also the following:
How bright these glorious spirits shine!—236
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band—228
Oh what, if we are Christ's—523
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528
Soldiers, who are Christ's below—547
St. Basil.

D.L.M.

Old Tune.

A-men.
The Transfiguration.

O Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee:
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious Saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb’s height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the Apostle’s heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation’s shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here, where on eagle’s wings we move
With Him Whose last best creed is love.

O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon’s whitest snow
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

O Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—

f "This is My Son—Oh hear ye Him.” Amen.
Holy Communion.

St. Hugh. C.M. E. J. Hopkins, 1818-1901.

\[ J = 76. \]
According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy Testamental Cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me. Amen.
Holy Communion.

Unde et memores.

Six 10's.

W. H. Monk, 1825-1889.
Holy Communion.

p AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary’s Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
cr We here present, we hear spread forth to Thee
mf That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

p Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
mf For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

p And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;
cr Oh fold them closer to Thy mercy’s breast,
Oh do Thine utmost for their souls’ true weal
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

p And so we come; Oh draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;
cr And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
f In Thine own service make us glad and free,
p And grant us never more to part with Thee.

( 401 )
Holy Communion.

Author of Life Divine,
Who hast a Table spread,
Furnished with mystic Wine
And everlasting Bread,

cr Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fulness prove,

cr And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil Thy face. Amen.

(403)
PART I.

Be still, my soul! for God is near; The great High Priest is with thee now!
The Lord of Life Himself is here, Before Whose face the Angels bow.
To make thy heart His lowly throne Thy Saviour God in love draws nigh;
He gives Himself unto His own, For whom He once came down to die.

He pleads before the Mercy-seat— He pleads with God; He pleads for thee; He pleads with God; He pleads for thee; He gives thee Bread from heaven to His Flesh and Blood in mystery.

I come, O Lord!—for Thou dost call— To blend my pleading prayer with Thine; To Thee I give myself—my all, And feed on Thee, and make Thee mine. Amen.

PART II.

O BODY bruised for my sake, And dying on the awful Tree! That I from death new life should take, And live engrafted into Thee.
O living Bread! Who once didst die, And lay Thee down in rocky tomb, Within my heart for ever lie, [gloom. And shed Thy brightness o'er its

O precious Blood! so freely shed, The pledge of pardon from above; Speak to my heart, so cold and dead, And wake it into life and love.

Speak better things than Abel's blood— My ransom paid, my sins forgiven! My soul restored to peace with God, My place prepared for me in heaven.

O sacred Food! O cleansing Stream! Fill all my soul with love divine; O Thou, Who didst my life redeem, Come to my heart, and make it Thine! Amen.
BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,  
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living Bread;  
Day by day with strength supplied  
Through the Life of Him Who died.

Vine of heaven! Thy Blood supplies  
This blest Cup of Sacrifice.  
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;  
To Thy Cross I look, and live.  
Thou, my Life, Oh let me be  
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

Amen.
Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy Feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. Amen.
250

Redemption.

8.8.8.4.

J. Naylor, 1838-1897.

---

mf BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,

p And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last Advent we unite

pp Until He come.
By one blest chain of loving rite,

pp Until He come:

p His Body slain upon the Tree,
His Life-blood, shed for us, we see;

mf Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,

cr And with the great commanding word

f The Lord shall come.

Thus faith shall read the mystery

pp Until He come.

mf Oh, blessèd hope! With this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,

cr But, strong in faith, in patience wait

p Until He come! Amen.

(407)
Holy Communion.

Sancti venite (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Cœna Domini (Second Tune).

Mode V. Old French Plain Song.

(Cœna Domini (Second Tune).

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(408)
Holy Communion.

*p DRAW nigh and take the Body of the Lord,
   And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.

*mf Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
   Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to God.

   Salvation's Giver, Christ the Only Son,
   By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.

*p Offered was He for greatest and for least,
   Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

   Victims were offered by the law of old,
   That, in a type, celestial mysteries told.

*mf He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
   Giveth His holy grace His Saints to aid.

*p Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
   And take the safeguard of salvation here.

*mf He that in this world rules His Saints and shields,
   To all believers life eternal yields:

   With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole;
   Gives living Waters to the thirsty soul.

*p Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
   All nations at the Doom, is with us now. Amen.
Holy Communion.

St. Agnes (Langran).

10.10.10.10.

J. Langran, b. 1835.

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May also be sung to "Old 124th," No. 263.

(410)
HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
    Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
    Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
    And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
    Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
    Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
    Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
    My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
    Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Leicester.

Holy Communion.

C.M.

W. Hurst, b. 1849.

I am not worthy, Holy Lord,
   That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word, one gracious word
   Can set the sinner free.

I am not worthy; cold and bare
   The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?

Lord, speak, and make me whole.

I am not worthy; yet, my God,

How can I say Thee nay;

Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood
   My ransom-price to pay?

O come! in this sweet morning hour
   Feed me with Food Divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power

This worthless heart of mine.
**Hunger and I thirst:**

Jesu, my manna be:

Ye living waters, burst

Out of the rock for me.

Hunger and I thirst;

Jesu, my manna be:

Ye living waters, burst

Out of the rock for me.

Thou bruised and broked Bread,

My life-long wants supply;

As living souls are fed,

Oh feed me, or I die.

Thou bruised and broked Bread,

My life-long wants supply;

As living souls are fed,

Oh feed me, or I die.

Thou true life-giving Vine,

Let me Thy sweetness prove;

Renew my life with Thine,

Refresh my soul with love.

Thou true life-giving Vine,

Let me Thy sweetness prove;

Renew my life with Thine,

Refresh my soul with love.

Rough paths my feet have trod,

Since first their course began;

Feed me, Thou Bread of God;

Help me, Thou Son of Man.

Rough paths my feet have trod,

Since first their course began;

Feed me, Thou Bread of God;

Help me, Thou Son of Man.

For still the desert lies

My fainting soul before;

O living waters rise

Within me evermore. Amen.

For still the desert lies

My fainting soul before;

O living waters rise

Within me evermore. Amen.
Holy Communion.

Lacrymæ. 7.7.7. Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

mf JESU, to Thy Table led,
     Now let every heart be fed
     With the true and living Bread.

p While in penitence we kneel,
cr Thy sweet Presence let us feel,
mf All Thy wondrous love reveal.

p While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
    Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
cr Turn our sadness into praise.

mf When we taste the mystic Wine,
    Of Thine out-poured Blood the sign,
cr Fill our hearts with love Divine.

p Draw us to Thy wounded side, [tide;
cr Whence there flowed the healing
    dim There our sins and sorrows hide.

mf From the bonds of sin release;
    Cold and wavering faith increase;
    p Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

mf Lead us by Thy pierced hand
    cr Till around Thy throne we stand
    p In the bright and better land. Amen.
Holy Communion.

Rockingham. L.M. E. Miller, 1731-1807.

My God, and is Thy Table spread,
And does Thy Cup with love o'er-
Thither be all Thy children led, [flow?]
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's Bread?

Oh, let Thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

Amen.
Holy Communion.

Pange lingua (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode III. (transposed). Sarum.

St. Thomas (Second Tune).
8.7.8.7.8.7.
S. Webbe, 1740–1816.
PART I.

*mf* NOW, my tongue, the mystery tell-
Of the glorious Body sing, [ing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' Lord and

*mf* That last night, at supper lying,
Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious Food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

*p* In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

*p* Word-made-Flesh true Bread He maketh
By His word His Flesh to be;
Wine His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;

*mf* Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,

*p* Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

*mf* Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

Amen.

PART II.

*p* THEREFORE we, before Him bend-
ing,
This great Sacrament revere;

*cr* Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;

*mf* Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father, and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;

*mf* Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

_o* Body bruised for my sake—see 247 [Part II.]

(417)
God, unseen yet ever near!
Thy Presence may we feel;
And thus inspired with holy fear
Before Thine Altar kneel!

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The Manna from above!

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey;
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

O Saving Victim, opening wide—262 [Part II.]
O THOU, before the world began,
Ordained a Sacrifice for man;
And by the Eternal Spirit made
An Offering in the sinner's stead;
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
Pleading Thy death for sinners now.

Thy Offering still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its blood-stained hue;
Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain,
Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

p Oh! that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love;
cr Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
p And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
Our Victim and our Priest to be! Amen.
Holy Communion.

Sacramentum unitatis.

Six 10's.

C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

May be sung in Unison.
THOU, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray
That all Thy Church might be for ever one,
Grant us at every Eucharist to say
With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."
Oh, may we all one Bread, one Body be,
One through this Sacrament of Unity.

For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Oh make our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
One through this Sacrament of Unity.

We pray Thee too for wanderers from Thy Fold,
Oh bring them back, Good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the Faith which Saints believed of old;
Back to the Church which still that Faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
One through this Sacrament of Unity.

That so, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
We may be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy Saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy Saints in one unbounded love:
More blessed still in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.
Once, only once, and once for all
His precious life He gave;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

"One Offering, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood;

...
Holy Communion.

Verbum supernum prodiens (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VIII. Mechlin.

PART I.

mf The heavenly Word proceeding forth,

Yet leaving not the Father's side,

Accomplishing His work on earth

p Had reached at length life's eventide.

mf By false disciple to be given

To foes for His life athirst,

Himself, the very Bread of heaven,

He gave to His disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,

His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;

cr In love's own fulness thus designed

Of the whole man to be the Food.

p By Birth their Fellow-man was He;

Their Meat, when sitting at the Board;

cr He died, their Ransomer to be;

mf He ever reigns, their great Reward. Amen.
PART I.

mf THE heavenly Word proceeding forth,
    Yet leaving not the Father's side,
Accomplishing His work on earth
p Had reached at length life's eventide.

mf By false disciple to be given
    To foemen for His life athirst,
Himself, the very Bread of heaven,
    He gave to His disciples first.
He gave Himself in either kind,
    His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;
cr In love's own fulness thus designed
    Of the whole man to be the Food.

p By Birth their Fellow-man was He;
    Their Meat, when sitting at the Board;
cr He died, their Ransomer to be;

mf He ever reigns, their great Reward. Amen.
Holy Communion.

O Salutaris Hostia. Mode VI. Old French Plain Song.

To be sung in Unison.

May also be sung to "Melcombe," No. 349, which was composed for the Latin original of this hymn.

PART II.

p O Saving Victim, opening wide

cr The gate of heaven to man below,

Our foes press on from every side,

p Thine aidsupply, Thystrength bestow.

f All praise and thanks to Thee ascend

For evermore, Blest One in Three;

p Oh grant us life, that shall not end,

In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

(425)
Holy Communion.

Adoro Te devote (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode V. Old French Plain Song.

Old 124th (Second Tune).

10.10.10.10. C. Goudimel, Geneva Psalter, 1551,
Holy Communion.

May also be sung to "St. Agnes" (Langran), No. 252.

$p$ THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour! Thee,
Who in Thy Supper with us deign'st to be.
Both flesh and spirit in Thy Presence fail,
Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

$mf$ Oh, blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

Fountain of goodness! Jesu, 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.

$p$ O Christ! Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;
$cr$ To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
$mf$ The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

Therefore we, before Him bending—257 [Part II.]
Holy Communion.

\[p\] TILL He come—Oh let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
\[cr\] Let us think how heaven and home
\[dim\] Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

\[p\] 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.

\[mf\] Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the Cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
\[p\] Death and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, “Till He come.”

\[mf\] See, the Feast of love is spread,
Drink the Wine, and break the Bread:
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly Board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come. Amen.
Holy Communion.

Dies Dominica.

7.6.7.6. D.  J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

(Amen.

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(430)
Holy Communion.

mf WE pray Thee, heavenly Father,
   To hear us in Thy love,
   And pour upon Thy children
   The unction from above;
   That so in love abiding,
   From all defilement free,
   We may in pureness offer
   Our Eucharist to Thee.

Be Thou our Guide and Helper,
   O Jesu Christ, we pray;
So may we well approach Thee,
   If Thou wilt be the Way.
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
   To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
   Eternal Source of Life.

And Thou, Creator Spirit,
   Look on us, we are Thine;
Renew in us Thy graces,
   Upon our darkness shine;
That with Thy benediction
   Upon our souls outpoured,
We may receive in gladness
   The Body of the Lord.

O Trinity Eternal!
   O Unity most high!
On Thee alone relying,
   Thy servants would draw nigh.
Unworthy in our weakness,
   On Thee our hope is stayed,
And blest by Thy forgiveness
   We will not be afraid. Amen.

Also the following:
Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!—360
Forth from the dark and stormy sky—404
God the Father, God the Sbn—651
Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts!—447
The King of love my Shepherd is—556
Holy Baptism.

St. James. C.M. R. Courteville, 1691-1772.

In token that thou shalt not fear Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front His glory and His shame.
Holy Baptism.

267

Berne.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. Schop, c. 1650.

Lord Jesu Christ, our Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an Infant here,
So give this child of Thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine, [Thine.
We pray Thee guard this child of

As in Thy heavenly Kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy sacred word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of

Their watch let Angels round him keep
Where'er he be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy Cross now let him bear,
That he Thy Crown with Saints may wear.
O Holy Jesu, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine. Amen.

May also be sung to "Melita," No. 317.
Holy Baptism.

mf O'er the shoreless waste of waters
In the world's primeval night,
cr Moved the quickening Spirit, waking
    All things into life and light.
f So, Lord, in Thy new creation
    Light in Thine own Light we see,
By the water and the Spirit
Born again to life in Thee.

mf When from Thine avenging deluge
    Thou Thy chosen ones wouldst save,
cr Lo! the Ark of Thine appointing
    Rode in safety on the wave.
f So, Lord, on the world's broad ocean,
    Tost with tempests fierce and dark,
Thine elect have found a refuge,
    And Thy Church is now their Ark.

mf Through the Red Sea's cloven waters
    Israel's children gained the shore,
cr Free to seek the land of promise,
    Egypt's bond-slaves now no more:
f So upon their journey starting,
    Thou Thy children, Lord, dost free:
Lo! they pass from Satan's bondage
    Into glorious liberty!

p Buried with their buried Saviour,
cr Raised with Him to life again,
mf Oh, that, dead to sin, Thy children
    May to Christ-like life attain!
p Father, guide them by Thy Spirit,
cr Lead them on from strength to strength,
    Till, all toils and conflicts ended,
f They are safe with Thee at length. Amen.
Holy Baptism.

mf SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Also the following:
I think when I read that sweet story of old—627
Confirmation.

Giessen.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

Adapted.
Confirmation.

mf BEHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met,
    Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy throne rememberest yet
    Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years,
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
Who art true Man and perfect God.

mf To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
    Our help is in Thine own dear Name;
For who on Jesus e'er relied
    And found not Jesus still the same?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought,
    Oh, stablish well what Thou hast wrought!

mf The seed of our Baptismal life,
    O living Word! by Thee was sown;
So, where Thy soldiers wage the strife,
    Our posts we take, our vows we own;
And ask, in Thine appointed way,
    Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

mf We need Thee more than tongue can speak
    'Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
    Have fought the fight, and won the crown.
We ask the help that bore them through;
    We trust the Faithful and the True.

p So bless us with the Gift complete
    By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful Presence kind and sweet
    Which comes in sevenfold might from heaven.
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow:
    Give us Thy Spirit here and now.
Confirmation.

PROBUS.

Six 7's.

G. R. SINCLAIR, b. 1863.

Holy Spirit, Lord of love,
Thou Who camest from above,
Gifts of blessing to bestow
On Thy waiting Church below;
Once again in love draw near
To Thy children gathered here.

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.

p H OLY Spirit, Lord of love,
mf Give them light Thy truth to see,

mf Give them life to live for Thee,

cr Daily power to conquer sin,

mf Patient faith the Crown to win;

mf Shield them from temptation's breath,

mf Keep them faithful unto death.

mf When the holy vow is made,

p When the holy hands are laid,

mf Come in this most solemn hour,

mf With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,

pf Come, Thou blessed Spirit, come,

mf Make each heart Thy happy home.

Amen.

( 440 )
Confirmation.

7.7.7.5.

H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, b. 1857.

Osborne.

Lord, Thy loving heart is wide!
Jesu, hold them at Thy side,
Saved, redeemed, and sanctified,
Thine, for ever Thine. Amen.

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mf LORD of grace and holiness,
Keep them generous, brave, and true,
Who alone canst guide and bless,
Still their loving trust renew,
God of love and tenderness,
Make them faithful through and through:
Guard these lambs of Thine.
Saviour, keep them Thine.

Jesu, Thou wast man indeed,
By the grace of gentle years,
Thou dost for our weakness plead;
By all tender hopes and fears,
Thou dost know our deepest need;
By the power of loving tears,
Jesu, keep them Thine.
Jesu, keep them Thine.
Confirmation.

Confirmation.

mf LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?—
   A boon of love divine we seek;—
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
   Ere heart could feel or tongue could speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come?—and come again?—
   Oft as we see yon Table spread,
And—tokens of Thy dying pain—
The Wine poured out, the broken Bread,
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come?—not thus alone
   At holy time, or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
   Through weal or woe, in gloom or light—
Come to Thy throne of grace,—that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.

Lord, shall we come?—come yet again?—
   Thy children ask one blessing more;—
cr To come, not now alone,—but then
   When life, and death, and time are o'er,
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
f Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee. Amen.
Confirmation.


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

Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace.
And seal me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
By Thee be ever blest;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of rest. Amen.
Confirmation.

Newton Ferns. 8.7.8.7. Samuel Smith, b. 1821.

Thine for ever! Thine for ever! May Thy face upon us shine.
Help, oh! Help our weak endeavour, Lord, to be for ever Thine.

Thine for ever, Thine for ever! May no sin nor sorrow sever Us from union, Lord, with Thee.

Thine for ever! Thine for ever! Armed with faith, and strong in Ever fighting, fainting never, [Thee, May we march to victory!

Daily in the grace increasing Of Thy Spirit, more and more, Watching, praying, without ceasing, May we reach the heavenly shore!

Hard the conflict; (mf) but what glory Is revealed to our eyes
While we read the heavenly story Of our home beyond the skies!

"Thine for ever" we are singing
Here on earth, and while we sing
Voices in our ears are ringing
Hymns of Angels to our King.

Thine for ever! Thine for ever! May Thy face upon us shine.
Help, oh! Help our weak endeavour, Lord, to be for ever Thine.

Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Glory to the Three in One. Amen.

Also the following:

Fight the good fight with all thy might—401
Jesu, meek and gentle—441

O Jesu, I have promised—493
Soldiers of Christ! arise—546
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551
Holy Matrimony.

Vox Jesu.  D.C.M.

Spoehr, 1784-1859.
Adapted by J. Barnby.

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(446)
Holy Matrimony.

mf LORD, Who at Cana's wedding feast,
    Didst as a Guest appear,
    Thou dearer far than earthly guest,
  ρ Vouchsafe Thy Presence here;
  cr For holy Thou indeed dost prove
    The marriage vow to be,
  f Proclaiming it a type of love
    Between the Church and Thee.

mf The holiest vow that man can make
    The golden thread in life,
    The bond that none may dare to break,
    That bindeth man and wife;
    Which, blessed by Thee, whate'er betides,
    No evil shall destroy,
    Through care-worn days each care divides,
    And doubles every joy.

mf On those who at Thine Altar kneel
    O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
    That each may wake the other's zeal
    To love Thee more and more:
  ρ O grant them here in peace to live,
    In purity and love,
  cr And, this world leaving, to receive
  f A crown of life above. Amen.
Holy Matrimony.

Lancashire.

7.6.7.6. D.

H. Smart, 1813-1879.

A-men.

( 448 )
Holy Matrimony.

mf O FATHER all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
cr A home by Thee made happy,
\( \text{f} \) A love by Thee kept true.

mf O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy Presence
With these who call on Thee;
cr Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
dim And teach them in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

p O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
cr That guarded by Thy Presence,
\( \text{f} \) From sin and strife kept free,
mf Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

mf Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
dim The joy will turn to pain;
\( \text{f} \) But nought can break the marriage
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun. Amen.
O Perfect Love (First Tune). 11.10.11.10.

J. Barnby, 1838-1896.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore doth join in one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

A-men.
THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said,

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

Oh! spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise!

Also the following:
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove—190
Lead us, heavenly Father—456

Communion of the Sick. See Hymns for Holy Communion.

Now thank we all our God—296
O God of Bethel by Whose hand—483
Thine for ever! God of love—570

(452)
May also be sung to “St. Sepulchre, No. 593.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
Of those whose eyes have ceased to weep,
When they, who wept so oft before,
Shall wake again to weep no more.

Asleep in Jesus! wondrous sleep,
Which they who sow in tears shall reap:
No more by doubt or fear oppress,
They sleep the sleep of Saints at rest.

Asleep in Jesus! happy he
Whose sleep at last in Him shall be;
Whose sorrows past and labours o'er,
Now rests in Him for evermore.

Asleep in Jesus! happy they
Who wake on that eternal day,
To share, with those whom God shall bring,
The glories of His triumphing.

Asleep in Jesus! who can weep
For those who sleep so calm a sleep?
Then let the living for the dead
In Christ, by Christ be comforted.

Asleep in Jesus! none can tell
The joys of those He loves so well:
Then, Holy Jesu, grant that we
May, dying, fall asleep in Thee. Amen.
Burial of the Dead.

Eight 7's.

J. Hintze, 1622–1702.

A-men.
Burial of the Dead.

mf BLESSING, honour, thanks and praise,
    Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
Thou in Thine abundant grace
    Givest us the victory.
True and faithful to Thy word,
    Thou hast glorified Thy Son:
Jesus Christ our dying Lord
  He for us the fight has won.

mf Lo! the prisoner is released;
    Lightened of his fleshly load.
  Where the weary are at rest
    He is gathered unto God.
mf Lo! the pain of life is past,
    All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
    Grief and suffering are no more.

mf Hark, a voice divides the sky,
    Happy are the faithful dead,
  In the Lord who sweetly die:
    They from all their toils are freed:
mf These the Spirit hath declared
    Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
    Jesus is their endless rest.

p Absent from our loving Lord
    We shall not continue long:
cr Join we them with one accord
    In the new, the joyful song;
ff Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
    Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
    Givest us the victory. Amen.
Burial of the Dead.

Campo santo.

Irregular.

C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.
BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou hast travelled o'er, and borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach His blest abode:
Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint Thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou art sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust," the solemn words are said;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!

A-men.
Burial of the Dead.

Colchester.

Six 8's.

S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876.
Burial of the Dead.

GOD of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.
Burial of the Dead.

*Requiescat.*

7.7.7.8.8.  

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

If there is no Accompaniment the small notes may be sung.

(460)
Burial of the Dead.

p NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
   Now the battle-day is past;
cr Now upon the farther shore
   Lands the voyager at last.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf There the tears of earth are dried;
   There its hidden things are clear;
cr There the work of life is tried
   By a juster Judge than here.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf There the sinful souls that turn
   To the Cross their dying eyes.
cr All the love of Christ shall learn
   At His feet in Paradise.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf There no more the powers of hell
   Can prevail to mar their peace;
cr Christ the Lord shall guard them well;
   He Who died for their release.
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

mf ["Earth to earth, and dust to dust;" *
   Calmly now the words we say;
cr Left behind, we wait in trust
   For the Resurrection day.]
p Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. Amen.

* In the case of a Burial at Sea these four lines may be substituted for those bracketed above:—

Laid in ocean's quiet bed,
   Calmly now the words we say;
Till the sea gives up its dead,
   Till the Resurrection day,
Burial of the Dead.

Freshwater.

Irregular.

C. H. H. Parry, b. 1848.

1. Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me!
2. Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!

And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea,
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I ... embark;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,
For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.
I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar.

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May also be sung to "Chelsea," No. 234.

mf THE righteous souls that take their flight
Far from this world of pain;
p In God's eternal bosom blest
For ever shall remain.

p To minds unwise they seem to die,
    All joyful hope to cease;
cr While they, secured by faith, repose
p In everlasting peace.

mf For at the great, the awful day,
    When Christ descends from high;
cr With myriads of Angelic Saints,
    They'll meet Him in the sky.

mf Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,
    Shall pour redeeming grace;
cr And call them ever to behold
    The brightness of His face. Amen.
Burial of the Dead.

Clewer. Irregular. W. S. Bambridge, b. 1842.

* The small notes are to be sung in verses 2 and 3.
† The small notes are to be sung in verses 2 and 4.
Burial of the Dead.

p Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
    Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
    Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
    And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

cr Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
    Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
    But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
    And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

f Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
    Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
    But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
    And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim’s song.

f Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
    Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
    He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
    And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died. Amen.

Also the following

A few more years shall roll—353
Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]
Day of wrath! Oh, day of mourning—74
    [Part I.]
Days and moments quickly flying—103 [Part I.]
For ever with the Lord—402
Jesus lives! Thy terrors now—171
My God and Father, while I stray—475
O God, our Help in ages past—488
Oh! let him, whose sorrow—520
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be—524
On the Resurrection morning—174
Palms of glory, raiment bright—528
Peace, perfect peace—529
There is no night in heaven—567
When our heads are bowed with woe—597
p GOD of our life, to Thee we call;
   Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;
    When the great water-floods prevail,
    Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

mf Amidst the roaring of the sea
    Our souls still hang their hopes on Thee:
    Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
    Alone can save us from despair.

p Friend of the friendless and the faint,
   Where should we lodge our deep complaint?
cr Where, but with Thee, Whose open door
   Invites the helpless and the poor?

mf Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
   And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
   Does not the word still fixed remain
   That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

p Then hear, O Lord, our humble cry,
   And bend on us Thy pitying eye:
cr To Thee their prayer Thy people make:
   p Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake.
In Time of Distress.

Breslau. L.M. Claude's Psalmodia nova, 1630.

mf O THOU, Whom heavenly Hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
How long Thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

Thou broughtst a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with Thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

To Thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, Thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

Behold the vineyard made by Thee,
Which Thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for Thyself Thou mad'st so strong.

p Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou

er The lustre of Thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,

f Like scattered clouds, shall pass away. Amen.

Also the following:
From foes that would the land devour—408
God moves in a mysterious way—416
When the dark waves round us roll—598

(467)
290

In Time of Scarcity.

Tichfield.

Six 7's. J. Richardson, 1816-1879.

\( \text{\textcopyright 1879 by J. Richardson} \)

(468)
In Time of Scarcity.

\[mf\] WHAT our Father does is well:
   Blessèd truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty, want,
Though the harvest-store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

What our Father does is well:
Shall the wilful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our Store eternally?

What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies;
He has called us sons of God,
Can we murmur at His rod?

What our Father does is well:
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
\[f\] God can save us in our need,
   God can bless us, God can feed.

\[f\] Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity. Amen.

( 469 )
GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer, while at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine; Oh turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

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

With one consent we meekly bow beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord, then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.
Great God of Hosts, our ears have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What wonders Thou hast done for them,
Thy glorious deeds of old.

Not by their might was safety wrought,
Nor victory by their sword;
But Thou didst guard the chosen race
Who Thy great Name adored.

Great God of Hosts! their God, and ours;
Our only Lord and King;
Let Thy right arm which fought for them
To us salvation bring.

To Thee the glory we'll ascribe,
By Whom the conquest came,
And, in triumphant songs of praise,
Will celebrate Thy Name. Amen.
Exsurgat Deus.

With spirit.

8.4.8.4.

J. Stainer, 1840–1901.

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f Let God arise to lead forth those
Who march to war!
Let God arise, and all His foes
Be scattered far!

mf So Israel prayed, and Thou, O Lord,
Wast with him then:
Be with us now, who draw the sword
For war again.

f Grant Thou our soldiers courage high
When foes are near,

dim To strive, to suffer, or to die

p Grant strength to those, who mourn to-day
Their loved ones lost,
Yea, those who give their best, nor stay
To count the cost.

mf Then teach us mercy, teach us still
The fallen to raise.

f Yet more and more, as ages run,
Bid warfare cease,
And give to all beneath the sun

dim Untouched by fear.

In Time of War.

St. Gregory.  L.M.  Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.

mf. O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

mf Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

mf Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again.

mf Where Saints and Angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain;
p Give peace, O God, give peace again. Amen.

( 473 )
In Time of War.

Jehovah-Nissi.

8.8.6. D.

George J. Bennett, b. 1863.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

May also be sung to "Innsbruck," No. 498.

(474)
In Time of War.

mf LORD our Banner, God of might,
Who wast with Joshua in the fight,
And Moses on the hill,
Be with Thy servants far away,
Their shield by night, their guide by day,
To succour them from ill.

For husband, brother, son, and sire,
We raise up hands that never tire
On this our mount of prayer;

p Thou knowest, we but dimly guess,
The day’s long toil, the night’s distress,
And all they do and bear.

mf The battle’s issue hangs on Thee;
In Thy firm hand the scales we see
Of mortal loss and gain:
And tidings carried swift as thought
’Twixt land and land to Thee are nought
But Thine own will made plain.

f Giver of strength. Oh! bless and aid
Thy servants ’gainst the foe arrayed;
Go forth with them to fight!
In battle’s storm their shelter be;
Thy Spirit grant, of unity,
Of counsel, and of might.

p Watch o’er the wounded in the field,
And, where the sick and dying yield
Their souls, do Thou be nigh!
Give peace within the heart distressed,
And peace on earth, (or) and, last and best,
mf Thy peace beyond the sky. Amen.
Thanksgiving.

Nun danket.  6.7.6.7.6.6.6.  M. Rückert, c. 1649.

A-men.

(476)
Thanksgiving.

f 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

p Oh! may this bounteous God
   Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
   And bles'sed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
   And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
   In this world and the next.

f All praise and thanks to God
   The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
   With Them in highest heaven!
The One Eternal God,
   Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
   And shall be evermore! Amen.

(477)
Thanksgiving.

Ein' feste Burg.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7. M. Luther, 1483-1546.

Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.

For a simpler arrangement see No. 415.

(478)
Thanksgiving.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His Saints adore Him!

When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
Oh trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"Oh praise our God alway!"
Let all His Saints adore Him!

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation:
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shown;
Let all His Saints adore Him!

Also the following:

All people that on earth do dwell—357
Before Jehovah's awful throne—368
Before the Lord we bow—369
Let all the world in every corner sing—457
Oh come, loud anthems let us sing—516
Oh worship the King—525
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven—532
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him—533
Praise to God, immortal praise—306
Rejoice, the Lord is King!—537
Sing to the Lord a joyful song—545
The strain upraise of joy and praise—560
Through all the changing scenes of life—576
When all Thy mercies, O my God—592
In time of Victory.

Praise the Lord.

With spirit.

Eight 7's.

J. Barnby, 1838-1896.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
In time of Victory.

PRAISE the Lord: to-day we raise
Hymns of thankfulness and praise.
After sorrow’s night forlorn
Brightly breaks a joyful morn.
For our soldiers' duty done,
For our triumph nobly won,
Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

For the souls with high intent
From our world-wide Empire sent,
Fearless, faithful, tender, true,
Strong to suffer, strong to do,
All their powers with all their might
Spending freely for the right,
Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

God can give, and God alone,
From the seed in conflict sown
Harvest time of fair increase,
Freedom, brotherhood, and peace.
For the joy that springs from tears,
For the hope of coming years,
Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!

O'er the earth from pole to pole,
Far as ocean's billows roll,
One with us in heart and voice
All our kin to-day rejoice.
For the love that links in one
All our kin beneath the sun,
Lift your hearts with one accord,
Lift your hearts, and praise the Lord!
For Peace.

Rector Omnipotens.

7.6.7.6. D.

A. H. Brewer, b. 1865.

May also be sung to "Kreuznach," No. 493.
Great Ruler of the nations,
Thou Lord of mortal life,
Whose ageless will moves forward
Through stress, and storm, and strife;
Though not in fire and earthquake
And mighty tempests' roar,
Thou speakest in still small accents
When thunders crash no more.

And now the clouds are lifting,
The darkness rolls apart,
The tender light is dawning
Of peace within the heart;

We see the homes around us
By many a sorrow torn,
But that soft voice of comfort
Cries "Blest are they that mourn."

When storms of war were rolling
We bowed our heads in dust,
With penitence and sorrow,
With humbleness and trust

We felt Thy judgments near us,
To Thee we made our prayer,
Ourselves and ours commending
In patience to Thy care.

Yea, bl est are the departed
Who in the Lord repose—
All brethren in Christ Jesus,
And friends who once were foes.

They rest from all their labours,
From famine, hardships, pain,

Till God's last trumpet, sounding,
Shall bid them rise again.

Oh grant us, Lord, the blessing
Of those who make for peace;
Be wisdom ours and mercy
As days and years increase,

Through Him that overcometh,
And sits enthroned above,

Crowned with the crown of triumph
For victories of love. Amen.
PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong and free.

Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God; the Vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne;
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn;
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage! Amen.

Also the following:
Before the Lord we bow—369
Harvest.

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

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:

Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

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

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy Presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home! Amen.
May also be sung to "St. Columba" (Macneikan), No. 398.
Harvest.

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

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

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

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

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

f Fountain of love! our praise is Thine,
   To Thee our songs we'll raise;
And all created Nature join
   In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

\[ d = 108. \]

**Chorus.**

For His mercies aye endure, Ever faithful, ever sure! Amen.

---

(490)
Harvest.

mf 5. And caused the golden-tressed sun All the day long his course to run:

Repeat Chorus.

mf 6. The horn-ed moon to shine by night, Amongst her span-gled sis-ters bright:

Repeat Chorus.

mf 7. All liv-ing creatures He doth feed, And with full hand sup-plies their need:

Repeat Chorus.

f 8. Let us there-fore war-ble forth His might-y ma-jes-ty and worth:

Repeat Chorus.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Harvest.

Craigmillar.

8.8.8.4.4.8.

C. W. Pearce, b. 1856.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

A-men.
harvest.

mf LORD of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;

Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;

Oh let our hearts in tune be found!

mf When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

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

Lord of the harvest! all is Thine;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
— New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound. Amen.
PRAISE, Oh praise our God and Hymns of adoration sing; [King;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

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

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

Praise Him that He gave the rain To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;

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

Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor:
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

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

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

Amen.
Harvest.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:

For the blessings of the fields,
For the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

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

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

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

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

Yet, to Thee, my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,

* These verses to be sung in time of Dearth and Famine.

(495)
**harvest.**

![Musical notation](image-url)

**mf** The Sower went forth sowing,
   The seed in secret slept
   Through days of faith and patience,
   Till out the green blade crept;
   And warmed by golden sunshine
   And fed by silver rain,
   At last the fields were whitened
   To harvest once again.

**f** Oh praise the heavenly Sower,
   Who gave the fruitful seed,
   And watched and watered duly,
   And ripened for our need.

**mf** Behold! the heavenly Sower
   Goes forth with better seed,
   The word of sure Salvation,
   With feet and hands that bleed;
   Here in His Church 'tis scattered,
   Our spirits are the soil;
   Then let an ample fruitage
   Repay His pain and toil.

**f** Oh, beautiful the harvest
   Wherein all goodness thrives,
   And this the true thanksgiving,
   The first-fruits of our lives.

**p** Within a hallowed acre
   He sows yet other grain,
   When peaceful earth receiveth
   The dead He died to gain;

**cr** For though the growth be hidden,
   We know that they shall rise;
   Yea, even now they ripen
   In sunny Paradise.

**f** O summer land of harvest,
   O fields for ever white
   With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
   With crowns of golden light!

**mf** One day the heavenly Sower
   Shall reap where He hath sown,
   And come again rejoicing,
   And with Him bring His own;

**p** And then the fan of judgment
   Shall winnow from His floor
   The chaff into the furnace
   That flameth evermore.

**mf** O holy, awful Reaper,
   Have mercy in the day
   Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
   And cast us not away. Amen.
Golden Sheaves.


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To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
In hymns of adoration;
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation.
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing;
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That even they are singing.

And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine Altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing:
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary:
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected!

Oh! blessed is that land of God,
Where Saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending! Amen.
Wir pflügen.


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

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank
For all His love. [the Lord,

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 around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank
For all His love. [the Lord,

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 around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank
For all His love. [the Lord,

Amen.

Also the following:
O Hand of bounty, largely spread—490

( 501 )
Ember Days, and for the Clergy.

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

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

p O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
   Bid strife among Thy subjects cease:
cr One is our faith, and One our Lord:
   One body, Spirit, hope, reward;
   One God and Father of us all,
   On Whom Thy Church and people call.
f Oh may we one communion be,
   One with each other and with Thee.
Ember Days, and for the Clergy.

St. Lawrence.

L. M.

L. G. Hayne, 1836-1883.

A-men.
Ember Days, and for the Clergy.

mf O THOU Who makest souls to shine
   With light from brighter worlds above,
   And droppest glistening dew divine
   On all who seek a Saviour’s love;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
   On all who teach, on all who learn,
That all Thy Church may holier live,
   And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
   Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer:
Themselves first training for the skies,
   They best will raise their people there.

Give those that learn the willing ear,
   The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
   Far better than a kingdom find.

Oh! bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
   That guide and guided both be one;
One in the faithful watch they keep
   Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
   Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven
   We taste our immortality. Amen.

Also the following:

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high—531
Ye servants of the Lord—608
Almsgiving.

312

Caritas.

8.7.8.7. D.

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

J = 88.

(506)
Almsgiving.

mf LORD of Glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy Life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous Sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand;

p 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;
cr Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
f That more happy and more blessed
’Tis to give than to receive.

mf Wondrous honour hast Thou given
To our humblest charity
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
“Ye have done it unto Me.”
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?”

mf Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

mf Lord of Glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy Life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous Sacrifice,

cr Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;

f But, Oh best of all Thy graces,

dim Give us Thine own charity.
Almsgiving.

Almsgiving.  8.8.8.4.  J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

f  O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,  mf  Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
To Thee all praise and glory be;  Spirit of life, and love, and power,
How shall we show our love to Thee,  And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Giver of all?  Upon us all.

mf  The golden sunshine, vernal air,  For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love  For means of grace, and hopes of
declare:  heaven,
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,  cr  Father, what can to Thee be given,
Giver of all!  Who givest all?

For peaceful homes and healthful days,  p  We lose what on ourselves we spend:
For all the blessings earth displays,  f  We have as treasure without end
cr  We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Giver of all!  Who givest all!

p  Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  f  To Thee, from Whom we all derive
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  Our life, our gifts, our power to give,
cr  And freely with that Blessed One  Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Thou givest all!  Giver of all! Amen.
Oblation,

Almsgiving.

J. W. Elliott, b. 1833

Verses 1—5.

Slower.

Last verse only.

p THY Life was given for me! Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed

cr That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.

mf Thy Life was given for me:—

p What have I given for Thee?

p Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,

cr That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.

p Long years were spent for me:—
Have I spent one for Thee?

mf Thy Father's home of light
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,

dim Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.

Yea, all was left for me:—

p Have I left aught for Thee?

p Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.

p Thou sufferedst all for me:—

p What have I borne for Thee?

f And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.

p What have I brought to Thee?

mf Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;

f My Saviour and my King,
My all to Thee I bring! Amen.
We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

Oh! hearts are bruised and dead;
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold!

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is Angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee. Amen.

Also the following:
Jesu, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!—444
O God of mercy, God of might—486
O King of kings, before Whose throne—496
For Absent Friends.

Cairnbrook.

8.5.8.3.

E. Prout, b. 1835.

mf HOLY Father, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
Neath Thy care.

Jesus, Saviour, let Thy Presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, Oh keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

p When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

mf May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

p Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

mf Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three, [keep them
Bless them, guide them, save them,
Near to Thee. Amen.
m,f  ETERNAL Father! strong to save,  m,f  O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
Its own appointed limits keep:
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
For those in peril on the sea!

m,f  O Saviour! Whose almighty word  m,f  O Trinity of love and power!
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
Who walkd'st on the foaming deep,
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
And ever let there rise to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!
ALMIGHTY Father, hear our cry,  
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;  
Be Thou our haven always nigh,  
On homeless waters Thou our home.

O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power The ocean woke to life and light,  
Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might!

O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,  
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

Great God, Triune Jehovah, Thee We love, we worship, we adore;  
Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,  
Our Joy on heaven's eternal shore.  
Amen.
For Use at Sea.

Vienna.

7.7.7.7.

J. H. Knecht, 1752-1817.

On the waters dark and drear,
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near;
With our ship where'er it roam,
As with loving friends at home.

Thou hast walked the heaving wave;
Thou art mighty still to save;
With one gentle word of peace
Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

Safely from the boisterous main
Bring us back to port again;
In our haven we shall be,
Jesu, if we have but Thee.

Only by Thy power and love
Fit us for the port above;
Still the deadly storm within,
Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

So when breaks the glorious dawn
Of the Resurrection morn,
When the night of toil is o'er,
We shall see Thee on the shore.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Praise unending unto Thee
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

Also the following:
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep—399
Fierce was the wild billow—400

And in the case of a Burial at Sea:
Now the labourer's task is o'er—284
Intercession.

L.M.

Anon.

A LMIGHTY God, Whose Only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

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 honour Thee.

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:

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.

There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessed word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or hell;

Oh 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.

That so from Angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the Blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.

( 515 )
Ibonte

cr JESU, Lord, Thy Cross I see,
In love endured, and all for me,
That I might saved and rescued be.

mf Yea, all for me; that sin should cease,
And life be filled, and love increase,
Unto Thine own eternal peace.

mf What can I give, or what desire?
Thy words alone my thoughts in-
spire,
And lift both hope and purpose higher.

p 'Tis Thine own call that bids me come,
With all my griefs, though great their sum,
And learn what life may yet become.

cr That so, my Saviour, life may be
One offering holy; let me see,
In all I give, Thy gift for me. Amen.

( 516 )
Innocents.

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky:
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

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.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

Also the following:
Approach, my soul, the Mercy-seat—362
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All—442
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing—464
My God, my Father, dost Thou call—476
O for a closer walk with God—481
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said—551
Thy kingdom come, O God—578
Foreign Missions.

Missionary.

7.6.7.6. D.  Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

May also be sung to "Aurelia" No. 553.

(518)
Foreign Missions.

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

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

\[ m^f \] Can we, whose souls are lighted
   With wisdom from on high,
   Can we to men benighted
   The lamp of life deny?
\[ f \] Salvation! Oh, salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim,
   Till each remotest nation
   Has learned Messiah's Name.

\[ f \] Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
   And you, ye waters, roll,
\[ cr \] Till, like a sea of glory,
   It spreads from pole to pole;
   Till o'er our ransomed nature
   The Lamb for sinners slain,
\[ ff \] Redeemer, King, Creator,
   In bliss returns to reign! Amen.
1. God is working His purpose out, as
3. What can we do to work God's work, to
5. All we can do is nothing worth, un

year succeeds to year: God is working His
prosper and increase The brotherhood of
less God blesses the deed, Vainly we hope for the

pur pose out, and the time is drawing near-
all mankind the reign of the Prince of Peace?
harvest-tide, till God gives life to the seed; Yet

(520)
Foreign Missions.

Near-er and near-er draws the time,
What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely
near-er and near-er draws the time.

be, When the earth shall be fill’d with the glory of God, as the

waters cover the sea.

After last verse.

2. From utmost East to utmost West, wher-e’er man’s foot hath
4. March we forth in the strength of God, with the ban-ner of Christ un
trod, By the mouth of many, messengers goes furled, That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth may

forth the voice of God; Give ear... to Me, ye continents—ye shine throughout the world: Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to

isles, give ear to Me,) That the set their captives free,) That the earth may be fill'd with the

glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host!
Where hallowed footprint never trod,
Take your appointed post.

Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field!
Amen.
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping:
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?

See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word!
Give the word!—in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;

Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:

Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign! Amen.
O SPIRIT of the living God, Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
In all Thy plenitude of grace, Confusion, order in Thy path; [might;
Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Souls without strength inspire with
Descend on our apostate race. Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, Baptize the nations far and nigh,
to preach the reconciling word; The triumphs of the Cross record;
Give power and unction from above, The Name of Jesus glorify,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard. Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee. Amen.
Bethany.

For more information, please refer to the sheet music and the accompanying text.
Foreign Missions.

mf Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
    Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
    By Thy pains and consolations,
    Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.

cr Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
    Be it to the nations told;
    Let them see Thee in Thy glory
    And Thy mercy manifold.

mf 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.

mf 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.

cr Give the word! and of the preacher
    Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
    Till on earth by every creature
    Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.
Foreign Missions.

Regnabit Deus.

H. S. Irons, b. 1834.
TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing:
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace:
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for evermore.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above,
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love:
Tell it out, tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

Amen.
Foreign Missions.

Parting. 6.6.8.4. Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900. Adapted from an older melody.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)

Last verse thus:

WITH the sweet word of Peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

With the calm word of Prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!
Foreign Missions.

With the dear word of Love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
   With them shall dwell.

mf With the strong word of Faith
We stay ourselves on Thee,
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
   Their help shall be;

Then the bright word of Hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
   Of earth-born dream.

p Farewell! in hope and love,
   In faith and peace and prayer;
Till He Whose home is ours above
   Unite us there! Amen.

Also the following:

God of mercy, God of grace—417
Hail to the Lord’s Anointed—424
Jesus shall reign where’er the sun—452
Not by Thy mighty hand—113
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended—30
Thou, Whose Almighty word—574
Thy kingdom come, O God—578

Laying a Foundation Stone.

The following may be used:

Christ is made the sure Foundation—331 [Part II.]
Christ is our Corner-stone—375
The Church’s One Foundation—553
Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

Urbs beata (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode II. Sarum.

A - men.
Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

PART I.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above,
And, with Angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride doth earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

PART II.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants, as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the Blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part:

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.
Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

OREL (Second Tune).

8.7.8.7.8.7.

Anon.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones art builded
In the height of heaven above
And, with Angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride doth earthward move;

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed, [thee,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

PART I.

mf

A-men.
Feast of the Dedication of a Church.

Bright thy gates of pearl are shining, They are open evermore; They by virtue of His merits Thither faithful souls do soar, Who for Christ’s dear Name in this Pain and tribulation bore. mf Many a blow and biting sculpture Polished well those stones elect, In their places now compacted By the heavenly Architect, Who therewith hath willed for ever That His palace should be decked.

pf CHRIST is made the sure Foundation, mf To this Temple, where we call Thee, Christ the Head and Corner-stone, Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day; Chosen of the Lord, and precious, With Thy wonted loving-kindness Binding all the Church in one, Hear Thy servants, as they pray; Holy Sion’s help for ever, And Thy fullest benediction And her confidence alone. Shed within its walls alway.

All that dedicated City, Dearly loved of God on high, In exultant jubilation Pours perpetual melody, God the One in Three adoring In glad hymns eternally. Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants What they ask of Thee to gain, What they gain from Thee for ever With the Blesston to retain, And hereafter in Thy glory Evermore with Thee to reign.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part:

\[
\begin{align*}
&f \text{Laud and honour to the Father,} \\
&Laud and honour to the Son, \\
&Laud and honour to the Spirit, \\
&\text{Ever Three, and ever One,} \\
&\text{Consubstantial, Co-eternal,} \\
&\text{While unending ages run. Amen.}
\end{align*}
\]

Also the following:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{All people that on earth do dwell—} & \text{357} \\
\text{Christ is our Corner-stone—} & \text{375} \\
\text{Hosanna to the living Lord!—} & \text{428} \\
\text{Jerusalem the golden!—} & \text{561} \quad [\text{Part IV.}] \\
\text{Lo, God is here! Let us adore—} & \text{460} \\
\text{Lord of the worlds above—} & \text{470} \\
\text{O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord—} & \text{485} \\
\text{O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see—} & \text{499} \\
\text{Pleasant are Thy courts above—} & \text{530} \\
\text{We love the place, O God—} & \text{584}
\end{align*}
\]

(535)
Restoration of a Church.

Austria.

8.7.8.7. D.

J. Haydn, 1732-1809.
Restoration of a Church.

LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving!
Tread with songs the hallowed way!
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons to-day:
Here they built for Him a dwelling,
Served Him here in ages past,
Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.

When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode;
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.

Entering 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 Sion's height,
"This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight."

Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew;
Clothe with righteousness its Priesthood,
Guide its Choir to reverence true;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;
Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.

Praise to Thee, Almighty Father!
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son!
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit!
Ever-blessèd Three in One!
Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom;
Moulding out of sinful clay
Living stones for that true Temple
Which shall never know decay.

A-men.
Restoration of a Church.

The Day of Praise.  

S.M.  

C. Steggall, b. 1826.

May also be sung to "Franconia," No. 233.

**mf** O WORD of God above,  
Who fillest all in all,  
Hallow this house with Thy sure love, **mf** The Judge acquits, and grace divine  
And bless our Festival.  
Here guilty souls that pine  
May health and pardon win;  
The Judge acquits, and grace divine  
Restores the dead in sin.

Here from the Font is poured  
Grace on each sinful child;  
The blest anointing of the Lord  
Brightens the once defiled.  
Yea, God enthroned on high  
Here also dwells to bless;  
Here trains adoring souls that sigh  
His mansions to possess.

**p** Here Christ to faithful hearts  
His Body gives for food;  
The Lamb of God Himself imparts  
The Chalice of His Blood.  
All might, all praise be Thine,  
Father, Co-equal Son,  
And Spirit, Bond of love Divine,  
While endless ages run.  Amen.

Also the following:  
Before Jehovah's awful throne—368  
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet—453
O Thou in Whom Thy Saints repose,
When life's brief conflict finds its close;
Behold us met before Thy face
To hallow this their resting-place:
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep;
And safely here their dust shall sleep.
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 rememberest on Thy throne
Thy garden grave and sealed stone.

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.
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.
Amen.

Also the following:
Brief life is here our portion—561 [Part II.]
Come, let us join our friends above—379
God of the living, in Whose eyes—283
See also Hymns for Burial.
Opening of a Mission Room.

Tallis's Ordinal.

C.M.

T. Tallis, 1520?-1585.

\[
\text{\textbf{\textit{A - men.}}}
\]
Opening of a Mission Room.

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy Presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the Presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow. Amen

Also the following:
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet—453

See also Hymns for Dedication of a Church.
Dedication of Special Offerings.


(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Dedication of Special Offerings.

GREAT God, to Thee our hearts we raise
In joyful adoration;
With Saints above we hymn Thy praise
In notes of exultation:
They, round Thy throne, a shining throng,
Stand, Thy dread might confessing:
We at Thy feet pour forth our song,
And humbly seek Thy blessing.

To Thy great glory, Lord, we place
Within Thy shrine most holy,
These hallowed gifts, Thy courts to grace,
With thankful hearts and lowly.
Accept, we pray, these works of love,
And seal them Thine for ever:
Thy gracious unction from above
Pour Thou on gifts and giver.

Fountain of good, and God of love,
Giver of light supernal;
Of all Thy gifts from heaven above,
Grant us the life eternal.
And when within this shrine we kneel,
Our sacred Master meeting,
Oh may our hearts His Presence feel,
And joy in heavenly greeting.

God of our Fathers, Thee we hail,
One God, from everlasting,
While Saints their crowns, within the veil,
Before Thy throne are casting.
On us and ours, O Lord, we pray,
In joy and in affliction,
Shed forth Thy Spirit, day by day,
In hallowing benediction. Amen.
Dedication of Special Offerings.

Giessen.

Six 8's.

Adapted.

\[ \text{\textbf{A - men.}} \]
Dedication of Special Offerings.

\[f\] 0 KING of Saints, O Lord of might,
Of souls redeemed the Life and Light,
Thine is the power when souls excel
In grace because they love Thee well.
O Jesu blest, in all Thine own
We praise Thee for Thyself made known.

\[mf\] And so we come; Lord, guide each thought,
By grateful love and memory taught,
That rises to Thy throne to-day,
The prayer that hearts in secret pray—
That these Thy children's gifts may be
In blessings made more worthy Thee.

\[p\] Let each abide, as made to stand
And hallowed by Thy loving hand;
Hear Thou in heaven each tender prayer,
The burden of each heart of care;
Keep Thou their feet, and make them blest
Who in the Holiest would rest,

\[mf\] Lord, bless the gifts we offer here
With grateful love of hearts sincere;
\[cr\] Henceforth Thine own; Oh let them be
So used by those who worship Thee
\[f\] That every heart shall learn to raise
Some better note of love and praise. Amen.
May also be sung to "Old 137th," No. 396.
Hospitals.

\[ f \]
THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
    Was strong to heal and save;
    It triumphed o'er disease and death,
    O'er darkness and the grave.

\[ p \]
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
    The palsied and the lame,
    The leper with his tainted life,
    The sick with fevered frame.

\[ mf \]
And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
    Gave speech and strength and sight;
\[ f \]
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
    Owned Thee, the Lord of Light.
\[ p \]
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
    Almighty as of yore,
    In crowded street, by restless couch,
    As by Gennesareth's shore.

\[ mf \]
Though love and might no longer heal
    By touch, or word, or look,
    Though they who do Thy work must read
    Thy laws in Nature's book;
\[ p \]
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
    Come, cleanse the sinful taint;
\[ mf \]
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
    And strength where all is faint.

\[ mf \]
Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
    Thou Lord of life and death;
    Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
    With Thine almighty breath.
    To hands that work and eyes that see
    Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
    That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
    May praise Thee evermore.

\[ Amen. \]
Requiem (First Tune).

Lincoln (Second Tune).
Hospitals.

mf Thou to Whom the sick and dying
   Ever came, nor came in vain,
   Still with healing words replying
   To the wearied cry of pain;
   Hear us, Jesu, as we meet
   Suppliants at Thy Mercy-seat.

mf Every care, and every 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.

mf Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,
   To Thy healing power yield,
   Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
   One in Thee together meet,

Also the following:
At even, when the sun did set—12
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee—462
Flower Services.

Clare Market.

Verse 1.

11.10.11.10.

Mary Palmer.

Verse 2, 3 and 4.

Raise, Lord, to health again

(550)
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying;
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;
Grant the departing a gentle release.

Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither;
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky. Amen.

Also the following:
All things bright and beautiful— 609
I praised the earth—433
For the beauty of the earth—403
We thank Thee, Lord—589
Bible Classes.


\( d = 80. \)

A-men.
Father of all, in Whom alone
We live and move and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

While in Thy word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.

Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below. Amen.

Also the following:
Father of mercies, in Thy word—397
Lord, Thy word abideth—472

(553)
342

Eastgate.

8.7.8.7. D.

G. J. Bennett, b. 1863.

May also be sung to "Austria," No. 332.

( 554 )
The National Church.

A bulwark of a mighty nation,
See the Church of England stand,
Founded on the Rock of ages,
Hope, and glory of our land.
See her stand, a holy temple,
Bonded with the bond of love,
Living bond that ever bindeth
Human souls to God above.

See her, as a loving mother,
Guard them with a mother's love,
Ever pointing with her finger
To their Father's home above.

Her the voice that cheers them forward,
Fainting o'er the world-worn track,
Hers when from the path they wander,
First to call the wanderers back.

See her plead for all her children
Kneeling at their Saviour's throne,
Sign the Cross upon their foreheads,
Mark, and seal them for His own.
See her, — witness of the Spirit,—
Bid them search the Book that sheds
Rays of light upon the living,
Hope upon their dying beds.

Nursing-mother of our freedom,
Sowing truth from door to door,
Watching o'er the young and aged,
Church alike of rich and poor,
Shield her, Lord, from every evil,
Strife within, and foes without,
Give her strength to wage the warfare
Faith must ever wage with doubt.

May Thy heavenly grace be with her,
Guide, support her by the way,
As she leads her children homeward
Through the mists that cloud the day;
Till the living sea of crystal
Bursts upon their wondering sight,
And the songs of thronging Angels
Greet them in the realms of light.
The National Church.

Godesberg.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. Albert, 1604-1651.

(556)
The National Church.

"His the glory, His the honour,
High and low, recount His praise,
Tell it out among the nations
How the Christ in ancient days
Left His home, His Father's side,
Sought, and found, and won His Bride.

In the far-off land He found her,
And she gave to Him her heart,
For His love is everlasting,
That nor life nor death can part;
There, to win her troth, He died,
There, for her, was crucified.

Oh, our King! fulfil Thy promise,
Bring her where no taint of sin,
Where no sadness and no blemish,
Keep her ever at Thy side,
Bring her home, Thy faithful Bride.

Perfect then Thy new creation
With the grace that shall endure,
E'en amid temptation growing
Still more stately and more pure,
Till by sorrow sanctified
She becomes Thy holy Bride.

Peace be hers within her temples;
Strength be hers, her walls to guard;
May her holiness and beauty
By no evil thing be marred;
Through all peril, Saviour, guide
To Thy heaven Thy crowned Bride. Amen.
For Unity.

God of our fathers.

Six 10's.

F. Peel, b. 1839.
ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovéd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove
Into our hearts, that we may be as one;
As one with Thee to Whom we ever tend,
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

Oh make us one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free,
To follow Truth, and thus to follow Thee.

Oh clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord.
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be
Enough to know that we are serving Thee. Amen.
GREAT God, Whomadestall for man, For all are gifts, O Lord, of Thine,
All life on earth, fruit, flower, All Thine to give or take away,
and field,
Who o'er the wide world's widest span So may we all as one combine
Dost make them all their blessings To praise Thee this and every
yield;—

Oh help us, Lord, as in Thy sight, Then help us, Lord, as in Thy
All these Thy gifts to use aright. sight,

No living thing beneath the heaven, Then help us, Lord, as in Thy
From sea to sea, or shore to shore, sight,
That is not by Thy bounty given And draw them to Thy wounded
To fill our ever-needed store;—

Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight, Then helpus, Lord, as in Thy sight,
All these Thy gifts to use aright. All these Thy gifts to use aright.

And may we all as brothers strive Examples through our lives to be,
Restrain our wayward wills, and live Lives dedicated, Lord, to Thee;

Then help us, Lord, as in Thy sight, Amen.
Friendly Societies, etc.


May also be sung to "Delhi," No. 321.

mf Father of men, in Whom are one
    All humankind beneath Thy sun,
Stablish our work in Thee begun.

Except the house be built of Thee,
In vain the builder’s toil must be:—
Oh strengthen our infirmity!

Man lives not for himself alone,
In others’ good he finds his own,
Life’s worth in fellowship is known.

[We, friends and comrades on life’s way,  mf Then may we know, earth’s lesson o’er,
Gather within these walls to pray,—  With comrades missed or gone before,
Bless Thou our fellowship to-day!]  Heaven’s fellowship for evermore.

O Christ, our Elder Brother, Who
By serving man God’s will didst do,
Help us to serve our brethren too.

Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by Thy free law of love.

cr In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our friend, our stay;
Lead onward to the perfect day:

Also the following:

How blessed, from the bonds of sin—348
O Lord, how joyful ’tis to see—499

(561)
At a Retreat.

mf Thou hidden Love of God, Whose height,
    Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
    I see from far Thy beauteous light.
    Inly I sigh for Thy repose;

p My heart is pained, nor can it be
    At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

mf 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
    My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
    Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
    No peace my wandering soul shall see;
    Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
    And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
    That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
    The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
    When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I
    No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
    Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
    Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
    My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
    "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
    To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Also the following:
Father of all, to Thee—394
Lay Helpers and Teachers.

mf HOW blessed, from the bonds of sin
   And earthly fetters free,
   In singleness of heart and aim,
   Thy servants, Lord, to be!
The hardest toil to undertake
   With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
   With meekness at Thy hand:

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.

Thus may we serve Thee, gracious Lord?
   Thus ever Thine alone,
Our souls and bodies given to Thee,
   The purchase Thou hast won.

Through evil or through good report
   Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
   Let Christ be magnified!

mf How happily the working days
   In this dear service fly!

p How rapidly the closing hour,
   The time of rest, draws nigh;
When all the faithful gather home,

A joyful company!

A And ever where the Master is
   Shall His blest servants be! Amen.

( 565 )
LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh 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.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may
The hidden depths of many a heart.

Oh 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.

Oh fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share. Amen.
Hawarden.

Lay Helpers and Teachers.

Eight 6's.

S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876.

\[ \text{mf} \]

**SHINE** Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day;
And through the written word
Thy very self display;
That so from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

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 wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

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.

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 every heart. Amen.

__Also the following:__

Soldiers of Christ! arise—546
Soldiers of the Cross, arise—322

**Schools.** See Children’s Hymns.

(567)
G O D save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.
King's Accession.

KING of kings! Thy blessing shed
On our anointed Sovereign's head;
And, looking from Thy holy heaven,
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

Him with Thy choicest mercies bless;
To all his counsels give success;
In war, in peace, Thy succour bring;
Thy strength command—God save the King.

Him may we honour and obey;
Uphold his right and lawful sway;
Remembering that the powers that be
Are ministers ordained by Thee.

And when all earthly thrones decay,
And earthly kingdoms fade away,
Grant him a throne in worlds on high,
A crown of immortality. Amen.

Also the following: From foes that would the land devour—408

(569)
Leominster.

D.S.M.

G. W. Martin, 1828-1881.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

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;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

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 bright day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'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;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.
Ein' feste Burg.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

M. Luther, 1483–1546.

Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.

For a simpler arrangement see No. 415.
FORTRESS sure is God our King,
A Shield that ne'er shall fail us,
His sword alone shall succour bring,
When evil doth assail us;

With craft and cruel hate
Doth Satan lie in wait,
And armed with deadly power,
Seeks whom he may devour,
Our crafty foe unyielding.

Oh! who shall then our champion be,
Lest we be lost for ever?
One sent by God,—from sin 'tis He
The sinner shall deliver;
And dost thou ask His name?
'Tis Jesus Christ,—the Same
Of Sabaoth the Lord,
The Everlasting Word,—
O'er sin and death victorious.

Though filled this earth with fiends may be,
All eager to devour us,
Yet are our minds from terror free,
They ne'er shall overpower us:
The prince of this world still
May rage as e'er he will,
His wrath we do not heed,
For why? his doom's decreed:
One word shall overwhelm him.

God's word remaineth ever sure,
To us His goodness showing;
The Spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—
Each day He is bestowing;
Though nought we love be left,
Of all, e'en life, bereft;
Yet what shall Satan gain?
God's kingdom doth remain;
And shall be ours for ever.
Eventide.

General Hymns.

10.10.10.10.

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889.
**General Hymns.**

*mf* A BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  

*sr* When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, (p) Oh, abide with me!

*mf* 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;  

*mf* O Thou, who changest not, (p) abide with me!

*mf* Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

*mf* 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, (p) Oh, abide with me!

*f* 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!

*p* Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;  
Speak 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! Amen.
General Hymns.

Miles' Lane. C.M. W. Shrubsole, 1760-1806.

May also be sung to "St. Leonard," No. 85.

f All hail the power of Jesus' Name! mf Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,

Let Angels prostrate fall; Whom David Lord did call;

Bring forth the royal diadem The God Incarnate, Man Divine,

To crown Him Lord of all! cr And crown Him Lord of all!

mf Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God mf Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget

Who from His Altar call; The wormwood and the gall;

Praise Him Whose blood-stained path cr Go! spread your trophies at His ye trod,

feet,

cr And crown Him Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

mf Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, f Let every tribe and every tongue

Ye ransomed of the fall, Before Him prostrate fall,

Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, Join in the universal song

cr And crown Him Lord of all! And crown Him Lord of all!

Amen.
General Hymns.

Old 100th (Old Version).

L.M.

Geneva Psalter, 1551.

For another Version see No. 368.

f 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,

mf 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.

f Oh! 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.

f 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.

A-men.
Adoration.

8.6.8.6.8.7.

G. W. Torrance, b. 1835.

A - men.
General Hymns.

f ALL praise and thanks to God Most High,
   The Father of all love!
   The God Who doeth wondrously,
   The God Who from above
mf My soul with richest solace fills,
   The God Who every sorrow stills;
ff Give to our God the glory!

f The Hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
   All thrones bow down to Thee,
   And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
   In earth and air and sea,
   Declare and laud their Maker's might,
   Whose wisdom orders all things right;
ff Give to our God the glory!

mf And for the creatures He hath made
   Our God shall well provide,
   His grace shall be their constant aid,
   Their guard on every side.
   His kingdom ye may surely trust,
   There all is equal, all is just;
ff Give to our God the glory!

f Ah! then, till life hath reached its bound,
   My God, I'll worship Thee;
   The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
   Far over land and sea.
   O soul and body, now rejoice,
   My heart, send forth a gladsome voice,
ff Give to our God the glory!

f All ye who name Christ's Holy Name,
   Give to our God the glory!
   Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
   Give to our God the glory!
   All idols under foot be trod,
   The Lord is God! the Lord is God!
ff Give to our God the glory! Amen.

( 579 )
Te laudant omnia.

Six 7's.

J. F. Swift, b. 1847.

All things praise Thee,—(mf) Lord
Most High,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for Thy glory made,
That Thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to Thee;
All things praise Thee:—(p) Lord, may we!

All things praise Thee;—(mf) night to day
Sings in silent hymns of light;
All things praise Thee;—day to day
Chants Thy power in burning ray;
Time and space are praising Thee,
All things praise Thee:—(p) Lord, may we!

All things praise Thee;—heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine;
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
Seraph and Archangel meet;
This their highest bliss, to be
Ever praising:—(p) Lord, may we!

All things praise Thee,—(mf) Gracious Lord,
Great Creator, Mighty Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee;
All things praise Thee:—(p) Lord, may we!

Amen.
**General Hymns.**

*Eucharistica.*

8.7.8.7. D.  
J. W. Elliott, b. 1833.

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**In Unison.**

May also be sung to "Lux Eoi," No. 167.

- **f** Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!  
- His the sceptre, His the throne;
  - Alleluia! His the triumph,
    - Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion
      - Thunder like a mighty flood:
        - "Jesus, out of every nation,
          - Hath redeemed us by His Blood!"

- **mf** Alleluia! Not as orphans  
  - Are we left in sorrow now;
  - Alleluia! He is near us,
    - Faith believes, nor questions how.

- **p** Though the cloud from sight received  
  - Him
    - When the forty days were o'er,
  - *or* Shall our hearts forget His promise—
    - *f* "I am with you evermore"?

- **f** Alleluia!  
  - Bread of Angels,
    - Thou on earth our food, our stay;
  - Alleluia! Here the sinful
    - Flee to Thee from day to day.

- Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
  - Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
    - Where the songs of all the sinless
      - Sweep across the crystal sea.

- **f** Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!  
  - His the sceptre, His the throne;
  - Alleluia! His the triumph,
    - Hark, the songs of peaceful Zion
      - Thunder like a mighty flood:
        - "Jesus, out of every nation,
          - Hath redeemed us by His Blood!" Amen.
Angel-voices.

Sostenuto.

mfAngel-voices ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel-harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

mfThou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

mfYea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;

Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

fHonour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee! Amen.
APPROACH, my soul, the Mercy-seat, p
Where Jesus answers prayer;
Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
There humbly fall before His feet,
By war without, and fears within,
For none can perish there.
I come to Thee for rest.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place
That, sheltered near Thy side,
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And such, O Lord, am I.
And tell him Thou hast died.

O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name. Amen.
Stephanos (First Tune).  

Art thou weary (Second Tune).  
E. W. Bullinger, b. 1837.
General Hymns.

p ART thou weary, art thou languid,
    Art thou sore distrest?
mf "Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming,
    Be at rest!"

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
    If He be my Guide?
    "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
    And His side."

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

mf If I find Him, if I follow,
    What His guerdon here?
    "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
    Many a tear."

mf If I still hold closely to Him,
    What hath He at last?
    "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
    Jordan past."

mf If I ask Him to receive me,
    Will He say me nay?
    "Not till earth, and not till heaven
    Pass away!"

mf Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
    Is He sure to bless?
    "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
    Answer, Yes!" Amen.

( 585 )
Martyrdom.

General Hymns.

Martyrdom.        C.M.        Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824.

$=84.$

$A$ Spants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

$\text{mf}$ Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
$\text{cr}$ Hope still, and thou shalt sing
$\text{f}$ The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring. Amen.
SHAMED of Thee! O dearest Lord, Ashamed of Thee!—of that blest Name
I marvel how such wrong can be: Which speaks of mercy full and free!
And yet how oft in deed and word p Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Have I been found ashamed of Thee! Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God, mf Ashamed of Thee! Whose love Divine
Who soughtest me with wondrous Was not ashamed of our lost race,
love, But even this cold heart of mine
Whose feet the way of sorrows trod Dost make Thy home and dwelling-
To bring me to Thy home above:

mf Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:

cr And in Thy last great Advent-day

dim Oh be not Thou ashamed of me! Amen.

May also be sung to "Eisenach," No. 73.
f A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.

Sing on your heavenly way;
Ye ransomed singers, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come:"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

f There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweetest notes the song
Abridge.

C.M. Isaac Smith, d. 1800.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path we tread;
Oh save us from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.

BE Thou our Guardian and our Guide,
And hear us when we call;
Let not our slippery footsteps slide,
And hold us lest we fall.

And if we tempted are to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save our souls from wrong.

Still let us ever watch and pray,
And feel that we are frail;
That if the tempter cross our way,
Yet he may not prevail. Amen.
B EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

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

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

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

A - men.
Before the Lord we bow,
The God Who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love;
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by Thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day
Our thanks we pay—
Gifts of Thy hand.

May every mountain height,
Each vale and pasture green
Shine in Thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!

May every tongue —
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone;
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

Before the Lord we bow,
The God Who reigns above,
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love;
Our thanks we bring
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King. Amen.
Dignus est Agnus (Second Tune). 6.6.4.8.8.4.

J. Stainer, 1840-1901.

Men's voices only, in Unison.
ad lib.

All voices in Harmony.
Rather slow.

Be - hold the Lamb of God!

Org.

senza Ped.

Ped.
BEHOLD the Lamb of God!
O Thou for sinners slain,
Let it not be in vain
That Thou hast died.

Thee for my Saviour let me take,
My only refuge let me make
Thy pierced side.

Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word!
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most Blest;

Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessed Saints

Eternal rest.

Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone
To sit upon the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love! Amen.
BLESSED be Thy Name, Jesus Christ, the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever!
What from Thee my soul shall sever,
While I hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice?

Hold me with Thine hand,
For by faith I stand!
On Thy strength my sole reliance,
In Thy truth my whole affiance:
Then, where'er I roam,
I am travelling home.

Lord! Thy word is light;
Led by it aright,
When, a pilgrim like my fathers,
Life's last shadow round me gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day!

With my latest breath,
Overcoming death,
From the body disencumbered,
With Thy Saints in glory numbered,
Jesu, may I be
Found in peace with Thee.

Praise the Lord Most High,
All below the sky;
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Earth and heaven raise
Songs of loudest praise! Amen.

Brief life is here our portion—see 561 [Part II.]
CAPTAIN of Israel’s host, and Guide
Of all who seek that land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love;
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy
Our end, the glory of the Lord. [word;
By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
By Thy paternal bounty fed,
We shall not lack in all our way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

Take not the sacred sign away,
The token of Thy guardian power;
Preserved by night, refreshed by day,
Baptized in many a gracious shower;
Protect us with Thy cloudy shrine,
And in Thy fiery column shine.

To all believers Visible,
Who in Thy pardoning love confide,
With us Thou promisest to dwell,
And to that pleasant country guide,
Where Israel finds, of Thee possesst,
Dim The land of everlasting rest. Amen.
CHILDREN of the heavenly King!  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways!

We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Sion's city is in sight!  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren! Joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

$mf$ Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
$cr$ Only Thou our Leader be,  
$f$ And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

(596)
Christ, above all glory seated!
King triumphant, strong to save!
Dying, Thou hast Death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.
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.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

mf We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee beyond the sky:
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high!

mf 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.

f Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore! Amen.
General Hymns.

Gopsal.

6.6.6.4.4.4.4.4.

G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.

May also be sung to "Harewood," No. 537.
CHRIST is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true Saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love
Our hopes we place
Of present grace
And joys above.

Oh! 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.

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

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

(Amen)
General Hymns.

Agathos (First Tune).

7.7.7.3.

J. W. Elliott, b. 1833.

Vigilate (Second Tune).

7.7.7.3.

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889.

Slower.

Watch and pray.

Watch and pray, watch and pray. Amen.

A-men.

( 600 )
General Hymns.

mf CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian Angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
   p Watch and pray.

mf Principalities and powers,
   Mustering their unseen array,
   Wait for thy unguarded hours;
       p Watch and pray.

mf Gird thy heavenly armour on,
   Wear it ever, night and day;
   Ambushed lurks the evil one;
       p Watch and pray.

mf Hear the victors who o'ercame,
   Still they mark each warrior's way,
   All with one clear voice exclaim—
       p Watch and pray.

   p Hear above all, hear thy Lord,
   Him thou lovest to obey;
   cr Hide within thy heart His word—
       p Watch and pray.

mf Watch, as if on that alone
   Hung the issue of the day;
   Pray that help may be sent down;
       p Watch and pray. Amen.
COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Convince us all of sin,
Then guide to Jesus' Blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free; [love
Then shall we know, and praise, and
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.
COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply;
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.
COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

Lord Jesu, be our constant Guide:
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.
COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

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

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

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

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,—
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

So shall His Presence bless our souls
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.
mf COME, Lord, and tarry not;  
Bring the long-looked-for day! 
Oh! why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay? 

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

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

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

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

Come, and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself.  
Great King of righteousness!
COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with Thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy Blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey’s end. Amen.
COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

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

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

By Thy own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.
May also be sung to "Capetown," No. 575.

mf OME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine!

mf We are sinful; cleanse us, Lord:
Sick and faint; Thy strength afford:
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

mf Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us, from Thy heavenly store,
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine!

mf Search for us the depths of God,
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine! Amen.
"Come unto Me."

7.6.7.6. D.

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.
COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.

O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest!

It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
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.

Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.

O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.

O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee! Amen.
COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days;
God Eternal, Word Incarnate,
Whom the Heaven of Heaven obeys.

Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die;
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the Throne of Calvary.
General Hymns.

\[f\] Now on those eternal mountains
   Stands the sapphire throne all bright:
   With the ceaseless Alleluias
   Which they raise, the sons of light,
   Sion's people tell His praises,
   Victor after hard-won fight.

\[f\] Bring your harp, and bring your incense;
   Sweep the string, and pour the lay;
   Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
   King of that celestial day.
   He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
   Who was dead, and lives for aye.

\[p\] If His people walk in darkness,
   Through the thickest clouds of night,
\[mf\] He, according to His promise,
   Sends the pillar-beam of light;
   Then they pass along His highway,
   Turning not to left or right.

\[p\] When the thirsty pant for water,
   And no cooling streams are found,
\[mf\] He descends like showers in spring-time,
   Softening all the parchèd ground;
   While the smitten rock its torrents
   Pours in ample streams around.

\[mf\] Hungry souls that faint and languish,
   By His bounteous hand are fed;
   Yea, He gives them Food immortal!
\[dim\] Gives Himself the living Bread:
\[p\] Gives the Chalice of His Passion,
   Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.

\[f\] Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims;
   Who shall pluck you from His hand?
   Pledged He stands for their salvation,
   Who are fighting for His land.
   Oh, that we, amidst His true ones,
   Round His throne may one day stand! Amen.

( 613 )
COMMIT thou all thy ways
And grieves into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course
Whom winds and seas obey;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

p Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

cr Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,

f And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.

(614)
CONQUERING kings their titles take
   From the foes they captive make:

Jesus, by a nobler deed,
   From the thousands He hath freed.

Yes: none other name is given
   Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
   And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,
   That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
   Shall we madly cast away?

Rather gladly for that Name
   Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
   Is not death but victory.

Jesu, Who dost condescend
   To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
   Glorifying in Thy Name to-day.

Glory to the Father be,
   Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
   From the Saints and Angel-host.

Amen.
Diademata.

D.S.M.

G. J. Elvey, 1816-1893.

May also be sung to "Corona," No. 390.
General Hymns.

f CROWN Him with many crowns,  
   The Lamb upon His throne!  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
   All music but its own.  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
   Of Him Who died for thee;  
And hail Him as thy chosen King  
   Through all eternity.

f Crown Him the Son of God  
   Before the worlds began,  
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,  
   Crown Him the Son of Man,  
mf Who every grief hath known  
   That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His own,  
   That all in Him may rest.

ff Crown Him the Lord of life,  
   Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
   For those He came to save;  
His glories now we sing  
   Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died,—eternal life to bring,  
   And lives, that death may die.

f Crown Him of lords the Lord,  
   Who over all doth reign,  
Who once on earth the Incarnate Word  
   For ransomed sinners slain,  
ff Now lives in realms of light,  
   Where Saints with Angels sing  
Their songs before Him day and night,  
   Their God, Redeemer, King.

ff Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
   Enthroned in worlds above,  
Crown Him the King to Whom is given  
   The wondrous name of Love.  
Crown Him with many crowns  
   As thrones before Him fall;  
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,  
   For He is King of all. Amen.
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_May also be sung to "Diademata," No. 389._

(618)
CROWN Him with many crowns, The Lamb upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

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 pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Virgin’s Son!
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies
Which now His brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem!

Crown Him the Lord of years!
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!
Glassed in a sea of light
Where everlasting waves
Reflect His throne—the Infinite!
Who lives and loves and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of love!
Behold His hands and side,
Those 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.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven.
One with the Father known,
And the Blest Spirit through Him given
From yonder Triune throne.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity! Amen.
Old 104th.

May also be sung to "Hanover," No. 607.
General Hymns.

mf DISPOSER supreme,
   And Judge of the earth,
Thou choosest for Thine
   The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels
   And things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches
   Which aye shall endure.

Those vessels soon fail,
   Though full of Thy light,
   And at Thy decree
   Are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth
   Thy truth in its might,
   As through the clouds riven
   The lightnings have shone.

mf Like clouds are they borne
   To do Thy great will,
   And swift as the winds
   About the world go;
   The fire of Thy Presence
   Their spirits doth fill,
   They thunder, they lighten,
   The waters o'erflow.

f Their sound goeth forth,
   "Christ Jesus is Lord!"
   Then Satan doth fear,
   His citadels fall:
   As when the dread trumpets
   Went forth at Thy word,
   And one long blast shattered
   The Canaanite's wall.

f Oh, loud be their trump,
   And stirring their sound,
   To rouse us, O Lord,
   From slumber of sin!
mf The lights Thou hast kindled
   In darkness around,
   Oh, may they illumine
   Our spirits within.

f All glory to Thee,
   Who, hid from our sight,
   Yet fillest with love
   The vast infinite!
   And for us revealed
   As One and yet Three,
   Dost call us from darkness
   Thy glory to see! Amen.
Belmont.

ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel:
That fear all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply:
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

All praise to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit be,
The everlasting Three in One,
The ever One in Three. Amen.
Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come
And speed me to my rest."

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

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

God of my life, be near,
On Thee my hopes I cast,
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. Amen.
FATHER of all, to Thee
With loving hearts we pray,
Through Him, in mercy given,
The Life, the Truth, the Way:
From heaven, Thy throne, in mercy shed
Thy blessings on each bended head.

Father of all, to Thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise;
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.

Father of all, to Thee
We breathe unuttered fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears:
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child.

Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallowed joy;
In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace which leads to Thee.

A-men.
FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound
   A ransom for our souls hath found,
   p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
   mf To us Thy pardoning love extend.

mf Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
   Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
   p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
   mf To us Thy saving grace extend.

mf Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
   Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
   p Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
   mf Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Amen.
FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
   Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
   And heavenly peace be won!
We know not what the path may be
   As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
   Our Father and our God!

Andrew, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some Angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:

Or, if some darker lot be good,
   Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
   That make the spirit pure!

Christ by no flowery pathway came;
   And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
   In hope, and love, and fear.
And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
   And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
   Accept our feeble praise! Amen.
Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
And light and food receive;
Here shall the meanest guest have
And taste and see and live. [room,

Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsting souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer’s welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here. Amen.
p FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

cr Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,

mf And crown my journey's end.
f FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
dim But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
     p Calm and still.

mf "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
    "Oh save us in our agony!"
cr Thy word above the storm rose high,
    p "Peace, be still."

p The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy Will.

mf So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
    p "Peace, be still." Amen.
FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was high;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace: it is I."

Then said the God of God,
"Peace: it is I."

"Peace: it is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy 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."

Jesu, 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."
Amen.
May also be sung to "Pentecost," No. 196.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside upon thy Guide;
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.
Nearer Home.

D.S.M.

I. B. Woodbury, 1819-1858.
Arr. by Arthur Sullivan.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
General Hymns.

f "FOR ever with the Lord!"
p Amen, so let it be;
cr Life from the dead is in that word,
     'Tis immortality.
p Here in the body pent,
     Absent from Him I roam,
cr Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
     A day's march nearer home.

mf My Father’s house on high,
     Home of my soul, how near
     At times to faith’s foreseeing eye
     The golden gates appear!
p Ah! then my spirit faints
.cr To reach the land I love,
f The bright inheritance of Saints,
     Jerusalem above.

mf “For ever with the Lord!”
.p Father, if ’tis Thy will,
     The promise of that faithful word
     Even here to me fulfil;
     Be Thou at my right hand,
     Then can I never fail;
.cr Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
     Fight, and I must prevail!

p So when my latest breath
     Shall rend the veil in twain,
.cr By death I shall escape from death,
f And life eternal gain.
mf Knowing as I am known,
     How shall I love that word,
.cr And oft repeat before the throne,
     “For ever with the Lord!” Amen.
For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

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,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise!

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise! Amen.

For thee, O dear, dear country—561 [Part III.]
**General Hymns.**

St. Finbar.

Six 8's. Melody by J. G. Walton, b. 1821.

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**FORTH** from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord! to Thine Altar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour! we seek Thy shelter here:

* Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray:
  Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

---

**Low** at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wilderied in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:

* Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away! Amen.
405

Old 100th (Old Version).

L.M.

Geneva Psalter, 1551.

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

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

(637)
Pilgrimage.

General Hymns.


From Egypt lately come,

Where death and darkness reign,

We seek our new, our better home,

Where we our rest shall gain.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

To Canaan's sacred bound

We haste with songs of joy,

Where peace and liberty are found,

And sweets that never cloy.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,

And all their pleasure share;

We'll sing the everlasting song,

With all the ransomed there.

Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God. Amen.

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FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained Mercy-seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-seat?

There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat. Amen.
General Hymns.

Patria.


A-men.

( 640 )
FROM foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery:
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free!

Defend, O God! with guardian hand,
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant our Church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity!
The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou, Whose Blood was shed to save,
Mayest at Thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome Thee! Amen.
Old 113th.

Six 8's, D. Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.
FROM highest heaven the Eternal Son,
With God the Father ever One,
Came down to suffer and to die;
For love of sinful man He bore
Our human griefs and troubles sore,
Our load of guilt and misery.

Rejoice, ye Saints of God, and praise
The Lamb Who died, His flock to raise
From sin and everlasting woe;
With Angels round the throne above
Oh tell the wonders of His love,
The joys that from His mercy flow.

In darkest shades of night we lay,
Without a beam to guide our way,
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;
But He has brought us life and light,
And opened heaven to our sight,
And lives for ever strong to save.

Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice;
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice
The Lamb Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Him Who gave His Only Son,
To God the Spirit, with Them One,
Be praise and glory evermore.

(643)
G L O R I O U S things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation’s walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

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!

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day,
Daily on the manna feeding,
Which He gives them when they pray.

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 its boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion’s children know.
mf GLORY be to Jesus,
   Who in bitter pains,
Pour'd for me the Life-blood
   From His sacred veins.
Grace and life eternal
   In that Blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
   Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
   Be the precious stream,
(dim) Which from endless torment
  (cr) Did the world redeem.

mf Abel's blood for vengeance
   Plead'd to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
   For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
   On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
   Terror-struck, departs.

(f) Oft as earth exulting
   Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
   Make their glad reply.

fff Lift ye then your voices;
   Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
   Praise the precious Blood. Amen.
Meiningen.

7.7.7.7.7. Meiningen Gesangbuch, 1693.

412

General Hymns.

p Go to dark Gethsemane,

Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,

View the Lord of Life arraigned;
Oh the wormwood and the gall!
Oh the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

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

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

( 647 )
GOD is Love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

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

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is Wisdom, God is Love. Amen.
GOD is our Refuge, tried and proved
   Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear, though earth be moved,
   And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
   The kingdoms fail and cease;
The Lord His Saints will not forsake,
   The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love
   To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His throne above,
   It cheers His Church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
   He spoke, and quelled their powers;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
   The God of grace is ours. Amen.
Ein' feste Burg.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

M. Luther, 1483-1546.
God is our stronghold and our stay,
Our hope in tribulation;
What though the mountains rock and sway
To earth's long-hid foundation;
What though the ocean roar,
Fast gaining on the shore,
The hurtling storm rage loud
Beneath the thunder-cloud?
Our hearts are all untroubled.

The might of water sinks to rest;—
How calm yon river glideth,—
God's city mirrored on its breast,—
The house where He abideth!
Hushed be all strife and din!
His Presence dwells within,
She standeth unremoved,
By God Himself beloved,
Who helpeth her right early.

In vain the heathen shout for war,
In vain our foes assemble;
The voice of God is heard from far,
And earth itself shall tremble.
He breaks the spear and bow,
He lays the warrior low,
The chariot burns with flame;—
Our trust is in His Name,
And Jacob's God our Refuge!

Be still, the Lord is God alone,
Let all the world adore Him,
And bending low before His throne
For pitying grace implore Him.
His kingdom is within,
O'er hearts made pure from sin,
Where love that casts out fear
Exults to feel Him near,—
The Lord of Hosts our Refuge.
GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;

p Behind a frowning providence
cr He hides a smiling face.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
cr God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.
GLORIOUS \n
OD of mercy, God of grace, 
Show the brightness of Thy face; 
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine, 
Fill Thy Church with light divine; 
And Thy saving health extend 
Unto earth’s remotest end.

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

Let the people praise Thee, Lord; 
Earth shall then her fruits afford; 
God to man His blessing give, 
Man to God devoted live; 
All below, and all above, 
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.
GRACIOUS Spirit, Life Divine,
Breathe on us Thy Life benign:
Life, to join ourselves to Thee;
Life, our life in Thee to see.

Holy Spirit, Fire Divine,
With Thy fire our souls refine:
Fire, to purge our sins away;
Fire, to cleanse us for Thy day.

Bounteous Spirit, Light Divine,
Cause on us Thy Light to shine:
Light, our path in life to see;
Light, to lead our feet to Thee.

Gentle Spirit, Love Divine,
With Thy Love all love entwine:
Love, in trial peace to give;
Love, for all through life to live.
GRACIOUS Spirit, Love Divine!
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us through His precious Blood.

Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life and joy and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
Bring us to the courts above,
Realms of light and endless love. Amen.
General Hymns.

O Luce qui mortalibus (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode VI. Old French Plain Song.

St. Luke (Second Tune).

L.M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1669?–1707.

(656)
Great God, Who, hid from mortal sight,
    Dost dwell in unapproachable light,
Before Whose throne with veilèd brow
Thy sinless Angels trembling bow.

Awhile in darkness here below
We lie oppressed with sin and woe;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase the night of gloom away;—

The day prepared for us by Thee;
The day reserved for us to see;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.

Too long, alas! it still delays,
It lingers yet, that day of days;
The flesh, with all its load of sin,
Must perish, ere its joy we win.

Then from these earthly bonds set free
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee;
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.

All-bounteous Trinity! prepare
Our souls Thy hidden joy to share,
That our brief daytime, used aright,
Innsbruck.

General Hymns.

8.8.6. D.

H. Isaac, 1440-15

A-men.

(658)
mf GREAT Mover of all hearts, Whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
Thy Saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

mf Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain;
$f$ But love alone shall then remain

$dim$ When this short day is gone:
$cr$ O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
$f$ When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

$p$ We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
$mf$ There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown:
$f$ Great God Triune, the increase give;
And these Thy gifts, by which we live,
With heavenly glory crown. Amen.
General Hymns.

Protector meus (First Tune). 8.7.8.7.4.7.

\[ \text{Anon.} \]

\( \text{d} = 96. \)

\[ \text{A-men.} \]

( 660 )
GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah, open now the crystal fountain,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. Amen.
Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou universal Saviour
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By Whose merits we find favour,
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesu, hail! Enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly Hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side!
Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give! Amen.
General Hymns.

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.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O’er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle’s pinion
Or dove’s light wing can soar.

He comes with succour 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.

For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

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

O’er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is—Love.

Amen.
HARK, my soul! it is the Lord; Mine is an unchanging love,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word; Higher than the heights above,
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, Deeper than the depths beneath,
Say, poor sinner, Lovest thou Me? Free and faithful, strong as death.

I delivered thee when bound, [wound; Thou shalt see My glory soon,
And, when wounded, healed thy When the work of grace is done;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Partner of My throne shalt be;
Turned thy darkness into light. Say, poor sinner, Lovest thou Me?"

Can a woman's tender care Lord, it is my chief complaint
Cease towards the child she bare? That my love is weak and faint;
Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet I love Thee, and adore;
Yet will I remember thee. Oh for grace to love Thee more.

Amen.
HEAL us, Emmanuel; hear our prayer;
We wait to feel Thy touch:
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy word:
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
“Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“Help Thou mine unbelief!”

She too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away!
General Hymns.

Veni Sancte Spiritus (First Tune).

Verse 1.
To be sung in Unison.

Mode I. Ancient Plain Song.
General Hymns.

Verse 4.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of Light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

Light immortal, Light Divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

1. Thou of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

2. Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

3. Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

( 669 )
Veni Sancte Spiritus (Second Tune).

S. Webbe, 1740-1816.

(Amen.)
General Hymns.

mf \textbf{H}oly Spirit! Lord of Light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
\begin{itemize}
  \item Come, with treasures which endure!
  \item Come, Thou Light of all that live!
\end{itemize}

Thou of all consolers best,
Thou the soul's delightsome Guest
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal, Light Divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
\begin{itemize}
  \item If Thou take Thy grace away,
  \item Nothing pure in man will stay;
  \item All his good is turned to ill.
\end{itemize}

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

mf Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
\begin{itemize}
  \item In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
  \item Give them comfort when they die;
\end{itemize}
\begin{itemize}
  \item Give them life with Thee on high;
  \item Give them joys that never end. Amen.
\end{itemize}
HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna in the Highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna in the Highest!

But, chiepest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna in the Highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day, [way,
When earth and heaven shall melt a-
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna in the Highest! Amen.
**General Hymns.**

St. Peter.  
C.M.  
A. R. Reinagle, 1799-1877.

| mf | HOW sweet the Name of Jesus | Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, |
|    | sounds                  | Friend,                          |
|    | In a believer’s ear!    | My Prophet, Priest, and King,    |
|    | [wounds,                | My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,|
|    | It soothes his sorrows, | Accept the praise I bring.        |
|    | heals his              |                                 |
|    | And drives away his    |                                 |
|    | fear.                  |                                 |
|    | It makes the wounded   | p Weak is the effort of my heart,|
|    | spirit whole,          | And cold my warmest thought;     |
|    | And calms the troubled | cr But when I see Thee as Thou   |
|    | breast;                | art,                             |
|    | 'Tis manna to the       | I'll praise Thee as I ought.      |
|    | hungry soul,            |                                 |
|    | And to the weary rest. |                                 |

| mfp | Dear Name! the rock on    | f Till then I would Thy love      |
|     | which I build!           | proclaim                          |
|     | My shield and hiding-place! | With every fleeting breath;        |
|     | My never-failing        | p And may the music of Thy Name   |
|     | treasury, filled        | Refresh my soul in death! Amen.   |
|     | With boundless stores   |                                 |
|     | of grace!               |                                 |
General Hymns.

Lucerna ejus est Agnus.  7.6.8.6. D.  Basil Harwood, b. 1859.
I HEARD a sound of voices
   Around the great white throne,
   With harpers harping on their harps
   To Him Who sat thereon;

"Salvation, glory, honour,"
   I heard the song arise,
   As through the courts of heaven it
   rolled
   In wondrous harmonies.

And there nor sun was needed,
   Nor moon to shine by night,

God's glory did enlighten all,
   The Lamb Himself the Light:

And there His servants serve Him,
   And, life's long battle o'er,

Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,
   King,
   They reign for evermore.

From every clime and kindred,
   And nations from afar,—
   As serried ranks returning home
   In triumph from a war:
   I heard the Saints upraising,
   The myriad hosts among,
   In praise of Him Who died, and lives,
   Their one glad triumph-song.

O great and glorious vision!—
   The Lamb upon His throne—
   O wondrous sight for man to see!
   The Saviour with His own:
   To drink the living waters,
   And stand upon the shore,
   Where neither sorrow, sin; nor death
   Shall ever enter more.

I saw the Holy City,
   The New Jerusalem,
   Come down from heaven a Bride
   adorned
   With jewelled diadem:
   The flood of crystal waters
   Flowed down the golden street;
   And nations brought their honours
   there,
   And laid them at her feet.

O Lamb of God Who reignest!
   Thou Bright and Morning Star,
   Whose glory lightens that new
   earth
   Which now we see from far;
   O worthy Judge eternal!
   When Thou dost bid us come,

Then open wide the gates of
   pearl,
   And call Thy servants home.

A - men.
HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I 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.

* In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:—

I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;
I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

(677)
General Hymns.

432

Munich.

7.6.7.6. D.  Württemberg Gesangbuch, 1711.

A-men.
I NEED Thee, precious Jesu,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.

I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The Blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner’s perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesu,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.

I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

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

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

Six 8’s.  C. Hubert H. Parry, b. 1848.

= 104.

A-men.

May also be sung to “Surrey,” No. 563.

(Copyright, 1897, by Novello, Ewer and Co.)
I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
   With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
   "Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
   "Our days of light are numberèd."

O God, O Good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee. Amen.
IN exile here we wander,  
In heaven is our abode,—  
The city of the Angels,  
The city of our God.

And here we toil, and strive, and fight,  
With sin and woe opprest;  
There God will give the sons of light  
Eternal joy and rest.

Through many sore temptations,  
By many sorrows torn,  
We strive to win the glory;  
Our many falls we mourn.

But faith holds out the vision bright  
Of our eternal home;  
And hope assures that realm of light,  
When we have overcome.

Jesu, our Joy and Gladness,  
To Thee for aid we flee;  
Give tears of true contrition;  
Our souls from guilt set free:—

And we shall see that gladsome day,  
Where, bathed in joy divine,  
Among Thy Saints, and bright as they,  
We shall for ever shine.

There we, as children dwelling,  
Who here as exiles groan,  
God’s praises shall be telling  
Before His glorious throne;

There in our endless home shall rest  
From strife and sorrow free,  
And join the anthem of the blest  
For ever, Lord, to Thee.
General Hymns.

Bohemia.

6.5.6.5. D.

Old German Melody.

A-men.
In the hour of trial,
Jesu, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

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

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.

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

Princethorpe.

6.5.6.5. D.

V. 3.

W. Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.

Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.

W. Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.

W. Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

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W. Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.

W. Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.

W. Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.

W. Pitts, b. 1829-1903.

V. 3.
General Hymns.

mf In the Name of Jesus
    Every knee shall bow,
cr Every tongue confess Him
    King of Glory now;
-mf 'Tis the Father's pleasure
    We should call Him Lord,
cr Who from the beginning
    Was the mighty Word.

f 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.

f Name Him, brothers, name Him
    With love as strong as death,
p But humbly and with wonder,
    And with bated breath
f He is God the Saviour,
    He is Christ the Lord,
    Ever to be worshipped,
    Trusted and adored.

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

f 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. Amen.

(687)
7mf INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.

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

$f$ I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator, and mine.
May also be sung to "St. James," No. 216.

mf JERUSALEM, my happy home,
    Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
    In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
    And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
    And streets of shining gold?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
    Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
    I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
    Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
    And realms of endless day.
Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets there
    Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
    Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
    My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
    When I thy joys shall see.
Christ Church.

General Hymns.

6.6.6.4.4.4.4.
C. Steggall, b. 1826.

JERUSALEM on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:

O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

mf

f

(690)
General Hymns.

mf There dwells my Lord, my King,
    Judged here unfit to live;
There Angels to Him sing,
    And lowly homage give:
   ⋭ O happy place!
    When shall I be,
    My God, with Thee,
    To see Thy face?

mf The Patriarchs of old
    There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
    Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
   ⋭ O happy place!
    When shall I be,
    My God, with Thee,
    To see Thy face?

mf The Lamb’s Apostles there
    I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
    Harping on harps of gold;
   ⋭ O happy place!
    When shall I be,
    My God, with Thee,
    To see Thy face?

p The bleeding Martyrs, they
    Within those courts are found,
cr Clothèd in pure array,
    Their scars with glory crowned:
   ⋭ O happy place!
    When shall I be,
    My God, with Thee,
    To see Thy face?

mf Ah me! Ah me! that I
    In Kedar’s tents here stay;
No place like that on high;
    Lord, thither guide my way:
   ⋭ O happy place!
    When shall I be,
    My God, with Thee,
    To see Thy face? Amen.

Jerusalem the golden!—561 [Part IV.
(691)
Hollingside.  

Eight 7's.  

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.
p JESU, Lover of my soul,
    Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cr While the nearer waters roll,
    While the tempest still is high.
mf Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
    Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
    Oh, receive my soul at last!

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

mf Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
    Grace to cover all my sin!
cr Let the healing streams abound,
    Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
    Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
    Rise to all eternity. Amen.
General Hymns.

Caswall.

6.5.6.5. F. Filitz, 1804-1876.

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

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

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

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

p Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
St. Chrysostom.

J. Barnby, 1838-1896.

mf Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?

Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

mf Jesu, 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?

mf Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

mf Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine;

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh! make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

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General Hymns.


\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{Jesus, our Hope, our heart's Desire, mf Oh may Thy mighty love prevail} \\
\quad \text{Thy work of grace we sing;} \quad \text{Our sinful souls to spare!} \\
\quad \text{Redeemer of the world art Thou,} \quad \text{Oh may we stand around Thy throne,} \\
\quad \text{Its Maker and its King.} \quad \text{And see Thy glory there!} \\
\]

\[ \text{p} \quad \text{How vast the mercy and the love} \quad \text{Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,} \\
\quad \text{Which laid our sins on Thee,} \quad \text{As Thou our Prize wilt be;} \\
\quad \text{And led Thee to a cruel death,} \quad \text{In Thee be all our glory now} \\
\quad \text{To set Thy people free!} \quad \text{And through eternity.} \\
\]

\[ \text{f} \quad \text{But now the bonds of death are burst;} \quad \text{f All praise to Thee Who art gone up} \\
\quad \text{The ransom has been paid;} \quad \text{Triumphantly to heaven;} \\
\quad \text{And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,} \quad \text{All praise to God the Father's Name} \\
\quad \text{In glorious robes arrayed.} \quad \text{And Holy Ghost be given. Amen.} \\
\]

( 696 )
JESU, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the world is Thine?

But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

Teach us, O Lord, with reverent love,
Thee in Thy poor to see,
And while we minister to them,
To do it as to Thee. Amen.
General Hymns.

Thuringia.

5.5.8.8.5.5.

A. Drese, 1620–1701.

\[ D = 84. \]
mf JESU, still lead on,
   Till our rest be won;

p And, although the way be cheerless,

cr We will follow, calm and fearless;

mf Guide us by Thy hand

dim To our fatherland.

p If the way be drear,
   If the foe be near,

or Let not faithless fears o’ertake us,
   Let not faith and hope forsake us,

mf For, through many a foe,
   To our home we go.

p When we seek relief
   From a long-felt grief,—

When opprest by new temptations,

or Lord, increase and perfect patience;
   Show us that bright shore

f Where we weep no more.

p Jesu, still lead on,

or Till our rest be won.

Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
   Still support, console, protect us,

f Till we safely stand
   In our fatherland. Amen.
JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy Presence rest.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.
St. John the Baptist.

O JESU, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then early vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;

Jesu, may all confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine Own. Amen.
General Hymns.

Jesu dulcedo cordium (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode I. Sarum.

Walton (Second Tune).

L.M.

Anon.
mf JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

mf Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
cr To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, all in all!

mf 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.

p Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where’er our changeful lot is cast;
cr Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

mf O Jesu, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
cr Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o’er the world Thy holy light.
General Hymns.

mf JESUS, I my cross have taken,
    All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
    Thou from hence my all shall be;
Perish every fond ambition,
    All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;
f Yet how rich is my condition!
    God and heaven are still my own.

mf 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.
Oh, ’tis not in grief to harm me,
    While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, ’twere not in joy to charm me,
    Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
    Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
    Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
    What a Father’s smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
    Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
    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;
cr Hope soon change to glad fruition,
    Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Amen.
General Hymns.

Goshen.

11.11.11.11.

Anon.

A-men.
JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, (cr) Thou canst make me whole.

There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
Thou hadst died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

Jesus, I may trust Thee, Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the Angel at Thy wondrous Birth;
Written, and for ever, on Thy Cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that Name.

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.

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.

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. Amen.
mf Jesus, Lord of life and glory, [ear; mf When the world around is smiling,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious  In the time of wealth and ease,
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:  In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,  By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.  Oh deliver us, good Lord.

mf From the depths of nature's blindness,  p In the weary hours of sickness,
From the hardening power of sin,  In the times of grief and pain,
From all malice and unkindness,  When we feel our mortal weakness,
From the pride that lurks within,  When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,  By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.  Oh deliver us, good Lord.

mf When temptation sorely presses,  p In the solemn hour of dying,
In the day of Satan's power,  In the awful judgment day,
In our times of deep distresses,  cr May our souls, on Thee relying,
In each dark and trying hour,  Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
By Thy mercy,  By Thy mercy,
Oh deliver us, good Lord.  Oh deliver us, good Lord.  Amen.
JESUS, my Shepherd, here I know,
He knoweth all my needs;
And where the living waters flow
His flock He gently leads.

In righteous ways, my righteous Lord
His steps will have me trace,
And turns again my erring soul
Unto her resting-place.

Yea, in the still and shadowed land
No fears my heart dismay,
While on before, with staff in hand,
Himself He leads the way.

What if my foes around me press,
Thy Table, Lord, is spread,
The Cup of blessing Thou dost bless,
And joy is o'er me shed.

O Thou Who keepest grace and love
For all my days in store,
Grant me within Thy fold above
To dwell for evermore.

A - men.
Galilee.

L.M.

P. Armes, b. 1830.

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

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

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen. Amen.
General Hymns.

Commandments.

L.M.  
Geneva Psalter, 1549.

mf JEUS, where' er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy Mercy-seat;  
Where' er they seek Thee, Thou art  
found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts pro-  
claim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they  
come,  
And, going, take Thee to their home.

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!

p Lord, we are few, (cr) but Thou art near;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;  
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own. Amen.

( 711 )
Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

mf Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!
1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead

Keep Thou my feet;

Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to

see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now . Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day,

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears.

Pride ruled my will: ... remember not past years.
3. So long Thy power hath bless me, sure it still Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is

And with the morn... those Angel faces smile

gone, And with the morn those Angel faces smile Which

I have loved long since, and... lost a while. Amen.
Lux benigna (Second Tune).  10.4.10.4.10.10.  J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

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General Hymns.

mf Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
      Lead Thou me on;

p The night is dark, and I am far from home;

cr Lead Thou me on.

mf Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
      The distant scene; (p) one step enough for me.

mf I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
      Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; (p) but now
      Lead Thou me on.

mf I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
      Pride ruled my will: (p) remember not past years.

mf So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
      Will lead me on

cr O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
      The night is gone,

f And with the morn those Angel faces smile

dim Which I have loved long since, (p) and lost awhile. Amen.
LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

A-men.
Undique Gloria.

10.4.6.6.6.10.4.

G. J. Elvey, 1816-1893.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

My God and King! [shout;]
The Church with psalms must
No door can keep them out;
But above all the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

A-men.
LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
    My Saviour, my eternal rest:
Then only will this longing heart
    Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
    Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
    Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
    Where spotless Saints Thy Name adore,
Then only will this sinful heart
    Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
    Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither life nor death will part
    Me from Thy Presence and Thy love! Amen.
Urbs beata (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.
LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.
Lo, God is here! Let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And humbly bow before His face!

Lo, God is here! Him day and night
United choirs of Angels praise:
To Him, enthroned above all height,
The Host of heaven their anthems raise.

Almighty Father, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore.
From men and from the Angel-host,
Be praise and glory evermore.
General Hymns.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine.
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possessed:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen:
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines:
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore:
But when I meet Him in the realms above
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine. Amen.
St. Hildred.
Slow.

General Hymns.

C.M.

Anon.

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A-men.

(728)
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
   And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy Life our pattern be,
   And form our souls for heaven.

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

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

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

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
   Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh may we lead the pilgrim's life,
   And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.
General Hymns.

St. Ferdinand.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.6.

A. H. Brown, b. 1830.

V. 1.

A-men.
General Hymns.

mf LORD! have mercy when we strive
To save through Thee our souls alive!
When the pampered flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin.

p And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,

pp Oh then have mercy, Lord!

p Lord! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill,
When all other hope is gone;
When our course is almost done;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,

pp Oh then have mercy, Lord!

p Lord! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;

cr When the earliest gleam is given

f Of Thy bright but distant heaven!

mf When our darker thoughts oppress,

dim Doubts perplex and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell,

pp Oh then have mercy, Lord! Amen.
**Showers of Blessing.**

**General Hymns.**

8.7.8.7.3. Archbishop Maclagan, b. 1826.

---

464

_LORD, I hear of showers of blessing_  
Thou art scattering full and free,  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some drops descend on me—  
(*p*) Even me.

_Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!_  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesu’s merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—  
(*p*) Even me.

_Pass me not, O gracious Father,_  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me—(*p*) Even me.

_Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!_  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favour;  
Whilst Thou’rt calling, Oh call me—  
(*p*) Even me.

_Love of God, so pure and changeless;_  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;  
Magnify it all in me—(*p*) Even me.

_Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,_  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, Oh bless me—(*p*) Even me.

_A - men._

(732)
Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

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?

Come, Lord, when grace hath made
Thy blessed face to see; [me meet
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

There shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant Saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him. Amen.
Lord Jesu, think on me,
   And purge away my sin:
From earth-born passions set me free,
   And make me pure within.

Lord Jesu, think on me,
   With care and woe oppressed;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
   And taste Thy promised rest.

Lord Jesu, think on me,
   Nor let me go astray:
Through darkness and perplexity
   Point Thou the heavenly way.

Lord Jesu, think on me
   When beats the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy,
   O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

Lord Jesu, think on me
   That when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
   And share Thy joy at last.

Lord Jesu, think on me
   That I may sing above
To Father, Spirit, and to Thee,
   The strains of praise and love.

Amen.
God, now we part in Thy blest Name,
In which we here together came,
Grant us our few remaining days
To work Thy will, and spread Thy praise!

Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing Thy love! Amen.
Irene.

7.7.7.5.  C. C. Scholefield, b. 1839.

May also be sung to "Capetown," No. 575.

**Lord**

*mf* LORD of mercy and of might,  
*mf* Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!  

Of mankind the life and light,  
*p* Humbled to a mortal child,  

Maker, Teacher infinite,  
*Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,*  

Jesu, hear and save!  
*Jesu, hear and save!*

*mf* Who, when sin's tremendous doom  
*f* Throned above celestial things,  

Gave creation to the tomb,  
*Borne aloft on Angels' wings,*  

Didst not scorn a Virgin's womb,  
*Lord of lords, and King of kings,*  

Jesu, hear and save!  
*Jesu, hear and save!*

*mf* Soon to come to earth again,  
*p* Jesu, hear and save!  

Judge of Angels and of men,  

Hear us now, and hear us then  

Jesu, hear and save!  
Amen.

(736)
469

General Hymns.

Cloisters. 11.11.11.5. J. Barnby, 1838-1896.

mf LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

mf See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

mf Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaleth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

p 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.

mf 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,

2 a

( 737 )
LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat!
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

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.

God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee. Amen.
General Hymns.

Bangor.  
C.M.  
Old Welsh Melody.

May also be sung to "St. Flavian," No. 473.

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

God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite heart;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward part;

We perish if we cease from prayer; mf
Oh, grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin, p
Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Fightings without, and fears within, cr
Lord, whither shall we go?

Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

(739)
472
St. Cyprian.

General Hymns.

6.6.6.6.
R. R. Chope, b. 1830.

mf LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

p When our foes are near us,
cr Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

p When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
cr Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

mf Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

p Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

mf Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.
ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

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

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

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

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.
LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.
MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life’s rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne’er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

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!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I’ll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done! Amen.
MY God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee,
And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come, I come: Lord, save Thou me.

O Jesu, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power,
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest Friend refused too long,
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come: make weakness strong.

Yes, Lord, I come: Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine;
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.
MY spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest:

Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee:

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

No rest is to be found
But in Thy blesse'd love:
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above! Amen.
General Hymns.

mf NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

p E’en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
cr Still all my song would be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

dim Nearer to Thee.

p Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me—
My rest a stone;
cr Yet in my dreams I’d be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

dim Nearer to Thee.

mf Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
cr Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

dim Nearer to Thee.

mf Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Beth-el I’ll raise;
cr So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

dim Nearer to Thee.

f Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

dim Nearer to Thee. Amen.

(747)
In Te, Domine, speravi.

8.10.10.4.

C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

Verse 1.

None other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart’s desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life though I be dead,
Love’s fire Thou art however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee. Amen.

(748)
Christe, Qui lux es et dies (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode II. Ancient Plain Song.

O CHRIST, Who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The uplifter of our souls to Thee.

O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored;
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.
O CHRIST, Who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward:
How transient is our present pain!
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The uplifter of our souls to Thee.

O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored;
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given. Amen.
General Hymns.

Martyrdom.

C.M. Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824.

FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Amen.
FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God;

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

$p$ Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
cr I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. Amen.
GOD of Bethel! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

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

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

Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace. Amen.

( 753 )
GOD of God! O Light of Light!
Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings;
To Thee, where Angels know no night,
The hymn of praise for ever rings:
To Him Who sits upon the throne,
The Lamb once slain for sinful men,
Laud, honour, might to Him alone,
Glory and praise! Amen, Amen!

Nations beheld their coming Lord
Slowly in type from age to age,
Grand in the poet’s winged word,
Deep in the prophet’s sacred page;
Till, through the deep Judaean night,
Rang out the song, "Goodwill to men,"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now,—"Goodwill,"—Amen!

His life of truth, His deeds of love,
His death of pain 'mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
So sang His Hosts, unheard by men;
"Lift up your hearts," for you He waits;
"We lift them up," Amen, Amen!

Nations afar in ignorance deep,
Isles of the sea where darkness lay,
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan’s bonds, O God of might,
Set all men free;” Amen, Amen!

Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven’s Hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain;
From Angels praise; and thanks from men:
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power, Amen, Amen! Amen.
GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord, How lovely is the place Where Thou, enthroned in glory, showest The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire, To view Thy blest abode; My panting heart and flesh cry out For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God, How highly blest are they Who in Thy Temple always dwell, And there Thy praise display.

For in Thy courts one single day 'Tis better to attend, Than, Lord, in any place besides A thousand days to spend.

For God, Who is our sun and shield, Will grace and glory give; And no good thing will He withhold From them that justly live.

Thou God, Whom heavenly Hosts obey, How highly blest is he, Whose hope and trust, securely placed, Is still reposed on Thee!
GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

And Thou, Who camest on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
Oh hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

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;

For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:
Then teach us, whatsoever betide,
To love them all in Thee.

In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. Amen.
GOD of truth, Whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that they
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy ransomed earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array.
And follow in the might.
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white;

Then, God of truth, for Whom we long—
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer—
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee. Amen.
O GOD, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!

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

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

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the
Before the rising sun.

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

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles
And our eternal Home! Amen.
mf O GOD, Thou art my God alone;
   Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
   A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee in the watches of the night
   When I remember on my bed,
   Thy Presence makes the darkness light,
   Thy guardian wings are round my head.

mf Better than life itself Thy love,
   Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
   Or what on earth compared to Thee?

jf Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
   For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
   My tongue shall bless Thee while I live. Amen.
O HAND of bounty, largely spread,  The stream Thy word to nectar dyed,
By Whom our every want is fed,  The bread Thy blessing multiplied,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,  The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
We owe them all, O Lord! to Thee;  That silent at Thy mandate stood,
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,  How well they knew Thy voice Divine,
Are all Thy gifts, and only Thine!  Whose works they were, and only Thine!

p Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,
cr Obedient to Thy word and will
We seek Thy daily mercy still;
>f Its blessed beams around us shine,
And Thine we are, and only Thine!
HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!
Oh, happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
Oh, happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—
What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—
What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.
Thou art the golden mansion,
Where Saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the Crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize! Amen.

Amen.
493

General Hymns.

Kreuznach. 7.6.7.6. D. Magdeburg Gesangbuch, 1640.

May also be sung to "Day of Rest," No. 41.
General Hymns.

mf O JESU, I have promised
   To serve Thee to the end;
   Be Thou for ever near me,
      My Master and my Friend!

f I shall not fear the battle
   If Thou art by my side,
   Nor wander from the pathway
   If Thou wilt be my Guide.

mf Oh! let me feel Thee near me—
    The world is ever near;
   I see the sights that dazzle,
      The tempting sounds I hear.

p My foes are ever near me,
   Around me and within:

cr But, Jesu, draw Thou nearer,
   And shield my soul from sin.

p Oh! let me hear Thee speaking
   In accents clear and still,
   Above the storms of passion,
      The murmurs of self-will.

mf Oh! speak to re-assure me,
   To hasten or control:

cr Oh! speak, and make me listen,
   Thou Guardian of my soul!

mf O Jesu, Thou hast promised
   To all who follow Thee
   That where Thou art in glory
      There shall Thy servant be;
   And, Jesu, I have promised
   To serve Thee to the end;

p Oh, give me grace to follow
   My Master and my Friend!

p Oh! let me see Thy footmarks,
   And in them plant mine own;
   My hope to follow duly
      Is in Thy strength alone.

mf Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
   Uphold me to the end;

f And then in heaven receive me,
   My Saviour and my Friend! Amen.

O Jesu, King most wonderful,—see 446, Part II.
494
St. Catherine.

General Hymns.

7.6.7.6. D.

R. F. Dale, b. 1845.

\[ \text{\footnotesize \( \text{\#} = 92 \).} \]
General Hymns.

JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o' er.

Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear;
Oh shame, thrice shame, upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

JESU, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.

Love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!

O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

JESU, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low—
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so!"

Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.
KING of earth and air and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;
To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all!
Then grant Thy servants, Lord! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day!
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day!

And oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow;

Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The Bread of Life from day to day!

Amen.
May also be sung to "St. Petersburg," No. 497.

KING of kings, before Whose throne
The Angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
Yet this would we through grace impart,—
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set on God's right hand,
With Thine Eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For us in weakness strength provide,
And through the world our footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we, through all our days,
May also be sung to "Colchester," No. 496.
O LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.

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

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.

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

O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesu, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.
Innsbruck.

8.8.6. D.

H. Isaac, 1440 (?)–1520 (?).
O LORD, how happy should we be
   If we could cast our care on Thee,
   If we from self could rest;

And feel at heart that One above
   In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
   Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life!
   How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
   By sudden wild alarms!

Oh, could we but relinquish all
   Our earthly props, and simply fall
   On Thy almighty arms!

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 hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should;
   So chafes frail nature's restless mood
   To cast its peace away;

Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
   All, all the present evil teach
   Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
   Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
   Make them from self to cease,
   Leave all things to a Father's will,
   And taste, before Him lying still,

E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.
O qui perpetuus (First Tune).
To be sung in Unison.

Mode V. Ancient Plain Song.

Melcombe (Second Tune).
L.M.
S. Webbe, 1740-1816.
O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

How sweet within Thy holy place
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.

Oh! may we love the House of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode;
Oh! may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven

Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love:
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky. Amen.
O LORD, in all our trials here,
Whate'er those trials be,
Help us, without one doubt or fear,
To cast our care on Thee:

To look from earth to yon bright sky.
And there by faith behold
The glories hid from mortal eye,
To mortal ear untold.

And if contempt, reproach, or loss
We suffer for Thy Name,
Teach us to triumph in the Cross,
To glory in the shame. Amen.
0 LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing
All taken up by Thee? [heart
p My thirsty spirit faints to prove
cr The greatness of redeeming love,
\(f\) The love of Christ to me.

God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

f Stronger His love than death or hell; mf
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Amen.
General Hymns.

O Amor quam exstaticus (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Eisenach (Second Tune).

L.M.

J. H. Schein, 1586-1630.
General Hymns.

mf LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high!

cr It fills the heart with ecstasy

dim That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

mf 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.

Nor willed He only to appear,
His pleasure was to tarry here;
And God and Man with man would be
The space of thirty years and three.

For us baptized! for us He bore
His holy fast and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew,

f For us the tempter overthrew.

mf 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.

p For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
For us He bore the Cross's death;
For us at length gave up His breath.

f 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.

f To Him Whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father, glory be
Both now and through eternity. Amen.
O LOVE so strong, O Power so sweet,
O Thou Whose name of Paraclete
Ensures to Christians, each and all,
A Patron ready at their call!

We call on Thee with shame of face,
Deep-sorrowing o'er neglected grace,
And guidance lost through blind self-will,
And times of good misused for ill.

So, after all the vows we made,
The rites we shared, the prayers we prayed,
What can we ask, but yet once more
The pardon craved so oft before—

Too oft with feelings half untrue,
That came and passed like early dew—

Now, Lord, the changeful mood control,
And root repentance in the soul.

O let Thy touch of cleansing fire
Set hearts aglow with high desire,
And so burn out each guilty stain,
That it may grieve Thee ne'er again.

Then lead us, as with loving hand,
Right on through duty's broadening land,
Where souls from inward falseness free
General Hymns.

Spires.

8.8.8.8.8.

German.

504

LOVE, Who formedst me to wear O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
Th'Image of Thy Godhead here; That we eternal joy might know;
Who sourest me with tender care Through all my wanderings wild O Love, I give myself to Thee,
and drear; Thine ever, only Thine to be.

mf O Love, I give myself to Thee, f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
mf O Love, Who lovest me for aye, only Thine to be.
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;

mf O Love, Who ere life's earliest morn O Love, I give myself to Thee,
On me Thy choice hast gently laid; Thine ever, only Thine to be.

f O Love, Who here as Man wast born, f O Love, I give myself to Thee,
And wholly like to us wast made; Thine ever, only Thine to be.

f O Love, I give myself to Thee, O Love, Whose voice shall bid me rise
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

p O Love, Who once in time wast slain, O Love, Whose hand o'er yonder skies
Pierced through and through with Shall set me in the fadeless bowers;
bitter woe! O Love, I give myself to Thee,

Amen.

May also be sung to “Surrey,” No. 490.
p O MOST merciful!
O most bountiful!
God the Father Almighty!
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession
Hear us, help us when we cry! Amen.
SAVIOUR! is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesu, come! return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness!

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer! rest on Thee.

Come, Jesu, come! and as of yore
The Prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day;

So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come, and reap Thy harvest there. Amen.
p O Saviour, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within,
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

Oh may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light:

mf Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee,
And, in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.
O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favour,
All other names above!

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

Oh grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;

Then shall we praise and bless
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Amen.
General HYMNS.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

Tallis's Ordinal.

C.M.

T. Tallis, 1520-1585.

If for Thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproach shall be,
mf All hail reproach, and welcome
shame!

p Good Lord, remember me.

p If worn with pain, disease, and grief
This feeble frame should be;

p Good Lord, remember me.

p When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

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

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

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

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, Oh plead for me!

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.

Amen.
O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bands, and set it free!

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

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

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.

A - men.
**General Hymns.**

*Carlsruhe.*


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**O** WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she 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.

---

mf Oh! make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.

mf 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.

Oh! teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.
OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesu, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee:
Thee to please and Thee to know
Constitute our bliss below:
Thee to see and Thee to love
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy Presence Thou deny:
Lord, if Thou Thy Presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine. Amen.
OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life,

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victry soon shall tune your song.

Not in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life,

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.

Shrink not, Christians! Will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
f Oh bless the Lord, my soul,
    His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
    To bless His holy Name.

Oh bless the Lord, my soul,
    His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all His benefits:
    The Lord to thee is kind.

mf He will not always chide;
    He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
    And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
    Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
    And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with His love,
    Upholds thee with His truth,
And like the eagle's, He renews
    The vigour of thy youth.

f Then bless His holy Name,
    Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
    Oh bless the Lord, my soul. Amen.
Oh come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into His Presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address in joyful songs
The praise that to His Name belongs.

For God the Lord enthroned in state
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.

Oh let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord—our Maker fall.

Amen.
May also be sung to "Holy Trinity," No. 507.

Oh! for a heart to praise my God; Oh! for a humble, lowly heart,
A heart from sin set free; Believing, true, and clean,
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood Which neither life nor death can part
So freely spilt for me: From Him Who dwells within:

A heart resigned, submissive, meek, A heart in every thought renewed,
My great Redeemer's throne; And full of love divine;
Where only Christ is heard to speak, Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
Where Jesus rules alone! A copy, Lord, of Thine!

mf Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; mf Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above; Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart, Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
O H! for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise, New life the dead receive; The glories of my God and King, The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The triumphs of His grace! The humble poor believe.

Jesus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; Your loosened tongues employ!
'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace! Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!

He breaks the power of cancelled sin, He sets the prisoner free; And leap, ye lame, for joy!
His Blood can make the foulest clean; His Blood availed for me. mf My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, [abroad And spread through all the earth f The honours of Thy Name. Amen.
Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high:
We know no help but Thee!
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be! Amen.
Oh! let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

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
Crown us with His favour,
Fills us with His love. Amen.
General Hymns.

St. Finbar.


A - men.
General Hymns.

mf Oh! quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine Advent be,
cr All shadows from the truth will fall,
   And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
f Oh! quickly come; for doubt and fear
   Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

mf Oh! quickly come, great King of all;
   Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
   Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
cr Oh! quickly come; for Thou alone
   Canst make Thy scattered people one.

mf Oh! quickly come, true Life of all;
   For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
   On every heart his mark is found.
cr Oh! quickly come; for grief and pain
   Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

mf Oh! quickly come, sure Light of all;
   For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
   With weary watching for the day.
cr Oh! quickly come; for round Thy throne
   No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.
May also be sung to "Winchester New," No. 327.

Oh render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from His judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love His perfect will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me. Amen.
523

General Hymns.

St. Michael.  S.M.  Day's Psalter, 1543.

mf Oh what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?

f Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

pv Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred Saints, baptized in
blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:

f Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

mf Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear

p All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

pv Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy
feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

f All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.
O QUANTA QUALIA.

10.10.10.10.

Ancient Melody.

* In verse 1 the slur should be over the 3rd and 4th notes of bar 7.
General Hymns.

OH, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be All and in all ever blest!

mf What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

mf Low before Him with our praises we fall,
cr Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
  Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
  Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.
Hanover.

General Hymns.

W. Croft, 1678-1727.

\( \text{Hymn Music} \)

(804)
Oh worship the King
All glorious above,
Oh gratefully sing
His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise!

Oh tell of His might,
Oh 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.

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

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

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

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. Amen.
Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, with the
ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See, His banners go.

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.

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, Christian soldiers, etc.

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, Christian soldiers, etc.

Onward then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

Amen.
527
St. Cuthbert.
8.6.8.4.
J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

cr And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

p Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;

cr Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthy Thee! Amen.
PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the Saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His Cross alone.

Who were these?—On earth they dwelt;
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

They were mortal too like us;
Ah, when we like them must die.
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

Amen.
mf Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
  p The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

mf Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
  p To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

mf Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
  p On Jesus’ bosom nought but calm is found.

mf Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
  p In Jesus’ keeping we are safe and they.

mf Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
  f Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

  p Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
  f Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

mf It is enough; earth’s struggles soon shall cease,
   And Jesus call us to heaven’s perfect peace. Amen.
General Hymns.

Yarlet (Second Tune).

10.10.

P. T. Lucas, b. 1869.

$\text{\textit{mf}}$ Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

$p$ The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

$\text{\textit{mf}}$ Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?

$p$ To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

$\text{\textit{mf}}$ Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

$p$ On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

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$p$ In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

$\text{\textit{mf}}$ Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?

$f$ Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

$p$ Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?

$f$ Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

$\text{\textit{mf}}$ It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen.

(811)
General Hymns.

Maidstone.

Eight 7's.

W. B. GILBERT, b. 1829.

A - men.

( 812 )
General Hymns.

mf PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;

p Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.

cr Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy Saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

mf Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!

p Happier souls that find a rest
In a Heavenly Father's breast!

cr Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

mf Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

f On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

p Lord! be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.

mf Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.

f Grace and glory flow from Thee;

dim Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me! Amen.
General Hymns.

Ludborough.

L. M.

T. R. Matthews, b. 1826.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
General Hymns.

mf Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
   Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
   And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,
   To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
   The Angels of the Churches be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
   Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
   And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

p 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.

mf Then, when our work is finished here,
   In humble hope our charge resign;
cr When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
   O God! may they and we be Thine. Amen.
Praise, my soul (First Tune).

Voices in Unison.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, To His feet thy tribute bring;

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven. Who like thee His praise should sing?

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise the everlasting King!
Harmony.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favour To our fathers in distress;

Praise Him, still the same as ever, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glorious in His faithfulness!

TREBBLES only.

3. Father-like He tends and spares us; Well our feeble frame He knows;

Slower.
In His hands He gently bears us, Rescues us from all our foes.

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Wide ly as His mercy flows.

4. Angels, help us to adore Him; Ye behold Him
General Hymns.

face to face: Sun and moon, bow down before Him;

Dwellers all in time and space, Praise Him! Praise Him!

Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

In Harmony.

Amen.
Alleluia dulce carmen (Second Tune).

Webbe's Collection, 1792.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should
Praise Him! Praise Him! [sing?]
Praise the everlasting King!

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

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Amen.
*Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.*

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

Amen.
General Hymns.


Gerontius (Second Tune).  C.M.  J. B. Dykes, 1828–1876.
PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail!

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-Divine!

O generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die!

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.
PRAISE we our God with joy
And gladness never ending;
Angels and Saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.

He is our Father dear,
With parent's love o'erflowing;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
On wayward hearts bestowing.

He is our Shepherd true,
With watchful care unsleeping;
On us, His erring sheep,
An eye of pity keeping.

He, with a mighty arm,
The bonds of sin hath broken;
And to our burdened hearts
In words of peace hath spoken.

Bleeding we lay, but He
With soothing bands hath bound us;
Dark was our path, but He
Hath poured His light around us.

Graces in copious stream
From that pure Fount are welling,
Where, in our inmost hearts,
Our God hath set His dwelling.

His word our lantern is,
His peace our consolation;
His sweetness all our rest,
Himself our great salvation

Then live we all to God,
On Him in faith relying;
Be He our Guide in life,
Our Joy and Hope in dying. Amen.
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While Angels in their songs rejoice.
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

The Saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.
May also be sung to "Jubilee," No. 8.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains
He took His seat above:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

His Kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes, onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

With all the Angel choirs,
With all the Saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud,
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise, [loved,
Send forth the hymns our fathers
The psalms of ancient days.

Yes, on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's Jerusalem the blest. [house,

Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The Lord Whom we adore;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.
ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes are closed in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.
General Hymns.

mf Saviour, Blessèd Saviour, Listen while we sing;
Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.
im All we have we offer;
All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spirit, All we yield to Thee.

f Great, and ever greater, Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting Are the glories there;
Where no pain or sorrow, Toil or care, is known;
Where the Angel legions Circle round Thy throne.

p Farther, ever farther
From Thy wounded side, Heedlessly we wandered, Wandered far and wide;
Till Thou cam'st in mercy Seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them, Saviour, to Thy fold.

f 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.

mf 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.

mf Onward, ever onward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by Saints before us, Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us, May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

f Higher then, and higher, Bear the ransomed soul, Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of, Saints with Angels sing, Never weary, raising Praises to their King. Amen.

( 831 )
Penitence.

Eight 7's.

H. S. Irons, b. 1834.
General Hymns.

$p$ SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
$pp$ Hear our solemn Litany!

$p$ 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, Oh, turn a favouring eye,
$pp$ Hear our solemn Litany!

$p$ By the sacred griefs 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,
$pp$ Hear our solemn Litany!

$p$ By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
$pp$ Hear our solemn Litany!

$p$ By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
cr By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
$f$ Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
$dim$ Listen, listen to the cry
$pp$ Of our solemn Litany! Amen.
SAVIOUR, Who exalted high
In Thy Father's majesty,
Yet vouchsafest Thyself to show
To Thy faithful flock below,
Still Thy Presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Son of Man, to Thee I cry;
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy Presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy Presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Prince of life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy Presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lord of glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will:
Manifest Thyself to me
In the Triune Deity. Amen.
General Hymns.

543
St. Etheldreda.  C.M.  Bishop Turton, 1780-1864.

mf SHEPHERD Divine, our wants
In this our evil day; [relieve
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

p Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
cr Oh let our souls on Thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

p The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
cr To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden Name.

mf Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let Thee go."

mf I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me;
cr With all Thy great Salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.

f Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold Thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Amen.
Sing Alleluia forth in duestous praise, O citizens of heaven: in sweet notes raise

An endless Alleluia! Ye Powers who stand before the Eternal Light

In hymning choirs re-echo to the height An endless Alleluia!

Last verse.

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing Glory for evermore: to
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven: in sweet notes raise
An endless Alleluia!

Ye Powers who stand before the Eternal Light
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia!

The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia!

In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia!

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this—
An endless Alleluia!

There, in one grand acclaim for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King—
An endless Alleluia!

This is the rest for weary ones brought back:
This is the food and drink which none shall lack:
An endless Alleluia!

While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia!

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore: to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia! Amen.
Cantate Deo.

D.L.M.  

C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

(Old 100th.) In Unison, ad lib.

Amen.
General Hymns.

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

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.

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 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, etc.

For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.

For He is Lord, etc.

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. Amen.
SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God
stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
Through His eternal Son:
[Supplies The panoply of God.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
From strength to strength go on,
Is more than conqueror!
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:

mf That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,

And victor stand at last. Amen.

mf cr cr mf cr

( S40 )
SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the Blessed evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy Reward.

Father, Who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by Whose death we live,
Spirit, Who our hearts doth raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise. Amen.
Culbach.

Scheffler's *Geistliche Hirtenlieder*, 1668.

\( \text{Culbach.} \)

\( J = 88. \)

\( \text{A-men.} \)

(842)
SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new 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.

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. Amen.
Soon and for ever.

Irregular.

H. H. Pierson, 1815-1873, and H. S. Irons, b. 1834.
Soon and for ever;
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust:
Soon and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee;
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs, and its partings
Remembered no more,
Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

Soon and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away;
Soon and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare with sin; [where
Where fears, and where tears, and
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever.

Soon and for ever
The work shall be done;
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won;
Soon and for ever
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown:
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear;
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When—blesséd reward of each
Faithful endeavour—
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and for ever. Amen.
STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye people of His choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.

Oh! for the living flame, From His own Altar brought, To touch our lips, our minds inspire, And wing to heaven our thought.

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

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

Stand up, and bless the Lord; The Lord your God adore; Stand up, and bless His glorious Name, Henceforth for evermore. Amen.
**General Hymns.**

Breslau.  
L.M.  
Clauder's *Psalmoria nova*, 1630.

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*mft* Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

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.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
And let thy foolish pride be still:
The Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross on Calvary's hill.

Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's temptations brave;

*cr* 'Twill guide thee to a better home;
It points to glory o'er the grave.

*mft* Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;

*cr* For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown. 

A-men.
TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias
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!

Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

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 heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.
THE Church's One Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride,
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

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.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'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.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
Oh, happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee! Amen.
General Hymns.

Leoni.

6.6.8.4. D.

Old Hebrew Tune.

A-men.

(852)
General Hymns.

f THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days
And God of Love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest:
mf I bow and bless the Sacred Name
For ever blest.

f The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
mf I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
cr And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

f He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on eagle’s wings up-borne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

f There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness;
Triumphant o’er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion’s sacred height
His Kingdom still maintains;
And glorious with His Saints in light
For ever reigns.

f The God Who reigns on high
The great Archangels sing;
And “Holy, Holy, Holy,” cry,
“Almighty King!

f Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be.
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!

f The whole triumphant Host
Give thanks to God on high;
“Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,”
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham’s God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise! Amen.

( 853 )
f The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

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.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's everlasting theme. [wealth,
Amen.
THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

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.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy Unction grace bestoweth,
And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.
THE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,  
  O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice;  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King! (mf) Who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! (p) 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.

He reigns! Ye Saints, exalt your strains;  
Your God is King, your Father reigns;  
And He is at the Father’s side,  
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,  
He will present them at the throne;  
And Angel-bands are waiting there.  
His messages of love to bear.

Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
“The Lord Omnipotent is King!” Amen.
Castle Rising.

General Hymns.

D.C.M.

F. A. J. Hervey, b. 1846.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
THE roseate hues of early dawn,
   The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh! for the pearly gates of heaven,
   Oh! for the golden floor,
Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,
   That setteth nevermore.

The highest hopes we cherish here,
   How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
   That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh! for a heart that never sins,
   Oh! for a soul washed white,
Oh! for a voice to praise our King,
   Nor weary day or night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope
   And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
   Beyond our best desire.
Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord;
   Oh! by Thy life laid down;
Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace,
   Nor cast away our crown.

( 859 )
General Hymns.

\textit{f} The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.

\textit{mf} The unwearied sun from day to day  
Does His Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

\textit{mf} Soon as the evening shades prevail  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

\textit{p} What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found;  
\textit{f} In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is Divine."

\textit{Amen.}
560

General Hymns.

Troyte, No. 2.


f 1 The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- lu - ia.

3 And the choirs that dwell on high

p 4 They through the fields of Paradise that roam,

mf 5 The planets, glittering on their heaven-ly way,

p 6 Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on

mf 7 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and

mf 8 First let the birds, with painted

mf 9 Then let the beasts of earth, with

(Men only. Unison.)

f 10 Here let the mountains thunder forth so-

mf 11 Thou jubilant abyss of oce-an, cry

mf 12 To God, Who all cre-a-tion made,

mf 13 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all things loves,

(Men only. Unison.)

f 14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-

(Unison.)

f 15 Now from all men be out-poured

f' 16 Praise be done to the Three in One,

2 To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed peo-ple sing,

Shall re-ëcho . . . through the sky;

The blessed ones, répeat through that bright home,

The shining constellations, join and say,

Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, wild-ly bright.

Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hóar frost and sum-mer glow,

Exalt their great Créator's praise, and say,

Join in creation's hymn, and cry a-gain,

Allé - - - lu - ia;

Allé - - - lu - ia.

The frequent hymn be . . . du-ly paid,

f Allé - - - lu - ia.

Alle - - - lu - ia.

Alleluia . . . to the Lord.

Alle - - - lu - ia.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of this hymn is published separately by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

( 862 )
General Hymns.

Alleluia

Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious forests sing,
(Alleluia)

Ye tracts of earth and countries reply

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Himself approves,
(Trebles only.)

And children’s voices echo, answer, making,

With Allelúia evermore,

The Son and Spirit we adore.

Alleluia
561 PART I.

General Hymns.

7.6.7.6. D.
Katholische Gesangbuch, St. Gall, 1863.

Pearsall.

mf THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge Who comes in mercy,
The Judge Who comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

mf Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,

mf To light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one:

mf O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;

cr 'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around.

( 864 )
General Hymns.

p The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolate, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best;

mf O happy, holy portion,  
Reflection for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of the distressed!

Yes, peace!—for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm!—for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labour,  
And anchorage at last.

f Strive, man, to win that glory;  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight. Amen.

561 PART II.
St. Alphege.  7.6.7.6.  H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1876.

mf Brief life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.

mf And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;

mf O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!

And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Sion in her anguish  
With Babylon must cope;—  
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.

p And after earthly evil,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Is calm, and joy, and light.

p Then God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face. Amen.
561 PART III.

General Hymns.

Jubilate.

7.6.7.6.D.

C. Hubert H. Parry, b. 1848.

A-men.

( 866 )
FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;

Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The Saints thy golden fabric,
Thy corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I thy glories see?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Is such a prize for me?

Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Amen.
**General Hymns.**

*mf* JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, oh I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare!

*mf* Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the elect!
Oh dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!

*mf* There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast:

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

E'en now by faith I see thee:
E'en here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

O mine, O golden Sion!
Yea, brighter far than gold!
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I thy joys behold?

Rejoice! O dust and ashes!
Rejoice!—O joy divine!—
That God is now thy Portion,
Both now and ever thine. Amen.
For a simpler arrangement see No. 476.

May also be sung to "Stirling," No. 460.
THEE we adore, Eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name with one accord!
Thy Saints who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all Angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both Cherubin and Seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

The Apostles join the glorious throng,
The Prophets swell the immortal song;
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King!
Thee, Lord of Sabaoth, they sing!
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love. Amen.
THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower;
    Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
    In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love till sacred fire
Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
    That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
    My foes, and healed my wounded mind:
I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
    Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
    Still to press forward in Thy way:
That all my powers with all their might,
    In Thy sole glory may unite.

THEE will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
    Thee will I love, my Lord, my God
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
    Or smile—Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
    Thee shall I love in endless day.
THere is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good Angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye Saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.
565
St. Flavian.

General Hymns.

C.M.

Day's Psalter, 1562.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and
In peace and order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down:
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

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. Amen.

( 876 )
This is a land of pure delight
Where Saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Their everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecloaked eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Amen.
**567**

**General Hymns.**


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$f$ **THERE** is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

$mf$ There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

$p$ Lord Jesu, be our Guide;
Oh, lead us safely on,
cr Till night and grief and sin and death
$f$ Are past, and heaven is won! Amen.
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that Love which died for sin,
That love which wept for woe. Amen.
Compassion.

Irregular.

Fountain Meen, b. 1846.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay

Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,

But none of the ransomed ever knew

Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way,

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,

Shelter of the fold;

But one was out on the

they not enough for Thee?

deep were the waters crossed;

mark out the mountain's track?

up from the rocky steep,

Nor how dark was the night that the

They were shed for one who had

There rose a cry to the

( 880 )
hills away, Far off from the gates of gold,

Lord passed through Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
gate of heaven, f "Rejoice, I have found My sheep."

dim. Away on the mountains wild and bare, A
And although the road be rough and steep, I

dim. Out in the desert He heard its cry, ...
mf "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn? p "They are
And the Angels answered a-round the throne, "Re

- way from the tender Shepherd's care.
- go to the desert to find My sheep."
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.
pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own." A-men.

( 881 )
THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

mf

Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

f

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to heaven. Amen.
THOU art the Way:—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

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

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

f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:

Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
THOU boundless Source of every good, In every changing scene of life,  
Our best desires fulfil; Whate'er that scene may be,  
And help us to adore Thy grace, dim Give us a meek and humble mind,  
And mark Thy sovereign will. A mind at peace with Thee.

In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gift Thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

Do Thou direct our steps aright;
Help us Thy Name to fear;
And' give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there. Amen
May also be sung to "Southwell," No. 133.

mf THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

cr Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day,

mf And fill us now with watchful care,
p And stir us up to pray;

p To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,

cr When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

mf The immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

p To sober earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,

cr For ever let the Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;

p The solemn midnight cry,

f "Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

p Oh may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,

cr Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

mf Oh may we thus insure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest. Amen.
mf Thou, Whose Almighty word
   Chaos and darkness heard,
   And took their flight,

p Hear us, we humbly pray,

cr And where the Gospel-day
   Sheds not its glorious ray

ff Let there be light!

mf Thou, Who didst come to bring,
   On Thy redeeming wing,
   Healing and sight;
   Health to the sick in mind,
   Sight to the inly blind,

ff Let there be light!

p Spirit of truth and love,
   Life-giving, holy Dove,
   Speed forth Thy flight!
   Move on the waters’ face,
   Bearing the lamp of grace,

pp And in earth’s darkest place

ff Let there be light!

mf Blessed and Holy Three,
   Glorious Trinity,
   Wisdom, Love, Might!
   Boundless as ocean’s tide
   Rolling in fullest pride,

ff Let there be light! Amen.

( 886 )
THREE in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights! with morning-shine
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
\[ p \text{ Breathe on us her balm.} \]

Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
\[ p \text{ Shed a vespers calm.} \]

Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship Thee;
\[ c_r \text{ With the Saints hereafter we} \]
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.
May also be sung to "Bristol," No. 77.

mf THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
cr The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

f Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;

mf When in distress to Him I called,

f He to my rescue came.

p The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

mf Oh! make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

mf Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.
THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band, [row
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

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:

ff One the gladness of rejoicing,
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

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:

mf Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!

One the object of our journey,
One the Faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the Hope our God inspires.

cr Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;

f' Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

Amen.
578

General Hymns.

St. Cecilia.  

6.6.6.6.  

L. G. Hayne, 1836-1883.

Thy kingdom come, O God,  
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;  
Break with Thine iron rod  
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
Oppression, lust, and crime  
Shall flee Thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in Thy great might!  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,  
And wolves devour Thy fold;  
By many deeds of shame  
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet:  
Arise! O Morning Star,  
Arise, and never set!  Amen.
Eden.

6.6.6.6.

O. M. Feilden, b. 1837.

May also be sung to "St. Cecilia," No. 578.

mf THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

mf Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small;
cr Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.
Gloriosi Salvatoris (First Tune).

To be sung in Unison.

Mode IV. Ancient Plain Song.
To the Name that brings Salvation,
Laud and honour let us pay:
That for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay;
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Ear and heart delighting well,
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Finds it music to the ear;
'Tis the Name that whoso teacheth
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

'Tis the Name by right exalted
Over every other name;
That when we are sore assaulted
Puts our enemies to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

Jesu, we Thy Name adoring,
Long to see Thee as Thou art:
Of Thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That, hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We with Angels may have part.

Amen.
Beacon.

May be sung in Unison.

C. V. Stanford, b. 1852.
General Hymns.

$f$ True Light, that lightest all in heaven and earth,
Light us, Thou Light Divine;
Children, Thou mad'st us by a second birth,
Children, O Lord, of Thine:
Heirs of a life undying,
The hidden life above,
Strong on Thy strength relying,
Safe in a Father's love.

$p$ The earth, erewhile so oft bedewed with tears,
$cr$ Shall be, like man, new-born:
$f$ The heavens—unrolled through unimagined years,—
Be bright with endless morn;
No room is there for sorrow,
Toil, trouble, want, or care,
None anxious for the morrow,—
There is no morrow there.

$f$ Light there, eternal light and life shall reign
O'er all without, within;
No stricken soul e'er bow beneath the pain
Of unforgotten sin;
The day shall have no ending,
No night its shadows cast,
All present gladness blending
With gladness in the past.

$mf$ We darkly now, as in a mirror, see
These wondrous worlds on high;
Help us, O Lord, to live our life in Thee,
The Life that cannot die;
$cr$ Till heavenward ever soaring,
By Thy redeeming grace,
$f$ Before Thy throne adoring
We see Thee face to face.

\[ \text{( 895 )} \]
Bedford (Modern Form).

C.M.

W. Wheall, 1690?–1727.

Amen.
TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh, bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford
To feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love. Amen.
Achnasheen

583

General Hymns.

9.8.10.5. C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

V. 5.

C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

W
E know not a voice of that River,
If vocal or silent it be,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows to no sea.

More deep than the seas is that River,
More full than their manifold tides
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and abides.

Pure gold is the bed of that River
(The gold of that land is the best)
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows on at rest.

Oh goodly the banks of that River,
Oh goodly the fruits that they bear,
Where for ever and ever and ever
It flows and is fair.

For lo! on each bank of that River
The Tree of Life life-giving grows,
Where for ever and ever and ever
The pure River flows. Amen.

( 898 )
**Quam Dilecta.**


**We love the place, O God,**
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love the sacred Font;
For there the Holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.

**We love Thine Altar, Lord;**
Oh, what on earth so dear?

**For there, in faith adored,**
We find Thy Presence near.

**We love the word of life,**
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

**We love to sing below**
For mercies freely given;
But Oh! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

**Lord Jesus, give us grace**
On earth to love Thee more,

**In heaven to see Thy face,**
And with Thy Saints adore. Amen.
May also be sung to "St. Simon," No. 32.
We love Thee, Lord; yet not alone,
   Because Thy bounteous hand
Shower down its rich and ceaseless gifts
   On ocean and on land;
For these Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord,
   Yet not for these alone,
The incense of Thy children's love
   Arises to Thy throne.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we
   Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
   Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
   In sin and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray
   Of Thy benignant light.

Because when we forsook Thy ways,
   Nor kept Thy holy Will,
Thou wert not an avenging Judge,
   But a gracious Father still:
Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,
   But Thou hast not forgot—
Because we have forsaken Thee,
   But Thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
   With everlasting love,
And sentest forth Thy Son to die
   That we might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
   Thou gavest hope of heaven;
We love because we much have sinned,
   And much have been forgiven.

A·men.
General Hymns.

ABBEMY.

C.M. Scotch Psalter, 1615.

WE praise the King of realms on high,
What wonders He hath wrought,
His might is blazoned on the sky,
And heaven reveals His thought.

He shaped the welkin as a dome
O'er us His sons below,
And formed the earth to be our home;
O God! Thy power we know.

We bow before the holy sight
Of One Who reigns sublime,
And yield us to Thy sovereign might,
Eternal Lord of time! Amen.

( 902 )
Credo.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. Stainer, 1840-1901.

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid the wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst though the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord. Amen.

May also be sung to "Surrey," No. 563.
f We sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

mf Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, God is Love;
He bears our sins upon the Tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

f The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

f It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

p The balm of life, the cure of woe,
cr The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
f The Angels' theme in heaven above. Amen.
f We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee;

mf From Thee the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

p Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

mf So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.
General Hymns.

Dalkeith.

10.10.10.10. T. Hewlett, 1845-1874.

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May also be sung to "St. Agnes," No. 252.

(906)
WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

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."

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.

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!

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. Amen.
WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the Mercy-seat;
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian’s armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest Saint upon his knees.

When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel’s side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Have we no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature’s ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
“Hear what the Lord hath done for me.” Amen.
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.

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

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

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

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But Oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise. Amen.
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,

Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

Oh think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;

Think of the Blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that Blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

Oh think upon Thy holy word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

Oh think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine;

Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here; my heart is full;

Behold, and spare, and succour me. Amen.
May also be sung to "Angels' Song," No. 223.

mf WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
  He took our nature poor and low
He wore no form of Angel mould,
  But shared our weakness and our woe.

f But when He cometh back once more,
  There shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
  The face of Him that sits thereon.

p O Son of God, in glory crowned,
  The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man, so pitying found
  For all the tears Thy people shed,—

Be with us in that awful hour,
  And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
cr By all Thy love and all Thy power,
  In that great Day of Judgment save.
When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;

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,

He sees my wants, allays my fears,
He who felt temptation's power,

And counts and treasures up my tears.

And Oh! 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.

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

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

mf W 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?

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

Amen.
HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the Blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear! Amen.
When the dark waves round us roll,  When we weep beside the bier
And we look in vain for aid,      Where some well-loved form is laid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,— Oh! may then the mourner hear,—
"It is I; be not afraid."       "It is I; be not afraid."

When we dimly trace Thy form     When with wearing hopeless pain
In mysterious clouds arrayed,       Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Be the echo of the storm,—     Breathe Thou then the comfort-
"It is I; be not afraid."     "It is I; be not afraid." [strain,—

When our brightest hopes depart, When we feel the end is near,
When our fairest visions fade,    Passing into death's dark shade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,— May the voice be strong and clear,—
"It is I; be not afraid."     "It is I; be not afraid." Amen.

Amen.
General Hymns.

Intercession.

7.5. 7.5. 7.5. 7.5. 8.8. W. H. Callcott, 1807-1882.

From "Elijah."

A-men.
**General Hymns.**

When the weary, seeking rest, to Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:

Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To His Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name:

Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy waiting, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her frequent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come!

Hear, then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high. Amen.

(917)
WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

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

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

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing Tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He Who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious Blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. Amen
General Hymns.

Cross and Crown.

8.7.8.7. D.

J. W. Elliott, b. 1833.

Faster.
General Hymns.

p WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?

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

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

f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

p Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

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

p Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?

f 'Tis the God Who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly!

A-men.
Constance.
8.7.8.7. D.
Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

A-men.
WHO trusts in God, a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.

In Thee alone, dear Lord, we own
Sweet hope and consolation;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes,
Our great and sure salvation!

Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us.
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.

O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
General Hymns.

Montgomery.

L.M.

J. Stanley, 1713-1786.

May also be sung to "Ely," No. 224.

(924)
General Hymns.

f WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
    The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
    And the vast fabric still sustains.

mf How surely stablished is Thy throne,
    Which shall no change or period see!

f For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
    Art God from all eternity.

f The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
    And toss the troubled waves on high;

mf But God above can still their noise,
    And make the angry sea comply.

f Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
    And they that in Thy house would dwell.

mf That happy station to secure,
    Must still in holiness excel.

f To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
    The God Whom earth and heaven adore.
Be glory as it was of old,
    Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

(925)
YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise.
General Hymns.

mf Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
    And sun, that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
    To Him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
    Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
    In liquid air.

mf Let them adore the Lord,
    And praise His holy Name,
cr By Whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came;
    And all shall last,
From changes free;
    His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

mf United zeal be shown
    His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
    Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
    His power obey;
His glorious sway
    The sky transcends.

f To God, the Father, Son,
    And Spirit ever Blest,
Eternal Three in One,
    All worship be addressed;
As heretofore
    It was, is now,
And shall be so
    For evermore.

( 927 )
General Hymns.

Howard.

6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

S. Howard, 1710-1782.

May also be sung to "Darwall's 148th, No. 605.

(928)
General Hymns.

Ye holy Angels bright,
   Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
   Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
   Or else the theme
   Too high doth seem
   For mortal tongue.

Ye blessed souls at rest,
   Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
   Behold your Father's face,
His praises sound,
   As in His light
   With sweet delight
   Ye do abound.

Ye Saints, who toil below,
   Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
   Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
   And praise Him still
   Through good and ill
   Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,
   Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
   Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
   Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
   Be filled with praise! Amen.
Servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son.
The praises of Jesus
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore
And give Him His right;
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With Angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love. Amen.
Ye servants of the Lord,
   Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
   And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
   And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
   For awful is His Name.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
   And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
   And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
   In such a posture found!
He shall His Lord with rapture see,
   And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
   With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
   Amidst the Angelic band. Amen.
All things bright and beautiful. All creatures great and small,

All things wise and wonderful, The Lord God made them all.

Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.
ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright, etc.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.
All things bright, etc.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;—
All things bright, etc.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one;
All things bright, etc.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;—
All things bright, etc.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright, etc.
AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing glory, glory, glory!

What brought them to that world
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?
Singing glory, glory, glory!

Because the Saviour shed His Blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory!

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing glory, glory, glory!

A-men.
BEHOLD a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant head.

But Who is this so lowly laid?
'Tis He by Whom the worlds were
made.

Alas, in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?

That we may learn from pride to
fly,
And follow His humility.

Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labours too,
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue;

That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be
blest.

Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?

That Christian boys, with reverence
meet,
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

Christ, once Thyself a boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,

That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee. Amen.
Children's Hymns.

St. Theresa. 6.5., 12 lines. Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

Treble Voices in Unison.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's

soldiers To their home on high! Marching thro' the desert,

Gladly thus we pray, Still, with hearts united, Singing on our way.
Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high!

Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way,—
Brightly gleams, etc.

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.

Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.

In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee?

All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe:

Bid Thine Angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.

Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.

When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty!
Songs that never cease!

Brightly gleams, etc. Amen.
Children's Hymns.

Wiltshire. C.M. G. Smart, 1776-1867.

\[ \text{mf} \]
By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

\[ p \]
By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

cr
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

(938)
COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Oh hear an infant's prayer:
Stoop down, and make my heart Thy home,
And shed Thy blessing there.

Thy light, Thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for Thee.

Let Thy rich grace increase
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To Thine eternal praise.

To God the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, be given
Eternal praise by Saints on earth
And Angel-choirs in heaven. Amen.
Ellacombe.

7.6.7.6. D.

Kocher's Zionharfe, 1863.

\[ \begin{align*}
&\text{Children's Hymns.} \\
&\text{Ellacombe.} \\
&7.6.7.6. \text{ D.} \\
&\text{Kocher's Zionharfe, 1863.}
\end{align*} \]
Children's Hymns.

$f$ Come, sing with holy gladness,
    High Alleluias sing;
Uplift your loud Hosannas
    To Jesus, Lord and King:
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus
    Your hymn of praise to-day;
$p$ And sing, ye gentle maidens,
    Your sweet responsive lay.

$mf$ 'Tis good for boys and maidens
    Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
    Should praise the children's King:
$f$ For Jesus is salvation,
    And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
    The one Redeemer blest.

$mf$ O boys, be strong in Jesus!
    To toil for Him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
    With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
    Who was a maiden's Son!
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
    And perfect grace begun.

$f$ Soon in the golden city
    The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
    Rejoice in endless day.
$p$ O Christ, prepare Thy children
$cr$ With that triumphant throng
$f$ To pass the burnished portals,
    And sing the eternal song.

(Amen.)
Day by day we magnify Thee,
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, for Jesus' sake, we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy Day in peace;

Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemed Host,
May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Children's Hymns.

Warfare.

6.5.6.5. L. J. Hutton, 1852-1888.

Do no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true;
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too. Amen.

May also be sung to "St. John Baptist," No. 520.

(943)
Children's Hymns.

Eternity. 7.5.7.5.7. L. J. Hutton, 1862-1888.

mf EVERY morning the red sun
    Rises warm and bright,
dim But the evening cometh on,
p   And the dark, cold night.
\(j\) There's a bright land far away,
    Where 'tis never-ending day.

mf Every spring the sweet young flowers
    Open bright and gay,
dim Till the chilly autumn hours
    Wither them away.
\(j\) There's a land we have not seen,
    Where the trees are always green.

mf Little birds sing songs of praise
    All the summer long,
p   But in colder, shorter days
    They forget their song.
\(f\) There's a place where Angels sing
    Ceaseless praises to their King.

mf Christ our Lord is ever near
    Those who follow Him;
p   But we cannot see Him here,
    For our eyes are dim;
\(f\) There is a most happy place,
    Where men always see His face.

\(p\) Who shall go to that bright land?
    All who do the right;
\(mf\) Holy children there shall stand
    In their robes of white;
\(f\) For that heaven, so bright and blest,
    Is our everlasting rest. Amen.
FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
"The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy Saints in heaven.

Amen.
Father, while the shadows fall,
'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Like Thy patient love to me,
With the twilight over all,
Scattered joys along my way,
May my love to others be;

Deign to hear my evening prayer,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
All the wrong my hands have done,
Make a little child Thy care.
Kept from snares my careless feet,
Par-don, Lord, thro' Christ, Thy Son.

Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;

Eliphron
7.7.7.7.8.5.8.5
A. M. Goodhart, 1866

Treble Voices

(Crescendo)
Children's Hymns.

Guard me thro' the darkness sleep-ing, Bless me when I wake. A- men.

Simplicity.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face:
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
Plead for me and I shall live:

I shall live the simple life,
Free from sin's uneasy strife;
Sweetly ignorant of ill,
Innocent and happy still.

Keep me from the great offence,
Guard my helpless innocence;
Hide me, from all evil hide,
Self, and stubbornness, and pride. Amen.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His Throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high!

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King! Amen.

(949)
Children's Hymns.

Lundy. L.M. C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

May also be sung to "Alstone," No. 643.

mf GREAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend;
cr I a poor child, and Thou so high,
f The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

mf Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father? then at last,
cr When all my days on earth are passed,
f Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

(950)
p Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.

f Oh that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

mf All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with Saints above.

f Oh that will be joyful, etc.

f Oh how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see
Exalted on His throne.

Oh that will be joyful, etc.

mf Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer
From every * Sunday School.

f Oh that will be joyful, etc.

f There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.

Oh that will be joyful, etc.

Amen.

* Or "Infant.”

(951)
Hushed was the Evening Hymn. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark;

The lamp was burning dim Before the sacred ark; When suddenly a

Voice Divine Rang through the silence of the shrine. Amen.

(By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.)
HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;

When suddenly a Voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

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.

Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh! 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.

Oh! 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. Amen.
Children's Hymns.

Bowdler, No. 178.

7.6., 12 lines.

Cyril Bowdler, b, 1839.
Children's Hymns.

mf I LOVE to hear the story
   Which Angel voices tell,
pp How once the King of Glory
   Came down on earth to dwell.
   I am both weak and sinful,
   But this I surely know,
   The Lord came down to save me,
   Because He loved me so.

mf I love to hear the story
   Which Angel voices tell,
   How once the King of Glory
   Came down on earth to dwell.

mf I'm glad my Blessed Saviour
   Was once a Child like me,
   To show how pure and holy
   His little ones might be;
   And if I try to follow
   His footsteps here below,
   He never will forget me,
   Because He loves me so.

mf I love to hear the story
   Which Angel voices tell,
   How once the King of Glory
   Came down on earth to dwell.

f To sing His love and mercy
   My sweetest songs I'll raise;
   And though I cannot see Him
   I know He hears my praise;
   For He has kindly promised
   That even I may go
   To sing among His Angels,
   Because He loves me so.

mf I love to hear the story
   Which Angel voices tell,
   How once the King of Glory
   Came down on earth to dwell.
Children's Hymns.

Salamis.

Irregular.

Greek Melody.

(956)
I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold;
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love,
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never hear of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.
It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come
from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true;
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned,
and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, the crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me:

But, even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great Love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord:
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more
Until I see Thee as Thou art.
Children's Hymns.

North Coates.

629

6.5.6.5.

T. R. Matthews, b. 1826.

(EsU, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,

"Saviour, Lord, we come." Amen.
Evening Prayer.

Treble Voices.

p Je - su, ten - der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;

Thro’ the darkness be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morning light. A - men.

p JESU, tender Shepherd, hear me, All this day Thy hand has led me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Through the darkness be Thou near Thou hast clothed me, warmed and me, fed me,
Watch my sleep till morning light. Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven, Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Amb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little Child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be;
Thou art all humility:
Let me to my betters bow,
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

Let me above all fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

 Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen.
Lord, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

mf Kind Angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

p My health, and friends, and parents
To me by God are given; [dear,
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey. Amen.
LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

Bought with Blood, and bought for Thine, and only Thine, I'd be, [Thee,
Holy, harmless, humble, mild;
Jesus Christ's obedient child.

Loving Saviour, Thou didst give Thine own life that we might live,
And the hands outstretched to bless Bear the cruel nails' impress.

I would bless Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy Blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest I would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before my Father's throne
I shall know as I am known. Amen.
Children's Hymns.

Memorial.

6.5.6.5.

J. E. Roe, 1838-1871.

May also be sung to "Caswall," No. 411.
NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky;

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May my eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Standing round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit
Whilst all ages run. Amen.
Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child. Amen.
ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle in a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

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.

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.

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. Amen.
Sweetly sang the Angels in the clear calm night,

On their white wings resting in the heavenly light;

Father, Who our love has sought,

Sent by God the

Unto men and children
Children's Hymns.

mf SWEETLY sang the Angels in the clear calm night,
On their white wings resting in the heavenly light;
Sent by God the Father, Who our love has sought,
Unto men and children tidings glad they brought.

f Children, blend your voices, etc.

mf To the gentle shepherds it was first revealed,
Watching mid the darkness in the open field,
That in David's city, on that holy morn,
In a lowly stable Christ, our King, was born.

f Children, blend your voices, etc.

mf Gladden’d by the tidings, hastily they sped
To the crowded city and the manger-bed;
There they found the Saviour, with His mother mild;
Him they loved and worshipped though a lowly child.

f Children, blend your voices, etc.

mf In His simple childhood, and His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy, all His words were truth;
For our sins He suffered, and through grief untold,
All His lambs He purchased for His sacred fold.

f Children, blend your voices, etc.

p Jesu, meek and gentle, make us like to Thee;
Loving, true, and tender, Thou wouldest have us be.

cr Blessings rich and holy, at this Christmastide,
Pour Thou out upon us, Saviour, King, and Guide.

f Children, blend your voices, etc. Amen.

( 969 )
Children's Hymns.

Dayspring.

C.M.

C. H. Lloyd, b. 1849.

May also be sung to "St. Peter." No. 572.
Children's Hymns.

mf THE morning bright with rosy light
   Has waked me from my sleep;
   Father, I own Thy love alone
   Thy little one doth keep.

p 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.

Oh make Thy rest within my breast,

cr Great Spirit of all grace;
   Make me like Thee, (f) then shall I be
   Prepared to see Thy face. Amen.
* Make a pause on this note in verse 3, and sing the remainder of the verse to the slightly altered version of the close of the tune on page 973.
Children's Hymns.

Last two lines of Verse 3.

Slower.

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold;
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old.
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or wisdom,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls 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.

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. Amen.
There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

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.

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.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.
There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where Saints in glory stand
Bright, bright as day.

Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye. Amen.
Children's Hymns.

Eden Grove.

Samuel Smith, b. 1821.

8.6.7.6. 7.6.7.6.

A-men.

(976)
Children's Hymns.

mf THERE'S a Friend for little children
    Above the bright blue sky,
    A Friend Who never changes,
    Whose love will never die:
    Unlike our friends by nature,
    Who change with changing years,
    This Friend is always worthy
    The precious Name He bears.

p There's a Rest for little children
    Above the bright blue sky,
    Who love the blessed Saviour
    And to the Father cry,—
    A rest from every trouble,
    From sin and danger free,
    Where every little pilgrim
    Shall rest eternally.

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

cr There's a Crown for little children
    Above the bright blue sky;
    And all who look for Jesus
    Shall wear it by-and-by,
    A crown of brightest glory,
    Which He will then bestow
    On all who love the Saviour,
    And walk with Him below.

f There's a Song for little children
    Above the bright blue sky,
    And a harp of sweetest music,
    And a palm of victory:
    And all above is treasured,
    And found in Christ alone:
    Oh come, dear little children,
    That all may be your own! Amen.
Children's Hymns.

MARGARET.

Irregular.

T. R. Matthews, b. 1826.

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Children's Hymns.

mf Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown,
    When Thou camest to earth for me;
$p$ But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room
    For Thy holy Nativity.
$cr$ Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
    There is room in my heart for Thee.

$f$ Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
    Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
$p$ But of lowly birth camest Thou, Lord, on earth,
    And in great humility.
$cr$ Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
    There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf The foxes found rest, and the bird its nest
    In the shade of the forest tree;
$p$ But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
    In the deserts of Galilee.
$cr$ Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
    There is room in my heart for Thee.

mf Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
    That should set Thy children free;
$p$ But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
    They bore Thee to Calvary.
$cr$ Oh come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
    There is room in my heart for Thee.

$f$ When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
    At Thy coming to victory,
    Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room—
        There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
    When Thou comest and callest for me. Amen.
We are but little children weak, Nor born in any high estate; What can we do for Jesus' sake Who is so high and good and great?

We know the Holy Innocents Laid down for Him their infant life, And Martyrs brave and patient Saints Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old, Our lips have learned like vows to make: We need not die; we cannot fight; What may we do for Jesus' sake.

Oh! day by day each Christian child There's not a child so small and weak Has much to do, without, within; But has his little cross to take, A death to die for Jesus' sake, His little work of love and praise A weary war to wage with sin. That he may do for Jesus' sake.

Amen.
May also be sung to "Tabor," No. 437.

mf We speak of the realms of the blest,
    Of that country so bright and so fair;
    And oft are its glories confessed;
    But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its pathways of gold,
    Of its walls decked with jewels most rare,
    Its wonders and pleasures untold;
    But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its freedom from sin,
    From sorrow, temptation, and care,
    From trials without and within;
    But what must it be to be there?

f We speak of its anthems of praise,
    With which we can never compare
    The sweetest on earth we can raise;
    But what must it be to be there?

mf We speak of its service of love,
    Of the robes which the glorified wear,
    The Church of the First-born above;
    But what must it be to be there?

mf Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
    Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
    And shortly we also shall know
    And feel what it is to be there. Amen.
Children's Hymns.

Laudate Salvatorem. Irregular. G. F. Cobb, b. 1838.

May also be sung to "Ellacombe," No. 615.

(982)
Children's Hymns.

We thank Thee, O our Father,
   For all Thy loving care;
We thank Thee that Thou mad'st the world
   So very bright and fair.
We thank Thee for the sunshine,
   And for the pleasant showers;
And we thank Thee, O our Father,
We thank Thee for the flowers.

mf Out in the sunny meadows,
   And in the woodlands cool,
And under every hedgerow,
   And by each reedy pool,
And on the lonely moorland,
   And by the broad highway;
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,
   They spring up every day.

And in the dusty city,
   Where busy crowds pass by,
And where the tall dark houses
   Stand up and hide the sky,
And where through lanes and alleys
   No pleasant breezes blow,
Even there, O God, our Father,
   Thou mak'st the flowers grow.

mf And whether in the city
   Or in the fields they dwell,
Always the same sweet message
   The sweet young flowers tell.
For they are all so wonderful,
   They show Thy power abroad;
And they are all so beautiful,
They tell Thy love, O God. Amen.
f While the sun is shining
  Brightly in the sky,
Ere his rays declining
  Tell that night is nigh;
Ere the shadows falling,
  Lengthen on our way,
Hark! a voice is calling,
 "Work while it is day."

mf Work for God in heaven,
  Seek the Saviour’s face,
Plead to be forgiven,
  Strive to grow in grace;
Watch against temptation,
  Watch, and fight, and pray,
Each in his own station,
 "Work while it is day."

f Work, but not in sadness,
  For your Lord above;
He will make it gladness
  With His smile of love.
mf When that Lord returning
  Knocketh at the gate,
cr Let your lights be burning,
  Be like men who wait.

f Happy then the meeting,
  When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
  From the Throne of grace—
 "Good and faithful servant
  Of My Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
 Enter into rest." Amen.

Also the following:
Hark! hear ye not the Angel-song—87
Jesu, meek and gentle—441
The sun is sinking fast—33
GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

\( p \) Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

\( mf \) We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health, and every good:
May manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life, sent down from heaven. Amen.

( 985 )
PART I.

FaTHER, hear Thy children's call:
   Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

We Thy call have disobeyed,
   Have neglected, and delayed,
Into paths of sin have strayed:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
   Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, come to be made pure:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,
   Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Hearing every contrite sigh,
   Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.
PART II.

p  By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared man's guilt and fall:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong,
And our day of grace prolong:
   We beseech Thee, hear us,

By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the gifts that show Thee near,
By the stripes of love we fear,
Warning us Thy voice to hear:
   We beseech Thee, hear us,

By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

p  Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That, with loving sorrow torn,
Truly contrite we may mourn:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what indeed is woe:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it burn away our stain:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us Love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

All our weak endeavours bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
   We beseech Thee, hear us.

Amen.
Apostolicus.

Metrical Litanies.

8.8.8.4.

A. H. Brown, b. 1830.
Metrical Litanies.

mf **God** of all grace, Thy mercy send;
Let Thy protecting arm defend;
Save us and keep us to the end.
    \( p \) **Have** mercy, **Lord**.

mf And through the coming hours of night,
    Fill us, we pray, with holy light;
Keep us all sinless in Thy sight.
    \( p \) **Grant** this, **O Lord**.

mf May some bright messenger abide
    For ever by Thy servants' side,
A faithful guardian and our guide.
    \( p \) **Grant** this, **O Lord**.

mf From every sin in mercy free,
    Let heart and conscience stainless be,
That we may live henceforth for Thee.
    \( p \) **Grant** this, **O Lord**.

mf We would not be by care opprest,
    But in Thy love and wisdom rest;
Give what Thou seest to be best.
    \( p \) **Grant** this, **O Lord**.

mf While we of every sin repent,
    Let our remaining years be spent
In holiness and sweet content.
    \( p \) **Grant** this, **O Lord**.

mf And when the end of life is near,
    May we, unshamed and void of fear,
Wait for the Judgment to appear.
    \( p \) **Grant** this, **O Lord**.  **Amen.**

( 989 )
PART I.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:
Save us, Holy Trinity.

We have wandered from Thy side,
Wayward in our childish pride,
But Thine arms are open wide:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Master, Saviour, hear,
We Thy little ones draw near,
Lambs Thou holdest ever dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

All Thy tenderness reveal
To Thy children as we kneel,
Holy sorrow let us feel:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Tender Shepherd, all the day
Watching lest Thy weak ones stray,
In our perils we would pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

All our past forgetfulness,
All our sins we now confess,
With Thy word of pardon bless:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
Metrical Litanies.

Give that word in answer now,
While we low before Thee bow,
Thou canst save and only Thou:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou alone canst lead us on,
All the days till all be done.
Till the crown be fully won:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Give us, Lord, Thy Light to show,
Where Thy lambs may safely go,
Where there lurks no secret foe:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Who didst tread the way before,
Weared with Thy burden sore,
That Thou mightest save the more:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

mf By Thy childhood’s stainless years,
By Thy human pains and fears,
By Thy burden and Thy tears:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy days of lonely pain,
When the tempter sought to gain
All Thy will, but all in vain:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the shadows o’er Thy way,
Darkening to that dreadful day,
When Thou would’st not turn away:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the days of bitter strife,
When Thy foes, ’mid passions rife,
Spurned Thy love and sought Thy life:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy Cross and Passion borne,
By the mocking and the scorn,
Wicked blows and crown of thorn:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy loneliness of woe,
By Thy griefs which none may know,
Pains no human word may show:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy dying, by Thy cry,
Rising through the darkened sky
To the Father’s throne on high:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

Lord of mercy, loving still,
Longing yet each heart to fill,
Raise our spirits, guide our will:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy days of ceaseless care,
By Thy nights of lowly prayer,
Lead us all Thy work to share:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

From all ills our souls defend,
Holy days in mercy send,
From all dangers to the end:
    Save us, Holy Jesu.  Amen.
Litany, No. 3.

Parts I. and III.

Metrical Litanies.

Litany, No. 3.

7.7.6.

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889.

Part II.

(992)
Metrical Litanies.

PART I.

mf God the Father, God the Son,
    God the Spirit, Three in One,
    p Spare us, Holy Trinity.

f God of God, and Light of Light,
    King of Glory, Lord of night,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

p Very Man, Who for our sake
    Didst true Flesh of Mary take,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Shepherd, Whom the Father gave
    His lost sheep to find and save,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Priest and Victim, Whom of old
    Type and prophecy foretold,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

f King of Salem, Priest Divine,
    Bringing forth Thy Bread and Wine,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Paschal Lamb, Whose sprinkled Blood
    Saves the Israel of God,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Manna, found at dawn of day,
    Pilgrim’s Food in desert-way,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

mf Offering pure, in every place
    Pledge and means of heavenly grace,
    p Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART II.

p By the mercy, that of yore
    Shadowed forth Thy gifts in store,
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the love, on that last night
    That ordained the better rite,
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the Death, that could alone
    For the whole world’s sin atone
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

By the wounds, that ever plead
    For our help in time of need,
    Save us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

p That we may remember still
    Kedron’s brook and Calvary’s hill,
    Grant us, Holy Jesu.

mf That our thankful hearts may glow
    As Thy precious Death we show,
    p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

mf That with humble contrite fear,
    We may joy to feel Thee near,
    p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

cr That in faith we may adore,
    Praise, and love Thee more and more,
    p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

p That Thy sacred Flesh and Blood
    Be our true life-giving Food,
    Grant us, Holy Jesu.

mf That in all our words and ways
    We may daily show Thy praise,
    p Grant us, Holy Jesu.

p That, as death’s dark vale we tread,
    Thou may’st be our strengthening
    Grant us, Holy Jesu. [Bread,

mf That, unworthy though we be,
    We may ever dwell with Thee,
    p Grant us, Holy Jesu.
GOD the Father, seen of none,
God the Sole-begotten Son,
God the Spirit, with Them One,
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray,
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the kiss of treachery,
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine Apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the words of Caiaphas,
Dooming Thee for all Thy race,
By the spitting on Thy face:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
Metrical Litanies.

By those sad rebuking eyes,
Moving Peter's tears and sighs,
When he had denied Thee thrice:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy nailing to the Tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy being bound in thrall,
When they led Thee, one and all,
Unto Pilate's judgment-hall:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the parting of Thy clothes,
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy seven words then said,
By the bowing of Thy head,
By Thy numbering with the dead:
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

By the insult of the Jews
When Barabbas they would choose,
And would Christ, their King, refuse:
    cr Thou, Whose death hath been our life:
    p Save us, Holy Jesu.

When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
    cr Let us count all things as loss,
    f But Thee only on Thy Cross:
    p Save us, Holy Jesu.

By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised their wicked cry,
"Crucify Him, Crucify!"
    Hear us, Holy Jesu.

While on stormy seas we toss,
    mf So, with hope in Thee made fast,
    f We may see Thy face at last!
HEAVENLY Father, from Thy
throne
Look in love and pity down,
On each kneeling, little one;
Father, Lord, deliver us.

Jesus, Saviour undefiled
Once on earth a helpless Child,
Thou on little ones hast smiled;
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

Blessèd Spirit, gentle Dove,
From Thy home in heaven above,
Come and fill our hearts with love;
Holy Ghost, deliver us.

Heavenly Father, Spirit, Son,
Glorious Godhead, Three in One,
Thou canst hear, and Thou alone;
Three in One, deliver us.

By the great and tender love
Thou didst once for sinners prove,
Love which brought Thee from
above;
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When the evil spirits throng,
Whispering words and thoughts of
Let our prayer be all along, [wrong,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When they tempt our feet to stray
From Thy pure and perfect way,
Teach us from our heart to say,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When we yield our feeble breath,
When the awful hour of death
Calls us to the tomb beneath,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us.

When Thy voice shall bid us rise,
When we meet Thee in the skies,
By Thy perfect Sacrifice,
Jesu, Lord, deliver us Amen.

(996)
Holy Ghost! great Gift of grace,
Great Restorer of our race,
Make my soul Thy dwelling-place;
Holy Spirit, hear me!

Be my Guide from day to day,
Lest when tempted I should stray,
From the holy narrow way;
Holy Spirit, warn me!

Light of heaven! softly shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
Make and keep me always Thine;
Holy Spirit, lead me!

When my frequent falls distress,
And I seem to love Thee less,
Raise me from my sinfulness;
Holy Spirit, save me!

Quicken what the world would kill;
Gently bend my stubborn will,
And Thy purposes fulfil;
Holy Spirit, guide me!

Come, blest Spirit! Heavenly Dove,
Dearest pledge of Jesu's love,
Fix my trust on Him above;
Holy Spirit, help me!

Breathe Thy sweetness o'er my heart;
Bid each vexing care depart;
Make me tender as Thou art;
Holy Spirit, bless me.

Keep me humble, that in me [be;
Thou my Guide and Strength may'st
Give me light and purity;
Holy Spirit, keep me! Amen.
Litany, No. 4.

7.7.7.6. Arthur Sullivan, 1842-1900.

Voices in Unison.

Jesus, we are far away From the light of heavenly day,

Lost in paths of sin we stray: Lord, in mercy hear us. Amen.

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May also be sung to No. 648.

Jesus, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day,
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Deeper has the darkness grown;
Saviour, come to seek Thine own,
Leave, Oh leave us not alone:
Lord, in mercy hear us.
Metrical Litanies.

Thou our great Example art,
Thou canst needful grace impart
To the wayward, earth-bound heart:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

When oppressed with trouble sore,
Teach our hearts to feel the more
For the pangs our Saviour bore:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Foolish, weak, and sad we lie;
Guard us with Thy loving eye,
Be our helper, always nigh:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we true devotion feel
To our God, and holy zeal
For our fellow-creatures' weal
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May we selfishness deny,
And the body mortify,
Doing deeds of charity:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Keep us lowly that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Make us earnest when we pray,
Diligent from day to day,
Meaning, doing, what we say:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

On our darkness shed Thy light,
Lead our wills to what is right,
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Fix our hearts on things on high,
Let no evil thoughts come nigh,
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

May the world seem only dross,
May we welcome shame and loss,
Willingly endure the cross:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

So at last, from sin set free,
What we long for, may we see,
And for ever blessed be:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

Amen.

(999)
**Metrical Litanies.**

**Orthodoxus.**

8.8.8.7.  
A. H. Brown, b. 1830.

---

*Methodus.*

Detrical Xitanies*

A. H. Brown,

b. 1830.

---

ORD, to our humble prayers attend,

Let Thou Thy peace from heaven descend,

And to our souls salvation send. [scend,

Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

---

Rule in our hearts, Thou Prince of Peace,

The welfare of Thy Church increase,

And bid all strife and discord cease.

Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

---

To all who meet for worship here,

Do Thou in faithfulness draw near;

Inspire with faith and godly fear.

Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

---

Oh let Thy priests be clothed with might,

To rule within Thy Church aright,

That they may serve as in Thy sight.

Have mercy, Lord, upon us.

---

Around us let Thine arm be cast,

Till wrath and danger are o'erpast,

And tribulation's bitter blast.

Have mercy, Lord, upon us. Amen.
May also be sung to "St. Gabriel," No. 31.

mf O CHRIST! our Light, O Fount of light! The sun hath sunk, the night is here,
  Our sin is dark, and dark our night, Oh may that Sun, Whose radiance clear
p   p

mf Thy sovereign power did us create, Warms Angel hosts to warmest praise,
  Thy grace renewed our lost estate, Send forth His rays.
  p

mf To us, to all, with loving mind, p
  Jesu, be kind.

mf 'Tis faith that brings us to Thy knee, Put, gracious Saviour! far away
  The hope of one day seeing Thee, The known and unknown faults of day,
  'Tis love undying draws us near, That we with cleansed mind and breast
p   p

mf Good Master! hear.

mf On Thee be every burden cast; May seek our rest.
  With Thee each waking hour be passed;

mf Our toil is done, and evening's hour May every act and thought fulfil
  Finds us protected by Thy power; Thy kingly will.
  Thus grateful thanks to Thee we
f

mf Thus grateful thanks to Thee we For this Thy day.

p Six days our weekly tasks we ply;
  p

p The seventh we seek Thy rest on high.

cr Lord! while earth's joys and duties call,
  cr

f Be Thou our All.

f

A-men.

Six days our weekly tasks we ply;
  p

The seventh we seek Thy rest on high.
  cr

Lord! while earth's joys and duties call,
  cr

Be Thou our All.
SPIRIT blest, Who art adored
With the Father and the Word,
One eternal God and Lord:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit guiding to the right,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of strength and knowledge
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
[clear,
Understanding, counsel, fear:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him, Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

(1002)
Thou, Whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God’s perfect will,
Making Jesus present still:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on Baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin’s dark grave:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All Thy seven-fold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come, to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart:
### CHURCH HYMNS.

**NEW EDITION.**

**WORDS ONLY.**

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**SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,**

**London: Northumberland Avenue, W.C.**