

The  
Convention Hymnal

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✓  
The  
Convention Hymnal

A Compilation of Familiar Hymns for use at  
Meetings where the larger Collections  
are not available

✓  
by Louis FitzGerald BENSON, comp. J

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# The Convention Hymnal

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## 1 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle.

1 How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, 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## 2 THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter.

1 All peo - ple 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. *Amen.*

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

Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto ;

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

Rev. William Kethe.

## 3

1 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.

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

## DOXOLOGY

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

Bishop Thomas Ken.

## 4 NICAËA 11 12 12 10

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-ty! Ear-ly in the

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty! *A-men.*

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Bishop Reginald Heber.

## 5 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel.

1 A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And

press with vig - or on; A heavenly race de-mands thy zeal,

And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. *A-men.*

2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs  
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

## 6 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Edward Miller.

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. *A - men.*

<p>2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.</p>	<p>3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?</p>
---	---

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so Divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

## 7 ALFORD 7 6 8 6 7 6 8 6

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling rai-ment bright,

The ar-mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light :

'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin :

Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. *A-men.*

## 8 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews.

1 O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free ;

Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. *Amen.*

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

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

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

Rev. Washington Gladden.

2 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 !

3 O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore ;  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more !

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late ;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power, and reign :  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home ;  
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign :  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Dean Alford.

## 9 LOWTON 8 7 8 7

Albert Lowe.

1 Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me;" *Amen.*

2 As, of old, apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander.

## STOCKWELL 8 7 8 7 (Second Tune.)

Darius E. Jones.

1 Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me;" *Amen.*

## 10 TRINITY 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Felice di Gardini.

1 Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,

Help us to praise: Fa-ther, all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-

to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days. A-men.

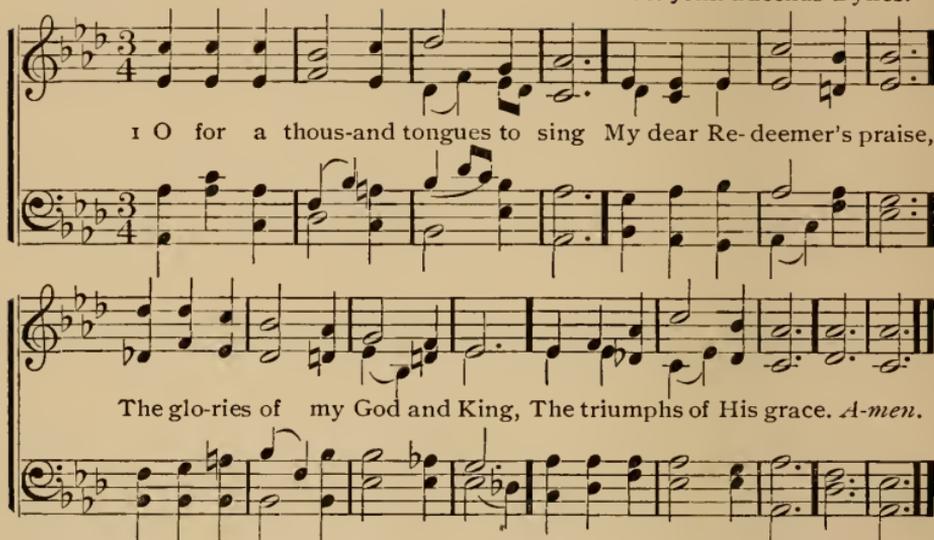
2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend:  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

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

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

## 11 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.



I O for a thous-and tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise,  
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace. *A-men.*

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy Name.

3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

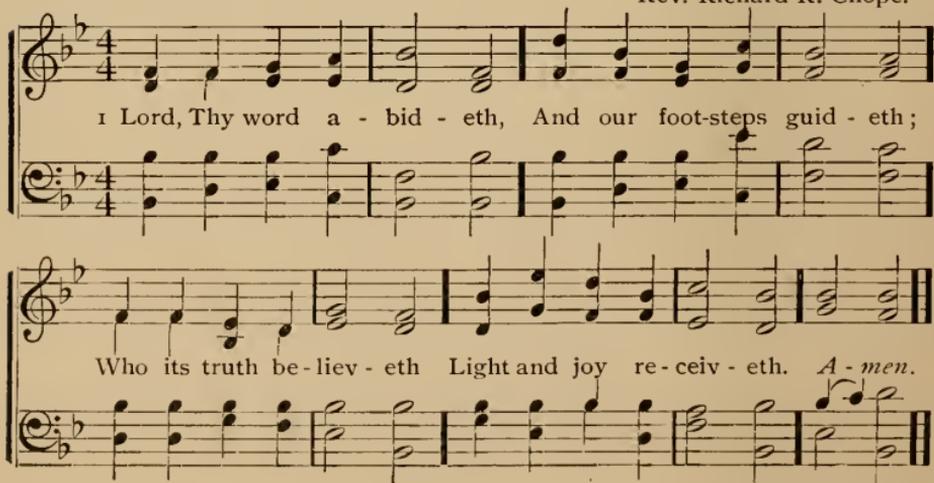
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

## 12 ST. CYPRIAN 6 6 6 6

Rev. Richard R. Chope.



I Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth;  
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. *A - men.*

## 13 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry John Gauntlett.

1 We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be :

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. Amen.

2 May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs for whom the Shepherd  
bled  
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,

To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and  
peace,—  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be,  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How.

2 When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy word doth cheer us ;  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving  
Succor to the living ;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying !

5 O that we, discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
Evermore be near Thee.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.

## 14 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua.

1 Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with  
sa-cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone, He can cre-  
ate, and He de-destroy, He can cre-ate, and He de-destroy. *A-men.*

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

## 15 EVENTIDE 10 10 10 10.

William Henry Monk.

1 A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness  
 deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers  
 fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bid with me! *A - men.*

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

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?  
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 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!

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes!  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte

## 16 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler.

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?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain,

Who pa-tient bears his cross below, He fol-lows in His train. *A-men.*

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
 Could pierce beyond the grave,  
 Who saw his Master in the sky,  
 And called on Him to save:  
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
 In midst of mortal pain,  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
 Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few  
 On whom the Spirit came,  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
 knew,  
 And mocked the cross and flame:

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
 The lion's gory mane;  
 They bowed their necks the death to  
 feel:  
 Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,  
 The matron and the maid,  
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
 In robes of light arrayed:  
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
 Through peril, toil, and pain:  
 O God, to us may grace be given  
 To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

## 17 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft.

O where are kings and empires now Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thousand years the same. Amen.

- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy Church, O God;

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-  
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,  
4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.  
Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe.

## 18

- 1 Our God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our Help in ages past;  
Our Hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal Home.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

## 19 ADESTE FIDELES 11 11 11 11

J. Reading.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in His excellent word! What more can He say than to

you He hath said, — You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled. Amen.

## 20 ST. CUTHBERT 8 6 8 4

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1 Our blest Redeem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-well,  
A Guide, a Com-fort-er, bequeathed With us to dwell. *A-men.*

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,  
That checks each tho't, that calms each  
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see :  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;  
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake."

"K" in Rippon's Selection.

## 21 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8 7 8 7 D.

Joseph Haydn.

1 Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

He whose word can-not be bro-ken Formed thee for His own a-bode:

On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. *Amen.*

## 22 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver.

1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell By faith and love in ev-'ry breast;

Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that cannot be expressed. *Amen.*

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;  
 Make our enlargèd souls possess  
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do  
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
 Be everlasting honors done  
 By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal Love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove:  
 Who can faint, when such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage;  
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near,

Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I, through grace, a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in Thy Name:  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure  
 None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton.

## 23 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love :

The fel-lowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove. *A - men.*

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,

And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett.

## 24 SWABIA S. M.

Old German Chorale.

1 This is the day of light : Let there be light to - day ;

O Dayspring, rise up-on our night, And chase its gloom a - way. *A - men.*

## 25 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1 Still with Thee, O my God, I would de -

sire to be, By day, by night; at

home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - men.

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

3 With Thee when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind;

The setting as the rising sun  
With Thee my heart would find.

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

Rev. James D. Burns.

2 This is the day of rest :  
Our failing strength renew ;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

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

4 This is the day of prayer :  
Let earth to heaven draw near :  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;  
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days :  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death !

Rev. John Ellerton.

## 26 ALMSGIVING 8 8 8 4

Rev. John B. Dykes.

r O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,

To Thee all praise and glo - ry be; How shall we

show our love to Thee Who giv - est all? *A - men.*

2 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that Blessèd One  
Thou givest all.

3 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,  
Spirit of life and love and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,  
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;  
Then gladly we will give to Thee  
Who givest all;

5 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
O may we ever with Thee live  
Who givest all.  
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth,

## 27 SICILIAN MARINERS 8 7 8 7 4 7

Sicilian Melody.

1 { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing;  
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,

Fill our hearts with joy and peace; } O re - fresh us,  
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: }

O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness. *A - men.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thanks we give and adoration<br/>For Thy gospel's joyful sound :<br/>May the fruits of Thy salvation<br/>In our hearts and lives abound :<br/>Ever faithful<br/>To the truth may we be found ;</p> | <p>3 So that when Thy love shall call<br/>Saviour, from the world away, [us,<br/>Let no fear of death appal us,<br/>Glad Thy summons to obey :<br/>May we ever<br/>Reign with Thee in endless day.</p> |
|---|--|

## 28 ELLERS 10 10 10 10

Edward J. Hopkins.

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our

parting hymn of praise : We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. *A - men.*

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

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

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

Rev. John Ellerton.

## 29 MORECAMBE 10 10 10 10

1 Spir - it of God, de-scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; thro'

all its puls-es move; Stoop to my weak-ness, might-y as Thou art,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies ;  
 No sudden rending of the veil of clay ;  
 No angel-visitant, no opening skies ;  
 But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?  
 All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind ;  
 I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling :  
 O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh ;  
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,  
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;  
 Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 3 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,  
 One holy passion filling all my frame ;  
 The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,  
 My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

## 30 LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

George William Martin.

*Slowly.*

I Make me a cap-tive, Lord, And then I shall be free;

Force me to ren-der up my sword, And I shall conqueror be.

I sink in life's a-larms When by my-self I stand;

Im-pris-on me with-in Thy arms, And strong shall be my hand. *Amen.*

2 My heart is weak and poor  
 Until it master find:  
 It has no spring of action sure—  
 It varies with the wind:  
 It cannot freely move  
 Till Thou hast wrought its chain;  
 Enslave it with Thy matchless love,  
 And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low  
 Till I have learned to serve,  
 It wants the needed fire to glow,  
 It wants the breeze to nerve;

It cannot drive the world  
 Until itself be driven  
 Its flag can only be unfurled [heaven  
 When Thou shalt breathe from

4 My will is not my own  
 Till Thou hast made it Thine;  
 If it would reach a monarch's throne  
 It must its crown resign:  
 It only stands unbent  
 Amid the clashing strife,  
 When on Thy bosom it has leant,  
 And found in Thee its life.

George Matheson.

## 31 CALDWILL C. M. D.

S. A. Ward.

1 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,

And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field:

That ban - ner, brighter than the star That leads the train of night,

Shines on their march, and guides from far His servants to the fight. *A - men.*

Used by permission of S. A. Ward.

2 A holy war those servants wage;  
Mysteriously at strife,  
The powers of heaven and hell engage  
For more than death or life.  
Ye armies of the living God,  
His sacramental host,  
Where hallowed footsteps never trod  
Take your appointed post;

3 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.

Those spoils at His victorious feet  
You shall rejoice to lay,  
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,  
In His great judgment-day.

4 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;  
In Jesus' Name be strong;  
To Him shall all the nations bow,  
And sing with you this song:  
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,  
The bars of iron yield;  
Behold the King of Glory pass;  
The cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery.

## 32 MARTYRDOM C. M. (Psalm 103.)

Hugh Wilson.

O thou my soul bless God the Lord,

And all that in me is, Be lift - ed up His

Ho - ly Name To mag - ni - fy and bless. A - men.

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,  
And not forgetful be  
Of all His gracious benefits  
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth  
Most graciously forgive :  
Who thy diseases all and pains  
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou  
To death mayst not go down,  
Who thee with loving-kindness doth  
And tender mercies crown.

5 Who with abundance of good things  
Doth satisfy thy mouth ;  
And even as the eagle's age,  
He hath renewed thy youth.

6 For as the heaven in its height  
The earth surmounteth far ;  
So great to those that do Him fear  
His tender mercies are :

7 As far as east is distant from  
The west, so far hath He  
From us removed, in tender love,  
All our iniquity.

## 33 BELMONT C. M. (Psalm 23.)

Arr. from William Gardiner.

1 The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me

down to lie . . . In pas - tures green, He

lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by. *A - men.*

2 My soul He doth restore again ;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's  
dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill ;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes ;  
My head Thou dost with oil  
anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me ;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter.

## 34 LUX BENIGNA 10 4 10 4 10 10

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid the en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home ; Lead Thou me on :

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-MEN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Shouldst lead me on ; [Thou  
I loved to choose and see my path ; but  
Lead Thou me on. [now  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of  
fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past  
years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure  
Will lead me on [it still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-  
The night is gone ; [rent, till  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile.

Cardinal John H. Newman.

## 35 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd.

1 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 e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell.

## 36 NUN DANKET 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica.

1 Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,

The first system of the musical score for 'Nun Danket'. It features a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: '1 Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,'. The piano part starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata over the final note.

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

Who, from our mothers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Who, from our mothers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way'. The piano accompaniment continues. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: 'With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.' The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line. The system concludes with a repeat sign and a fermata.

## 37 CANONBURY L. M.

Robert Schumann.



I Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring children lost and lone. *Amen.*

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 O 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.

F. R. Havergal.

2 O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed 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.

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

Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

## 38 EIN' FESTE BURG 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 6 7

Martin Luther.

1 { A might-y For-tress is our God, A Bulwark nev-er fail - ing ; }  
 { Our Helper He a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing ; }

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe ; His craft and

power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal. Amen. •

2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing ;  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing :  
 Dost ask who that may be ?  
 Christ Jesus, it is He ;  
 Lord Sabaoth His Name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils  
 filled,  
 Should threaten to undo us ;  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed  
 His truth to triumph through us :

The prince of darkness grim,—  
 We tremble not for him ;  
 His rage we can endure,  
 For lo ! his doom is sure,  
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,  
 No thanks to them, abideth ;  
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
 Through Him who with us sideth ;  
 Let goods and kindred go,  
 This mortal life also :  
 The body they may kill :  
 God's truth abideth still,  
 His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther.

## 39 CULFORD 7 7 7 7 D.

Edward J. Hopkins.

1 Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee.

Take my mo-ments and my days ; Let them flow in cease-less praise.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee. A-men.

2 Take my voice, and let me sing,  
Always, only, for my King.  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.  
Take my silver and my gold ;  
Not a mite would I withhold.  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine ;  
It shall be no longer mine.  
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.  
Take my love ; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store.  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

## 40 DAY OF REST 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

James William Elliott.

O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!

I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,

*Voices in Unison.**In Harmony.*

Nor wander from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. *A-men.*

## 41 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner.

1 Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go pro-claim Sal - va-tion through Em-

man - uel's Name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear,

And plant the Rose of Shar - on there. *A - men.*

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more;  
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall;  
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.  
Rev. Bourne H. Draper.

2 O! let me feel Thee near me—  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear.  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;

And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O, give me grace to follow  
My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy Foot-marks,  
And in them plant mine own,  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end;  
And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend.

Rev. John E. Bode.

## 42. ST. GERTRUDE. 6 5 6 5 12 L.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore : Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads against the foe :

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. *A - men.*

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

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain ;  
 Gates of hell can never

'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
 We have Christ's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.  
 Onward, etc.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph-song ;  
 Glory, laud, and honor  
 Unto Christ the King ;  
 This through countless ages,  
 Men and angels sing.  
 Onward, etc.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

## 43 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 4 7

Henry Smart.

1 On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands,

Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands.

Mourning captive! mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands. *Amen.*

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

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
 He Himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send!

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

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

## 44 OLIVET 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Lowell Mason.

I Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And where the

gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light. *A - men.*

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

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight;  
Move o'er the waters' face  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light.

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

Rev. John Marriott.

## 45 FALFIELD 8 7 8 7 D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1 Saviour, sprin-kle ma-ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sorrows be;

By Thy pains and con-so-la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un-to Thee:

Of Thy cross the wondrous sto-ry, Be it to the na-tions told;

Let them see Thee in Thy glo-ry And Thy mer-cy man-i-fold. Amen.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest,  
Thirsting, as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain;  
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee as man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,  
Stretch'd the hand, and strained the  
For Thy Spirit, new creating [sight,  
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;  
Give the word, and of the preacher  
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Bishop A. C. Cox, e

## 46 FIAT LUX 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lov- ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and

overborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. *A-men.*

2 Christ for the world we sing ;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With fervent prayer ;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost  
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing ;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With one accord ;  
With us the work to share,

With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing ;  
The world to Christ we bring  
With joyful song ;  
The new-born souls whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott.

## 47 AMERICA 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Harmonia Anglicana.

1 My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing ;

Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,

From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love ;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song :  
Let mortal tongues awake ;

Let all that breathe partake ;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

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

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

## 48 MISSIONARY HYMN 7 6 7 6 D.

Lowell Mason.

1 From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand—

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. *A - men.*

## 49 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shining folds, The cross on which the Saviour died. *Amen.*

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign,  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross;  
Our only hope, the Crucified!

5 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane.

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

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's Name.

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

Bishop Reginald Heber.

## 50 FORWARD 6 5 6 5 12 L.

Henry Smart.

1 Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,

Not a look be - hind : Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our army's head ;

Who shall dream of shrinking, By Je - ho - vah led? Forward thro' the des - ert,

Thro' the toil and fight; Jordan flows be - fore us, Zion beams with light. Amen.

## 51 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton.

1 Je-sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run ;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more. *A-men.*

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice ;

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

2 Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind ;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind :  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steps of grace ;  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our Father's Face.  
Forward, all the life-time,  
Climb from height to height :  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,  
Salt of all the earth,  
Till each yearning purpose  
Spring to glorious birth :  
Sick, they ask for healing,  
Blind, they grope for day ;

Pour upon the nations  
Wisdom's loving ray.  
Forward, out of error,  
Leave behind the night ;  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light !

4 Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared ;  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard ;  
Nor of these hath uttered  
Thought or speech a word.  
Forward, marching eastward  
Where the heaven is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.

Dean Alford.

## 52 WEBB 7 6 7 6 D.

George J. Webb.

1 The morn - ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war. *A - men.*

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The Gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

## 53 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day:  
Ye that are men now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield.

## 54 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.

James Montgomery.

## 55 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

- 1 "The whole wide world for Jesus,"  
All creatures great and small,  
Come ye, bow down before Him,  
God shall be all in all.  
Go, Christian men united,  
Filled with compassion, sing  
The earth's awakening chorus,  
Peal forth "Make Jesus King."
- 2 "The Gospel of the Kingdom"  
Go teach, baptize, to-day  
Let all creation listen  
Before it pass away.

Those millions groping, longing  
For peace, for pardon free,  
Tell them the words of Jesus,  
Ring out: "Come unto Me."

- 3 "This generation calleth,"  
Shall Christians not obey  
Commands of Jesus age-long?  
His promise stands to-day:  
All power to Me is given,  
My banner rests unfurled,  
Lo, I am with you always  
Evangelize the world.

Douglas M. Thornton.

## 56 AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

Samuel S. Wesley.

1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word :

From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride ;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. *A-men.*

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
 One holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace forevermore ;

Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won :  
 O happy ones and holy !  
 Lord, give us grace that we,  
 Like them the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone.

## 57 MUNICH 7 6 7 6 D.

Württemberg Gesangbuch.

1 O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;  
We praise Thee for the ra - dian - ce That from the hal - lowed page,  
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. *A - men.*

2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift Divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket,  
Where gems of truth are stored;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world.

It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light, as of old.  
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

Bishop William W. How.

## 58 MELITA 8 8 8 8 8 8

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 E - ter - nal Father, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,

Who bidd'st the mighty o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep;

O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea. *A - men.*

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive  
heard,  
Who walkedst on the foaming  
deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who badd'st its angry tumult  
cease,

And gavest light and life and  
peace :

O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's  
hour ;

From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,  
And ever let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land  
and sea,

William Whiting.

## 59 SARUM 10 10 10 4

Sir Joseph Barnby.

1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by

faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,

be for ev - er blest. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! *f* Al - le - lu - ia! *A-men.*

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia !

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia !

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia !

4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia !

Bishop William W. How.

## 60 MILES' LANE C. M.

William Shrubsole.

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. *A - men.*

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

## 61 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden.

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' Name ! Let an - gels prostrate fall ;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all ;

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. *A-men.*

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall ;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

## 62 GOD BE WITH YOU 9 8 8 9 with Refrain.

W. G. Tomer.

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain,

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by a dotted quarter note, then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line with chords.

By His coun - sels guide, up - hold you,

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line features a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same harmonic structure.

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

God be with you till we meet a - gain.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a dotted quarter note followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Till we meet . . . till we meet Till we

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . . till we

Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. *A-men.*

meet, till we meet.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
Daily manna still divide you,  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, etc.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put His arms unfailing round you,  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, etc.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before you,  
God be with you till we meet again.  
Till we meet, etc.

## 63 INNOCENTS 7 7 7 7

Ascribed to Pergolesi.

1 Conquering kings their ti - tles take From the foes they

cap - tive make: Je - sus, by a no - bler deed,

From the thous - ands He hath freed. *A - men.*

2 Yes ; none other name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead arise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly  
wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
That salvation, mortals, say,  
Will ye madly cast away?

4 Rather gladly for that Name  
Bear the cross, endure the  
shame ;  
Joyfully for Him to die,  
Is not death, but victory.

5 Jesus, Who dost condescend  
To be called the sinner's Friend,  
Hear us as to Thee we pray,  
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Paris Breviary

## 64 HE LEADETH ME

1 He lea<sup>d</sup>eth me : oh bless'd thought !  
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught !  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that lea<sup>d</sup>eth me.

REFRAIN: He lea<sup>d</sup>eth me, He lea<sup>d</sup>eth me;  
By His own hand He lea<sup>d</sup>eth me:  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He lea<sup>d</sup>eth me.

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

Used by per. of Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis His hand that lea<sup>d</sup>eth me.—REF.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that lea<sup>d</sup>eth me.—REF.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan lea<sup>d</sup>eth me.—REF

*Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.*

## 65 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

1 I need Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

REFRAIN: I need Thee, O I need Thee,  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now my Saviour,—  
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.—REF.

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3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly, and abide,  
Or life is vain.—REF.

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will,  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.—REF.

5 I need thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.—REF.

*Annie S. Hawks.*

## 66 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit,  
O what needless pain we bear,  
All because we do not carry  
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do Thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

*Joseph Scriven.*

## 67 ROCK OF AGES

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;

Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

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

*Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.*

## 68 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

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

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

*Sir John Bourning.*

## 69 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy Name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within ;  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart.  
Rise to all eternity.

*Rev. Charles Wesley.*

## 70 MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,  
More love to Thee !  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee ;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest ;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best :  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain ;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,—  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise ;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee !

*Elizabeth P. Prentiss.*

## 71 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

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

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven :  
All that Thou send'st to me,  
In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

*Sarah F. Adams.*

## 72 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

1 My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art  
mine,  
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign ;  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd  
me,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree ;  
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy  
brow ;  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Used by per. of Baptist Publication Society.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in  
death,  
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me  
breath ;  
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my  
brow,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright ;  
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my  
brow,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

*A. J. Gordon.*

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This was put on the general  
list of Red Path (1902) at  
my suggestion. It is from  
the plates of the *Michigan*  
*Student Volunteer to Abolish*.

There were some what in  
contents + I made this  
up from them so as to be  
best + involve least expense

Tom + Alvin

