

The Chapel  
Hymnal ✻

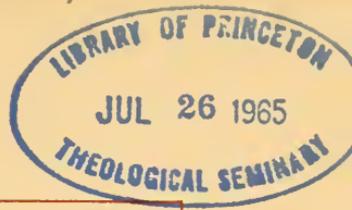
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# The Chapel Hymnal ✠

Louis F. Benson, ed.

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*Three Hundred and Ninetieth Thousand.*

THIS Hymnal has been compiled by a Committee of The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work, consisting of:—

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## P R E F A C E

THIS book is the second in a series of three hymnals intended to cover the needs of the Church through the whole range of its public worship. The first, *The Hymnal*, was prepared as a complete manual of praise, covering especially the Sunday services, but including also every side of church worship and work; the second, *The Chapel Hymnal*, is prepared for those who prefer a smaller book for use in prayer meetings, young people's societies, and other social services; and the last of the series is to cover the services of the Sabbath-school.

The *Chapel Hymnal* consists principally of those hymns in *The Hymnal* which are best adapted for use in devotional meetings and of such tunes as can be used to good advantage on such occasions; and ordinarily the association of hymn and tune has been retained. In addition there have been included in this book some standard hymns and tunes reserved for this use when *The Hymnal* was prepared, together with some fresh selections of a popular character and a number of the more desirable "Gospel Hymns."

The pages of the book are so arranged as to provide a choice of tunes in the case of a large number of the hymns.

It is the usage of many of our churches to sing the Amen at the close of each hymn, and the proper chords are provided for any who may wish to use them.

In the choice of material for this book the Committee has had the advantage of the counsel and coöperation of the Rev. George M. Boynton, D. D., and M. C. Hazard, Ph. D., who have represented the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, to the end that the book may be adapted for introduction and use in the churches of both denominations.

## Preface

The Committee would acknowledge the favor of those who freely granted the use of copyright hymns and tunes; especially of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the hymns of Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier; the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., for No. 255; and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. and Mr. Lewis H. Redner, for No. 76.

April 20, 1898.

## NOTE

As far as possible the hymns are printed as their authors wrote them. When any changes have been adopted, the fact has invariably been noted beneath the hymn. The dates set to the tunes are the dates of first publication. The dates set to the hymns are the earliest dates obtainable, ordinarily that of their composition, in some cases necessarily that of their first publication. Where two dates are given, they indicate that of the original form of the hymn and that of the author's revised text used in this book. The abbreviation "publ." indicates that the date of writing is unknown, and that the date of publication is posthumous. The letter *c.* (*circa*) before a date is used where exact certainty is unobtainable. Where dates, either of hymns or tunes, are altogether wanting, the dates of the author's or composer's birth and death are given in brackets, *e. g.* (1816-1893), or where living, that of his birth only, *e. g.* (1838- ), or the date of death when that alone is known, *e. g.* (-1850).

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## The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME; THY KINGDOM COME; THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD; AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

## The Ten Commandments

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

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

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

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

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

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

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

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

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

HEAR also the words of our Lord Jesus, how He saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

## The Apostles' Creed

I BELIEVE in GOD THE FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

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

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

\* *i. e.* Continued in the state of the dead and under the power of death until the third day.

# Morning

I MORNING HYMN L. M.

François H. Barthélémon, 1791

1 A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run:

Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice. A - MEN.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

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

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,

Who all night long, unwearied, sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

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

# Morning

2 INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French Melody

1 As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright-ening all the morn-ing skies,

So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Day by day provide us food,<br/>For from Thee come all things good :<br/>Strength unto our souls afford<br/>From Thy living Bread, O Lord !</p> <p>3 Be our Guard in sin and strife ;<br/>Be the Leader of our life ;<br/>Lest like sheep we stray abroad,<br/>Stay our wayward feet, O Lord !</p> | <p>4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace<br/>All Thy holy will to trace,<br/>While we daily search Thy word,<br/>Wisdom true impart, O Lord !</p> <p>5 When the sun withdraws his light,<br/>When we seek our beds at night,<br/>Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,<br/>Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord !</p> <p>6 Praise we, with the heavenly host,<br/>Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;<br/>Thee would we with one accord<br/>Praise and magnify, O Lord !</p> |
|---|---|

Anon. (Latin.) Tr. "O. B. C." Recast by Earl Nelson, 1864

## 3 (WARWICK) C. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear<br/>My voice ascending high ;<br/>To Thee will I direct my prayer,<br/>To Thee lift up mine eye :</p> <p>2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone<br/>To plead for all His saints,<br/>Presenting at His Father's throne<br/>Our songs and our complaints.</p> <p>3 Thou art a God before whose sight<br/>The wicked shall not stand ;</p> | <p>Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,<br/>Nor dwell at Thy right hand.</p> <p>4 But to Thy house will I resort,<br/>To taste Thy mercies there ;<br/>I will frequent Thy holy court,<br/>And worship in Thy fear.</p> <p>5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet<br/>In ways of righteousness ;<br/>Make every path of duty straight<br/>And plain before my face.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

# Evening

**4 WOODSTOCK** C. M.

Deodatus Dutton, Jr., 1829

1 I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum - bering care,

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer. A - MEN.

2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;  
The prospect doth my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

Phoebe H. Brown, 1818 ; alt. in Village Hymns, 1824

**WARWICK** C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1800

1 Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high ;

To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye : A - MEN.

## Evening

**5 HURSLEY** L. M.

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792. Arr. by Wm. H. Monk, 186.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes. A - MEN.

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

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

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

Rev. John Keble, 1820

**6 (TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN)** L. M.

1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

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

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

4 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.

5 O when shall I in endless day  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And hymns with the supernal choir  
Incessant sing, and never tire!

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693 (Text of 1709)

# Evening

## 7 SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826

1 Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - MEN.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away ;

Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity ;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

## TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Alt. from Thomas Tallis, 1560

1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light ;

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thy own al - might-y wings. A - MEN.

# Ebening

8 ST. LEONARD (HILES) C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1868

The shadows of the even - ing hours Fall from the dark-ening sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flowers The dews of even-ing lie:

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - MEN.

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

3 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend ;  
From midnight fears and perils, Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend :  
Give us a respite from our toil,  
Calm and subdue our woes ;  
Through the long day we labor, Lord,  
O give us now repose.

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1862 : verse 3, l. 7, alt.

# Ebening

9 EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861

I 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 com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, 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.

# Evening

**IO ST. ANATOLIUS** 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur H. Brown, 1862

1 The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night. A - MEN.

2 The joys of day are over:  
I lift my heart to Thee,  
And call on Thee that sinless  
The hours of gloom may be.  
O Jesus, make their darkness light,  
And save me through the coming  
night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,  
Or sleep in death shall I,  
And he, my wakeful tempter,  
Triumphantly shall cry,  
"He could not make their darkness  
light,  
Nor guard them through the hours of  
night."

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

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,  
O God, for Thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go.  
Lover of men, O hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all.

# Ebening

**II EVENING PRAISE** 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. with Refrain

William F. Sherwin, 1877

1 Day is dy - ing in the west ; Heaven is touch - ing earth with rest ; Wait and wor - ship

while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Through all the sky.

**REFRAIN.**

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts ! Heaven and earth are full of Thee ,

Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High ! A - MEN.

Copyright by J. H. Vincent

- 2 Lord of life, beneath the dome  
Of the universe, Thy home,  
Gather us who seek Thy face  
To the fold of Thy embrace,  
For Thou art nigh.—REF.
- 3 While the deepening shadows fall,  
Heart of Love, enfolding all,

Through the glory and the grace  
Of the stars that veil Thy face,  
Our hearts ascend.—REF.

- 4 When for ever from our sight  
Pass the stars, the day, the night,  
Lord of angels, on our eyes  
Let eternal morning rise,  
And shadows end.—REF.

Mary Ann Lathbury, 1877

## Ebening

### 12 REPOSE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shadows of the even - ing  
2 Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy tenderest blessing

Steal a - cross the sky. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep;  
May mine eye - lids close. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Visions bright of Thee;

Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep. A - MEN.  
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

3 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.  
Through the long night-watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

4 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.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

### 13 (EVENING PRAYER) 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-  
Ere repose our spirits seal; [ing,  
Sin and want we come confessing:  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 3 Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake  
And our couch become our tomb, [us,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820

# Evening

**14 ST. SYLVESTER** 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, For the day is pass - ing by;

See! the shades of even-ing gath-er, And the night is draw-ing nigh. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,<br/>Paler now the glowing west,<br/>Swift the night of death advances;<br/>Shall it be the night of rest?</p> <p>3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,<br/>Calming all these wild alarms;<br/>Let me, underneath my weakness,<br/>Feel the everlasting arms.</p> | <p>4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,<br/>Lord, I cast myself on Thee;<br/>Tarry with me through the darkness;<br/>While I sleep, still watch by me.</p> <p>5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,<br/>Lay my head upon Thy breast<br/>Till the morning; then awake me—<br/>Morning of eternal rest.</p> |
|---|---|

*Caroline L. Smith, 1853: recast in Plymouth Coll., 1855, and Songs of the Church, 1862*

**EVENING PRAYER** 8. 7. 8. 7.

George C. Stebbins, 1878

1 Sav-iour, breathe an even-ing bless-ing, Ere re-pose our spir-its seal;

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing: Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - MEN.

# Evening

**15** AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 This night, O Lord, we bless Thee For Thy pro - tect - ing care,

And, ere we rest, ad - dress Thee In low - ly, fer - vent prayer:

From e - vil and temp - ta - tion De - fend us through the night,

And round our hab - i - ta - tion Be Thou a wall of light. A - MEN.

2 On Thee our whole reliance  
 From day to day we cast,  
 To Thee, with firm affiance,  
 Would cleave from first to last;  
 To Thee, through Jesus' merit,  
 For needful grace we come,  
 And trust that Thy good Spirit  
 Will guide us safely home.

3 What may be on the morrow  
 Our foresight cannot see;  
 But be it joy or sorrow,  
 We know it comes from Thee.  
 And nothing can take from us,  
 Where'er our steps may move,  
 The staff of Thy sure promise,  
 The shield of Thy true love.

## Evening

**16** NOW GOD BE WITH US II. II. II. 5.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

1 Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and

dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His shad - ow

*Slower.*

here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A - MEN.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us ;  
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us ;  
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,  
Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us ;  
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us ;  
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing  
Thy praise pursuing.
- 4 As Thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,  
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleeping ;  
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,  
Do Thou befriend them.
- 5 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,  
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us ;  
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,  
Who seek Thee only.

# The Lord's Day

**17 SABBATH** 7-7-7-7-7-7.

Lowell Mason, 1824

1 { Safely through another week God has brought us on our way; } Waiting in His courts to-day;  
 Let us now a blessing seek, [Omit] . . . . . }

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best;

Emblem of e - ter - nal rest. A - MEN.

3 Here we come Thy Name to praise,  
 Let us feel Thy presence near;  
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in Thy house appear:  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's Name,  
 Show Thy reconciled face;  
 Take away our sin and shame;  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
 May the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints:  
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove  
 Till we join the Church above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774: alt.

## **18** (LISBON) S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise:  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King Himself comes near,  
 And feasts His saints to-day;  
 Here we may sit, and see Him here,  
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
 Where my dear God hath been,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And wait to hail the brighter day  
 Of everlasting bliss.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709: verse 4, ll. 3, 4, alt.

# The Lord's Day

19 ERNAN L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850

I An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the day thy God hath blest. A - MEN.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns 4 This heavenly calm within the breast  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds, Is the dear pledge of glorious rest  
Provides an antepast of heaven, Which for the Church of God remains,  
And gives this day the food of seven. The end of cares, the end of pains.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, 5 In holy duties let the day,  
As grateful incense, to the skies; In holy pleasures, pass away:  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
Which none but he that feels it knows. In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

Rev. Joseph Stennett, publ. 1732: alt. Ash and Evans Coll. 1769

LISBON S. M.

Daniel Read, 1785

I Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise:

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes. A - MEN.

# The Lord's Day

20 ROTTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1875

1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,  
2 On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;  
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;

On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,  
On thee our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heaven;

Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - MEN.  
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was given.

3 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.

4 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.

# The Lord's Day

**21 ARLINGTON** C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762

1 This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own;

Let heaven re-joyce, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne. A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,<br>And Satan's empire fell;<br>To-day the saints His triumphs spread,<br>And all His wonders tell. | 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men<br>With messages of grace;<br>Who comes in God His Father's Name<br>To save our sinful race.            |
| 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,<br>To David's holy Son!<br>Help us, O Lord; descend and bring<br>Salvation from the throne.            | 5 Hosanna in the highest strains<br>The Church on earth can raise!<br>The highest heavens in which He reigns<br>Shall give Him nobler praise. |

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

**MENDEBRAS** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

German Melody; arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

1 { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; } On thee the high and lowly,

Through a-ges joined in tune, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the great God Triune. A-MEN.

# At the Opening of Service

22 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872

1 Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Our broken spirits pitying see,<br/>And penitence impart;<br/>Then let a kindling glance from Thee<br/>Beam hope upon the heart.</p>                 | <p>4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,<br/>May we our wills resign;<br/>And not a thought our bosom share<br/>Which is not wholly Thine.</p>      |
| <p>3 When our responsive tongues essay<br/>Their grateful hymns to raise,<br/>Grant that our souls may join the lay,<br/>And mount to Thee in praise.</p> | <p>5 Let faith each meek petition fill,<br/>And waft it to the skies;<br/>And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still<br/>That grants it, or denies.</p> |

Rev. Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802

LAMBETH C. M.

1 Spir - it Di - vine, at - tend our prayers, And make this house Thy home;

Descend with all Thy gracious powers, O come, great Spir - it, come. A - MEN.

## At the Opening of Service

**23** HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the top staff.

I Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy seat ;

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground : A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 For Thou, within no walls confined,<br/>Inhabitest the humble mind ;<br/>Such ever bring Thee where they come,<br/>And going, take Thee to their home.</p> <p>3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,<br/>Thy former mercies here renew ;<br/>Here to our waiting hearts proclaim<br/>The sweetness of Thy saving Name.</p> | <p>4 Here may we prove the power of prayer<br/>To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,<br/>To teach our faint desires to rise,<br/>And bring all heaven before our eyes.</p> <p>5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;<br/>Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear:<br/>O rend the heavens, come quickly down,<br/>And make a thousand hearts Thine own.</p> |
|---|--|

William Cowper, 1769

**24** (LAMBETH) C. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,<br/>And make this house Thy home ;<br/>Descend with all Thy gracious powers,<br/>O come, great Spirit, come.</p> <p>2 Come as the light ; to us reveal<br/>Our emptiness and woe ;<br/>And lead us in those paths of life<br/>Where all the righteous go.</p> <p>3 Come as the fire ; and purge our hearts,<br/>Like sacrificial flame :</p> | <p>Let our whole soul an offering be<br/>To our Redeemer's Name.</p> <p>4 Come as the dove ; and spread Thy<br/>The wings of peaceful love ; [wings,<br/>And let Thy Church on earth become<br/>Blest as Thy Church above.</p> <p>5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers ;<br/>Make a lost world Thy home ;<br/>Descend with all Thy gracious powers,<br/>O come, great Spirit, come.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Andrew Reed, 1829

# At the Opening of Service

**25 ST. BEES** 7.7.7.7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we humbly bow;

O do not our suit dis - dain: Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;<br/>In compassion now descend;<br/>Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,<br/>Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.</p> | <p>4 Send some message from Thy word,<br/>That may joy and peace afford;<br/>Let Thy Spirit now impart<br/>Full salvation to each heart.</p>    |
| <p>3 In Thine own appointed way,<br/>Now we seek Thee, here we stay:<br/>Lord, we know not how to go,<br/>Till a blessing Thou bestow.</p>             | <p>5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,<br/>Let the time of joy return;<br/>Heal the sick, the captive free,<br/>Let us all rejoice in Thee.</p> |

Rev. William Hammond, 1745

**DALLAS** 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Maria L. Cherubini (1760-1842)

1 To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,

When with - in the veil I meet Christ be - fore the mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

## At the Opening of Service

**26** TRINITY 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769

1 Come, Thou Al-mighty King, Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise : Father, all-

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient 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.

Anon. c. 1757

**27** (DALLAS) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 TO Thy temple I repair ;  
Lord, I love to worship there,  
When within the veil I meet  
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend ;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till Thy gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.

5 From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn,  
And at evening let me say,—  
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery, 1812

# At the Opening of Service

28 LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1872

I Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' Name we meet, And bow in

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet: A - gain to Thee our

feeble voices raise, To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise. A - MEN.

2 O 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?

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

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

# At the Close of Service

29 ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1868



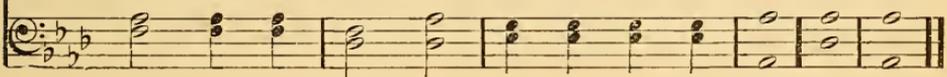
I Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our



part - ing hymn of praise ; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship 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.

# At the Close of Service

## 30 SICILIAN MARINERS 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Sicilian Melody

I { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
 { Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace; }

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

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

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

Anon. 1773 (ascribed to Rev. John Fawcett):  
 verse 1, l. 6, alt.; verse 3, recast by Rev. G. Thring

## 31 (DENNIS) S. M.

1 STILL with Thee, O my God,  
 I would desire to be,  
 By day, by night; at home, abroad,  
 I would be still with Thee.

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

3 With Thee amid the crowd  
 That throngs the busy mart,  
 To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,  
 Speak softly to my heart.

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

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

# At the Close of Service

**32 SOLITUDE** 7. 7. 7. 7.

Lewis T. Downes, 1851

1 Now may He, who from the dead Brought the Shep-herd of the sheep,

The first system of musical notation for '32 Solitude'. It consists of a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a rest for one measure, then the lyrics '1 Now may He, who from the dead Brought the Shep-herd of the sheep,' are written below the notes.

Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe-ty keep. A - MEN.

The second system of musical notation for '32 Solitude'. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are 'Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe-ty keep. A - MEN.' The system ends with a double bar line.

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

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

Rev. John Newton, 1779

**DENNIS** S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845

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

The first system of musical notation for 'Dennis S. M.'. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a rest for one measure, then the lyrics '1 Still with Thee, O my God, I would de - sire to be,' are written below the notes.

By day, by night; at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - MEN.

The second system of musical notation for 'Dennis S. M.'. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are 'By day, by night; at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - MEN.' The system ends with a double bar line.

# The Holy Trinity

33 NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

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

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff contains a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "1 Ho - ly, Ho ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the".

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

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!".

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

The third system of musical notation concludes the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed 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!

## The Holy Trinity

34 DUNDEE C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553

1 O God, we praise Thee; and con-fess That Thou, the on-ly Lord

And Ev-er-last-ing Fa-ther, art By all the earth a-dored. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 To Thee all angels cry aloud ;<br/>To Thee the powers on high,<br/>Both cherubim and seraphim,<br/>Continually do cry :—</p> <p>3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,<br/>Whom heavenly hosts obey,<br/>The world is with the glory filled<br/>Of Thy majestic ray.</p> <p>4 The apostles' glorious company,<br/>And prophets crowned with light,</p> | <p>With all the martyrs' noble host,<br/>Thy constant praise recite.</p> <p>5 The holy Church throughout the world,<br/>O Lord, confesses Thee,<br/>That Thou Eternal Father art,<br/>Of boundless majesty ;</p> <p>6 Thy honored, true, and only Son ;<br/>And Holy Ghost, the Spring<br/>Of never-ceasing joy : O Christ,<br/>Of glory Thou art King.</p> |
|---|---|

Anon. (Latin, 5th Century.) Tr. Tate and Brady's Supplement, c. 1700

## God the Father Almighty

35 (DUNDEE) C. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 GOD moves in a mysterious way<br/>His wonders to perform ;<br/>He plants His footsteps in the sea,<br/>And rides upon the storm.</p> <p>2 Deep in unfathomable mines<br/>Of never-failing skill<br/>He treasures up His bright designs,<br/>And works His sovereign will.</p> <p>3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;<br/>The clouds ye so much dread</p> | <p>Are big with mercy, and shall break<br/>In blessings on your head.</p> <p>4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,<br/>But trust Him for His grace ;<br/>Behind a frowning providence<br/>He hides a smiling face.</p> <p>5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,<br/>And scan His work in vain ;<br/>God is His own Interpreter,<br/>And He will make it plain.</p> |
|---|---|

William Cowper, 1774

# God the Father Almighty

36 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708

1 Our God, our Help in a - ges past, Our Hope for years to come,

Our Shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal Home: A - MEN.

2 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

WARE L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838

1 High in the heavens, E - ter - nal God, Thy good - ness in full glo - ry shines;

Thy truth shall break through every cloud That veils and darkens Thy de - signs. A - MEN.

# God the Father Almighty

37 CREATION L. M.

Arr. from Joseph Haydn, 1793

1 The spa-cious firm-a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,

And span-gled heavens, a shiin-ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro-claim. A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,<br/>Does his Creator's power display,<br/>And publishes to every land<br/>The work of an almighty hand.</p> <p>3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,<br/>The moon takes up the wondrous tale,<br/>And nightly to the listening earth<br/>Repeats the story of her birth ;</p> <p>4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,<br/>And all the planets in their turn,</p> | <p>Confirm the tidings as they roll,<br/>And spread the truth from pole to pole.</p> <p>5 What though in solemn silence all<br/>Move round the dark terrestrial ball?<br/>What though nor real voice nor sound<br/>Amid their radiant orbs be found ?</p> <p>6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,<br/>And utter forth a glorious voice ;<br/>For ever singing, as they shine,<br/>"The hand that made us is Divine."</p> |
|--|---|

Joseph Addison, 1712

38 (WARE) L. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,<br/>Thy goodness in full glory shines ;<br/>Thy truth shall break through every cloud<br/>That veils and darkens Thy designs.</p> <p>2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,<br/>As mountains their foundations keep ;<br/>Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;<br/>Thy judgments are a mighty deep.</p> <p>3 Thy providence is kind and large,<br/>Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;</p> | <p>The whole creation is Thy charge,<br/>But saints are Thy peculiar care.</p> <p>4 From the provisions of Thy house<br/>We shall be fed with sweet repast ;<br/>There mercy like a river flows,<br/>And brings salvation to our taste.</p> <p>5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,<br/>Springs from the presence of my Lord ;<br/>And in Thy light our souls shall see<br/>The glories promised in Thy word.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

# God the Father Almighty

39 DIX 7.7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838

1 { God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face ; }  
Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light Di - vine ; }

And Thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end. A - MEN.

- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Be by all that live adored :  
Let the nations shout and sing,  
Glory to their Saviour King ;  
At Thy feet their tributes pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live ;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

NUREMBERG 7.7.7.7.

Alt. from Johann R. Ahle, 1664

1 Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with al - le - lu - ias rang,

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done. A - MEN.

# God the Father Almighty

40 MONKLAND 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. by John B. Wilkes, 1861

I Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.

2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God :  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need :  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light :  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He hath with a piteous eye  
Looked upon our misery :  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth :  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1624 : alt.

## 41 (NUREMBERG) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with alleluias rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spoke, and it was done.

3 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.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born :  
Songs of praise arose, when He  
Captive led captivity.

4 And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No : the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

James Montgomery, 1819

# God the Father Almighty

42 DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, In trou - ble and in joy,

The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy. A - MEN.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distressed  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His Name ;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;

Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succor trust.

5 O make but trial of His love ;  
Experience will decide,  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

6 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.

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696, 1698

## 43 (GENEVA or DOWNS) C. M.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God, 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My rising soul surveys, My daily thanks employ ;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
In wonder, love, and praise. That tastes those gifts with joy.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul 5 Through every period of my life  
Thy tender care bestowed, Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
Before my infant heart conceived And after death, in distant worlds,  
From whom those comforts flowed. The glorious theme renew.

3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou 6 Through all eternity to Thee  
With health renewed my face ; A joyful song I'll raise ;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk, For O, eternity's too short  
Revived my soul with grace. To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1712

# God the Father Almighty

44 MANOAH C. M.

Arr. from Giuachino Rossini (1792-1868)

I Be - gin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some bound - less thing,

The might-y works, or might-ier Name, Of our E - ter - nal King. A - MEN.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;

The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art Mine,"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost Divine.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

GENEVA C. M.

John Cole, 1800

I When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,  
When all Thy mer - cies, O my God,

When all Thy mer - cies, O my God,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.

Transported with the view, I'm lost

# God the Father Almighty

45 LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847

1 Lord of all be-ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;

Cen - tre and soul of ev - erysphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near! A-MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray<br/>Sheds on our path the glow of day;<br/>Star of our hope, Thy softened light<br/>Cheers the long watches of the night.</p> <p>3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;<br/>Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;<br/>Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;<br/>All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.</p> | <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above,<br/>Whose light is truth, whose warmth is<br/>love,<br/>Before Thy ever-blazing throne<br/>We ask no lustre of our own.</p> <p>5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,<br/>And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;<br/>Till all Thy living altars claim<br/>One holy light, one heavenly flame.</p> |
|---|--|

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1848

46 (LOUVAN) L. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen<br/>me through;<br/>Thine eye commands with piercing view<br/>My rising and my resting hours,<br/>My heart and flesh, with all their powers.</p> <p>2 My thoughts, before they are my own,<br/>Are to my God distinctly known;<br/>He knows the words I mean to speak,<br/>Ere from my opening lips they break.</p> <p>3 Within Thy circling power I stand;<br/>On every side I find Thy hand:</p> | <p>Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,<br/>I am surrounded still with God.</p> <p>4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!<br/>What large extent, what lofty height!<br/>My soul, with all the powers I boast,<br/>Is in the boundless prospect lost.</p> <p>5 O may these thoughts possess my<br/>breast,<br/>Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:<br/>Nor let my weaker passions dare<br/>Consent to sin, for God is there.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

# God the Father Almighty

47 SCHUBERT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Schubert by Wm. W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene :

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - MEN.

Copyright, 1895, by The Trustees of The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work

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

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

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860

# God the Father Almighty

## 48 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770

1 Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Je - ho - vah is the sov - ereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King. A - MEN.

2 He formed the deeps unknown, We are His works, and not our own ;  
 He gave the seas their bound ; He formed us by His Word.  
 The watery worlds are all His own, 4 To - day attend His voice,  
 And all the solid ground. Nor dare provoke His rod ;  
 3 Come, worship at His throne ; Come, like the people of His choice,  
 Come, bow before the Lord : And own your gracious God.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

## 49 OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

1 From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise :  
 2 E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord ; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word :

Let the Re - deem - er's Name be sung Through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue.  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till suns shall rise and set no more. A - MEN.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

# God the Father Almighty

50 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1763

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne. A-MEN.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Emmanuel's  
ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 2, l. 3, alt.

51 (ST. THOMAS) S. M.

1 MY soul, repeat His praise  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

# God the Father Almighty

52 LUCERNE 8. 7. 8. 7.

T. A. Willis, 1870

1 God is Love; His mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is Wis - dom, God is Love. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Chance and change are busy ever ;<br/>Man decays, and ages move ;<br/>But His mercy waneth never :<br/>God is Wisdom, God is Love.</p> <p>3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth<br/>Will His changeless goodness prove;</p> | <p>From the mist His brightness streameth:<br/>God is Wisdom, God is Love.</p> <p>4 He with earthly cares entwineth<br/>Hope and comfort from above ;<br/>Everywhere His glory shineth :<br/>God is Wisdom, God is Love.</p> |
|---|--|

Sir John Bowring, 1825

## CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

1 My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery even - ing new;

And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - MEN.

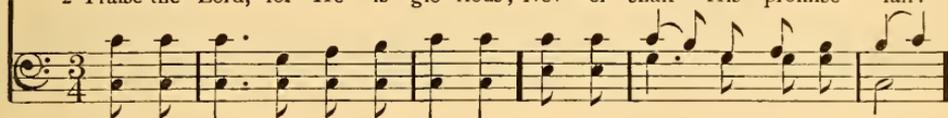
# God the Father Almighty

53 FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John H. Willcox, 1849



1 Praise the Lord: ye heavens adore Him; Praise Him, angels, in the height;  
2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious; Nev-er shall His promise fail:



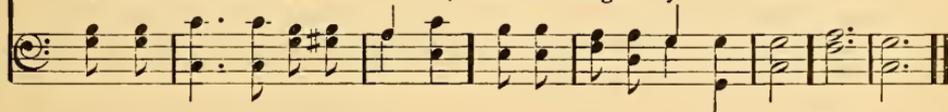
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars and light.  
God hath made His saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.



Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken; Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:  
Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high, His power proclaim;



Laws which nev-er shall be broken For their guidance hath He made,  
Heaven and earth and all creation, Laud and magnify His Name. A - MEN.



Anon. c. 1801

## 54 (CANONBURY) L. M.

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

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:

Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,  
To Thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

# God the Father Almighty

55 ANGEL VOICES 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

I An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;

Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. A - MEN.

2 Thou 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.

3 Yea, 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.

4 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.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Trinity:  
Of the best that Thou hast given  
Earth and heaven  
Render Thee.

# Praise to Christ Exalted

56 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

Sir George J. Elvey, 1868

1 Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;  
2 Crown Him the Lord of love: Be - hold His hands and side,

Hark, how the heav - en - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:  
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,  
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.  
But down-ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace;  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
Absorbed in prayer and praise:  
His reign shall know no end;  
And round His piercèd feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time;  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime:  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me:  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

57 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,<br/>Ye ransomed of the fall,<br/>Hail Him who saves you by His grace,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget<br/>The wormwood and the gall,<br/>Go, spread your trophies at His feet,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p> | <p>4 Let every kindred, every tribe,<br/>On this terrestrial ball,<br/>To Him all majesty ascribe,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p> <p>5 O that with yonder sacred throng<br/>We at His feet may fall;<br/>We'll join the everlasting song,<br/>And crown Him Lord of all.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779-80  
Verse 1, l. 4, alt., verse 4, recast, verse 5, added, Rev. John Rippon, 1787

ST. LEONARD (SMART) C. M.

Henry Smart, 1867

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

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

# Praise to Christ Exalted

58 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812

1 Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;

Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A - MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they<br/>         "To be exalted thus:" [cry,<br/>         "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,<br/>         "For He was slain for us."</p> <p>3 Jesus is worthy to receive<br/>         Honor and power Divine;<br/>         And blessings, more than we can give,<br/>         Be, Lord, for ever Thine.</p> | <p>4 Let all that dwell above the sky,<br/>         And air, and earth, and seas,<br/>         Conspire to lift Thy glories high,<br/>         And speak Thine endless praise.</p> <p>5 The whole creation join in one,<br/>         To bless the sacred Name<br/>         Of Him that sits upon the throne,<br/>         And to adore the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

## 59 (DEDHAM or ST. LEONARD) C. M.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing<br/>         My dear Redeemer's praise,<br/>         The glories of my God and King,<br/>         The triumphs of His grace.</p> <p>2 My gracious Master and my God,<br/>         Assist me to proclaim,<br/>         To spread through all the earth abroad,<br/>         The honors of Thy Name.</p> | <p>3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,<br/>         That bids our sorrows cease;<br/>         'Tis music in the sinner's ears,<br/>         'Tis life, and health, and peace.</p> <p>4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,<br/>         He sets the prisoner free;<br/>         His blood can make the foulest clean,<br/>         His blood availed for me.</p> <p>5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,<br/>         New life the dead receive;<br/>         The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;<br/>         The humble poor believe.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

60 ZOAN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1845

1 O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove;

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - MEN.

2 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.

3 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.

# Praise to Christ Exalted

61 EDINA 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, 1868

I Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi-ces rais-ing

Prais-es to our King: All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be,

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A - MEN.

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here;  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,  
Where no pain nor sorrow,  
Toil nor care is known,  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round Thy throne.
- 4 Brighter still and brighter  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done:

- Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.
- 5 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.
- 6 Higher, then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

62 ARIEL 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Arr. from Mozart, by Lowell Mason, 1836

1 O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glories forth

Which in my Sav - iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the heaven - ly strings,

And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In notes al - most Di - vine,

In notes al-most Di - vine. A - MEN.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne :  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spi't, My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath Divine :  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face :  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

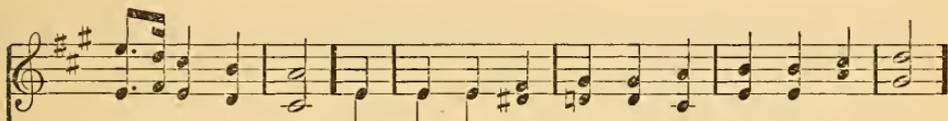
# Praise to Christ Exalted

63 LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737-1806)



I Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas - ter pro - claim, And pub - lish a - broad His



won - der - ful Name; The Name, all - vic - to - rious, of Je - sus ex - tol;



His king - dom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all. A - MEN.



- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;  
And still He is nigh—His presence we have :  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne !  
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son :  
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

64 HARWELL S. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

Lowell Mason, 1840

1 { Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove; }  
 { Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: }

See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 See, He sits Je - sus rules

REFRAIN.

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

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 King of glory, reign for ever,<br/>                 Thine an everlasting crown;<br/>                 Nothing from Thy love shall sever<br/>                 Those whom Thou hast made Thine<br/>                 own:<br/>                 Happy objects of Thy grace,<br/>                 Destined to behold Thy face.—REF.</p> | <p>3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;<br/>                 Bring, O bring the glorious day,<br/>                 When, the awful summons hearing,<br/>                 Heaven and earth shall pass away:<br/>                 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,<br/>                 "Glory, glory to our King!"—REF.<br/>                 Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1806</p> |
|--|---|

## 65 (LEIGHTON) S. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 AWAKE, and sing the song<br/>                 Of Moses and the Lamb;<br/>                 Wake every heart and every tongue<br/>                 To praise the Saviour's Name.</p> <p>2 Sing of His dying love;<br/>                 Sing of His rising power;<br/>                 Sing how He intercedes above<br/>                 For those whose sins He bore.</p> | <p>3 Sing on your heavenly way,<br/>                 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;<br/>                 Sing on, rejoicing every day<br/>                 In Christ the Eternal King.</p> <p>4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,<br/>                 "Ye blessèd children, come:"<br/>                 Soon will He call you hence away,<br/>                 And take His wanderers home.</p> |
|--|--|

# Praise to Christ Exalted

66 STOBEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Old German Melody

1 Je - sus, Thy Name I love All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord:  
2 Thou, bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord:

O Thou art all to me; Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee,  
O how great is Thy love, All oth - er loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove,

Je - sus, my Lord. A - MEN.  
Je - sus, my Lord.

3 When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my Refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord:  
What need I now to fear,  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since Thou art ever near?  
Jesus, my Lord.

Rev. James G. Deck, 1842

LEIGHTON S. M.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1849

I A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb; Wake ev - ery

heart and ev - ery tongue To praise the Sav - iour's Name. A - MEN.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

67 LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868

1 When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries

May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer

To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

2 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs  
    May Jesus Christ be praised:  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised:  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?  
A solace here I find,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised:  
Or fades my earthly bliss?  
My comfort still is this,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Let earth's wide circle round  
In joyful notes resound,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised:  
Let air and sea and sky,  
From depth to height, reply,  
    May Jesus Christ be praised.

# Praise to Christ Exalted

68 STUTT GART 8. 7. 8. 7.

Gotha Cantional, 1715

I Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed, King tri-umph-ant, strong to save,

Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed, Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A-MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thou art gone where now is given<br/>What no mortal might could gain,<br/>On the eternal throne of heaven<br/>In Thy Father's power to reign.</p> <p>3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,<br/>Heaven above and earth below ;<br/>While the depths of hell before Thee<br/>Trembling and amazed bow.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6 Hail ! all hail ! In Thee confiding,<br/>Jesus, Thee shall all adore,<br/>In Thy Father's might abiding<br/>With one Spirit evermore.</p> | <p>4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,<br/>Follow Thee beyond the sky :<br/>Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,<br/>Lift our souls to Thee on high ;</p> <p>5 So when Thou again in glory<br/>On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,<br/>We Thy flock may stand before Thee,<br/>Owned for evermore as Thine.</p> |
|---|--|

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th cent.) Tr. Bishop James R. Woodford, 1852

## The Advent

69 (STUTT GART) 8. 7. 8. 7.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,<br/>Born to set Thy people free ;<br/>From our fears and sins release us ;<br/>Let us find our rest in Thee.</p> <p>2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,<br/>Hope of all the earth Thou art ;<br/>Dear Desire of every nation,<br/>Joy of every longing heart.</p> | <p>3 Born Thy people to deliver,<br/>Born a child, and yet a King,<br/>Born to reign in us for ever,<br/>Now Thy gracious kingdom bring</p> <p>4 By Thine own eternal Spirit<br/>Rule in all our hearts alone ;<br/>By Thine all-sufficient merit<br/>Raise us to Thy glorious throne.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744

# Jesus Christ Our Lord

70 ST. SAVIOUR C. M. °

Frederick G. Baker, 1876

1 Hark, the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav - iour prom - ised long:

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song. A-MEN.

- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured, 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
Exerts its sacred fire; The bleeding soul to cure;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love, And with the treasures of His grace  
His holy breast inspire. To enrich the humble poor.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
In Satan's bondage held: Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
The gates of brass before Him burst, And heaven's eternal arches ring  
The iron fetters yield. With Thy belovèd Name.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1735

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

1 All praise to Thee, E - ter - nal Lord. Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;

Choos-ing a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a-lone. A-MEN.

# The Nativity

71 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1742

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And  
And heaven and na - ture

heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing. A-MEN.  
sing . . . . .  
And heaven and na - ture sing

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

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

72 (CANONBURY) L. M.

1 ALL praise to Thee, Eternal Lord,  
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;  
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,  
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

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

3 A little Child, Thou art our Guest,  
That weary ones in Thee may rest:

Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

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

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

# Jesus Christ our Lord

## 73 ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

1 O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant,  
 2 God of . . . God, . . . . Light . . of . . Light; . . .  
 3 Sing, choirs of an - gels; Sing in ex - ult - a - tion,  
 4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing:

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;  
 Lo, He ab - hors not the Vir - gin's womb:  
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove;  
 Je - sus, to Thee . . . . be glo - ry given;

Come and be - hold Him Born the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore Him,  
 Ver - y . . God, Be - got - en, not cre - at - ed;  
 Glo - ry to God . . In . . the . high - est;  
 Word of the Fa - ther, Late in flesh ap - pear - ing;

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

# The Nativity

74 MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840  
by William H. Cummings, 1850

1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,

Join the triumph of the skies; With the an - gel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in

Bethlehem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King." A - MEN.

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

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

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

Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

# Jesus Christ our Lord

75 CAROL C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis, 1850

1 It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,  
2 Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold :  
And still their heav-en-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world :

"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King :"  
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ering wing,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.  
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel-sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.

- 3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load, 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
Whose forms are bending low, By prophet bards foretold,  
Who toil along the climbing way, When with the ever-circling years  
With painful steps and slow, Comes round the age of gold ;  
Look now ! for glad and golden hours When peace shall over all the earth  
Come swiftly on the wing : Its ancient splendors fling,  
O rest beside the weary road, And the whole world give back the song  
And hear the angels sing. Which now the angels sing.

# The Nativity

76 ST. LOUIS 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Lewis H. Redner, 1868



1 O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie; A - bove thy deep and



dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-



last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A-MEN.



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

3 How silently, how silently,  
 The wondrous gift is given !  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
 The dear Christ enters in.

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

## Jesus Christ our Lord

77 ANGEL CHOIR 8. 7. 8. 7.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly warb - ling in the skies?

Sure the an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces, Loud - est al - le - lu - ias rise. A - MEN.

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|--|--|
| <p>2 Listen to the wondrous story,<br/>Which they chant in hymns of joy:<br/>"Glory in the highest, glory;<br/>Glory be to God Most High!</p>                    | <p>4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;<br/>Heaven and earth His glory sing:<br/>Glad receive whom God appointed<br/>For your Prophet, Priest, and King.</p> |
| <p>3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,<br/>Reaching far as man is found;<br/>Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;<br/>Loud our golden harps shall sound.</p> | <p>5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;<br/>Learn His Name, and taste His joy;<br/>Till in heaven you sing before Him,<br/>Glory be to God Most High!"</p>        |

Rev. John Cawood, 1819

## The Epiphany

78 (DIX) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 AS with gladness men of old<br/>Did the guiding star behold;<br/>As with joy they hailed its light,<br/>Leading onward, beaming bright;<br/>So, most gracious God, may we<br/>Evermore be led to Thee.</p> | <p>3 As they offered gifts most rare<br/>At that manger rude and bare;<br/>So may we with holy joy,<br/>Pure, and free from sin's alloy,<br/>All our costliest treasures bring,<br/>Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.</p> |
| <p>2 As with joyful steps they sped<br/>To that lowly manger-bed,<br/>There to bend the knee before<br/>Him whom heaven and earth adore;<br/>So may we with willing feet<br/>Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.</p>      | <p>4 Holy Jesus, every day<br/>Keep us in the narrow way;<br/>And, when earthly things are past,<br/>Bring our ransomed souls at last<br/>Where they need no star to guide,<br/>Where no clouds Thy glory hide.</p>         |

William C. Dix, 1861

# The Life, Ministry, and Example

79 RHODES S. M.

C. Warwick Jordan, 1875

1 Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye. A - MEN.

2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see :  
Be thou astonished, O my soul ;  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep ;  
Each sin demands a tear ;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1787

DIX 7.7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838

1 { As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold ;  
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright ; }

So, most gra - cious God, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee. A - MEN.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

80 SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842

1 What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low ;

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 For ever on Thy burdened heart<br/>A weight of sorrow hung ;<br/>Yet no ungentle, murmuring word<br/>Escaped Thy silent tongue.</p> <p>3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,<br/>Thy friends unfaithful prove ;<br/>Unwearied in forgiveness still,<br/>Thy heart could only love.</p> | <p>4 O give us hearts to love like Thee<br/>Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve<br/>Far more for others' sins than all<br/>The wrongs that we receive.</p> <p>5 One with Thyself, may every eye<br/>In us, Thy brethren, see<br/>That gentleness and grace that spring<br/>From union, Lord, with Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1839

81 (SILOAM) C. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LORD, Thou in all things like wast<br/>made<br/>To us, yet free from sin ;<br/>Then how unlike to us, O Lord,<br/>Replies the voice within.</p> <p>2 Our faith is weak ; O Light of Light,<br/>Clear Thon our clouded view ;<br/>That Son of Man, and Son of God,<br/>We give Thee honor due.</p> | <p>3 O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved<br/>Our trials and our tears ;<br/>Life's thankless toil and scant repose,<br/>Death's agonies and fears.</p> <p>4 O Son of God, in glory raised,<br/>Thou sittest on Thy throne :<br/>Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy<br/>grace,<br/>Still succoring Thine own.</p> <p>5 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge !<br/>To Thee, O Christ, be given<br/>To bind upon Thy crown the names<br/>Most blest in earth and heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

Joseph Anstice, 1836: verse 1, ll. 1, 3, alt

# The Life, Ministry, and Example

82 GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

I Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-given,

So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A-MEN.

2 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.

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

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

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

Rev. John H. Gurney, 1838

## 83 (GREEN HILL) C. M.

1 O MEAN may seem this house of clay,  
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;  
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,  
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

4 But not this fleshly robe alone  
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;  
Not only in the tear and groan  
Shall the dear kindred be.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,  
This watch the Lord did keep,  
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,  
These tears the Lord did weep.

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own  
Because Thy heaven we share,  
Because we sing around Thy throne,  
And Thy bright raiment wear.

3 Our very frailty brings us near  
Unto the Lord of heaven;  
To every grief, to every tear,  
Such glory strange is given.

6 O mighty grace, our life to live,  
To make our earth Divine:  
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,  
And lift our life to Thine.

Thomas H. Gill, 1850

# Jesus Christ our Lord

84 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

1 My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;

But in Thy life the law ap - pears Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters. A - MEN.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will, Thy conflict and Thy victory too.  
Such love, and meekness so Divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;

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

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826- )

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

Tell me Thy se - cret ; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - MEN.

# The Life, Ministry, and Example

85 ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from Thomas A. Arne, 1762

1 Thou art the Way: to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee;

And he who would the Fa-ther seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - MEN.

- 2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone      And those who put their trust in Thee  
 True wisdom can impart;                      Nor death nor hell shall harm.  
 Thou only canst inform the mind,  
 And purify the heart.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
 Grant us that Way to know,  
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
 Whose joys eternal flow.
- 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm,

Bishop George W. Doane, 1824

86 (SAXBY) L. M.

- 1 O MASTER, let me walk with Thee  
 In lowly paths of service free;  
 Tell me Thy secret; help me bear  
 The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
 By some clear winning word of love;  
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
 And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee  
 In closer, dearer company,  
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
 In trust that triumphs over wrong;
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
 Far down the future's broadening way;  
 In peace that only Thou canst give,  
 With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Rev. Washington Gladden, 1879

# Jesus Christ our Lord

**87** STAINCLIFFE L. M.

Robert W Dixon, 1875

1 How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I cop - y Him I love?

Nor from those bless-ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to His seat a-bove? A - MEN.

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

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a  
Son,  
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,

Until the perfect work was done,  
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffer-  
ing lie,

Forbid it I should e'er repine;  
Still let me turn to Calvary,  
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

Josiah Conder, 1824, 1836

## 88 (STAINCLIFFE) L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the Master passeth by!  
O seest thou not His pleading eye?  
With low sad voice He calleth thee,  
'Leave this vain world, and follow Me.'

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

3 One heard Him calling long ago,  
And straightway left all things below,

Counting his earthly gain as loss  
For Jesus and His blessed cross.

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

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

Bishop William W. How (verses 4, 5, alt. from Bishop Ken, publ. 1721) 1871

# The Passion and Crucifixion

89 GERHARDT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1 O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down;  
2 O no - blest brow and dear - est, In oth er days the world

Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:  
All feared when Thou ap - pear - edst; What shame on Thee is hurled!

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!  
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn;

Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A - MEN.  
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered<br/>Was all for sinners' gain:<br/>Mine, mine was the transgression,<br/>But Thine the deadly pain.<br/>Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!<br/>'Tis I deserve Thy place;<br/>Look on me with Thy favor,<br/>Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.</p> | <p>4 What language shall I borrow<br/>To thank Thee, dearest Friend,<br/>For this Thy dying sorrow,<br/>Thy pity without end?<br/>O make me Thine for ever;<br/>And should I fainting be,<br/>Lord, let me never, never<br/>Outlive my love to Thee.</p> |
|---|--|

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153). Tr. Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Rev. James W. Alexander, 1830

# Jesus Christ our Lord

90 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

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 contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Save in the death of Christ my God: Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 All the vain things that charn me most, 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood. That were a present far too small;  
 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Love so amazing, so Divine,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down: Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844

1 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone. A-MEN.

# The Passion and Crucifixion

91 AJALON 7.7.7.7.7.7.

Richard Redhead, 1853

1 Go to dark Geth-sem-a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Redeemer's

con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour: Turn not from His griefs away;

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

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

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

James Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)

92 (ZEPHYR) L. M.

1 'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:	3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt, The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now, The suffering Saviour prays alone.	Yet He that hath in anguish knelt Is not forsaken by His God.
2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears:	4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains Is borne the song that angels know:
E'en the disciple that He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.	Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822

# Jesus Christ our Lord

93 RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamar Conkey, 1851

1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,<br/>         Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,<br/>         Never shall the cross forsake me:<br/>         Lo! it glows with peace and joy.</p> | <p>4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,<br/>         By the cross are sanctified;<br/>         Peace is there that knows no measure,<br/>         Joys that through all time abide.</p> |
| <p>3 When the sun of bliss is beaming<br/>         Light and love upon my way,<br/>         From the cross the radiance streaming<br/>         Adds more lustre to the day.</p>       | <p>5 In the cross of Christ I glory,<br/>         'Towering o'er the wrecks of time;<br/>         All the light of sacred story<br/>         Gathers round its head sublime.</p>           |

Sir John Bowring, 1825

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848

DORRANCE 8. 7. 8. 7.

1 Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;

Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend. A - MEN.

# The Passion and Crucifixion

94 ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Thomas Hastings, 1830

1 { Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; }  
 { See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: }

"It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry. "It is fin - ished!"

3 Finished all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law;  
 Finished all that God had promised;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

- 2 "It is finished!"—O what pleasure  
 Do these precious words afford;  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord:  
 "It is finished!"  
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
 All in earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Emmanuel's Name:  
 Alleluia!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Rev. Jonathan Evans, 1784

95 (DORRANCE) 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life and health and peace possessing  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessèd is this station,  
 Low before His cross to lie,  
 While I see Divine compassion  
 Pleading in His languid eye.
- 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from His death.

Rev. Walter Shirley, 1770 (based on Rev. James Allen, 1757): verse 3, l. 4, alt.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

96 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - MEN.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,      4 There was no other good enough  
What pains He had to bear;                      To pay the price of sin;  
But we believe it was for us                      He only could unlock the gate  
He hung and suffered there.                      Of heaven, and let us in.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,      5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
He died to make us good,                      And we must love Him too,  
That we might go at last to heaven,              And trust in His redeeming blood,  
Saved by His precious blood.                      And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - MEN.

# The Passion and Crucifixion

97 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

I Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - MEN.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus  
 Mine eye at times can see  
 The very dying form of One  
 Who suffered there for me :  
 And from my smitten heart with tears  
 Two wonders I confess, —  
 The wonders of His glorious love  
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow  
 For my abiding - place :  
 I ask no other sunshine than  
 The sunshine of His face ;  
 Content to let the world go by,  
 To know no gain nor loss,  
 My sinful self my only shame,  
 My glory all the cross.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

98 MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1825

1 A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die!

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I! A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I had done<br/>He groaned upon the tree!<br/>Amazing pity! Grace unknown!<br/>And love beyond degree!</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,<br/>And shut his glories in,<br/>When He, the mighty Maker, died<br/>For man the creature's sin.</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face<br/>While His dear cross appears;<br/>Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,<br/>And melt my eyes to tears.</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay<br/>The debt of love I owe;<br/>Here, Lord, I give myself away,<br/>'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

## The Resurrection

99 (WIRTEMBERG) 7. 7. 7. 7. with Alleluia

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 CHRIST the Lord is risen again;<br/>Christ hath broken every chain:<br/>Hark, angelic voices cry,<br/>Singing evermore on high, Alleluia!</p> <p>2 He who gave for us His life,<br/>Who for us endured the strife,<br/>Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;<br/>We too sing for joy, and say, Alleluia!</p> <p>3 He who bore all pain and loss<br/>Comfortless upon the Cross,<br/>Lives in glory now on high,<br/>Pleads for us and hears our cry; Alle-<br/>luia!</p> | <p>4 He who slumbered in the grave,<br/>Is exalted now to save;<br/>Now through Christendom it rings<br/>That the Lamb is King of kings. Alle-<br/>luia!</p> <p>5 Now he bids us tell abroad<br/>How the lost may be restored,<br/>How the penitent forgiven, [luia!<br/>How we too may enter heaven. Alle-</p> <p>6 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,<br/>Christ, to-day Thy people feed;<br/>Take our sins and guilt away,<br/>That we all may sing for aye, Alleluia!</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Michael Weisse, 1531. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858; verse 1, l. 3, alt.

# The Resurrection

100 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848

1 "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," Sons of men and an-gels say:

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth, re- ply. A-MEN.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ has burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids His rise;  
Christ has opened Paradise.

4 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.

3 Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died, our souls to save:  
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to Thee by both be given:  
Thee we greet triumphant now:  
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1739: verse 3, l. 3, alt.

WIRTEMBERG 7. 7. 7. 7. with Alleluia

Hundert Geistliche Arien, Dresden, 1694

1 Christ the Lord is risen a-gain; Christ hath broken ev-ery chain: Hark, an- gel-ic

voi-ces cry, Sing-ing ev-er-more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

# Jesus Christ our Lord

101 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865

I I say to all men, far and near, That He is risen a - gain;

That He is with us now and here, And ev - er shall re - main. A-MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 And what I say, let each this morn<br/>Go tell it to his friend,<br/>That soon in every place shall dawn<br/>His kingdom without end.</p> | <p>4 The fears of death and of the grave<br/>Are whelmed beneath the sea,<br/>And every heart, now light and brave,<br/>May face the things to be.</p> |
| <p>3 Now first to souls who thus awake<br/>Seems earth a fatherland;<br/>A new and endless life they take<br/>With rapture from His hand.</p>  | <p>5 The way of darkness that He trod<br/>To heaven at last shall come,<br/>And he who hearkens to His word<br/>Shall reach His father's home.</p>     |

G. F. P. von Hardenberg, 1802; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

NARENZA S. M.

Old German Chorale:  
Arr. by Rev. Wm. H. Havergal, 1849

I Be - yond the star - ry skies, Far as the e - ter - nal hills,

There, in the bound-less world of light, Our great Re-deem-er dwells. A-MEN.

# The Resurrection

**102 WAREHAM** L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



1 Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now ; The whole wide world re - joic - es now :



The Lord hath triumphed glo - rious - ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly. A - MEN.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 In vain with stone the cave they barred ;<br/>In vain the watch kept ward and guard :<br/>Majestic from the spoiled tomb,<br/>In pomp of triumph Christ is come.</p> <p>3 He binds in chains the ancient foe :<br/>A countless host He frees from woe,<br/>And heaven's high portal open flies,<br/>For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.</p> <p>4 And all He did, and all He bare,<br/>He gives us as our own to share ;</p> | <p>And hope and joy and peace begin,<br/>For Christ has won, and man shall win.</p> <p>5 O Victor, aid us in the fight, [light :<br/>And lead through death to realms of<br/>We safely pass where Thou hast trod ;<br/>In Thee we die to rise to God.</p> <p>6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,<br/>Glad alleluias raise to Thee ;<br/>And ever with the heavenly host<br/>Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|--|---|

*Cento, based on Rev. John M. Neale, 1854*

**103 (NARENZA)** S. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 BEYOND the starry skies,<br/>Far as the eternal hills,<br/>There, in the boundless world of light,<br/>Our great Redeemer dwells.</p> <p>2 Around Him angels fair,<br/>In countless armies, shine ;<br/>And ever, in exalted lays,<br/>They offer songs Divine.</p> <p>3 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,<br/>"Whose unexampled love<br/>Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms<br/>And royalties above."</p> | <p>4 And when He stooped to earth,<br/>And suffered rude disdain,<br/>They cast their honors at His feet,<br/>And waited in His train.</p> <p>5 They saw Him on the cross,<br/>While darkness veiled the skies,<br/>And when He burst the gates of death,<br/>They saw the Conqueror rise.</p> <p>6 They thronged His chariot-wheels,<br/>And bore Him to His throne ;<br/>Then swept their golden harps, and sang,<br/>"The glorious work is done."</p> |
|---|--|

*Cento, based on Rev. James Fanch, 1776, and Rev. Daniel Turner, 1794*

# Jesus Christ our Lord

104 LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - MEN.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own "All hail!" and hearing,  
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful  
Let earth her song begin;  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end.

# The Ascension

105 HERMAS 6. 5. 6. 5. 121.

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

1 Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened

O-pened for the King: Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,

REFRAIN.

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed,

Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed: Glo-ry to our King! A-MEN.

2 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,  
Is gone up on high.—REF.

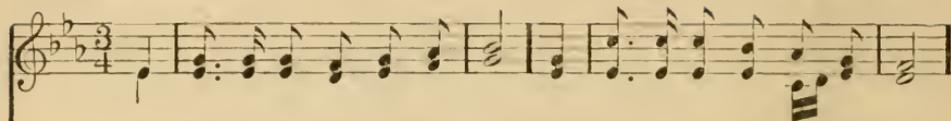
3 Praying for His children  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace;  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.—REF.

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

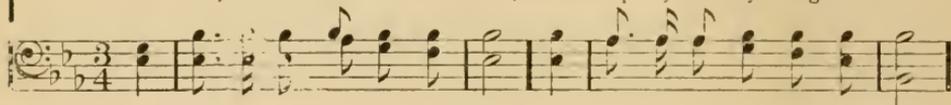
# Jesus Christ our Lord

**106** MERIBAH S. S. 6. S. S. 6.

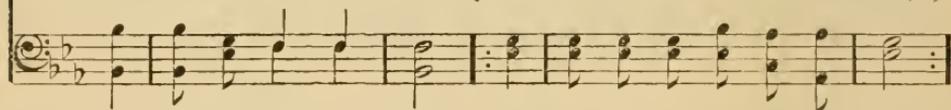
Lowell Mason, 1839



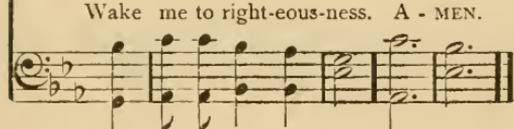
I O God, mine in - most soul con - vert, And deep - ly on my thought - ful heart



E - ter - nal things im - press; { Give me to feel their sol - emn weight, }  
And save me ere it be too late; }



Wake me to right - eous - ness. A - MEN.



2 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When Thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at Thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Then, Saviour, then my soul re -  
ceive,  
Transported from the vale, to live  
And reign with Thee above,  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749: verse 1, ll. 5, 6, alt.

## **107** (EAGLEY) C. M.

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
Star of the coming day,  
Arise, and with Thy morning beams  
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal Name,  
And own Thee as their King.

3 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,

In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

4 Come, then, with all Thy quickening  
With one awakening smile, [power,  
And bid the serpent's trail no more  
Thy beauteous realms defile.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace Divine:  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine.

Sir Edward Denny, Bart., 1842

# The Second Coming and Judgment

108 BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830-1869)

1 Light of those whose drear - y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,

Come, and by Thy love's re - veal - ing, Dis - si - pate the clouds be - neath. A - MEN.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
Every poor benighted heart.

4 Save us in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild, pacific Prince ;  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins.

3 Come and manifest the favor  
God hath for our ransomed race ;  
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,  
Come and bring the gospel grace.

5 By Thine all - restoring merit  
Every burdened soul release ;  
Every weary, wandering spirit  
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1744 : verse 3, l. 3, alt.

EAGLEY C. M.

James Walsh, 1860

1 Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,

A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way. A - MEN.

# Jesus Christ Our Lord

109 GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn (1737-1806)

1 Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;

The even - ing is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near:

The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;

Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle: At mid - night comes the cry. A - MEN.

2 See that your lamps are burning ;  
 Replenish them with oil ;  
 And wait for your salvation,  
 The end of earthly toil.  
 The watchers on the mountain  
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,  
 Go meet Him as He cometh,  
 With alleluias clear.

3 Our Hope and Expectation,  
 O Jesus, now appear ;  
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
 O'er this benighted sphere.  
 With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of earth's redemption  
 That brings us unto Thee.

## The Second Coming and Judgment

**IIO** LANGTON S. M.

Charlotte S. Streatfeild, 1874

I Come, Lord, and tar - ry not; Bring the long-looked-for day;

O why these years of wait - ing here, These a - ges of de - lay? A - MEN.

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait ;  
Daily ascends their sigh :

The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come":  
Dost Thou not hear the cry ?

3 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of Thy stay,  
Worn out with these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new ;  
Build up this ruined earth ;  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace ;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of Righteousness.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1846

## The Holy Ghost: Invocation and Praise

**III** (LANGTON) S. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let Thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,  
Thou heavenly Paraclete ;  
Give us to lie with humble hope  
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new-create the whole.

6 Dwell therefore in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
Then we shall know, and praise, and  
The Father, Son, and Thee. [love

Rev. Joseph Hart, 1759

# The Holy Ghost

**II2 SAXBY** L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826- )

1 Come, gra-cious Spir - it, heav-en-ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove ;

Be Thou our Guard-ian, Thou our Guide ; O'er ev-ery thought and step pre-side. A - MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 The light of truth to us display,<br>And make us know and choose Thy way:<br>Plant holy fear in every heart,<br>That we from God may ne'er depart. | 4 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,<br>Nor let us from His pastures stray.  |
| 3 Lead us to holiness, the road<br>Which we must take to dwell with God :  | 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,<br>To be with Him for ever blest :<br>Lead us to heaven, that we may share<br>Fulness of joy for ever there. |

Rev. Simon Browne, 1720 : alt. Ash and Evans Coll. 1769, and elsewhere

**FEDERAL STREET** L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

1 Come, dear-est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and love in ev - ery breast ;

Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that can-not be expressed. AMEN.

## Invocation and Praise

### II3 FAITHFUL GUIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Marcus M. Wells, 1858

I Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christ - ian's side,

FINE.

Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land:  
D.S.—Whispering soft - ly, “Wanderer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.”

D.S.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice A - MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Ever present, truest Friend,<br/>Ever near Thine aid to lend,<br/>Leave us not to doubt and fear,<br/>Groping on in darkness drear:<br/>When the storms are raging sore,<br/>Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,<br/>Whisper softly, “Wanderer, come!<br/>Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.”</p> | <p>3 When our days of toil shall cease,<br/>Waiting still for sweet release,<br/>Nothing left but heaven and prayer,<br/>Wondering if our names are there,<br/>Wading deep the dismal flood,<br/>Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—<br/>Whisper softly, “Wanderer, come!<br/>Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.”</p> |
|--|--|

Marcus M. Wells, 1858

### II4 (FEDERAL STREET) L. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell<br/>By faith and love in every breast;<br/>Then shall we know and taste and feel<br/>The joys that cannot be expressed.</p> <p>2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;<br/>Make our enlargèd souls possess</p> | <p>And learn the height, and breadth, and length<br/>Of Thine unmeasurable grace.</p> <p>3 Now to the God whose power can do<br/>More than our thoughts or wishes<br/>Be everlasting honors done [know,<br/>By all the Church, through Christ His Son.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

# The Holy Ghost

**II5** MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867

1 Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth Di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A-MEN.

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,<br/>Glow within this heart of mine;<br/>Kindle every high desire;<br/>Perish self in Thy pure fire!</p> <p>3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,<br/>Fill and nerve this will of mine;<br/>By Thee may I strongly live,<br/>Bravely bear, and nobly strive.</p> <p>4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,<br/>King within my conscience reign;</p> | <p>Be my Law, and I shall be<br/>Firmly bound, for ever free.</p> <p>5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,<br/>Still this restless heart of mine;<br/>Speak to calm this tossing sea,<br/>Stayed in Thy tranquillity.</p> <p>6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,<br/>Gladden Thou this heart of mine;<br/>In the desert ways I sing,<br/>"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

**II6** (MERCY) 7. 7. 7. 7.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove Divine,<br/>Let Thy light within me shine;<br/>All my guilty fears remove,<br/>Fill me full of heaven and love.</p> <p>2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,<br/>Set the burdened sinner free;<br/>Lead me to the Lamb of God,<br/>Wash me in His precious blood.</p> | <p>3 Life and peace to me impart;<br/>Seal salvation on my heart;<br/>Breathe Thyself into my breast,<br/>Earnest of immortal rest.</p> <p>4 Let me never from Thee stray,<br/>Keep me in the narrow way,<br/>Fill my soul with joy Divine,<br/>Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.</p> |
|---|--|

John Stocker, 1777

## Invocation and Praise

**117** MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

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

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.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,  
One holy passion filling all my frame;  
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,  
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

# The Holy Ghost

**II8** ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4.

Rev. John E. Dykes, 1861

1 Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-well,

A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He came in semblance of a dove,<br/>With sheltering wings outspread,<br/>The holy balm of peace and love<br/>On earth to shed.</p> <p>3 He came sweet influence to impart,<br/>A gracious, willing Guest,<br/>While He can find one humble heart<br/>Wherein to rest.</p> | <p>4 And His that gentle voice we hear,<br/>Soft as the breath of even,<br/>That checks each thought, that calms<br/>And speaks of heaven. [each fear,</p> <p>5 And every virtue we possess,<br/>And every victory won,<br/>And every thought of holiness,<br/>Are His alone.</p> <p>6 Spirit of purity and grace,<br/>Our weakness, pitying, see:<br/>O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,<br/>And worthier Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

Harriet Auber, 1829

## **II9** (LUX VESPERA) 7. 7. 7. 5.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,<br/>Taught by Thee, we covet most,<br/>Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,<br/>Holy, heavenly love.</p> <p>2 Faith, that mountains could remove,<br/>Tongues of earth or heaven above,<br/>Knowledge, all things, empty prove,<br/>Without heavenly love.</p> <p>3 Love is kind, and suffers long;<br/>Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;<br/>Love than death itself more strong;<br/>Therefore, give us love.</p> | <p>4 Faith will vanish into sight;<br/>Hope be emptied in delight;<br/>Love in heaven will shine more bright;<br/>Therefore, give us love.</p> <p>5 Faith and hope and love we see,<br/>Joining hand in hand, agree;<br/>But the greatest of the three,<br/>And the best, is love.</p> <p>6 From the overshadowing<br/>Of Thy gold and silver wing,<br/>Shed on us who to Thee sing<br/>Holy, heavenly love.</p> |
|---|--|

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 186r

# Invocation and Praise

**I20** ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

I. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers ;

Kin-dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - MEN.

2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys ;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

**LUX VESPERA** 7. 7. 7. 5.

Graham W. White, 1885

I Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we cov - et most,

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heaven-ly love. A - MEN.

# The Holy Ghost

**I21 HERMON** C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

1 Thy home is with the hum-ble, Lord; The sim-plest are the best;

Thy lod-ging is in child-like hearts; Thou makest there Thy rest. A - MEN.

2 Dear Comforter, eternal Love,  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for Thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine  
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?  
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,  
And let it be Thy rest.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1849: verse 1, ll. 2, 4, verse 2, l. 4, verse 3, l. 4, alt.

## Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

**I22 DUNDEE** C. M.

Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553

1 How pre-cious is the book Di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given:

Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heaven. A-MEN.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

# Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

**123** MUNICH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. G. C. Störl's Württemberg Gesangbuch, 1711 :  
Harmonized by Mendelssohn

1 O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,  
2 The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift Di - vine,

O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing. O Light of our dark sky;  
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,  
It is the gold - en cas - ket, Where gems of truth are stored;

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - MEN.  
It is the heaven - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing 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.

# The Holy Ghost

124 ST. CYPRIAN 6. 6. 6. 6.

Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1862

1 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.

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, Bart., 1861

ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837

1 The Spir-it breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Pre-cepts and prom-i-

ses af ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light, A sanc - ti - fy - ing light. A - MEN.

# Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures

**125 BREAD OF LIFE** 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

William F. Sherwin, 1877

I Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word. A-MEN.

Copyright by J. H. Vincent

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,  
To me—to me—  
As Thou didst bless the bread  
By Galilee;

Then shall all bondage cease,  
All fetters fall;  
And I shall find my peace,  
My All in all.

Mary Ann Lathbury, 1877

**126 (ORTONVILLE)** C. M.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun:  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The Hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat:

His truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory break upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779

## The Holy Ghost

I27 UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 The heavens de-clare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines;

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy Name in fair - er lines. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The rolling sun, the changing light,<br/>And nights and days, Thy power confess;<br/>But the blest volume Thou hast writ<br/>Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.</p>    | <p>4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest<br/>Till through the world Thy truth has<br/>run;<br/>Till Christ has all the nations blest<br/>That see the light, or feel the sun.</p> |
| <p>3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise<br/>Round the whole earth, and never stand;<br/>So when Thy truth began its race,<br/>It touched and glanced on every land.</p> | <p>5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;<br/>Bless the dark world with heavenly<br/>light:<br/>Thy gospel makes the simple wise,<br/>Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.</p>   |

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

## The Church

I28 (THE SEVEN WORDS) 7. 7. 7. 6.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, with Thy Church abide,<br/>Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,<br/>While on earth her faith is tried:<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p>       | <p>4 May her lamp of truth be bright,<br/>Bid her bear aloft its light<br/>Through the realms of heathen night:<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> |
| <p>2 Keep her life and doctrine pure;<br/>Grant her patience to endure,<br/>Trusting in Thy promise sure:<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p>            | <p>5 May she holy triumphs win,<br/>Overthrow the hosts of sin,<br/>Gather all the nations in:<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p>                  |
| <p>3 Save her love from growing cold,<br/>Make her watchmen strong and bold,<br/>Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> | <p>6 May she soon all glorious be,<br/>Spotless and from wrinkle free,<br/>Pure and bright and worthy Thee:<br/>We beseech Thee, hear us.</p>     |

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1871: alt. Hy. Anc. and Mod. 1875

# The Church

129 SHIRLAND S. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1865

I I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A - MEN.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God :  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, 1800

THE SEVEN WORDS 7. 7. 6.

Arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

I Je - sus, with Thy Church a - bide, Be her Sav - iour, Lord, and Guide,

While on earth her faith is tried : We be - seech Thee, hear us. A - MEN.

# The Church

130 AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
2 E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:  
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;

From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;  
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - MEN.  
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore oppressed,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distressed,  
Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

# The Church

131 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Joseph Haydn, 1797

Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

He whose word can - not be brok - en Formed thee for His own a - bode :

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

With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. A - MEN.

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, while 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.

# The Church

132 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708

1 O where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-MEN.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

Though earthquake shocks are threat-  
And tempests are abroad; [ening her,

3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy Church, O God;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, 1839: alt. and arr.

BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830-1869)

1 Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feed-ing With the shep-herd's kind-est care,

All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo-som share; A-MEN.

# Baptism

**I33** SILOAM C. M.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1842

1 By cool Si-lo-am's shad-y rill How sweet the lil-y grows!

How sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew-y rose! A - MEN.

- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod ;  
Whose secret heart, with influence  
sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away :
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
crowned,  
Were all alike Divine ;
- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812 (Text of 1827)

**I34** (BROCKLESBURY) 8. 7. 8. 7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey ;  
Let Thy tenderness, so loving, [way.  
Keep them through life's dangerous
- 4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

# The Church

**135** BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate (1814-1868)

I Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days! A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far<br/>Let evening blush to own a star:<br/>He sheds the beams of light Divine<br/>O'er this benighted soul of mine.</p> <p>3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon<br/>Let midnight be ashamed of noon:<br/>'Tis midnight with my soul till He,<br/>Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.</p> | <p>4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend<br/>On whom my hopes of heaven depend!<br/>No; when I blush, be this my shame,<br/>That I no more revere His Name.</p> <p>5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may<br/>When I've no guilt to wash away,<br/>No tear to wipe, no good to crave,<br/>No fears to quell, no soul to save.</p> <p>6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—<br/>Till then I boast a Saviour slain;<br/>And O may this my glory be,<br/>That Christ is not ashamed of me.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765: alt. Rev. Benjamin Francis, 1787

**136** (ROCKINGHAM NEW) L. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 NOW I resolve with all my heart,<br/>With all my powers, to serve the<br/>Lord;<br/>Nor from His precepts e'er depart<br/>Whose service is a rich reward.</p> <p>2 O be His service all my joy;<br/>Around let my example shine,<br/>Till others love the blest employ,<br/>And join in labors so Divine.</p> | <p>3 Be this the purpose of my soul,<br/>My solemn, my determined choice,<br/>To yield to His supreme control,<br/>And in His kind commands rejoice.</p> <p>4 O may I never faint nor tire, [ways:<br/>Nor wandering leave His sacred<br/>Great God, accept my soul's desire,<br/>And give me strength to live Thy<br/>praise.</p> |
|--|--|

Anne Steele, 1760: verse 1, l. 1, alt.

# Confession of Faith

**137 DALLAS** 7.7.7.7.

Arr. from Maria L. Cherubini (1760-1842)

1 Thine for ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;

Thine for ev - er may we be Here and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife;  
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever! Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

3 Thine for ever! O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude, 1847

**ROCKINGHAM NEW** L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 Now I re - solve with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord;

Nor from His pre - cepts e'er de - part Whose ser - vice is a rich re - ward. A - MEN.

## The Church

138 EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846

I I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause,

Main - tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross. A - MEN.

- 2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name,  
His Name is all my trust;  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.
- 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

## The Lord's Supper

139 (EVAN) C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee;
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me:  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1825

# The Lord's Supper

140 MORECAMBE IO. IO. IO. IO.

1 Not wor- thy, Lord, to gath - er up the crumbs With trem - bling hand that

The first system of musical notation is in 4/4 time. The treble clef staff contains the melody, and the bass clef staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1 Not wor- thy, Lord, to gath - er up the crumbs With trem - bling hand that".

from Thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en sin - ner comes

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "from Thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en sin - ner comes".

To plead Thy prom - ise and o - bey Thy call. A - MEN.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "To plead Thy prom - ise and o - bey Thy call. A - MEN."

- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,  
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;  
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,  
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,  
And I could face the cold, rough world again;  
And with that treasure in my heart could brook  
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.
- 4 I hear Thy voice; Thou bidd'st me come and rest;  
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;  
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest  
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,  
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;  
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,  
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

# The Church

141 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

1 Shep-herd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy chos-en pil - grim flock

With man - na in the wil - der-ness, With wa - ter from the rock. A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,<br/>As 'Thou when here below,<br/>Our souls the joys celestial seek<br/>Which from 'Thy sorrows flow.</p> <p>3 We would not live by bread alone,<br/>But by that word of grace,<br/>In strength of which we travel on<br/>To our abiding-place.</p> | <p>4 Be known to us in breaking bread,<br/>But do not then depart ;<br/>Saviour, abide with us, and spread<br/>Thy table in our heart.</p> <p>5 There sup with us in love Divine ;<br/>Thy body and Thy blood,<br/>That living bread, that heavenly wine,<br/>Be our immortal food.</p> |
|--|---|

Verses 1, 2, 3, Anon. : verses 4, 5, James Montgomery, 1825

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

1 My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread? And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?

Thith-er be all Thy chil-dren led, And let them all its sweet - ness know. A - MEN.

# The Lord's Supper

**I42** QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866

1 Je-sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,

From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - MEN.

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ; 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ; Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good, Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
 To them that find Thee All in all. Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread, 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,  
 And long to feast upon Thee still ; Make all our moments calm and bright ;  
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head, Chase the dark night of sin away,  
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill. Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, c. 1150: arr. Tr. Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

**I43** (ROCKINGHAM OLD) L. M.

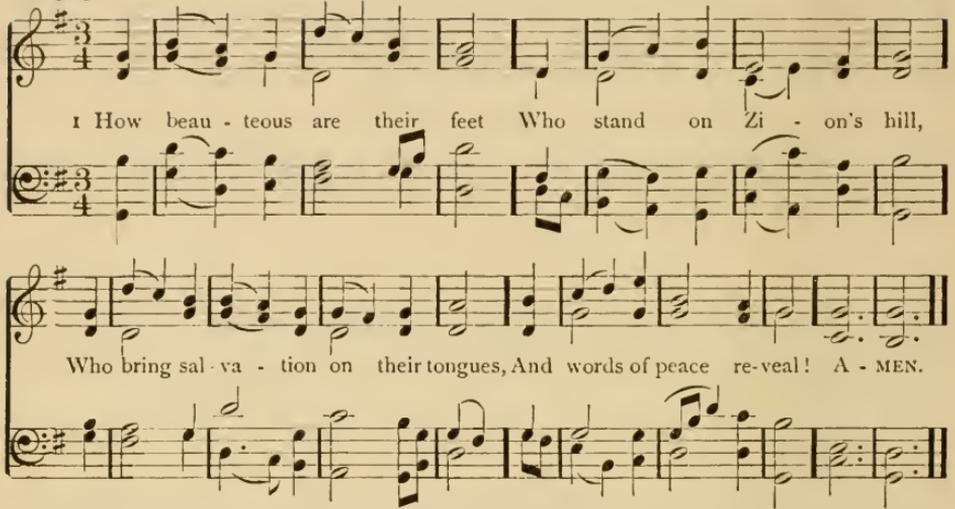
- 1 MY God, and is Thy table spread? 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
 And does Thy cup with love o'erflow? Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
 Thither be all Thy children led, Was not for you the Victim slain?  
 And let them all its sweetness know. Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 2 Hail, sacred feast which Jesus makes, 4 O let Thy table honored be,  
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood! And furnished well with joyful guests;  
 Thrice happy he who here partakes And may each soul salvation see  
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food! That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

# The Church

**I44** THATCHER S. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1732



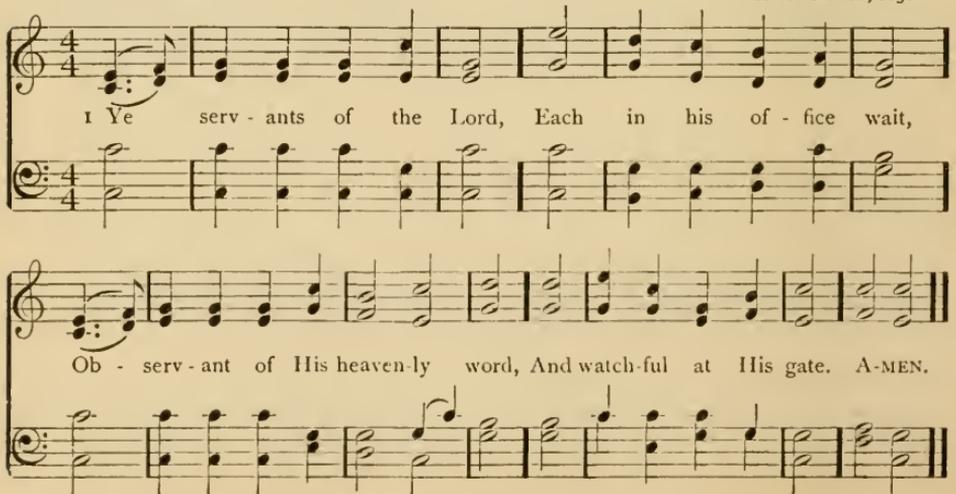
1 How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill,  
Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal! A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 How charming is their voice !<br/>How sweet the tidings are !<br/>"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;<br/>He reigns and triumphs here."</p> | <p>4 How blessèd are our eyes<br/>That see this heavenly light !<br/>Prophets and kings desired it long,<br/>But died without the sight.</p> |
| <p>3 How happy are our ears<br/>That hear this joyful sound,<br/>Which kings and prophets waited for,<br/>And sought, but never found !</p>   | <p>5 'The watchmen join their voice,<br/>And tuneful notes employ ;<br/>Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,<br/>And deserts learn the joy.</p>  |

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

**LABAN** S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



1 Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait,  
Ob - serv - ant of His heaven - ly word, And watch - ful at His gate. A - MEN.

## Consecration and Service

### 145 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST S. M.

Rev. William P. Merrill, 1895

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the final two lines. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody.

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,<br/>And in His mighty power,<br/>Who in the strength of Jesus trusts<br/>Is more than conqueror.</p> <p>3 Stand then in His great might,<br/>With all His strength endued ;<br/>But take, to arm you for the fight,<br/>The panoply of God :</p> | <p>4 That, having all things done,<br/>And all your conflicts passed,<br/>Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,<br/>And stand entire at last.</p> <p>5 From strength to strength go on ;<br/>Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;<br/>Tread all the powers of darkness down,<br/>And win the well-fought day.</p> <p>6 Still let the Spirit cry<br/>In all His soldiers, " Come,"<br/>Till Christ the Lord descends from high,<br/>And takes the conquerors home.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749

### 146 (LABAN) S. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 YE servants of the Lord,<br/>Each in his office wait,<br/>Observant of His heavenly word,<br/>And watchful at His gate.</p> <p>2 Let all your lamps be bright,<br/>And trim the golden flame ;<br/>Gird up your loins, as in His sight,<br/>For awful is His Name.</p> <p>3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,<br/>And while we speak, He's near ;</p> | <p>Mark the first signal of His hand,<br/>And ready all appear.</p> <p>4 O happy servant he<br/>In such a posture found !<br/>He shall his Lord with rapture see,<br/>And be with honor crowned.</p> <p>5 Christ shall the banquet spread<br/>With His own royal hand,<br/>And raise that favorite servant's head<br/>Amidst the angelic band.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

# The Church

**I47** CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

I Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own. A - MEN.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter  
 rest:  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me  
 While Thy love is left to me;  
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 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 re-  
 pine?

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1824 (Text of 1833)

# Consecration and Service

I48 ELLESDIE S. 7. S. 7. D.

Arr. from Mozart, by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

1 Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?

FINE.  
Fields are white, and harv - ests wait - ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"  
D.S.—Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me."

D.S.  
Loud and long the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich reward He of - fers free; A-MEN.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite;  
And the least you give for Jesus  
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you:  
Take the task He gives you gladly,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I; send me, send me."

# The Church

I49 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross ;  
2 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey ;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss :  
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day :

From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,  
Ye that are men now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes ;

Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - MEN.  
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

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.

# Consecration and Service

**150** LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

I O broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri - um - phant songs to raise;

Till heaven on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise:

Ten thou - sand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free;

The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee. A - MEN.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious  
 Shall be the conflict's close;  
 The cross hath been victorious,  
 And shall be o'er its foes:  
 Faith is our battle-token;  
 Our Leader all controls;  
 Our trophies, fetters broken;  
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us, Lord Jesus,  
 To Thee all praise be due,  
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
 Has freed our brethren too.  
 Not unto us: in glory  
 The angels catch the strain,  
 And cast their crowns before Thee  
 Exultingly again.

# The Church

**151** FERGUSON S. M.

George Kingsley, 1843

1 Dear Lord and Mas - ter mine, Thy hap - py serv - ant see;

My Conqueror, with what joy Di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee ! A - MEN.

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,  
To feel Thy gracious bands ;  
Sweetly restrained by Thy care,  
And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,  
No bond would I unbind ;  
Within the limits of Thy love  
Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,  
But still with Thee, my God ;  
At every step my blindness own,  
And ask of Thee the road.

5 Dear Lord and Master mine,  
Still keep Thy servant true ;  
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,  
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

Thomas H. Gill, 1868

**ST. GEORGE** S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1843

1 Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear. A - MEN.

## Consecration and Service

**I52** PATMOS 7.7.7.7.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1869

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. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Take my hands, and let them move<br/>At the impulse of Thy love.<br/>Take my feet, and let them be<br/>Swift and beautiful for Thee.</p> <p>3 Take my voice, and let me sing,<br/>Always, only, for my King.<br/>Take my lips, and let them be<br/>Filled with messages from Thee.</p> <p>4 Take my silver and my gold;<br/>Not a mite would I withhold.</p> | <p>Take my intellect, and use<br/>Every power as Thou shalt choose.</p> <p>5 Take my will, and make it Thine;<br/>It shall be no longer mine.<br/>Take my heart, it is Thine own;<br/>It shall be Thy royal throne.</p> <p>6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour<br/>At Thy feet its treasure-store.<br/>Take myself, and I will be<br/>Ever, only, all for Thee.</p> |
|---|---|

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

## **I53** (ST. GEORGE) S. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,<br/>Thy mighty arm make bare;<br/>Speak with the voice that wakes the<br/>And make Thy people hear. [dead,</p> <p>2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,<br/>Disturb this sleep of death;<br/>Quicken the smouldering embers now<br/>By Thine almighty breath.</p> <p>3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,<br/>Create soul-thirst for Thee;</p> | <p>And hungering for the Bread of Life<br/>O may our spirits be.</p> <p>4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,<br/>Exalt Thy precious Name;<br/>And, by the Holy Ghost, our love<br/>For Thee and Thine inflame.</p> <p>5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,<br/>Give pentecostal showers:<br/>The glory shall be all Thine own,<br/>The blessing, Lord, be ours.</p> |
|---|---|

Albert Midlane, 1858

# The Church

**I54** LOWTON 8. 7. 8. 7.

Albert Lowe, 1875

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

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol - low Me;" A-MEN.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kin-  
dred,  
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, 1852: verse 2, l. 1, alt.

**STOCKWELL** 8. 7. 8. 7.

Darius E. Jones, 1851

I He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find-eth mer - cy from a - bove: A - MEN.

## Consecration and Service

**155** UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848

1 Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go,

Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Onward, Christians, onward go,<br/>Join the war, and face the foe;<br/>Faint not: much doth yet remain;<br/>Dreary is the long campaign.</p> <p>3 Shrink not, Christians: will ye yield?<br/>Will ye quit the painful field?<br/>Will ye flee in danger's hour?<br/>Know ye not your Captain's power?</p> <p>6 Onward then to battle move;<br/>More than conquerors ye shall prove:<br/>Though opposed by many a foe,<br/>Christian soldiers, onward go.</p> | <p>4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;<br/>March, in heavenly armor clad;<br/>Fight, nor think the battle long;<br/>Victory soon shall tune your song.</p> <p>5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,<br/>Soon shall every tear be dry;<br/>Let not woe your course impede,<br/>Great your strength, if great your need.</p> |
|---|---|

First 10 ll., Henry K. White, 1806; alt. Rev. Ed. Bickersteth, 1833, and  
Rev. W. J. Hall, 1836: the remainder, Frances S. Colquhoun, 1827

**156** (STOCKWELL) 8. 7. 8. 7.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,<br/>Bearing precious seed in love,<br/>Never tiring, never sleeping,<br/>Findeth mercy from above:</p> <p>2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,<br/>Bright the rays celestial shine;<br/>Precious fruits will thus be given<br/>Through an influence all Divine.</p> | <p>3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;<br/>Let no fears thy soul annoy;<br/>Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,<br/>Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.</p> <p>4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,<br/>See the rising grain appear:<br/>Look again; the fields are whitening,<br/>For the harvest-time is near.</p> |
|--|---|

# The Church

157 TRUE-HEARTED 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain

Josiah Booth, 1890

I True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy

grace we will be; Un-der Thy standard, ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy

REFRAIN.

strength, we will bat - tle for Thee. Peal out the watchword, and si-lence it nev - er,

Song of our spir - its re - joic - ing and free; "True-hearted, whole-hearted,

now and for ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be." A - MEN.

## Consecration and Service

- 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted ! fullest allegiance  
 Yielding henceforth to our glorious King ;  
 Valiant endeavor and loving obedience  
 Freely and joyously now would we bring.—REF.
- 3 True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story ;  
 Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,  
 Sinful and treacherous ; yet, for Thy glory,  
 Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.—REF.
- 4 Whole-hearted ! Saviour, beloved and glorious,  
 Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,  
 Over our wills and affections victorious,  
 Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.—REF.

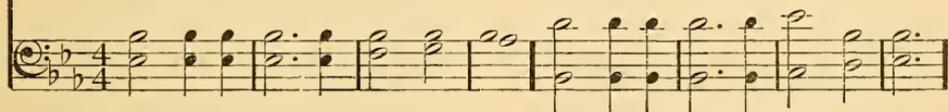
Frances R. Havergal, 1874

### 158 HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874



1 Through good re - port and e - vil, Lord, Still guid-ed by Thy faith - ful word,



Our staff, our buck - ler, and our sword, We fol - low Thee. A - MEN.



- 2 In silence of the lonely night,  
 In the full glow of day's clear light,  
 Through life's strange windings, dark  
 We follow Thee. [or bright,
- 3 With enemies on every side,  
 We lean on Thee, the Crucified ;  
 Forsaking all on earth beside,  
 We follow Thee.
- 4 O Master, point Thou out the way,  
 Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray ;  
 Then in the path that leads to day  
 We follow Thee.
- 5 Whom have we in the heaven above,  
 Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love ?  
 Still in Thy light we onward move ;  
 We follow Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

# The Church

159 WILLIAMS L. M.

George Kingsley, 1853

1 Go, la - bor on: spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;

It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still? A - MEN.

2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee  
not;  
The Master praises:—what are men?

3 Go, labor on: enough while here  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on while it is day:  
The world's dark night is hastening on.  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738

1 So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;

So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doctrine all Di - vine. A - MEN.

## Consecration and Service

**100** CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

1 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 err - ing chil - dren lost and lone. A-MEN.

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

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in  
Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost im-  
part ;  
And wing my words, that they may  
reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and  
where ;  
Until Thy blessèd face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

*Frances R. Havergal, 1872*

**101** (WAREHAM) L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all Divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God ;  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of  
sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
While justice, temperance, truth, and  
love,  
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessèd hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord ;  
And faith stands leaning on His word.

*Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709 : verse 2, l. 3, alt.*

# The Church

162 ANGEL'S STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann, 1883

I 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,

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - MEN.

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.

# Consecration and Service

163 TENNENT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

I Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;

Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home:

Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,

And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song. A - MEN.

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2 Lead on, O King Eternal,  
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,  
And Holiness shall whisper  
The sweet Amen of peace;  
For not with swords loud clashing,  
Nor roll of stirring drums,  
But deeds of love and mercy,  
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal:  
We follow, not with fears;  
For gladness breaks like morning  
Where'er Thy face appears;  
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;  
We journey in its light:  
The crown awaits the conquest;  
Lead on, O God of might.

Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

# The Church

164 ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. 121.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1871

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

Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

REFRAIN.  
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

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

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

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

## Consecration and Service

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

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

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

**165** KOCHER 7. 6. 7. 6.

Justin H Knecht, 1799

1 O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread,

With Je - sus as your Fel - low, To Je - sus as your Head. A - MEN.

2 O happy if ye labor  
As Jesus did for men ;  
O happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then.

4 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure,

3 The cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due ;  
The crown that Jesus weareth  
He weareth it for you.

5 What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth ?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth ?

6 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize.

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862 : based on Joseph the Hymnographer, c. 840

# The Church

166 COLYTON 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

William H. Monk, 1831

1 On our way re - joic - ing, As we home - ward move,  
2 If with hon - est heart - ed Love for God and man,

Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love.  
Day by day Thou find us Do - ing all we can,

Is there grief or sad - ness? Thou our Joy shalt be;  
Thou who giv'st the seed - time Wilt give large in - crease,

Is our sky be - cloud - ed? There is light in Thee. A - MEN.  
Crown the head with bless - ings, Fill the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go ;  
Victor is our Leader,  
Vanquished is the foe :  
Christ without, our safety ;  
Christ within, our joy ;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy ?

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing ;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring ;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore ;  
On our way rejoicing  
Ever, evermore.

# Consecration and Service

167 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?  
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,  
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - MEN.  
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 A glorious band, the chosen few<br/>On whom the Spirit came, [knew,<br/>Twelve valiant saints, their hope they<br/>And mocked the cross and flame:<br/>They met the tyrant's brandished steel,<br/>The lion's gory mane;<br/>They bowed their necks the death to<br/>Who follows in their train? [feel:</p> | <p>4 A noble army, men and boys,<br/>The matron and the maid,<br/>Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,<br/>In robes of light arrayed:<br/>They climbed the steep ascent of heaven<br/>Through peril, toil, and pain;<br/>O God, to us may grace be given<br/>To follow in their train.</p> |
|--|--|

# The Church

168 MAITLAND C. M.

George N. Allen, 1850

1 Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 How happy are the saints above,<br/>Who once went sorrowing here ;<br/>But now they taste unmingled love,<br/>And joy without a tear.</p> <p>3 The consecrated cross I'll bear<br/>Till death shall set me free ;<br/>And then go home my crown to wear,<br/>For there's a crown for me.</p> | <p>4 Upon the crystal pavement, down<br/>At Jesus' piercèd feet,<br/>Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,<br/>And His dear Name repeat.</p> <p>5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!<br/>O resurrection day!<br/>Ye angels, from the stars flash down,<br/>And bear my soul away.</p> |
|---|---|

Verse 1, Rev. Thomas Shepherd, 1693, alt.; verse 2, anon., c. 1810;  
verse 3, anon., 1849; verses 4, 5, Rev. Charles Beecher, 1855

ST. MARK C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett (1805-1876)

1 O still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,

"More reap - ers for white har - vest fields, More la - borers for the Lord." A - MEN.

## Consecration and Service

**169** WINTER TON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1892

I Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee : In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-

fil its vow, Some of-fering bring Thee now, Something for Thee. A - MEN.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat  
Pleading for me,  
Upward in faith I look,  
Jesus, to Thee :  
Help me the cross to bear,  
Thy wondrous love declare,  
Some song to raise, or prayer,  
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,  
Likeness to Thee,  
That each departing day  
Henceforth may see  
Some work of love begun,  
Some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won,  
Something for Thee.

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, 1862

**I70** (ST. MARK) C. M.

1 O STILL in accents sweet and strong  
Sounds forth the ancient word,  
"More reapers for white harvest fields,  
More laborers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no  
more  
In selfish ease we lie,  
But, girded for our Father's work,  
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs'  
blood,  
And prayers of saints were sown,  
We, to their labors entering in,  
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has  
To do Thy will we come; [stirred,  
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,  
And bear our harvest home.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1864

# The Church

171 WORK SONG 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Lowell Mason, 1864

I Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - MEN.

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2 Work, for the night is coming :  
Work through the sunny noon ;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon ;  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store ;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming :  
Under the sunset skies,  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies ;  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more ;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, c. 1860 : alt

# Charities and Missions

172 FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

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

o - verborne, Sin - sick and sor - row-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.

# The Church

**173** ELMHURST S. S. S. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887

1 O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pit - y in - fi - nite,

Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. A - MEN.

2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen man might live thereby,  
O hear us, for to Thee we cry  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;  
Then teach us, whatso'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;  
That every word and deed and thought  
May work a work for Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, when help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
All those who live to Thee.

Rev. Godfrey Thring, 1877: verse 6, l. 4, alt.

**174** (REMSEN) C. M.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure;  
And let love's treasures still be spent,  
Like His, upon the poor.
- 2 Like Him, through scenes of deep  
distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their crowded loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;  
And, that Thy followers may be  
tried,  
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Mean are all offerings we can make;  
Yet Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

Rev. William Crowell, 1831

# Charities and Missions

**175** REDHEAD No. 45 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French Melody : arr. by R. Redhead, 1853

I Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright;

Might - y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight. A - MEN.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky;  
Let it float there wide unfurled;  
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.

5 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

Bishop William W. How, 1854

REMSEN C. M.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

I Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure;

And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A - MEN.

# The Church

**I76** LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. S. S.

Lewis Edson, 1782

1 Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-ern sound; Let all the nations know.

To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,  
The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, The year of Ju-

The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home. A - MEN.  
bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran - somed

2 Jesus, our Great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1750

**I77** (VIGIL) S. M.

1 O PRAISE our God to-day,  
His constant mercy bless,  
Whose love hath helped us on our way,  
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts  
Our daily toil to bear;  
His grace alone inspires our hearts  
Each other's load to share.

3 O happiest work below,  
Earnest of joy above,  
To sweeten many a cup of woe  
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it ne our choice  
This blessed rule to keep,  
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep."

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1861

# Charities and Missions

**178** SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

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. A - MEN.

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

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

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.

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.

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

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, 1864

**VIGIL** S. M.

Arr. for St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865

1 O praise our God to - day, His con - stant mer - cy bless,

Whose love hath helped us on 'our way, And grant-ed us suc - cess. A - MEN.

# The Church

179 CALL THEM IN 8. 7. 8. 7. D. with Refrain

Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger

1 Call them in! the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand-ers from the fold;

Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
*(alto)* weigh their worth with gold?

Call them in! the Jew, the Gen-tile; Bid the stran - ger to the feast:

Call them in! the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the least.

REFRAIN.

Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

## Charities and Missions

Bid them come and rest with Je-sus! He is wait-ing: call them in! A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Call them in! the little children,<br/>Ere they wander far away;<br/>Wait, O wait not for to-morrow;<br/>Christ would have them come to-day.<br/>Follow on! the Lamb is leading;<br/>He has conquered,—we shall win:<br/>Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;<br/>He will heal them: call them in!—REF.</p> | <p>3 Call them in! the broken-hearted,<br/>Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:<br/>Speak Love's message, low and tender;<br/>'Twas for sinners Jesus came.<br/>See! the shadows lengthen 'round us,<br/>Soon the day-dawn will begin;<br/>Can you leave the lost and lonely?<br/>Christ is coming: call them in!—REF.</p> |
|--|---|

Anna Shipton, 1862: arr.

**180** INASMUCH 8. 8. 8.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

I O daugh-ters blest of Gal - i - lee, With Je - sus chose ye

well to be, Thrice hap - py ho - ly com - pan-y! A - MEN.

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 O joy, to see that Master dear!<br/>O joy, to live with Him so near!<br/>O joy, that gentle voice to hear!</p> <p>3 O more than joy, to that dear Lord,<br/>In purest, deepest love adored,<br/>All lowly service to afford!</p> <p>4 O Jesus, throned above the height,<br/>Adoring troops of angels bright<br/>Wait on Thy bidding day and night:</p> | <p>5 Thy sacred form we cannot see,<br/>Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee<br/>Each lowly act of charity.</p> <p>6 For while 'mid want and woe we move,<br/>And tend Thy poor in gentle love,<br/>We minister to Thee above.</p> <p>7 O gracious Jesus, we confess<br/>Our poor cold love, our nothingness:<br/>Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless,</p> |
|--|---|

Bishop William W. How, 1867

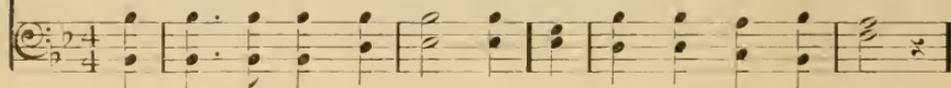
# The Church

181 WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. 1).

George J. Webb, 1837



1 Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!  
2 He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth;



Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!  
And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth;



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,  
Be - fore Him on the moun - tains Shall peace, the her - ald, go,



To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.  
And right - eous - ness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow. A - MEN.



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 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.

## Charities and Missions

**182** (WEBB) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THE morning light is breaking,<br/>The darkness disappears;<br/>The sons of earth are waking<br/>To penitential tears;<br/>Each breeze that sweeps the ocean<br/>Brings tidings from afar<br/>Of nations in commotion,<br/>Prepared for Zion's war.</p> | <p>2 See heathen nations bending<br/>Before the God we love,<br/>And thousand hearts ascending<br/>In gratitude above;<br/>While sinners, now confessing,<br/>The gospel call obey,<br/>And seek the Saviour's blessing,<br/>A nation in a day.</p> |
|--|---|

- 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, 1832

**183** WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Fling out the banner! angels bend<br/>In anxious silence o'er the sign,<br/>And vainly seek to comprehend<br/>The wonder of the love Divine.</p>                 | <p>4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,<br/>That sink and perish in the strife,<br/>Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,<br/>And spring immortal into life.</p> |
| <p>3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands<br/>Shall see from far the glorious sight,<br/>And nations, crowding to be born,<br/>Baptize their spirits in its light.</p> | <p>5 Fling out the banner! let it float<br/>Skyward and seaward, high and wide,<br/>Our glory, only in the cross;<br/>Our only hope, the Crucified!</p>             |

Bishop George W. Doane, 1848

# The Church

184 SCHUBERT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Schubert by William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 And is the time ap - proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,  
2 Shall Jew and Gen - tile meet - ing From many a dis - tant shore,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?  
A - round one al - tar kneel - ing, One com - mon Lord a - dore?

Shall ev - ery i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?  
Shall all that now di - vides us Re - move, and pass a - way

And ev - ery prayer be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A - MEN.  
Like shad - ows of the morn - ing Be - fore the blaze of day?

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3 Shall all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union  
In a blest land of love?  
Shall war be learned no longer?  
Shall strife and tumult cease?  
All earth His blessed kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning,  
Come with thy cheering ray;  
When shall the morning brighten,  
The shadows flee away?  
O sweet anticipation!  
It cheers the watchers on  
To pray, and hope, and labor,  
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

# Charities and Missions

185 MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1823

1 From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,  
2 What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,  
Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,  
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - MEN.  
The hea - then in his blind - ness 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.

# The Church

**186 WILDERSMOUTH** 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1879

1 O'er the gloom - y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray,

Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo - rious day;

Send the gos - pel To the earth's re - mot - est bounds. A - - - MEN.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
And from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night,  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting, wide dominions  
Multiply and still increase;  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

Rev. William Williams, 1772: verse 1, re-written; verse 2, l. 2, and verse 3, alt.

## **187 (MISSIONARY CHANT)** L. M.

1 YE Christian heralds, go proclaim  
Salvation through Emmanuel's Name;  
To distant climes the tidings bear,  
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

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  
And crown our Jesus Lord of all. [fall,

Rev. Bourne H. Draper, 1803: verse 1, ll. 1, 3, verse 2, l. 1, alt.

# Charities and Missions

**188** GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815

1 Look from the sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;

In pit - y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed, in this land of light. A - MEN.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened  
old,  
A wandering flock, and bring them all  
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,  
On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,  
Shall grow with living waters green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant, 1859

## MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832

1 Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go pro - claim Sal - va - tion through Em-man-uel's Name;

To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there. A - MEN.

# The Church

189 WATCHMAN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are :

Trav-eller, o'er you moun-tain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!

Watch-man, doth its beau-teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?

Trav-eller, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el. A-MEN.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
Higher yet that star ascends :  
Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course prolongs.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
Traveller, ages are its own,  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn :  
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home :  
Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo, the Son of God is come !

# Charities and Missions

190 LATTER DAY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Plymouth Collection, 1855

1 We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand and aw - ful time ;

In an age on a - ges tell - ing, To be liv - ing is sub - lime.

Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray :

Hark! what soundeth is cre - a - tion's Groan - ing for its lat - ter day. A - MEN.

- 2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding ;  
Thou hast but an hour to fight ;  
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,  
On, right onward, for the right !  
On ! let all the soul within you  
For the truth's sake go abroad ;  
Strike ! let every nerve and sinew  
Tell on ages, tell for God.

# The Church

**191** PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua, c. 1830

1 Je-sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - neys

run; His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more,

Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - MEN.

4 Blessings about where'er  
He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose  
his chains,

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;

The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;

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, 1719

**192** (GERMANY) L. M.

1 O CHRIST, our true and only Light,  
Illumine those who sit in night;  
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,  
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 And all who else have strayed from  
Thee,  
O gently seek; Thy healing be  
To every wounded conscience given;  
And let them also share Thy heaven.

3 Shine on the darkened and the cold;  
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold;  
Unite those now who walk apart;  
Confirm the weak and doubting heart:

4 So they with us may evermore  
Such grace with wondering thanks  
adore,  
And endless praise to Thee be given  
By all the Church in earth and heaven.

Rev. Johann Heermann, 1630. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

# The Communion of Saints

193 ALMSGIVING S. S. S. 4.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1865

1 Fa - ther of all, from land and sea The na - tions sing, "Thine,

Lord, are we; Countless in num - ber, but in Thee May we be one." A - MEN.

2 O Son of God, whose love so free  
For men did make Thee Man to be,  
United to our God in Thee  
May we be one.

4 Join high with low, join young with old,  
In love that never waxes cold;  
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,  
Make us all one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,  
Making them one.

5 O Spirit blest, who from above  
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,  
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;  
O make us one.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1871

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815

1 O Christ, our true and on - ly Light, Il - lu - mine those who sit in night;

Let those a - far now hear Thy voice, And in Thy fold with us re-joyce. A - MEN.

# The Church

## 194 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790

1 Chil - dren of the heav - en - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing ;

Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways. A - MEN.

2 We are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest ;  
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

Rev. John Cennick, 1742

## ROSEFIELD 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1834

1 { Bless - ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own blood ;  
They are ran - somed from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have :

With them numbered may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

# The Communion of Saints

**195** BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

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

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne<br/>We pour our ardent prayers ;<br/>Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,<br/>Our comforts and our cares.</p> <p>3 We share our mutual woes,<br/>Our mutual burdens bear,<br/>And often for each other flows<br/>The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we asunder part,<br/>It gives us inward pain ;<br/>But we shall still be joined in heart,<br/>And hope to meet again.</p> <p>5 This glorious hope revives<br/>Our courage by the way,<br/>While each in expectation lives,<br/>And longs to see the day.</p> <p>6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,<br/>And sin, we shall be free ;<br/>And perfect love and friendship reign<br/>Through all eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. John Fawcett, 1782

**196** (ROSEFIELD) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 BLESSÈD are the sons of God,<br/>They are bought with Christ's own<br/>blood ;<br/>They are ransomed from the grave,<br/>Life eternal they shall have :<br/>With them numbered may we be,<br/>Here and in eternity.</p> <p>2 They are justified by grace,<br/>They enjoy the Saviour's peace ;<br/>All their sins are washed away,</p> | <p>They shall stand in God's great day:<br/>With them numbered may we be,<br/>Here and in eternity.</p> <p>3 They are lights upon the earth,<br/>Children of a heavenly birth ;<br/>One with God, with Jesus one,<br/>Glory is in them begun :<br/>With them numbered may we be,<br/>Here and in eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Joseph Humphreys, 1743 :  
arr. and verse 2, l. 2, alt.

## The Church

**197** BROWN C. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844

1 Come, let us join our friends a - bove That have ob - tained the prize,

And on the ea - gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise; A - MEN.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King  
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death;

4 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;

Part of His host hath crossed the flood,  
And part is crossing now.

5 His militant, embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach that heavenly land:

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1759

**198** (NORTHREPPS) C. M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
And bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;  
They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

# The Communion of Saints

**199** WOOLWICH S. M.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876

1 O what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be When we have borne the cross. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Keen was the trial once,<br/>Bitter the cup of woe,<br/>When martyred saints, baptized in blood,<br/>Christ's sufferings shared below.</p> <p>3 Bright is their glory now,<br/>Boundless their joy above,<br/>Where, on the bosom of their God,<br/>They rest in perfect love.</p> | <p>4 Lord, may that grace be ours,<br/>Like them in faith to bear<br/>All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,<br/>May be our portion here.</p> <p>5 Enough, if Thou at last<br/>The word of blessing give,<br/>And let us rest beneath Thy feet,<br/>Where saints and angels live.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1852

**NORTHPREPS** C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see

The saints a - bove, how great their joys, And bright their glo - ries be. A - MEN.

# The Church

200 SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1869

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

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: "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,

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "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.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "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 !
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia !
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia !
- 7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;  
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia !

# The Grace of God in Christ

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

Bishop William W. How, 1864

201 DEVOTION 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

John H. Gower, 1895

1 Thy life was given for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,

That I might ransomed be, And quickened from the dead:

*rit.* . . . . .  
Thy life was given for me; What have I given for Thee? A - MEN.

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- 2 Long years were spent for me  
In weariness and woe,  
That through eternity  
Thy glory I might know:  
Long years were spent for me;  
Have I spent one for Thee?
- 3 And Thou hast brought to me  
Down from Thy home above  
Salvation full and free,  
Thy pardon and Thy love:

- Great gifts Thou broughtest me;  
What have I brought to Thee?
- 4 O let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent;  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent:  
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,  
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1858;  
recast, Church Hymns, 1871

## Hymns of Salvation

**202** COWPER C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

1 There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Em - man - uel's veins ;

And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,

Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - MEN.

Till all the ransomed Church  
of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the  
stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my  
theme,  
And shall be till I die.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1772

**203** (OLMUTZ) S. M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain :

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursèd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

# The Grace of God in Christ

204 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770

1 Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear ;

Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear. A-MEN.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,

And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

1 Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain : A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

205 CRUCIFER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

I Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet

As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?

It is God; His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems:

'Tis our Fa - ther; and His fond - ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams. A - MEN.

- 2 There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.  
There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good;  
There is mercy with the Saviour,  
There is healing in His blood;
- 3 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.  
If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854

# Invitation

206 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY 11. 7. 11. 7. with Refrain Will L. Thompson, 1880

1 Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;

See! at the por-tals He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.

REFRAIN.

Come home, . . . Come home, . . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home: . . .  
Come home, Come home,

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, "O sin-ner, come home!" A-MEN.

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- 2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,  
Pleading for you and for me?  
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,  
Mercies for you and for me?—REF.
- 3 O for the wonderful love He has promised,  
Promised for you and for me;  
Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.—REF.

# Hymns of Salvation

207 QUEBEC L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866

1 "Take up thy cross," the Sav-iour said, "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be;

Take up thy cross with will - ing heart, And humbly fol - low af - ter Me." A - MEN.

- 2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve  
thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,  
And let thy foolish pride be still;  
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die  
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,  
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;  
'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
It points to glory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Rev. Charles W. Everest, 1833

ZEPHYR L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844

1 Be - hold! a Stran ger's at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked be - fore;

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill, A - MEN.

# Invitation

208 CLOLATA L. M.

W. St. Clair Palmer, 1893

1 God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleas-ures shall I still hold dear?

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - bers lie? A-MEN.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?  
Can I His loving voice despise,  
And basely His kind care repay?  
He calls me still; can I delay?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but He does not forsake;  
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
My heart I yield without delay:  
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735. Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855:  
recast, Sabbath Hy. Bk., 1858

209 (ZEPHYR) L. M.

1 BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door;  
He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
Has waited long, is waiting still:  
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will, the very Friend you need;  
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and laden hands:  
O matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;  
Turn out His enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn;  
His feet, departed, ne'er return:  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765: verse 4, l. 3, alt.

# Hymns of Salvation

210 ST. EDITH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799, and  
Rev. Edward Husband, 1871

1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er :

Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear,

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there ! A - MEN.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking ;  
And lo, that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred :  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait !  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate !

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
“ I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so ? ”  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door ;  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

# Invitation

**2II BLAIRGOWRIE** 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1872

1 To - day Thy mer - cy calls me To wash a - way my sin;  
2 To - day Thy gate is op - en, And all who en - ter in

How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,  
Shall find a Fa - ther's wel - come, And par - don for their sin;

How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turned a - way,  
The past shall be for - got - ten, A pres - ent joy be given,

Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day. A - MEN.  
A fu - ture grace be prom - ised, A glo - rious crown in heaven.

3 To-day the Father calls me,  
The Holy Spirit waits,  
The blessed angels gather  
Around the heavenly gates:  
No question will be asked me,  
How often I have come;  
Although I oft have wandered,  
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,  
Thou ever-open door,  
What shall I do without thee  
When heart and eyes run o'er?  
When all things seem against me,  
To drive me to despair,  
I know one gate is open,  
One ear will hear my prayer.

# Hymns of Salvation

212 INVITATION 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

1 Come to the Sav - iour now, He gen - tly call - eth thee; In true re -  
2 Come to the Sav - iour now, Ye who have wandered far, Re - new your

pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee; He wait - eth to be - stow  
sol - emn vow, For His by right you are; Come, like poor wandering sheep

Sal - va - tion, peace, and love, True joy on earth be - low,  
Re - turn - ing to His fold; His arm will safe - ly keep,

A home in heaven a - bove. A - MEN.  
His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,  
Whate'er your burdens be;  
Hear now His loving call,  
"Cast all your care on Me."  
Come, and for every grief  
In Jesus you will find  
A sure and safe relief,  
A loving Friend, and kind.

John M. Wigner, 1871

213 (AZMON) C. M.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound;  
'Tis pleasure to our ears,  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.  
2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;

But we arise, by grace Divine,  
To see a heavenly day.  
3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

# Invitation

214 VIGIL S. M.

Arr. for St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865

1 To - mor - row, Lord, is Thine, Lodged in Thy sov - ereign hand,

And if its sun a - rise and shine, It shines by Thy com - mand. A - MEN.

2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O make Thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken, by Thine almighty power,  
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care,  
O be it still pursued ;  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly  
Swift as the morning light, [die  
Lest life's young golden beams should  
In sudden, endless night.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

AZMON C. M.

Arr. from Carl G. Gläser, 1828, by Lowell Mason, 1839

1 Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears,

A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears. A - MEN.

## Hymns of Salvation

**215** STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868

I Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest." A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,<br/>If He be my Guide? [prints,<br/>"In His feet and hands are wound-<br/>And His side."</p> <p>3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,<br/>That His brow adorns?<br/>"Yea, a crown, in very surety,<br/>But of thorns."</p> | <p>4 If I find Him, if I follow,<br/>What His guerdon here?<br/>"Many a sorrow, many a labor,<br/>Many a tear."</p> <p>5 If I still hold closely to Him,<br/>What hath He at last?<br/>"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,<br/>Jordan passed."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6 If I ask Him to receive me,<br/>Will He say me nay?<br/>"Not till earth and not till heaven<br/>Pass away."</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. John M. Neale, 1862

**216** (ST. BEES) 7. 7. 7. 7.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!<br/>'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;<br/>Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,<br/>"Say, poor sinner, lovest Thou Me?"</p> <p>2 "I delivered thee when bound,<br/>And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;<br/>Sought thee wandering, set thee right,<br/>Turned thy darkness into light.</p> <p>3 "Can a woman's tender care<br/>Cease towards the child she bare?<br/>Yes, she may forgetful be,<br/>Yet will I remember thee.</p> | <p>4 "Mine is an unchanging love,<br/>Higher than the heights above,<br/>Deeper than the depths beneath,<br/>Free and faithful, strong as death.</p> <p>5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,<br/>When the work of grace is done;<br/>Partner of My throne shalt be:<br/>Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"</p> <p>6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,<br/>That my love is weak and faint;<br/>Yet I love Thee and adore;<br/>O for grace to love Thee more!</p> |
|---|---|

William Cowper, 1768

# Invitation

## 217 FORGIVENESS 7.7.7.7.

George M. Garrett, 1872

1 "Come," said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, "Come, and make My paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come. A - MEN.

- 2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's  
scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;

- Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;
- 4 "Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure."

Anna L. Barbauld, 1792 : verse 4, l. 1, alt.

## ST. BEES 7.7.7.7.

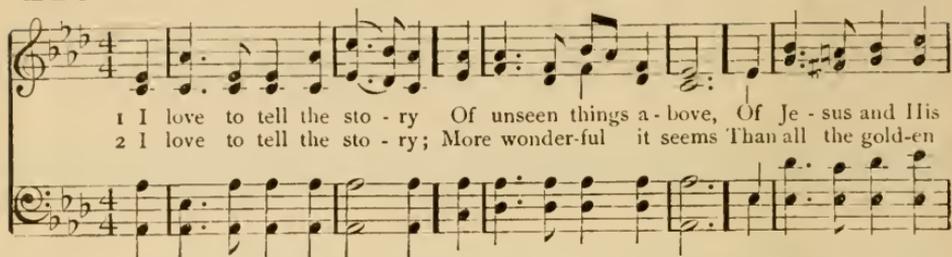
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1862

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;

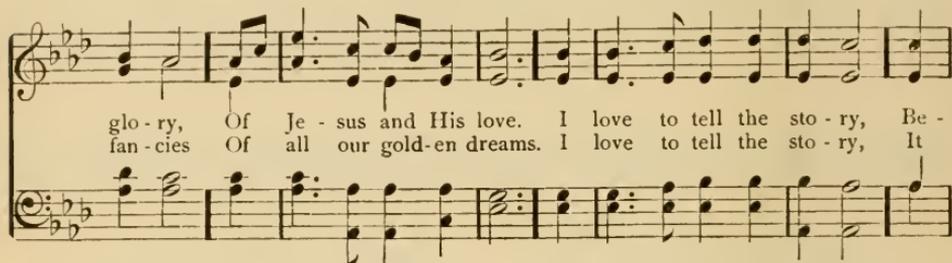
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me? A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

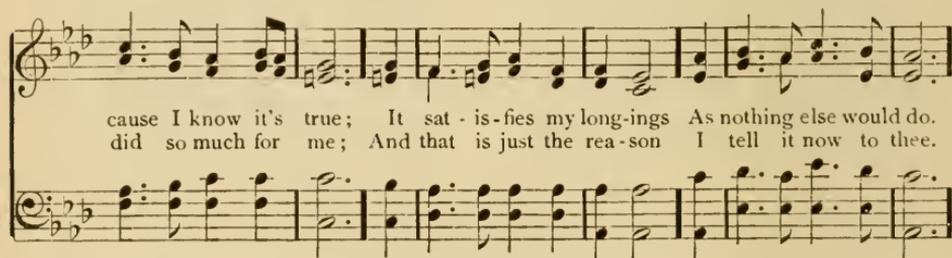
**218** I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Ref. Wm. G. Fischer, 1869



1 I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His  
2 I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than all the gold - en

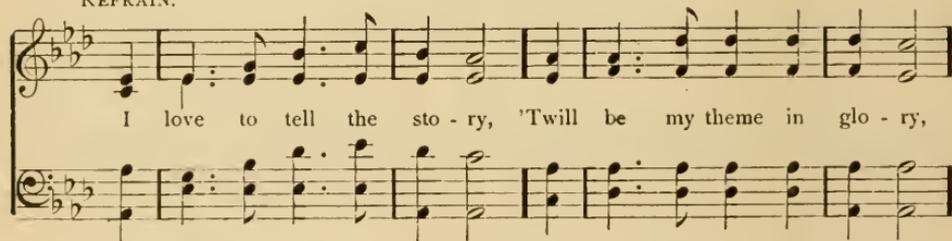


glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be -  
fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It

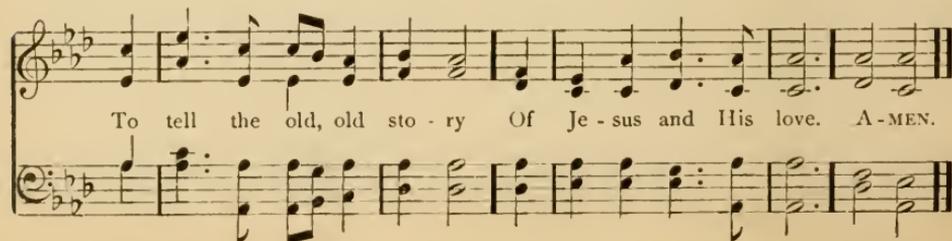


cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As nothing else would do.  
did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.

REFRAIN.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

## Invitation

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

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

Katherine Hankey, 1865: refrain added

### 219 ALMA II. IO. II. IO.

Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792

1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound - ed hearts,

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - rows that heaven can - not heal. A - MEN.

- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 "Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing  
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:  
 Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing  
 Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Verses 1, 2, Thomas Moore, 1816, alt.; verse 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832

# Hymns of Salvation

220 EVANGEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1869

I Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love: Tell me the sto - ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And

REFRAIN.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

## Invitation

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

3 Tell me the same old story,  
 When you have cause to fear  
 That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear:  
 Yes, and when that world's glory  
 Is dawning on my soul,  
 Tell me the old, old story,  
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—REF.

Katherine Hankey, 1866: refrain added

### 221 CANTUS 10. 10. 10.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

1 "Yet there is room:" the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo-ry,

beck- ons thee a- long: Room, room, still room! O en- ter, en- ter now. A-MEN.

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- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;  
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:  
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;  
 Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:  
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.
- 4 Yet there is room: still open stands the gate,  
 The gate of love; it is not yet too late:  
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.
- 5 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;  
 Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:  
 Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.
- 6 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;  
 Then the last low, long cry, "No room, no room!"  
 No room, no room! O woeful cry, "No room!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1879

# Hymns of Salvation

222 RAMOTH 7.7.7.7. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867

I Lord, to Thee a - lone we turn, To Thy cross for safe - ty fly;

There, as pen - i - tents, to learn How to live and how to die,

Sin - ful, on our knees we fall; Hear us, as for help we plead;

Hear us when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need. A-MEN.

2 In the midst of sin and strife,  
In the depths of mortal woe,  
Teach us, Lord, to live a life  
Meet for sojourners below.  
Though the road be oft-times dark,  
Though the feet in weakness stray,  
Lead us, Saviour, as the ark  
Led Thy chosen on their way.

3 Weak and weary and alone  
When the vale of death we tread,  
Then be all Thy mercy shown,  
Then be all Thy love displayed;  
Guard us in that darksome hour,  
Lead us to the land of rest,  
Where, secure from Satan's power,  
We may lie upon Thy breast.

Rev. Albert E. Evans, 1867

# Repentance and Confession of Sin

223 LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1862

I Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heaven and

long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may find a home;

And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - MEN.

- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 5 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.

# Hymns of Salvation

224 BLUMENTHAL 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Jacques Blumenthal, 1847

I Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the a - dor - ing knee,

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,

O by all the pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,—

Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y. A - MEN.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,—  
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany.

3 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  
Hear our solemn litany.

## Repentance and Confession of Sin

4 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,  
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the sad sepulchral stone,  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God,—  
O from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815

### 225 (BLUMENTHAL or SEYMOUR) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 HOLY Father, hear my cry ;  
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear ;  
Holy Spirit, come 'Thou nigh :  
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

2 Father, save me from my sin ;  
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave ;  
Gracious Spirit, make me clean :  
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love ;  
Saviour, fill my soul with peace ;  
Spirit, come my heart to move :  
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit—Thou  
One Jehovah, shed abroad  
All Thy grace within me now ;  
Be my Father and my God.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1843

### 226 SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1826

1 Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? A-MEN.

2 I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face,  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are ;  
Me He now delights to spare ;

Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;  
God is Love : I know, I feel ;  
Jesus weeps, but loves me still.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

# Hymns of Salvation

## 227 GOWER'S LITANY 7.7.7.6.

John H. Gower, 1891

1 Fa - ther, hear Thy chil - dren's call ; Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,  
2 Christ, be - neath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame,

Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all : We be - seech Thee, hear us. A - MEN.  
Pen - i - tent, we breathe Thy Name : We be - seech Thee, hear us.

Copyright by John H. Gower

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,  
Oft forgotten and defied,  
Now we mourn our stubborn pride :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Thou who hearest each contrite sigh,  
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,  
Willing not that one should die,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love that caused us first to be,  
Love that bled upon the tree,  
Love that draws us lovingly :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 By the love that bids Thee spare,  
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,  
By Thy promises to prayer,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Rev. Thomas B. Pollock, 1875

## HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824

1 O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though all my crimes be - fore Thee lie,

Be - hold them not with an - gry look, But blot their memory from Thy book. A - MEN.

# Repentance and Confession of Sin

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

A. B. Spratt,

I No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-ly

*Ped.*

Bend I the knee: Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet is this still my plea,

Je - - sus hath died. A - MEN.

3 Faithful and just art Thou,  
 Forgiving all ;  
 Loving and kind art Thou  
 When poor ones call :  
 Lord, let the cleansing blood,  
 Blood of the Lamb of God,  
 Pass o'er my soul.

2 Lord, I confess to Thee  
 Sadly my sin ;  
 All I am tell I Thee,  
 All I have been :  
 Purge Thou my sin away,  
 Wash Thou my soul this day ;  
 Lord, make me clean.

4 Then all is peace and light  
 This soul within ;  
 Thus shall I walk with Thee,  
 The loved Unseen ;  
 Leaning on Thee, my God,  
 Guided along the road,  
 Nothing between.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

229 (HAMBURG) L. M.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin ;  
 Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,  
 Cast out and banished from Thy sight ;  
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
 And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
 The God of grace will ne'er despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

# Hymns of Salvation

230 LEBANON S. M. D.

John Zundel, 1855

1 I was a wand-ering sheep, I did not love the fold;  
2 The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.  
They fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild:

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;  
They found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A - MEN.  
They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wand-ering one.

- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is ;  
 'Twas He that loved my soul,  
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
 'Twas He that made me whole ;  
 'Twas He that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep,  
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4 I was a wandering sheep,  
 I would not be controlled ;  
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
 I love, I love the fold.  
 I was a wayward child,  
 I once preferred to roam ;  
 But now I love my Father's voice,  
 I love, I love His home.

# Faith in Christ

231 THE HYMN TO JOY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1824

1 Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me; Take me, save me, through Thy Son;

That which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done.

Long from Thee my foot - steps stray-ing, Thorn-y proved the way I trod;

Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing, Take me to Thy love, my God. A-MEN.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;  
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To Thy household take me in.  
Freely now to Thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely life and soul I offer,  
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,  
Bore our sins upon the tree;  
On that sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to Thee:  
Father, take me; all forgiving,  
Fold me to Thy loving breast;  
In Thy love for ever living  
I must be for ever blest.

# Hymns of Salvation

232 MARGARET Irregular

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews (1826- )

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king - ly crown When Thou  
2 The fox - es found rest, And the birds their nest, In the

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - lehem's home Was there  
shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty: O  
Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee: O

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. A-MEN.  
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.

NOTE.—The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require

3 Thou camest, O Lord,  
With the living word  
That should set Thy people free;  
But with mocking scorn,  
And with crowning of thorn,  
They bore Thee to Calvary:  
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
Thy cross is my only plea.

4 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.

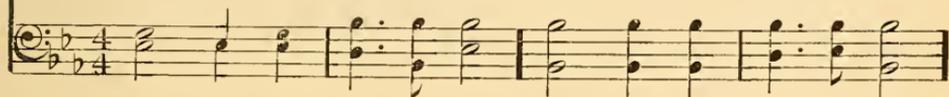
# Faith in Christ

233 OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832



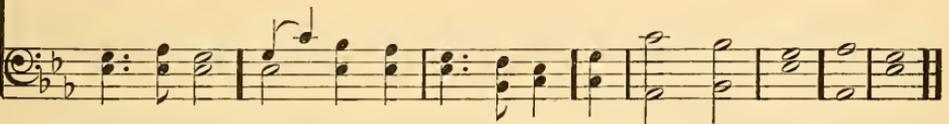
1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,



Sav - iour Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - MEN.



2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

# Hymns of Salvation

234 HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1861

I Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high :  
D. S.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ; A - MEN.

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

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

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

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

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

# Faith in Christ

REFUGE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

I Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er wa-ters

roll, While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last. A-MEN.

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

I { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:  
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A-MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

235 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

I I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad. A - MEN.

2 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 re-  
 And now I live in Him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's Light;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done.

# Faith in Christ

236 JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1893

I Just as I am, with- out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,

*Slower*  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come. [spot,

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am ! Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

WOODWORTH 8. 8. 8. 6.

William B. Bradbury, 1849

I Just as I am, with- out 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, I come. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

237 MIRIAM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;  
2 I lay my wants on Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load:  
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains  
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;

White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A - MEN.  
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline.  
I love the Name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel. Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes  
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child:  
I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

# Faith in Christ

238 WELCOME VOICE S. M. with Refrain

Rev. Lewis Hartsough (1828- )

I I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

## REFRAIN.

I am com - ing, Lord; Com - ing now to Thee:

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry. A - MEN.

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2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure ;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.—REF.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.—REF.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms  
The blessèd work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
Where reigned the power of sin.—REF.

5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.—REF.

Rev. Lewis Hartsough, (1828-)

# Hymns of Salvation

239 TOPLADY 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Thomas Hastings, 1830

FINE.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me bide my - self in Thee;  
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, A - MEN.

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.

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

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, 1776: verse 4, l. 2, alt. Rev. Thomas Cotterill, 1815

240 (TRUSTING) 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

1 I AM coming to the cross;  
I am poor and weak and blind;  
I am counting all but dross;  
I shall full salvation find.

Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
"I will cleanse you from all sin."—REF.

REF.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Blessèd Lamb of Calvary;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow;  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—  
Friends and time and earthly store;  
Soul and body Thine to be,  
Wholly Thine, for ever more.—REF.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;  
Long has evil reigned within;

4 In the promises I trust;  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am prostrate in the dust;  
I with Christ am crucified.—REF.

Rev. William McDonald, 1869

# Faith in Christ

## 241 LAMBETH C. M.

1 Lord, I be - lieve; Thy power I own, Thy word I would o - bey;

I wan - der com - fort - less and lone When from Thy truth I stray. A - MEN.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

Pity my frailty, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know  
My faith is cold and weak;

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief:  
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;  
Help Thou mine unbelief.

Rev. John R. Wreford, 1837

## TRUSTING 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869

1 I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am  
REF.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum - bly

D. C.  
count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find. A - MEN.  
at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

## Hymns of Salvation

### 242 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1728

I A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery 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. AMEN.

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye:  
4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
gems  
Shall blend in common dust.  
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

### 243 (BELMONT) C. M.

1 O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succor give:  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe;  
For still, the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;  
We know no help but Thee:  
O help us so to live and die  
As Thine in heaven to be.

Rev. Henry H. Milman, 1827

# Conflict with Sin

**244** MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, c. 1825

1 Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat Where Je - sus an - swers prayer;

There hum - bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thy promise is my only plea ;<br/>With this I venture nigh :<br/>Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,<br/>And such, O Lord, am I.</p> <p>3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,<br/>By Satan sorely pressed,<br/>By war without, and fears within,<br/>I come to Thee for rest.</p> | <p>4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,<br/>That, sheltered near Thy side,<br/>I may my fierce accuser face,<br/>And tell him, Thou hast died.</p> <p>5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,<br/>To bear the cross and shame,<br/>That guilty sinners, such as I,<br/>Might plead Thy gracious Name !</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. John Newton, 1779

**BELMONT** C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812

1 O help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heaven-ly suc - cor give :

Help us in thought, and word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live. A - MEN.

## Hymns of Salvation

**245** PILOT 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

John E. Gould, 1871

1 Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;  
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;  
Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - MEN.

2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When thou sayest to them, "Be still."  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

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

Rev. Edward Hopper, 1871

**246** (VIGILATE) 7. 7. 7. 3.

1 Christian, seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away;  
Thou art in the midst of foes:  
Watch and pray.

2 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim,  
"Watch and pray."

3 Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word,  
"Watch and pray."

4 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray, that help may be sent down:  
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1839: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

# Conflict with Sin

247 MARLOW C. M.

Rev. John Chetham's Psalmody, 1718

I Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb,

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name? A - MEN.

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die ;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

Rev. Isaac Watts, c. 1723

## VIGILATE 7-7-7-3.

William H. Monk, 1868

I Chris - tian, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way ;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch . . . and pray. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

248 MOZART L. M.

Arr. from Mozart (1756-1791)

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, 1863

249 (WAVERTREE) 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

1 SURROUNDED by unnumbered  
foes,  
Against my soul the battle goes;  
Yet though I weary, sore distrest,  
I know that I shall reach my rest:  
I lift my tearful eyes above,—  
His banner over me is love.

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,  
His veil of splendor curtain Him;  
And in the midnight of my fear  
I may not feel Him standing near:  
But, as I lift mine eyes above,  
His banner over me is love.

2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,  
Though flesh may faint upon the field;  
He waves before my fading sight  
The branch of palm, the crown of  
light:  
I lift my brightening eyes above,—  
His banner over me is love.

Gerald Massey, 1869

# Conflict with Sin

250 MENDON L. M.

German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824

1 Stand up, my soul; shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel arm - or on;

March to the gates of end - less joy, Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone. A - MEN.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;      There peace and joy eternal reign,  
 But hell and sin are vanquished      And glittering robes for conquerors  
 foes :      wait.
- Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
 And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in almighty grace ;  
 While all the armies of the skies  
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

WAVERTREE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William Shore, 1840 :  
 Har. by William W. Gilchrist, 1895

1 { Sur-round-ed by un-numbered foes, A - gainst my soul the bat - tle goes ; }  
 { Yet though I wea-ry, sore dis-trest, I know that I shall reach my rest : }

I lift my tear - ful eyes a - bove, — His ban - ner o - ver me is love. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

251 LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

I A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky; A-MEN.

- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil,—  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;

And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1762

SCHUMANN S. M.

Ascribed to Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

I My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise, A

host of sins are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - MEN.

## Conflict with Sin

**252 ONWARD** 5. 5. 5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 5.

William C. Filby (1836- )

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

**1** Breast the wave, Chris-tian, When it is strong-est; Watch for day, Chris-tian,  
 When the night's long-est; On-ward and on-ward still Be thine en-deav-or;  
 The rest that re-main-eth, Will be for ev-er. A-MEN.

**2** Fight the fight, Christian,  
 Jesus is o'er thee;  
 Run the race, Christian,  
 Heaven is before thee:  
 He who hath promised  
 Faltereth never;  
 The love of eternity  
 Flows on for ever.

**3** Lift the eye, Christian,  
 Just as it closeth;  
 Raise the heart, Christian,  
 Ere it reposes;  
 Thee from the love of Christ  
 Nothing shall sever;  
 And, when thy work is done,  
 Praise Him for ever.

Joseph Stammers, 1830: verse 3, l. 7, alt.

**253 (SCHUMANN or LABAN) S. M.**

**1** MY soul, be on thy guard;  
 Ten thousand foes arise,  
 A host of sins are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.

**2** O watch, and fight, and pray;  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help Divine implore.

**3** Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down;  
 Thine arduous work will not be done,  
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

**4** Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 Up to His blest abode.

Rev. George Heath, 1781: verse 3, ll. 2, 4, verse 4, alt.

# Hymns of Salvation

254 AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Louis Von Esch, c. 1810

1 Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil-grims in this vale of tears,

Through the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.

When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,

Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way. A - MEN.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear;  
And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

# Conflict with Sin

255 NEED 6. 4. 6. 4. with Refrain

Rev. Robert Lowry, 1872

I I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine

## REFRAIN.

Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - ery hour I need Thee;

O bless me now, my Sav - iour,—I come to Thee. A - MEN.

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- 2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.—REF.
- 3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly, and abide,  
Or life is vain.—REF.
- 4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will,  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.—REF.
- 5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessèd Son.—REF.

Annie S. Hawks, 1872; refrain added by Rev. Robert Lowry

# Hymns of Salvation

256 PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane

1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;  
2 With its witch - ing pleas - ures Would this vain world charm,

Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee:  
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm,

When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . . .  
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne, . . .

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - MEN.  
Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crowned Cal - va - ry.

By per. of Rev. C. L. Hutchins

3 If with sore affliction  
Thou in love chastise,  
Pour Thy benediction  
On the sacrifice;  
Then, upon Thine altar  
Freely offered up,  
Though the flesh may falter,  
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes  
To the grave I sink,  
While heaven's glory flashes  
O'er the shelving brink,  
On Thy truth relying  
Through that mortal strife,  
Lord, receive me, dying,  
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834: verse 1, l. 2, alt.

## Conflict with Sin

**257** HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "I Je - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest ;". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I come to cast my - self on Thee : Thou art my Rest. A - MEN." The vocal line ends with a fermata over the word "Rest".

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Look down on me, for I am weak ;<br/>I feel the toilsome journey's length ;<br/>Thine aid omnipotent I seek :<br/>Thou art my Strength.</p> <p>3 I am bewildered on my way,<br/>Dark and tempestuous is the night ;<br/>O send Thou forth some cheering ray :<br/>Thou art my Light.</p> <p>4 I hear the storms around me rise ;<br/>But when I dread the impending shock,</p> | <p>My spirit to the refuge flies :<br/>Thou art my Rock.</p> <p>5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,<br/>In that tremendous latest strife,<br/>Thou wilt not suffer me to sink :<br/>Thou art my Life.</p> <p>6 Thou wilt my every want supply,<br/>E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;<br/>Through life, in death, eternally,<br/>Thou art my All.</p> |
|---|---|

Charlotte Elliott, 1869

## Trust

**258** (HANFORD) 8. 8. 8. 4.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 My God and Father, while I stray<br/>Far from my home in life's rough way,<br/>O teach me from my heart to say,<br/>Thy will be done.</p> <p>2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,<br/>Let me be still and murmur not,<br/>Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,<br/>Thy will be done.</p> <p>3 If thou shouldst call me to resign<br/>What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;<br/>I only yield Thee what was Thine :<br/>Thy will be done.</p> | <p>4 If but my fainting heart be blest<br/>With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,<br/>My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;<br/>Thy will be done.</p> <p>5 Renew my will from day to day ;<br/>Blend it with Thine, and take away<br/>All that now makes it hard to say,<br/>Thy will be done.</p> <p>6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more<br/>The prayer oft mixed with tears before,<br/>I'll sing upon a happier shore,<br/>Thy will be done.</p> |
|--|--|

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

## Hymns of Salvation

**259** DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1868

1 The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev - er. A - MEN.

2 Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;

Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And O what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., 1868

**260** (BULLINGER) 8. 5. 8. 3.

1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee;  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon;  
At Thy feet I bow;  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

# Trust

261 HOLY GUIDE 6. 6. 6. 6.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

I Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out the path for me. A - MEN.

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- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

- 4 The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857

BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877

I I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee;

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great . . . and free. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

262 BEATITUDO C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - MEN.

2 Thy love the powers of thought be - stowed ;

To Thee my thoughts would soar :  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;  
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

263 (BEATITUDO) C. M.

1 FATHER of Love, our Guide and  
O lead us gently on, [Friend,  
Until life's trial time shall end,  
And heavenly peace be won.

2 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.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb  
The hill of sacrifice,  
Some angel may be there in time ;  
Deliverance shall arise :

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,  
O teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
'That make the spirit pure.

5 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.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,  
And faultless anthems raise,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
Accept our feeble praise.

Rev. William J. Irons, 1844

# Trust

264 BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833

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.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 My soul He doth restore again ;<br/>And me to walk doth make<br/>Within the paths of righteousness,<br/>Ev'n for His own Name's sake.</p> <p>3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,<br/>Yet will I fear none ill ;<br/>For Thou art with me, and Thy rod<br/>And staff me comfort still.</p> | <p>4 My table Thou hast furnishèd<br/>In presence of my foes ;<br/>My head Thou dost with oil anoint,<br/>And my cup overflows.</p> <p>5 Goodness and mercy all my life<br/>Shall surely follow me ;<br/>And in God's house for evermore<br/>My dwelling-place shall be.</p> |
|---|--|

Scottish Psalter, 1650 : based on Francis Rous, Sir William Mure, and others

265 (BALERMA) C. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand<br/>Thy people still are fed,<br/>Who through this weary pilgrimage<br/>Hast all our fathers led,</p> <p>2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present<br/>Before Thy throne of grace ;<br/>God of our fathers, be the God<br/>Of their succeeding race.</p> | <p>3 Through each perplexing path of life<br/>Our wandering footsteps guide ;<br/>Give us each day our daily bread,<br/>And raiment fit provide.</p> <p>4 O spread Thy covering wings around<br/>Till all our wanderings cease,<br/>And at our Father's loved abode<br/>Our souls arrive in peace.</p> <p>5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand<br/>Our humble prayers implore ;<br/>And Thou shalt be our chosen God,<br/>And portion evermore.</p> |
|--|--|

Verses 1-4, Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1737, recast by Rev. John Logan, 1781 :  
verse 1, l. 1, alt. and verse 5, added, Scottish Trs. and Paraphs., 1781

# Hymns of Salvation

266 JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Arr. from C. M. von Weber,  
by Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

I My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.

Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own;

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
. Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear.  
Since Thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with Thee.  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

# Trust

## 267 HE LEADETH ME L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1864

1 He lead-eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heav-en-ly comfort fraught!

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.

### REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me:

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

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2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,

Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth 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 leadeth 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 leadeth  
me.—REF.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore, 1862: ll. 3, 4, of refrain added

# Hymns of Salvation

268 BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John Hullah, 1867

1 Some - times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;  
2 In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue

It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;  
The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new;

When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain  
Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,

A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - MEN.  
Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

# Trust

## 269 (BENTLEY) 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

1 IN heavenly love abiding,  
 No change my heart shall fear,  
 And safe is such confiding,  
 For nothing changes here.  
 The storm may roar without me,  
 My heart may low be laid;  
 But God is round about me,  
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,  
 No want shall turn me back;  
 My Shepherd is beside me,  
 And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,  
 His sight is never dim;  
 He knows the way He taketh,  
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,  
 Which yet I have not seen;  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
 Where the dark clouds have been.  
 My hope I cannot measure,  
 The path to life is free;  
 My Saviour has my treasure,  
 And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring, 1850

## 270 OLIPHANT 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Arr. from Pierre M. F. de S. Baillot, 1830, by Lowell Mason, 1832

*Omit 2nd time*

1 Guide me, O Thou Great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim through this bar-ren land;  
 I am weak, but Thou art might-y, . . . . . }

Hold me with Thy power-ful hand: Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en,

Feed me till I want no more. AMEN.

Lead me all my journey through:  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my Strength and  
 Shield.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing stream doth flow;  
 Let the fire and cloudy pillar

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

Rev. William Williams (Welsh), 1745. Tr. verse 1, Rev. Peter Williams, 1771;  
 verses 2, 3, Rev. Wm. Williams, c. 1772

## Hymns of Salvation

### 271 ADESTE FIDELES 11. 11. 11. 11.

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to

you He hath said.— You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have

fled? You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-MEN.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed ;  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

## Trust

- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "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, 1787

### 272 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858

1 The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied:  
Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He leads me to the place<br/>Where heavenly pasture grows,<br/>Where living waters gently pass,<br/>And full salvation flows.</p> <p>3 If e'er I go astray,<br/>He doth my soul reclaim ;<br/>And guides me in His own right<br/>way,<br/>For His most holy Name.</p> | <p>4 While He affords His aid<br/>I cannot yield to fear ;<br/>Though I should walk through death's<br/>dark shade,<br/>My Shepherd's with me there.</p> <p>5 The bounties of Thy love<br/>Shall crown my following days ;<br/>Nor from Thy house will I remove,<br/>Nor cease to speak Thy praise.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

### 273 (NEWLAND) S. M.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 MY times are in Thy hand ;<br/>My God, I wish them there ;<br/>My life, my friends, my soul, I leave<br/>Entirely to Thy care.</p> <p>2 My times are in Thy hand,<br/>Whatever they may be ;<br/>Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,<br/>As best may seem to Thee.</p> | <p>3 My times are in Thy hand ;<br/>Why should I doubt or fear ?<br/>A Father's hand will never cause<br/>His child a needless tear.</p> <p>4 My times are in Thy hand,<br/>Jesus the crucified ;<br/>The hand my cruel sins had pierced<br/>Is now my guard and guide.</p> |
|--|---|

William F. Lloyd, c. 1838

# Hymns of Salvation

274 LUX BENIGNA IO. 4. IO. 4. IO. IO.

Rev. John B. Dykes (1823-1876)

1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid the en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;  
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears.

The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.  
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.

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

# Trust

275 CHESTER C. M. D.

Oratory Hymns, 1868

r Thou art my Hid - ing - place, O Lord, In Thee I put my trust;

En - cour - aged by Thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust:

I have no ar - gu - ment be - side, I urge no oth - er plea;

And 'tis e - nough my Sav - iour died, My Sav - iour died for me. A - MEN.

- 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
 And furious foes assail,  
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
 My hope within the veil.  
 From strife of tongues and bitter words  
 My spirit flies to Thee:  
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
 My Saviour died for me.

# Hymns of Salvation

276 VESPERS L. M.

James W. Elliott (1816- )

1 O Love Di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp-est pang, our bitterest tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care ; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - MEN.

2 Though long the weary way we tread, The murmuring wind, the quivering  
And sorrow crown each lingering year, leaf,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

3 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art  
near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, for ever dear ;  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

1 There is a safe and se - cret place, Be - neath the wings Di - vine,

Re-served for all the heirs of grace ; O be that ref - uge mine ! A - MEN.

## Trust

**277** SUBMISSION IO. 4. IO. 4.

Albert L. Peace, 1889

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road ;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load. A-MEN.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet ;

I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord,  
I plead :

Lead me aright,  
Though strength should falter and  
though heart should bleed,  
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou  
shouldst shed  
Full radiance here ;

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see ;

Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace  
Divine  
Like quiet night :

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day  
shall shine,  
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

**278** (GREEN HILL) C. M.

1 THERE is a safe and secret place,  
Beneath the wings Divine,  
Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;  
O be that refuge mine !

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed ;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,  
Of love and truth Divine :  
O child of God, O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine !

4 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all !

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

## Hymns of Salvation

279 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830

1 God is the Ref-uge of His saints When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade:

Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid. A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled<br/>Down to the deep, and buried there,<br/>Convulsions shake the solid world,<br/>Our faith shall never yield to fear.</p> <p>3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;<br/>In sacred peace our souls abide,<br/>While every nation, every shore,<br/>Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.</p> | <p>4 There is a stream whose gentle flow<br/>Supplies the city of our God;<br/>Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,<br/>And watering our Divine abode.</p> <p>5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,<br/>Our grief allays, our fear controls;<br/>Sweet peace Thy promises afford,<br/>And give new strength to fainting souls.</p> <p>6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,<br/>Secure against a threatening hour;<br/>Nor can her firm foundations move,<br/>Built on His truth, and armed with power.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719: verse 5, l. 2, alt

280 (DENNIS) S. M.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 HOW gentle God's commands,<br/>How kind His precepts are!<br/>Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,<br/>And trust His constant care.</p> <p>2 While Providence supports,<br/>Let saints securely dwell;<br/>That hand, which bears all nature up,<br/>Shall guide His children well.</p> | <p>3 Why should this anxious load<br/>Press down your weary mind?<br/>Haste to your heavenly Father's throne<br/>And sweet refreshment find.</p> <p>4 His goodness stands approved,<br/>Down to the present day;<br/>I'll drop my burden at His feet,<br/>And bear a song away.</p> |
|--|---|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1755

# Trust

281 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849

1 Since Je - sus is my Friend, And I to Him be - long,

It mat - ters not what foes in - tend, How - ev - er fierce and strong. A - MEN.

- 2 He whispers in my breast  
Sweet words of holy cheer,  
How they who seek in God their rest  
Shall ever find Him near ;
- 3 How God hath built above  
A city fair and new, [prove  
Where eye and heart shall see and  
What faith has counted true.

- 4 My heart for gladness springs ;  
It cannot more be sad ;  
For very joy it laughs and sings,—  
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
- 5 The sun that lights mine eyes  
Is Christ, the Lord I love ;  
I sing for joy of that which lies  
Stored up for us above.

Rev. Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855 : alt. and arr.

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from Hans G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845

1 How gen - tle God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are !

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

282 MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Louis M Gottschalk, 1867

1 Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word;

Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith - ful-ness. A - MEN.

Copyright: Ly per. of Oliver Ditson Company

2 He sustains thee by His hand,  
He enables thee to stand:  
Those whom Jesus once hath loved  
From His grace are never moved.

3 Human counsels come to naught:  
That shall stand which God hath wrought;  
His compassion, love, and power  
Are the same for evermore.

4 Heaven and earth may pass away,  
God's free grace shall not decay;  
He hath promised to fulfil  
All the pleasure of His will.

5 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,  
Be Thyself our constant Rock:  
Make us, by Thy powerful hand,  
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

Anon. in Rowland Hill's Ps and Hy., 1783

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from Hans G Nægeli, by Lowell Mason, 1836

1 Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sove - reign will de - nies.

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - MEN.

# Trust

## 283 WOODWARD'S LITANY 7-7-7-7.

W. W. Woodward, 1863

1 Day by day the man-na fell; O to learn this les-son well!

Still by con-stant mer-cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai-ly bread. A-MEN.

- 2 "Day by day" the promise reads;  
Daily strength for daily needs:  
Cast foreboding fears away,  
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;  
All my sanguine hopes have planned

- To Thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make Thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give;  
Day by day to Thee I live;  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1836

## 284 (WOODWARD'S LITANY) 7-7-7-7.

- 1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,  
To His gracious promise flee,  
Laying hold upon His word,  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the sorrows of thy case  
Seem peculiar still to thee,  
God has promised needful grace:  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 3 Days of trial, days of grief,  
In succession thou mayst see;  
This is still thy sweet relief:  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,  
With Thy promise, full and free,  
Faithful, positive, and sure,  
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

William F. Lloyd (1791-1853)

## 285 (NAOMI) C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;

- The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760: alt. Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776

## Hymns of Salvation

**286** FAITH C. M.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1867

I Im - mor - tal Love, for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,  
For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea! A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps<br/>To bring the Lord Christ down ;<br/>In vain we search the lowest deeps,<br/>For Him no depths can drown :</p> <p>3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet<br/>A present Help is He ;<br/>And faith has still its Olivet,<br/>And love its Galilee.</p> <p>4 The healing of His seamless dress<br/>Is by our beds of pain ;</p> | <p>We touch Him in life's throng and<br/>And we are whole again. [press,</p> <p>5 Through Him the first fond prayers are<br/>Our lips of childhood frame ; [said<br/>The last low whispers of our dead<br/>Are burdened with His Name.</p> <p>6 Our Lord, and Master of us all,<br/>Whate'er our name or sign,<br/>We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,<br/>We test our lives by Thine.</p> |
|---|---|

John G. Whittier, 1866

**287** (ORTONVILLE or FAITH) C. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned<br/>Upon the Saviour's brow ;<br/>His head with radiant glories crowned,<br/>His lips with grace o'erflow.</p> <p>2 No mortal can with Him compare,<br/>Among the sons of men ;<br/>Fairer is He than all the fair<br/>That fill the heavenly train.</p> <p>3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,<br/>He flew to my relief ;<br/>For me He bore the shameful cross,<br/>And carried all my grief.</p> | <p>4 To Him I owe my life and breath,<br/>And all the joys I have ;<br/>He makes me triumph over death,<br/>And saves me from the grave.</p> <p>5 To heaven, the place of His abode.<br/>He brings my weary feet ;<br/>Shows me the glories of my God,<br/>And makes my joys complete.</p> <p>6 Since from His bounty I receive<br/>Such proofs of love Divine,<br/>Had I a thousand hearts to give,<br/>Lord, they should all be Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1727 : verse 1, l. 2, a<sup>b</sup>.

# Lobe, and Communion with Christ

288 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865

1 O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned,

Thou Sweet - ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found ! A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 When once Thou visitest the heart,<br/>Then truth begins to shine,<br/>Then earthly vanities depart,<br/>Then kindles love Divine.</p> | <p>4 May every heart confess Thy Name,<br/>And ever Thee adore ;<br/>And seeking Thee, itself inflame<br/>To seek Thee more and more.</p> |
| <p>3 O Jesus, Light of all below,<br/>Thou Fount of life and fire,<br/>Surpassing all the joys we know,<br/>And all we can desire !</p>     | <p>5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;<br/>Thee may we love alone ;<br/>And ever in our lives express<br/>The image of Thine own.</p> |

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837

1 Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow ; His head with radiant

glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

289 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826

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

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,<br/>And calms the troubled breast;<br/>'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,<br/>And to the weary Rest.</p> <p>3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,<br/>My Shield and Hiding-place,<br/>My never-failing Treasury, filled<br/>With boundless stores of grace;</p> | <p>4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,<br/>My Prophet, Priest, and King,<br/>My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,<br/>Accept the praise I bring.</p> <p>5 Weak is the effort of my heart,<br/>And cold my warmest thought;<br/>But when I see Thee as Thou art,<br/>I'll praise Thee as I ought.</p> <p>6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim<br/>With every fleeting breath;<br/>And may the music of Thy Name<br/>Refresh my soul in death.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. John Newton, 1779: verse 4, l. 1, alt.

290 (HEBER) C. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, I love Thy charming Name,<br/>'Tis music to mine ear;<br/>Fain would I sound it out so loud<br/>That earth and heaven should hear.</p> <p>2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,<br/>My Transport and my Trust;<br/>Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,<br/>And gold is sordid dust.</p> | <p>3 All my capacious powers can wish<br/>In Thee doth richly meet;<br/>Not to mine eyes is light so dear,<br/>Nor friendship half so sweet.</p> <p>4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,<br/>And sheds its fragrance there;<br/>The noblest balm of all its wounds,<br/>The cordial of its care.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, 1717

# Lobe, and Communion with Christ

291 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861

1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast ;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A-MEN.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this  
Nor can the memory find, Nor tongue nor pen can show :  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name, The love of Jesus, what it is  
O Saviour of mankind. None but His loved ones know.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart, 5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,  
O Joy of all the meek, As Thou our Prize wilt be ;  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art ! Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,  
How good to those who seek ! And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849 : verse 4, l. 4, alt.

HEBER C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838

1 Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing Name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear ;

Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heaven should hear. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

292 JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

I I know no life di - vi - ded, O Lord of life, from Thee;

In Thee is life pro - vi - ded For all man - kind and me:

I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in Thee;

Thy death it is which frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2 I fear no tribulation,  
 Since, whatsoe'er it be,  
 It makes no separation  
 Between my Lord and me.  
 If Thou, my God and Teacher,  
 Vouchsafe to be my own,  
 Though poor, I shall be richer  
 Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,  
 My heart is light and blest,  
 Ah, what shall I be yonder,  
 In perfect peace and rest?  
 O blessed thought in dying!  
 We go to meet the Lord,  
 Where there shall be no sighing,  
 A kingdom our reward.

# Lobe, and Communion with Christ

293 HODNET 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Sigismund Thalberg (1812-1871)

1 O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound ed side;

'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.

What foes and snares sur - round me, What doubts and fears with - in!

The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean. A - MEN.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
I know my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding,  
The conflict can endure:  
Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hateful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,  
With rapture, face to face;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy power and grace;  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

# Hymns of Salvation

294 LOVE DIVINE S. 7. 8. 7. D.

George F. Le Jeune, 1887

1 Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-ery trou-bled breast;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:  
Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest:

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;  
Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bling heart. A-MEN.  
End of faith, as its Be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life 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.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;  
Pure and spotless let us be:  
Let us see Thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in Thee;  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1747: verse 2, ll. 4, 5, alt.

# Lobe, and Communion with Christ

295 SAVOY CHAPEL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin (1827-)

1 To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour, My spir - it turns for rest,  
2 In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies,

My peace is in Thy fav - or, My pil - low on Thy breast;  
O Thou whose love pro - vid - eth For all be - neath the skies;

Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,  
O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bond - age set me free,

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - MEN.  
And then for ev - er bound me, With three-fold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness  
With which this sluggish heart  
Doth open to the fulness  
Of all Thou wouldst impart;  
My joy is in Thy beauty  
Of holiness Divine,  
My comfort in the duty  
That binds my life in Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever  
Have failed in love to Thee,  
The only One who never  
Forgot or slighted me!  
O for a heart to love Thee  
More truly as I ought,  
And nothing place above Thee  
In deed, or word, or thought.

# Hymns of Salvation

296 CONSTANCE S. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;

And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sever,

For I am His, and He is mine, For ever and for ever. A-MEN.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!  
 He bled, He died to save me;  
 And not alone the gift of life,  
 But His own self He gave me.  
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call,  
 I'll hold it for the Giver;  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
 Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,  
 So kind and true and tender!  
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
 So mighty a Defender!  
 From Him who loves me now so well  
 What power my soul shall sever?  
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?  
 No: I am His for ever.

Rev. James G. Small, 1866

## Love, and Communion with Christ

297 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860

I Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - dant form of Thine;  
The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,<br/>Yet art Thou oft with me;<br/>And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot<br/>As where I meet with Thee.</p> <p>3 Like some bright dream that comes<br/>unsought,<br/>When slumbers o'er me roll,<br/>Thine image ever fills my thought,<br/>And charms my ravished soul.</p> | <p>4 Yet though I have not seen, and still<br/>Must rest in faith alone;<br/>I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,<br/>Unseen, but not unknown.</p> <p>5 When death these mortal eyes shall<br/>seal,<br/>And still this throbbing heart,<br/>The rending veil shall Thee reveal,<br/>All glorious as Thou art.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Ray Palmer, 1858

298 (SAWLEY) C. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend;<br/>As such I look to Thee;<br/>Now, in the fulness of Thy love,<br/>O Lord, remember me.</p> <p>2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,<br/>Remember Calvary's tree,<br/>Remember all Thy dying groans,<br/>And then remember me.</p> <p>3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,<br/>I yield my soul to Thee;<br/>While Thou art pleading on the throne,<br/>Dear Lord, remember me.</p> | <p>4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,<br/>But Thy salvation's free;<br/>Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,<br/>Dear Lord, remember me.</p> <p>5 Howe'er forsaken or despised,<br/>Howe'er oppressed I be,<br/>Howe'er forgotten here on earth,<br/>Do Thou remember me.</p> <p>6 And when I close my eyes in death,<br/>And human help shall flee,<br/>Then, then, my dear redeeming God,<br/>O then remember me.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Richard Burnham, 1796: verses 1, 4, alt.

# Hymns of Salvation

299 SOLITUDE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Lewis T. Downes, 1851

I Sav-iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son,— to o-bey;

Sweet-er les-son can-not be, Lov-ing Him who first loved me. A-MEN.

2 With a child's glad heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace;  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Though a foolish child and weak,  
More than this I need not seek;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842

GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Beethoven (1770-1827)

I My spir-it on Thy care, Best Sav-iour, I re-cline;

Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art Love Di-vine. A-MEN.

## Love, and Communion with Christ

**300** PAX TECUM 10. 10.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877

1 Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A - MEN.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Bishop Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

## 301 (GORTON) S. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 MY spirit on Thy care,<br/>Blest Saviour, I recline;<br/>Thou wilt not leave me to despair,<br/>For Thou art Love Divine.</li> <li>2 In Thee I place my trust,<br/>On Thee I calmly rest;<br/>I know Thee good, I know Thee just,<br/>And count Thy choice the best.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 Whate'er events betide,<br/>Thy will they all perform;<br/>Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,<br/>Nor fear the coming storm.</li> <li>4 Let good or ill befall,<br/>It must be good for me;<br/>Secure of having Thee in all,<br/>Of having all in Thee.</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

# Hymns of Salvation

302 FLEMMING S. S. S. 6.

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming, 1810

1 O Ho-ly Saviour, Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,

Help me, throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee. A-MEN.

2 Blest with this fellowship Divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;  
E'en as the branches to the vine,  
My soul would cling to Thee.

3 What though the world deceitful  
prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove,  
With patient, uncomplaining love  
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Though faith and hope may long be  
tried,  
I ask not, how long, how satisfied,  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee!

5 Blest is my lot, what'er befall;  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While as my Strength, my Rock, my  
Saviour, I cling to Thee? [All,

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

ECKHARDSHEIM C. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1833

1 If Christ is mine, then all is mine, And more than an - gels know;

Both pres-ent things and things to come, And grace and glo-ry too. . . . A - MEN.

## Love, and Communion with Christ

**303** ALBERT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Heinrich Albert, 1643

1 { One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend; }  
 { His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end: }

They who once His kind - ness prove Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - MEN

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed their blood?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in Him to God:  
 This was boundless love indeed;  
 Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,  
 "Friend of sinners" was His name;  
 Now above all glory raisèd,  
 He rejoices in the same;  
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above:  
 But when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love Thee as we ought.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

## **304** (ECKHARDTSHEIM) C. M.

- 1 IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,  
 And more than angels know;  
 Both present things and things to come,  
 And grace and glory too.
- 2 If He is mine, then, though He frown,  
 He never will forsake;  
 His chastisements all work for good,  
 And but His love bespeak.
- 3 If he is mine, I need not fear  
 The rage of earth and hell;  
 He will support my feeble frame,  
 And all their power repel.
- 4 If He is mine, let friends forsake,  
 And earthly comforts flee;  
 He, the Dispenser of all good,  
 Is more than these to me.
- 5 If He is mine, I'll fearless pass  
 Through death's tremendous vale;  
 He'll be my Comfort and my Stay  
 When heart and flesh shall fail.
- 6 Let Jesus tell me He is mine,  
 I nothing want beside:  
 My soul shall at the Fountain live  
 When all the streams are dried.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, publ. 1817

# Hymns of Salvation

305 I AM THINE 10. 7. 10. 7. with Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1875

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;

nearer, nearer,

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side. AMEN.

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- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service,  
Lord,  
By the power of grace Divine;  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast  
hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.—REF.
- 3 O the pure delight of a single  
hour  
That before Thy throne I spend,

- When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee,  
my God,  
I commune as friend with friend! REF.
- 4 There are depths of love that I can-  
not know  
Till I cross the narrow sea,  
There are heights of joy that I may  
not reach  
Till I rest in peace with Thee.—REF.

Frances J. (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1875

# Love, and Communion with Christ

306 ST. JUDE 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Charles J. Vincent, 1877

I O the bit - ter shame and sor - row That a time could ev - er be,

When I let the Sav - iour's pit - y, Plead in vain, and proud - ly answered,

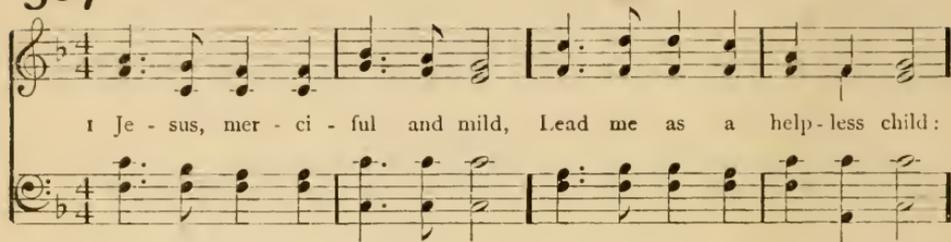
"All of self, and none of Thee." A - MEN.

- 2 Yet He found me ; I beheld Him  
     Bleeding on the accursèd tree,  
     Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"  
     And my wistful heart said faintly,  
         "Some of self, and some of Thee."
- 3 Day by day His tender mercy,  
     Healing, helping, full and free,  
     Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,  
     Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
         "Less of self, and more of Thee."
- 4 Higher than the highest heavens,  
     Deeper than the deepest sea,  
     Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered ;  
     Grant me now my soul's desire,  
         "None of self, and all of Thee."

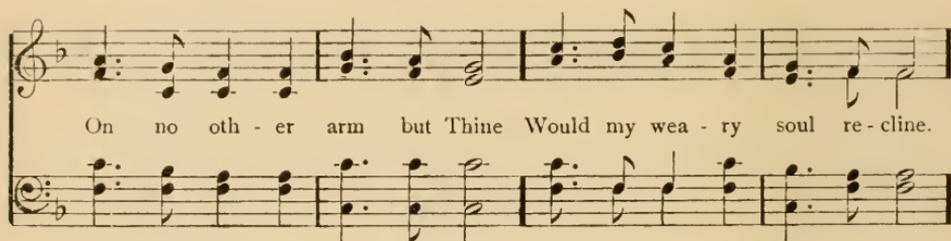
# Hymns of Salvation

307 MESSIAH 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

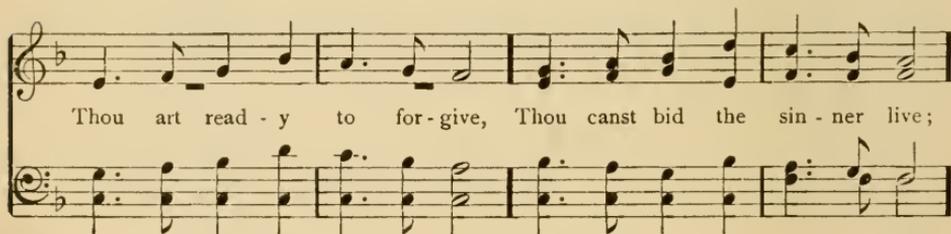
Arr. from L. J. F. Herold, by Geo. Kingsley, 1838



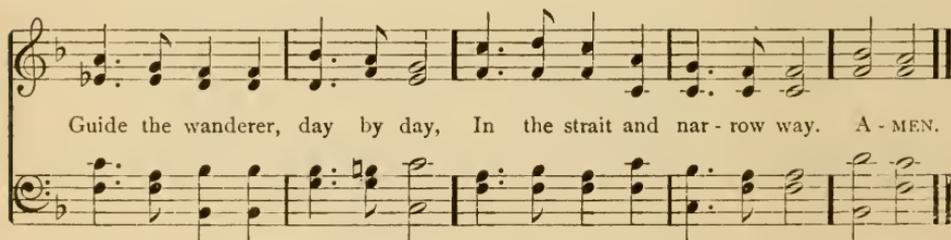
I Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child :



On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline.



Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live ;



Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - MEN.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace  
For the heavenly dwelling-place ;  
All Thy promises are sure,  
Ever shall Thy love endure ;  
Then what more could I desire,  
How to greater bliss aspire ?  
All I need, in Thee I see ;  
Thou art All in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all Divine,  
Hast Thou made me truly Thine ?  
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood ?  
Reconciled my heart to God ?  
Hearken to my tender prayer,  
Let me Thine own image bear,  
Let me love Thee more and more  
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

## Love, and Communion with Christ

**308** SPANISH HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1824

I Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove ;

All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side :

Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - MEN.

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

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

Rev. George Duffield, 1851

**309** (SPANISH HYMN) 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

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

Is my daily, hourly prayer.  
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?  
Nothing else my joy can be.

2 Other lords have long held sway ;  
Now Thy Name alone to bear,  
Thy dear voice alone obey

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

Frances R. Havergal, 1865

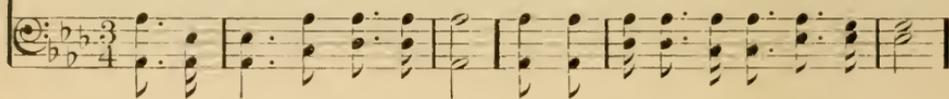
# Hymns of Salvation

310 EVERY DAY 7. 9. 7. 9. with Refrain

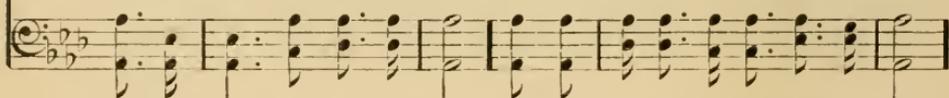
W. Howard Doane, 1875



1 Sav - our, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;  
2 Through this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gent - ly, gent - ly as I go;



Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.  
Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.



REFRAIN.



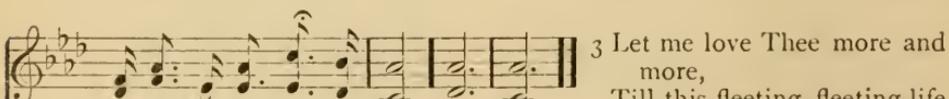
Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me



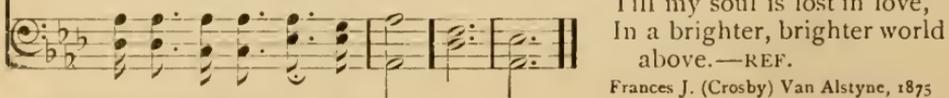
Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,



feel Thy clean - sing power; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me



clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.



3 Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
Till my soul is lost in love,  
In a brighter, brighter world above.—REF.

Frances J. (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1875

# Lobe, and Communion with Christ

## 3II LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

American Melody

I A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so free;

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness is so free. A-MEN.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all,  
And saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness is so great.
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,  
Where earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness is so strong.
- 4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,  
And life and mortal powers shall fail,  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then shall I mount, and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

## Hymns of Salvation

**312** ST. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul in Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

Rev. George Matheson, 1882

**313** (HENDON) 7. 7. 7. 7.

1 CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,  
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,  
Still in Thee may I be found,  
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
Freely from Thy fulness give;  
Till I close my earthly race,  
May I prove it "Christ to live."

3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,  
Nothing shall my heart confound;

Safely I shall pass the flood,  
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessèd shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll;  
Death's dark stream shall nevermore  
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky;  
Having known it "Christ to live,"  
Let me know it "gain to die."

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, 1817

# Love, and Communion with Christ

**314** NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D'

Rev. Asahel Nettleton, 1825

FINE.

1 { Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ; }  
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }  
 Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love!

D. C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove ; A - MEN.

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

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

Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758

**HENDON** 7. 7. 7. 7.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1827

1 Christ, of all my hopes the Ground, Christ, the Spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may

I be found, Still for Thee my powers em - ploy, Still for Thee my powers em - ploy. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

315 ERIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

C. Crozat Converse, 1868

1 What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!

O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer. A - MEN.

By per. of C. C. Converse, owner of copyright

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 (c. 1820-1886)

# Prayer

316 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1859

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a  
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-

world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make  
ti - tion bear To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En-

all my wants and wish - es known; In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief,  
gage the wait - ing soul to bless: And since He bids me seek His face,

My soul has oft - en found re - lief; And oft es - caped the  
Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my

temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.  
ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. A - MEN.

## Hymns of Salvation

### 317 RETREAT L. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1842

1 From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat. A-MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend,  
Though sundered far; by faith they  
meet,  
Around the common mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no  
more,  
And heaven comes down our souls  
to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O may my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, 1827, 1831

### 318 (STATE STREET) S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!  
The promise calls me near:  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and Thy love;  
I ask to serve Thee here below,  
And reign with Thee above.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt;  
Thou canst not be too bold;  
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,  
What else can He withhold?

4 Teach me to live by faith;  
Conform my will to Thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

# Prayer

## 319 ST. ANDREW S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866

I Sweet is Thy mer - cy, Lord; Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat

My soul, a - dor - ing, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer - cy sweet. A - MEN.

2 My need and Thy desires  
Are all in Christ complete;  
Thou hast the justice truth requires,  
And I Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,  
Lead Thou my wandering feet,  
That while I stay on earth I may  
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy Name is blest,  
Where'er Thy people meet,  
There I delight in Thee to rest,  
And find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host  
Hear all my songs repeat  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1862

## STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844

I Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near:

There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer prayer. A - MEN.

# Hymns of Salvation

320 HORTON 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Xavier Schnyder (1786-1868)

1 Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare: Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;

He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay. A - MEN.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right main-  
And without a rival reign. [tain,

3 With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

5 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.

Rev. John Newton, 1779

ELIZABETHTOWN C. M.

George Kingsley, 1838

1 When cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wan-dering spir - its stray,

And thoughts and lips move heav - i - ly, Lord, teach us how to pray. A - MEN.

# Prayer

321 ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887

1 O Thou, the con-trite sin-ners' Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,

On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A-MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 When, weary in the Christian race,<br/>Far off appears my resting-place,<br/>And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,<br/>Then, Saviour, plead for me.</p> <p>3 When I have erred and gone astray,<br/>Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,<br/>And see no glimmering guiding ray,<br/>Still, Saviour, plead for me.</p> | <p>4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,<br/>Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,<br/>Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,<br/>And plead, O plead for me.</p> <p>5 And when my dying hour draws near,<br/>O'er-cast with sorrow, pain, and fear,<br/>Then to my fainting sight appear,<br/>Pleading in heaven for me.</p> <p>6 When the full light of heavenly day<br/>Reveals my sins in dread array,<br/>Say Thou hast washed them all away;<br/>O say Thou plead'st for me.</p> |
|--|--|

Charlotte Elliott, 1835: verse 5, l. 2, alt.

## 322 (ELIZABETHTOWN) C. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHEN cold our hearts, and far from<br/>Thee<br/>Our wandering spirits stray,<br/>And thoughts and lips move heavily,<br/>Lord, teach us how to pray.</p> <p>2 Too vile to venture near Thy Throne,<br/>Too poor to turn away;<br/>Our only voice,—Thy Spirit's groan,—<br/>Lord, teach us how to pray.</p> | <p>3 We know not how to seek Thy face,<br/>Unless Thou lead the way;<br/>We have no words, unless Thy grace,<br/>Lord, teach us how to pray.</p> <p>4 Here every thought and fond desire<br/>We on Thine altar lay;<br/>And when our souls have caught Thy<br/>fire,<br/>Lord, teach us how to pray.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. John S. B. Monsell, 1837

# Hymns of Salvation

323 HERBERT S. S. S. 4.

Rev. Richard R. Chope, 1862

1 My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even - ing star,

As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer? A - MEN.

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that solemn hour of eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee re-  
newed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief  
There for my every want I find;  
What strength for warfare, balm for  
grief,  
What peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835 (text of 1836)

BYEFIELD C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1840

1 Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed,

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast. A - MEN.

# Prayer

324 EVAN C. M.

Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846

I There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;

There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of light; A - MEN.

- 2 There is an arm that never tires  
When human strength gives way;  
There is a love that never fails  
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
That arm upholds the sky;  
That ear is filled with angel songs;  
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield  
When mortal aid is vain,
- That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,  
Through Jesus, to the throne,  
And moves the hand which moves the world,  
To bring salvation down.

Rev. James C. Wallace (c. 1793-1841)

325 (BYEFIELD) C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays."
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1819

# Hymns of Salvation

326 **EVEN ME** S. 7. S. 7. with Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1862

1 { Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scat-tering full and free,  
Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops de-scend on me, }

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops de - scend on me. A - MEN.

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

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor;  
When 'Thou comest, call for me.—REF.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me.—REF.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860: verse 1, l. 4, verse 2, l. 3, alt.

**BEATRICE** S. 7. S. 7.

Rev. William W. Coe, 1895

*The Refrain is to be omitted*

1 Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scat-tering full and free,

Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops de-scend on me. A - MEN.

# Prayer

327 PASS ME NOT 8. 5. 8. 5. with Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1870

I Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.

## REFRAIN.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing,

Do not pass me by. A - MEN.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Heal my unbelief.—REF.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.—REF.

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- 4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee?—REF.

Frances J. (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1868

# Hymns of Salvation

328 BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1856

I Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

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

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- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Though like the wanderer,<br/>The sun gone down,<br/>Darkness be over me,<br/>My rest a stone;<br/>Yet in my dreams I'd be<br/>Nearer, my God, to Thee,<br/>Nearer to Thee!</p>   | <p>4 Then, with my waking thoughts<br/>Bright with Thy praise,<br/>Out of my stony griefs<br/>Bethel I'll raise;<br/>So by my woes to be<br/>Nearer, my God, to Thee,<br/>Nearer to Thee!</p> |
| <p>3 There let the way appear,<br/>Steps unto heaven:<br/>All that Thou send'st to me<br/>In mercy given:<br/>Angels to beckon me<br/>Nearer, my God, to Thee,<br/>Nearer to Thee!</p> | <p>5 Or if on joyful wing<br/>Cleaving the sky,<br/>Sun, moon, and stars forgot,<br/>Upwards I fly,<br/>Still all my song shall be,<br/>Nearer, my God, to Thee,<br/>Nearer to Thee!</p>      |

Sarah F. Adams, 1841: verse 1, l. 5, alt.

# Aspiration

329 NEARER TO THEE 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

William R. Braine, 1861



1 More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make



On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! A - MEN.



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 !

# Hymns of Salvation

330 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

William Arnold, c. 1800

1 O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - MEN.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove; return,  
Sweet Messenger of rest:

- I hate the sins that made Thee mourn  
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872

1 O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven - ly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - MEN.

# Aspiration

**331 BELMONT** C. M.

Arr. from William Gardiner, 1812

1 When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the skies,

I bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Should earth against my soul engage,<br/>And hellish darts be hurled,<br/>Then I can smile at Satan's rage,<br/>And face a frowning world.</p> | <p>3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,<br/>And storms of sorrow fall,<br/>May I but safely reach my home,<br/>My God, my heaven, my all:</p> |
|---|---|

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

**332 (BELMONT or DALEHURST)** C. M.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,<br/>A heart from sin set free;<br/>A heart that always feels Thy blood,<br/>So freely spilt for me!</p> <p>2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,<br/>My great Redeemer's throne;<br/>Where only Christ is heard to speak,<br/>Where Jesus reigns alone;</p> | <p>3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,<br/>Believing, true, and clean,<br/>Which neither life nor death can part<br/>From Him that dwells within;</p> <p>4 A heart in every thought renewed,<br/>And full of love Divine;<br/>Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,<br/>A copy, Lord, of Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1742 (Text of 1782)

# Hymns of Salvation

333 COVENTRY C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1841

1 O for a faith that will not shrink Though pressed by ma - ny a foe,

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of pov - er - ty or woe; A - MEN.

2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God;

4 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.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without,  
That, when in danger, knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

Rev. William H. Bathurst, 1831

LYTE S. M.

John B. Wilkes, 1861

1 Far from my heav - en - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing I

cry, "Blest Spir - it, come And speed me to my rest." A - MEN.

# Aspiration

**334** WHITTIER 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker (1844-)

1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fool - ish ways:

Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy ser - vice find,

In deep - er reverence, praise. A - MEN.

Where Jesus knelt to share with  
Thee  
The silence of eternity,  
Interpreted by love!

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.

4 With that deep hush subduing  
all  
Our words and works that drown  
The tender whisper of Thy call,  
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall  
As fell Thy manna down.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease; [stress,  
Take from our souls the strain and  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.

John G. Whittier, 1872

## 335 (LYTE) S. M.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come  
And speed me to my rest."

My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns  
When I remember thee.

2 Upon the willows long  
My harp has silent hung:  
How should I sing a cheerful song  
Till thou inspire my tongue?

4 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road:  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

3 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee:

5 God of my life, be near;  
On Thee my hopes I cast:  
O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1834

## Hymns of Salvation

**336** BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light,

Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; O burst these bands, and set it free. A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross ;<br/>Nail my affections to the cross ;<br/>Hallow each thought ; let all within<br/>Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.</p> <p>3 If in this darksome wild I stray,<br/>Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way ;<br/>No foes, no violence I fear,<br/>No harm, while Thou, my God, art<br/>near.</p> | <p>4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,<br/>When sinks my heart in waves of woe,<br/>Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,<br/>And raise my head, and cheer my<br/>heart.</p> <p>5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,<br/>Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee :<br/>O let Thy hand support me still,<br/>And lead me to Thy holy hill.</p> <p>6 If rough and thorny be my way,<br/>My strength proportion to my day ;<br/>Till toil and grief and pain shall cease<br/>Where all is calm and joy and peace.</p> |
|--|---|

Count N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721 (verse 4, Rev. J. A. Freylinghausen, 1704). Tr. Rev. John Wesley, 1738 : verse 3, l. 4, alt.

**337** (BERA) L. M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 MY God, permit me not to be<br/>A stranger to myself and Thee ;<br/>Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,<br/>Forgetful of my highest love.</p> <p>2 Why should my passions mix with<br/>earth,<br/>And thus debase my heavenly birth ?<br/>Why should I cleave to things<br/>below,<br/>And let my God, my Saviour, go ?</p> | <p>3 Call me away from flesh and sense :<br/>One sovereign word can draw me<br/>thence ;<br/>I would obey the voice Divine,<br/>And all inferior joys resign.</p> <p>4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with-<br/>drawn,<br/>Let noise and vanity be gone ;<br/>In secret silence of the mind<br/>My heaven, and there my God, I find.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1709

# Aspiration

338 AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

The Foundery Collection, 1742

I Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move ;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;  
 Both speed them to their source :  
 So my soul, derived from God,  
 Pants to view His glorious face,  
 Forward tends to His abode,  
 To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize ;  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies :  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

# Hymns of Salvation

339 COOLING C. M.

Alonso J. Abbey, 1858

1 O could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet a-way, While leaning on His word. A-MEN.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live,  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly Thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve Thy love Divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And when my frame dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love Thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland, c. 1790 : alt.

340 (CANONBURY) L. M.

- 1 FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labor to pursue;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfil;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above;  
Above the thorns of choking care,  
The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labor on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day:
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ [given,  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749 : verse 2, l. 4, alt.

# Aspiration

**341** NORTHREPPS C. M.

Josiah Booth, 1887

I We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as the un-fath-omed sea,

Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A-MEN.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,  
A river in the soul,  
Whose banks a living verdure keep,  
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial-way too long,  
But leaves the end with Thee:

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,  
Whate'er the outward be,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

**CANONBURY** L. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839

I Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue;

Thee, on-ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A-MEN.

# The Life Everlasting

## 342 JACOBS' CHANT Irregular

Rev. William Jacobs, 1829

1 One sweetly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er :  
 2 Nearer my Fa - ther's house, Where the ma - ny man - sions be ;  
 3 Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down ;  
 4 But the waves of that si - lent sea Roll dark be - fore my sight,  
 5 O, if my mor - tal feet Have al - most gained the brink  
 6 Father, perfect my trust ; Let my spir - it feel in death

I'm nearer my home to - day Than I ever have been be - fore ;  
 Nearer the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea ;  
 Nearer leaving the cross, Nearer gain - . . ing the crown.  
 That brightly the oth - er side Break on a shore of light.  
 If it be I am near - er home Even to - day . . . than I think,  
 That her feet are firm - ly set On the rock of a liv - ing faith. A - MEN.

Phœbe Cary, 1852 (Text of 1869)

## GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849

1 It is not death to die, To leave this wea - ry road,

And midst the broth - er - hood on high To be at home with God. A - MEN.

# Death

343 REST L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843

1 A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A - MEN.

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

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

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

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

Margaret Mackay, 1832

344 (GREENWOOD) S. M.

1 IT is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And midst the brotherhood on high  
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear  
The wretch that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,  
Thy chosen cannot die:  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1832. Tr. Rev. George W. Bethune, 1847

# The Life Everlasting

345 FREDERICK 11. 11. 11. 11.

George Kingsley, 1833

I I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay

Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;

The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here

Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer. A - MEN.

- 2 I would not live always, thus fettered by sin;  
Temptation without, and corruption within;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live always; no, welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;  
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

# Death

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet ;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

Rev. William A. Mühlenberg, c. 1824 (Text of 1826)

## 346 WAKEFIELD 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

William W. Gilchrist, 1895

I No, no, it is not dy - ing To go un - to our God ;

This gloom - y earth for - sak - ing, Our jour - ney home - ward tak - ing

A - long the star - ry road. A - MEN.

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 of Publication and Sabbath-School Work

- 2 No, no, it is not dying  
 Heaven's citizen to be ;  
 A crown immortal wearing,  
 And rest unbroken sharing,  
 From care and conflict free.

- 3 No, no, it is not dying  
 To hear this gracious word,  
 "Receive a Father's blessing,  
 For evermore possessing  
 The favor of Thy Lord."

- 4 No, no, it is not dying  
 The Shepherd's voice to know :  
 His sheep He ever leadeth,  
 His peaceful flock He feedeth  
 Where living pastures grow.

- 5 No, no, it is not dying  
 To wear a lordly crown ;  
 Among God's people dwelling,  
 The glorious triumph swelling  
 Of Him whose sway we own.

Rev. H. A. César Malan, 1832. Tr. Rev. Robinson P. Dunn, 1859

# The Life Everlasting

347 HEAVEN IS MY HOME 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872

i I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a

des-ert drear, Heaven is my home: Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on

ev - ery hand; Heaven is my fa - ther - land, Heaven is my home. A - MEN.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home;  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home:  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon shall be overpast;  
I shall reach home at last,  
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home;  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best;  
And there I too shall rest,  
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,  
Heaven is my home;  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home:  
And I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

# The Life Everlasting

348 SHINING SHORE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

George F. Root, 1859

I My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger:

REFRAIN.

For O we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er. A - MEN.

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2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
Our distant home discerning; We need not cease our singing;  
Our absent Lord has left us word, That perfect rest naught can molest,  
"Let every lamp be burning."—REF. Where golden harps are ringing. REF.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever;  
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,  
For ever, O for ever.—REF.

Rev. David Nelson, 1835

# The Life Everlasting

349 PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1866

I O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

REFRAIN.

Where loy - al hearts and true

Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,  
loy - - - al

All rap - ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-MEN.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?—REF.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;

I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;—REF.  
4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
O keep me in Thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;—REF.

# The Life Everlasting

350 EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!  
2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.  
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.

I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare. A - MEN.  
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David ;  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast ;  
And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4 Exult, O dust and ashes,  
The Lord shall be thy part :  
His only and for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art.  
Exult, O dust and ashes,  
The Lord shall be thy part :  
His only and for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

# The Life Eberlasting

351 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. by James C. Wade, 1865

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, and thee? A - MEN.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built<br/>And pearly gates behold? [walls<br/>Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,<br/>And streets of shining gold?</p> <p>3 There happier bowers than Eden's<br/>bloom,<br/>Nor sin nor sorrow know:<br/>Blest seats! through rude and stormy<br/>scenes<br/>I onward press to you.</p> <p>4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,<br/>Or feel at death dismay?</p> | <p>I've Canaan's goodly land in view,<br/>And realms of endless day.</p> <p>5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there<br/>Around my Saviour stand;<br/>And soon my friends in Christ below<br/>Will join the glorious band.</p> <p>6 Jerusalem, my happy home!<br/>My soul still pants for thee:<br/>Then shall my labors have an end,<br/>When I thy joys shall see.</p> |
|--|--|

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery,) Eckington  
Coll., c. 1796 (based on "F. B. P.," in MS.  
of 16th or 17th cent.)

352 (ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE) S. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O WHERE shall rest be found,<br/>Rest for the weary soul?<br/>'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,<br/>Or pierce to either pole:</p> <p>2 The world can never give<br/>The bliss for which we sigh;<br/>'Tis not the whole of life to live,<br/>Nor all of death to die.</p> <p>3 Beyond this vale of tears<br/>There is a life above,<br/>Unmeasured by the flight of years,<br/>And all that life is love:</p> | <p>4 There is a death whose pang<br/>Outlasts the fleeting breath;<br/>O what eternal horrors hang<br/>Around the second death!</p> <p>5 Lord God of truth and grace,<br/>Teach us that death to shun,<br/>Lest we be banished from Thy face,<br/>And evermore undone.</p> <p>6 Here would we end our quest:<br/>Alone are found in Thee<br/>The life of perfect love, the rest<br/>Of immortality.</p> |
|---|---|

James Montgomery, 1818 (text of 1825)

# The Life Everlasting

353 ST. MARGUERITE C. M.

Rev. Edward C. Walker, 1876

1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;  
2 There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - ering flowers;

In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. A - MEN.  
Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav - en - ly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckoned eyes;

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shivering, on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er, [cold,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707

ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE S. M.

George Lomas, 1876

1 O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean - depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole: A - MEN.

# The Life Everlasting

354 RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Arr. from Chrétien Urhan, 1834,  
by Edw. F. Rimbault, 1867

1 The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,  
2 The King there in His beau - ty With - out a veil is seen;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes:  
It were a well-spent jour - ney, Though seven deaths lay be - tween:

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,  
The Lamb with His fair ar - my Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - MEN.  
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.

3 O Christ, He is the Fountain,  
The deep sweet Well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted  
More deep I'll drink above:  
There to an ocean fulness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted by His love:  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

# The Life Everlasting

355 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882



1 O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee?  
2 Thy walls are made of pre - cious stones, Thy bul - warks dia - monds square;



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl, Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare.



O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!  
Thy tur - rets and thy pin - na - cles With car - bun - cles do shine;



In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - MEN.  
Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold, Sur - pass - ing clear and fine.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks<br/>Continually are green, [flowers<br/>There grow such sweet and pleasant<br/>As nowhere else are seen.<br/>Quite through the streets, with silver<br/>The flood of life doth flow; [sound,<br/>Upon whose banks on every side<br/>The wood of life doth grow.</p> | <p>4 There trees for evermore bear fruit,<br/>And evermore do spring;<br/>There evermore the angels sit,<br/>And evermore do sing.<br/>Jerusalem, my happy home,<br/>Would God I were in thee!<br/>Would God my woes were at an end,<br/>Thy joys that I might see!</p> |
|--|---|

# The Life Everlasting

356 PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

Henry Smart, 1868

1 Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and

o - cean's wave - beat shore : How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

REFRAIN.  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

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

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—REF.

## The Life Everlasting

- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

Rev. Frederick W. Faber, 1854: verse 4, l. 3, verse 5, ll. 3, 4, alt.

### 357 WOODLAND 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Nathaniel D. Gould, 1832

1 There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wan - derers given;

There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast:

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
 The heart no longer riven;  
 And views the tempest passing  
 by,  
 The evening shadows quickly  
 fly,  
 And all serene in heaven.

'Tis found a - bove in heaven. A - MEN.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,  
 By sin and sorrow driven,  
 When tossed on life's tempestuous  
 shoals,  
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
 And all is drear—'tis heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal  
 bloom,  
 And joys supreme are given;  
 There rays Divine disperse the gloom;  
 Beyond the confines of the tomb  
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan, 1818

# The Life Everlasting

358 DAILY, DAILY S. 7. S. 7. D.

Henri F. Hemy, 1865

1 Dai - ly, dai - ly sing the prais - es Of the cit - y God hath made;

In the beau-teous fields of E - den Its foun-da-tion-stones are laid.

REFRAIN.

O that I had wings of an - gels, Here to spread and heaven-ward fly!

I would seek the gates of Zi - on, Far be - yond the star - ry sky. A - MEN.

2 All the walls of that dear city  
Are of bright and burnished gold;  
It is matchless in its beauty,  
And its treasures are untold.—REF.

3 In the midst of that dear city  
Christ is reigning on His seat,  
And the angels swing their censers  
In a ring about His feet.—REF.

4 There the meadows green and dewy  
Shine with lilies wondrous fair;  
Thousand, thousand are the colors  
Of the waving flowers there.—REF.

5 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,  
And is laden with the song  
Of the seraphs, and the elders,  
And the great redeemed throng.—REF.

# The Opening and Closing of the Year

359 BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Samuel Webbe, 1792

I While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know. A - MEN.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find,  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,  
All below is but a dream.

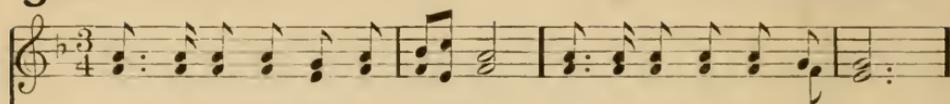
3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view;  
Bless Thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

Rev. John Newton, 1774

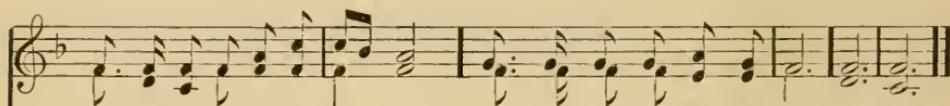
## The Opening and Closing of the Year

**360** ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

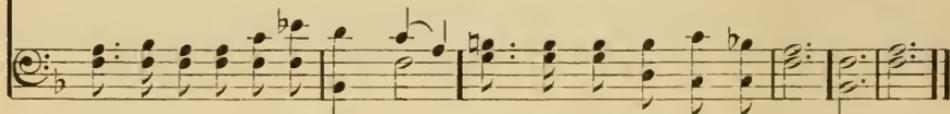
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1864



1 Days and mo-ments quick-ly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead :



O how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed ! A - MEN.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,<br/>Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;<br/>Wake, O wake each idle dreamer<br/>Now to make the eternal choice.</p> <p>3 As a shadow life is fleeting ;<br/>As a vapor so it flies ;<br/>For the old year now retreating<br/>Pardon grant, and make us wise ;</p> | <p>4 Wise that we our days may number,<br/>Strive and wrestle with our sin,<br/>Stay not in our work, nor slumber<br/>Till Thy glorious rest we win.</p> <p>5 Soon before the Judge all glorious<br/>We with all the dead shall stand :<br/>Saviour, over death victorious,<br/>Place us then on Thy right hand.</p> |
|--|--|

Rev. Edward Caswall, 1858 : recast in Church Hymns, 1871

## **361** (GERMANY) L. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty<br/>hand<br/>By which supported still we stand ;<br/>The opening year Thy mercy shows ;<br/>That mercy crowns it till it close.</p> <p>2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,<br/>Still are we guarded by our God ;<br/>By His incessant bounty fed,<br/>By His unerring counsel led.</p> | <p>3 With grateful hearts the past we<br/>own ;<br/>The future, all to us unknown,<br/>We to Thy guardian care commit,<br/>And peaceful leave before Thy feet.</p> <p>4 In scenes exalted or depressed,<br/>Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest ;<br/>Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,<br/>Adored through all our changing days.</p> <p>5 When death shall interrupt these songs,<br/>And seal in silence mortal tongues ;<br/>Our Helper God, in whom we trust,<br/>In better worlds our souls shall boast.</p> |
|---|---|

Rev. Philip Doddridge, publ. 1756

# Harvest and Thanksgiving

362 NUREMBERG 7. 7. 7. 7.

Alt. from Johann R. Ahle, 1664

I Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days:

Bounteous Source of ev - ery joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy. A-MEN.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;  
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;  
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;

3 All that Spring with bounteous hand  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;

All that liberal Autumn pours  
 From her rich o'erflowing stores ;—

4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;  
 And for these my soul shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815

I Great God, we sing that might - y hand By which sup - port - ed still we stand ;

The opening year Thy mer-cy shows ; That mercy crowns it till it close. A-MEN.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving

363

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. D.

Sir George J. Elvey 1859

1 Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home :  
2 All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield ;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin ;  
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown :

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied :  
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear :

Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home. A - MEN.  
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home ;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away ;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come  
To Thy final harvest-home ;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
There for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide :  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

# Harvest and Thanksgiving

364 REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1867

I Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet Thy trib - ute bring ;

Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing ?

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King. A - MEN.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Praise Him for His grace and favor<br/>To our fathers in distress ;<br/>Praise Him, still the same for ever,<br/>Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;<br/>Praise Him, praise Him,<br/>Glorious in His faithfulness.</p> | <p>3 Father-like, He tends and spares us ;<br/>Well our feeble frame He knows ;<br/>In His hands He gently bears us,<br/>Rescues us from all our foes ;<br/>Praise Him, praise Him,<br/>Widely as His mercy goes.</p> |
|---|---|

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

# Anniversary

365 ST. MARTIN'S C. M.

William Tans'U., 1735

1 Let chil - dren hear the might - y deeds Which God per - formed of old ;

Which in our young - er years we saw, And which our fa - thers told. A - MEN.

2 He bids us make His glories known,      That generations yet unborn  
 His works of power and grace ;              May teach them to their heirs.  
 And we'll convey His wonders down,      4 Thus shall they learn in God alone  
 Through every rising race.                  Their hope securely stands,  
 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,      That they may ne'er forget His works,  
 And they again to theirs ;                  But practise His commands.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738

1 O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea ;

And when they trod the wintry strand, With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee. AMEN.

# National

366 DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832



1 God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand Through storm and  
2 For her our prayers shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we



night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave,  
wait; Thou who art, ev - er nigh, Guard - ing with watch - ful eye,



Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.  
To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State. A - MEN.



1st 5 ll. Rev. Charles T. Brooks, c. 1833;  
the remainder, Rev. John S. Dwight, 1844

367 (WAREHAM) L. M.

- 1 O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand,  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and psalm they worshipped  
Thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song,  
the prayer:  
Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward, through all ages, bear  
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves:  
And where their pilgrim feet have  
trod,  
The God they trusted guards their  
graves.
- 4 And here Thy Name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, 1833 (text of 1845)

# National

368 AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Harmonia Anglicana, 1744

1 My coun - try, '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 - ery 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.

# Temperance

369 JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1875

1 O Thou, be - fore whose pres - ence Naught e - vil may come in,  
2 Fierce is our sub - tle foe - man: The for - ces at his hand

Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin,  
With woes that none can num - ber De - spoil the pleas - ant land;

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,  
All they who war a - gainst them, In strife so keen and long,

And Christ-like ten - der pit - y To seek the lost for Thee. A - MEN.  
Must in their Sav - iour's ar - mor Be strong - er than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us  
The great things that we see!  
For things that are we thank Thee,  
And for the things to be:  
For bright hope is uplifting  
Faint hands and feeble knees,  
To strive beneath Thy blessing  
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,  
O Purity and Power;  
Lead on till peace eternal  
Shall close this battle-hour:  
Till all who prayed and struggled  
To set their brethren free,  
In triumph meet to praise Thee,  
Most Holy Trinity.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone, 1889

# Farewell Service

370 GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. with Refrain

William G. Tomer, 1882

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up - hold you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.

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

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

Till we meet,

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain. A-MEN.

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

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

Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1882



Glory *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace, good | will towards | men.  
We praise Thee \* we bless *Thee* \* we | worship | Thee || we glorify Thee \* we give  
*thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



O Lord *God* | heavenly | King || *God* the | Father | Al · = | mighty.  
O Lord \* the only-begotten *Son* | Jesus | Christ || O Lord God \* Lamb of God \* |  
Son · = | of the | Father,



That takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have *mercy* up | on · = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || have *mercy* up | on · = | us.  
Thou that takest *away* the | sins · of the | world || *re*ceive our | prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mercy* up |  
on · = | us.



For Thou *only* | art · = | holy || *Thou* | only | art the | Lord.  
Thou only, O *Christ* \* with the | Holy | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory · of |  
God the | Father || A | men.

- 1 GOD be merciful *unto* | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance \* and be | merci · ful | unto | us ;
- 2 That Thy *way* may be | known up · on | earth || Thy *saving* | health a | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | people | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously \* and *govern* the | nations · up | on · = | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | people | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God*, shall | give · = | us His | blessing.
- <sup>2nd</sup> part 7 *God* shall | bless · = | us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear · = | Him.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Holy Ghost ;
- As it was in the beginning \* is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end · = | A · = | men.

- 1 OUR Father which art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | Name ; ||  
Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done in | earth · as it | is in | heaven ;
- 2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread ; ||  
And forgive us our debts, as | we for | give our | debtors ;
- 3 And lead us not into temptation, but de | liver | us from | evil ; ||  
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A · = | men.

The Earl of Mornington, 1760



- 1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | holy | Name.  
 2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and for | get not | all His | benefits :  
 3 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and healeth | all · = | thine in | firmities ;  
 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and |  
 loving | kindness.  
 5 O praise the LORD ye angels of His \* ye that ex | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil  
 His commandment \* and hearken un | to the | voice · of His | word.  
 6 O praise the *Lord*, all | ye His | hosts || ye servants of | His that | do His | pleasure.  
 2nd part 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His \* in all places of | His do |  
 minion || praise *thou* the | Lord · = | O my | soul.  
 Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
 As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be || world without |  
 end · = | A · = | men.

Hart



- GLORY be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
 As it was in the beginning \* is now, and | ever | shall be || world without |  
 end · = | A · = | men.

## Jubilate Deo

Rev. Henry Aldrich

- 1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the *Lord* with gladness \* and come  
before His | presence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us \* and not we  
ourselves \* we are His people, and the | sheep of | His = | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving \* and into His | courts with |  
praise || be thankful unto *Him*, and | speak good | of His | Name.
- 4 For the *Lord* is gracious \* His *mercy* is | ever | lasting || and His truth endureth  
from *gener* | ation · to | gener | ation.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning \* is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without |  
end · = | A · = | men.

## Benedictus

Arr. from Beethoven

- 1 BLESSED be the *Lord* | God of | Israel || for He hath *visited* | and re | deemed ·  
His | people ;
- 2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal | vation | for us || in the *house* | of His | servant |  
David ;
- 3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | holy | prophets || which have *been* | since the |  
world be | gan ;
- 4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies || and *from* the | hand of | all that |  
hate us.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning \* is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without |  
end · = | A · = | men.



- 1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* un | to the | Lord || and to sing praises *unto* Thy |  
 Name · = | O Most | Highest ;
- 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *early* | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the |  
 night · = | season ;
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings \* *and* up | on the | lute || upon a loud *instru-*  
*ment* | and up | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord \* hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in  
 giving *praise* \* for the oper | ations | of Thy | hands.  
 Glory be to the *Father* | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost ;  
 As it was in the beginning \* is *now*, and | ever | shall be || *world* without |  
 end · = | A · = | men.

## Responses to the Commandments

After Each Commandment, except the 10th.

 Musical score for the first part of 'Responses to the Commandments' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with a simple harmonic setting of the text.
 

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th. Ritard.

 Musical score for the second part of 'Responses to the Commandments' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with a simple harmonic setting of the text. The tempo is marked 'Ritard.' (Ritardando).
 

Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech Thee.

# Doxologies

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter, 1551

1 Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow ; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low ;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host : Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - MEN.

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1693

S. M.

WE give Thee glory, Lord,  
Thy majesty adore ;  
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
We bless for evermore.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1866

7. 7. 7. 7.

SING we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love ;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740

C. M.

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

Tate and Brady's New Version, 1696

8. 7. 8. 7.

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

Anon., 1827

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

GREAT God of earth and heaven,  
To Thee our songs we raise ;  
To Thee be glory given  
And everlasting praise :  
We joyfully confess Thee,  
Eternal Triune God ;  
We magnify, we bless Thee,  
And spread Thy praise abroad.

Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

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

Josiah Conder, 1836

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