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Service Book



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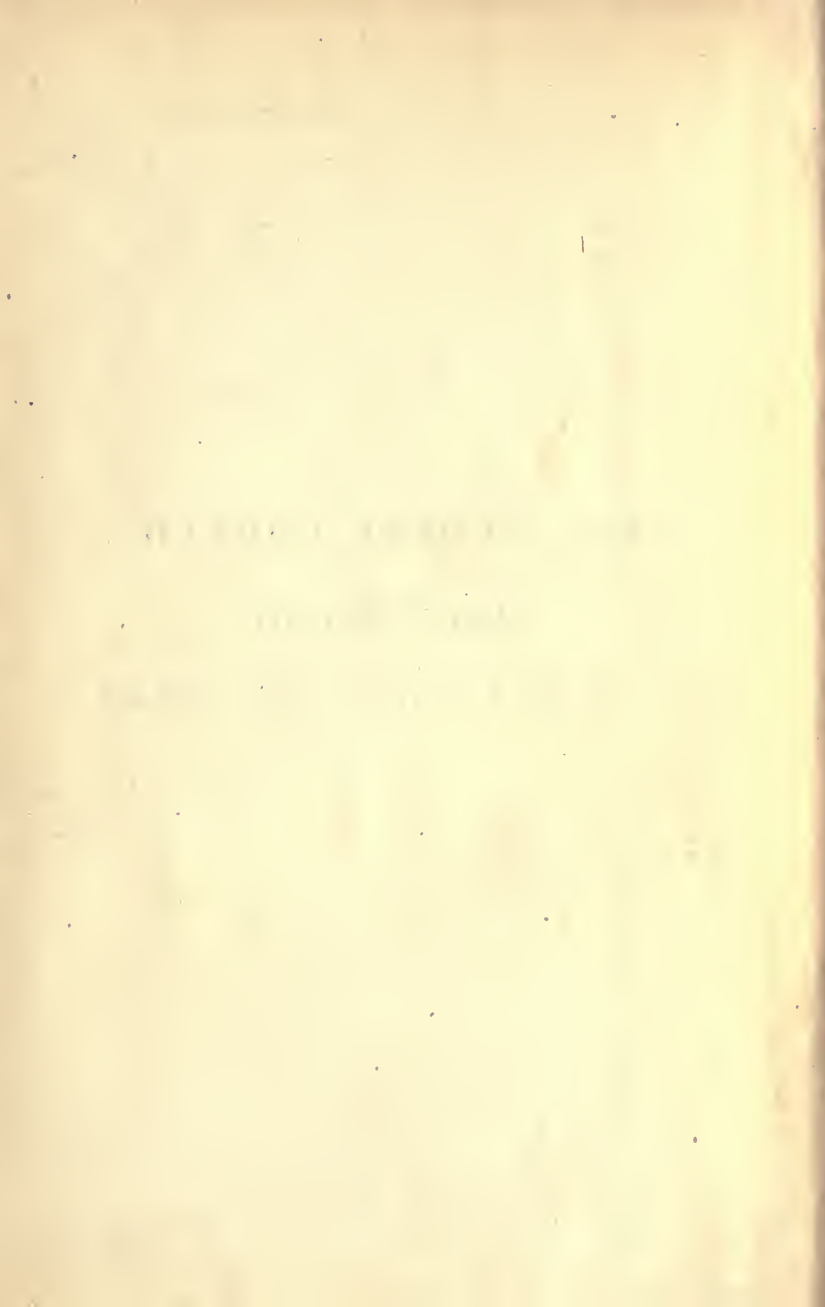


J. M. Davenport.
S. Andrew's
Wolverhampton
Oct 1874

THE TEMPLE CHURCH

Choral Service

CHANTS, PSALMS, AND HYMNS



Second Edition, with many additions.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH

Choral Service Book

CONTAINING THE

RESPONSES IN THEIR MONOTONE, FERIAL, AND FESTIVAL FORMS;

APPROPRIATE CHANTS TO THE DAILY PSALMS;

METRICAL PSALMS AND HYMNS WITH THEIR TUNES;

AND

PREFACES AND INDEXES TO EACH DIVISION.

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS,

ORGANIST TO THE HON. SOCIETIES OF THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.

1869

LONDON:

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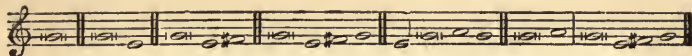
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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE following volume, as originally prepared at the suggestion and with the sanction of the Treasurers of the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple for the year 1867 (the Right Hon. T. E. Headlam, M.P., and the Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Peel), contained (1) the Music to the Order of Morning and Evening Prayer, &c., with the responsorial portion harmonized in two ways; (2), a Selection of appropriate Chants for the Daily Psalms, the Canticles, &c.; and (3), the Tunes to the Metrical Psalms and Hymns, together with the latter, as used in the Temple Church.

To these several contents, certain additions and improvements are made in this second edition of the Temple Choral Service Book. The third and most simple manner of rendering the Responses—namely, the Monotone—is inserted, with the addition of an easy instrumental accompaniment. This precedes the Ferial and Festival Responses, and occupies pages 13 to 41. The more continuous parts of the service in which the Choir and Congregation join—namely, the General Confession, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, &c.—are, in the Ferial and Festival Responses, now printed *in full*; and all the syllables or words of greater importance or significance are printed in *italics*, that they may be the more readily distinguished, so that there should be little difficulty, with this assistance before them, in members reciting well and together. Nine pages are added to the Selection of Chants; and several detected errors that existed in the course of the former impression have been corrected. The additions to the work have in a few places disturbed the continuity of the original paging. To obviate any inconvenience from this circumstance, separate titles are inserted, which precede every division of the book. The Prefaces and Indexes are also attached to their own divisions, except those referring to the three sets of Responses, which are printed together.

E. J. H.



MONOTONE, FERIAL, AND FESTIVAL

RESPONSES

TO

The Book of Common Prayer

WITH

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple).

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London:

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY

BY JOHN H. VAN VLECK

LECTURE NOTES

BY JOHN H. VAN VLECK

LECTURE NOTES

1928

CHICAGO: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

THE manner of rendering the Musical Service of the English Church is *three-fold*.

According to the first, one given tone is sustained throughout, without any inflections, as illustrated by No. 1, on page 5 of this preface. This is the *Monotone*, and doubtless oldest form. In the second, simple inflected terminations frequently occur, as shown by Nos. 2 to 6, on page 5; vocal harmonies accompanying the whole. This forms the *Ferial* use. In the third, the same inflected monotones again occur, or should do so, accompanied by more ornate harmonies for voices and organ. This constitutes the *Tallis*, or *Festival* form. These three "forms" have been in use in the English Church for centuries. Repeated efforts have at different periods been made to multiply these "manners," as will be found more fully set forth further on; but every attempt to increase their number beyond *three* has failed; and it has proved equally impossible to reduce them *below* that figure. The three ways, just spoken of, of presenting the Musical Service, may be noticed separately.

THE MONOTONE RESPONSES

Have been, in our northern counties, in uninterrupted use—in the peoples' answer—from the earliest days of the English Church. What their real origin or the extent of their antiquity may be it would probably be impossible now to discover, as it would be profitless to conjecture: it is only necessary, therefore, to say, that to the following complete edition of those primitive forms of musical recitation, accompanying harmonies have been added at the request of the author's friend, the Rev. J. Powell Metcalfe, of Bilbrough, York, who had expressed a strong wish that an instrumental accompaniment should be prepared that should, besides fulfilling the primary object of sustaining the congregational voice, be, as far as practicable, simple in character, easy of execution, and appropriate in expression.

The necessity for some kind of support to the simple Monotone Service had frequently pressed itself upon his notice in consequence of the difficulty that rustic village—and sometimes other—choirs and congregations experienced in preserving an uniform pitch, more particularly in the more continuous portions of the Services—as the General Confession and the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds—and of the additional and unnecessarily arduous work that was then too often thrown upon the clergyman in assisting them to preserve or to regain it.

Hence the above request. As to the means taken for carrying out that wish, a few words may be said.

The most simple and at the same time the most practically useful way of treating *the whole* of the Monotone Service seemed to be, first, to get the reciting note distinctly communicated to the congregation, and for

the harmony then to enter and accompany and support the voices through the remainder of the response. This, therefore, is the prevailing plan upon which the following "Harmonized Monotone Responses to the Daily and Communion Services" have been prepared, and which is in reality little more than a return to the custom observed in the older musical settings of the Te Deum and Creed, which was to begin in monotone or with a few notes of plain-chant. Not only have all the responsorial portions of the Preces, Versicles, &c., been arranged to commence with the reciting note unharmonized, but the chief clauses in the Apostles' Creed in the Order for Daily Prayer, and in the Nicene Creed, the General Confession, the Gloria in Excelsis, &c., in the Communion Service, are started in the same manner. To attach harmonies to the short Answers was a task of comparatively little difficulty. The two chords, for instance, adapted to the General Confession (page 13) are simply the so-named "imperfect cadence" selected by Tallis for the first of the three Amens in his well-known "Responses." For the Amen at the end of this Confession, the order of these two chords may advantageously be reversed, to mark the close; for as there are many clauses, forming one General Confession, so there will then correspondingly be many imperfect cadences, and one perfect.

The more continuous portions of the Services called for a greater amount of thought; and, on account of their greater length, their musical treatment has almost of necessity assumed something of the form of a "setting;" but in no case has the shape thus accidentally received been allowed to interfere with or disturb the even progress and flow of the "modest and distinct song." In fact, the harmony is frequently suspended for a moment while the reciting note G is sounded afresh by itself, to preserve or restore accuracy of intonation.

So far as regards the music. To assist in promoting uniformity in the way of saying these accompanied parts, the more important words or syllables, and those that should be delivered with slight prominence, are printed in italics; in addition to which, a change of chord is introduced to accompany those of greater moment or deeper meaning. A coincidence between the accent of the words and the movement of the music being thus established, every progression in the harmony will convey to the mind, through the ear, the same intimation, or idea of impulse, that a wave of the hand would through the eye.

The Prayer Book, as first issued in 1549, commenced with the Lord's Prayer; so also of course did the earliest "Booke of Common Praier Noted,"—that by John Marbeck, printed in 1550. Afterwards the Sentences, Exhortation, Confession and Absolution were added, forming together a short preparatory Penitential Service. Tallis, in his Responses for the Church Festivals, recognized this introductory portion as such, and distinguished it sufficiently by leaving it to be either recited in monotone, or said to a simple setting, commencing his own Festal adaptations of the impressive old church song with the response to the first versicle, "O Lord, open Thou our lips." In the following accompaniment to the Monotone Responses, the harmonies are indeed made to commence at once with the Confession, for the practical purpose of sustaining the voices; at the same time the response to the Versicle just named, and the Doxology to the Lord's Prayer immediately before it, are each set (on page 14) to some simple and broad harmonies, in order that either of them may be fitted to form

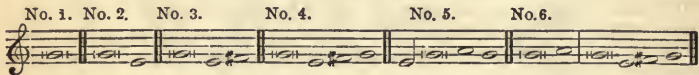
a suitable commencement for the accompaniment if preferred. For the harmonization of the Doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer, on page 14, there exists neither authority nor precedent; but it seemed so natural to discriminate between the prayer and praise of our Divine Model, that the innovation has been ventured upon. *Practically*, it will assist in carrying out the canon, of rendering all available support to voices untutored.

With regard to the harmonies employed, they are, as a rule, simple in kind, and so placed as to be convenient to fingers not professional; while as to the remaining question—of their being expressive—all that can be said here is, that an endeavour has been made to render them as appropriate and continuous as the rigid preservation of the *one* reciting note, and of its frequent repetition without harmony seemed to allow. A few suggestions and observations, as to the manner of playing them, and as to the meaning of certain peculiarities noticeable in the way of printing the words, and of barring the music, will be found appended to the first page of each Service. (See pp. 13 and 28.)

Although these Harmonized Monotone Responses have been prepared primarily for the use of small choirs, and for congregations where no set musical service is contemplated; they will not be inappropriate for Lenten and Fast-day use in other Places.

THE FERAL RESPONSES

Form the second division of the following book. These are founded on a series of simple and impressive melodies, to which the Liturgy of the Church of England has been recited from the earliest days of the Liturgy itself. The origin of these melodies, however, does not date back simply to the period of the Reformation; they are, in fact, an adaptation, to the English Service, of intonations that had been in use in the Church in England from time immemorial. These venerable Response tones present, in their construction, a development of the primitive monotone, conducted with so much judgment and art, and productive in result of an effect so expressive, appropriate, and satisfactory, that when Tallis, twenty years after their adaptation to the Preces and Responses of the Prayer Book, and nearly thirty after their alliance with the English Litany, proceeded to write his "Festival Responses," he did not materially alter, still less recast them, but simply increased their force and truthfulness by the addition thereto of harmonies correspondingly intelligible, sympathetic, and devotional.



The earliest portion of the contents of the English Prayer Book, printed with musical notation conjoined, was the Litany. This, translated by Archbishop Cranmer, was published in 1544, under the title of "Letany and Suffrages," and with the notation, or "Plain-song," adapted to it by the Archbishop himself. The old melodies thus instituted are indicated in some of the outline forms given above, viz.,

TALLIS'S FESTIVAL RESPONSES

Form the third and last division of the following little manual. Portions of the Liturgy were harmonized, separately, by numerous writers, whose names occupy a conspicuous place in the list of cathedral composers. Tallis's complete setting of the Preces, Responses, Litany, &c., however, proved so superior in treatment to the combined productions of all other pens—on account of their greater devotional character, religious beauty, and expressive appropriateness—that they gradually met with general favour, and, after receiving a few minor engraftings which will be noticed in their place, they ultimately were universally accepted and adopted for use on the Church Festivals. As masterly settings, presenting the use of rich harmony, striking modulation, and sweet flowing melody in combination, they were long held in the highest estimation; but the fact that they possessed the, if possible, still higher merit of carrying with or within them the pure and simple plain-chant adapted to the English Liturgy by Archbishop Cranmer, John Marbeck, and others, was by degrees almost lost sight of, and from sufficient causes. The departures from, or rather additions to, the simple melodies that some of the "daily uses" presented, not only obscured their broad and definite outline, but by training a congregation to an altered form of the plain-chant, left them unprepared to sustain it at all, still less with increased heartiness, on the celebration of the great Christian Holydays. In the second place, Tallis's Responses, originally written in *four* parts, with the melody in the *Tenor*,* were altered into *five* parts, with *two* Tenors; and the plain-chant, instead of being preserved in one of them, for the direction and assistance of the congregation, was simply broken up and distributed piecemeal between the two.† The consequence of this two-fold deviation was, the Ferial and Festival Responses ceased to possess the link which had originally attached them together in close and consistent unity; and Tallis's accompanimental vocal harmonies were thus reduced from the lofty and sacred purpose to which they had been dedicated, to the lower level of being simply beautiful music. The "simple and impressive melodies," which he did not venture to alter, were altered for him: the "devout and solemn note," whose "force and truthfulness" he endeavoured to enforce, ceased to have any simultaneous or sympathetic existence with his sweet progressions and striking transitions.

The original Plain-song has been restored in the following edition of the Festival Responses, as in those for Ferial use.

It has already been mentioned that the first Prayer Book, issued by King Edward the Sixth, in 1549, commenced with the Lord's Prayer; also that the Sentences, Exhortation, Confession, and Absolution were

* It was the common practice in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to place the chief melody in the Tenor; and this custom was observed not only in the settings of the Responses, but also in every collection of harmonized Psalm Tunes, Alison's alone excepted.

† No authentic copy of Tallis's Responses is known to exist. The most ancient *printed* copy is that given by Barnard (1641), which was, to a great extent, followed by Dr. Boyce in the first volume of his Collection of Cathedral Music. Regarding the alterations and inversions, Dr. Aldrich, in a letter to Dr. Fell, says, "Tallis's magnificent Litany was originally written in four parts, with the plain-chant in the Tenor; Barnard was the first who despoiled it."—See Dr. Rimbault's reprint of Marbeck.

added in 1552, forming together a short preparatory Penitential service. Tallis left this introductory portion to be recited chiefly in monotone, commencing his own Festal adaptations with the Response to the first Versicle, "O Lord, open Thou our lips." And it is most interesting to notice the great amount of judgment and ingenuity displayed in the manner of his providing for the convenience of the officiating Ministers' vocal register at the very commencement of the musical Service, although this evidence of consideration is not shown in any of the modern printed editions of the Responses. The musical note directed to be "given out" on the organ, for the Minister, is C,—according to Dr. Boyce, and after him all subsequent editors;—but this pitch,—good for a bass,—lies where a tenor voice has neither strength nor firmness.* The question would occur as to whether the *cleff* might not be incorrect, whether it should not be the *Tenor*, thus making the second space note G—a convenient note for both Bass and Tenor. This idea suggested itself in consequence of the Treble part of the Answer, "And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise," not only having G for its reciting note, but because it is the same old melody as that to the following Response (see Form 5). At the same time, the Tenor part, being in monotone, was in accordance with Marbeck. A reference to Barnard's 1641 edition, and to early MS. copies, showed that *either* of the two notes had been designed by Tallis to be taken by the Minister, according as might be most convenient; and that the following Response had, likewise, been adapted so that *either* the Treble *or* the Tenor part could, accordingly, be followed as the plain-chant. Both the C and the alternative note, G, are therefore given on authority on page 56.† The Answer, "O Lord, make haste to help us," was adapted and harmonized by Bird, in his "Second Preces," the melody being the same as that attached to the preceding Versicle by Marbeck (Form No. 5). The close to the Gloria is also by Bird, while the words, "The Lord's Name be praised," have added to them the music in a simplified form of a longer Response by Tallis. The arrangement of these appears to be the work of Dr. Boyce, and they far exceed in richness, solemnity, and devotional character the versions of Barnard and Tallis, which consist simply of Monotone with tonic and dominant harmonies. Boyce's adapted Versicles fulfil the further purpose of establishing a nearer relation between the Festival and the Ferial uses. In Tallis's Preces, where the deviations were so many and important, the old melodies are carefully restored throughout. With respect to the Litany, it is worthy of note that no trace whatever of the ancient melody appears in the Supplication, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," either in the four or the five-part settings that have come down to us. A slight alteration of Tallis's notation, however, without any deviation from his harmony, has admitted of its adaptation or restoration (whichever it may be), and has, at the same time, brought it into the same form in which it appears in the Ferial Responses. Neither is the Plain-song to the previous petition, "Good Lord, deliver us," usually preserved; but it is closely followed on page 65.

The English Litany consists of two distinct parts, between the structure of which there is an obvious difference. The first part extends to the

* Lowe, in his "Directions," says, the Priest reads the Lord's Prayer in one grave tone; the deeper the better, *if strong and audible*. Playford says the same.

† The C would best suit a Bass or Tenor Bass (Baritone) voice, G the higher voice (Alto).

Kyrie Eleison preceding the Lord's Prayer; the second commences with that Prayer, the rubric appearing between the two parts. Tallis observed this distinction, and terminated his harmonization with a prolonged close, though not one final in character. For the second, and more prayerful part of the Litany, he left the ordinary unaccompanied chant to be resumed. Many musicians, of high authority, have, at various times, adapted to the Answers in the second part of the Litany the harmonies set by Tallis to the Preces. The custom itself not only interfered with Tallis's design, but harmonies containing the wrong Plain-song were sometimes attached, or harmonies with the Plain-song left out; thus the confusion originating with Barnard was extended. In the following pages the plan of Tallis, with which that of all the old harmonists agree, is allowed to stand. The harmonies to the opening petitions of the Litany, in the form here presented, are more simple and brief than those in ordinary use; and are taken chiefly from the MS. copy in Dean Aldrich's handwriting in Christ Church Library, Oxford. The two Invocations commencing, "O Lamb of God," are also given in an abbreviated form, as being a convenient one for general use; the unabridged form, however, is supplied in small type.

Although Tallis's Responses were written with the chief melody in the tenor, they have, from the date of their first publication by John Barnard, in 1641, down to the present time, uniformly been printed and used with the Plain-song partly in the Treble. It is not improbable that this arrangement was, in the first instance, and after some experience, adopted partly for the convenience and ease of the choristers. It is well known that the Treble of the chant to the Athanasian Creed, on C and B, is, of itself alone, rather tiring to soprano voices, and an entire Choral Service on those notes, or ranging as much above as below them, must have been trying, perhaps even exhausting to youthful singers. These considerations, taken in conjunction with the long-established use of the Responses in the form above indicated, have led to their being followed in the present work. In the present edition, however, the Congregational part, whether in the Treble or in the Tenor, is distinguished throughout by a *; and a comparison of the parts so marked with the *Treble* of the Ferial Responses will show how closely the Congregational part now accords in the two. The following differences may be pointed out:—The Petitions, "Spare us, good Lord," "Grant us Thy peace," and "Have mercy upon us," are said in monotone, like the Confession (Form No. 1); and the Supplications, "Lord, have mercy upon us," "Christ, have mercy upon us," "Lord, have mercy upon us," are sung to an inflection similar to that to which many of the Versicles are set, namely G, followed by a descent to its minor third, E (Form No. 2.)

From what has been said, it is obvious that it formed no part of Tallis's design to supersede or silence the Congregational song during the celebration of Divine Service on the Church Festivals, but, on the contrary, to clothe it, as the audible medium through which prayer and praise were offered up, in the most devotional and edifying harmony his great knowledge of the musical art was capable of producing.

How majestic would the effect be, if it were practicable, for Tallis's great design to be realized in practice, as it might easily, and for the people's voice to be heard, on Festival days, in our glorious Cathedrals at least as much in the Responses as in the Metrical Hymns,

which are now so frequently and so impressively sung. The use of Tallis's Litany has sometimes been omitted, "as it lengthens the Service;" but this effect only follows when it is chanted slower than the Litany on Ferial days, a practice for which there exists not the slightest practical necessity.

The Creed of St. Athanasius is recited to a simple chant (Form No. 5), the harmonization of which is attributed to Tallis. In order to assist in securing simultaneous utterance, the same course is followed in this as in "The Harmonized Monotone Responses;" that is to say, those words or syllables that should be rendered with slight prominence are printed in *italics*. It will be noticed that the chant is made to consist of two clauses of *three* bars each, instead of two. This phrasing is by far the more preferable, as it admits of Marbeck's accentuation being followed more closely than is customary. The chant itself (see page 58, also Form No. 5) will be traced in other parts of the Service.

It may be mentioned that, throughout the following work, *one* reciting is generally followed, namely, G. This has been done in order that the development of the Plain-song from the Monotone may be the more readily traced; and also that the Plain-song itself in the Litanies and Responses, in their Ferial and Festival forms, may be the more susceptible of easy comparison.

It only remains to be added that, from the time of the Reformation, it has been the established and uninterrupted custom of our Church, at least in her principal Choirs, to sing all the Preces, Responses, and the former part of the Litany, to harmonies *accompanied by the Organ*, on the great Festivals and on solemn occasions. The cessation of the Organ, and the resumption of the ordinary unaccompanied suffrages, between the former Litany and the Communion Service (where the Organ is again much employed), relieves the ear and better discriminates the Services.* That Tallis's Responses were either originally designed, or subsequently appointed *only* for occasional use, is shown by the heading under which they appear in Edward Lowe's "Directions for the Performance of Cathedral Service," 1664 (second edition), where they are described as "Extraordinary Responsalls upon Festivalls;" and on this subject the Rev. John Jebb says, "Though there is nothing to prevent their constant use, still it would seem most desirable to keep up the ancient discrimination of the greater Festivals, by restricting them to those days."

In the following pages, the Rubrics are printed in *italics*; the general directions in small Roman type; and the titles to the parts of the Service to which reference had to be made in this preface, in small capitals.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

18, ARGYLE SQUARE, W.C.

October 28, 1868.

* Jebb's "Choral Responses and Litanies of the united Church of England and Ireland," p. 4.

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THE
Harmonized Monotone Responses

TO THE

ORDER FOR MORNING & EVENING PRAYER,

CONSISTING OF

THE CONFESSION, THE LORD'S PRAYER,
THE PRECES, THE RESPONSES, THE APOSTLES' CREED,
TOGETHER WITH THE LITANY,

AND AN

EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple)

PRICE THREEPENCE.

London :

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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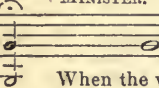
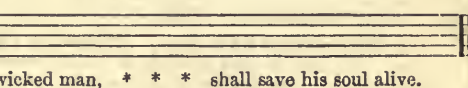
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

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE
HARMONIZED MONOTONE RESPONSES
TO
THE ORDER FOR MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER
DAILY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

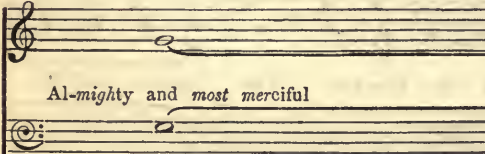
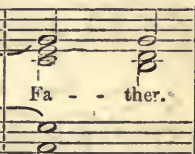
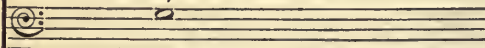
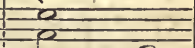
BY
EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

¶ "At the beginning of Morning Prayer the Minister shall read with a loud voice some one or more of these Sentences of the Scriptures" as prescribed. "And then he shall say that which is written after the said Sentences."

ORGAN.	MINISTER.	THE SENTENCES.
		
	When the wicked man, * * *	shall save his soul alive.

MINISTER.	THE EXHORTATION.
	
	Dearly beloved brethren, * * * saying after me;

¶ "A General Confession to be said of the whole Congregation after the Minister."

	
Al-mighty and most merciful	Fa - - ther.
	

We have <i>erred</i> , and <i>strayed</i> from Thy <i>ways</i> like	lost sheep.
We have followed <i>too</i> much the devices and desires of our	<i>own</i> hearts.
We have <i>offended</i> against Thy	<i>Holy</i> laws.
We have left <i>undone</i> those things which we	<i>ought</i> to have done;
And we have done <i>those</i> things which we ought	<i>not</i> to have done;
And there is	no health in us.
But <i>Thou</i> , O Lord, have <i>mercy</i> upon us, miserable of -	<i>- fen</i> - - ders.
Spare <i>Thou</i> them, O God, which con - - - - -	<i>- fess</i> their faults.
Restore <i>Thou</i> them, that are	peni - - tent;
According to Thy promises declared unto <i>mankind</i> in	
CHRIST	JESU OUR LORD.
And <i>grant</i> , O most merciful Father, for	<i>His</i> sake;
That <i>we</i> may <i>hereafter</i> live a godly, righteous, and	<i>sober</i> life;
To the <i>glory</i> of Thy <i>Holy</i> Name.	† A - - - men.

* The recitation on a musical tone might be deferred until the "General Confession;" when the pitch from the organ would be given by the Minister, first and definitively, to the Choir and Congregation. The words or syllables printed in *italics* in the Confession, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed, are to be rendered with slight prominence. The printed repetition of the reciting note in the Responses, &c., is chiefly for the guidance of the voices. The accompanist would either sustain the G, or repeat it more or less frequently, at discretion, according as to which course will best assist the voices. The bars do not necessarily divide the music into measures of equal duration, but are intended sometimes to mark the accentuation, punctuation, or convenient places for taking breath.

† For the "Amen," the order of the two accompanying chords might be reversed.

¶ "The Absolution."

PRIEST.

ANSWER.

Almighty God, * * * through Jesus Christ our Lord. A - men.

MINISTER and PEOPLE.

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 trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:

For Thine is the king-dom, The pow-er, and the

glo-ry, For e-ver and e-ver. A-men.

THE VERSICLES AND RESPONSES

PRIEST.

f ANSWER.

O Lord, open Thou our lips. And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

PRIEST. *mf* ANSWER.

O God, make speed to save us. O Lord, make haste to help us.

PRIEST. *f* ANSWER.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is

now, and e - ver shall be: world without end. A - men.

PRIEST. *f* ANSWER.

Praise ye the Lord. The Lord's name be prais - ed.

¶ "Then shall be said or sung, at Morning Prayer, the 95th Psalm, Venite, exultemus domino: except on Easter Day, upon which another Anthem is appointed; and on the Nineteenth Day of every Month it is not to be read here, but in the ordinary course of the Psalms."

¶ "Then shall be read distinctly, with an audible voice, the First Lesson, taken out of the Old Testament. * * * And after that, shall be said or sung, in English, the Hymn called 'Te Deum Laudamus, daily throughout the Year,' or the Canticle, Benedicite, omnia opera. At Evening Prayer, Magnificat, or Cantate Domino.

¶ "Then shall be read in like manner the Second Lesson, taken out of the New Testament. And after that, the Hymn Benedictus (except when that shall happen to be read in the Chapter for the Day, or for the Gospel on St. John Baptist's Day), or the Psalm Jubilate. At Evening Prayer, Nunc Dimittis or Deus Misereatur

¶ " Then shall be sung or said the Apostles' Creed by the Minister and the people, standing: except only such days as the Creed of St. Athanasius is appointed to be read.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

f

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

and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord, Who was con-ceived by the Holy Ghost;

dim.

Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate,

Soft, and deliberately.

Was crucified, dead, and buried, He des-cended into hell;

cres - - - cen - - - do. mf

The third day He rose again from the dead, He as-cended into heaven,

* The voices to recite on G throughout.

And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;

From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

mf

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholick Church;

cres

The Com-munion of Saints; The For-giveness of Sins;

f

The Resur-rection of the body, And the life ever-lasting. A - men.

¶ Upon these Feasts: Christmas Day, the Epiphany, Saint Matthias, Easter Day, Ascension Day, Whit Sunday, Saint John Baptist, Saint James, Saint Bartholomew, Saint Matthew, Saint Simon and Saint Jude. Saint Andrew, and upon Trinity Sunday, shall be sung or said at Morning Prayer, instead of the Apostles' Creed, this Confession of our Christian Faith, commonly called The Creed of Saint ATHANASIUS, by the Minister and people standing.

QUICUNQUE VULT.

Whosoever will be saved: { before all things it is necessary that he hold the } Catholick Faith.

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef. The music consists of several measures of chords and single notes, with a double bar line in the middle. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with a large curly bracket grouping the words 'before all things it is necessary that he hold the'.

And after that, the Minister pronounces with a loud voice,

THE SALUTATION.

MINISTER. *mp* ANSWER.

The Lord be with you. And with thy spi - rit.

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef. The music is divided into two parts: the Minister's part and the Answer. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

THE PRECES.

MINISTER. ANSWER.

Let us pray.
Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mer - cy up -

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef. The music is divided into two parts: the Minister's part and the Answer. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

- on us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef. The music continues from the previous block. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

PRIEST. *mp* ANSWER.

Give peace in our time, O Lord. Be-cause there is none o-ther that

f

fight-eth for us, but on-ly Thou, O God.

PRIEST. ANSWER, *Soft and slower.*

O God, make clean our hearts within us. And take not Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit from us.

"Then shall follow three Collects."

PRIEST. Answer after the 1st and 3rd. Answer after the 2nd.

A - - men. A - - men.

¶ "In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem."

After the Anthem followeth the LITANY, on such days as it is appointed.

The remaining Prayers and Thanksgivings to be said, and the *Amens* answered as before, ending with the first of them.

¶ Here followeth the LITANY, or General Supplication, to be sung or said after Morning Prayer upon Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and at other times when it shall be commanded by the Ordinary.



O God the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

mf

O God the Fa-ther, of heaven: have

mer-cy up-on us mi-ser-a-ble sin-ners.

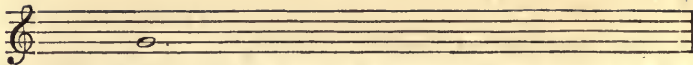


O God the Son, Redeemer of the world: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

mf

O God the Son, Re-deem-er of the world: have

mer-cy up-on us mi-ser-a-ble sin-ners.

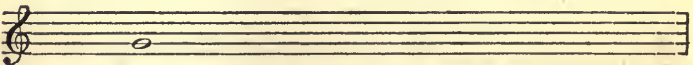


O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

mf

O God the Ho-ly Ghost, pro - ceeding from the Father and the

Son: have mer-cy up-on us mi - ser - a - ble sin-ners.

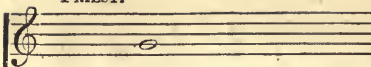
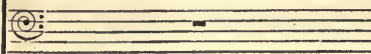

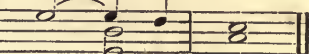


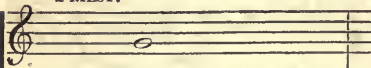
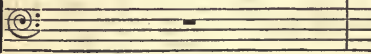
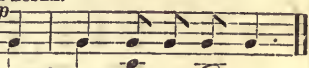

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God: have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

mf

O Ho-ly, blessed, and glo-ri-ous Tri-ni-ty, three Persons and one


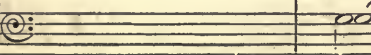

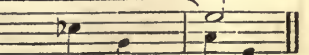
God. have mer-cy up-on us mi - se - ra - ble sin-ners.

PRIEST.	PEOPLE.
 <p>O Lamb of God : that takest away the sins of the world.</p> 	 <p>Grant us Thy peace.</p> 

PRIEST.	PEOPLE.
 <p>O Lamb of God : that takest away the sins of the world.</p> 	 <p>Have mer - cy up - on us.</p> 

PRIEST.	PEOPLE.
 <p>O Christ, hear us.</p> 	 <p>O Christ, hear us.</p> 

PRIEST.	PEOPLE.
 <p>Lord, have mercy upon us.</p> 	 <p>Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.</p> 

PRIEST.	PEOPLE.
 <p>Christ, have mercy upon us.</p> 	 <p>Christ, have mer - cy up - on us.</p> 

PRIEST.

p PEOPLE.

Lord, have mercy upon us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

PRIEST and PEOPLE.

PEOPLE.

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 trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. A - men.

PRIEST.

mp ANSWER.

O Lord, deal not with us after our sins. Neither reward us af-ter our in - i - qui-ties.

PRIEST.

Let us pray. O God, merciful Father, * * * through Jesus Christ our Lord.

mp PEOPLE.

O Lord, a-rise, help us, and de - li-ver us, for Thy name's sake.

PRIEST.

O God we have heard * * * and in the old time before them.

mp PEOPLE.

O Lord, a-rise, help us, and de-li-ver us, for Thine ho-nour.

<p>PRIEST.</p> <p>Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; and to the Holy Ghost;</p>	<p>PEOPLE.</p> <p>As it was in the be-gin-ning, is</p>
--	--

now, and e-ver shall le: world without end. A-men.

<p>PRIEST.</p> <p>From our enemies defend us, O Christ.</p>	<p>PEOPLE.</p> <p><i>mp</i></p> <p>Gra-cious-ly look up-on our af-flic-tions.</p>
---	---

<p>PRIEST.</p> <p>Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.</p>	<p>PEOPLE.</p> <p><i>mp</i></p> <p>Mer-ci-ful-ly forgive the sins of Thy peo-ple.</p>
---	---

PRIEST. *Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.*

PEOPLE. *O Son of David, have mer-cy up-on us.*

PRIEST. *Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.*

PEOPLE. *Gra - cious - ly hear us, O*

Christ; Gra - cious - ly hear us, O Lord Christ.

PRIEST. *O Lord, let Thy mercy be shewed upon us.*

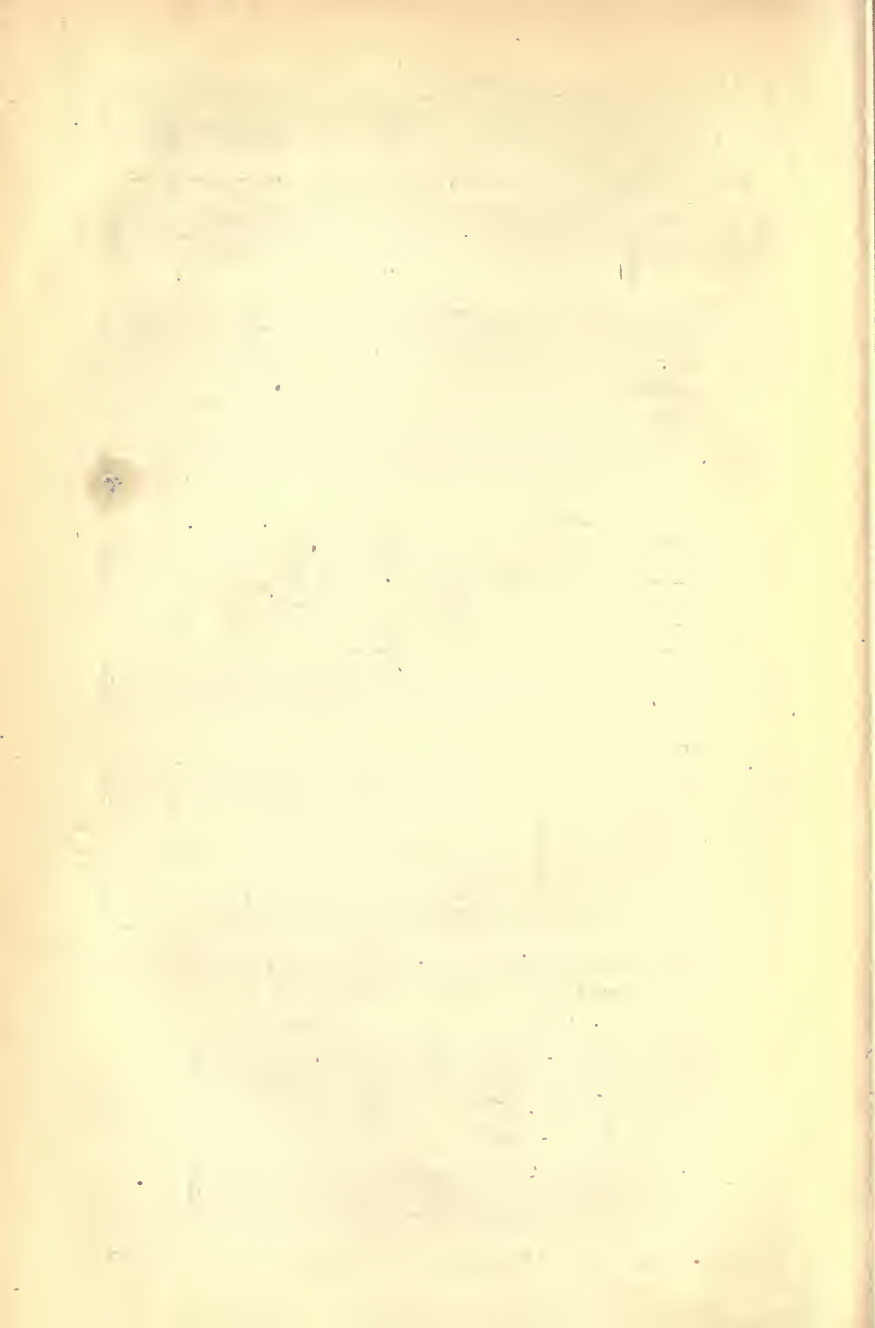
PEOPLE. *As we do put our trust in Thee.*

The *Amens* to the remaining *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings* to be said alternately to the two following cadences, concluding with No. 2.

No. 1. *A - - men.*

No. 2. *A - - men.*

¶ "Here endeth the Order of Morning and Evening Prayer throughout the year."



THE
Harmonized Monotone Responses

TO THE
ORDER OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER,

OR
HOLY COMMUNION,

CONSISTING OF
THE KYRIE ELEISON, NICENE CREED, GENERAL CONFESSION,
SANCTUS, GLORIA IN EXCELSIS, ETC.,

WITH AN
EXPLANATORY PREFACE

BY
EDWARD J. HOPKINS
(Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple).

PRICE THREEPENCE.

London:
METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THE
HARMONIZED MONOTONE RESPONSES

TO

THE ORDER OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S
SUPPER OR HOLY COMMUNION.

BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

*"The Priest *** shall say the Lord's Prayer, with the Collect following
the People answering."*

A - men.

¶ *"Then shall the Priest *** rehearse all the TEN COMMANDMENTS;
the People answering after each,*

After 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8.

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

After 5, 7, 9.

Lord, have mer - cy up-on us and incline our hearts to keep this law

* The printed repetition of the reciting note is chiefly for the guidance of the voices. The accompanist would either sustain the G, or repeat it more or less frequently, at discretion, according as to which course will best assist the voices. The words or syllables in italics, in the *Nicene Creed*, &c. are to be rendered with slight prominence. The bars do not necessarily divide the music into measures of equal duration; but are intended sometimes to mark the accentuation, punctuation, or convenient places for taking breath.

After 10.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all these Thy

Slow. p

laws in our hearts, We be - seech Thee.

Then shall follow the two appointed Collects, the People answering,

*After the 1st.**After the 2nd.*

A - - men. A - - men.

The Epistle being next read, and the Gospel named, the People say,

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

And when the Gospel is ended,

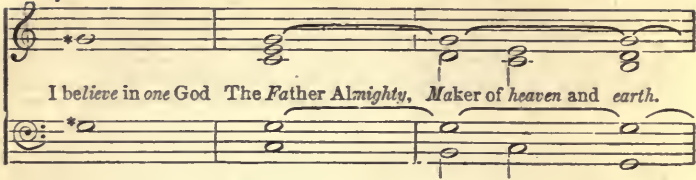
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord.

* The voices to recite on G.

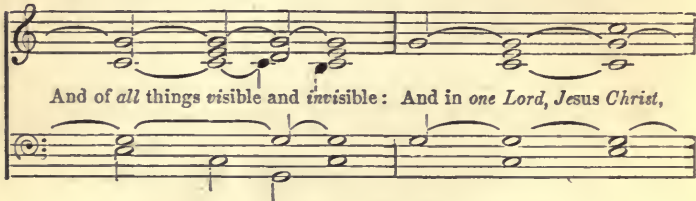
¶ Then shall be sung or said the Creed following .

THE NICENE CREED.

for.



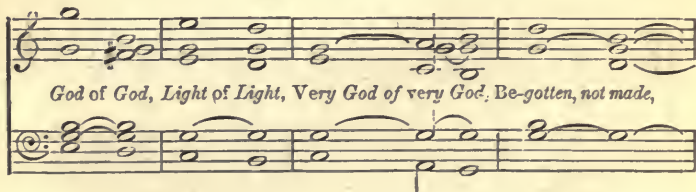
I believe in one God The Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.



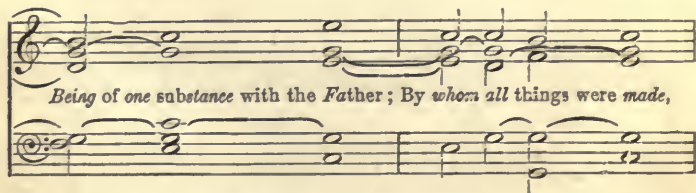
And of all things visible and invisible: And in one Lord, Jesus Christ,



The only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds,



God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God. Begotten, not made,



Being of one substance with the Father; By whom all things were made,

• The voices to recite on G throughout

dim.

Who for us men, and for our sal-vation came down from heaven,

And was in-carnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man,

*p**pp and slower.*

And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried,

cres. and quicker.

And the third day He rose again Ac-cording to the Scriptures,

for.

And as-cended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father,

And *He* shall come a-gain with glory To judge both the quick and the dead:

mf
Whose king-dom shall have no end. And I be-lieve in the Ho-ly Ghost,

The Lord and Giver of life, Who pro-ceedeth from the Father and the Son,

Who with the Father and the Son to-gether Is worshipped and glorified,

Who spake by the Prophets. And I be-lieve one Catholick and Apostolick Church.

I ac - knowledge one Baptism for the re - mission of sins,

cres.

And I look for the Resur - rection of the dead,

for.

And the life of the world to come. A - - men.

The Offertory Sentences (or some of them) being next said, and the Prayer for the Church Militant offered up, the People shall answer,

A - men.

and after the Exhortation,

A - men.

The Invitation being said, the following General Confession shall be made:

THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

mf

Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things,

Judge of all men; we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness,

which we, from time to time, most grievously have committed,

By thought, word, and deed, Against Thy Divine Majesty,

Provoking most justly Thy wrath and indignation against us.

* The voices to recite on G throughout.

mp

We do earnestly re-pent, And are heartily sorry for these our mis-doings ;

The re-membrance of them is grievous unto us ; The burden of them is in-tolerable.

p

Have mercy up-on us, Have mercy upon us, most merci-ful Fa - ther ;

For Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, For-give us all that is past ;

cres.

And grant that we may ever here-after serve and please Thee in newness of life,

f

To the *honour* and glory of Thy Name; Through

Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

The Absolution being pronounced, the People shall answer,

A - men.

The comfortable words of our Saviour Christ being repeated, the Priest shall proceed, saying,

PRIEST. ANSWER.

Lift up your hearts. We lift them up un - to the Lord.

PRIEST. ANSWER.

Let us give thanks unto our Lord God. It is meet and right so to do.

PRIEST.

It is very meet, * * * Almighty, Everlasting God.

If there be no Proper Preface to be said, then immediately shall follow,

f

Therefore with *Angels* and *Arch-angels*, And with

all the company of heaven, We laud and magni-fy Thy glorious Name

p slow.

Evermore praising Thee, And saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of

cres.

hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glo - ry:

f majestically. *f*

Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - men.

* The voices to recite on G throughout

† The Harmonics may begin here.

After the Prayer next following, the People shall say,

A - men.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble clef part has a whole note chord (G4, B4, D5) and a half note chord (G4, B4, D5). The bass clef part has a whole note chord (G2, B2, D3) and a half note chord (G2, B2, D3).

and after the Prayer of Consecration,

A - men.

Musical notation for the second system, identical to the first system, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble clef part has a whole note chord (G4, B4, D5) and a half note chord (G4, B4, D5). The bass clef part has a whole note chord (G2, B2, D3) and a half note chord (G2, B2, D3).

After the Administration of the Holy Communion, the Priest and People shall say the Lord's Prayer.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

*O*ur Father, which *H*allowed 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 trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:

Musical notation for the beginning of the Lord's Prayer, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble clef part has a whole note chord (G4, B4, D5) and a half note chord (G4, B4, D5). The bass clef part has a whole note chord (G2, B2, D3) and a half note chord (G2, B2, D3).

For *T*hine is the king-dom, The pow-er and the

Musical notation for the second system of the Lord's Prayer, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble clef part has a whole note chord (G4, B4, D5) and a half note chord (G4, B4, D5). The bass clef part has a whole note chord (G2, B2, D3) and a half note chord (G2, B2, D3).

glo-ry, for e-ver and e-ver. A - men.

Musical notation for the third system of the Lord's Prayer, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble clef part has a whole note chord (G4, B4, D5) and a half note chord (G4, B4, D5). The bass clef part has a whole note chord (G2, B2, D3) and a half note chord (G2, B2, D3).

After the Prayer next following, the People shall say,

A - men.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves contain a series of chords, primarily triads, with some dyads. The notes are mostly G, A, and B, with some C and D notes in the lower staff.

¶ Then shall be said or sung,

f *p*
Glory be to God on high, and in earth peace, good will to-wards men.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in a major key and 4/4 time. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and then moves to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is simple and homophonic, with the lower staff providing a harmonic accompaniment.

f
We praise Thee, We bless Thee, We worship Thee, We glorify Thee,

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in a major key and 4/4 time. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is simple and homophonic, with the lower staff providing a harmonic accompaniment.

We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glo - ry, O Lord God

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in a major key and 4/4 time. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is simple and homophonic, with the lower staff providing a harmonic accompaniment.

mp
Heavenly King, God the Father Al - migh - ty, O Lord,

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in a major key and 4/4 time. It begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The melody is simple and homophonic, with the lower staff providing a harmonic accompaniment.

* The voices to recite on G throughout.

the on-ly be-gotten Son Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God,

Son of the Father, That takest a-way the sins of the world,

p Have mer-cy up-on us. *mf* Thou that takest a-way the sins of the world,

p Have mer-cy up-on us. *mf* Thou that takest away the sins of the world,

p Re-ceive our prayer. *mf* Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,

p *cres.*

Have mer - cy up - on us: For thou only art ho-ly;

f

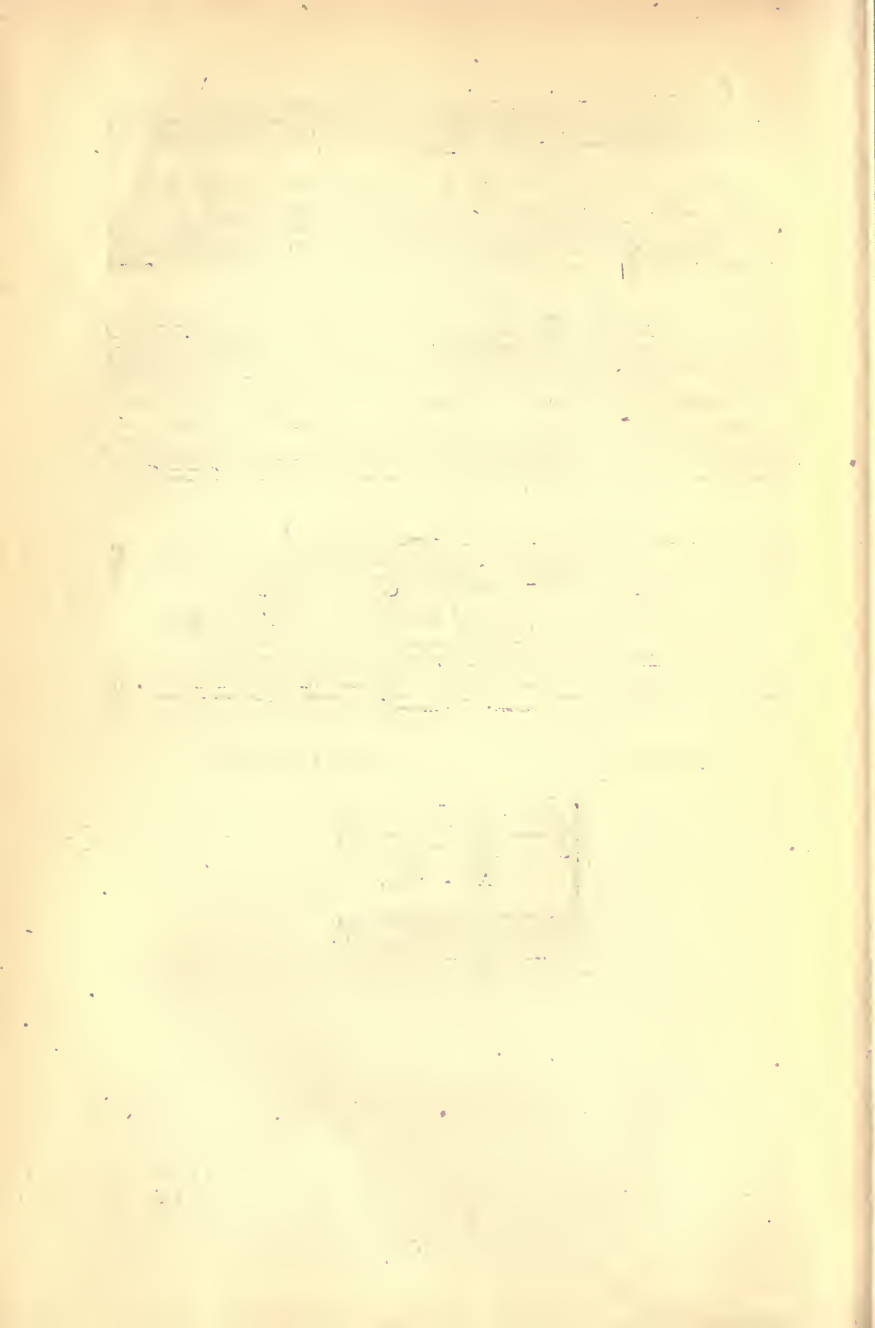
Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, With the Ho-ly Ghost,

f

Art most high in the glory of God the Father. A - men.

The Blessing having been pronounced, the People shall answer,

A - men.



THE
FERIAL RESPONSES,

CONSISTING OF

THE VERSICLES, PRECES, &c., AND LITANY,
WITH THE PLAIN-SONG RESTORED.

AND AN

EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple).

PRICE THREEPENCE.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE FERIAI RESPONSES

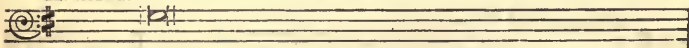
ARRANGED BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

¶ *At the beginning of Morning Prayer the Minister shall read with a loud voice some one or more of the Sentences of the Scriptures" as prescribed. "And then shall he say that which is written after the said Sentences."*

MINISTER.

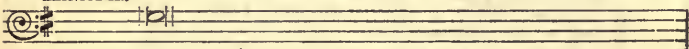
THE SENTENCES.



When the wicked man, * * * shall save his soul alive.

MINISTER.

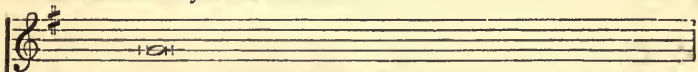
THE EXHORTATION.



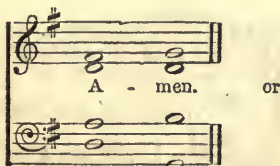
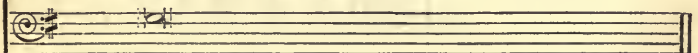
Dearly beloved brethren, * * * saying after me;

¶ *"A General Confession to be said of the whole Congregation after the Minister."*

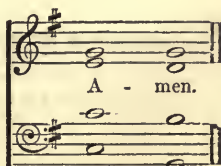
CONGREGATION after THE MINISTER.



Almighty and most merciful Father, We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep: We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts: We have offended against Thy holy laws: We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders: Spare Thou them, O God, which confess their faults: Restore Thou them that are penitent; According to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of Thy holy Name.



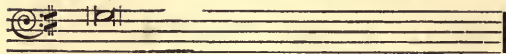
or



And the same throughout the Service.

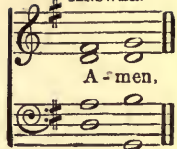
† *The Absolution*

PRIEST.



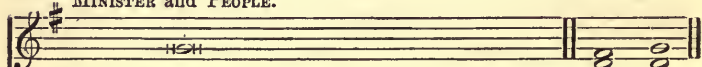
Almighty God, * * * through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ANSWER.



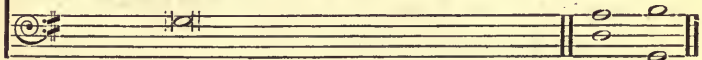
A - men.

MINISTER and PEOPLE.



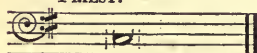
Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, For ever and ever.

A - men.



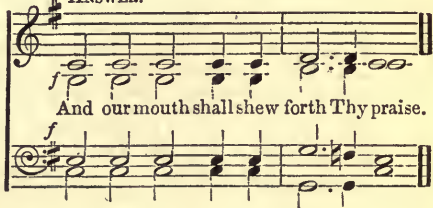
THE VERSICLES AND RESPONSES.

PRIEST.



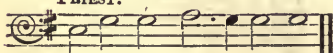
O Lord, open Thou our lips.

ANSWER.



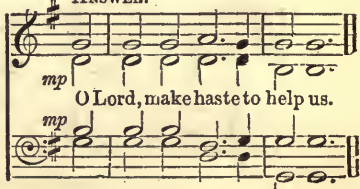
And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

PRIEST.



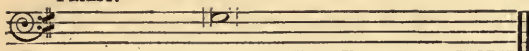
O God, make speed to save us.

ANSWER.



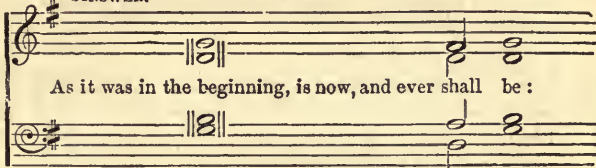
mp O Lord, make haste to help us.

PRIEST.

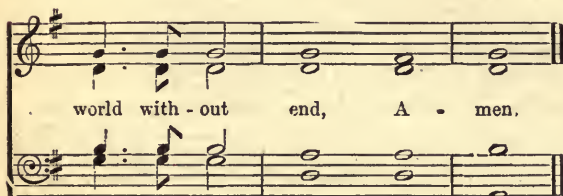


Glory be to the Father, * * * Holy Ghost.

ANSWER.

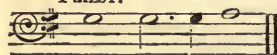


As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :



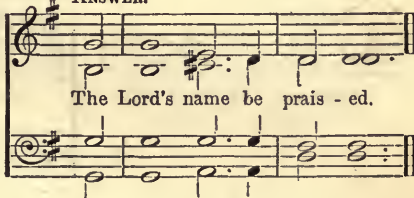
world with - out end, A - men.

PRIEST.



Praise ye the Lord.

ANSWER.



The Lord's name be prais - ed.

¶ "Then shall be said or sung" the 95th Psalm, Venite, exultemus domino, "except on Easter-Day, upon which another Anthem is appointed; and on the Nineteenth day of every Month it is not to be read here, but in the ordinary Course of the Psalms."

¶ "Then shall follow the Psalms in order as they are appointed."

¶ "Then shall be read distinctly with an audible voice the First Lesson, taken out of the Old Testament. * * * And after that, shall be said or sung, in English, the Hymn called Te Deum Laudamus, daily throughout the Year," or the Canticle, Benedicite, omnia opera. At Evening Prayer, Magnificat, or Cantate Domino

¶ "Then shall be read in like manner the *Second Lesson*, taken out of the *New Testament*. And after that, the *Hymn Benedictus* (except when that shall happen to be read in the *Chapter for the Day*, or for the *Gospel on St. John Baptist's Day*,") or the *Psalm*. *Jubilate Deo*. At *Evening Prayer*, *Nunc Dimittis* or *Deus Misereatur*.

¶ "Then shall be sung or said the *Apostles' Creed* by the *Minister* and the *people*, standing: except only on such days as the *Creed of Saint Athanasius* is appointed to be read."

MINISTER and PEOPLE.

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 Catholick Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body, and the Life everlasting.

A - men.

And after that the Minister pronounces with a loud voice,

THE SALUTATION.

MINISTER. The Lord be with you.

ANSWER. And with thy spi - rit.

THE PRECES.

MINISTER. Let us pray. Lord, have mercy upon us.

ANSWER. Christ, have mercy upon us. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

MINISTER and PEOPLE.

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 for-
give us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass
against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deli-
ver us from evil.

A - men.

PRIEST.

O Lord, shew Thy mercy up - on us.

ANSWER.

And grant us Thy sal - va - tion.

PRIEST.

O Lord, save the Queen.

ANSWER.

And mercifully hear us when we call up - on Thee.

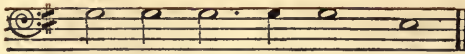
PRIEST.

Enduo Thy Ministers with righ - teous - ness.

ANSWER.

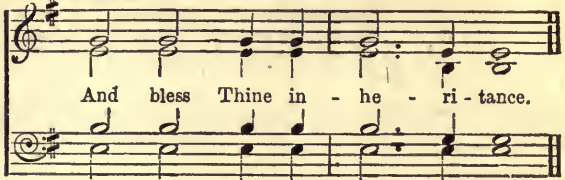
And make Thy chosen peo - ple joy - ful.

PRIEST.



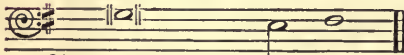
O Lord, save Thy peo - ple.

ANSWER.



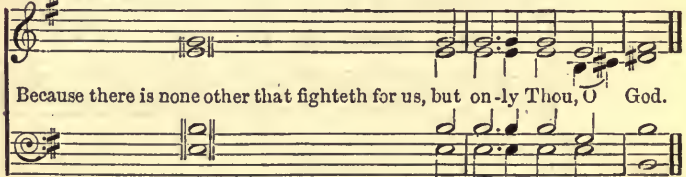
And bless Thine in - he - ri - tance.

PRIEST.



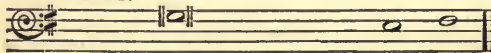
Give peace in our time, O Lord.

ANSWER.



Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but on-ly Thou, O God.

PRIEST.



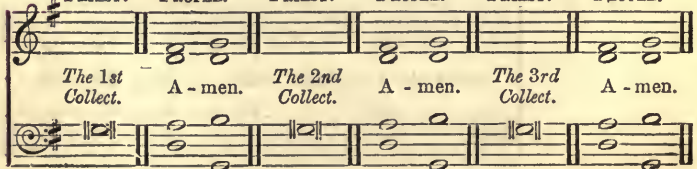
O God, make clean our hearts with - in us

ANSWER.



And take not Thy Holy Spi - rit from us.

PRIEST. PEOPLE. PRIEST. PEOPLE. PRIEST. PEOPLE.



The 1st
Collect.

A - men.

The 2nd
Collect.

A - men.

The 3rd
Collect.

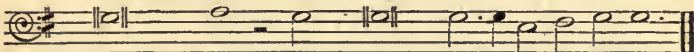
A - men.

¶ *"In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem."*

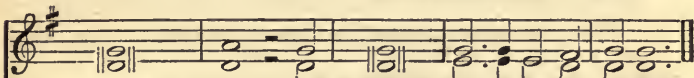
After the Anthem followeth the LITANY, on such days as it is appointed.

The remaining Prayers and Thanksgivings to be said, and the Amens answered as before.

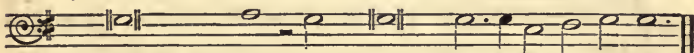
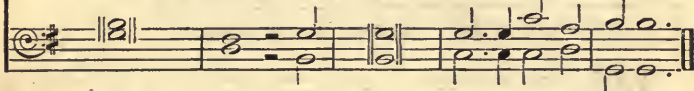
¶ *"Here followeth the LITANY, or General Supplication, to be sung or said after Morning Prayer upon Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and at other times when it shall be commanded by the Ordinary."*



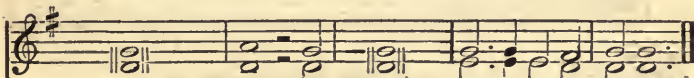
O God the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



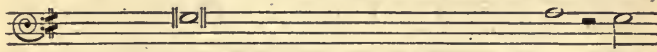
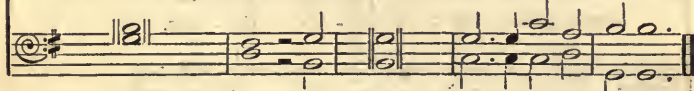
O God the Father, of heaven: have mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



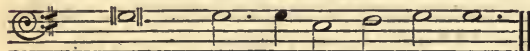
O God the Son, }
Redeemer of the } world: have mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



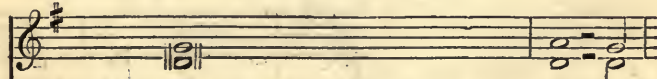
O God the Son, }
Redeemer of the } world: have mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son: have

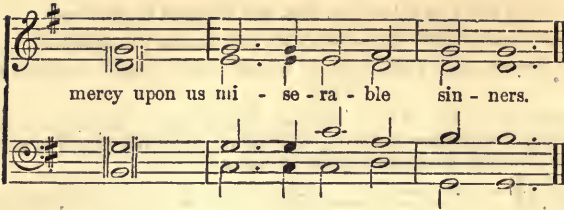


mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.

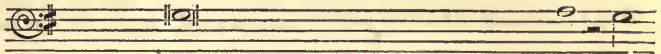


O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son: have

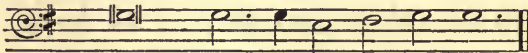




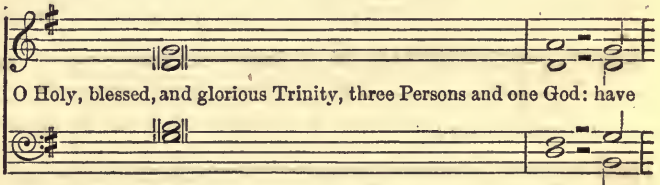
mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



O Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God: have



mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



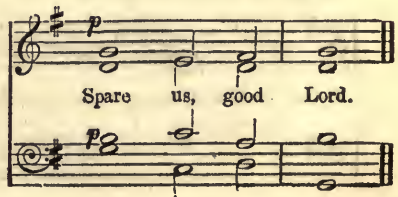
O Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God: have



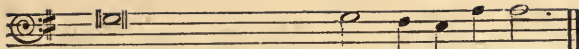
mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



Remember not, Lord, * * * and be not angry with us for e - ver.



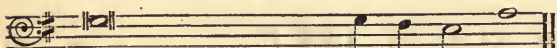
Spare us, good Lord.



From all evil, *** and from everlast - ing dam-na-tion.

Good Lord, de - li - ver us. †

† N.B.—This response to be repeated after the next *seven* Supplications.



We sinners, *** Church universal in the right way.

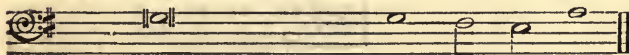
We be - seech Thee to hear us, good Lord. †

† N. B.—This response to be repeated after the next *twenty* Supplications



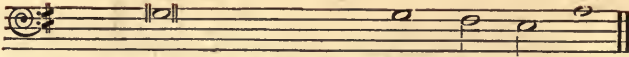
Son of God: we be - seech Thee to hear us.

Son of God: we be - seech Thee to hear us.



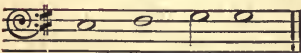
O Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world.

Grant us Thy peace.



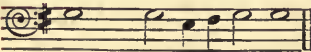
O Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world.

Have mer - cy up - on us.



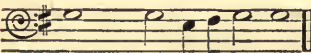
O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, hear us.



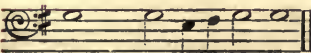
Lord, have mer-cy up-on us.

Lord, have mer-cy up - on us.



Christ, have mer-cy up-on us.

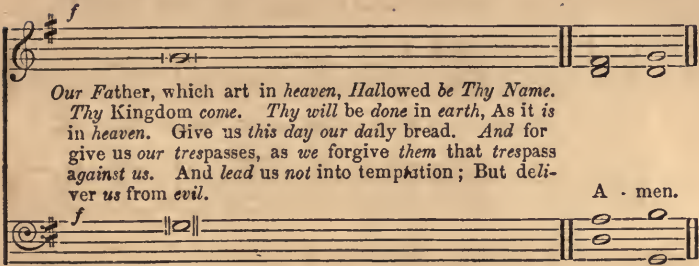
Christ, have mer-cy up - on us.



Lord, have mer-cy up-on us.

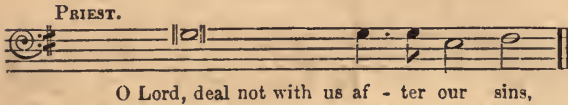
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us.

¶ "Then shall the Priest, and the People with him, say the Lord's Prayer."



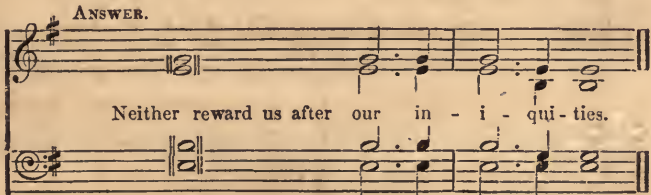
Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And for give us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. A - men.

PRIEST.

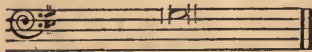


O Lord, deal not with us af - ter our sins,

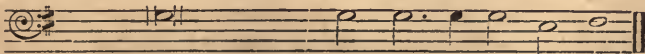
ANSWER.



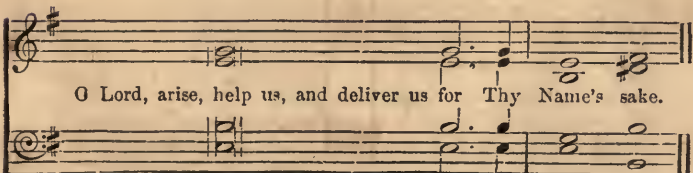
Neither reward us after our in - i - qui - ties.



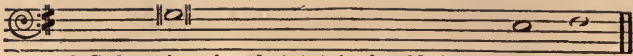
Let us pray.



O God, merciful Father, * * * through Je - sus Christ our Lord.

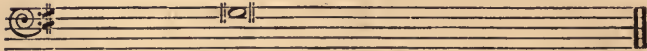


O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy Name's sake.



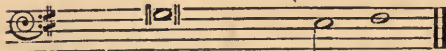
O God, we have heard, * * * in the old time be-fore them.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine hon - our.



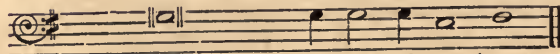
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

At it was in the beginning, } shall be: world without end. A - men.
is now, and ever



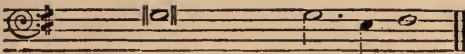
From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

Graciously look upon our af - flic - tions.



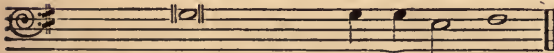
Pitifully behold the sor-rows of our hearts.

Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy peo - ple.



Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

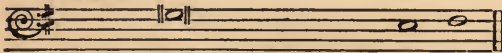
O Son of Da - vid, have mer - cy up - on us.



Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.

Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

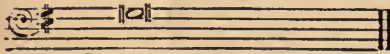
PRIEST.



O Lord, let Thy mercy be shewed up - on us;

ANSWER.

As we do put our trust in Thee.



Let us pray. * * *

A - men.

The remaining Prayers and Thanksgivings to be said, and the Amens answered as before.

Between Morning Prayer and the Communion Service, is sung either the Sanctus, a Hymn, or an Introit.

SANCTUS.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Hosts, Heaven and

earth are full of the Ma - jes - ty of Thy glo - ry.

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - men.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

*"The Priest: * * * shall say the Lord's Prayer, with the Collect following the people answering"*

A - men.

¶ "Then shall the Priest *** rehearse all the TEN COMMANDMENTS;"
the people answering after each, as followeth.

After 1—9. From BEETHOVEN

Lord, have mercy up-on us and incline our hearts to keep this law

After the 10th Commandment. *p slower.*

Lord, have mercy up-on us, { and write all these }
Thy laws in our } hearts we be - seech Thee.

Then shall follow the appointed Collects; the people answering after each,

A - men.

The Epistle being next read, and the Gospel named, the People sing, in the form
here set down.

TALLIS.

Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.

and when the Gospel is ended,

TALLIS.

Thanks be to Thee, O Lord.

Fa . ther, By whom all things were made :

Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven,

And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was

made man, { And was crucified also } Pi-late. He suf-fer-ed and was
for us under Pontius

p *pp*

ORGAN.

bu - ri-ed, { And the third day He rose } Scrip-tures, And as -
again according to the

cres. *f*

cres. *f*

for.

- cended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Fa - ther.

for.

f

And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the

f

dead : Whose king-dom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life,

Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,

Who with the Father and the Son together } glo - ri - fied, Who
is worshipped and

spake by the Pro - phets. And I believe one Catholick and

Apostolick Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins,

And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the

life of the world to come. A - - men.

The remaining "Amens" as before.

Before the Sermon, is sung a Metrical Psalm or Hymn.

mp

God the Fa-ther Al - migh - ty. O Lord, the only begotten Son

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp). It consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4-G4 (beamed eighth notes), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). This is followed by a rest for two measures, then a descending melodic phrase: D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), G3 (half). The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Je - su Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Fa - ther,

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line resumes with: G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3-G3 (beamed eighth notes), F#3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (half). This is followed by a rest for two measures, then a descending melodic phrase: D3 (quarter), C3 (quarter), B2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), G2 (half). The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

p

that takest away the sins of the world, have mer - cy up-on us.

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase: G3 (quarter), A3 (quarter), B3 (quarter), A3-G3 (beamed eighth notes), F#3 (quarter), E3 (quarter), D3 (half). This is followed by a rest for two measures, then a descending melodic phrase: D3 (quarter), C3 (quarter), B2 (quarter), A2 (quarter), G2 (half). The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

mp *p*

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The left hand starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a quarter note B3.

p

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, re - ceive our prayer.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The left hand starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a quarter note B3.

mp *viv.*

Thou that sittest at the } Fa - ther, have mer - cy up - on us.
right hand of God the }

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, starting with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The left hand starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a quarter note B3.

crea - - - - - *cen*

For Thou only art Ho - ly; Thou only art the Lord;

- - - *do.* *f*

Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the

glo - ry of God the Fa - ther. A - men.

Callis's Festival Responses,

CONSISTING OF

THE VERSICLES, PRECES, &c., AND LITANY,

THE PLAIN-SONG BEING RESTORED THROUGHOUT, AND THE WHOLE
REDUCED TO THE ORIGINAL NUMBER OF FOUR PARTS.

WITH AN

EXPLANATORY PREFACE

BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple).

PRICE THREEPENCE.

London:

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1850

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...

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...

TALLIS'S FESTIVAL RESPONSES.

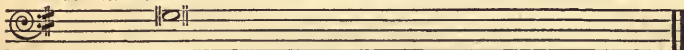
ARRANGED BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

¶ "At the beginning of Morning Prayer the Minister shall read with a loud voice some one or more of the Sentences of the Scriptures" as prescribed. "And then he shall say that which is written after the said Sentences."

MINISTER.

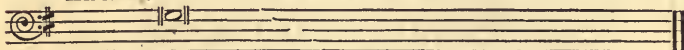
THE SENTENCES.



When the wicked man, * * * shall save his soul alive.

MINISTER.

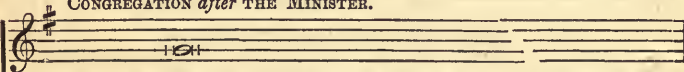
THE EXHORTATION.



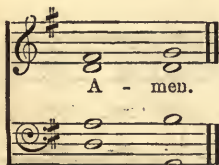
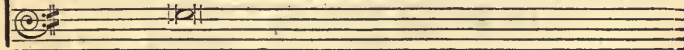
Dearly beloved brethren, * * * saying after me ;

¶ "A General Confession to be said of the whole congregation after the Minister."

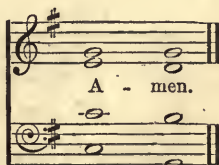
CONGREGATION after THE MINISTER.



Almighty and most merciful Father, We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep: We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts: We have offended against The holy laws: We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders: Spare Thou them, O God, which confess their faults: Restore Thou them that are penitent; According to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of Thy holy Name.



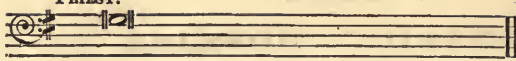
or



And the same throughout the Service, except where otherwise directed.

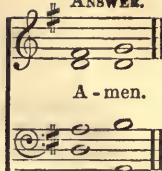
¶ *The Absolution.*

PRIEST.



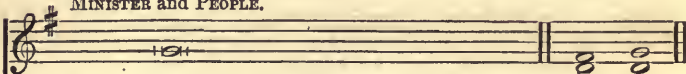
Almighty God, * * * through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ANSWER.



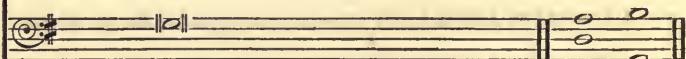
A - men.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE.



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 for-
give us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass
against us; And lead us not into temptation, But deliver
us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, For ever and ever.

A - men.

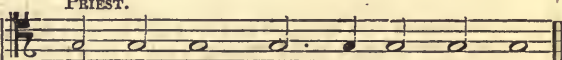


(Tallis's Festival Responses commence here.)

THE VERSICLES AND RESPONSES.

PRIEST.

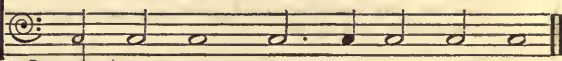
For a Tenor Voice.



ORG. 

O Lord, o - pen Thou our lips.

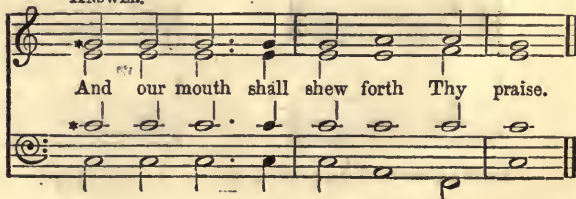
For a Bass Voice.



ORG. 

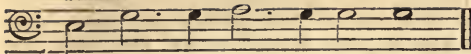
O Lord, o - pen Thou our lips.

ANSWER.



And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

PRIEST.

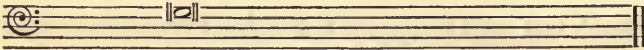


O God, make speed to save us.

ANSWER.

O Lord, make haste to help us.

PRIEST.



Glory be to the Father, * * * and to the Holy Ghost.

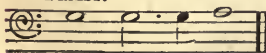
ANSWER

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:

ORG.

world with - out end, A - men.

PRIEST.



Praise ye the Lord.

ANSWER.

The Lord's name be prais - ed.

ORG.

† “ Upon these Feasts : Christmas Day, the Epiphany, *Saint Matthias*, Easter Day Ascension Day, Whit Sunday, *Saint John Baptist*, *Saint James*, *Saint Bartholomew*, *Saint Matthew*, *Saint Simon and Saint Jude*, *Saint Andrew*, and upon Trinity Sunday, shall be sung or said at Morning Prayer, instead of the Apostles’ Creed, this Confession of our Christian Faith, commonly called *The Creed of Saint Athanasius*, by the Minister and People standing.”

QUICUNQUE VULT.

Whosoever will be saved: { before all things it is necessary that he hold the } Catholick Faith.

2 Which Faith except every one do keep whole and | unde-|fied, || without doubt he shall | perish ever-|lastingly.

3 And the Catholick | Faith' is | this, || That we worship one God in Trinity, and | Trinity' in | Unity;

4 Neither con-|found'ing the | Persons || nor di-|vi'ding the | Substance.

5 For there is one Person of the Father, another | of the | Son, || and another of the | Holy | Ghost.

6 But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is | all | one, || the Glory equal, the Majesty co-e-|ternal.

7 Such as the Father is, | such' is the | Son, || and such is the | Holy | Ghost.

8 The Father uncreate, the | Son' uncre-|ate, || and the Holy | Ghost' uncre-|ate.

9 The Father incomprehensible, the | Son in'compre-|hensible, || and the Holy | Ghost in-'compre-|hensible.

10 The Father eternal, the | Son' e-|ternal, || and the Holy | Ghost e-|ternal.

11 And yet they are not | three' e- | ternals, || BUT | ONE' E-|TERNAL.

12 As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor | three' uncre-|ated, || out one uncreated, and | one in'compre-|hensible.

13 So likewise the Father is Al-mighty, the | Son' Al-|mighty, || and the Holy | Ghost' Al-|mighty.

14 And yet they are not | three' Al-|mighties, || BUT | ONE' AL-|MIGHTY.

15 So the Father is God, the | Son' is | God, || and the Holy | Ghost' is | God.

16 And yet they are not | three' | Gods, || BUT | ONE | GOD.

17 So likewise the Father is Lord, the | Son' | Lord, || and the | Holy' Ghost | Lord.

18 And yet not | three' | Lords, || BUT | ONE || LORD.

[In order not to check the natural recitation of the words of this Creed, the second bar in the first half of the chant (†) must sometimes be sung in about half time, as in verses 2, 6, &c. The words to such bars are printed without a dash. The second bar of the second half of the chant (†) must also sometimes be similarly shortened, and for the same reason, as in verses 5, 8, &c., the words for which bars are again without a dash. Words that require the full time in those bars have the oblique dash, as in verses 8, 13, &c. Those parts of verses 11, 14, 16, and 18 that are to be sung full, are printed in SMALL CAPITALS.]

19 For *like* as we are compelled by the | Christ'ian | verity || to acknowledge every Person by himself to be | God' and | Lord ;

20 So are we forbidden by the | Catho'lick Re-|ligion || to say, There be *three* Gods, or | three | Lords.

21 The *Father* is | made' of | none : || neither created, | nor' be-|gotten.

22 The *Son* is of the | Fa'ther a-|lone || not made, nor created, | but be-|gotten.

23 The *Holy Ghost* is of the *Father*, and | of the | *Son*, || neither made, nor created, nor begotten, | but' pro-|ceeding.

24 So there is *one* Father, not *three* Fathers ; *one* Son, not | *three* | Sons, || *one Holy Ghost*, not | *three' Holy* | Ghosts.

25 And in this *Trinity* *none* is *afore*, or | after | other, || *none* is *greater*, or | *less'* than an-|other ;

26 But the *whole three* Persons are co-e-|ter'nal to-|gether, || and | co-|equal.

27 So that in *all* things, as | is a'fore-|said, || the *Unity* in *Trinity*, and the *Trinity* in *Unity*, | is to' be | worshipped.

28 *He* therefore that | will' be | saved || must *thus* | think' of the | *Trinity*.

29 Furthermore, it is necessary to ever-|lasting' sal-|vation || that he also believe *rightly* the Incarnation of our | *Lord'* Jesus | Christ.

30 For the right *Faith* is, that we be-|lieve' and con-|fess' || that our *Lord* Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is | God' and | Man ;

31 God, of the Substance of the *Father*, begotten be-|fore the | worlds, || and Man, of the Substance of his Mother, born | in the | world ;

32 Perfect God, and | perfect | Man, || of a *reasonable soul* and *human* | flesh sub-|sisting ;

33 Equal to the *Father*, as | touching' *his* | Godhead || and inferior to the *Father*, as | touching' *his* | Manhood.

34 *Who* although he be | God' and | Man, || yet he is not two, but | one | *Christ* ;

35 One ; not by conversion of the Godhead | into|flesh || but by taking of the Manhood | into | God ;

36 One altogether ; not by con-|fusion' of | Substance || but' by | unity' of | Person.

37 For as the *reasonable soul* and *flesh* is | one | man || so *God* and *Man* is | one | *Christ* ;

38 Who suffered for | our' sal-|vation || descended into hell, rose again the *third* | day' from the | dead.

39 He ascended into heaven, he sitteth on the right hand of the *Father* | God' Al-|mighty || from whence he shall come to judge the | quick' and the | dead.

40 At whose coming *all* men shall rise again | with' their | bodies || and shall give account for | their own-| works.

41 And *they* that have done *good* shall go into | life' ever-|lasting || and *they* that have done *evil* into ever-|lasting | fire.

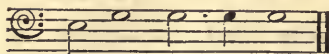
42 This is the | Catholick | Faith || which except a man believe *faithfully*, he : cannot be | saved.

43 Glory be to the *Father*, | and' to the | *Son* || and to the | *Holy* | Ghost

44 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever' shall | be || world with'out' end. A-|men.

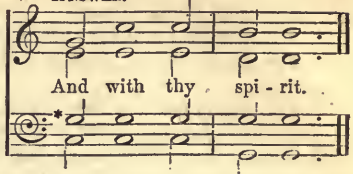
† "And after that, these Prayers following, all devoutly kneeling."

MINISTER.



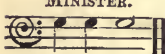
The Lord be with you.

ANSWER.



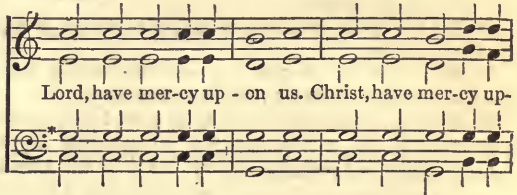
And with thy spi - rit.

MINISTER.

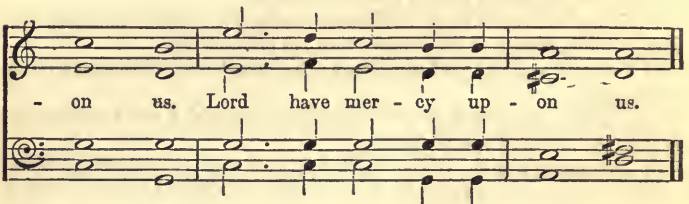


Let us pray.

ANSWER.

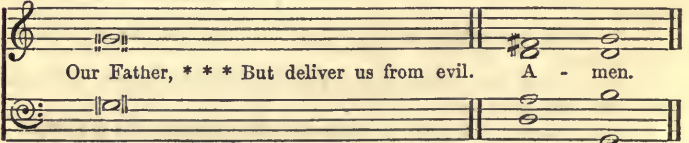


Lord, have mer-cy up - on us. Christ, have mer-cy up -



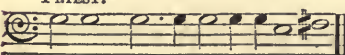
- on us. Lord have mer - cy up - on us.

MINISTER and PEOPLE.



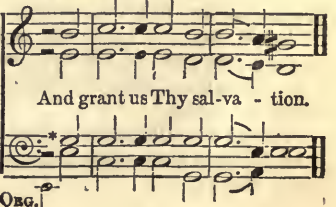
Our Father, * * * But deliver us from evil. A - men.

PRIEST.



O Lord, shew Thy mercy upon us.

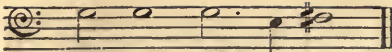
ANSWER.



And grant us Thy sal-va - tion.

ORG.

PRIEST.



O Lord, save the Queen.

ANSWER.

And mer-ci-ful-ly hear us when we call up - on Thee.

ORG.

PRIEST.



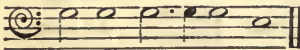
En-due Thy Min-is-ters with right-eousness.

ANSWER.

And make Thy cho - sen peo - ple joy - ful.

ORG.

PRIEST.

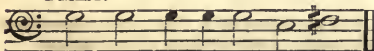


O Lord, save Thy peo - ple.

ANSWER.

And bless Thine in - he - ri - tance.

PRIEST.



Give peace in our time, O Lord.

ANSWER.

Because there is none

ORGAN

for.

o-ther that fighteth for us, but on - ly Thou, O God.

for.

PRIEST.

O God, make clean our hearts with-in us.

ANSWER. *pp*

And take not Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit from us

pp

ORGAN.

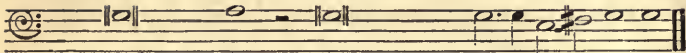
PRIEST.	No. 1.	PRIEST.	No. 2.	PRIEST.	No. 3.
 <i>The 1st</i> <i>Collect.</i>	 A - men.	 <i>The 2nd</i> <i>Collect.</i>	 A - men.	 <i>The 3rd</i> <i>Collect.</i>	 A - men.

¶ "In Quires and Places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem."

(After the Anthem followeth the Litany on such days as it is appointed.)

The Amens numbered 2 and 3 are to be sung alternately after every succeeding Prayer; the one marked No. 2 being taken at the conclusion of the Service.

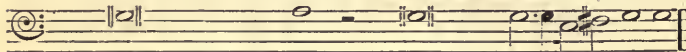
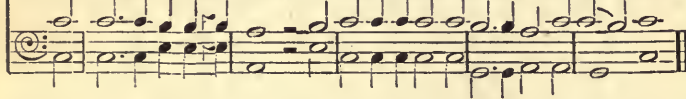
THE LITANY.



O God the Father, of Heaven : have mercy upon us mi-se-ra-ble sin-ners.



O God the Father, of Heaven : have mercy upon us mi-se-ra-ble sin - ners.



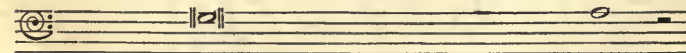
O God the Son, Redeemer of the world : have mercy upon us mi-se-ra-ble sinners.



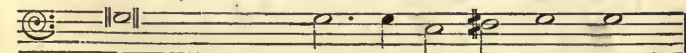
O God the Son, Re-deem-er of the world: have



mer - cy up - on us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.



O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son :



have mercy upon us mi - se - ra - ble sin - ners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Fa-ther and the Son :

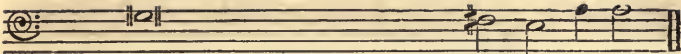
have mer-cy up-on us mi-se-ra-ble sin-ners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God :

have mercy upon us mi-se-ra-ble sin-ners.

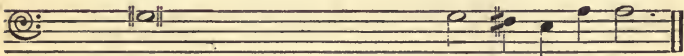
O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three per-sons and one God :

have mer-cy up-on us mi-se-ra-ble sin-ners.



Remember not, Lord, * * * be not angry with us for e - ver.

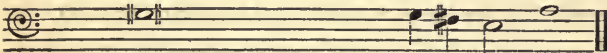
p
Spare us, good Lord.



From all evil, * * * and from ever - last - ing dam-na-tion.

Good Lord, de - li - ver us. †

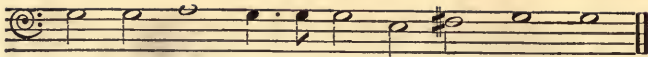
† N.B.—This response to be repeated after the next seven Supplications.



We sinners, &c., Church universal in the right way.

We be-seech Thee to hear us, good Lord. †

† N.P.—This response to be repeated after the next twenty Supplications.



Son of God: we be-seech Thee to hear us.

Thee to

Son of God: we be-seech Thee to hear us.



O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the sins of the world;

Grant us Thy peace.

Grant us Thy peace.

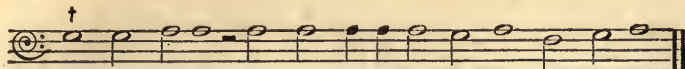
Grant us Thy peace.

† or,

O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the sins of the world; Grant us Thy peace,

O Lamb of God: that tak-est a-way the sins of the

world; Grant us Thy peace, grant us Thy peace.



O Lamb of God: that tak - est a-way the sins of the world;

Have mer - cy up - on us.

pp

Have mer - cy . . up - on us.

pp

Have mer - cy up - on us.

O Christ, hear us.

p

O Christ, hear us.

p

† or,

O Lamb of God: that tak-est a-way the sins of the world: Have mercy up-on us.

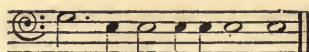
p

O Lamb of God: that tak - est a - way the sins of the

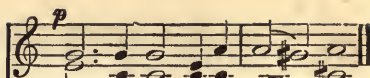
p *ppp*

world; Have mer - cy up - on us, have mer - cy up - on us.

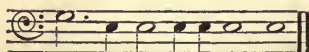
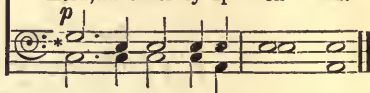
p *ppp*



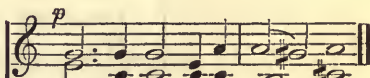
Lord, have mercy up-on us,



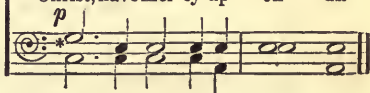
Lord, have mer-cy up - on us.



Christ, have mercy up-on us.



Christ, have mer-cy up - on us.



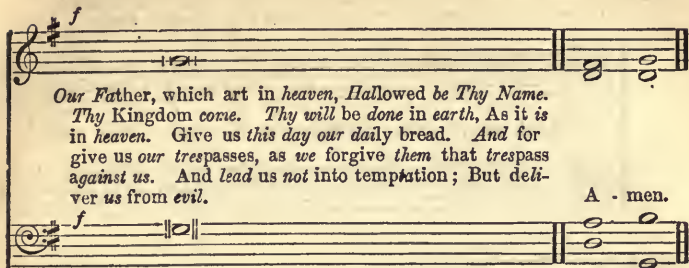
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.

up - on us

(Here Tallis's Festival Responses end.)

7 "Then shall the Priest, and the People with him, say 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 for give us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil.

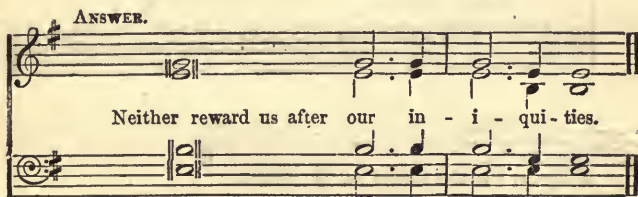
A - men.

PRIEST.

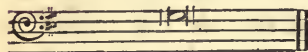


O Lord, deal not with us af - ter our sins,

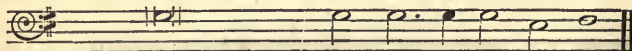
ANSWER.



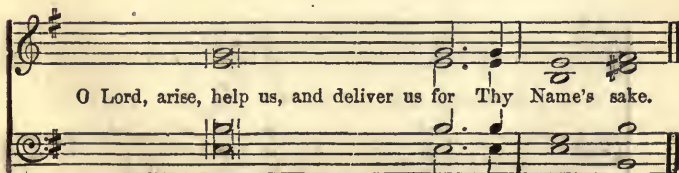
Neither reward us after our in - i - qui - ties.



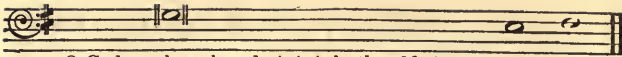
Let us pray.



O God, merciful Father, *** through Je - sus Christ our Lord.

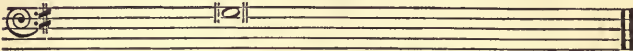


O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy Name's sake.



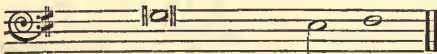
O God, we have heard, * * * in the old time be-fore them.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thine hon - our.



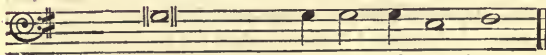
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

At it was in the beginning, } shall be: world without end. A - men.
is now, and ever



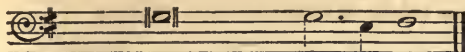
From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

Graciously look upon our af - fic - tions.



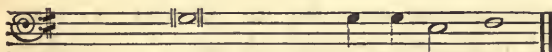
Pitifully behold the sor-rows of our hearts.

Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy peo - ple.



Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

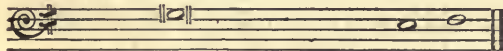
O Son of Da - vid, have mer - cy up - on us.



Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.

Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

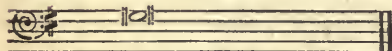
PRIEST.



O Lord, let Thy mercy be shewed up - on us;

ANSWER.

As we do put our trust in Thee.



Let us pray. * * *

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

A - - men. A - - men. A - - men.

The remaining "Amens" to be sang to Nos. 2 and 3 alternately, ending with No. 3

MARBECK'S NICENE CREED.

HARMONIZED FOR VOICES OR ORGAN BY E. J. HOPKINS.

PRIEST.

I be-lieve in one God

The Fa - ther Al - migh - ty,

Ma - ker of heav'n and earth, And of all things vi - si - ble

and in - vi - si - ble: And in one Lord Je - sus Christ, the

on - ly - be - got - ten Son of God, Be - got - ten of His Fa -

- ther be - fore all worlds, God of God, Light of Light,

Ve - ry God of ve - ry God, Be - got - ten, not made, Be - ing of one

substance with the Fa - ther, By whom all things were made:

p Who for us men, and for our sal - va - tion came down from heav'n,

And was in - carnate by the Ho - ly Ghost of the Vir - gin Ma - ry,

And was made man, And was cru - ci - fied al - so for us

pp un - der Pon - tius Pi - late. He suf - fer - ed and was bu - ri - ed,

cres. And the third day He rose a - gain ac - cord - ing to the Scrip - tures.

for.

And as - cend - ed in - to hea - ven, And sit - teth on the right hand

for.

of the Fa - ther. And He shall come a - gain with glo - ry to

judge both the quick and the dead: Whose Kingdom shall have no end.

And I be - lieve in the Ho - ly Ghost, The Lord and Giver of

life, Who pro - ceed - eth from the Fa - ther and the Son,

Who with the Fa - ther and the Son to - ge - ther is

wor-ship-ped and glo-ri-fied, Who spake by the Pro-phets.

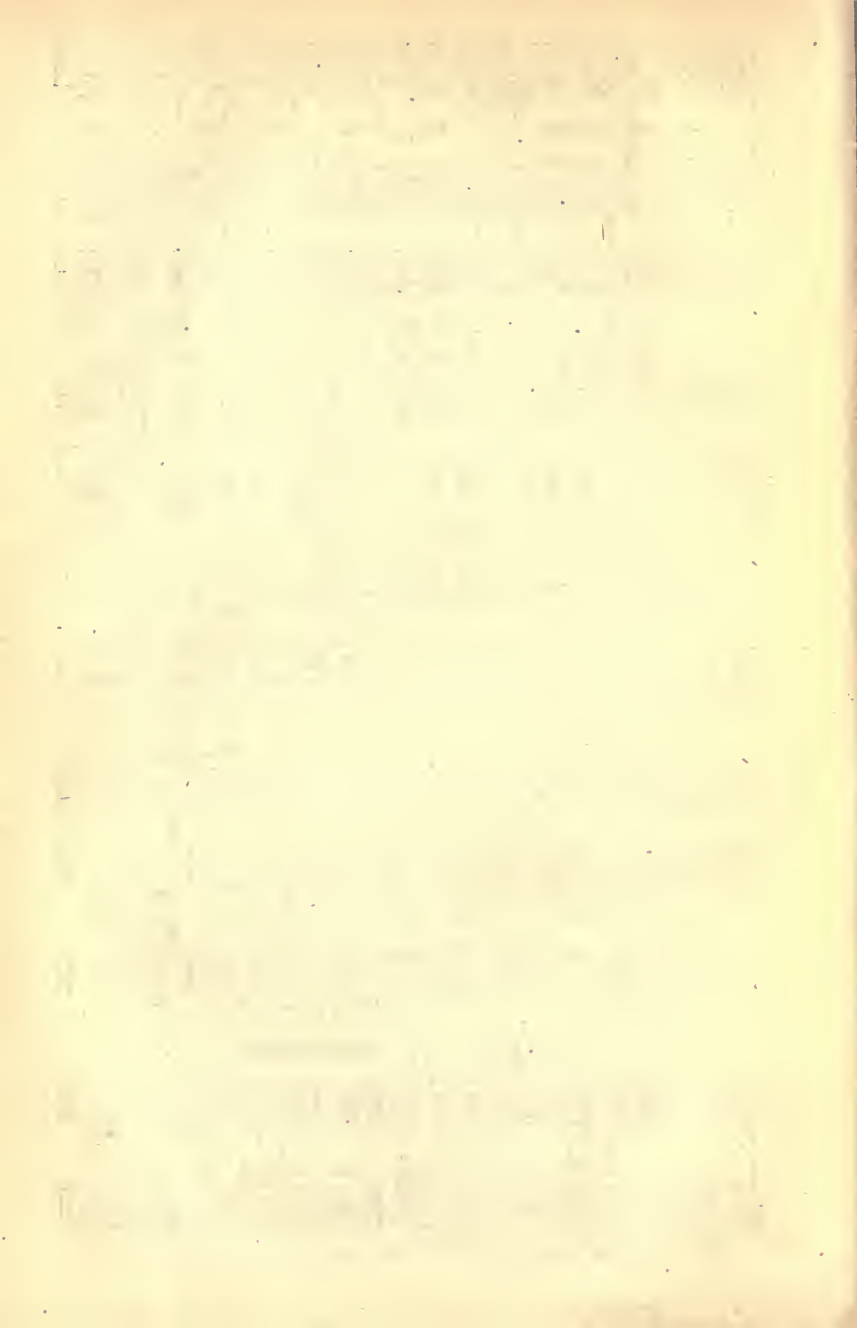
And I be-lieve one Ca-tho-lick and A-pos-to-lick Church.

I ac-knowledge one Baptism for the re-mission of sins,

And I look for the Re-sur-rec-tion of the dead.

And the life of the world . . . to come. A-men.

CHANT—TONUS PEREGRINUS.



A Collection of Chants,

ARRANGED IN SUCH ORDER THAT THEY MAY BE APPROPRIATELY
SUNG TO

THE DAILY PSALMS, CANTICLES, ETC.,

WITH AN

EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS

(Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temples.)

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London:

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

PREFACE.

THE following collection contains some of the Gregorian, and some of the best English Chants, Single and Double.

The Gregorian Chants, instituted by Pope Gregory the Great, were in constant use in the Church from the time of that Prelate (elected 590) down to the period of the Reformation. Some of them appeared in Marbeck's "Booke of Common Praier Noted" (1550), in Lowe's "Directions for the Performance of Cathedral Service" (1661), and in Playford's "Order of performing the Divine Service" (1674, &c.), which show that their use accompanied the re-institution of the Choral Service up to the time of the Restoration; and the re-introduction of the entire number of them has taken place in more recent times. In their original positions, the Gregorian Chants extended through an octave and a third of the Musical Gamut (from D up to F), but by transposition the whole of them have in modern times been brought into the compass of a sixth. Originally written as simple melodies, they received at the time of the Reformation (perhaps before), the important addition of harmony. In modern settings the melody is almost without exception placed in the Treble; and it is thus arranged, and in some cases transposed, that most of them appear in the following pages.

The earlier Single Chants were, in many cases, little more or less than harmonies founded on some Gregorian Chant. Thomas Morley, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, in his "Introduction to Practical Music," printed in the year 1597, gives the "Eight Tunes" thus harmonized, announcing, "Here they be, in foure parts, the tenor still keeping the plaine song." Morley's Chant, No. 8, in Dr. Rimbault's "Cathedral Chants of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries," has the same Gregorian Tone in the Tenor to which the Benedicite is sung in the Temple Church, No. 139 :—



A Chant, as late in date as the time of Dr. Child (ob. 1697) is constructed much in the same manner and on the same Tone, one note only being altered, marked † :—



Barnard, in "The First Book of Selected Church-Musick," 1641, gives two settings of "Tallis's Chant" in five-part harmony, the plain-song being preserved in the Tenor of both:—

TALLIS'S FIRST PSALM.

The musical score for Tallis's First Psalm consists of two staves. The top staff is in Treble clef and the bottom staff is in Bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a style characteristic of the English Renaissance, with a focus on harmonic texture. The top staff features a melodic line with some grace notes, while the bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. There are two measures shown, separated by a double bar line.

TALLIS'S SECOND PSALM.

The musical score for Tallis's Second Psalm consists of two staves. The top staff is in Treble clef and the bottom staff is in Bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a style characteristic of the English Renaissance, with a focus on harmonic texture. The top staff features a melodic line with some grace notes, while the bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. There are two measures shown, separated by a double bar line.

The same ancient Chant, with the melody in the Treble, set in four parts, and with somewhat varied harmony again, appears as No. 7 of the following work.

While some of the Single Chants were thus founded, wholly or in part, on Gregorian Tones, others bearing the name of early Church writers, as Tallis, Farrant, &c., were constructed on simple melodies, that in some respects still resembled the older Chants.

The origin of the Double Chant does not date back much more than a century and a half from the present time. Among the earliest and the best esteemed specimens of this species of Chant is the one by the Rev. Luke Flintoft, a minor canon of the Chapel Royal, born in 1680, and which forms No. 41* in the following collection.

The Chants in the following selection are not printed chronologically nor collectively under their authors' names, but in such order as they may be appropriately sung to the Daily Psalms, Canticles, &c.

Thanks are due to Mr. Goss for the use of two of his Chants; to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., for permission to print some of Mr. Turle's Chants; to the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, the Rev. Canon Havergal, Dr. G. J. Elvey, Dr. Monk, Dr. Rimbault, Dr. J. L. Hopkins, Mr. J. Coward, Professor H. S. Oakeley, and Messrs. R. Massey, G. A. Macfarren, John Hopkins, Thomas Hopkins, and J. Turle Lee, for permission to insert similar compositions from their pens; also to R. S. Sowler, Esq., Q.C., for two of his compositions.

* "A Single Chant is a short and simple melody divided into two parts by double bars, and is sung through to every verse of the Psalm: the first section of the Chant being applied to the first part of the verse as far as the colon, and the second section to the remainder of the verse. A Double Chant is divided into four parts by double bars, and is exactly equal to two Single Chants. It is sung through once to every two verses; and if the Psalm contains an odd number of verses, the last half of the Chant must be repeated for the final verse."—Preface to Dr. Rimbault's "Cathedral Chants of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries."

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF PSALTER CHANTS.

GREGORIAN.

			No.				No.
1st Tone,	1st Ending	.	146	6th Tone,	1st Ending	.	2, 98
1st Tone,	4th Ending	.	7	7th Tone,	1st Ending	.	8
3rd Tone,	1st Ending	.	160	7th Tone,	2nd Ending	.	78
3rd Tone,	2nd Ending	.	155	8th Tone,	1st Ending	.	158
4th Tone,	1st Ending	.	163	8th Tone,	2nd Ending	.	135, 161
5th Tone,	1st Ending	.	141, 159	Tonus Peregrinus		.	163
5th Tone,		.	47				

SINGLE.

Name of Composer.			Key.	No.	Name of Composer.			Key.	No.
Alcock, Dr.		.	E ♭	150	Hopkins, Dr. J. Larkin		B ♭	175	
Aldrich, Dr.		.	A	57	Hopkins, John		E ch.	180	
"	"	.	B ♭	116	Humphreys, P.		C	1	
Battishill, J.		.	E ♭	85	"	"	C	123	
"	"	.	G	99	Jones		B ♭	154	
"	"	.	A	147	Kelway		A mi.	109	
"	"	.	G	156	Kelway, Joseph		D	172	
Bellamy, R.		.	F	170	Kent, J.		F ch.	168	
Bennett, A.		.	G	124	King, Charles		F	171	
Blow, Dr.		.	E mi.	80	Lamb, Benjamin		F	167	
Brailesford		.	E ♭	174	Lee, W.		G	166	
Chard, Dr.		.	D ch.	169	Lee, J. Turle		B ♭	176	
Cooke, Dr. B.		.	F	64	Longhurst, W. H.		B ♭ ch.	181	
Corfe, T.		.	G	144	Macfarren, G. A.		A mi.	183	
Croft, Dr.		.	A mi.	109	"	"	A maj.	165	
Crotch, Dr.		.	A ch.	111	Monk, Dr. E. G.		D	106	
Davy		.	B ♭	103	Morgan, W.		G	123	
"		.	B ♭	152	Nares, Dr.		A	5	
Dupuis, Dr.		.	A mi.	55	"	"	A	26	
"	"	.	F mi. ch.	120	Ouseley, Sir. F. G.		E ♭	115	
Elvey, Dr. G. J.		.	A	61	Pratt		E	153	
"	"	.	A	122	Purcell, Daniel		G	173	
"	"	.	G	179	Purcell, H.		A mi.	24	
"	"	.	E ♭	177	"	"	G mi. ch.	117	
Farrant		.	G	38	"	"	A mi.	137	
Felton, Rev. W.		.	C # mi. and E	30	Purcell, T.		G	3, 101	
"	"	.	F	178	Rimbault, Dr.		G	105	
Fussell		.	A	112	Savage, Wm.		C	59	
Goodson		.	C	102	Sowler, R. S.		G	164	
Greene, Dr.		.	B ♭	9	Tallis		F	7	
"	"	.	B ♭	83	"		G mi.	37	
Hayes, Dr. P.		.	F.	104	"		C	136	
Hayes, Dr. Wm.		.	A	88	Tomlinson		B ♭	108	
"	"	.	C	96	Travers		E ♭	10	
"	"	.	E ch.	113	Turle, J.		C	17	
Hiles		.	A	126	Turner, Dr.		A	56	
Hindle		.	D	4	Wallace		E	25	
Hine		.	A	140	Walond, Wm.		E	110	
Hooper		.	D	182	"	"	C	127	
Hopkins, E. J.		.	E	6	Weldon		F mi.	52	
"	"	.	E	31	Woodward, Dr.		C	97	
"	"	.	A ♭	53					

DOUBLE.

Name of Composer.	Key.	No.	Name of Composer.	Key.	No.
Aldrich, Dr.	F	67	Hopkins, E. J.	C	19
Attwood, Thomas	C	82	" "	A	40
" "	E ch.	89	" "	B ch.	54
" "	E	185	" "	B♯	71
Banks	A ch.	194	" "	F	81
Barrow	F	76	" "	G ch.	94
Battishill, J.	A mi.	13	" "	F	107
" "	D	74	" "	F	186
Beale	A♯	187	Hopkins, Thomas	B♯	191
Beethoven, L. V.	C mi.	16	Langdon, R.	F	18
Boyce, Dr.	D	145	" "	D mi.	75
" "	F	192	Lawes, H.	B♯	69
Brownsmith, J. L.	F mi.	51	Lee, J. Turle		193
Camidge, Dr.	E mi.	119	Lemon, Colonel	A	20
Cooke, Dr. B.	B♯	65	" "	D	121
Cooke, R.	B mi	46	Massey, R.	E	129
" "	G	79	Meymott, Judge	G	58
" "	G	93	Monk, Dr. E. G.	A	132
" "	G	95	Morley, W.	D mi.	63
Cooper, G.	D	45	Mornington, Lord	E♯	90
Coward, J.	A	143	" "	E ch.	138
" "	F	157	Nares, Dr.	D	148
Crotch, Dr.	C	14	Norris	A	29
" "	A	27	Parcell, H.	F mi.	68
" "	E	28	Randall, Dr.	E	118
" "	G	91	Robinson, F.	E♯	151
Davy	E♯	92	Robinson, Jos.	E♯	133
Dupuis, Dr.	C	35	Russell, Wm.	F ch.	32, 33
" "	E mi.	78	" "	E	60
" "	A	130	Smith, J. S.	G ch.	50
Fitzherbert	F	70	Soapier	D	12
Flintoft, Rev.	F mi.	41	" "	A	134
Goss, J.	E	43	Sowler, R. S.		184
" "	A	44	Spohr, L.	F	48
Handel, G. F.	F	42	Stevenson	G	131
Havergal, Rev. W. H.	E	23	Turle, J.	D ch.	15
Hawes, W.	G	11	" "	A	22
" "	E	87	" "	F	34
" "	E♯	188	" "	C	62
Hayes, Dr. Wm.	F	84	Walmisley, Dr.	F	49
Henley, Rev. P.	E	39	" "	E mi.	188
Higgins, E.	F	66	Wesley, S.	G mi.	73
Hopkins, John	A♯	114	" "	G	77
" "	B♯	190	Wood	G	36
Hopkins, Dr. J. L.	D	100	Woodward, Dr.	D	21
" "	D	125	" "	B♯	86

QUADRUPLE.

Oakeley, H. S.	F	72
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A COLLECTION OF CHANTS

ARRANGED IN SUCH ORDER THAT THEY MAY BE APPROPRIATELY

SUNG TO

THE DAILY PSALMS, CANTICLES, &c.

CHANTS

FOR

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

1.

PELHAM HUMPHREYS. 1670.

2.

GREGORIAN.

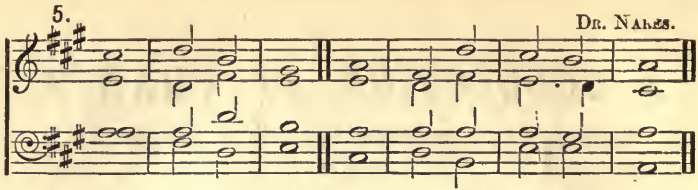
3.

T. PURCELL.

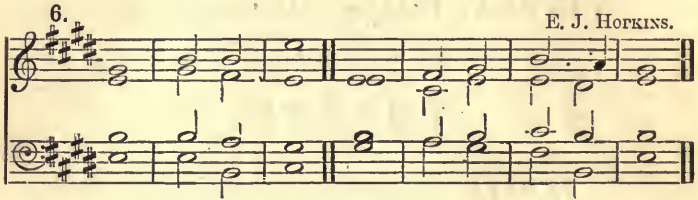
4.

HINDLE.

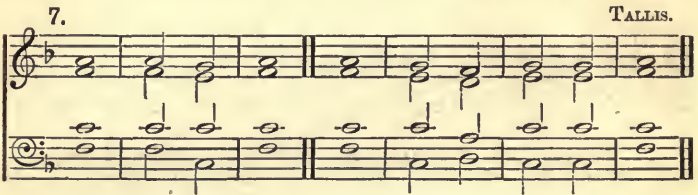
5. DR. NABES.



6. E. J. HOPKINS.



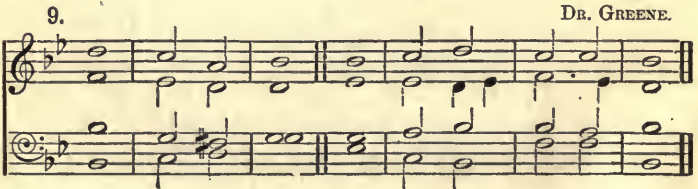
7. TALLIS.



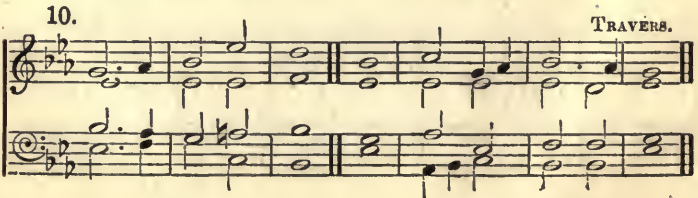
8. GREGORIAN.



9. DR. GREENE.



10. TRAVERS.



CHANTS FOR THE DAILY PSALMS.

DAY I.—MORNING.

11. Ps. 1, 2, 3.

W. HAWES.

12. Ps. 4, 5.

SOAPER.

DAY I.—EVENING.

13. Ps. 6, 7.

BATTISHILL.

Musical score for piece 13, Ps. 6, 7, by Battishill. The score is written in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time. The music features a mix of chords and single notes, with some dynamics like *mf* and *f* indicated.

14. Ps. 8.

Dr. CROTCH.

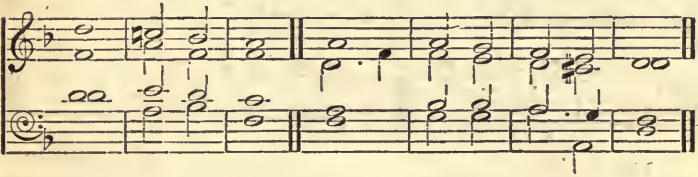
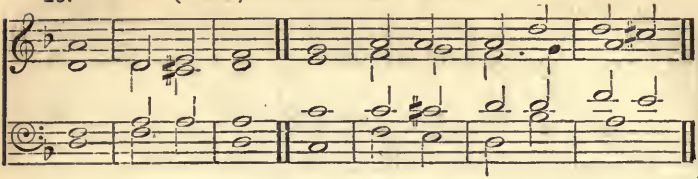
Musical score for piece 14, Ps. 8, by Dr. Crotch. The score is written in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time. The music features a mix of chords and single notes, with some dynamics like *mf* and *f* indicated.

DAY II.—MORNING.

15. Ps. 9 ** 11. (*Major.*)

J. TURLE.

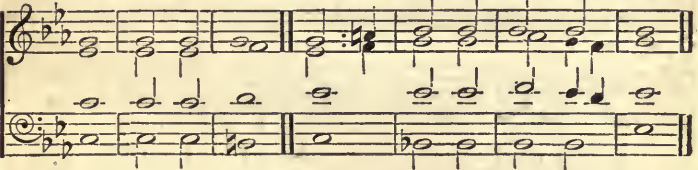
Musical score for piece 15, Ps. 9 ** 11 (Major), by J. Turle. The score is written in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is common time. The music features a mix of chords and single notes, with some dynamics like *mf* and *f* indicated.

15. Ps. 10. (*Minor.*)

DAY II—EVENING.

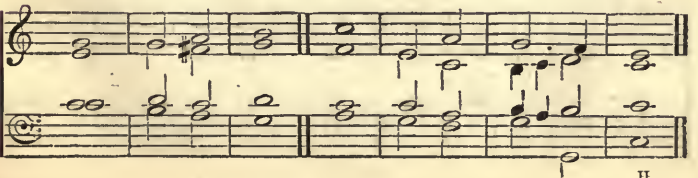
16. Ps. 12, 13.

Adapted by J. Goss from BEETHOVEN.



17. Ps. 14.

J. TURLE.



DAY III.—MORNING.

18. Ps. 15, 16.

LANGDON.

First system of musical notation for Ps. 15, 16. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for Ps. 15, 16. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music continues from the first system.

19. Ps. 17.

E. J. HOPKINS.

First system of musical notation for Ps. 17. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for Ps. 17. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music continues from the first system.

20. Ps. 18, v. 1—24. DAY III.—EVENING.

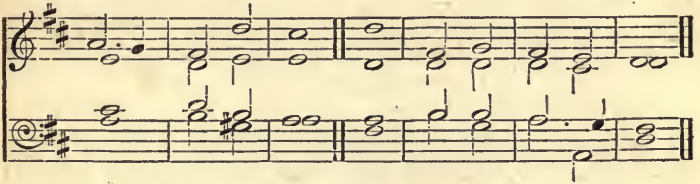
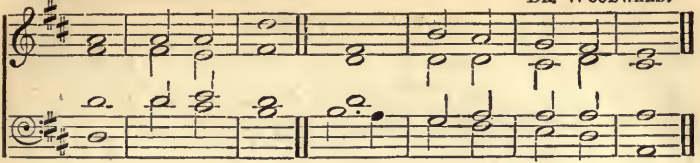
COLONEL LEMON.

First system of musical notation for Ps. 18, v. 1-24. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for Ps. 18, v. 1-24. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music continues from the first system.

21. Ps. 18, v. 25 to the end.

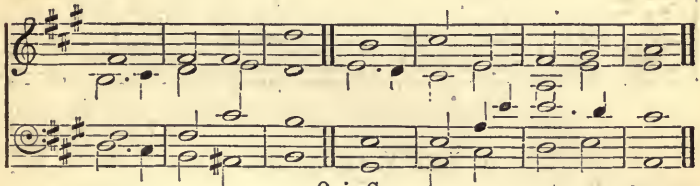
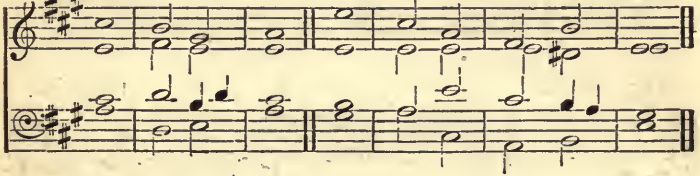
DR. WOODWARD.



DAY IV.—MORNING.

22. Ps. 19, 20.

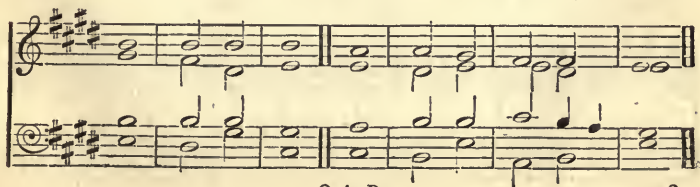
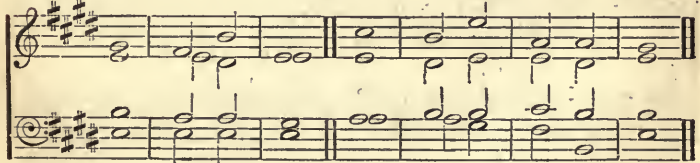
J. TUBLE.



Or in G.

23. Ps. 21.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



Or in D.

DAY IV.—EVENING.

24. Ps 22, v. 1—22.

H. PURCELL.

25. Ps. 22, v. 23. to the end.

WALLACE.

26. Ps. 23.

DR. NARES.

DAY V.—MORNING.

27. Ps. 24.

DR. CROUCH.

Or in G.

28. Ps. 25, 26.

DR. СВОТЧ.

Or in D.

DAY V.—EVENING.

29. Ps. 27.

NORRIS.

Or in G.

30. Ps. 28, v. 1.—6.

REV. W. FELTON.

Or in B.

31. Ps. 28, v. 7 to the end, and Ps. 29.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Or in D.

DAY VI.—MORNING.

32. Ps. 30, 31, v. 21 to the end. (*Major.*)

W. RUSSELL.

The first system of music for piece 32 consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

The second system of music for piece 32 continues the two-staff format. It features similar chordal textures and melodic fragments in both the treble and bass staves.

33. Ps. 31, v. 1—20. (*Minor.*)

The first system of music for piece 33 consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

The second system of music for piece 33 continues the two-staff format. It features similar chordal textures and melodic fragments in both the treble and bass staves.

DAY VI.—EVENING.

34. Ps. 32 ** 34.

J. TURLE.

The first system of music for piece 34 consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

The second system of music for piece 34 continues the two-staff format. It features similar chordal textures and melodic fragments in both the treble and bass staves.

35. Ps. 33.

DR. DUPUIS.

Musical score for Ps. 33 by Dr. Dupuis. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and accidentals.

DAY VII.—MORNING.

36. Ps. 35.

WOOD.

Musical score for Ps. 35 by Wood. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and accidentals.

37. Ps. 36, v. 1-4.

TALLIS.

Musical score for Ps. 36, v. 1-4 by Tallis. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and accidentals.

38. Ps. 36, v. 5 to the end.

FARRANT.

Musical score for Ps. 36, v. 5 to the end by Farrant. The score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and accidentals.

DAY VII.—EVENING.

39. Ps. 37, v. 1—22.

REV. P. HENLEY.

40. Ps. 37, v. 23 to the end.

E. J. HOPKINS.

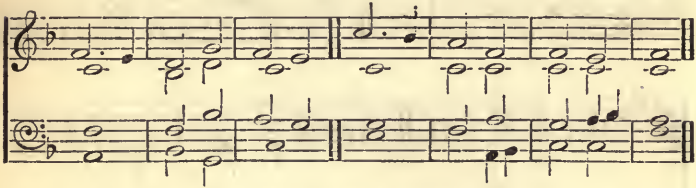
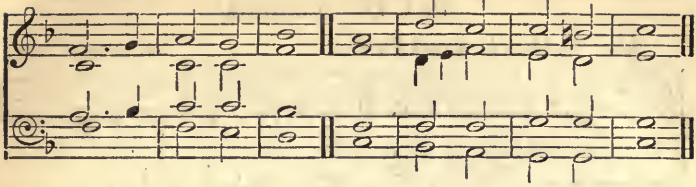
DAY VIII.—MORNING.

41. Ps. 38, 39.

FLINTOFF.

42. Ps. 40

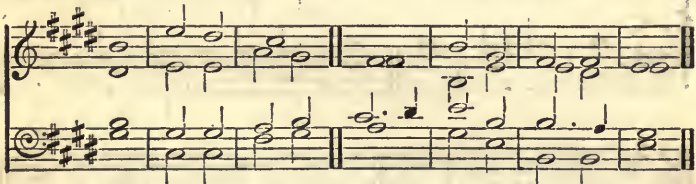
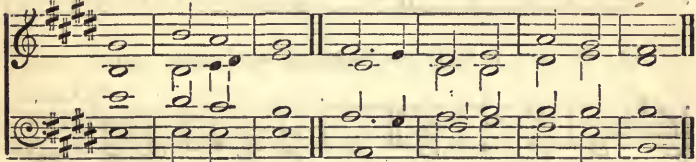
Adapted by KNYVETT from HANDEL.



DAY VIII.—EVENING.

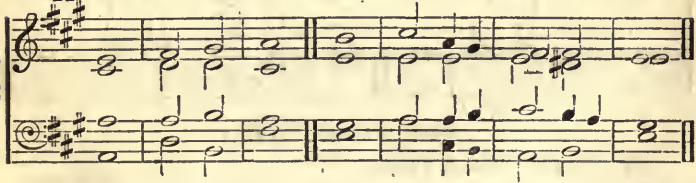
43. Ps. 41 * * * 43.

J. Goss.



44. Ps. 42.

J. Goss.



DAY IX.—MORNING.

45. Ps. 44, v. 1—9, and Ps. 45.

G. COOPER. 1832.

46. Ps. 44, v. 10 to the end, beginning with second part of chant.

R. COOKE.

Gloria to Chant No. 45.

47. Ps. 46. *Voices in Unison.*

GREGORIAN.

DAY IX.—EVENING.

48. Ps. 47, 48.

Adapted by J. TURLE from SPORR.

Or in E flat.

49. Ps. 49.

T. A. WALMSLEY.

Or in E flat.

DAY X.—MORNING.

50. Ps. 50 ** 52. (Major.)

J. STAFFORD SMITH

First system of musical notation for 'Ps. 50 ** 52. (Major.)'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation for 'Ps. 50 ** 52. (Major.)'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns.

Or in F.

50. Ps. 51. (Minor.)

First system of musical notation for 'Ps. 51. (Minor.)'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation for 'Ps. 51. (Minor.)'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb). The music continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns.

Or in F.

DAY X.—EVENING.

51. Ps. 53, 54.

J. L. BROWNSMITH.

First system of musical notation for 'Ps. 53, 54.'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation for 'Ps. 53, 54.'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab). The music continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns.

Gloria to Chant No. 53.

52. Ps. 55, v. 1—16.

WELDON.

53. Ps. 55, v. 17 to the end.

E. J. HOPKINS.

DAY XI.—MORNING.

54. Ps. 56, v. 1, 2, 5—10. Ps. 57, v. 1—8. Ps. 58.
(Minor.)

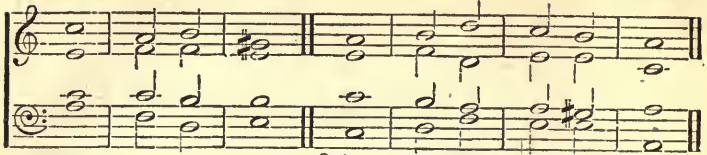
E. J. HOPKINS.

54. Ps. 56, v. 3, 4, 11—13. Ps. 57, v. 9—12, and Glorias.
(Major.)

DAY XI.--EVENING.

55. Ps. 59, v. 1-15. Ps. 60.

DR. DUPUIS.



Or in G.

56. Ps. 59 v. 16, 17, and Glorias.

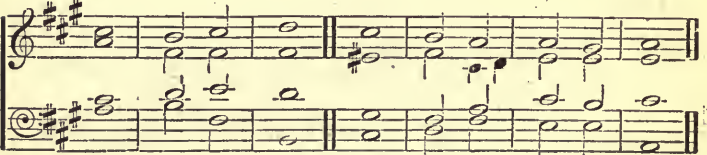
DR. TURNER.



Or in G.

57. Ps. 61.

DR. ALDRICH.

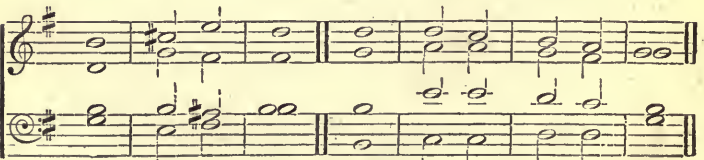


Or in G.

DAY XII.—MORNING.

58. Ps. 62, 63.

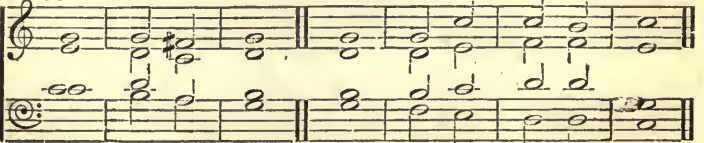
JUDGE MEYMOTT.



Or in F.

59. Ps. 64.

SAVAGE.



Or in B flat.

DAY XII.—EVENING.

60. Ps. 65, 66.

W. RUSSELL.

Or in D.

61. Ps. 67.

DR. G. J. ELVEY.

Or in G.

DAY XIII.—MORNING.

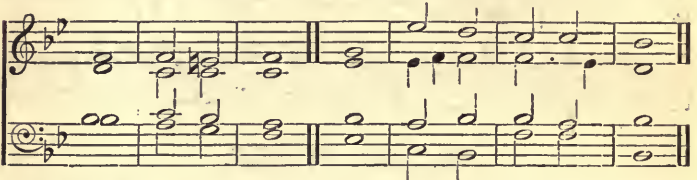
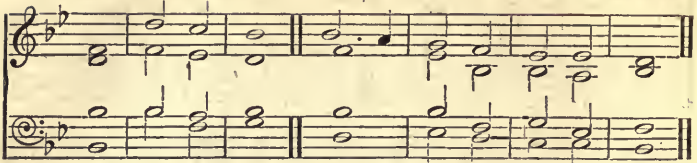
62. Ps. 68.

J. TURLE.

DAY XV.—MORNING.

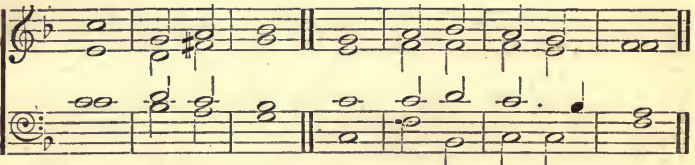
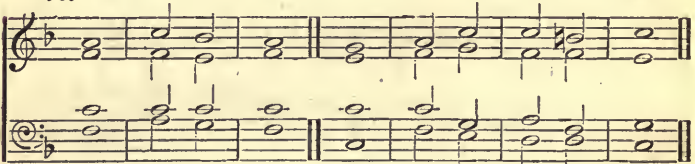
69. Ps. 75, 76.

LAWES.



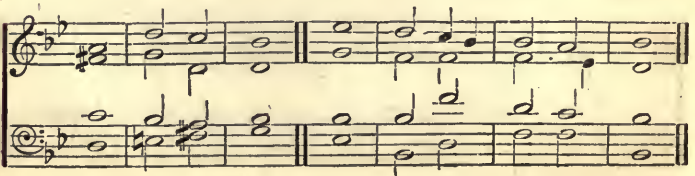
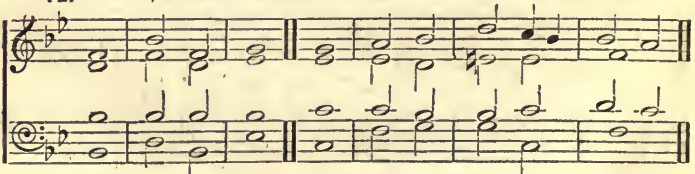
70. Ps. 77, v. 1—12.

FITZHERBERT.



71. Ps. 77, v. 13 to the end.

E. J. HOPKINS.



DAY XV.—EVENING.

72. Ps. 78. Verses 1—4, 13—16, 21—28, 45—52, 73, and the Gloria, to be chanted *in unison*, all the voices taking the notes of the melody, and the Organ alone continuing the harmonies. Verses 53—56 to be chanted soft, without Organ; verses 66 and 67 loud.

H. S. OAKELEY.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a series of chords and a melodic line. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides harmonic accompaniment with chords and a bass line. The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century church music.

73rd verse here.

The second system of music continues the piece. It features the same two-staff format. The upper staff shows the continuation of the melodic line and chords, while the lower staff provides the harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various chordal textures and a steady bass line.

The Gloria here.

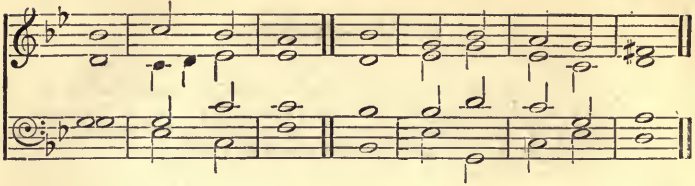
The third system of music marks the beginning of the Gloria section. It maintains the two-staff structure. The upper staff continues the melodic and chordal material, and the lower staff provides the harmonic support. The piece concludes with a final chord in the upper staff.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It features the same two-staff format. The upper staff shows the final melodic and chordal elements, and the lower staff provides the final harmonic accompaniment. The piece ends with a final chord in the upper staff.

DAY XVI.—MORNING.

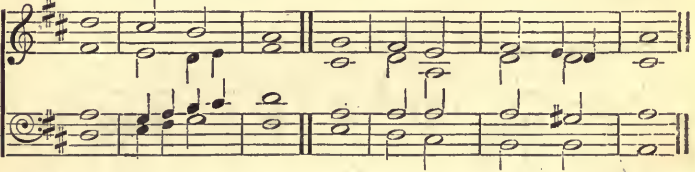
73. Ps. 79, 80.

S. WESLEY.



74. Ps. 81.

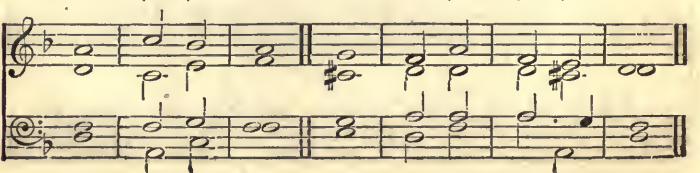
BATTISHILL.



DAY XVI.—EVENING.

75. Ps. 82, 83.

LANGDON



76. Ps. 84, 85.

BARROW.

The first system of music for '76. Ps. 84, 85.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

The second system of music for '76. Ps. 84, 85.' continues the two-staff format from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and musical style.

DAY XVII.—MORNING.

77. Ps. 86, 87, and Glorias.

S. WESLEY.

The first system of music for '77. Ps. 86, 87, and Glorias.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of two sharps (D major or F# minor). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

The second system of music for '77. Ps. 86, 87, and Glorias.' continues the two-staff format from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and musical style.

78. Ps. 88.

DR. DUPUIS.

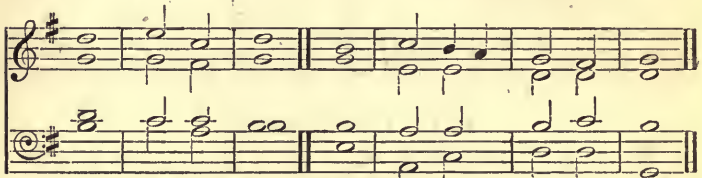
The first system of music for '78. Ps. 88.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of two sharps (D major or F# minor). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and simple melodic lines.

The second system of music for '78. Ps. 88.' continues the two-staff format from the first system, maintaining the same key signature and musical style.

DAY XVII.—EVENING.

79. Ps. 89, v. 1—36, and Gloria.

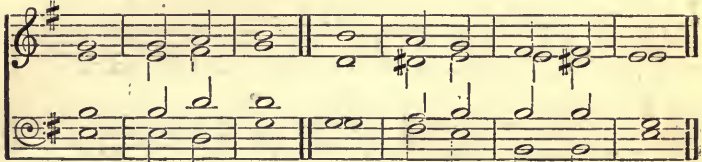
R. COOKE



Or in F:

80. Ps. 89, v. 37 to the end.

DR. BLOW.

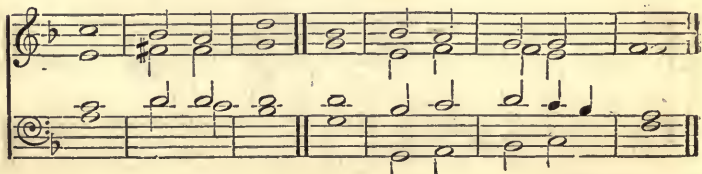
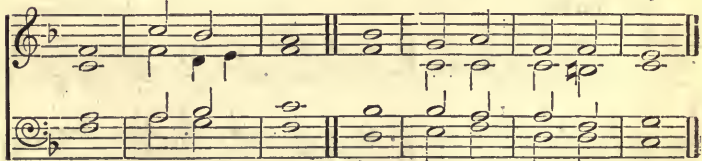


Or in D.

DAY XVIII.—MORNING.

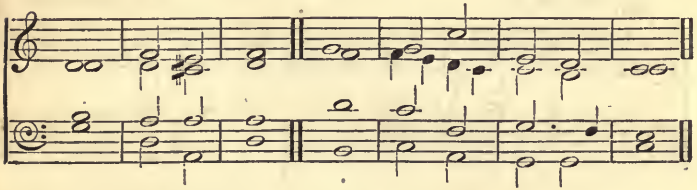
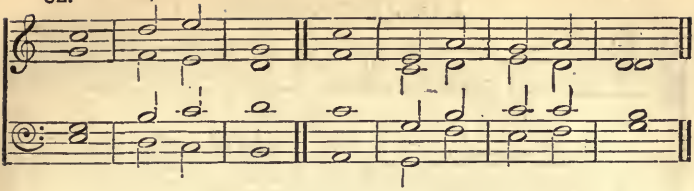
81. Ps. 90.

E. J. HOPKINS.



82. Ps. 91, 92.

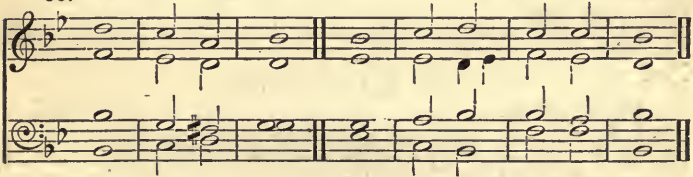
ATTWOOD.



DAY XVIII.—EVENING.

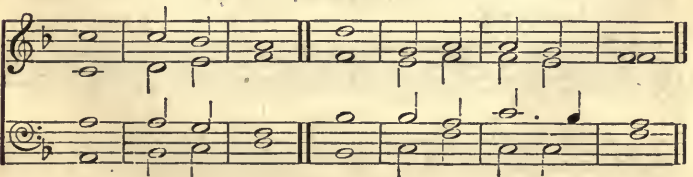
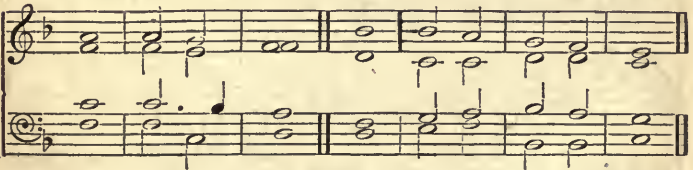
83. Ps. 93.

DR. GREENE.



84. Ps. 94.

DR. W. HAYES.



DAY XIX.—MORNING.

85. Ps. 95.

BATTISHILL.

Or in D.

86. Ps. 96, 97.

DR. WOODWARD.

Or in A.

DAY XIX.—EVENING.

87. Ps. 98, 99.

HAWES.

Or in E flat.

88. Ps. 100, 101.

DR. W. HAYES.

Or in A flat.

DAY XX.—MORNING.

89. Ps. 102, v. 1—24.

(Minor.)

ALTWOOD.

Or in D.

89. Ps. 102, v. 25 to the end. Ps. 103. *(Major.)*

Or in D.

DAY XX.—EVENING.

90. Ps. 104.

LORD MORNINGTON.

Or in D.

91. Ps. 105.

DAY XXI.—MORNING.

DR. CROTCH.

92. Ps. 106.

DAY XXI.—EVENING.

DAVY.

Or in D.

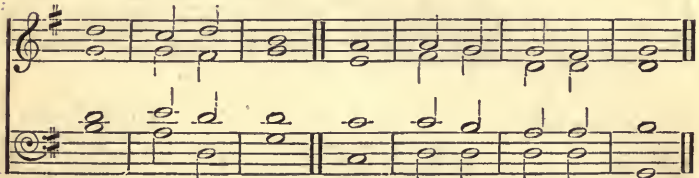
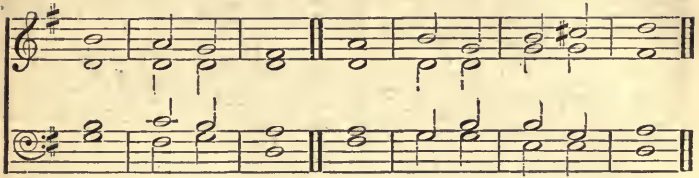
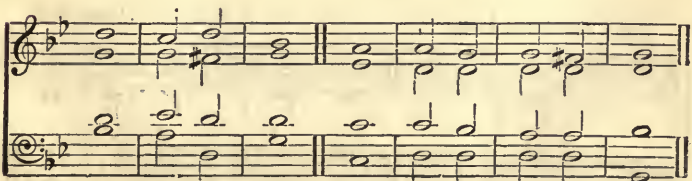
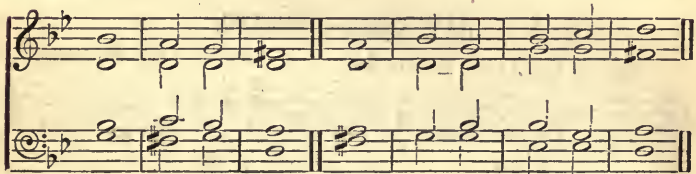
93. Ps. 107.

DAY XXII.—MORNING.

R. COOKE.

Or in F.

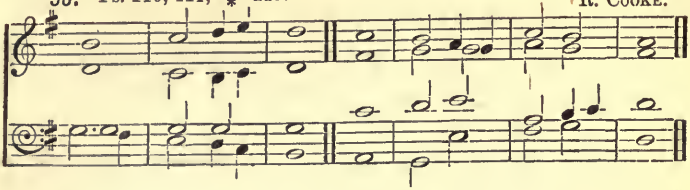
DAY XXII.—EVENING.

94. Ps. 108; 109, v. 29, 30, and Glorias. (*Major.*) E. J. HOPKINS.94. Ps. 109, v. 1—28. (*Minor.*)

DAY XXIII.—MORNING.

95. Ps. 110, 111, * * 113.

R. COOKE.



96. Ps. 112.

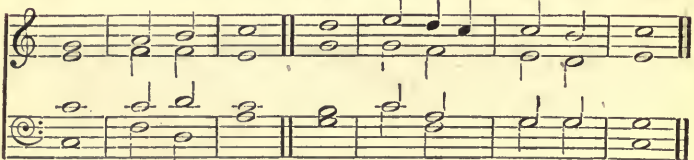
DR. W. HAYES.



DAY XXIII.—EVENING.

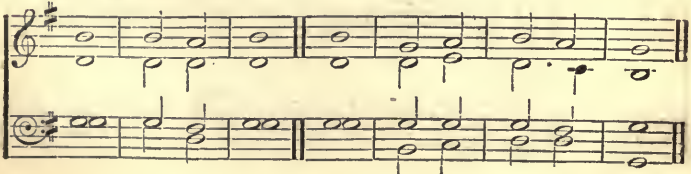
97. Ps. 114; 115, v. 9 to the end.

DR. WOODWARD.



98. Ps. 115, v. 1—8.

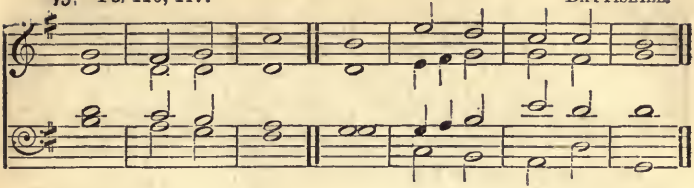
GREGORIAN.



DAY XXIV.—MORNING.

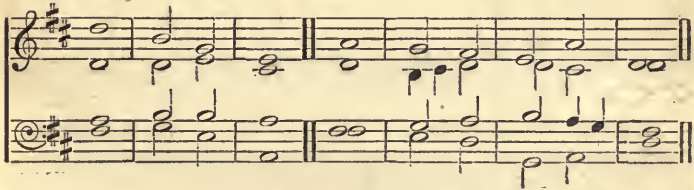
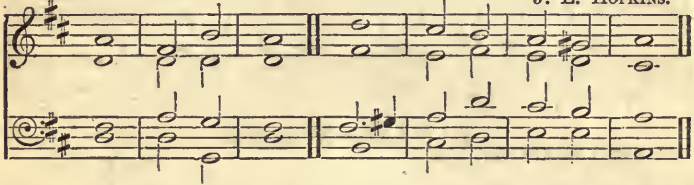
99. Ps. 116, 117.

BATTISHILL.



100. Ps. 118.

J. L. HOPKINS.



DAY XXIV.—EVENING.

101. Ps. 119, div. 1, 2.

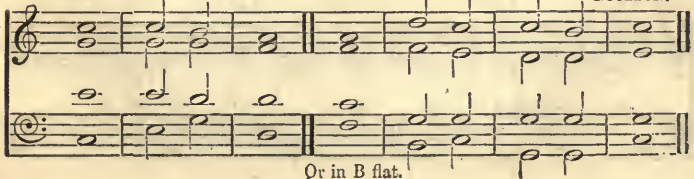
T. PURCELL.



Or in F.

102. Ps. 119, div. 3, 4.

GOODSON.



Or in B flat.

DAY XXV.—MORNING.

103. Ps. 119, div. 1, 2.

From DAVY.

104. Ps. 119, div. 3, 4, 5.

DR. P. HAYES.

DAY XXV.—EVENING.

105. Ps. 119, div. 1, 2.

DR. RIMBAULT.

106. Ps. 119, div. 3, 4.

Or in F.

DR. E. G. MONK.

Or in C.

DAY XXVI.—MORNING.

107. Ps. 119, div. 1, 2, * * 5.

E. J. HOPKINS.

108. Ps. 119, div. 3, 4.

From TOMLINSON.

DAY XXVI.—EVENING.

109. Ps. 119, div. 1, 2.

DR. CROFT.

Ps. 119, div. 3, 4.

KELWAY.

DAY XXVII.—MORNING.

110. Ps. 120, 121.

WALOND.

111. Ps. 122 * * 124, v. 5-7; 125. (Major)

DR. CROFT.

111. Ps. 123, 124, v. 1-4. (Minor)

DAY XXVII.—EVENING.

112. Ps. 126, 127.

FUSSELL.

113. Ps. 128, and Glorias. (*Major.*)

DR. W. HAYES.

113. Ps. 129, 130, 131. (*Minor.*)

DAY XXVIII.—MORNING.

114. Ps. 132* * 135.

JOHN HOPKINS.

Or in G.

115. Ps. 133, 134.

REV. SIR F. GORE OUSELEY.

Or in D.

DAY XXVIII.—EVENING.

116. Ps 136.

DR. ALDRICH.

117. Ps. 137.

(Minor.)

H. PURCELL.

117. Ps. 138.

(Major.)

DAY XXIX.—MORNING.

118. Ps. 139, and Glorias.

DR. RANDALL.

Or in D.

119. Ps. 140, 141.

DR. CAMIDGE.

Or in D.

DAY XXIX.—EVENING.

120. Ps. 142, 143.

(Minor.)

DR. DUPUIS.

Glorias.

(Major.)

Adapted by E. J. H.

DAY XXX.—MORNING.

121. Ps. 144 * * 146.

COLONEL LEMON.

122. Ps. 145

DR. G. J. ELVEY.

Or in G.

DAY XXX.—EVENING.

123. Ps. 147 * * 150.

HUMPHREY.

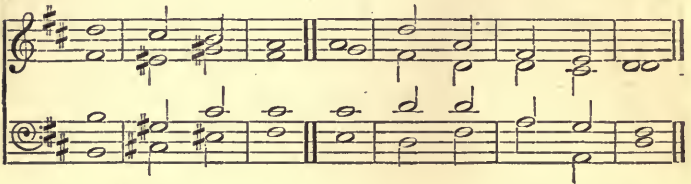
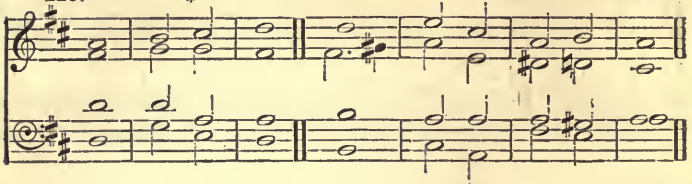
124. Ps. 148, 149.

BENNETT.

DAY XXXI.—MORNING.

125. Ps. 144 * * 146.

DR. J. L. HOPKINS.



126. Ps. 145.

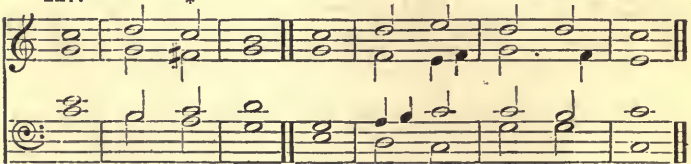
HILES.



DAY XXXI.—EVENING.

127. Ps. 147 * * 150

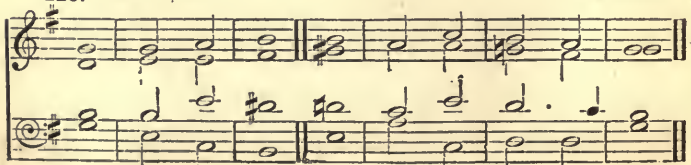
From WALOND.



Or in B flat

128. Ps. 148, 149.

W. MORGAN.



Or in F.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

MORNING.

129. Proper Psalms, 19, 45, 85.

R. MASSEY.

Or in D.

EVENING.

130. Proper Psalms, 89, 110, 132.

DR. DUPUIS.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

Proper Psalms—MORNING—6, 32, 38, Chant, No. 13 or 24.

EVENING—102, 130, 143, Chant, No. 41 or 55.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Proper Psalms—MORNING—22, 40, 54, Chant, No. 16 or 37.

EVENING—69, 88, Chant, No. 75 or 80.

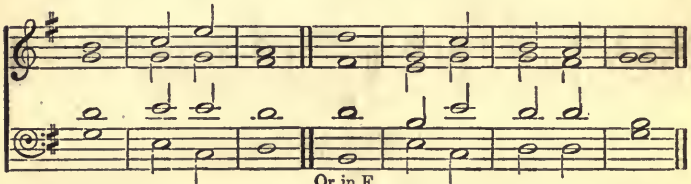
EASTER DAY.

MORNING.

Special Anthems to Chant, No. 1.

131. Proper Psalms, 2, 57, 111.

STEVENSON.

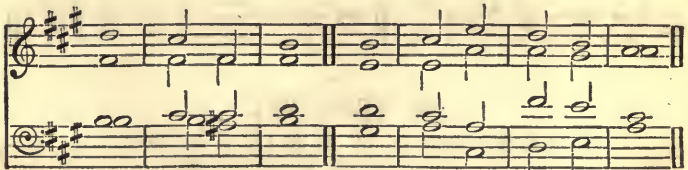
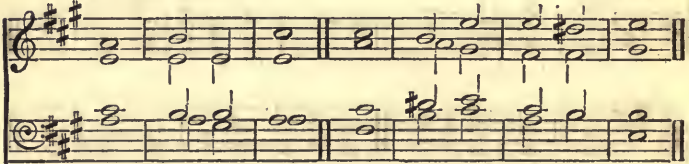


Or in F.

EVENING.

132. Proper Psalms, 113, 114, 118.

DR. MONK.



Or in G.

ASCENSION DAY.

Proper Psalms—MORNING—8, 15, 21, Chant, No 92 or 31

EVENING—24, 47, 103, Chant, No. 86 or 83.

WHIT SUNDAY.

MORNING.

133. Proper Psalms, 48, 68

JOSEPH ROBINSON.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and moving lines.

The second system of music consists of two staves, continuing the piece from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and homophonic texture.

Or in D.

EVENING.

134. Proper Psalms, 104, 145.

SOAPER.

The first system of music for the evening consists of two staves. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music is written in a homophonic style with chords and moving lines.

The second system of music for the evening consists of two staves, continuing the piece from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and homophonic texture.

Or in G.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

135.

GREGORIAN.

136. V. 1—14,* and 23 to the end.

TALLIS.

137. V. 15—22.

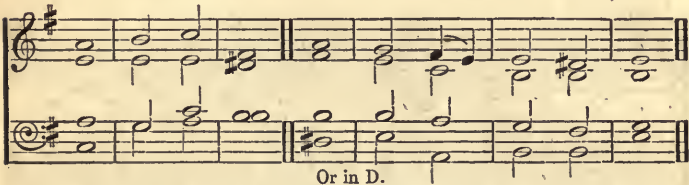
H. PURCELL.

138. V. 1—14, 23 to the end. (Major.)

LORD MORNINGTON.

Or in D.

* Verses 12 and 13 are frequently sung as a single verse; and the above suggestion is made in accordance with that custom.

138. V. 15—22. (*Minor.*)

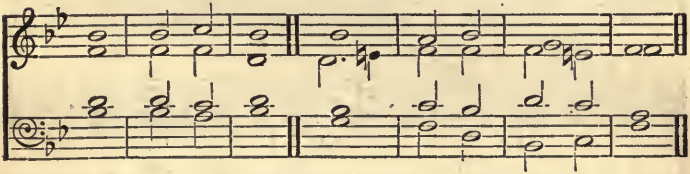
Or in D.

Or No. 15, 29, 30 and 31, 32 and 33, 50, 53 and 52, 56 and 55, &c.

BENEDICITE OMNIA OPERA.

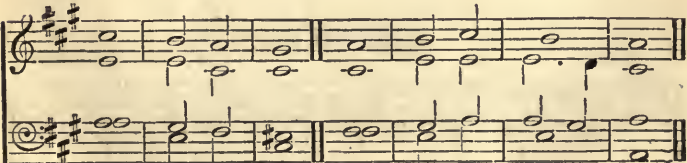
139.

GREGORIAN.



140.

HINE.



Or in G.

Or No. 2, 7, 9, 38, 53, 64, 85, &c.

BENEDICTUS.

141.

GREGORIAN.

142.

143.

JAMES COWARD.

Or in G.

Or No. 18. 23. 58. 70. 84. 93. 101. 105. &c.

JUBILATE DEO.

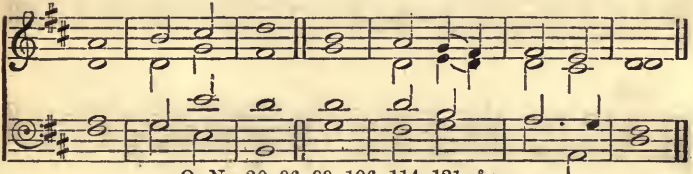
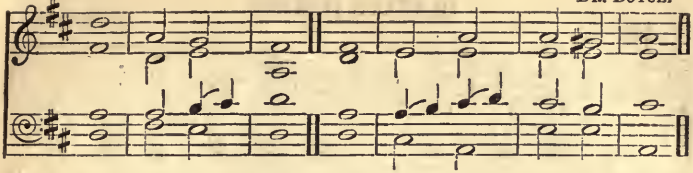
144.

T. CORFE.

Or in F.

145.

DR. BOYCE.

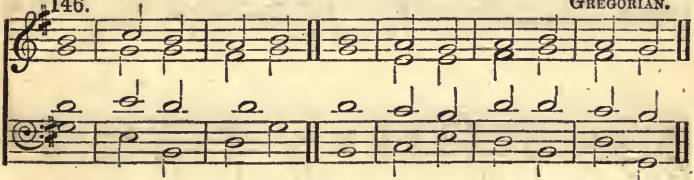


Or No. 20. 96. 99. 106. 114. 121. &c.

MAGNIFICAT.

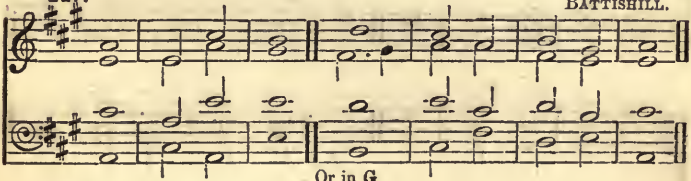
146.

GREGORIAN.



147.

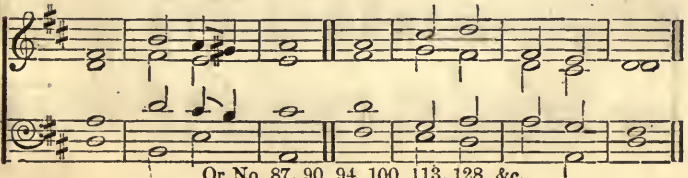
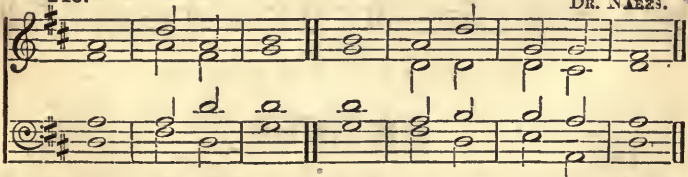
BATTISHILL.



Or in G.

148.

DR. NABES.



Or No. 87. 90. 94. 100. 113. 128. &c.

CANTATE DOMINO.

GREGORIAN.

149.

150.

DR. ALCOCK.

Or in D or C.

151.

F. ROBINSON.

Or in D.

Or No. 14. 29. 32. 56. 60. 61. 97. 133. &c.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

152.

DAVY.

PRATT.

153.

154.

JONES.

Or No. 24. 47. 88. 98. 110. 115. 122. &c.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

GREGORIAN.

155.

156.

BATTISHILL.

Or in F.

JAMES COWARD.

157.

Or No. 12. 17. 40. 91. 112. 126. 129 &c.

169 A. (*Major.*)

DR. CHARD.

Musical notation for 169 A. (Major.) in G major, 2/4 time. The piece consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords and single notes.

169 B. (*Minor.*)

Musical notation for 169 B. (Minor.) in G minor, 2/4 time. The piece consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords and single notes.

170.

R. BELLAMY.

Musical notation for 170. in G minor, 2/4 time. The piece consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords and single notes.

171.

CHARLES KING.

Musical notation for 171. in G minor, 2/4 time. The piece consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords and single notes.

172.

JOSEPH KELWAY.

Musical notation for 172. in G major, 2/4 time. The piece consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords and single notes.

173.

DANIEL PURCELL.

Musical notation for 173. in G major, 2/4 time. The piece consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with chords and single notes.

174.

BRAILES FORD

DR. J LARKIN HOPKINS, Cambridge.

175.

J. TURLE LEE,

Organist to the Honorable Society of Grays Inn.

176.

177.

DR. G. J. ELVEY.

Or in D or C.

178.

REV. W. FELTON.

179.

DR. G. J. ELVEY.

180 A. (*Minor.*)

JOHN HOPKINS.

180 B. (*Major.*)

181 A. (*Major.*)W. H. LONGHURST,
Assistant Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.

181 B. (*Relative minor.*)

182.

HOOPER.

183.

G. A. MACFARREN.

DOUBLE CHANTS.

184.

R. S. SOWLER, Esq., Q. C.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 184. The treble staff contains chords and notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 184. The treble staff contains chords and notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests.

185.

T. ATTWOOD.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 185. The treble staff contains chords and notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 185. The treble staff contains chords and notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests.

186.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 186. The treble staff contains chords and notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 186. The treble staff contains chords and notes, while the bass staff contains a bass line with notes and rests.

187.

BEALE.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 187. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music is written in a style of double chimes, with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 187. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music continues with chords and single notes.

Or in G or F.

188.

WM. HAWES.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 188. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music is written in a style of double chimes, with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 188. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The music continues with chords and single notes.

189.

DR. T. A. WALMSLEY.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 189. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music is written in a style of double chimes, with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 189. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music continues with chords and single notes.

190.

JOHN HOPKINS, Rochester.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 190. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 190. The treble staff continues the melodic line, and the bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

191.

T. HOPKINS, York.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 191. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth notes, and the bass staff provides a steady harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 191. The treble staff continues the melodic line, and the bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

192.

DR. BOYCE.

First system of musical notation for Double Chant 192. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat.

Second system of musical notation for Double Chant 192. The treble staff continues the melodic line, and the bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

J. TURLE LEE,
Organist to the Honorable Society of Grays Inn.

193.

First system of musical notation for piece 193, featuring treble and bass staves with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for piece 193, featuring treble and bass staves with chords and single notes.

194 A. (*Minor.*)

BANKS.

First system of musical notation for piece 194 A, featuring treble and bass staves with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for piece 194 A, featuring treble and bass staves with chords and single notes.

Or in G.

194 B. (*Major.*)

First system of musical notation for piece 194 B, featuring treble and bass staves with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation for piece 194 B, featuring treble and bass staves with chords and single notes.

Or in G.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH
HYMN BOOK,

CONSISTING OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS, WITH THEIR TUNES.

BEING THE

THIRD DIVISION

OF

“The Temple Church Choral Service.”

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. HOPKINS,

ORGANIST TO THE HON. SOCIETIES OF THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

LONDON:

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST.



PREFACE.

THE Tunes to the Metrical Psalms and Hymns, forming the Third Division of "The Temple Church Choral Service Book," include some of the best English specimens, Ancient and Modern, and also some of the finest German Chorales. The original, or at least old, form and rhythm of the melody of many of these have been traced, and where so, have, for the most part, been followed. When a reading has been followed that deviates from them to any material extent, this is stated either in a foot-note, or by the word "adapted" being attached. Respecting the harmony of some of the old English Tunes, it must be admitted that it will not always bear favourable comparison with that adapted to the Tunes of other countries. To take a single example: The "Old 137th" (p. 136) is, in the old copies, so harmonized that of the eight sections of which the Tune consists (it being a *Double Tune*), seven end in the same key; and the harmony of other Tunes presented the same characteristic, differing only in degree. In many such cases the Editor has not hesitated to substitute harmonies which appeared to him to relieve this monotony, and which an experience of upwards of thirty years has shown rather to assist the Congregational singing. With respect to the order in which the Psalms and Hymns appear, a general rather than a special arrangement has been observed, to avoid the repetition of Tunes. An Index, however, is supplied to indicate the Hymns appropriate for particular occasions.

The Metrical Psalms and Hymns to which these Tunes are adapted are chiefly those contained in the book that has been in use in the Temple Church during the past eleven years. From those therein contained, about thirty that had been but seldom sung or not at all have been omitted, and a considerable number supplied from various sources. In the work of substitution and selection, important suggestions and assistance have been rendered by the Venerable the Master of the Temple, Archdeacon Robinson, D.D.; the Preacher, the Rev. G. F. Maclear; and the Reader, the Rev. A. Ainger, to whom special thanks are due. Some Hymns suggested by them could not, however, be inserted, as permission to use them was not obtained, although sought for. Thanks are likewise due to those who have aided in increasing the variety by placing their Hymns freely at disposal; to the Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, for permission to use his Harvest Hymn, No. 204, and the Hymn No. 299. As the version of the former differs materially from the copies in general use, it is necessary to state that incorrect readings of it exist, and that the one herein given is printed from a MS. copy kindly furnished by

the author himself. Acknowledgments must be tendered also to the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's for the use of his Hymns Nos. 112 and 319; to the Rev. R. R. Chope for permission to select any Hymns or Tunes from his "Congregational Hymn Tune and Book," of which permission advantage has been freely taken; to the Rev. Wm. Mercer for leave to use his own two added verses to Hymn No. 235, taken from the Oxford Edition of his "Church Psalter and Hymn Book;" to Messrs. Nisbet & Co. for readily allowing Hymns, Translations, and Tunes to be copied from their "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship;" to Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. for permission to print Hymn No. 321; to Messrs. Longman & Co., for the use of four Hymns taken from Miss Winkworth's "Lyra Germanica;" and to Messrs. J. H. & J. Parker for leave to include two of the late Mr. Keble's Hymns from the "Christian Year."

Thanks are also due to many friends for allowing the music in the present volume to be enriched with some of their productions; to Mr. Goss for the use of two of his Chants; to Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. for permission to print some of Mr. Turle's Chants; to the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, the Rev. Canon Havergal, Dr. G. J. Elvey, Dr. Monk, Dr. Rimbault, Dr. J. L. Hopkins, Mr. J. Coward, Professor H. S. Oakeley, and Mr. R. Massey, for permission to insert similar compositions from their pens; and to the Rev. J. B. Dykes, Messrs. Turle, J. Hullah, W. H. Cummings, F. Braine,* Henry Smart, Drs. Elvey, Rimbault, &c., for liberty to publish some of their Psalm Tunes, original or selected; and to Messrs. Metzler for the tune St. Ebbe from Redhead's Psalmody. To Mr. John Hopkins the Editor's thanks are specially due, for the use of his setting of the Nicene Creed, and also for much useful help in the work of revision; and to Dr. Rimbault for many valuable suggestions.

Every effort has been made to discover the existence and ownership of supposed copyright Hymns and Tunes, but, in some instances, with no result. For using these latter, if any such appear in this work, the Editor trusts to the courtesy of the unknown proprietors for the liberty thus taken, permission for which would have gladly been asked had it been known where to apply.

E. J. H.

* For leave to use his late brother's Tune, St. Barnabas, taken from "Hymns for the Church or Home Circle."

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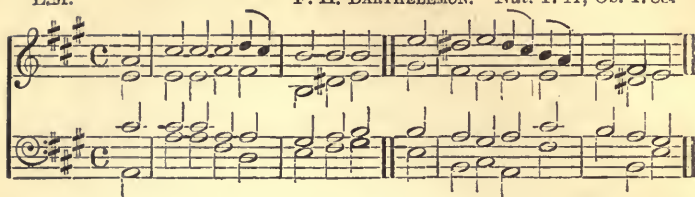
THE TEMPLE CHURCH

Hymn Book.

Morning Hymn.

L.M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON. Nat. 1741, Ob. 1788.



HYMN 1.

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

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

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

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

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

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

HYMN 2.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New ev'ry morning is the love
Our wak'ning and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely
 brought,
Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and
 thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
 Heav'n.

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

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heav'n in each we see ;
Some soft'ning gleam of love and
 pray'r
Shall dawn on ev'ry cross and care.

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

Evening Hymn, or "Canon."

L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1561.

HYMN 3.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
'To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day!

O may my soul on Thee repose;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake!

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest!

Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

HYMN 4.

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

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.

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.

If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless
store!

Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

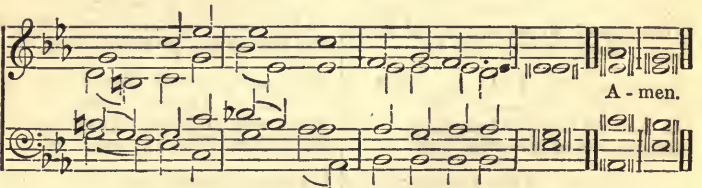
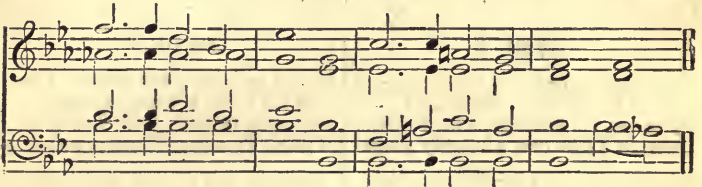
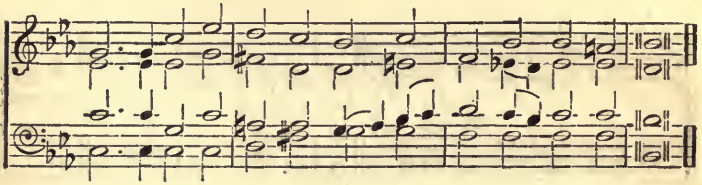
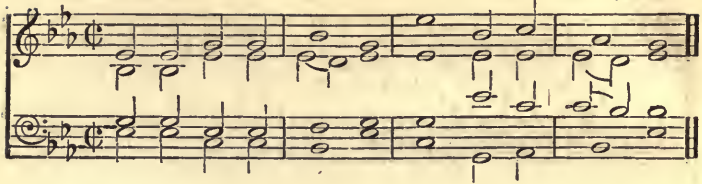
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above!

The * in the Tenor part indicates the commencement of the melody (in "Canon"), and the † the return to the opening notes for its completion

Trinity.

11, 12; 12, 10.

JOHN HOPKINS. 1850.



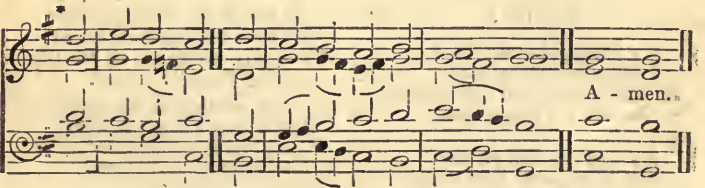
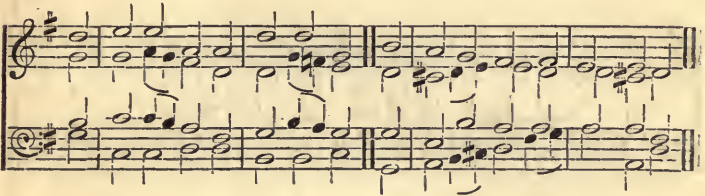
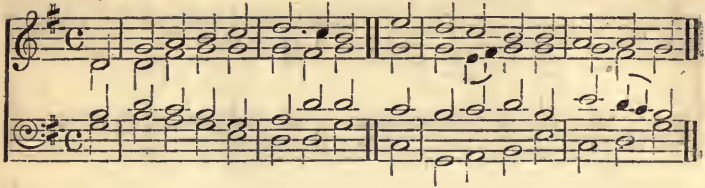
HYMN 5.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
 Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in pow'r, in love and purity!
 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!

Baden.

8,8; 8,8; 4,7.

Attributed to J. PACHELBEL. 1653—1706.



HYMN 6.

HOSANNA to the Living Lord!
 Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

Hosanna! Lord!
 Hosanna in the highest!

"Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry;
 "Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply:
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.

Hosanna! Lord!
 Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care
 Return to this Thy house of pray'r,
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.

Hosanna! Lord!
 Hosanna in the highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

Hosanna! Lord!
 Hosanna in the highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and Heav'n shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again;

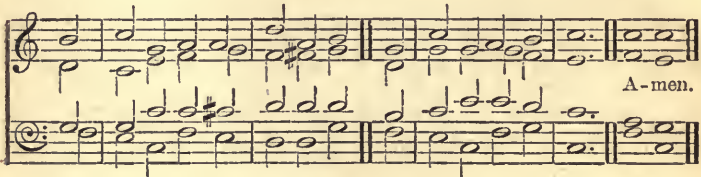
Hosanna! Lord!
 Hosanna in the highest!

• Four notes are here added to the original melody, to adapt it to the Hymn.

St. Philip.

S.M.

EDWARD J. HOPKINS. 1850.



HYMN 7. Ps. xiii.

My Shepherd is the Lord,
I shall for nothing need,
He leads me by still water-brooks,
And o'er the grassy mead.

My soul He doth restore,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
For His own holy sake..

The valley dark of death
I walk, I will not fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff my spirit cheer.

In presence of my foes
My table Thou hast spread,
With wine my full cup runneth o'er
And with Thine oil my head.

Goodness and mercy sure
Through life shall follow me,
And in the Lord's house evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

HYMN 8. Ps. xcvi.

COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The Universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all His Own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at His throne:
Come, bow before the Lord!
We are His works, and not our own,
He form'd us by His word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN 9.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to Thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need supply.

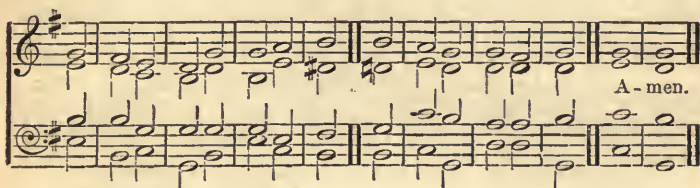
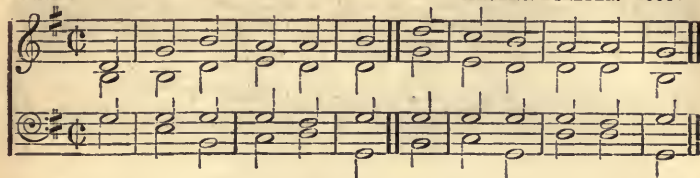
Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy Light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

St. Michael.

S.M.

ENGLISH PSALTER. 1538.



HYMN 10. Ps. lxi.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace
And seek deliv'rance there.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

HYMN 11. Ps. xcix.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

In Zion is His throne;
His honours are divine;
His church shall make His wonders
known,
For there His glories shine.

HYMN 12.

COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known!
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne!

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

The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
While marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high!

Carlisle.

S.M.

C. LOCKHART, obit. 1816

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Carlisle'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with block chords and simple melodic lines. The second system ends with the text 'A-men.' written above the final notes.

HYMN 13. Ps. xvii.

To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.
That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous Judge and
King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

HYMN 14.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising pow'r:
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wand'ers home.

HYMN 15.

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

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

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

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

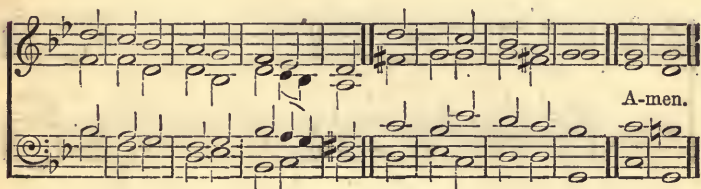
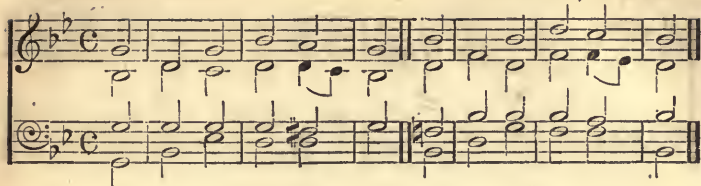
Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and
love

The Father, Son, and Thee!

St. Bride.

S.M.

DR. HOWARD, obit. 1782.



HYMN 16. Ps. li. n. v.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and, though
condemn'd,
Must own Thy judgment right.

In guilt each part was form'd,
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

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

HYMN 17.

LORD, from Thy mercy-seat
Look down with pitying eye
On me, who, trembling at Thy feet,
Can only mourn, and cry.

My guilt to Thee is known,
Though hid from all below:
Thy holy blood, once shed, alone
Can wash me white as snow!

O! let me feel Thy death
Hath kindled life in me!
O! ever link in loving faith
My ransom'd soul to Thee!

HYMN 18. Ps. lxi.

WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

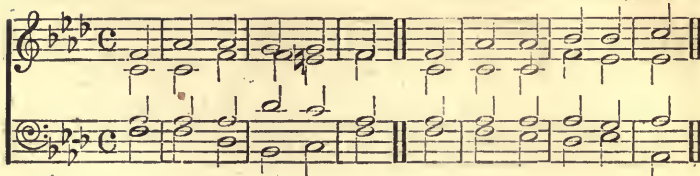
O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Southwell.

S.M.

ENGLISH PSALTER, 1588.



HYMN 19.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise!
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before His face,
Astonish'd shrink away?

But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread!

Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

HYMN 20.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay.

What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have fear'd to see:
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.

Searcher of hearts! in mine
Thy trying pow'r display;
Into its darkest corners shine
And take the veil away.

HYMN 21. Ps. cxxx. N.V.

From lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply!

My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from
whence
Eternal succour flows.

Moravia.

S.M.

REV. L. R. WEST, 1753—1826.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece in G major and common time. The second system concludes the piece with the text 'A-men.' written below the right-hand staff.

HYMN 22.

To-morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodg'd in Thy sov'reign hand,
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thy almighty pow'r
The aged and the young !

One thing demands our care :
O ! be it still pursu'd !
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd !

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden endless night ! [die

HYMN 23.

BENOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word !
And all Thy judgments just !
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord ;
And men securely trust.

HYMN 24.

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

God will not always chide :
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

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

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

Aylesbury, or Wickswoth.

S.M.

From "A Book of Psalm Tunes," &c.,
By JAMES GREEN, 5th edition. 1724.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Aylesbury, or Wickswoth'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system contains two measures of music. The second system contains two measures of music, with the word 'A-men.' written at the end of the second measure.

HYMN 25.

FAR from my heav'nly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit! come
And speed me to my rest!"

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near!
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

HYMN 26.

AND shall I sit alone,
Oppress'd with grief and fear,
To God my Father make my moan,
And He refuse to hear?

If He my Father be,
His pity He will show,
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

If still He silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try;
He knows and feels, whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great, but not so great
As His compassions are.

HYMN 27.

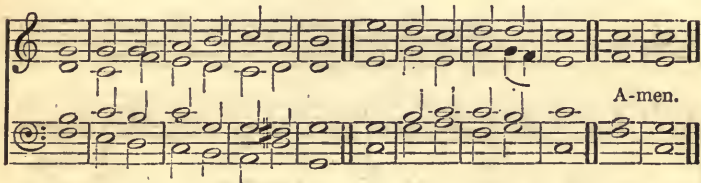
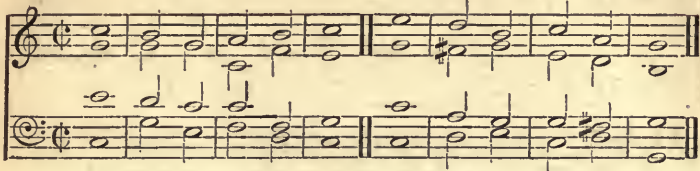
O THOU that hearest pray'r,
Behold us at Thy feet;
Now let us prove Thy presence here
Where two or three are met.

Thy presence, Lord, we plead,
Nor can we plead in vain;
Thou never said'st to Israel's seed,
Seek ye my face in vain.

O let it now be shown
How true, how good Thou art;
Lord, send a gracious answer down
To every humble heart.

Pavanza.

S.M.

ANCIENT GERMAN CHORALE.
From the COLOGNE HYMN BOOK.

HYMN 28. Ps. xxxi. n.v.

WHATE'ER events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all ;
Then, Lord, Thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

The brightness of Thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose ;
And, as Thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

How great Thy mercies are
To such as fear Thy Name,
Which Thou, for those that trust
Thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim !

Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed :
For He will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

HYMN 29. Ps. xxxi.

My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ; -
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest ;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

HYMN 30.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and cur King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Abridge.

C.M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.

HYMN 31. Ps. ix. n.v.

To celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning world Thy works,
 Thy wondrous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring;
 Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou Most High,
 Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have His goodness prov'd
 Will in His truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
 That on His help relied.

His suffering saints, when most dis-
 tress'd,
 He ne'er forgets to aid;
 Their expectation shall be crown'd,
 Though for a time delay'd.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Zion His abode;
 Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

HYMN 32. Ps. xlvii.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy,
 To God the sov'reign King!
 Let ev'ry land their tongue employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
 His heav'nly guards around
 Attend Him rising through the sky,
 With trumpets' joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their
 King,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth His honour sing;
 O'er all the earth He reigns.

In Israel stood His ancient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race;
 But now He calls the world His own,
 And heathens taste His grace.

HYMN 33. Ps. viii. n.v.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art
 Thou!

How glorious is Thy Name!
 In heav'n Thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art
 Thou!

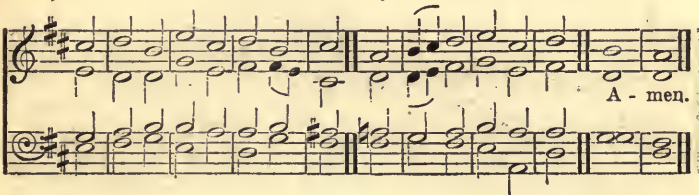
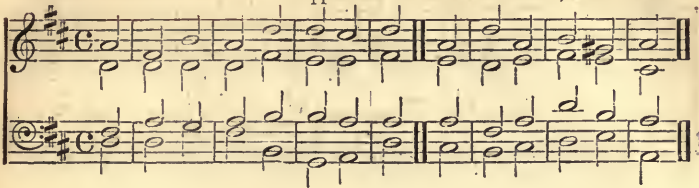
How glorious is Thy Name!

St. Ann.

C.M.

DR. CROFT.

Supplement to TATE and BRADY, about 1703.



HYMN 34. Ps. xlii.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine:
 O when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine!

God of my strength, how long shall I
 Like one forgotten mourn?
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
 To my oppressor's scorn.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

HYMN 35.

SALVATION! Oh! the joyful sound
 'Tis pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears!

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound!

HYMN 36. Ps. cxxxii.

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to Thy rest!
 Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes
 Thus to be own'd and blest.

Enter, with all Thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and Thy word!
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.

Here mighty God, accept our vows!
 Here let Thy praise be spread!
 Bless the provisions of Thy house,
 And fill Thy poor with bread!

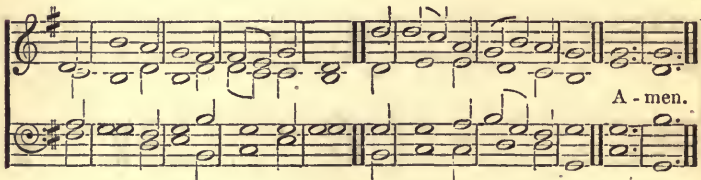
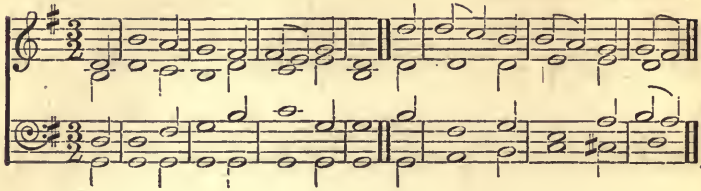
Here let the Son of David reign!
 Let God's Anointed shine!
 Justice and truth His court maintain,
 With love and pow'r divine!

Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
 And as His kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
 And shame confound His foes!

Belmont.

C.M.

Attributed to MOZART.



HYMN 37.

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

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, O! Eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

HYMN 38. Ps. xxxiv. N.V.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
Still shall the praises of my God
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliv'rance I will boast.
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

Come magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

Oh! make but trial of His love:
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

HYMN 39. Ps. cxxvii. N.V.

In vain we build, unless the Lord
The fabric still sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair;
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

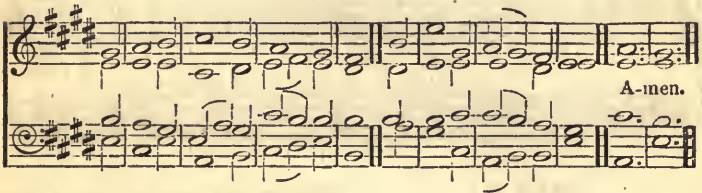
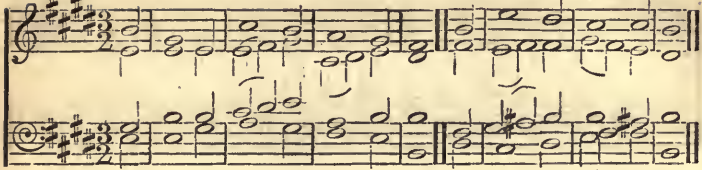
'Tis God that competence and wealth
Upon His saints bestows;
He crowns their labour with success,
Their nights with sweet repose.

Bedford.

W. WHEALL. M.B.

C.M.

Wilkin's "Book of Psalmody." 1699.



HYMN 40. Ps. i.

How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by
streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's ways—
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the path they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

HYMN 41.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th'angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known
To wake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th'incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd!

HYMN 42.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light!

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach us to love Thy sacred Word,
And view our Saviour there.

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

St. David.

C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S
"Whole Booke of Psalms." 1621.

HYMN 43.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

He speaks, and, list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf, His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ,
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Look unto Him, ye nations! own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace!

HYMN 44.

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin;
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine
own;

Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone;
My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

HYMN 45. Ps. lxxxv

MERCY and truth, that long were mis'd
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have
kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice from her heav'nly bow'r,
Look down on mortal men.

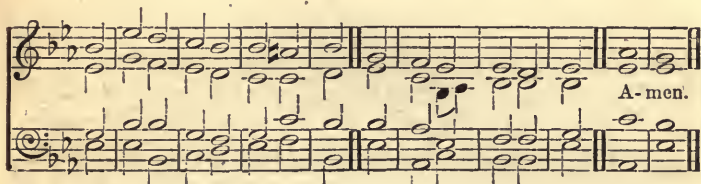
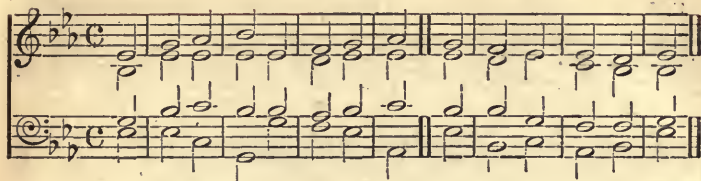
The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.

Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger,
Then will He come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err.

French.

C.M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER. 1615.



HYMN 46. Ps. xxiii.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is His Name;
 In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

He brings my wand'ring spirits back,
 When I forsake His ways;
 And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of
 death,

Thy presence is my stay;
 A word of Thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days;
 O may Thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise!

HYMN 47. Ps. xc. PART I.

Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home

Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

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

Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guide while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

HYMN 48. Ps. xc. PART II. N.V.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
 Of us thy chosen race!
 From age to age Thou still hast been
 Our sure abiding-place!

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made!
 And when Thou speak'st the word
 "Return,"
 'Tis instantly obey'd!

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
 Of our short days to mind,
 That to true wisdom all our hearts
 May ever be inclin'd!

To satisfy and cheer our souls
 Thy early mercy send;
 That we may all our days to come
 In joy and comfort spend!

Eatington.

C.M.

Dr. Croft, 1700.
From Playford's "Divine Companion."

HYMN 49.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee!

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!

HYMN 50.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

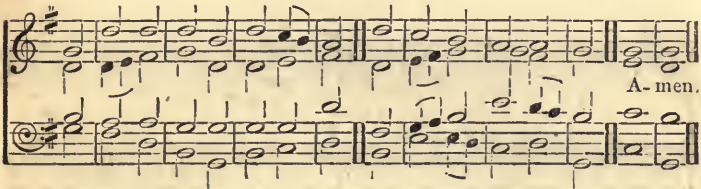
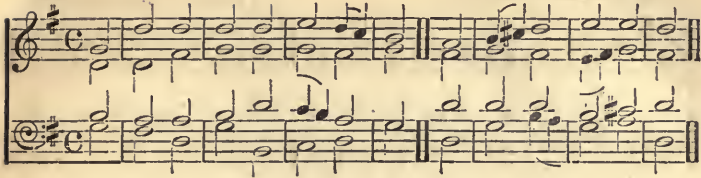
Author and Guardian of my life;
Sweet Source of light Divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more!

St. George.

C.M.

NICHOLAS HERMANN. 1561.



HYMN 51.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,

But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry,

"To be exalted thus;"

"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine,
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him, that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

HYMN 52. Ps. lxxxii. PART I.

To God our strength sing loud and
clear,

Sing loud to God our King;

To Jacob's God, that all may hear
Loud acclamations ring.

Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring;
The cheerful psalt'ry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

Blow, as is wont, in the new moon,
With trumpet's lofty sound,
Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comês round.

HYMN 53. Ps. lxxxii. PART II.

O, THAT My people would be wise,
To serve me all their days!
And, O, that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous ways.

Then would I soon bring down their
foes,
That now so proudly rise;
And turn My hand against all those,
That are their enemies.

Who hate the Lord should then be fain
To bow to Him and bend;
But they, His people, should remain;
Their time should have no end;—

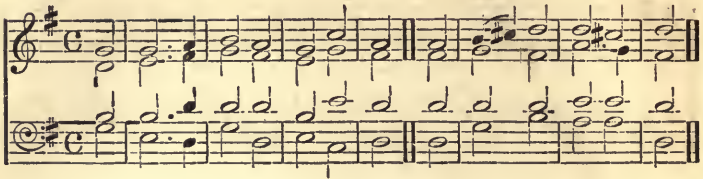
And He would feed them from the
shock

With flour of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock,
With honey for their meat.

Farrant.

C.M.

FARRANT'S ANTHEM. 1582.



HYMN 54.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!

When groaning on my burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me!

Temptations sore obstruct my way;
And ills I cannot flee:
Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me!

Distrest in pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see!
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!

If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

The hour is near, consign'd to death
I own the just decree:
"Saviour!" with my last parting
breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

HYMN 55.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks.
And trembles at the thought.

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis-
clos'd,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

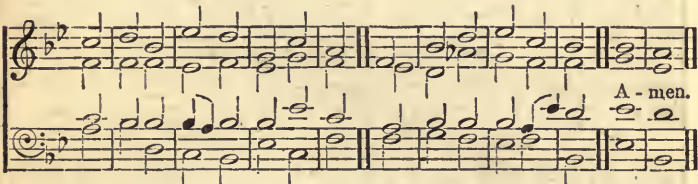
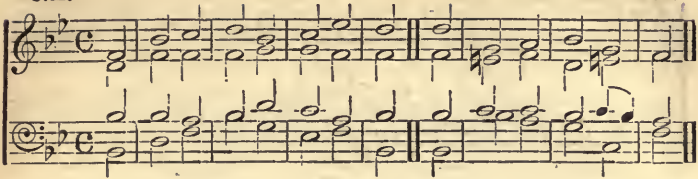
Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And add my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

St. James.

C.M.

COURTEVILLE. 1680.



HYMN 56.

ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's Name!
Ye angels, prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

HYMN 57. Ps. lxi.

FATHER, I sing Thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame;

His deep distress has rais'd us high;
His duty and His zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all Thy will.

Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t'advance the praise.

Zion is Thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates:
And glory, purchas'd by His blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

HYMN 58. Ps. lxxvi. n.v.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of His Name,
And spread His glorious praise.

For God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Witholds His mercy from my soul,
Nor turns His face away

HYMN 59. Ps. cix.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?

Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page:
That Holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

HYMN 60. Ps. cxxi. n.v.

To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care that Israel guards
Will Israel's monarch keep.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's
Thou shalt securely rest, [wings,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

HYMN 61.

SWEET is the mem'ry of Thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty
And every want supplies. [shines,
With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food,
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

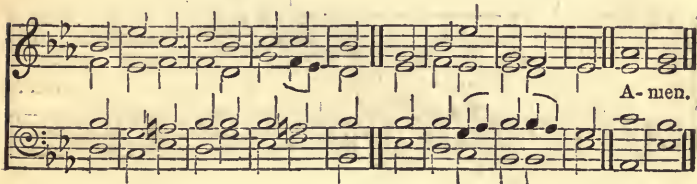
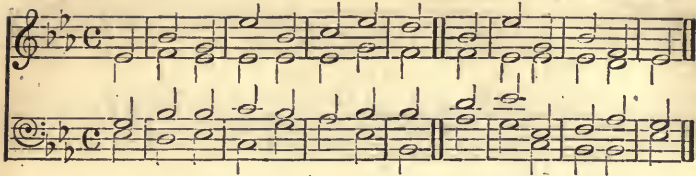
How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy Name.

London Pew.

C.M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER. 1635.



HYMN 62.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

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

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

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

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

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

HYMN 63. Ps. lxxiii.

God, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my
feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from Thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry

But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works
abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Nottingham, or St. Magnus.

C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK. 1700.

HYMN 64. Ps. xxxiii. PT. II. N.V.

LET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes
 In joyful concert meet;
 And new-made songs of loud applause
 The harmony complete.

For faithful is the word of God,
 His works with truth abound;
 He justice loves; and all the earth
 Is with His goodness crown'd.

By His almighty word at first
 The heav'nly arch was rear'd,
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At His command appear'd.

Let earth and all that dwell therein
 Before Him trembling stand;
 For when He spake the word 'twas
 made;
 'Twas fix'd at His command.

HYMN 65.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move; and breathe;
 One bright celestial ray send down,
 And cheer Thy sons beneath.

While in Thy word we search for Thee,
 And search with trembling awe,
 Open our eyes, and let us see
 The wonders of Thy law.

Now let our darkness comprehend
 The light that shines so clear;
 Now Thy revealing Spirit send,
 And give us ears to hear.

Before us make Thy goodness pass,
 Which here by faith we know;
 Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
 And die to all below.

HYMN 66. Ps. lxxi

My God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon Thy truth;
 Thine hands have held my childhood
 up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated ev'ry year:
 Behold my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to Thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines
 When hoary hairs arise;
 And round me let Thy glory shine
 Whene'er Thy servant dies.

Manchester.

C.M.

DR. R. WAINWRIGHT. 1747—1782.

HYMN 67. Ps. lxxxix.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's Name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN 68.

THE heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain
The Universal Lord ;
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be ador'd.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and pray'r,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The Heav'n of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad,
Through realms, through worlds
unknown ;
Who seeks the mercies of His God
Is ever near His Throne.

HYMN 69. Ps. cviii. N.V.

O God, my heart is fully bent,
To magnify Thy Name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of
praise,
Shall celebrate Thy fame.

Awake, my lute ! nor thou, my harp,
Thy choicest notes delay ;
While I, with early hymns of joy,
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing Thy praise,
That round about me dwell ;

Because Thy mercy's boundless height,
The highest heav'n transcends.
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithfulness extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world with one consent
Confess Thy glorious Name ;

That all Thy chosen people Thee,
Their Saviour, may declare,
Let Thy right hand protect us still
And answer Thou our pray'r !

St. Stephen, or Hayland.

REV. W. JONES. 1776—1800.

C.M.



HYMN 70.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song!

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

He comes, from thickest films of sin
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

HYMN 71.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

Give me a calm, & thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

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.

HYMN 72. Ps. lxxx.

RETURN now, God of hosts; look down
From heav'n, Thy seat divine;
Behold us, but without a frown;
And visit this Thy vine.

Visit this vine, which Thy right hand
Hath set, and planted long;
And the young branch, that for
Thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.

But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut with axes down;
They perish at Thy dreadful ire,
At Thy rebuke and frown.

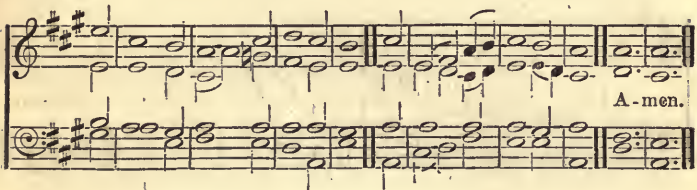
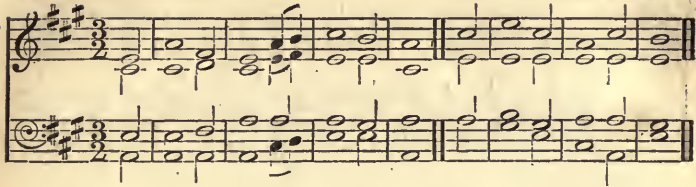
Upon the Man of Thy right hand
Let Thy good hand be laid;
Upon the Son of Man, whom Thou
Strong for Thyself hast made.

So shall we not go back from Thee
To ways of sin and shame:
Quicken us 'Thou; then gladly we
Shall call upon Thy Name.

Martyrdom, or All Saints.

C.M.

HUGH WILSON



HYMN 73. Ps. xxvi.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and try my heart,
For Thou that heart canst see;
And bid each idol thence depart
That dares compete with Thee.

Though weak and cleaving to the dust,
My soul adores Thee still;
Thy grace and truth are all my trust—
O mould me to Thy will!

O guide me in Thy love and fear;
My soul on Thee I cast:
I would not walk with sinners here,
Nor share their doom at last.

HYMN 74.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 75.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear!

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

Winchester.

ESTE'S PSALTER. 1592.

W.M.

A - men.

HYMN 76. Ps. lxxxiv. PT. I.

How lovely are Thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
 Where Thou dost dwell so near!

My soul doth long, and almost die,
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for Thee.

There ev'n the sparrow, freed from
 wrong,
 Hath found a house of rest;
 The swallow there to lay her young,
 Hath built her brooding nest.

Ev'n by Thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
 They find their safe abode;
 And home they fly from round the
 coasts,
 Toward Thee, my King, my God.

Happy, who in Thy house reside,
 Where Thee they ever praise!
 Happy, whose strength in Thee doth
 bide,
 And in their hearts Thy ways!

They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
 That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful watery dale,
 Where springs and show'rs abound.

They journey on from strength to
 strength,
 With joy and gladsome cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear.

HYMN 77.

Oh, help us, Lord! each hour of need,
 Thy heav'nly succour give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live!

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

Oh, help us, through the pray'r of faith,
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
 Imploring at Thy feet
 The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
 'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
 So Thou wilt grant but this:
 The crumbs that from Thy table fall
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high!
 We know no help but Thee:
 Oh, help us so to live and die,
 As Thine in heav'n to be!

Wiltshire.

C.M.

SIR. G. SMART.

A - men.

HYMN 78.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and Thee?

When shall these eyes Thy heav'n-
 built walls,
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

Their happier bow'rs than Eden's
 Nor sin nor sorrow know: [bloom,
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy
 I onward press to you. [scenes

Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
 My soul still pants for Thee:
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I Thy joys shall see.

HYMN 79.

FOUNTAIN of mercy! God of love!
 How rich Thy bounties are!
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above,
 Matur'd the swelling grain;
 A yellow harvest crowns Thy love;
 And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
 Thou dost on man bestow;
 Let him not then forget to own
 From whom his blessings flow!

Fountain of love! our praise is Thine,
 To Thee our songs we'll raise,
 And all created Nature join.
 In sweet harmonious praise!

Bishopthorp.

C.M.

J. CLARK. Obit. 1700.

HYMN 80. Ps. xxxiii. PT. II. N.Y.

WHATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.

How happy then are they to whom
The Lord our God is known;
Whom He from all the world besides
Has chosen for His own!

Our souls on God with patience wait,
Our help and shield is He;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.

The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

HYMN 81. Ps. cxxxv. N.Y.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify His Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim!

Praise Him all ye that in His house
Attend with constant care,
With those that to His outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

For God His own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for His own
Most valued treasure takes.

Let all with thanks His wondrous
In Zion's courts proclaim! [works
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt His holy Name!

HYMN 82. Ps. lxii.

ON God, my soul, with patient hope
Resign'd in silence wait;
He bears my sinking spirit up,
Then let thy hopes be great.

My rock! my Saviour! my defence!
My everlasting stay!
Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
Nor move my soul away.

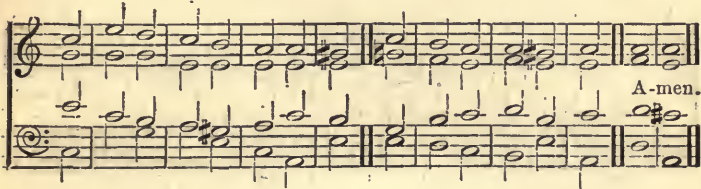
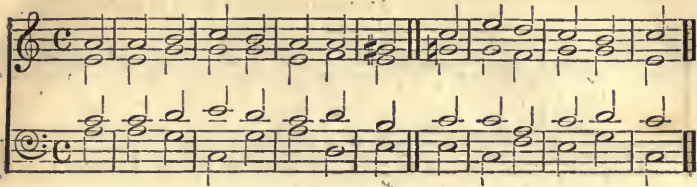
God my salvation shall complete,
From Him my glory springs:
Rock of my strength! my soul shall
Its refuge in His wings. [wait

Ye saints, whene'er with griefs op-
Recline upon His pow'r, [press'd,
Disclose to Him your anxious breath,
God is our refuge-tow'r!

Windsor.

C. M.

ESTE'S PSALTER. 1592.



HYMN 83.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick through all the
ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Great God! on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road!
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN 84:

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

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

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

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

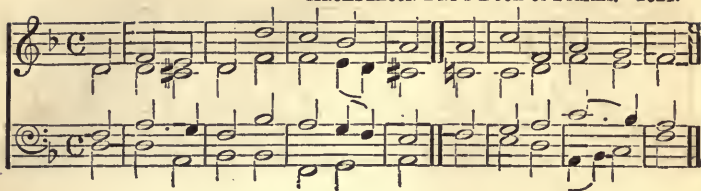
And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When, Thou dost know, before we
speak,
The thing that we would have?

Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our pray'r;
O let Thy mercy come!

St. Mary.

C.M.

ARCHDEACON PRY'S Book of Psalms. 1621.



HYMN 85. Ps. lxxxviii. PT. I.

LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to Thee I cry ;
And all night long before Thee weep,
Before Thee prostrate lie.

Into Thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend ;
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend.

For, cloy'd with woes and trouble sore,
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie ;
My life, at death's uncheerful door,
Unto the grave draws nigh.

Thou, in the lowest pit profound,
Hast set me all forlorn,
Where thickest darkness hovers round,
In horrid depths to mourn.

HYMN 86. Ps. v. N.V.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r ;
To Thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
And with the dawning day
To Thee devoutly I'll look up,
To Thee devoutly pray.

Conduct me by Thy righteous laws,
For watchful is my foe ;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with His favour all His saints,
As with a shield, defend.

HYMN 87. Ps. lxxxv. PT. I.

God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore ;
Thine indignation cause to cease
T'wards us, and chide no more.

Wilt Thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus ?
Wilt Thou Thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us ?

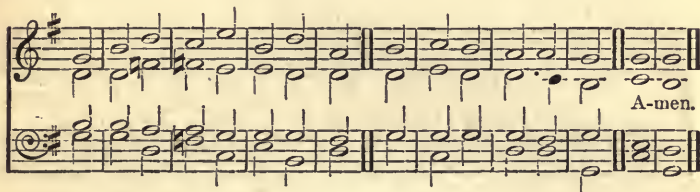
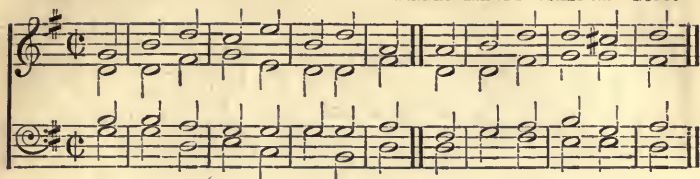
Wilt Thou not turn and hear our voice,
And us again revive ;
That so Thy people may rejoice,
By Thee preserv'd alive ?

Cause us to see Thy goodness, Lord ;
To us Thy mercy show ;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

Work, or Stilt.

C.M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER. 1615.



HYMN 88.

FAR from those narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land ; could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains :
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred Throne
Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

O may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 89. Ps. lxxxiv. n.v.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory,
shew'st
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out,
For Thee, the living God.

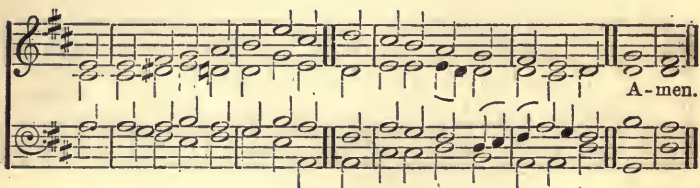
O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display !

Thou God whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is He,
Whose hope and truth, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on Thee !

Attleborough.

L.M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT. Obit. 1800.



HYMN 90.

My God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly
food!

Why are its dainties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was it for you the Victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's Bread?

O let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach, with hearts
prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's love alone can give.

HYMN 91.

Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love!
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

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

O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God!

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

a m

Angels' Hymn.

L.M.

Abridged from a tune by ORLANDO GIBBONS. 1623.

HYMN 92. Ps. xxxii.

How bless'd the man with mercy
crown'd,

Whose sins have all forgiveness found!
Whose deep transgressions, cover'd o'er
With pard'ning blood, are seen no more!

How bless'd the man, to whom the Lord
Doth His own righteousness afford!

Whom mercy clears from every sin,
Whose heart conceals no guile within.

I made my guilt and sorrows known,
With deep contrition, at Thy throne:
I said, "I'll all my sins confess,
And seek Thy grace and righteousness."

Scarce had my breast the thought
conceiv'd,

Thy grace my anxious fears reliev'd:
Cleans'd my whole soul with blood
divine,

And seal'd Thy pard'ning mercy mine.

Oh boundless love! the rich display
Shall teach the trembling lips to pray;
The penitent, with godly fear,
Shall plead, while mercy waits to hear.

Goode.

HYMN 93. Ps. xvii. N.Y.

No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r:

Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whose defence I rest;
O'er highest heavens His Name be
rais'd,

Who me with His salvation bless'd.

Therefore, to celebrate His fame,
My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to His Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing His
praise.

HYMN 94.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conq'ror comes with God to
dwell.

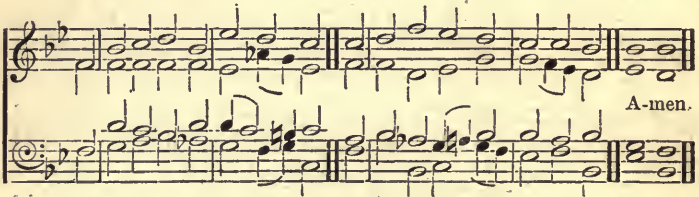
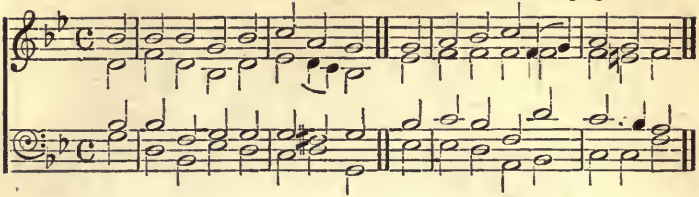
Rais'd from the dead, He goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give His saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

32 a m

Breslau.

L.M.

"Psalmodia Nova." Leipzig. 1630.



HYMN 95.

God of my life, to Thee I call,
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer pray'r;
 But a pray'r-hearing, answer'ing God,
 Supports me under ev'ry load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an Advocate with Thee:
 They whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 96.

With tearful eyes I look around;
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heav'nly whisper, Come to Me!

It tells me of a place of rest;
 It tells me where my soul may flee:
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
 How sweet the bidding, Come to Me!

When the poor heart with anguish
 learns
 That earthly pomps resign'd must be,
 And from each broken cistern turns,
 It hears the accents, Come to Me!

When against sin I strive in vain,
 And cannot from its yoke get free,
 Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
 The words arrest me, Come to Me!

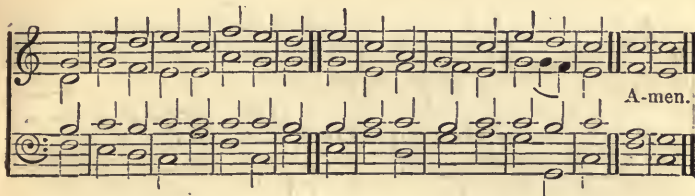
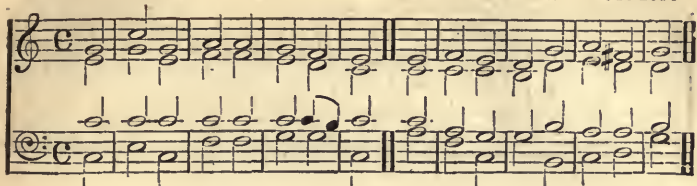
Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
 I am thy portion; Come to Me!

O voice of mercy, voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above,
 And gently whisper, Come to Me!

35 *a m*

Crassellius.

L.M.

Abridged from a Chorale by
CRASSELLIUS. About 1650

HYMN 97.

WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
prise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 98. Ps. cxxxvi.

GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown!
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no
more.

He sent His Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the
grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song!

HYMN 99. Ps. cvi. n.v

O BENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join.
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

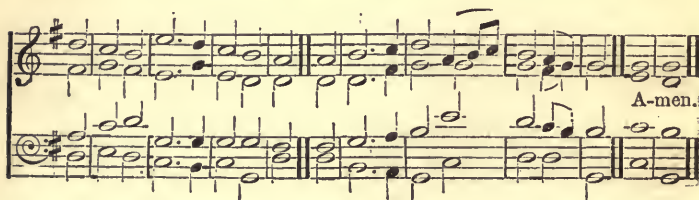
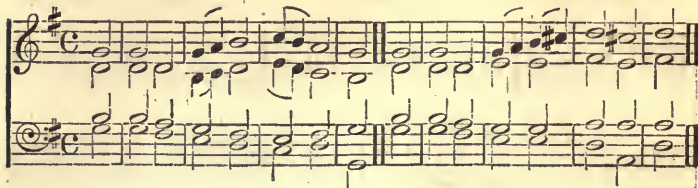
Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd;
Let all His saints with full accord
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

Bishop
123 a 4 m

Carmel.

L.M.

JOHN BISHOP. 1700.



HYMN 100.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling
year.

The flow'ry spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant
stores,

And winters, soften'd by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and
days

Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade!

Oh ! may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

HYMN 101.

O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling Word ;
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Baptize the nations far and nigh !
The triumphs of Thy cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

HYMN 102. Ps. xciii. n.v.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablish'd is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity !

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high !
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure !
And they that in Thy house would
dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

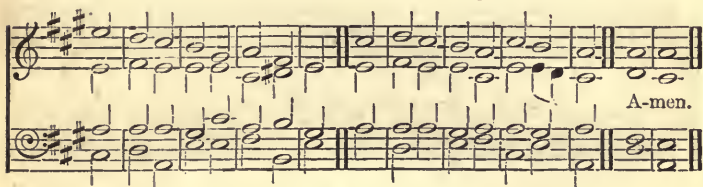
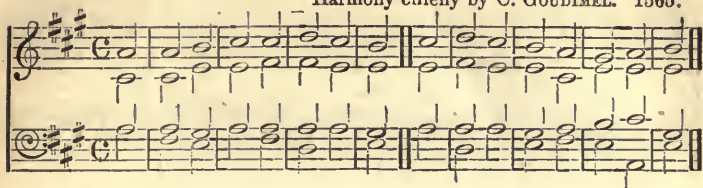
7. a m

Commandments.

L.M.

Genevan Psalter. 1562.

Harmony chiefly by C. GOUDIMEL. 1565.



HYMN 103.

THE heav'n's declare Thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy Word,
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never
stand;
So when Thy truth begun its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth
has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly
light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments
right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy Word my guide to
heav'n.

HYMN 104.

My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear,
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

HYMN 105. Ps. cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue!

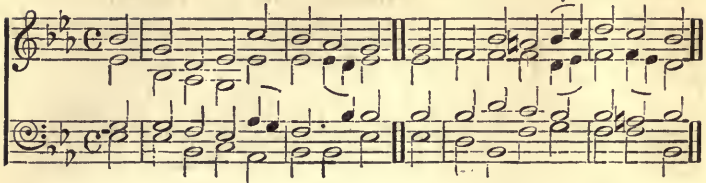
Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Devonshire, or Kent.

L.M.

DR. GREENE.

From a Collection of Hymns. 1745.



HYMN 106. Ps. xlvii.

God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress
invalde;

Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be
hurl'd

Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

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

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

HYMN 107. Ps. ciii. PR. II. N.V.

My soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's Holy Name for ever bless;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy
crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd,
Who, with a Father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

HYMN 108. Ps. cl. N.V.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence His goodness largely
flows,

Praise Him in heav'n, where He His
face

Unveil'd in perfect glory shows!

Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done!
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal
run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills His praise
rebound:

Praise Him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

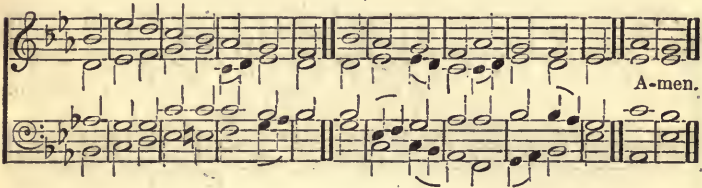
Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord!

2304M

Eisenach.

L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN. 1586-1630.



HYMN 109. Ps. xl. N.V.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchsafed a kind reply:
Who did His gracious ear afford,
And heard from heav'n my humble
cry!

The wonders He for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of
praise;
And others, to His worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which Thou, O God, for us hast
wrought!

The treasures of Thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and
thought.

Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care;
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

HYMN 110. Ps. lxxv. N.V.

O Thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend Thy list'ning ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try:
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty
stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And, where Thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

HYMN 111.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown;

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

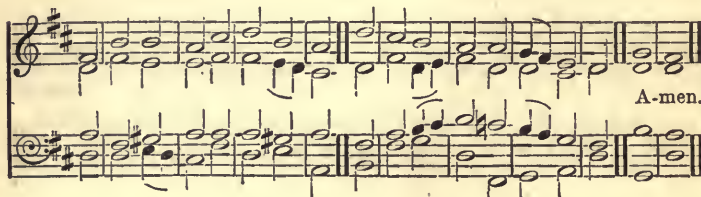
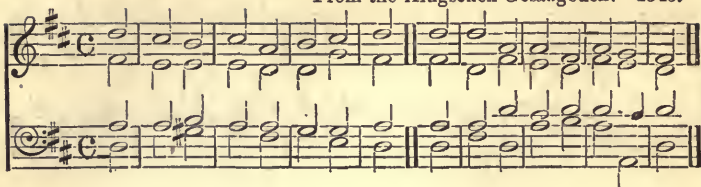
Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and His love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on Him.

Erfurt.

L.M.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

From the Klugschen Gesangbuch. 1543.



HYMN 112.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursue His road,
With palms and scatter'd garments
strow'd.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
'To see th' approaching sacrifice.

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

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain!
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r, and
reign!

HYMN 113. PT. I. Ps. lxxviii.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wond'rous names and pow'rs
rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him
blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

HYMN 114.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Releas'd from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heav'nly
plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at His feet.

Ah! Lord! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes
weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

L.M.

Hatfield Broad Oak.

REV. J. T. BARRET.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble and quarter and eighth notes in the bass. The piece concludes with the word 'A - men.' written below the final notes of the bass staff.

HYMN 115. Ps. lvii. n.v.

O God, my heart is fix'd, is bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory ; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round :
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

HYMN 116. Ps. xcii.

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

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

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His
word ; [shine!

Thy works of grace, how bright they
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below,
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy !

HYMN 117.

LORD, at Thy feet our thanks we pay,
For all Thy love has borne and done,
For all Thy mercies day by day,
And most of all, for Christ Thy Son.

The world beneath her load of sin,
In hopeless, helpless ruin lay ;
When He, the Lord of life stepp'd in,
And snatch'd from death and hell
the prey.

'Tis thine, O Lord, to judge and save ;
We live or die by thy decree ;
Whate'er beside, we want or have,
Lord, we are rich, if found in Thea.

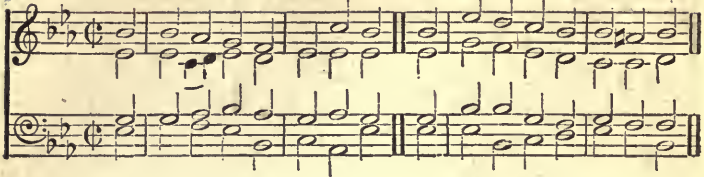
2 a 4 m

Melcombe.

S. WEBBE.

L.M.

From "Sacred Harmony." About 1790.



HYMN 118. Ps. cxxxix. n.v.

THOU, Lord! by strictest search hast
known

My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me!

Surrounded by Thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand!
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

O could I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting Thee,
Where, Lord, could I Thy influence
shun?

Or whither from Thy presence run?
Search, try, O God! my thoughts and
heart.

If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way!

HYMN 119. Ps. lxxiii. PT. I. N.V.

WHOM, Lord, in heav'n, but Thee alone
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's
none

That I besides Thee can desire.

My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

For they that far from Thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them
all.

But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In Him I always put my trust,
And will His wondrous works
declare.

HYMN 120. Ps. cxix.

FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand;
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul
to God!

Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep Thy Word.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know Thy wond'rous
Name,
And guard me safe from death
and sin.

Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hop'd in Thy Word,
And made Thy grace my only
choice.

Montgomery.

L.M.

Attributed to JOHN STANLEY.

HYMN 121. Ps. xxxvi. n.v.

O LORD, Thy mercy, my sure hope,
 Above the heav'nly orb ascends;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
 Thy justice, like the hills, remains;
 Unfathom'd depths Thy judgments
 are;
 Thy providence the world sustains;
 The whole creation is Thy care.
 Since of Thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shel'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to Thy protection trust.
 Such guests shall to Thy courts be led
 To banquet on Thy love's repast;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.
 With Thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy presence is eternal day:
 O let Thy saints Thy favour gain;
 To upright hearts Thy truth display.

HYMN 122. Ps. xcv. PT. I. N.V.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
 For we our voices high should raise
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
 To thank Him for His favours past;
 To Him address, in joyful songs
 The praise that to His Name belongs.
 O let us to His courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall!

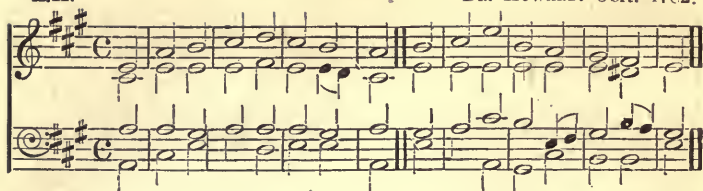
HYMN 123. Ps. xvii:

Th' Almighty reigns exalted high
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
 Though clouds and darkness veil
 His feet,
 His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
 O ye that love His holy Name,
 Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;
 He guards the souls of all His friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.
 Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and
 rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honours of the Lord:
 None but the soul that feels His grace
 Can triumph in His holiness.

Norfolk.

L.M.

DR. HOWARD. Obit. 1782.



HYMN 124.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active
flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday the same:

To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

To him that in Thy name believes,
Eternal life with Thee is giv'n;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.

The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heav'nly Origin display.

Faith lends its realising light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

HYMN 125.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the
ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

HYMN 126. Ps. lxxviii. PT. II.

THE SON of Man is gone on high;
He fills His Father's throne again;
He captive leads captivity,
And wields the gifts of God for men.

O Holy Spirit! Heav'nly Dove!
Of gifts divine the first and best!
Descend on wings of peace and love,
And fix Thy home in ev'ry breast

Health, light, and comfort, ev'ry good
That man can wish, or God can lend,
Are all the purchase of Thy blood,
Our dying, ever-living Friend!

In life, in death, to Thee we cling;
To Thee with all our wants we come;
O keep us here beneath Thy wing!
O guide us soon and safely home!

L.M.

St. Olave.

ROBERT HUDSON.

HYMN 127. Ps. cxii.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
 The Christian to the house of pray'r!
 I love to stand within its walls,
 For Thou, O Lord, are present there!

I love to tread the hallow'd courts
 Where two or three for worship meet;
 For thither Christ Himself resorts,
 And makes the little band complete.

'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
 To join in holy praise and love;
 And imitate the blessed throng
 That mingle hearts and songs above.

Within these walls may peace abound,
 May all our hearts in One agree!
 Where brethren meet, where Christ
 is found,
 May peace and concord ever be!

HYMN 128. Ps. lxxxix. ET I. N.V.

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell;
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

Thou dost the lawless sea control,
 And change the prospect of the deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

In Thee the sov'reign right remains
 Of earth and heav'n; Thee, Lord,
 alone,
 The world and all that it contains
 Their Maker and Preserver own.

HYMN 129.

We sing the praise of Him Who died,
 Of Him Who died upon the cross;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see
 In shining letters, God is Love;
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup;

It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light;

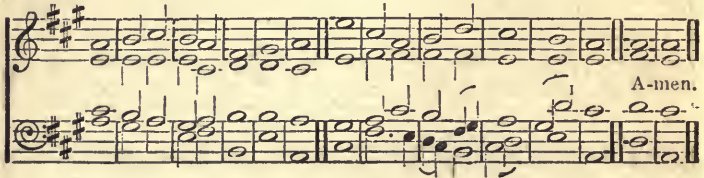
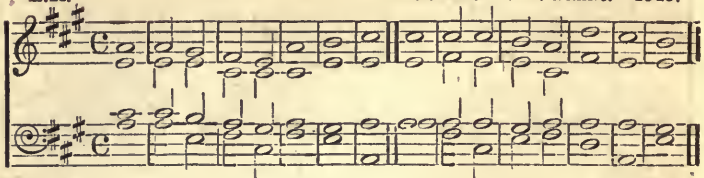
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love.
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angel's theme in heaven above.

136 a m

Old Hundredth.

L.M.

Attributed to G. FRANC. 1543.



HYMN 130. Ps. c. OLD VERSION.

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

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

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

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

HYMN 131. Ps. c. NEW VERSION.

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.
For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure :
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

HYMN 132. Ps. c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we
stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

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

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

101 *Arm*

Rockingham.

L.M.

FROM DR. MILLER'S "Psalms of David." Circ. 1787.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Rockingham'. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in 3/2 time and G minor. The first system has 12 measures, the second has 12 measures, and the third has 12 measures. The lyrics 'A - men.' are written below the final measure of the third system.

HYMN 133.

FATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead ! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

HYMN 134.

O CHRIST, who hast prepar'd a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love !
Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward :
Slow transient is our present pain !
How boundless our external gain !

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art ;

Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallow'd and ador'd :
To God the Father, King of heav'n,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be giv'n.

HYMN 135.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand !
The op'ning year Thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His unceasing bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

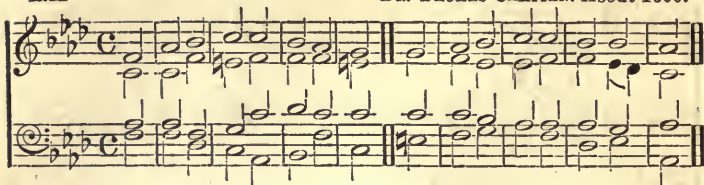
With grateful hearts the past we own :
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet !

In scenes exalted or depress'd
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest :
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

Babylon's Streams.

L.M.

DR. THOMAS CAMPIAN. About 1600.



HYMN 136. Ps. li.

SHew pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow
severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy
Word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 137.

My suff'rings all to Thee are known,
Tempted in ev'ry point like me ;
Regard my grief, regard Thine own ;
Jesu, remember Calvary !

O call to mind Thy earnest pray'rs,
Thy agony and sweat of blood,
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
Thy mortal groan, " My God ! my
God ! "

Art Thou not touch'd with human woe ?
Hath pity left the Son of man ?
Dost Thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain ?

Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of
grace,
Till through the soul Thy pow'r is
spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.

The day of small and feeble things
I know Thou never wilt despise ;
I know, with healing in His wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.

HYMN 138.

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again !

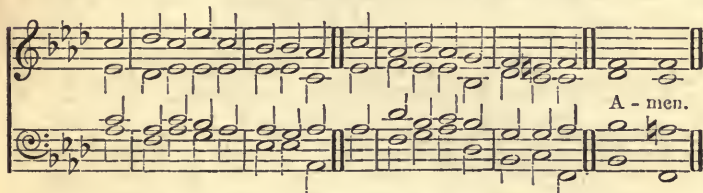
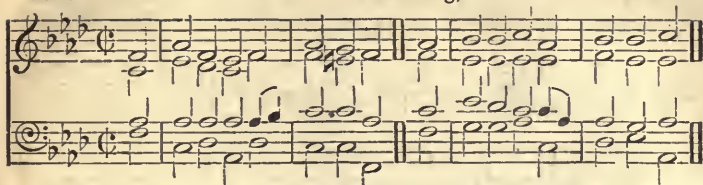
Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

Spires.

Printed by J. KLUG.

Wittenberg, 1543. Author unknown.

L.M.



HYMN 139.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriv'ling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heav'ns together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead :

O! on that day, that wrathful day.
When man to judgment, wakes from
clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heav'n and earth shall pass
away!

HYMN 140.

SAVIOUR, I lift my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, plac'd
on high,
The great, th' atoning Sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

Be Thou my guard on peril's brink ;
Be Thou my guide through weal
or woe ;
And teach me of Thy cup to drink,
And make me in Thy path to go.

For what is earthly change or loss ?
Thy promises are still my own ;
The feeblest frame may bear Thy cross,
The lowliest spirit share Thy throne.

HYMN 141.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall
quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake,
And, with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of
storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By pow'r oppress'd, and mock'd by
pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified ?

Go, sinners! to the rocks complain ;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy. The Lord is come :

L.M.

Wareham.

W. KNAPP. 1698—1768.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Wareham'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style. The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures. The third system has two measures, with the word 'A - men.' written below the second measure. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

HYMN 142. Pa. lxxii.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown His Head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall
With ev'ry morning sacrifice. [rise

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

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

Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

HYMN 143.

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art
found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heav'n before our eyes.

HYMN 144.

Now let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing His wondrous love.

While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame!
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious Name

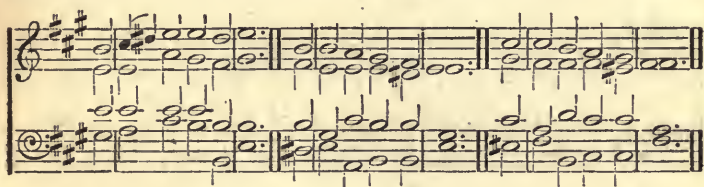
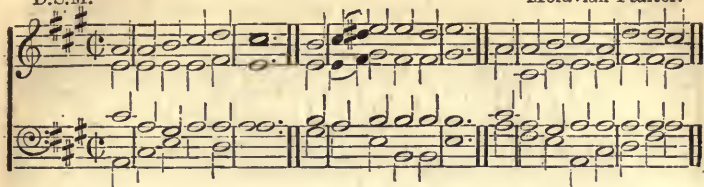
Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitors' place:
O what return can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace?

Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise;
Jesu, may all our hearts be Thine,
And all our tongues proclaim Thy
praise!

Netley.

D.S.M.

Moravian Psalter.



HYMN 145.

HARK! how the watchmen cry,
 Attend the trumpet's sound!
 Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!
 The pow'rs of hell surround!
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare;
 The day of battle is at hand!
 Go forth to glorious war!

See, in the mountain top,
 The standard of your God!
 In Jesu's Name I lift it up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
 His standard-bearer, I
 To all the nations call:
 Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
 He bore the cross for all.

Go up with Christ your Head;
 Your Captain's footsteps see;
 Follow your Captain, and be led
 To certain victory!
 All pow'r to Him is giv'n;
 He ever reigns the same;
 Salvation, happiness, and heav'n
 Are all in Jesu's Name.

HYMN 146.

LORD God the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy pow'r!
 We meet with one accord,
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

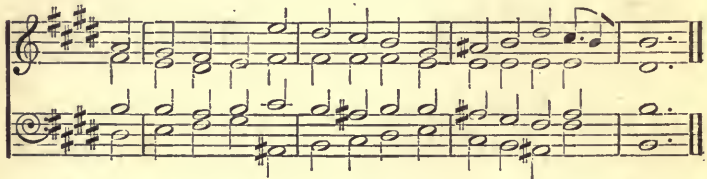
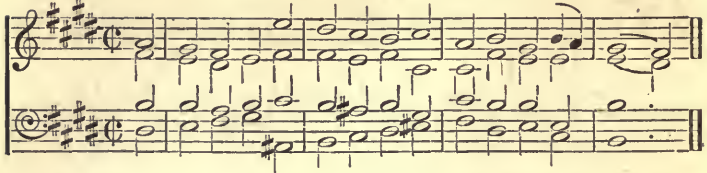
Like mighty rushing wind,
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse ev'ry mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe:
 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above,
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of Light, explore
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day!
 Spirit of Truth, be Thou
 In life and death our Guide!
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified!

Angels' Song.

D. C. M.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN by E. J. HOPKINS.



HYMN 147.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heav'n's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing!

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heav'nly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing!

Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men at war with men hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

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

For lo! the days are hast'ning on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 It's ancient splendours fling,
 And the whole world send back the song,
 Which now the angels sing.

HYMN 148.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
 Oh lead us gently on,
 Until life's trial-time shall end,
 And heav'nly peace be won!
 We know not what the path may be
 As yet by us untrod;
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father and our God!

If call'd, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time;
 Deliv'rance shall arise:
 Or, if some darker lot be good,
 Oh, teach us to endure
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
 That make the spirit pure!

Christ by no flow'ry pathway came;
 And we, His followers here,
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
 In hope, and love, and fear.
 And, till in Heav'n we sinless bow,
 And faultless anthems raise,
 O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
 Accept our feeble praise!

C.M. *287 arm* Burford.

HENRY PURCELL. Obit. 1695.

HYMN 149.

O God, that madest earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,
 Give ear to this Thy family,
 And help us when we pray!

The cross our Master bore for us,
 For Him we fain would bear;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair.

Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
 Our sinking faith renew,
 And when Thy sorrows visit us,
 O send Thy patience too!

HYMN 150. Ps. cxli.

LORD, my complaints to Thee ascend,
 With haste Thine ear apply:
 And hear my voice, when I to Thee
 Present my humble cry.

As incense, let my fervent pray'r,
 Before Thy throne arise:
 And my uplifted hands be like
 The evening sacrifice.

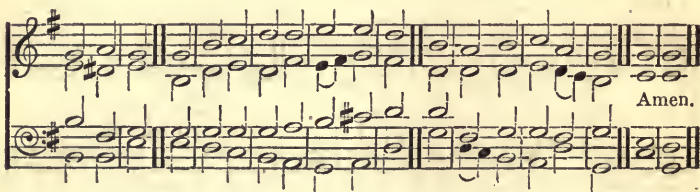
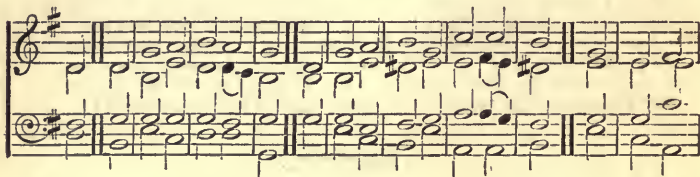
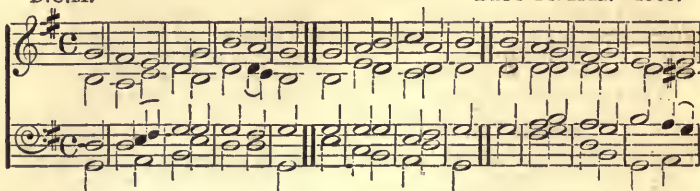
To Thee, O Lord, my faithful eyes
 In patience are address'd!
 Thou art my trust, O leave me not
 Forsaken and oppress'd.

319 a + m

Norwich, or Old 137th.

D.C.M.

DAY'S PSALTER. 1563.



HYMN 151.

LORD, when we bend before Thy
 And our confessions pour, [throne,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.
 Our broken spirits pitying see ;
 True penitence impart ;
 Then let a kindling glance from Thee
 Beam hope upon the heart !

When our responsive tongues essay
 Their grateful hymns to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And mount to Thee in praise.
 Then on Thy glories while we dwell,
 Thy mercies we'll review :
 Till love divine transported tell
 Our God's our Father too.

When we disclose our wants in pray'r,
 May we our wills resign ;
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 That is not wholly Thine.
 May faith each weak petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies !

HYMN 152.

GREAT King of nations, hear our pray'r,
 while at Thy feet we fall,
 And humbly, with united cry, to Thee
 for mercy call ;
 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
 O turn us not away,
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
 and help us when we pray.

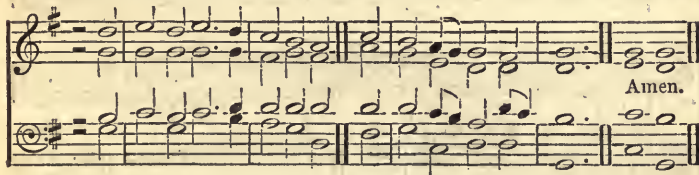
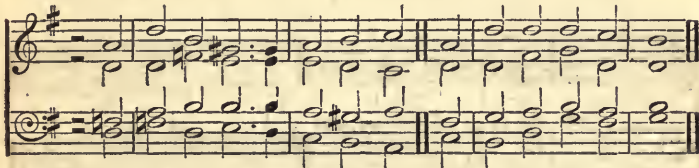
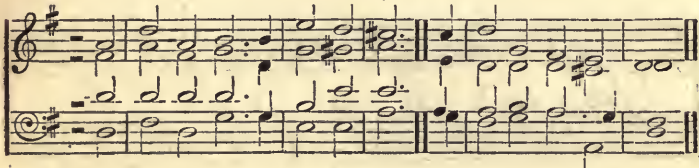
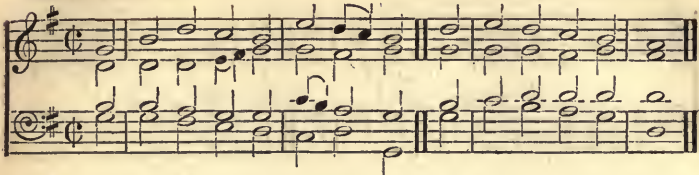
Our father's sins were manifold, and
 ours no less we own,
 Yet wondrously from age to age Thy
 goodness hath been shown ;
 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
 beset our country round,
 To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried,
 and help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow
 beneath Thy chast'ning hand,
 And, pouring forth confession meet,
 mourn with our mourning land ;
 With pitying eye behold our need, as
 thus we lift our pray'r,
 "Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 then let Thy mercy spare."

Hereford.

D.C.M.

DR. WM. HAYES. 1708—1777.



HYMN 153. Ps. xxiv. pt. I.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of Glory; see, He comes
 With His celestial train.
 Who is this King of Glory? who?
 The Lord for strength renown'd;
 In battle mighty o'er His foes,
 Eternal Victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
 In state to entertain
 The King of Glory; see, he comes
 With all His shining train.
 Who is this King of Glory? who?
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
 Of glory He alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

HYMN 154. Ps. xlvii.

ARISE, ye people, clap the hand;
 Exulting strike the chord;
 Let ev'ry isle, and every land,
 Confess th' Almighty Lord.
 How awful His mysterious Name!
 How high advanc'd His seat!
 Who bids the nations own our claim,
 And cast them at our feet.

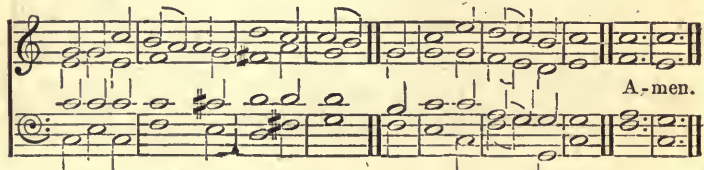
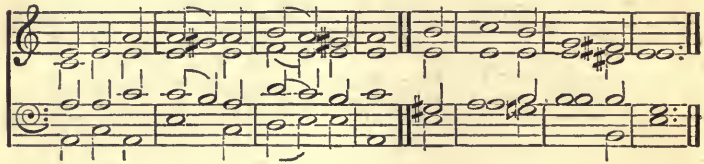
Sing to our God in loudest strain,
 Perpetual praises sing:
 O'er earth's wide bounds extends His
 reign,
 O praise our God and King.
 Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
 In one assembly throng;
 Your shares of harmony to part,
 And raise the heav'n-taught song.

373 a4m

St. Matthew.

D.C.M.

DR. CROFT. 1703.



HYMN 155.

Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethle'm's crib,
On Calv'ry's cross true God,
He who in Heav'n Eternal reign'd,
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and ev'ry ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
To speak one little word,
If only by our faith we own
The Godhead of our Lord:

Jesus is God! Oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,—
Jesus the Good, the Beautiful,
Is Everlasting God!

Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

Creation.

D.L.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.

Amen.

HYMN 156.

Ps. xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The works of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is Divine."

Eternal Father! thron'd above,
 Thou Fountain of redeeming love!
 Eternal Son! who left Thy throne,
 For man's rebellion to atone!
 Eternal Spirit! who dost give
 The grace by which our spirits live!
 Thou God of our salvation! be
 Eternal praises paid to Thee!

Durham, or Innocents.

7,7; 7,7, 4.

OLD LITANY.



HYMN 157.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
 See! He rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
 Hallelujah!

Praise Him, all ye heav'nly choirs!
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyrés!
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song!
 Let the strains be sweet and strong!
 Hallelujah!

Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!
 Where is hell's once dreaded king!
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
 Hallelujah!

HYMN 158.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n again;
 Christ hath broken ev'ry chain;
 Hark, angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Hallelujah!

He who gave for us His life,
 Who for us endur'd the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
 We too sing for joy, and say
 Hallelujah!

He who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us and hears our cry;
 Hallelujah!

He who slumber'd in the grave
 Is exalted now to save;
 Now through Christendom it rings
 That the Lamb is King of kings.
 Hallelujah!

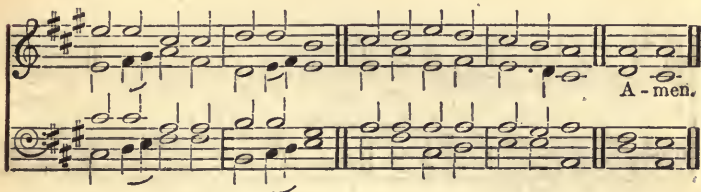
Now He bids us tell abroad
 How the lost may be restor'd,
 How the penitent forgiv'n,
 How we too may enter heav'n.
 Hallelujah!

Thou, our Paschal Lamb, indeed,
 Christ, Thy ransom'd people feed;
 Take our sins and guilt away,
 That we all may sing for aye.
 Hallelujah! Amen.

Hartford.

77; 7.7.

B. MILGROVE. Nat. 1731. Ob. 1810.



HYMN 159.

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

Thou, through Him, art reconcil'd;
 I, through Him, become Thy child;
 Abba, Father! give me grace
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face!

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

While the pray'rs of saints ascend,
 God of love! to mine attend!
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes!

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

While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky!

From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn;
 And at ev'ning let me say,
 I have walk'd with God to-day!

HYMN 160.

Ere another Sabbath's close,
 Ere again we seek repose,
 Lord! our song ascends to Thee;
 At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For Thy mercies of the day,
 For this rest upon our way,
 Thanks to Thee alone be giv'n,
 Lord of earth and King of Heav'n!

Cold our services have been;
 Mingled ev'ry pray'r with sin;
 But Thou canst and wilt forgive;
 By Thy grace alone we live!

Whilst this thorny path we tread,
 May Thy love our footsteps lead!
 When our journey here is past,
 May we rest with Thee at last!

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of our joys above;
 While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
 To the rest which knows no end!

Lübeck.

7,7; 7,7.

"GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH." HALLE. 1704.



HYMN 161.

GREAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be
Once the sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

Love I know accepteth nought,
Save what Thou, O Love, hast wrought;
Offer Thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.

Slay in me the wayward will,
Eartily sense and passion kill,
Tear self love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.

So may God, the righteous, brook
On my sacrifice to look;
In whose sight no gift has worth,
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

HYMN 162.

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my master, be
Rooted in humility!

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child:
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides:
Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on Thee!
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.

Oh, that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him, evermore!

HYMN 163.

Now may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

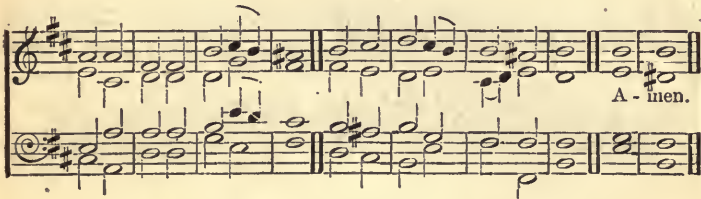
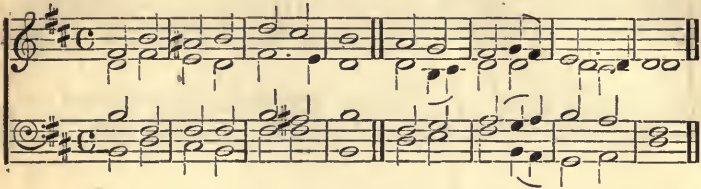
May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night!

To that dear Redeemer's praise
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God!

Verdun.

7,7; 7,7.

"GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH." HALLE. 1704.



HYMN 164.

Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

Onward Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heav'nly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vic'try soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then, to battle move,
More than conq'rors ye shall prove;
Though oppos'd by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

HYMN 165.

God of mercy, thron'd on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry,
Guide, O guide our wand'ring feet!

Young and erring trav'lers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy Blood divine!
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

When perplex'd in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppress'd with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel ev'ry day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

Saviour, give us faith and pour
Hope and love on ev'ry soul!
Hope, till time shall be no more!
Love, while endless ages roll

Thirsk.

8,7; 8,7.

DR. BOYCE. 1710—1779.



HYMN 166.

Why should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way;
Since my Saviour's Presence shining
Turns my darkness into day?

Earthly honour, earthly treasure,
All the warmest passions win,
And the silken wings of pleasure
Only waft us on to sin.

But, within the vale of sorrow
All with tempest overblown,
Purer light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

Welcome, then, each darker token!
Mercy sent it from above!
So the heart, subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear and melts with love.

HYMN 167. Ps. xix.

Lord, supreme in glory dwelling,
Of Thy wondrous pow'r and might,
Earth and heav'n rejoice in telling,
Day to day, and night to night.

Through each clime, to ev'ry nation,
Trumpet-tongued, by sea, by land,
Nature speaks her adoration
Of the great creative hand.

See the sun in bridal splendour
'Tells from whence his glories rise;
See the moon her homage render
As she climbs the spangled skies.

Glorious thus Thy word: it beameth
O'er the sun supremely bright,
Speaking Him whose love redeemeth,
Joy of nations, Light of light.

HYMN 168.

HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All Thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit.
Reaches out the crown of love!

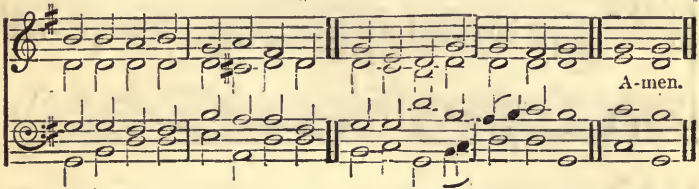
Struggle through thy latest passion
To Thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest!

For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign!

Stuttgart.

8,7; 8,7.

GERMAN.



HYMN 169.

SAVIOUR, source of ev'ry blessing!
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Thou, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

By Thy hand restor'd, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heav'nly home.

HYMN 170.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heav'n,
Earth is with its fullness stor'd;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,

"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

With His Seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stor'd;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

HYMN 171.

BLESSED hope! that we the sinful
May be like to Thee the Lord,
Our degraded souls exalted,
By Thy wonder-working word.

'Twas for this, O blessed Jesus,
Thou didst leave Thy bright abode,
To destroy the works of Satan,
And make us the sons of God;

And to souls all lost and hopeless,
This reviving hope impart—
That the lost may be restor'd,
And the vile be pure in heart.

Blessèd is the kind assurance
Of our God that we are His;
Blessèd is the hope and promise,
We shall see Him as He is.

Epiphany.

Adapted from MENDELSSOHN.

By ADOLPHUS LEVY, Esq.

11,10; 11,10.



HYMN 172.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

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

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

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

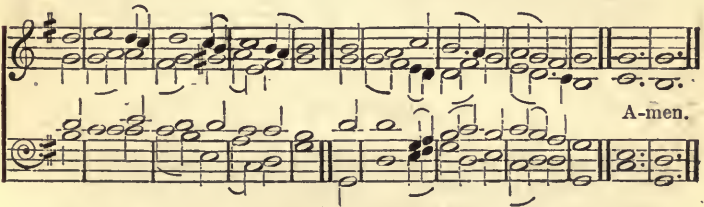
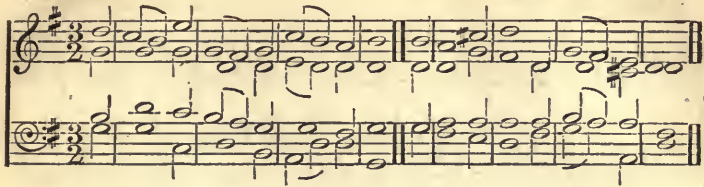
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Plymouth.

HENRY CAREY.

Harmonia Perfecta. 1730.

8,8;8,8;8,8.



HYMN 173. Ps. xxiii. pt. 1.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

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

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

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

HYMN 174.

EXPAND Thy wings, celestial Dove,
And, brooding o'er my nature's
night,
Call forth the ray of heav'nly love,
Let there in my dark soul be light;
And fill th' illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.

"Let there be light," again command,
And light there in our hearts
shall be;
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty;
And, by the shining of Thy grace,
Behold in Christ Thy glorious face.

Redcliff.

8.8; 8.4.

E. J. HOPKINS. 1863.



HYMN 175.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord!
The King of Glory, King ador'd,
This day Himself from death restor'd.
Alleluia!

On Sunday morn at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
To see the Tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia!

Then straightway one in white they see,
Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but He
Is ris'n, and gone to Galilee."
Alleluia!

That night th' apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in the midst appear,—
"My peace," he said, "be on all here!"
Alleluia!

When Thomas first these tidings heard,
He doubted if it were the Lord,
Until He came and spake this word:
Alleluia!

"Behold my side, O Thomas, see
My Hands, my Feet, I show to thee,
Nor faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia!

When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied;
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.
Alleluia!

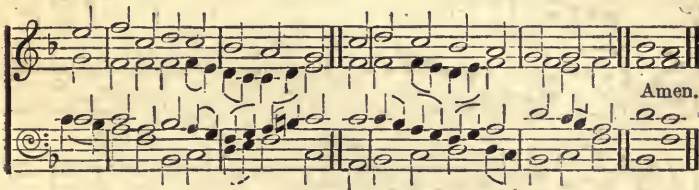
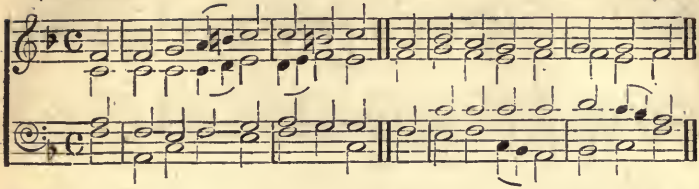
How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been!
For they Eternal life shall win.
Alleluia!

On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise!
Alleluia! Amen.

Darmstadt.

8,8; 8,8; 8,8.

J. SCHOP. 1641.



HYMN 176.

O come, come Thou, Emmanuel,
 Redeem Thy captive Israel,
 Who mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to Thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and
 cheer
 Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Key of David, come
 And open wide our Heav'nly Home;
 Make plain the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, come now, Thou Lord of Might,
 Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height,
 In ancient time didst give the law
 In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

Helmsley.*

8,7; 8,7; 4,7.

A Melody of the last Century.

A-men.

HYMN 177.

Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain :
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth to reign !

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air ;
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

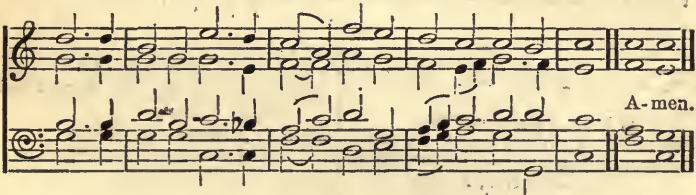
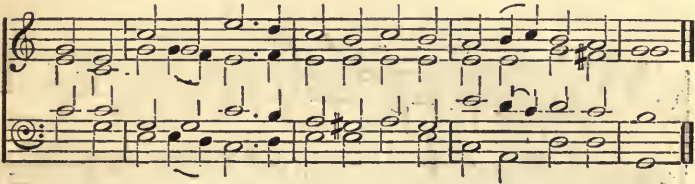
Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne :
 Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own ;
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

* Or the Tune on the opposite page.

Regent Square.

8,7;8,7;4,7.

HENRY SMART.



HYMN 178.

Lo! He comes! let all adore Him!
 'Tis the God of grace and truth!
 Go! prepare the way before Him,
 Make the rugged places smooth!
 Lo! He comes, the mighty Lord!
 Great His work, and His reward.

Let the valleys all be raised;
 Go, and make the crooked straight;
 Let the mountains be abased;
 Let all nature change its state;
 Through the desert mark a road,
 Make a highway for our God.

Through the desert God is going,
 Through the desert waste and wild,
 Where no goodly plant is growing,
 Where no verdure ever smiled;
 But the desert shall be glad,
 And with verdure soon be clad.

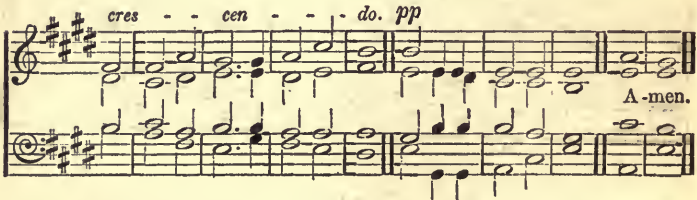
Where the thorn and briar flourish'd
 Trees shall there be seen to grow,
 Planted by the Lord and nourish'd,
 Stately fair, and fruitful too;
 They shall rise on ev'ry side,
 They shall spread their branches wide

From the hills and lofty mountains,
 Rivers shall be seen to flow,
 There the Lord will open fountains,
 Thence supply the plains below;
 As He passes, ev'ry land
 Shall confess His powerful hand.

Pascal.

8,8; 8,6.

E. J. HOPKINS.



HYMN 179.

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken ev'ry barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and
height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HYMN 180.

Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love or joy or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heav'nly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou
be blest?

Trust not the world, it gives no rest:
Christ brings relief to hearts oppress'd;
O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross:
Count all thy gains but worthless dross;
His grace o'erpays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come!

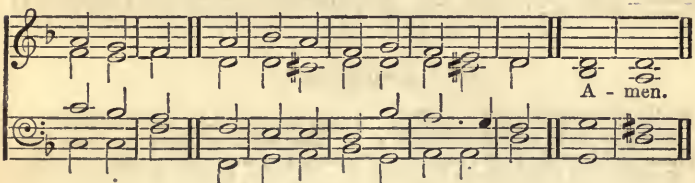
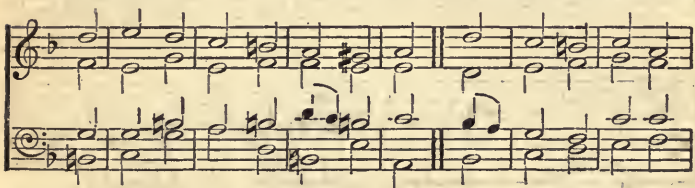
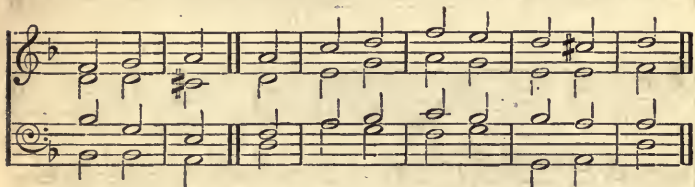
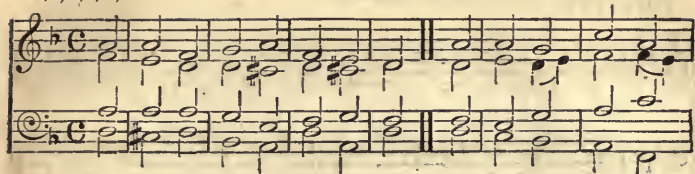
Come hither! bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come!

Old 112th.

MARTIN LUTHER.

"Geistliche Lieder und Psalmen." 1540.

8,8; 8,8; 8,8.



HYMN 181.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man
knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fix'd yet wide my passions
rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, — that Thou hast
brought,

My mind to seek her peace in Thee:
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see:
Oh! when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

O Lord, Thy sov'reign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my
heart,

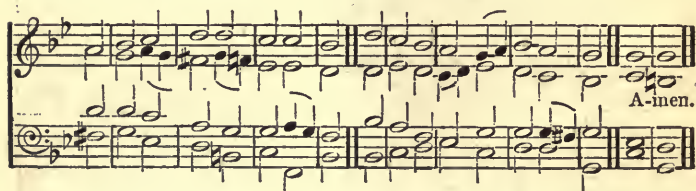
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

171 a & m

Neumark.

8,8; 8,8; 8,8.

G. NEUMARK. 1621—1681.



HYMN 182.

WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod;
 For Him, not without hope, I mourn:
 I have an Advocate above,
 A friend before the Throne of Love.

O Jesu, full of pard'ning grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin;
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,
 Open Thine arms and take me in,
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still!

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore;
 O, for Thy Truth and Mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of pray'r!

The stone to flesh again convert,
 The veil of sin once more remove:
 Drop Thy warm Blood upon my heart,
 And melt it with Thy dying love:
 This rebel heart by love subdued,
 And make it soft, and make it new!

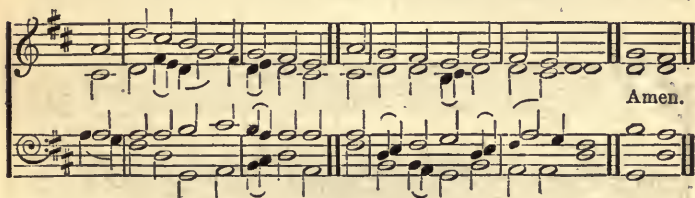
Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentsings now;
 Fill all my soul with filial fears,
 To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
 Bend by Thy grace, O! bend, or break
 The iron sinew in my neck!

Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at th' approach of sin;
 A godly fear of sin impart,
 Implant, and root it deep within;
 That I may dread Thy gracious pow'r,
 And never dare offend Thee more!

Wismar.

8,8; 8,8; 8,8.

J. H. SCHEIN. 1586--1630.



HYMN 183.

WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who not in vain,
 Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
 To flee the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do;
 Still He, who felt temptation's pow'r,
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,
 He shall His pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe;
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
 By those who shar'd His daily bread.

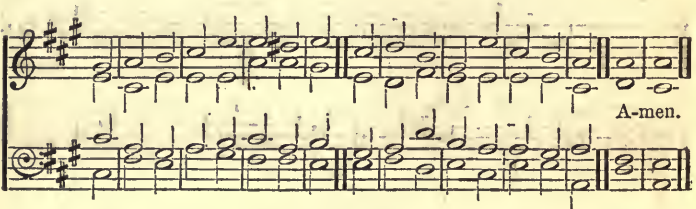
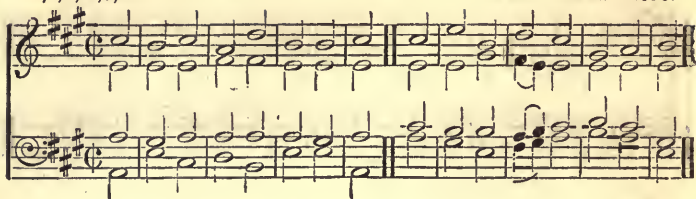
When sorrowing o'er some stone I
 bend,
 Which covers what was once a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile
 Divides me for a little while;
 Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And O! when I have safely past
 Through ev'ry conflict but the last;
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for Thou hast died!
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away!

Wisdom.

8,8,8; 8,8,8.

HENRY LAWES. 1636.



HYMN 184. Ps. cxiii. n.v.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address.

God through the world extends his
sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are.
With Him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which He
dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:

He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing Him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

HYMN 185. Ps. xxxvii. n.v.

OBSERVE the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall
end:

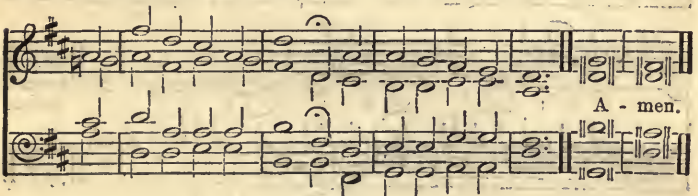
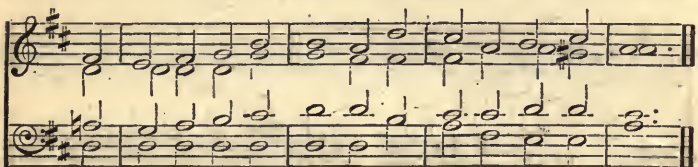
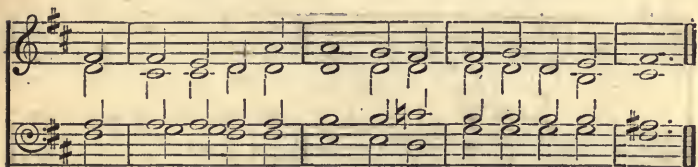
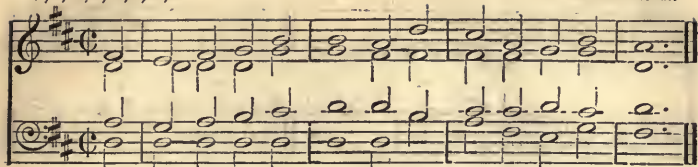
While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord;
Their strength in time of need is He:
Because on Him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

Bentley.

7,6; 7,6; 7,6; 7,6.

JOHN HULLAH.



HYMN 186.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

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.

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.

Bernburg.

HANS G. HASSLER. 1601.

7,6; 7,6; 7,6; 7,6.

HYMN 187.

THE Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the Word.
 From heav'n He came and sought her
 To be His holy bride,
 With His own blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

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

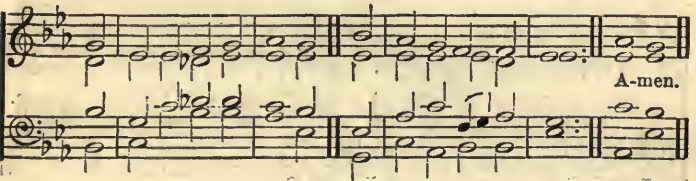
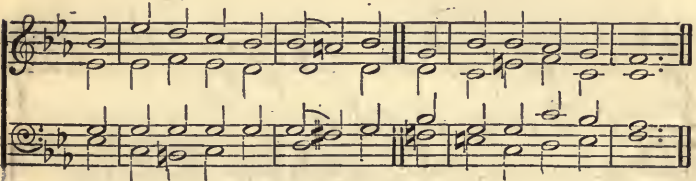
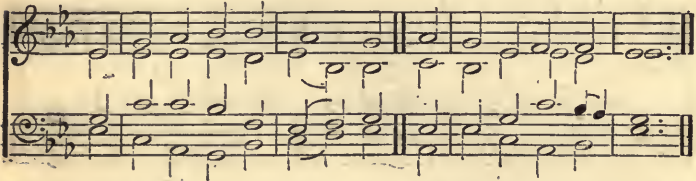
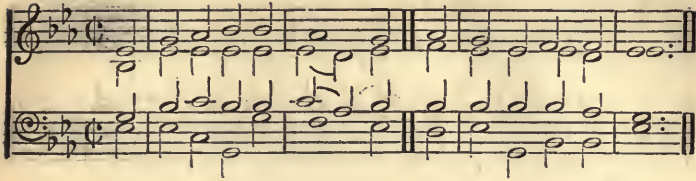
Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won;
 With all her sons and daughters,
 Who by the Master's hand
 Led through the deathly waters,
 Repose in Eden-land.

O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee:
 There past the border mountains,
 Where in sweet vales the bride
 With Thee, by living fountains,
 For ever shall abide.

Praise.

7,6; 7,6; 7,6; 7,6.

JOHN CRÜGER. 1598—1662.



HYMN 188.

Rejoice, though storms assail thee;
 Rejoice, when skies are bright;
 Rejoice, though round thy pathway
 Is spread the gloom of night:
 If the good hope be in thee
 That all at last is well,
 Then let thy happy spirit
 With joyful feelings swell!
 Look back on early childhood,
 And let thy soul rejoice!
 Who then upheld thy goings,
 And tun'd thy feeble voice?
 Look back on youth's gay visions,
 When life one glory seem'd:
 Who pour'd those rays of gladness
 Which on thy prospect beam'd?

Recall the hours of anguish,
 And let thy soul rejoice,
 Though wave on wave of sorrow
 Rush on with fearful noise:
 Was not the Bow of Promise
 Still seen amidst the gloom,
 Shedding its hallow'd lustre
 E'en round the silent tomb?

Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
 Though earthly friends be gone!
 For silently and swiftly
 The wheels of time roll on;
 And still they bear thee forward
 Nearer that happy shore,
 While that triumphant song **is**,
 Rejoice for evermore!

Greenland.

7,6; 7,6; 7,6; 7,6.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. 1685—1750.

HYMN 189.

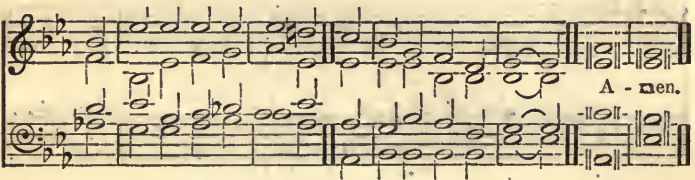
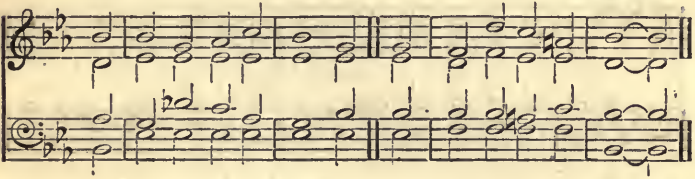
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strands,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sands,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.
 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 ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Lancashire.

7,6; 7,6; 7,6; 7,6.

HENRY SMART.



HYMN 190.

With hearts in love abounding,
 Prepare we now to sing
 A lofty theme, resounding
 Thy praise, Almighty King;
 Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
 Redeem'd the human race;
 Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
 Breathe words of truth and grace.

In majesty transcendant,
 Gird on Thy conq'ring sword;
 In righteousness resplendent,
 Ride on, Incarnate Word!
 Ride on, O King Messiah,
 To glory and renown;
 Pierc'd by Thy darts of fire,
 Be ev'ry foe o'erthrown!

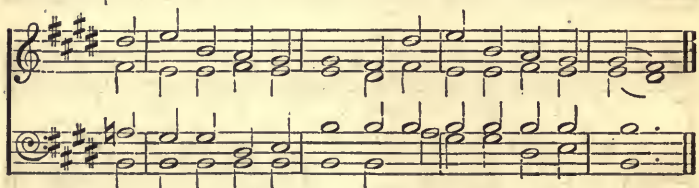
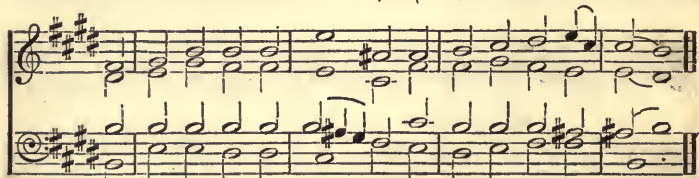
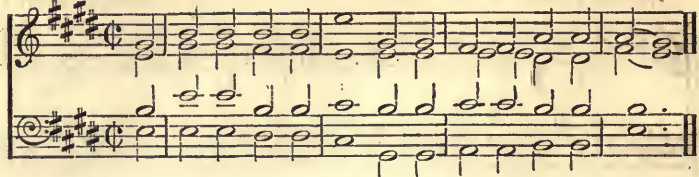
So reign, O God, in heav'n,
 Eternally the same;
 And endless praise be giv'n
 To Thy Almighty Name.
 Cloth'd in Thy dazzling brightness,
 Thy Church on earth behold,
 In robe of purest whiteness,
 In raiment wrought with gold.

And let each Gentile nation
 Come gladly in her train,
 To share Thy great salvation,
 And join her grateful strain;
 Then ne'er shall note of sadness
 Awake the trembling string;
 One song of joy and gladness
 The ransom'd world shall sing.

Lausaune.

7 6; 7, 6; 7, 6; 7, 6.

From the Hamburg Psalter.



HYMN 191.

Ps. xix.

THE heav'n's declare His glory,
 Their Maker's skill the skies;
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard;
 The record of creation;
 The page of nature's word.

There, from His bright pavilion,
 Like eastern bridegroom clad,
 Hail'd by earth's thousand million,
 The sun sets forth: right glad,
 His glorious race commencing,
 The mighty giant seems;
 Through the vast round dispersing
 His all-pervading beams.

So pure, so soul-restoring,
 Is truth's diviner ray;
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day:
 The wand'rer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise;
 And, evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.

But past transgressions pain me:
 Lord! cleanse my heart within;
 And evermore restrain me
 From all presumptuous sin.
 So let my whole behaviour,
 Thoughts, words, and actions be,
 O God, my strength and Saviour,
 Acceptable to Thee.

Tynemouth.

7,6; 7,6; 7,7; 7,6.

From the Moravian Psalter.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century hymnals, with a focus on harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece concludes with the text 'A - men.' written below the final staff.

HYMN 192.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Towards Heav'n, thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.

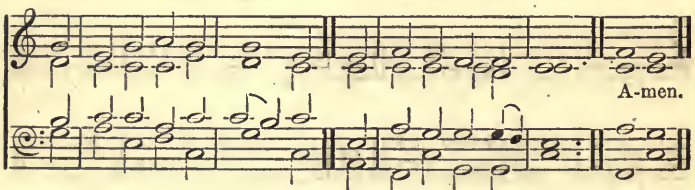
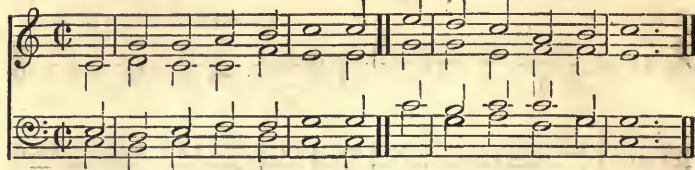
Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course,
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So my soul, deriv'd from God,
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Toward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

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 giv'n,
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heav'n.

St. Theodulph.

7,6; 7,6; 7,6; 7,6;

MELCHOIR TESCHNER. About 1600.



HYMN 193.

Ps. lxxii.

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

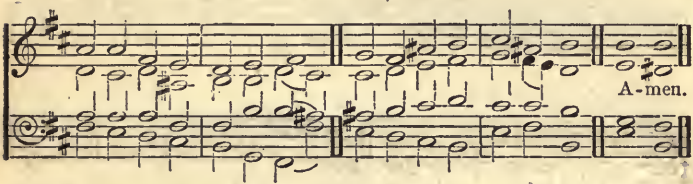
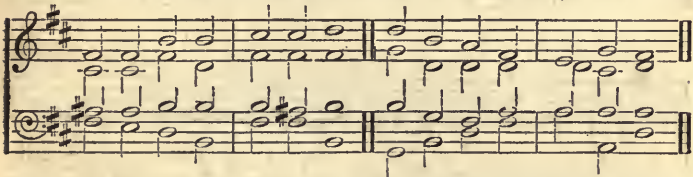
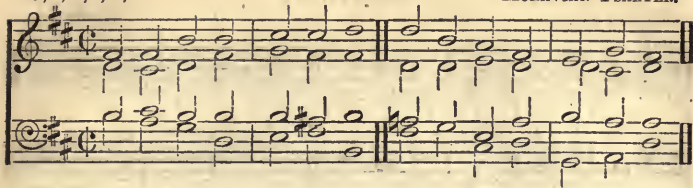
He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth;
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

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
 O'er ev'ry 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.

Croyland.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7.

MORAVIAN PSALTER.



HYMN 194.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
Oh the wormwood and the gall;
Oh the pangs His soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

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

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay,
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
"Christ is ris'n," He seeks the skies:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

HYMN 195.

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head and tongue, and hand and heart
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.

Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

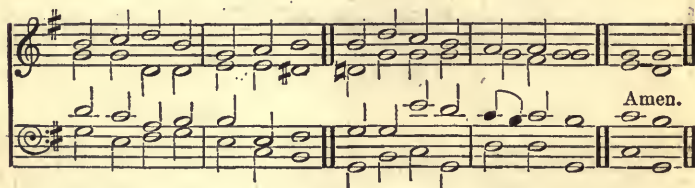
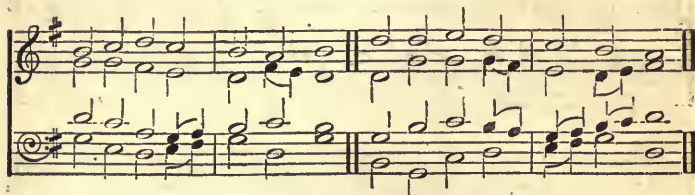
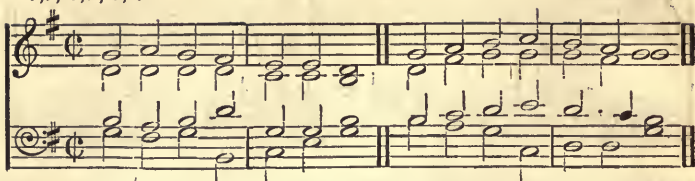
Yet the seed, uprais'd again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain.
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

Lord, from Nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save;
Ransom'd by Thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

Mayenne.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7.

GODDARD.



HYMN 196. Ps. lxxvii.

God of mercy, God of grace,
 Shew the brightness of Thy face,
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
 Fill Thy church with light divine,
 And Thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
 Be by all that live ador'd,
 Let the nations shout and sing,
 Glory to their Saviour King;
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.

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

HYMN 197.

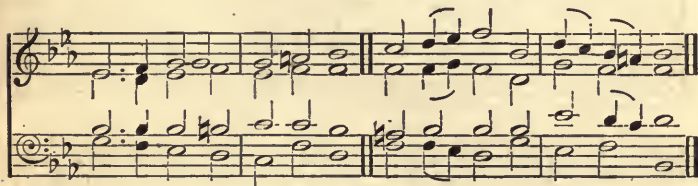
CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night!
 Dayspring from on high, be near!
 Day-star, in my heart appear!

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

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

St. Austin.

7,7;7,7;7,7.



HYMN 193.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labours 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.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyestrings break in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!

Cronstadt.

JOHANN SCHOP. About 1640

7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7.

A-men.

HYMN 199.

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

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 stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not accept my pray'r?
 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!

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.

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!

Salzburg.

J. ROSENMULLER, 1610—1680, or
J. HINTZE, 1622—1695.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7.

HYMN 200.

HARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declar'd
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

Follow'd by their works, they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconcil'd by grace below,
Grace had open'd Mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiv'n;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd, and made meet for heav'n.

Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblest:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return.
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

Ascension.

7,7;7,7;7,7;7,7.

HENRY BOYS. 1832.

HYMN 201.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say :
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'n's, and earth reply.
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
 Death in vain forbids His rise;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise!
 Lives again our glorious King:
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save:
 Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
 What though once we perish'd all,
 Partners in our parents fall?
 Second life we all receive,
 In our heav'nly Adam live.

Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to Thee by both be giv'n!
 Thee we greet triumphant now!
 Hail, the Resurrection Thou!
 King of glory, Soul of bliss!
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love!

Bethlehem.

MENDELSSOHN.

Arranged by W. H. CUMMINGS.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7.

ORG.

ORG.

HYMN 202.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconcil'd:"
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies,
 With th'angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

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

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead He,

Hail th'incarnate Deity:
 Pleas'd as man with man t'appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

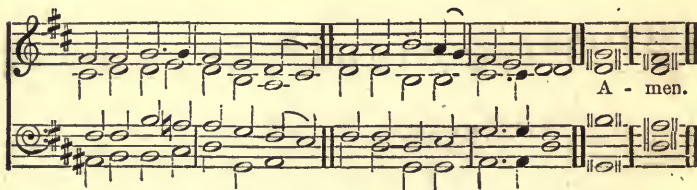
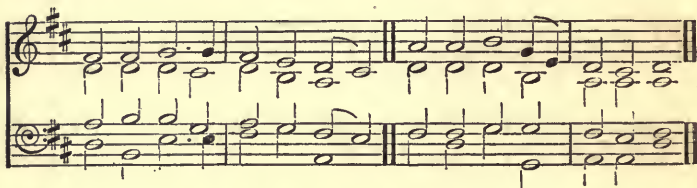
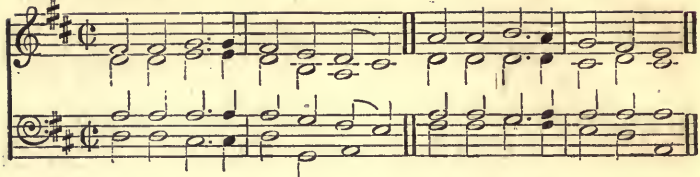
Hark! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n 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.

St. Andrew.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7.



HYMN 203.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bend th'adoring knee;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
 Oh! by all the pains and woe
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany!

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 th'insulting tempter's pow'r;
 'Turn, oh! turn a fav'ring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany!

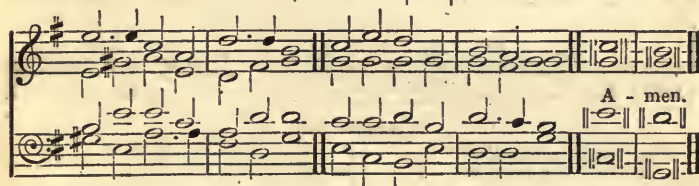
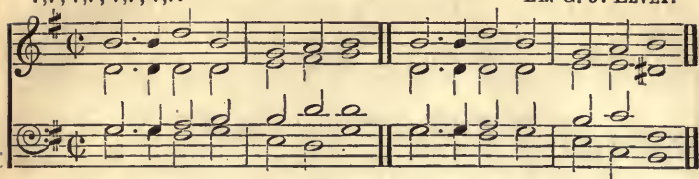
By Thine hour of dire despair;
 By Thine agony of pray'r,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veil'd the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
 Oh! from earth to heav'n restor'd,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany!

St. George's Chapel.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7.

DR. G. J. ELVEY.



HYMN 204.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!
 All is safely gather'd in,
 Ere the winter-storms begin:
 God our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:—
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!

All this world is God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield:
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home:
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast;
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 Bring 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!

Passau.

J. ROSENMULLER. 1610—1686.

7,6; 7,6; 3,3; 6,6.

"Hundert geistliche Arien, &c." Dresden, 1694.

HYMN 205.

Nor in anger, mighty God,
 Not in anger smite us;
 We must perish if Thy rod
 Justly should requite us.
 We are nought,
 Sin hath brought,
 Lord, Thy wrath upon us,
 Yet have mercy on us!

Show me now a Father's love,
 And His tender patience,
 Heal my wounded soul, remove
 These too sore temptations;
 I am weak,
 Father, speak
 Thou of peace and gladness,
 Comfort Thou my sadness.

Weary am I of my pain,
 Weary with my sorrow,
 Sighing still for help in vain,
 Longing for the morrow;

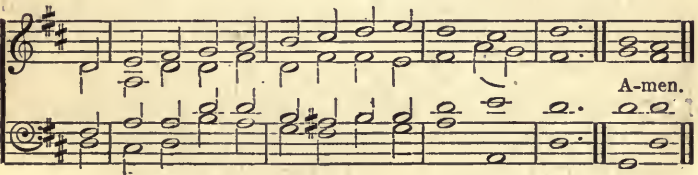
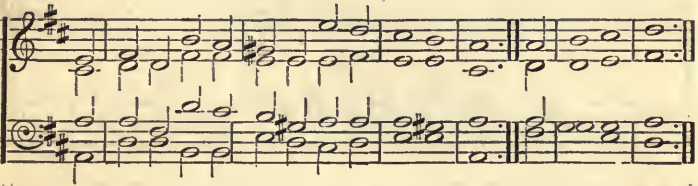
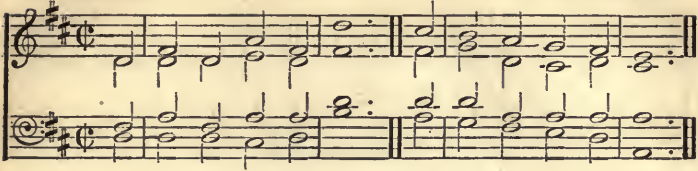
Why wilt Thou
 Tarry now?
 Wilt Thou friendless leave me,
 And of hope bereave me?
 Hence, ye foes! He comes in grace,
 God hath deign'd to hear me;
 I may come before His face,
 He is inly near me;
 He o'erthrows
 All my foes,
 Death and hell are vanquish'd,
 In whose bonds I languish'd.

Father, hymns to Thee we raise,
 Here and once in heaven;
 And the Son and Spirit praise,
 Who our bonds have riven!
 Evermore
 We adore
 Thee whose love hath stirr'd us,
 And whose pity heard us.

Dorsetmouth.

6,6; 6,6; 8,8.

Rev. J. DARWALL.



HYMN 206.

Ps. cxlviii. n. v.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame,
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame!

Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing His praise!

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day;
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To Him your homage pay!
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air!

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise His holy Name,
 By whose Almighty word
 They all from nothing came!

And all shall last
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

United zeal be shown
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious Name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours Israel's race,
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise!

Gospel.*

G. F. HANDEL.

From the Fitzwilliam M.S.S.

6, 6; 6, 6; 8, 8.

A-men.

HYMN 207.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When He had purg'd our stains,
 He took His seat above:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and Heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home:
 We soon shall hear th'archangel's voice;
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

HYMN 208.

CHRIST is our corner-stone,
 On Him alone we build;
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of Heav'n are fill'd.
 On His great love our hopes we place
 Of present grace and joys above.

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

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

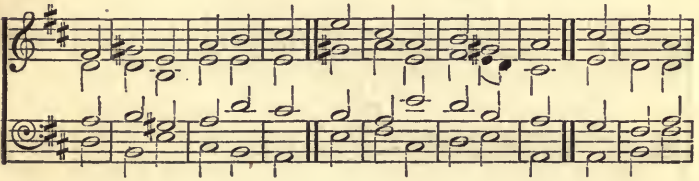
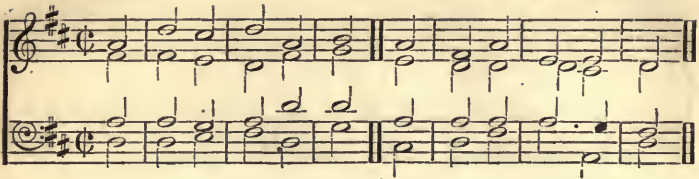
Here may we gain from Heav'n
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace, once giv'n,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day when all the blest
 To endless rest are call'd away!

* This tune was originally written by Handel to the above hymn, "Rejoice the Lord is King."

Bodmin.

6,6; 6,6; 8,8.

DR. CROFT. Obit 1725.



HYMN 209.

THE happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save.

Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

Who now accuses them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn,
Whom God hath justified?

Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
By Him our vict'ry won;

Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth who was dead.

HYMN 210.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,

For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too.
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honour done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails, with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Wesset.

8,6; 8,6; 8,8.

E. J. HOPKINS.



HYMN 211.

LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
 Thy goodness to adore,
 From heav'n, th'eternal mercy-seat,
 On us Thy blessing pour,
 And make our inmost souls to be
 An habitation meet for Thee!

The Body for our ransom giv'n;
 The Blood in mercy shed;
 With this immortal food from heav'n,
 Lord! let our souls be fed!
 And, as we round Thy table kneel,
 Help us Thy quick'ning grace to feel!

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh!
 Accept the humble pray'r,
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh
 The sinner's heart-felt tear!
 And let our adoration rise,
 As fragrant incense, to the skies!

HYMN 212.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
 Hath led me on till now,
 Here lowly at the hour of pray'r
 Before Thy throne I bow;
 I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
 Forgiveness for another day.

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

With pray'r my humble praise I bring
 For mercies day by day:
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
 Lord, teach me how to pray!
 All that I have, I am, to Thee
 I offer through Eternity!

St. John.

8,7; 8,7; 8,7; 8,7.

WEBBE. 1740—1817.

A-men.

HYMN 213.

PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'n adore Him;
 Praise Him, angels, in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
 Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;
 Laws that never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:
 Never shall His promise fail.
 God hath made His saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high, His pow'r proclaim;
 Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His Name.

HYMN 214.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies!
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.

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

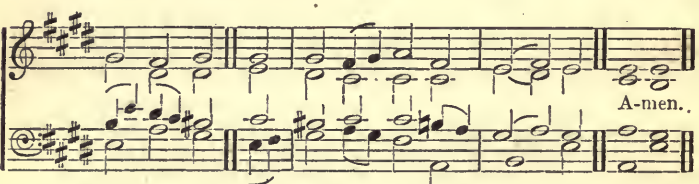
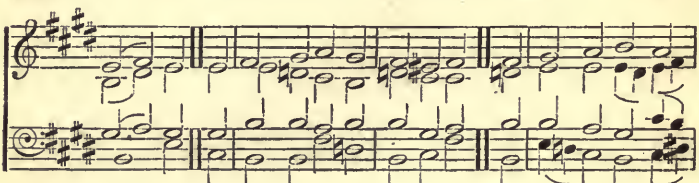
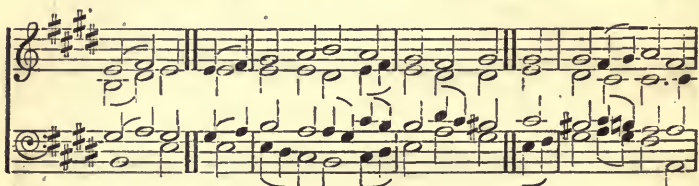
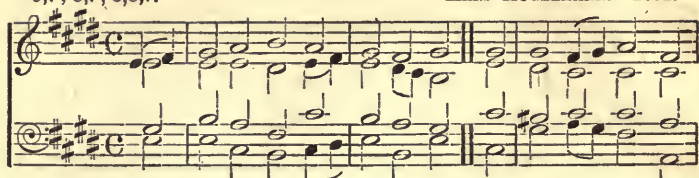
"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeem'd and men forgiven:
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heav'n and earth His praises sing!
 Oh, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His Name and taste His joy;
 Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,
 'Glory be to God most high.'
 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of His glory
 Till it cover all the earth!"

Elberfeld.

8,7; 8,7; 8,8,7.

HANS KUGELMANN. 1601.



HYMN 215.

ALL glory be to God on High,
 Who hath our race befriended!
 To us no harm shall now come nigh,
 The feud at last is ended.
 God showeth His goodwill toward men,
 And peace shall dwell on earth again;
 Oh thank Him for His goodness.

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

O, Jesu Christ, our God and Lord,
 Son of Thy heav'nly Father,
 O Thou, who hast our peace restor'd,
 And the lost sheep doth gather;
 Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on
 high,
 From out our depths we sinners cry,
 Have mercy on us, Jesus!

O Holy Ghost, Thou precious gift,
 Thou Comforter unfailling,
 O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
 And let Thy pow'r availing
 Avert our woes and calm our dread,
 For as the Saviour's blood was shed,
 We trust in Thee to save us!

HYMN 216.

Sing praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of pow'r, the God of love,
The God of our salvation ;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And ev'ry faithless murmur stills :
To God all praise and glory !

The angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling.
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And pow'r which form'd creation's plan :
To God all praise and glory !

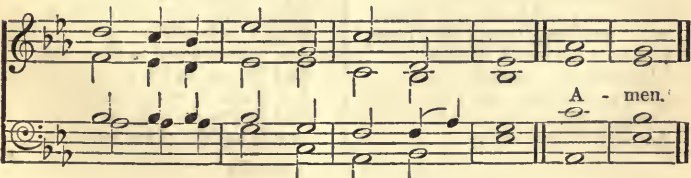
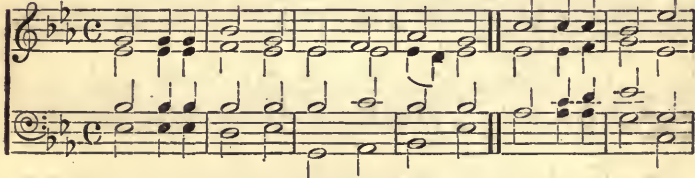
What God's almighty pow'r hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth :
By morning glow or ev'ning shade,
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth ;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo ! all is just and all is right :
To God all praise and glory !

O ye who bear Christ's Holy Name,
Give God all praise and glory !
All ye who own His pow'r, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story ;
Cast each false idol from His throne,
The Lord is God, and He alone :
To God all praise and glory !

Sacrament.

9,8; 9,8.

E. J. HOPKINS.



HYMN 217.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead.

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinner's shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Wittenberg.

6,7; 6,7; 6,6; 6,6.

JOHN CRÜGER. 1598—1662.

A - men.

HYMN 218.

Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath bless'd us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

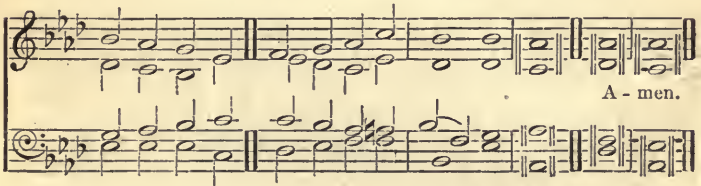
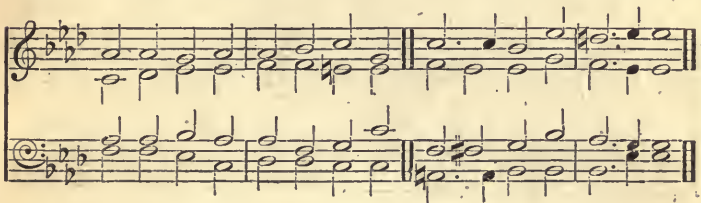
Oh may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplex'd,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven,
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heav'n adore,
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore!

St. Raphael.

8.7; 8.7; 8.7.

E. J. HOPKINS. 1863.



A - men.

HYMN 219.

JESU, Lord, we kneel before Thee :
 Bend from heav'n Thy gracious Ear;
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear :
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.

From the depths of nature's blindness,
 From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,
 From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's pow'r,
 In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour ;
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.

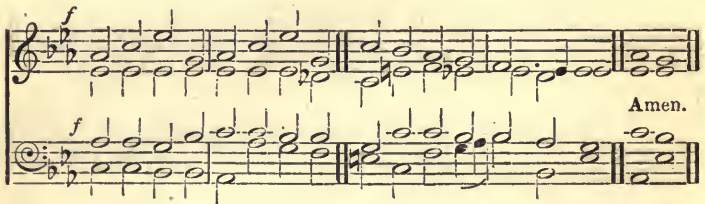
In the weary night of sickness,
 In the throes of grief and pain,
 When we feel our mortal weakness,
 When all human help is vain,
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the awful judgment-day,
 May our souls, on Thee relying,
 Find Thee still our Hope and Stay :
 By Thy mercy,
 O deliver us, good Lord.

Alford.

8,7; 8,7; 8,7.

E. J. HOPKINS. 1863



HYMN 220.

Jesus came, the Heav'ns adoring,
 Came with peace from realms on High;
 Jesus came for man's redemption,
 Lowly came on earth to die;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Came in deep humility.

Jesus comes again in mercy,
 When our hearts are bow'd with care;
 Jesus comes again in answer
 To our earnest heartfelt pray'r;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Comes to save us from despair.

Jesus comes to souls rejoicing,
 Bringing news of sins forgiv'n,
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
 Lifting up our souls to Heav'n;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Now the gate of death is riv'n.

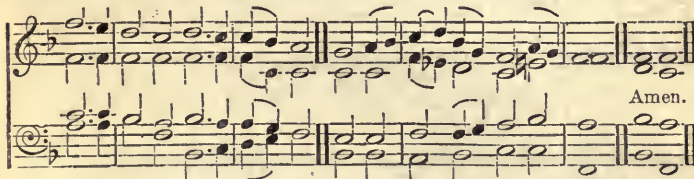
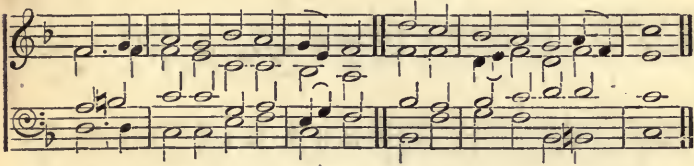
Jesus comes, in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts and dries our tears,
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the Heav'ns shall pass away;
 Jesus comes again in glory;—
 Let us then our homage pay,
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Sing we "till the break of day"

Austria.

8,7; 8,7; 8,7; 8,7.

HAYDN. Obit. 1809.



HYMN 221.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake Thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

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

Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name:

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 222.

HOLY Ghost! whose fire celestial
 Light and life divine imparts,
 Come and dwell in breasts terrestrial,
 Heav'n reveal in all our hearts.
 Come and pour, in blest effusion,
 Heav'nly unction from above;
 Scatt'ring wide, in rich diffusion,
 "Comfort, light, and fire, and love."

Keep Thy church in holy union;
 Foes remove—give peace at home;
 Source of peace and sweet communion,
 Where thou dwell'st no ill can come;
 Teach us humbly to adore Thee,
 While on earth we pass our days;
 Then transport our souls to glory,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Corinth.

8,7; 8,7·8,7; 8,7.

S. WEBBE. 1740—1817.

HYMN 223.

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesu! Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry waiting heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver!
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never
 Never more Thy temple leave;
 Thee would we be ever blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation!
 Pure and spotless may we be:
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in Thee!
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in Heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 224.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

Sicily.

8,7; 8,7; 8,7. *Psalm 200*

Italian Melody.

HYMN 225.

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrims through this barren land:
 We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold us with Thy pow'ful hand:
 Bread of Heav'n,
 Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow:
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid our anxious fears subside;
 Bear us thro' th' o'erwhelming torrent,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side;
 Songs of praises
 We will ever give to Thee.

HYMN 226.

LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
 For the Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found!

So, when'er the signal's giv'n
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to Heav'n,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

Moscow.

6,6,4; 6,6,6,4.

Attributed to GIARDINI. 1760.

A - men.

HYMN 227.

THOU, Whose Almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight,
 Hear us, we humbly pray;
 And where the inly blind,
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light!

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

Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth thy flight!
 Move on the waters' face
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!

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

HYMN 228.

GLORY to God on high!
 Let earth to heav'n reply,
 Praise ye His Name:
 His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And praise Him evermore;
 Worthy the Lamb!

Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load;
 Praise ye His Name:
 Tell what His arm hath done,
 What spoils from death He won;
 Sing His great Name alone;
 Worthy the Lamb!

While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His Name;
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad!
Worthy the Lamb!

Join, all the ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His Name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a gladsome noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His Name;
To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name:
To Him ascribed be
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb!

HYMN 229.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgivings raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forest and mountain ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Garden and orchard ground
Autumnal fruits have crown'd,
The vintage glows:
Here plenty pours her horn;
There the full tide of corn,
Sway'd by the breath of morn,
The land o'erflows.

The wind, the rain, the sun,
Their genial work have done
Wouldst thou be fed?
Man, to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once didst plough,
God sends thee bread.

A few seeds scatter'd wide
God's hand hath multiplied;
Here thou may'st find
Christ's miracle renew'd;
With self-producing food,
He feeds a multitude—
He feeds mankind.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along:
And in your harvest song,
Bless ye the Lord.

HYMN 230.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

O wisdom's great High Priest'
Thou hast prepar'd the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not refrain,
Help from above.

Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
The way Thyself hast trod,
Lead us to Thine abode;
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King.

Easter Hymn.

HENRY CAREY.

"Lyra Davidica." 1708.

7,4; 7,4; 7,4; 7,4.

A-men.

HYMN 231.

Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day,	Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holyday,	Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the cross	Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss;	Hallelujah !
Hymns of praise, then, let us sing	Hallelujah !
Unto Christ our heav'nly King,	Hallelujah !
Who endur'd the cross and grave,	Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save;	Hallelujah !
But the pain which He endur'd.	Hallelujah !
Our salvation has procur'd;	Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King,	Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing	Hallelujah !
Sing we to our God above	Hallelujah !
Praise eternal as His love;	Hallelujah !
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,	Hallelujah !
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;	Hallelujah !

HYMN 232.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise . . . Hallelujah !
 To His throne above the skies, . . . Hallelujah !
 Christ, the Lamb for sinners giv'n, . . . Hallelujah !
 Enters now the Highest Heav'n. . . Hallelujah !
 There for Him high triumph waits ; . . . Hallelujah !
 Lift your heads, eternal gates, . . . Hallelujah !
 He hath conquer'd death and sin, . . . Hallelujah !
 Take the King of Glory in. . . Hallelujah !
 Lo, the Heav'n its Lord receives, . . . Hallelujah !
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves ; . . . Hallelujah !
 Though returning to His Throne, . . . Hallelujah !
 Still He calls mankind His Own. . . Hallelujah !
 See, He lifts His Hands above ; . . . Hallelujah !
 See, He shows the prints of love ; . . . Hallelujah !
 Hark ! His gracious Lips bestow . . . Hallelujah !
 Blessings on His Church below. . . Hallelujah !
 Still for us He intercedes, . . . Hallelujah !
 His prevailing death He pleads ; . . . Hallelujah !
 Near Himself prepares our place ; . . . Hallelujah !
 He the first-fruits of our race. . . Hallelujah !
 Lord, though parted from our sight, . . . Hallelujah !
 Far above the starry height, . . . Hallelujah !
 Grant our hearts may thither rise, . . . Hallelujah !
 Seeking Thee above the skies. . . Hallelujah !

Liege.

7,7;7,7.

J. CRÜGER. 1658.

A-men.

HYMN 233.

Ps. cxlviii.

PRaise the Lord, ye hosts above !
 Spirits perfected in love ;
 Sun and moon ! your voices raise,
 Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.

Earth ! from all thy depths below,
 Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
 Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
 Hail and snow ! His will perform.

Kings ! your Sov'reign serve with awe ;
 Judges ! own His righteous law ;
 Princes ! worship Him with fear ;
 Bow the knee, all people here !

High above all height His throne,
 Excellent His Name alone ;
 Him let all His works confess
 Him let ev'ry being bless.

Hanover.

Attributed to DR. CROFT.
Wilkins' Psalmody. 1699.

10, 10; 11, 11.

HYMN 234. Ps. cxlix.

O PRAISE ye the Lord; prepare your
glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In our great Creator let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion be glad in
their King.

Let them His great Name extol in the
dance;

With timbrel and harp His praises
express,

Who always takes pleasure His saints
to advance,

And with His salvation the humble
to bless.

Thus shall they make good when them
they destroy,

The dreadful decrees Which God
does proclaim:

Such honour and triumph His saints
shall enjoy;

O therefore for ever exalt His great
Name.

By angels in heav'n of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth all praise be
address'd.

To God in three persons, one God
ever bless'd; [shall be.

As it has been, now is, and always

HYMN 235. Ps. civ.

O WORSHIP the King all glorious above;
O gratefully sing His pow'r and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient
of days, [praise.

Pavilion'd in splendour and girded with

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space; [clouds form;

His chariots of wrath deep thunder-
And dark is His path on the wings of
the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders
untold, [old,

Almighty, Thy pow'r hath founded of
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless
decree, [the sea.

And round it hath cast, like a mantle,

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.

Thy mercies how tender, how firm to
the end, [Friend.

Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and

O measureless Might, ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee
above, [their lays,

The humbler creation, though feeble
With true adoration shall lip to Thy
praise.

Temple.

8,4; 8,4; 8,8,8,4.

E. J. HOPKINS. 1867.

HYMN 236.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!

Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.

From the pow'r of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,

May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in Glory take us
With Thee on high.

Holy Father, thron'd in Heaven,
All Holy Son,

Holy Spirit, freely given,
Blest Three in One!

Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee
And in worthier strains adore Thee,
Whilst ages run.

First stanza by Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827; 3rd, by Archbishop Richard Whately; 2nd and 4th, by the Rev. W. Mercer, from the Oxford Edition of whose "Church Psalter and Hymn Book" they are copied by permission.

Adeste Fideles, or Portuguese Hymn.

JOHN READING. 1680.
Harmony chiefly Old.

6,6; 11,5; 6,11.

HYMN 237.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad
accord :

Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord.

Though true God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
Our lowly nature He hath not abhorr'd :
Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord.

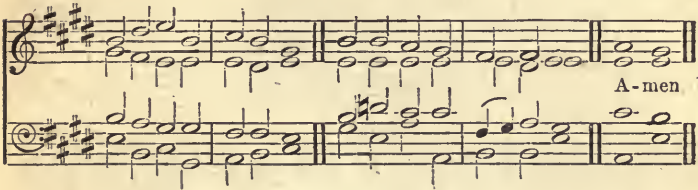
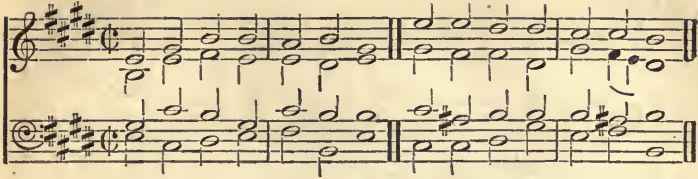
Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heav'n's high arches be your
praises pour'd :
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord.

Amen! Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! for ever be Thy Name ador'd :
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing :
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the
Lord.

Culbach.

7,7; 7,7.

GERMAN.



HYMN 238.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use:

Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fail,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone

HYMN 239.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath with a piteous eye
Look'd upon our misery;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Old 124th.

10,10; 10,10.

Goudimel. 1562.

HYMN 240.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide.

When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,

Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

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!

Thou on my head in early youth
didst smile,

And though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left
Thee,

On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the
tempter's pow'r?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my
closing eyes;

Shine through the gloom and point
me to the skies.

Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee!

In life, in death, O Lord, abide
with me!

HYMN 241.

FATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy
feet;

Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy
praise.

Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee
we rove,

But now, encourag'd by Thy voice,
we come,

Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

O, by His Name in whom all fulness
dwells,

O, by His love, which ev'ry love excels,

O, by His blood, so freely shed for sin,
Open bless'd Mercy's gate, and take
us in!

HYMN 242.

<p>Oh come, and let us all, with one accord, Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the Lord; Let us this evening bless His holy Name, Yea, let us laud and magnify the same.</p> <p>Let universal nature ever raise A cheerful voice, to give Him thanks and praise; Let us and all His saints His glory sing, Who is our blessed Saviour, Lord, and King.</p>	<p>For by His word the heav'n and earth were made, The earth's foundation also firmly laid; All things were done at His divine command, And shall throughout all ages surely stand.</p> <p>Therefore let all in heav'n and earth agree To sing his praise in perfect unity; Yea, let His servants all, with one accord, With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.</p>
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Northampton.

DR. CROFT.

Playford's Divine Companion. 1709.

C.M.

A - men.

HYMN 243.

<p>Thou art the Way, to Thee alone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.</p> <p>Thou art the Truth,—Thy Word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.</p>	<p>Thou art the life,—the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm; And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.</p> <p>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.</p>
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St. Nicholas.

C.M.

DR. MAURICE GREENE. Obit. 1756.

A - men.

HYMN 244.

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heav'nly succour give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

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!

O help us through the pray'r of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high;
We know no help but Thee!
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heav'n to be.

HYMN 245. Ps. xxxix.

LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

Man like a shadow vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend?
On Thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my pray'r;
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

O spare me yet a little time,
My wasted strength restore;
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

HYMN 246.

ETERNAL God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

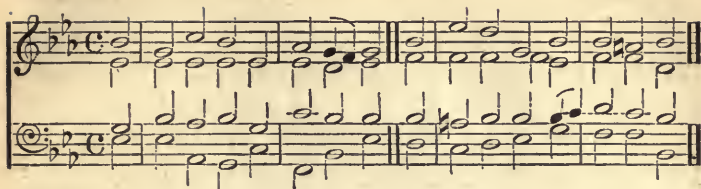
Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply:
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

Shropshire.

L.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.



HYMN 247.

O SAVIOUR, who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee
sing.
And share the triumph of their King.

The angel-host enraptur'd waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and-Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

Our great High Priest and Shepherd
Thou
Within the veil art enter'd now,
To offer there Thy precious blood,
Once pour'd on earth a cleansing flood.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen
Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from
Her hidden life of sanctity. [Thee

O Christ our Lord, of Thy dear care,
Thy lowly members heav'nward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

All praise from ev'ry heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

HYMN 248.

THE Lord is King! lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heav'ns, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

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

He reigns! ye saints, exalt your
strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens
known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

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

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

L.M.

From the Latin Church.
Adapted probably by LUTHER.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It contains a repeat sign. The second system has a cross symbol (†) above the treble staff. The third system has an asterisk (*) above the treble staff. The fourth system concludes with the text "A-men." written below the bass staff.

HYMN 249.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One,
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

HYMN 250.

ALMIGHTY Father! rob'd with light,
Seated upon Thy heav'nly throne,
O teach our hearts to feel aright,
And tongues to say, "Thy will be done."

* For the last three lines of the concluding verse of Hymn No. 249, go from † to *.

In all Thy just and righteous ways
 Thy grace and goodness may we own;
 For ev'ry mercy yield our praise,
 And say, O Lord, "Thy will be done."
 And when oppress'd with grief we lie,
 When brighter scenes are fled and
 gone,
 Still may our souls submissive cry,
 "Father in Heav'n! Thy will be
 done."

HYMN 251.

COME, gracious Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and love Thy way;
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness,—the road,
 The narrow road which leads to God;
 Bring us to Christ, the living Way,
 Nor let us from Him ever stray.

Lead us to God, our only rest,
 To be with Him for ever bless'd;
 Lead us to Heav'n, its bliss to share
 Fulness of joy for ever there.

Sarum.

8,8; 8,4.

From "Hymnarium Sarisburiensis."
 Adapted by J. HULLAH.

HYMN 252.

My God and Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done!

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 Or breathe the pray'r divinely taught,
 Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends belov'd, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 Thy will be done!

Though Thou hast call'd me to resign
 What most I priz'd, it ne'er was mine,
 I have but yielded what was Thine;
 Thy will be done!

Should grief or sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father! still I strive to say,
 Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet spirit for its guest;
 My God to Thee I leave the rest;
 Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with Thine; and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
 The pray'r, oft mix'd with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 Thy will be done!

All Saints.

Probably by DR. CROFT.

D C.M.

From Tate and Brady's "Supplement." About 1703.

HYMN 253.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,

The brightness of the day,

The crimson of the sunset sky,

How fast they fade away!

Oh! for the pearly gates of heav'n,

Oh! for the golden floor,

Oh! for the Sun of Righteousness,

That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,

How fast they tire and faint!

How many a spot defiles the robe

That wraps an earthly saint!

Oh! for a heart that never sins,

Oh! for a soul wash'd white,

Oh! for a voice to praise our King,

Nor weary day or night.

Here faith is ours, and heav'nly hope,

And grace to lead us higher;

But there are perfectness, and peace,

Beyond our best desire.

Oh! by Thy love and anguish, Lord!

Oh! by Thy life laid down!

Oh! that we fall not from Thy grace!

Nor cast away our crown.

HYMN 254.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead!

With whom Thy servants dwell,

Though cold and green the turf is spread

Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,

We doubt and fear no more;

Nor shrink to tread the dreary way

Which Thou hast trod before.

When soon or late, this feeble breath

No more to Thee shall pray,

Support me through the vale of death,

And in the darksome way!

When, clothed in fleshly weeds again,

I wait Thy dread decree,

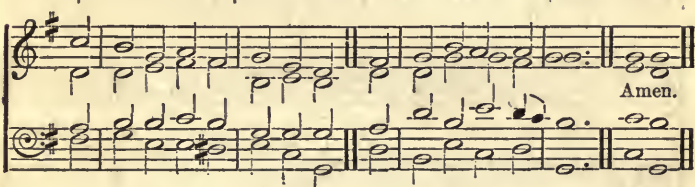
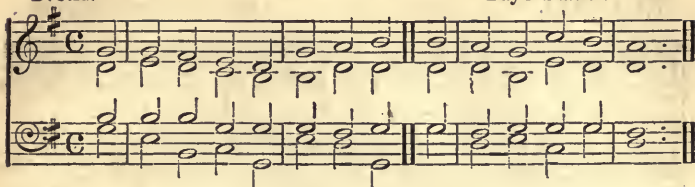
Judge of the world! bethink Thee then,

That Thou hast died for me!

Lowestoffe.

D.C.M.

Day's Psalter. 1569.



HYMN 255.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
 Invoke His sacred Name;
 Acquaint the nations with His deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.
 Sing to His praise, in lofty hymns
 His wondrous works rehearse;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His Almighty Name,
 Alone to be ador'd;
 And let their heart o'erflow with joy
 That humbly seek the Lord.
 Seek ye the Lord, His saving strength
 Devoutly still implore;
 And, where He's ever present, seek
 His face for evermore.

HYMN 256.

O THOU, whose mercy, truth, and love
 From age to age endure; [remove,
 Whose Word, though heav'n and earth
 Shall stand for ever sure:
 Before Thy face Almighty God,
 Thy guilty creatures fall:
 And plead the Saviour's precious blood,
 So freely shed for all.

The sanctifying Spirit give,
 To make us pure within;
 That we may serve Thee while we live,
 And hate the works of sin:
 Give us a new, a perfect heart;
 From evil set us free;
 The mind that was in Christ impart,
 And make us live to Thee.

Luther's Hymn.

M. LUTHER.

8,7; 8,7; 8,8,7.

"Klug's Gesangbuch." 1535.

HYMN 257

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before:
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 And meet their Saviour in the skies,
 With joy His throne surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet Him.

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepar'd to meet Him.

Great God! what do I see and hear?
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated!
 Beneath His cross I view the day
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him!

Berne.

8,8; 8,8; 8,8.

JOHANN SCHOP. About 1640.

Amen.

HYMN 258.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour Thy joys on human kind,
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated light!
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice Holy Fount! Thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire!
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy,
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r doth heav'n and earth
command.

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense.

Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,

Who for lost man's redemption died,
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

HYMN 259.

GREAT God, to Thee our song we raise,
To Thee devote our grateful praise;
O never may our footsteps rove
From Thee, the source of truth and love,
But may we still Thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's Name.

What though the fig-tree shall decay,
Fruitless the vine shall waste away;
Although the olive shall not bear,
Nor corn produce the ripen'd ear:
Yet still may we Thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's Name.

Though in our folds no flocks abound,
And in our stalls no herd be found,
Though all the hopes of plenty fail,
Though blighting pestilence prevail:
Yet may we still Thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's Name.

Vienna.

KNECHT. 1792.

7,7; 7,7.

HYMN 260.

BREAD of heav'n! on Thee we feed,
 For Thy flesh is meat indeed;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living Bread!

Vine of heav'n! Thy blood supplies
 This bless'd cup of sacrifice;
 Lord! Thy wounds our healing give;
 To Thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of Him who died:
 Lord of life! O let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

Honour, glory, might, and praise
 Be through never-ending days
 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three-in-One.

HYMN 261.

CONQ'RING Kings their titles take
 From the foes they captive make;
 Jesus, by a nobler deed,
 From the thousands He hath freed.

Yea; none other Name is giv'n
 Unto mortals under heav'n,
 Which can make the dead arise,
 And exalt them to the skies.

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

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

Jesu, dost Thou condescend
 To be call'd the sinner's Friend?
 Hear us call, Thy help we claim,
 All our boast is in Thy Name.

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

HYMN 262.

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

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

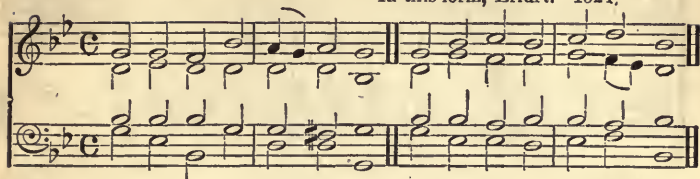
Whosoe'er death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread,
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful, make us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own,
 Help Thy servants to endure.
 Fit us for the promis'd crown.

So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise; on golden strings,
 Thee the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.

St. Ambrosius.

7.7; 7.7.

Ascribed to St Ambrose, Nat. 333, ob. 397.
In this form, Erfurt. 1524.

HYMN 263

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier:
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, born of woman; hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;
Jesu, born of woman, hear!

HYMN 264.

BLESSED Lord, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they'cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be."

Fix, O fix, each wav'ring mind,
To Thy cross our spirits bind;
Earthly passions far remove,
Perfect all our souls in love.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Make us Thine, O Son of God,
Wash us in Thy precious blood.

Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine;
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

HYMN 265.

LAMB of God! for sinners slain;
By Thy mercy born again,
For Thy guidance still we pray,
Lest from grace we fall away.

By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the water and the blood,
Wash'd and-sanctified to Thee,
Pure and holy let us be.

Aid us with Thy daily grace,
Steadfastly to run our race;
Grant us vic'try in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.

Laud and praise from all on earth
To the God of our new birth;
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Abbey.

C.M.

SCOTCH PSALTER. 1615.



HYMN 266.

O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And thus, inspir'd with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel!

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The streams that thro' the desert flow,
The manna from above!

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heav'nly food;
Our meat, the body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renew'd with strength divine.

HYMN 267.

Lord, what Thy providence denies
We calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise,
O bend our will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give us strength to bear;
And let us know our Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown
To our weak, erring sight;
Yet let our souls adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

Our God, our Father! be Thy Name
Our solace and our stay;
O, wilt Thou seal our humble claim,
And drive our fears away?

HYMN 268.

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiv'n,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heav'n.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.

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

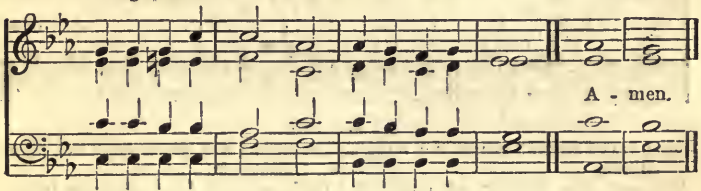
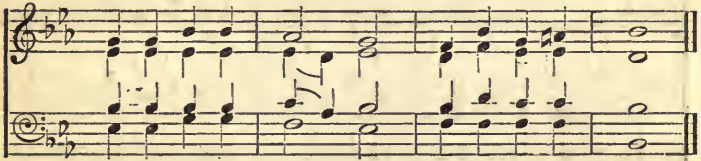
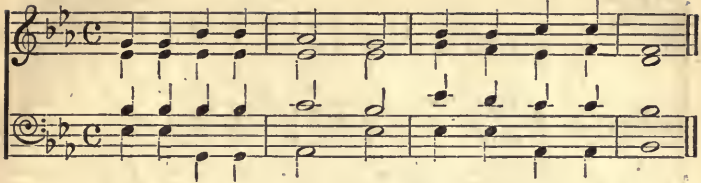
If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiv'n,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heav'n!

Dapworth.

E. J. HOPKINS.

6,5; 6,5; 6,5; 6,5.



HYMN 269.

GLORY be to Jesus,
 Who in bitter pains,
 Pour'd for us the Life-blood
 From His Sacred Veins.
 Grace and life eternal
 In that Blood we find;
 Blest be His compassion,
 Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
 Be the Precious Stream,
 Which from endless torment
 Doth the world redeem!
 There the fainting spirit
 Drinks of life her fill;
 There, as in a fountain,
 Laves herself at will.

Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies;
 But the Blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries.
 Oft as it is sprinkled
 On our guilty hearts,
 Satan in confusion
 Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise above,
 Hell with terror trembles;
 Heav'n is fill'd with love.
 Lift ye, then, your voices;
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the Precious Blood.

Stockport.

10,10; 10,10; 10,10.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT

Obit. 1768.

HYMN 270.

CHRISTIANS awake! salute the happy
morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind
was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from
above;
With them the joyful tidings first
began
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
Then to the watchful shepherds it was
told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice,
"Behold,
"I bring good tidings of a Saviour's
birth
To you and all the nations of the earth:
This day hath God fulfill'd His pro-
mis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the
Lord."

He spake; and straightway the cele-
stial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before,
conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heav'n's whole orb with alleluias
rang!
God's highest glory was their anthem
still, .. [will.
Peace upon earth and unto men good-
To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd
shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought
for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising
God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy
rapture burn:
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
The first apostles of the Saviour's
Name.

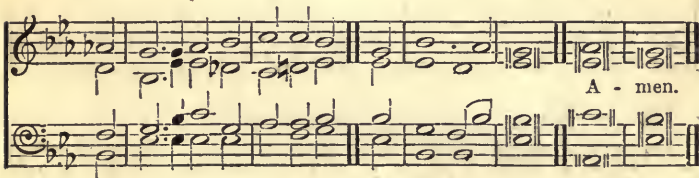
Oh! may we keep and ponder in our
mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost
mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retriev'd
our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter
Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His
grace,
Till man's first heav'nly state again
takes place.

Then may we hope, th' angelic hosts
among,
To join, redeem'd, a glad triumphant
throng:
He that was born upon this joyful
day
Around us all His glory shall dis-
play:
Sav'd by His love, incessant we shall
sing
Eternal praise to heav'n's Almighty
King.

St. Cuthbert.

8, 6; 8, 4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



HYMN 271.

Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breath'd
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

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

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of ev'n,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heav'n. [each fear,

And ev'ry virtue we possess,
And ev'ry conquest won,
And ev'ry thought of holiness,
Are His alone!

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

Now praise the Father, praise the Son,
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee,
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

HYMN 272.

THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning star appear;
The rays of blessed light at last
Each eye will cheer.

Thou bright and Morning Star, Thy
Will to our joy be seen; [light
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longings sight,
No cloud between.

Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

But, oh, the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see
And know Thy love.

Cassel.

7,7;7,7;7,7;7,7.

"GRADAUER CHORALBUCH." 1734.

A - men.

HYMN 273.

Who are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noonday sun?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne?
 These are they who bore the cross,
 Faithful to their Master died:
 Sufferers in His righteous cause,
 Followers of the Crucified.

Out of great distress they came;
 And their robes by faith below,
 In the blood of Christ, the Lamb,
 They have wash'd as white as snow:
 Therefore they are next the throne--
 Serve their Maker day and night;
 God doth dwell among His Own,
 God doth in His saints delight.

More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er!
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more:
 No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's directer ray,
 In a milder clime they dwell--
 Region of eternal day!

He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them for evermore shall feed;
 With the tree of life sustain,
 'To the living fountains lead:
 He shall all their griefs remove,
 He shall all their wants supply;
 God Himself, the God of love,
 Tears shall wipe from ev'ry eye.

Weimar.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS. 1560—1616.

A-men.

HYMN 274.

LORD, remove the veil away,
 Let us see Thyself to-day :
 Thou who camest from on high,
 For our sins to bleed and die,
 Help us now to cast aside
 All that would our hearts divide ;
 With the Father and the Son
 Let Thy living Church be one.

Oh, from earthly cares set free,
 Let us find our rest in Thee ;
 May our toils and conflicts cease
 In the calm of Sabbath peace ;
 That Thy people here below
 Something of the bliss may know,
 Something of the rest and love,
 In the Sabbath-home above.

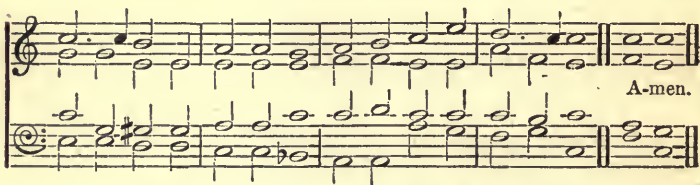
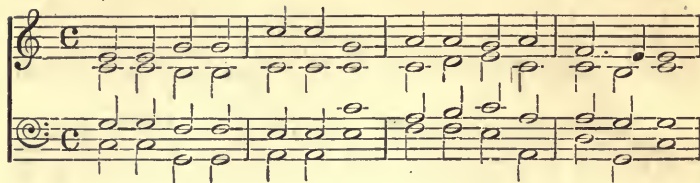
From beyond the grave's dark night,
 What mild radiance meets my sight ?
 Softly stealing on the ear,
 What strange music do I hear ?
 'Tis the golden crowns on high,
 'Tis the chorus of the sky.
 Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
 For a place and portion there.

Give my soul the spotless dress
 Of Thy perfect righteousness ;
 Then at length, a welcome guest,
 I shall enter to the feast,
 Take the harp and raise the song,
 All Thy ransom'd ones among ;
 Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
 Joys to last for evermore.

Culford.

E. J. HOPKINS.

7,7; 7,7; 7,7; 7,7.



A-men.

HYMN 275.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
 Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake, and it was done.
 Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of Peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose when He
 Captive led captivity.

Heav'n and earth must pass away,
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heav'ns, new earth
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And can man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No;—the Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death:
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

HYMN 276.

HALLELUJAH! joyful raise
 Heart and voice our God to praise!
 Praise the Father! praise the Son!
 Praise the Spirit! Three in One!
 One to perfect all the plan
 Of redeeming ruin'd man!
 Triune God! to Thee be giv'n
 Praise on earth and praise in heav'n!

HYMN 277.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
"Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah!" let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

"Hallelujah!" Hark! the sound
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd His sword: He speaks—
'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
"He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away.
Then the end:—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all."

St. Pancras.

L.M.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL.
Nat. 1738. Obit. 1801.

A - men.

HYMN 278.

COME, Holy Ghost; Creator, come,
And visit all the souls of Thine;
Thou hast inspir'd our hearts with life;
Inspire them now with life divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
Of God most high, the Fire of love,
The everlasting Spring of joy,
And Holy Uction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold; Thou writ'st
God's laws in ev'ry faithful heart;
The Promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heav'nly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark souls till they
Thy love, Thy heav'nly love,
embrace;
And, since we are by nature frail,
Assist us with Thy saving grace.

L.M.

HYMN 279.

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake!
 Put on Thy strength, the nations shake:
 And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
 "I am Jehovah, God alone!"
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.
 No more let human blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
 Let Zion's time of favour come;
 Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home:
 And let our wond'ring eyes behold
 Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

HYMN 280.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go,
 Our daily labour to pursue;
 Thee, only Thee, resolv'd to know
 In all we think, or speak, or do.
 The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
 O let us cheerfully fulfil;
 In all our works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy good and perfect will.
 Still be our grateful, glad employ,
 To spend for Thee what Thou hast
 giv'n,
 And run our course with hope and joy,
 'Till with Thy saints we enter heav'n.

To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three!
 Let praise for evermore ascend:
 And grant us in our home to see
 The heav'nly life that knows no end.

HYMN 281.

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
 A stranger midst the orbs of light?
 It shines to herald forth the King,
 Glad tidings of our God to bring.
 See now fulfill'd what God decreed,
 "From Jacob shall a star proceed:"
 And lo! the Eastern sages stand,
 To read in heav'n the Lord's command.
 While outward signs the star displays,
 An inward light the Lord conveys,
 And urges them with force benign,
 To seek the Giver of the sign.
 True love can brook no dull delay,
 Through toils and dangers lies their
 way; [all
 And yet their home, their friends, their
 They leave at once, at God's high call.
 Oh, while the star of heav'nly grace
 Invites us, Lord, to seek Thy face,
 May we no more that grace repel,
 Or quench that light, which shines so
 well!
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 May ev'ry tongue and nation raise
 An endless song of thankful praise!

Cannons.

L.M.

G. F. HANDEL. about 1742.
From the Fitzwilliam M.S.S.

HYMN 282.

As through this wilderness I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no evil, need I fear,
If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my strength in waves of
Saviour, Thy timely aid impart, [woe,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Teach me, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, to follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

HYMN 283.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast the wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee we call;
Our fears are great, our strength is
small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard us through the
storm,
Defend us from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves, say, Peace, be still!

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
Our souls still hang their hope on Thee;
Thy constant love and faithful care
Support and save us from despair.

HYMN 284.

O God! Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Yet, thro' this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God!
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my
head.

Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heav'n above,
Or what on earth compar'd with
Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my
voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while
I live.

200 *A + M*

Horbury.

6,4; 6,4; 6,6,4.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



HYMN 285.

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

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

There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

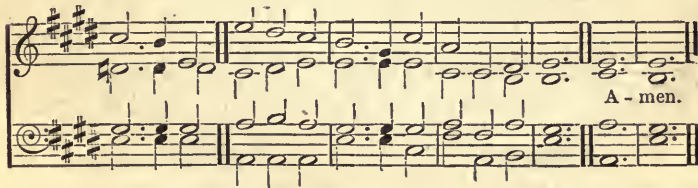
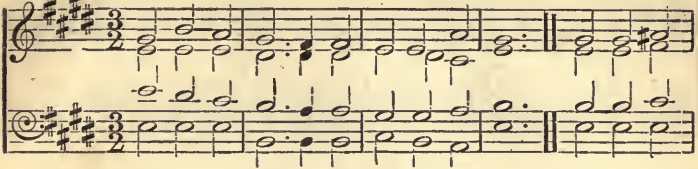
Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

St. Barnabas.

6,4; 6,4; 6,6,4.

W. R. BRAINE.



HYMN 286.

No; not despairingly
Come I to Thee!
No; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee!
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin;—
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee;—
Infinite sin.

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!

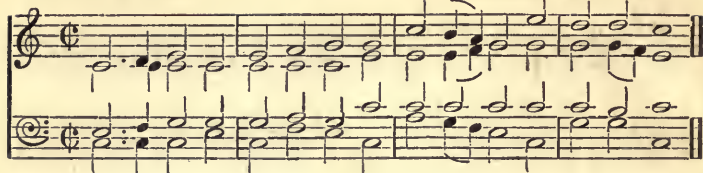
Faithful and just art Thou
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul!

Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The lov'd unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between!

Ephesus.

8,7; 8,7; 7,7.

J. NEANDER. 1610—1680.



HYMN 287.

He is risen, He is risen!
 Tell it with a joyful voice,
 He has burst His three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
 Death is conquer'd, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
 With glad smile and radiant brow;
 Lent's long shadows have departed,
 All His woes are over now;
 And the passion that He bore,
 Sin and pain, can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy hymning,
 Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
 Not one darksome cloud is dimming
 Yonder glorious morning ray,
 Breaking o'er the purple East;
 Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen!
 He has oped th' eternal gate;
 We are free from sin's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state;
 And a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

HYMN 288.

Rise, ye children of salvation,
 All who cleave to Christ the Head:
 Wake, arise! O mighty nation,
 Ere the foe on Zion tread—
 He draws nigh, and would defy
 All the hosts of God most high.

Saints and heroes long before us,
 Firmly on this ground have stood:
 See their banners waving o'er us—
 "Conq'rors through the Saviour's
 blood!"

Ground we hold, whereon of old
 Fought the faithful and the bold.

Therefore we will fight, victorious
 By the blood of Christ, our Lord;
 On our foreheads bright and glorious
 Shines the witness of His word:
 Spear and shield on battle-field,
 His great Name; we will not yield.

When His servants stand before Him,
 Each receiving his reward;
 When His saints in light adore Him,
 Giving glory to the Lord—
 Victory! our song shall be,
 Like the thunder of the sea!

Chapel Royal.

8,8,6; 8,8,6.

DR. BOYCE. 1745.

HYMN 289.

GREAT Mover of all hearts, Whose hand
Doth all the secret springs command
Of human thought and will,
Thou, since the world was made dost
bless
Thy saints with fruits of holiness,
Their order to fulfil.

Faith, hope, and love, here weave one
chain;

But love alone shall then remain

When this short day is gone.

O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright
With all our labours done?

We sow 'mid perils here and tears;
There the glad hand the harvest bears,
Which here in grief hath sown;
Great Three in One, the increase give;
These gifts of grace, by which we live,
With heav'nly glory crown.

HYMN 290.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,

And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On the Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lighten'd cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famish'd raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flow'rets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach,
Sufficient for the day.

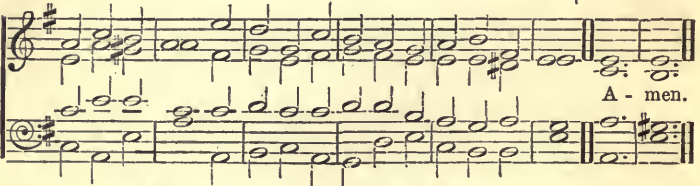
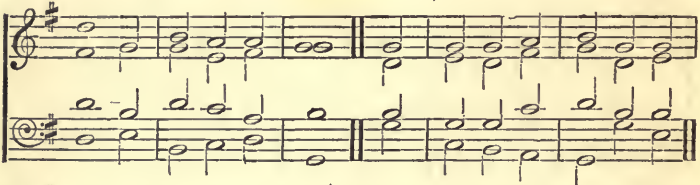
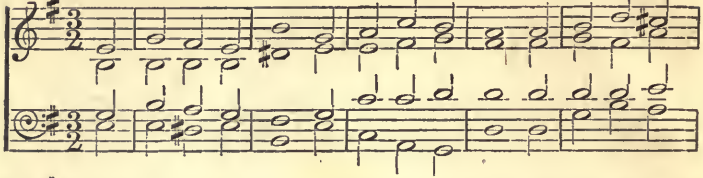
Lord, wake these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flow'rs
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace.

St. Werburg.

English Tune.

Ravenscroft's Psalter. 1621.

5,5; 5,5; 6,5; 6,5.



HYMN 291.

Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
Then let us adore
And give Him His right;
All glory and pow'r,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

HYMN 292.

My soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of His Name;
O Lord our great God,
How dost Thou appear!

So passing in glory,
That great is Thy fame,
Honour and Majesty
In Thee shine most clear.

With light as a robe
Thou hast Thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see;
The heav'ns in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

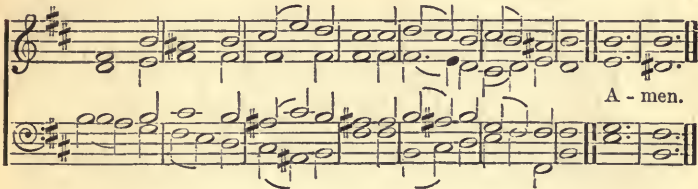
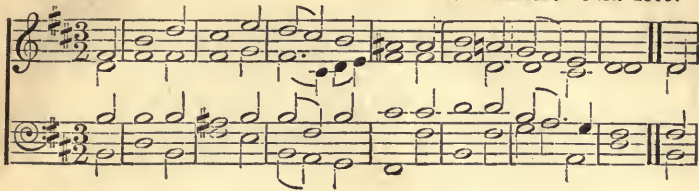
His chamber-beams lie
In the clouds full sure,
Which as His chariots
Are made Him to bear.
And there with much swiftness
His course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding
Of winds in the air.

He maketh His spirits
As heralds to go,
And lightnings to serve
We see also press'd;
His will to accomplish
They run to and fro,
To save or consume things
As seemeth Him best.

Clarendon.

C.M.

W. JACKSON. Obit. 1803.



HYMN 293.

TELL us, O God! and search the ground
Of ev'ry evil heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh! bid it all depart.

When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wand'ers keep.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest;
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 294.

THE sacred season now doth call
A solemn fast to keep,
And bids both priest and people all
Within the temple weep.

But come not thou with tears alone,
Or outward form of pray'r;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend
God asketh not of thee;
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

O! let us then with heartfelt grief
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay th' uplifted rod.

O righteous Judge, in mercy deign
To grant us all we need;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

HYMN 295. Ps. lxxx.

O LORD of hosts, return again,
From heav'n do Thou look down;
Behold, and with Thy help sustain
Thy vineyard overthrown.

Thy pleasant vine, Thy Israel,
Which Thy right hand hath set;
The same which Thou didst love so
O Lord, do not forget. [well,

Let Thy right hand be with him now,
Whom Thou hast kept so long;
And with the Son of man, whom Thou
To Thee hast made so strong.

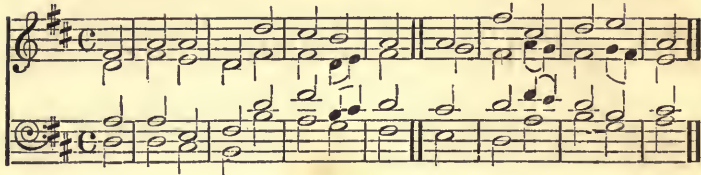
And so, when Thou hast set me free,
And saved us from shame;
Then will we never fall from Thee,
But call upon Thy Name.

149 a 4 m

Westminster.

U.M.

JAMES TURLE. 1852.



HYMN 296.

To God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good-will ;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still.

And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light ;
O Lord ! God ! heav'nly King ! the God
And Father of all might !

And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun ;
O Jesu Christ ! God ! Lamb of God !
The Father's only Son !

Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away ;
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray !

O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One !

Thou, Lord, who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heav'n adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

HYMN 297.

Thou, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
Art worthy to receive, [made,
Since all things by Thy pow'r were
And by Thy bounty liv'd.

And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength, who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
By all in earth and heav'n,
'To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN 298.

Nor unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
Be praise and glory giv'n,
For every gracious thought and word,
Which brings us nearer heav'n !

Thy saints are in Thy faithful hand,
Secure beneath Thine eye !
And safe, at last, they all shall stand
Before Thy throne on high.

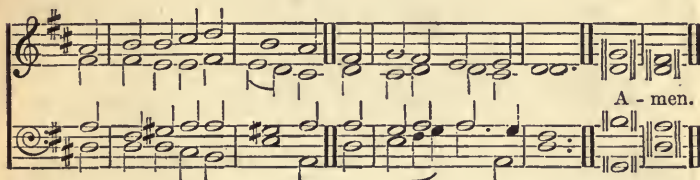
Redeem'd from sin, and sav'd by grace,
Thy glory they shall see ;
And eye to eye, and face to face,
For ever dwell with Thee.

Oh, hasten, Lord, the glorious day ;
Call all Thy children home ;
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,
Lord Jesus, quickly come !

Heidelberg.

7,6; 7,6.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1560—1616.



HYMN 299.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
 And let your lights appear;
 The evening is advancing,
 The darker night is near.

The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon He will draw nigh!
 Up! watch, and pray, and wrestle,
 At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil,
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of sin and toil.

Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear,
 Arise, Thou Sun so look'd for,
 O'er this benighted sphere:

With hands and hearts uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of our redemption,
 And ever be with Thee!

HYMN 300.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is here.

O happy retribution!
 Short toil, eternal rest;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest!

That we should look, poor wand'ers,
 To have our home on high!
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky!

There grief is turn'd to pleasure;
 Such pleasure, as below
 No human voice can utter,
 No human heart can know:

And after fleshly scandal,
 And after this world's night,
 And after storm and whirlwind
 Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle;
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting,
 And passionless renown.

And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
 And Sion, in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope:

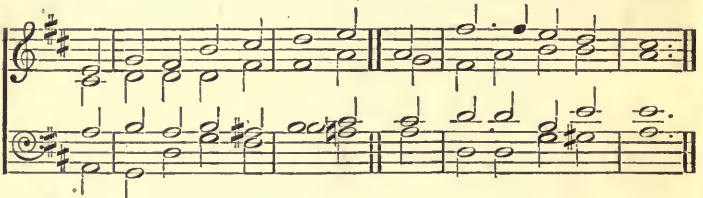
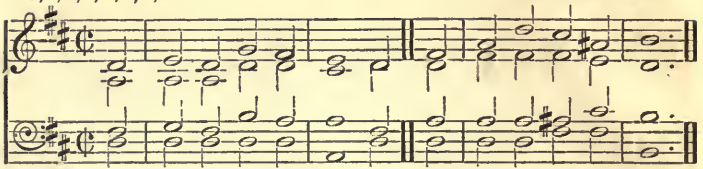
But He, whom now we trust in,
 Shall then be seen and known.
 And they who know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.

142 *A & M*

Ewing.

7,6;7,6;7,6;7,6

ALEXANDER EWING.



HYMN 301.

For thee, O dear, dear country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep:
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion,
 O paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banish'd,
 And life has no alloy.
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall:

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
 Thy streets with em'rald's blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays:
 Thine ageless walls are bounded
 With amethyst unpric'd:
 Thy saints build up thy fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

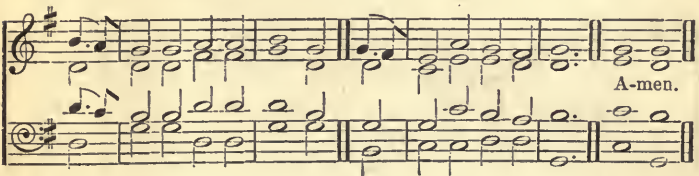
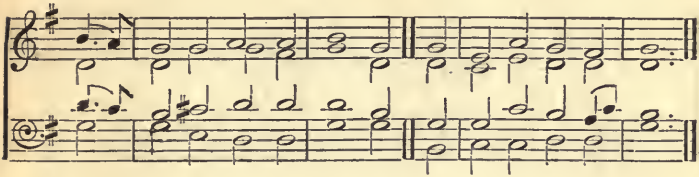
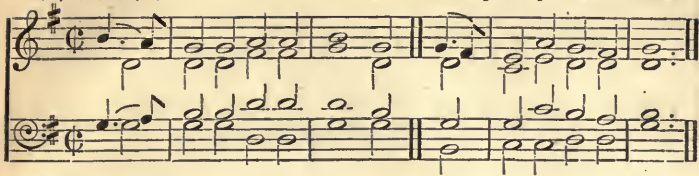
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tow'r:
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dow'r.

Endsleigh.

S. SALVATORI.

Adapted by JAMES TURLE.

7,6;7,6;7,6;7,6.



HYMN 302.

JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care releas'd,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast.
 And they who, with their Leader,
 Have conquer'd in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

Ludwigsburg.

8,7; 8,7; 8,7; 8,7.

GOULDIMEL. 1565.

HYMN 303.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross we spend,
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying friend.
 Here we rest in wonder viewing
 All our sins on Jesus laid,
 Here we see redemption flowing,
 From the sacrifice He made.

Here we find the dawn of heaven,
 While upon the cross we gaze,
 See our trespasses forgiven,
 And our songs of triumph raise;
 Oh! that near the cross abiding,
 We may to the Saviour cleave,
 Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
 All for Him content to leave.

HYMN 304.

THEE, Jehovah, Thee adoring,
 Low before Thy throne we plead,
 Humbly there Thy grace imploring,
 Grace to help in time of need.
 Thou art our Almighty Saviour,
 Let Thine arm be still reveal'd,
 Cast around Thy special favour,
 Spread Thine everlasting shield.

In Thy love our heart rejoices,
 While Thy promises we claim;
 Thee we praise with cheerful voices
 Trusting in Thy Holy Name.
 Lord, Thy mercy, without measure,
 Fills Thy covenant of grace;
 Grant to us that heav'nly treasure,
 For on Thee our hopes we place.

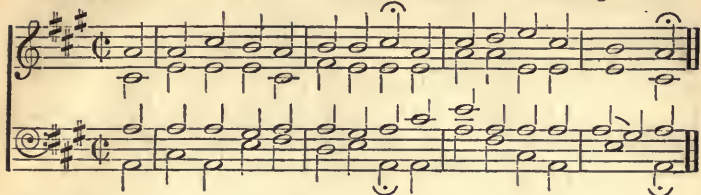
37 a m.

Altorf.

M. LUTHER.

8,7; 8,7; 8,8,7.

Geistliche Lieder. Wittenberg. 1535.



HYMN 305.

THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder;
 And Israel lay an earth below,
 Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And at His left hand and His right
 The rocks were rent asunder.

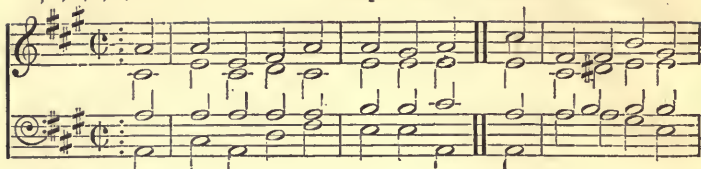
The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suff'ring stranger,
 Uprais'd to heav'n His languid eye,
 In nature's hour of danger.
 For us He bore the weight of woe,
 For us He gave His blood to flow,
 And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated;
 With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.

Playford.

8,8; 8,8; 8,8.

Adapted from LA SCALA SANTA. 1670.



HYMN 306.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walk'dst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and pow'r,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour!
From rock and tempests, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and
sea.

HYMN 307.

LOrd of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are
crown'd;

Our thanks we pay this holy day;
O let our hearts in tune be found!

If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain,—
Still do we sing to Thee, our King;
Thro' all their changes Thou dost reign.

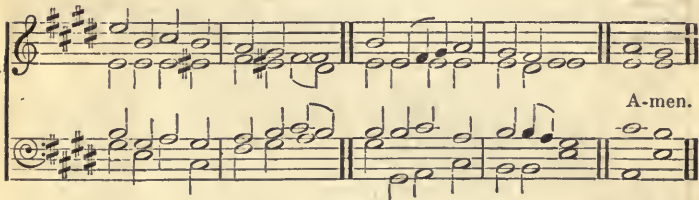
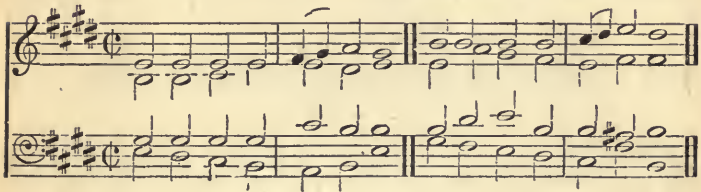
But chiefly when Thy lib'ral hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest! all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound;
New ev'ry year Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

Dosen.

7,7; 7,7.

GEISTREICHS GESANGBUCH. 1725.



HYMN 308.

HALLELUJAH! raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise;
All His servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

Blessed be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore;
Round the world His praise be sung
Through all lands, in ev'ry tongue.

O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heav'n's His throne;
Who is like to God most high?
Infinite in majesty!

Yet to view the heav'n's He bends,
Yea to earth He condescends;
Passing by the rich and great
For the low and desolate.

He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy show'r,
Set the meanest high in pow'r.

He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonder of His ways,
Praise His Name, for ever praise.

Kildare.

D.S.M.

SCOTCH PSALTER. 1565.

A-men.

HYMN 309.

Thou art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies ;
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise,
 But we are ling'ring here,
 With sin and care oppress'd ;
 Lord, send Thy promis'd Comforter,
 And lead us to our rest.

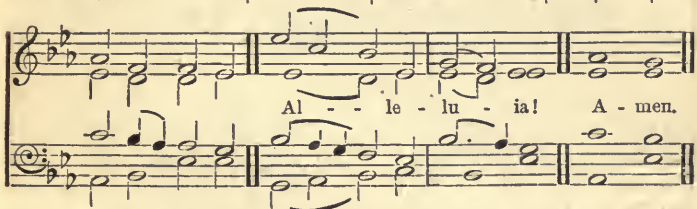
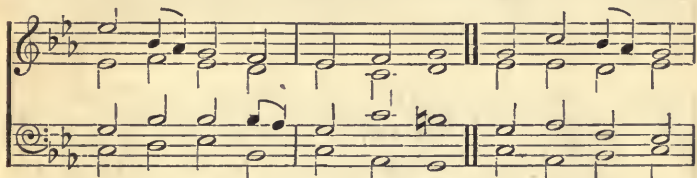
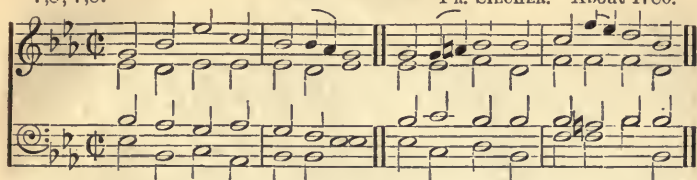
Thou art gone up on high,
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery,
 To pass unto Thy crown ;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou shalt come again ;
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 Oh! by Thy saving pow'r,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high.

Louisburg.

7,8; 7,8.

FR. SILCHER. About 1780.



HYMN 310.

JESUS lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
 JESUS lives! by this we know
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
 Alleluia!

JESUS lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

JESUS lives! for us He died:
 Then, alone to JESUS living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia!

JESUS lives! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia!

JESUS lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is giv'n:
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heav'n.
 Alleluia!

HYMN 311.

PRaise the Lord, for He is love,
 And His mercy lives for ever,
 God of all the gods above,
 For His mercy lives for ever.

Lord of lords, Him bless and own,
 For His mercy lives for ever;
 Doing wondrous deeds alone,
 For His mercy lives for ever.

Who by wisdom heav'n array'd,
 For His mercy lives for ever;
 Earth above the waters laid,
 For His mercy lives for ever.

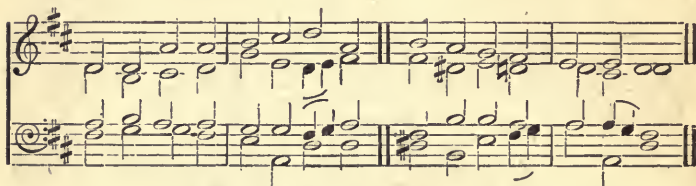
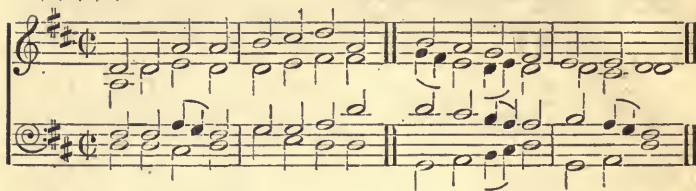
Who did wondrous lights ordain,
 For His mercy lives for ever;
 The bright sun o'er day to reign,
 For His mercy lives for ever.

Praise God in His heav'nly shrine,
 For His mercy lives for ever;
 Lord of lords, all praise be Thine,
 For Thy mercy lives for ever.

Strasburg.

8,7;8,7;8,7.

HAMBURGISCHEN GESANGBUCH. 1832.



HYMN 312.

LEAD us! Heav'nly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
 Yet possessing ev'ry blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Th'ou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
 Love with ev'ry feeling blending,
 Pleasures that can never cloy.
 Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

HYMN 313.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

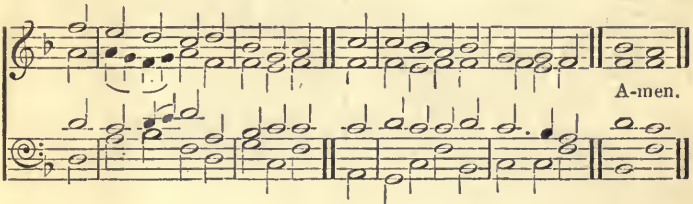
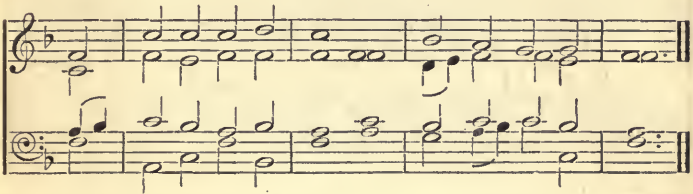
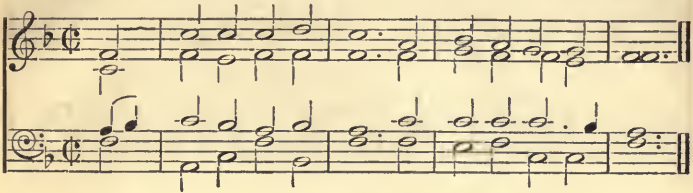
See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You who long for His appearing
 Then shall in His glory shine.
 Gracious Saviour!
 Own me in that day for Thine!

Then to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

St. Ebbe.

6,6;6,6;8,8.

R. REDHEAD.



HYMN 314.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

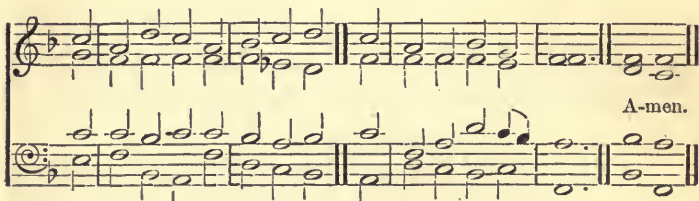
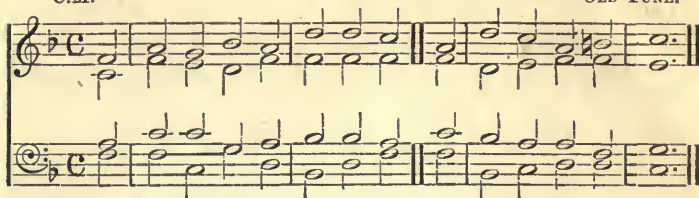
Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by His blood
 Through all the world proclaim.
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Receive it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Chichester.

C.M.

OLD TUNE.



A-men.

HYMN 315.

WHEN God of old came down from
heav'n,
In pow'r and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riv'n,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when He came the second time,
He came in pow'r and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On ev'ry sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heav'n was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and
Pow'r,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

HYMN 316.

FOUNTAIN of good! to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble name Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard.

<p>Thy face, with rev'rence and with love, We in Thy poor would see; For while we minister to them, We do it, Lord, to Thee.</p>	<p>On Cherubs and on Cherubims Full royally He rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.</p>
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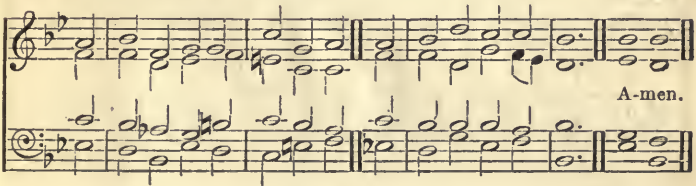
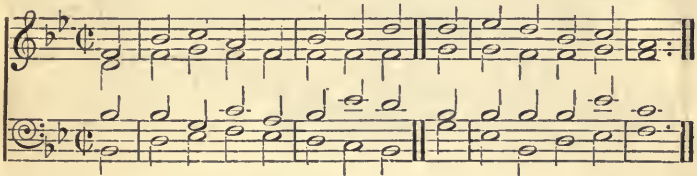
HYMN 317. Ps. xviii. o.v.

<p>THE Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heavens high; And underneath His feet He cast The darkness of the sky:</p>	<p>For who is God, except the Lord? For other there is none: Or else who is omnipotent, Saving our God alone?</p>
---	--

Edinburgh.

C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.



HYMN 318.

<p>THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glory now; A royal diadem adorns The mighty Victor's brow.</p>	<p>To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n; Their name an everlasting name, Their joy the joy of heav'n.</p>
<p>The highest place that heav'n affords Is His, is His by right, The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's eternal Light.</p>	<p>They suffer with their Lord below, They reign with Him above, Their profit and their joy to know The myst'ry of His love.</p>
<p>The joy of all who dwell above, The joy of all below, To whom He manifests His love, And grants His Name to know</p>	<p>The cross He bore is life and health, Through shame and death to Him; His people's hope, His people's wealth, Their everlasting theme.</p>

Mount Moriah.

7,7;7,7;7,7;7,7;7,7.

JAMES TURLE. 1862.

p *cres.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature (C). The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The melody in the upper staff is primarily quarter and eighth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

p

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation follows the same instrumental and key signature as the first system, featuring a mix of rhythmic values and chordal textures.

cres.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. It begins with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The musical texture remains consistent with the previous systems, using the same key signature and time signature.

p *pp*

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The notation continues with the same instrumental and key signature.

f A-men.

The fifth and final system of musical notation consists of two staves. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and concludes with the text "A-men." The notation follows the same instrumental and key signature as the previous systems.

HYMN 319.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost giv'n up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep:
Crucified! we know Thee now,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shiv'ring rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promis'd ere he died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the pray'r for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

St. Oswald.

6,6; 6,6.

E. F. RIMBAULT, L.L.D.

The musical score for St. Oswald consists of two systems. Each system has a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The first system has two measures, and the second system has four measures. The final measure of the second system is marked "A - men." The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

HYMN 320.

LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

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

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

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

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

Oh that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

The Strain Upraise.

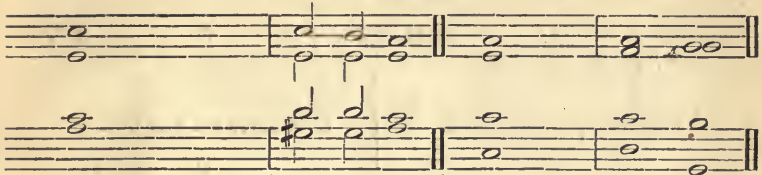
HYMN 321.

Irregular.



The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle - - -	- lu - - ia.	To the glory of their King Shall the ransomed. . .	people sing,
And the choirs that . . .	dwel on high,	Shall re-echo . . .	thro' the sky,
They in the rest of . . .	Paradise who dwell,	The blessed ones with joy the . . .	chorus swell,
The planets beaming on their	heavenly way,	The shining con- stellations . . .	join, and say
Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on . . .	pinions light,	Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,	wildly bright,
Ye floods and ocean bil- lows, Ye storms and . . .	winter snow,	Ye days of cloud- less beauty, Hoar frost and . . .	summer glow,
First let the birds, with painted	plumage gay,	Exalt their great Creator's . . .	praise, and say
Then let the beasts of earth, with	varying strain,	Join in creation's hymn, and . . .	cry a - gain
Here let the mountains thunder forth so - - -	- nor - - ous	Alle - - - - -	- lu - - ia.
Thou jubilant abyss of . . .	ocean, cry	Alle - - - - -	- lu - - ia.
To God, Who all cre - - -	- ation made,	The frequent hymn be	du - ly paid :
This is the strain, the eter- nal strain, the Lord Al -	- mighty loves:	Alle - - - - -	- lu - - ia.
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a - - -	- wak - - ing,	Alle - - - - -	- lu - - ia.
Now from all men . . .	be out-poured	Alleluia	to the Lord,
Praise be done to the . . .	Three in One,	Alle - - - - -	- lu - - ia.

Adapted from a Chant by — Wood, No. 36, p. 41.



Alle - - - - - lu - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
In sweet con - - - - sent u - nite	your Alle - - - - lu - - ia.
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious. . . fo - rests sing	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler. . . cho - - rus	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
Ye tracts of earth and conti - nents re - ply	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
This is the song, the heaven - ly song, that Christ the . King approves:	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
And children's voices echo, answer . . . mak - - ing.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
With Alleluia . . . e - ver more	The Son and Spirit . . . we a - dore.
Alle - - - - - lu - - ia.	Alle- - - - lu - - ia.
	A - - men.

Doctologies.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. S.M.
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.</p> | <p>8. 8, 7.
HONOUR, glory, might, dominion,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.</p> |
| <p>2. S.M.
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.</p> | <p>9. 6 of 7.
PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.</p> |
| <p>3. C.M.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.</p> | <p>10. 6 of 8.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest giv'n,
By all in earth, and all in heav'n;
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.</p> |
| <p>4. C.M.
GLORY to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and shall be done
When time shall be no more.</p> | <p>11. 8,8,6; 8,8,6.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant
host,
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.</p> |
| <p>5. L.M.
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> | <p>12. P.M.
By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.</p> |
| <p>6. L.M.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n
adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.</p> | <p>13. As the 148th Ps.
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.</p> |
| <p>7. 7s.
GLORY to the heav'nly King,
Glory, men and angels sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And bless'd Spirit, Three in One.</p> | |



