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7
Julia
A
Wheeler

Supplement
TO
Psalms & Hymns,

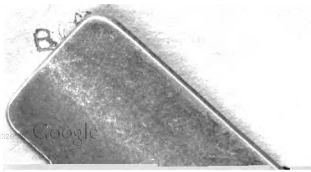
COMPILED BY THE

Right Rev. T. B. Morrell, D.D.,
Coadjutor Bishop of Edinburgh,

AND THE

Rev. W. Walsham How, M.A.,
*Hon. Canon S. Asaph, Rural Dean,
Rector of Whittington, Shropshire.*

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X

344. n. 41.

SUPPLEMENT.

AFTERNOON.

211. "I am come a Light into the world."—
S. John xii. 46. 8, 8, 8, 4.

- 1 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store,
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.
- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past !
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.
- 3 Oh ! by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,
- 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
And Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

EVENING.

EVENING.

212. "He shall give His Angels charge over thee."—*Ps. xci. 11.* P. M.

1 **G**OD, who 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.

2 When the morning breaks, renewing
 All cares of day,
 May we still in all we're doing
 Thy will obey.
 May Thine Angels watch and guide us ;
 May we feel, whate'er betide us,
 Joy or sorrow, Thee beside us
 This livelong day.

3 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. Amen.

213. "He giveth His beloved sleep."—*Ps. cxxvii. 2.* 6, 5, 6, 5.

1 **N**OW the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh :
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

EVENING.

- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.
- 6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Standing round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy Eyes.
- 8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, bless'd Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

214. "The Lord shall give His people the
blessing of peace."—Ps. xxix. 10. 10's.

1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise ;

THE LORD'S DAY.

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night ;

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

3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day ;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,

That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life ;
Peace to Thy Church from error and from strife ;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love ;
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from above.

5 Thy peace in sorrow, balm of every pain ;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again ;
In that dread hour speak Thou the soul's re-
lease,

And call it, Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Amen.

THE LORD'S DAY.

215. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy
house : they will be always praising
Thee."—*Ps. lxxxiv. 4.* 8, 6, 8, 4.

1 **H**AIL! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free ;
Hail ! quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,

THE LORD'S DAY.

Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease ;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light Divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

5 I hear the organ loudly peal,
And soaring voices raise
To Thee, their great Creator, hymns
Of deathless praise.

6 From choir to battlement and tower
The solemn anthem rolls,
Ascending with the hidden fire
Of ransomed souls.

7 All earthly things appear to fade,
As rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

8 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in Heaven. Amen.

216. "This is the day which the Lord hath
made."—*Ps.* cxviii. 24.

7, 6.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness !
O day of joy and light !
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !

THE LORD'S DAY.

On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing 'Holy, Holy, Holy,'
To the great Three in One.

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

3 Thou art a holy ladder
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home ;
A day of sweet refection
Thou art, a day of love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls :
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living waters flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this, our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.

NEW YEAR.

To Holy Ghost be praises
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

NEW YEAR.

217. "Father, glorify Thy Name."—*S. John*
xii. 28. 7, 5.

- 1 **F**ATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim ;
This alone shall be my prayer,
'Glorify Thy Name.'
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim ;
Nor withholdest aught that may
'Glorify Thy Name.'
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim ;
And, whate'er the future brings,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

LENT.

- 4 If Thou callest to the Cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home,
 Let me think how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came,
 And, in deepest woe, pray on,
 'Glorify Thy Name.' Amen.

LENT.

218. "Fight the good fight of faith."—
 1 Tim. vi. 12.

6, 5.

- 1 CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
 On the holy ground,
 How the hosts of darkness
 Compass thee around?
 Christian! up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss;
 Smite them by the merit
 Of the Holy Cross!
- 2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Tempting, luring, urging,
 Goading unto sin?
 Christian! never fear them!
 Never be downcast!
 Gird thee for the battle;
 Watch and pray and fast.
- 3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
 How they speak thee fair?
 'Always fast and vigil?
 Always watch and prayer?'

HOLY WEEK.

Christian, answer boldly :—
' While I breathe I pray.'
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

- 4 ' Well I know thy troubles,
O My servant true :
Thou art very weary—
I was weary too :
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own ;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne !' Amen.

HOLY WEEK.

219. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass
by?"—*Lam.* i. 12. 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

- 1 **H**AIL that Head all torn and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded !
Hail that Face all marred and pale !
Hail that Body pierced and shaken,
Mock'd of man, of God forsaken,
Left in death's last hour to fail !
- 2 Thou whose form for us was wasted,
Who for us of death hast tasted,
Hear us, sinners though we be.
Do not from Thy sufferings turn us,
Do not leave us, do not spurn us,
Let us cling in death to Thee.
- 3 By Thine anguish, by Thy crying,
By Thy voice when Thou wast dying,
By Thy last expiring breath :

HOLY WEEK.

Thou of heavenly life the Giver,
Thou, Almighty to deliver,
Oh sustain our souls in death !

- 4 When our weakened minds are straying,
Make, O Lord, no long delaying,
Fail us not, O Jesu, then.
With Thy presence us defending,
Come and cheer our latest ending,
Saviour of the sons of men ! Amen.

220. "They crucified Him."—*S. Matt. xvii. 35.* L. M.

- 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile ;
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
O come, together let us mourn :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed ;
His Throat with parching thirst is dried ;
His failing Eyes are dimmed with blood :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;
And three long hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified. Amen.

EASTER.

EASTER.

221. "O sing unto the Lord, a new song; for
He hath done marvellous things."
Psa. xviii. 1.

P. M.

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !

- 1 **T**HE strife is o'er, the battle done !
The victory of life is won ;
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia !
- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed ;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia !
- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead :
All glory to our risen Head !
Alleluia !
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia !
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia ! Amen.

222. "Now is Christ risen from the dead."—
1 Cor. xv. 20.

7, 8.

- 1 **T**HE Day of Resurrection !
Earth, tell it out abroad !
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God !
From death to life eternal—
From earth unto the sky—

ASCENSION.

Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-light :
And listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own 'All Hail!'—and hearing
May raise the victor strain !
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful !
Let earth her song begin !
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein !
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend :
For Christ the Lord hath risen,—
Our Joy that hath no end ! Amen.

ASCENSION.

223. "Who is this that cometh from Edom,
with dyed garments from Bozrah ?
This that is glorious in His apparel,
travelling in the greatness of His
strength ?"—*Is. lxiii. 1.* P. M.

- 1 O GLORIOUS Jerusalem, the joy of all the
earth,
Open wide thy pearly gates, uplift the strain
of mirth !
Rejoice, rejoice, dear mother, so beautiful and
free,
For behold the King of kings cometh won-
drously to thee.

SAINTS' DAYS.

- 2 All ye holy angels, welcome back the mighty
 Son :
 The Cross and pain are over, the victory is won.
 Hosannas in the highest, ye armies bright
 outpour ;
 For the Lord God omnipotent shall reign for
 evermore !
- 3 Ye incense clouds adore Him, ye swinging
 censers greet,
 Thou sea of crystal, thunder thy praises at
 His Feet.
 Oh ! all is joy within thee, City of living light,
 And the Wounds of God Incarnate for aye shall
 make thee bright !
- 4 With garments dyed from Bozrah the Victor
 comes alone ;
 Let everything created His awful conquest
 own :
 No more the bending sceptre, no more the
 thorny crown ;
 The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, and all
 His foes cast down ! Alleluia ! Amen.

SAINTS' DAYS.

224. "Compassed about with so great a cloud
 of witnesses."—*Heb.* xii. 1. P. M.

- 1 **F**OR all the saints, who from their labours
 rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world con-
 fessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest ;
 Alleluia !

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SAINTS' DAYS.

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their
 might ;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
 fight ;
 Thou in the darkness drear their Light of
 light. Alleluia !
- 3 For the Apostles' glorious company,
 Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and
 sea,
 Shook all the mighty world, —we sing to Thee,
 Alleluia !
- 4 For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
 Like four-fold streams, the garden of the Lord
 Is fair and fruitful, —be Thy Name adored.
 Alleluia !
- 5 For Martyrs who with rapture-kindled eye,
 Saw the bright crown descending from the
 sky,
 And died to grasp it, —Thee we glorify.
 Alleluia !
- 6 Oh ! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and
 bold,
 Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victors' crown of
 gold. Alleluia !
- 7 Oh blest communion ! fellowship divine !
 We feebly struggle, *they* in glory shine ;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
 Alleluia !
- 8 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again and arms are
 strong. Alleluia !

SAINTS' DAYS.

- 9 The golden evening brightens in the west :
 Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest :
 Alleluia !
- 10 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day :
 The Saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
 The King of Glory passes on His way.
 Alleluia !
- 11 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's far-
 thest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the count-
 less host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—
 Alleluia ! Amen.

225.

"They sing the song of the
 Lamb."—*Rev. xv. 3.*

8, 7.

- 1 **H**ARK the sound of holy voices, chanting
 at the crystal sea,
 'Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Lord,
 to Thee.'
 Multitude which none can number like the
 stars in glory stand
 Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of
 victory in their hand.
- 2 Patriarch and holy Prophet, who prepared the
 way for Christ,
 King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr, Confessor,
 Evangelist,
 Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, Widows who
 have watch'd in prayer,
 Join'd in holy concert singing to the Lord of
 all are there.

HOLY COMMUNION.

- 3 They have come from tribulation, and have
wash'd their robes in Blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of Jesus; tried they
were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, ston'd, tormented, sawn
asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd Death and Satan, by the
might of Christ the Lord.
- 4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner they
have triumph'd following
Thee the Captain of Salvation, Thee their
Saviour and their King;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered; gladly,
LORD, with Thee they died;
And by Death to Life immortal they were
born and glorified!
- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory; now they
walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss
and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all
truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessed Trinity.
Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

226. "To know the love of Christ, which
passeth knowledge."—*Eph.* iii. 19. 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **J**ESU, to Thy Table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.
200

CONFIRMATION.

- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet Presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous Love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out poured Blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
- 5 Draw us to Thy wounded Side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide ;
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 6 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy Peace.
- 7 Lead us by Thy piercèd Hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land ! Amen.

CONFIRMATION.

227. "When I became a man, I put away
childish things."—1 Cor. xiii. 11. 7, 6.

- 1 **G**O forward, Christian soldier !
Beneath His banner true :
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue
His love foretells thy trials ;
He knows thine hourly need ;
He can with Bread of Heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

- 2 Go forward, Christian soldier !
Fear not the secret foe ;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know :
Trust only Christ, thy Captain ;
Cease not to watch and pray ;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.
- 3 Go forward, Christian soldier !
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And heaven is all possessed ;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.
- 4 Go forward, Christian soldier !
Fear not the gathering night :
The Lord has been thy shelter ;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His Face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past :
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last ! Amen.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

228. "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths
in the great waters."—Ps. lxxvii. 19.
L. M., 6 lines.

- 1 O THOU who bidd'st the ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Thou who dost bind the restless wave,
Eternal Father, strong to save ;

ALMSGIVING, ETC.

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

2 O Saviour, whose Almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard ;
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;
O hear us, &c.

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Bidding its angry tumult cease,
Diffusing light and life and peace ;
O hear us, &c.

4 O Trinity of Love and Power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour,
From rock and storm their course defend,
In safety bring them to the end.
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea !

Amen.

ALMSGIVING, &c.

229. "Which ministered to Him of their
substance."—*S. Luke viii. 3.* 8, 8, 8.

1 O DAUGHTERS blest of Galilee,
With Jesus chose ye well to be ;
Thrice happy holy company !

2 Oh joy to see that Master dear !
Oh joy to live with Him so near !
Oh joy that gentle voice to hear !

3 Oh more than joy to that dear Lord,
In purest deepest love adored,
All lowly service to afford !

ALMSGIVING ETC.

- 4 Yea, happy was your lot to bring
In loyal homage to your King
Each free and gracious offering.
- 5 With wondering ear, as He drew nigh,
Ye heard Him tell how He must die
On that dread Cross of Calvary.
- 6 And there beneath the shrouded skies,
Standing far off, with awe-struck eyes
Ye watch'd the mighty Sacrifice.
- 7 Ye brought sweet spices to the tomb;
And joy broke o'er your night of gloom,
And wither'd hopes burst forth in bloom.
- 8 For, lo! upon your startled ear
Thrill'd forth the heavenly message clear:
'Your Lord is risen: He is not here.'
- 9 O Jesu, throned above the height,
Adoring troops of angels bright
Wait on Thy bidding day and night.
- 10 Thy sacred form we cannot see,
Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee
Each lowly act of charity.
- 11 For while 'mid want and woe we move,
And tend Thy poor in gentle love,
We minister to Thee above.
- 12 O gracious Jesu, we confess
Our poor cold love, our nothingness;
Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless!
Amen.

The bracketed verses may be omitted in singing, if too long.

FOR CHILDREN.

FOR CHILDREN.

230.

"Children crying in the Temple."—
S. Matt. xxi. 15.

6, 5.

1 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high!
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way :
Brightly gleams, &c.

2 **J**esu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

3 **P**attern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a Child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild,
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee ?
Brightly gleams, &c.

4 **A**ll our days direct us
In the way we go ;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe ;

HYMNS.

Bid Thine Angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lour,
 Pardon Thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.

Brightly gleams, &c.

- 5 Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At Thy Throne of love.
 When the march is over
 Then come rest and peace,
 Jesus in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease!

Brightly gleams, &c.

HYMNS FOR GENERAL USE.

231. "Out of the mouths of babes and suck-
 lings Thou hast perfected praise." 7, 8.
S. Matt. xxi. 16.

- 1 **A**LL glory, praise, and honour
 To Thee, Redeemer, King!
 To whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannahs ring.
- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's Royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's name comest,
 The King and Blessèd One.
- 3 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men and all things
 Created make reply.

HYMNS.

- 4 The people of the Hebrews
 With palms before Thee went,
 Our praise and prayer and anthems
 Before Thee we present.
- 5 To Thee before Thy Passion
 They sang their hymns of praise ;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises ;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King. Amen.

232. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and
 are heavy laden, and I will give you
 rest."—*S. Matt.* xi. 28.

P. M.

- 1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest ?
 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
 Be at rest.'
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide ?
 'In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
 And His Side.'
- 3 Is there crown of royal splendour
 That His Brow adorns ?
 'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns !'
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What my portion here ?
 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear.'

HYMNS.

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 'Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
 Jordan past!'
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me
 Will He say me nay?
 'Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away!'
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer 'Yes!' Amen.

233. "The Lord is King: the earth may be
 glad thereof: yea, the multitude of
 the isles may be glad thereof."—
Ps. xvii. 1.

8,7.

- X 1 **C**OME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
 Sing to Him who found the ransom,
 Ancient of Eternal Days;
 God Eternal, Word Incarnate,
 Whom the heaven of heavens obeys!
- 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
 Formed the sea, or built the sky;
 Love Eternal, free and boundless,
 Forced the Lord of Life to die:
 Lifted up the Prince of princes
 On the throne of Calvary.
- 3 If His people walk in darkness
 Through the thickest clouds of night,
 He, according to His promise,
 Sends the pillar-beam of light;

HYMNS.

Then they pass along His highway,
Turning not to left or right.

4 When the thirsty pant for water,
And no cooling streams are found,
He descends, like showers in spring-time,
Softening all the parchèd ground ;
While the smitten Rock its torrents
Pours in ample streams around.

5 Hungry souls that faint and languish,
By His bounteous Hand are fed ;
Yes, He gives them food immortal !
Gives Himself, the living Bread ;
Gives the chalice of His Passion,
Rich with Blood on Calvary shed

6 Trust Him, then, ye fearful pilgrims,
Who shall pluck you from His Hand ?
Pledged He stands for their salvation,
Who are fighting for His land.
Oh ! that we, amidst His true ones,
Round His throne may one day stand !

Amen.

234. "My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh
longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty
land, where no water is."—Ps. lxxiii. 1. S. M.

1 **F**AR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's Breast,
Fainting I cry,—Blest Spirit, come
And speed me to my rest.

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

HYMNS.

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

4 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. Amen.

235. "Fight the good fight of faith."— L. M.
1 Timothy vi. 12

1 **F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

236. "Here we have no continuing city; but
we seek one to come."—Heb. xii. 16. S. M.

1 ' **F**OR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

HYMNS.

Here in the body pent
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's House on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Here in the body pent, &c.

3 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Here in the body pent, &c.

4 'For ever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
Here in the body pent, &c. Amen.

237. "Strangers and pilgrims upon the
earth."—*Heb. xiii. 14.* P. M.

1 **H**ARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-
beat shore!
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus! Angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!

HYMNS.

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to
Thee.
Angels of Jesus ! &c.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and
dreary ;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.
Angels of Jesus ! &c.

238. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make
me whole."—*S. Matt.* viii. 2. 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **H**EAL me, O my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.
- 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.
- 3 Thou the true Physician art ;
Thou, O Christ, can'st health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.
- 4 Other comforters are gone ;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

HYMNS.

5 Heal me, then, my Saviour heal ;
 Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
 To thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

239. "The dead in Christ shall rise first."—
 1 *Thess.* iv. 16.

7's.

- 1 HOPE of hopes, and joy of joys !
 Golden morn of endless day !
 Can we cling to earth's vain toys,
 While we wait thy dawning ray ?
- 2 Oh the waking of the dead !
 Who can sing the awful bliss ?
 Who can paint the splendour dread ?
 Who can dream a dream like this ?
- 3 Lo ! the angel's trumpet rings
 Thrilling through the trembling earth ;
 All the saints that sleep it brings
 To their new and glorious birth.
- 4 Crowns of light on every brow !
 Songs of bliss on every tongue !
 Beauty none hath dreamt of now !
 Glory voice hath never sung !
- 5 Loved ones gaze with raptured eye
 On the forms that round them spring :
 Changed and glorified they fly
 Thro' the clouds to meet their King.
- 6 Death is sweet to souls that wait,
 Weary, longing for their rest ;—
 'Tis the little golden gate
 Unto Paradise the blest.
- 7 Passing sweet is Paradise,
 Where the spirits wait and pray :—
 But oh ! tenfold joy and bliss
 Of the Resurrection Day !

HYMNS.

8 Jesus, lift our souls on high,
While we watch thro' life's dim night ;
That above the starry sky
We may rise to cloudless light. Amen.

240. "Unto you therefore which believe He
is precious."—1 Peter ii. 7. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace !
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 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.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death ! Amen.

241. "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be
safe."—*Ps. cxix. 117.*

6, 5.

- 1 **I**N the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me ;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee ;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm ;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or in darker semblance
Cross-crown'd Calvary.
- 3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe ;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below ;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy Hand to see ;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.
- 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain ;
When my dust returneth
To the dust again ;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me dying
To eternal life. Amen.

HYMNS.

242. "I am He that liveth, and was dead;
and behold, I am alive for ever-
more, Amen; and have the keys of
hell and of death."—*Rev. i. 18.*

- 1 **J**ESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!
- 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!
- 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!
- 5 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

243. "Strangers and Pilgrims upon the
earth."—*Heb. xi. 13.* 7, 6.

- 1 **O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

HYMNS.

- 2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men !
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !
- 3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
The Love that, through all troubles,
To Him alone will turn,—
- 5 What are they but His heralds
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they but the radiance
Of uncreated light ?
- 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—
- 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heaven on earth ?
- 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

244. "One day in Thy courts is better than
a thousand."—Ps. lxxxiv. 10. 6's.

x 1 O H happy feet that tread
Thine earthly courts, O Lord !
217

x *Inne. Inim dilecta -*

HYMNS.

There heavenly light is shed,
There Thine own peace is pour'd.

- 2 Oh happy knees that press
Thy Temple's lowly floor,
While contrite hearts confess,
And pardoning grace implore !
- 3 Oh happy ears that hear
With glad and simple faith
The message ringing clear—
"Thy sins God pardoneth" !
- 4 Oh happy tongues that sing
With burning praise on fire,
Here faintly echoing
The bright celestial choir !
- 5 Oh happy souls that rise
In childlike trust to Thee,
With hallow'd sacrifice
Of prayer and litany !
- 6 Oh happy eyes that light
With brave and holy pride
The one Faith to recite,
For which the martyrs died !
- 7 Oh happier still who low
Before Thine Altar kneel,
With trembling rapture glow,
And Thy dear Presence feel !
- 8 But happiest, happiest far
To Heav'n's fair courts to soar,
And, where all glories are,
To praise Thee evermore ! Amen.

245. "I am the Good Shepherd, and know
My sheep, and am known of Mine."
—*S. John x. 14.*

7, 6.

1 O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wondering childhood
To muse on things above :
It drew my harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

X

2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,—
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way.
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy Hand has gently rais'd me,
And healing balm pour'd in.

3 O Shepherd good ! I follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead ;
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold ;—
O bring my ransom'd spirit
To thine eternal Fold ! Amen.

246. "Behold, I stand at the door and
knock."—*Rev. iii. 20.*

7, 6.

1 O JESU, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.

219

HYMNS.

Shame on us, Christian brothers,
 His name and sign who bear,
 Oh shame, thrice shame, upon us
 To keep Him standing there !

- 2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking :
 And lo ! that Hand is scarr'd,
 And thorns Thy Brow encircle,
 And tears Thy Face have marr'd.
 Oh love that passeth knowledge,
 So patiently to wait !
 Oh sin that hath no equal,
 So fast to bar the gate !
- 3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low, —
 ' I died for you, my children,
 And will ye treat me so ? '
- O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door :
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore. Amen.

247. " Thy word is a lantern unto my feet :
 and a light unto my path. " — *Ps.*
cxix. 105.

7, 6.

- * 1 O WORD of God Incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky ;
- 2 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallow'd page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.
- 3 The Church from her dear Master
 Receiv'd the gift divine,
 220

*

HYMNS.

And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

- 4 It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the heav'n-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.
- 5 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled ;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
- 6 It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.
- 7 Oh make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
- 8 Oh teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

248. "Ye shall find rest for your souls."— P. M.
Jer. vi. 16.

1 ON the Resurrection morning
† O Soul and Body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness
Fast asleep.

HYMNS.

- 3 For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.
- 4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong ;
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song.
- 5 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.
- 6 Oh ! the beauty, Oh ! the gladness,
Of that Resurrection Day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away !
- 7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.
- 8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last ;
To Thy Cross through death and judgment
Holding fast. Amen.

249. "As a good soldier of Jesus Christ."— 6, 5.
2 Tim. ii. 8.

- 1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

HYMNS.

Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle
Do His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory !
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

3 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

HYMNS.

5 Onward then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song—
 Glory, praise, and honour
 Unto Christ the King,
 This through countless ages
 Men and Angels sing.
 Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

250. "If I go not away, the Comforter will
 not come unto you; but if I depart,
 I will send Him unto you."—S.
John xvi. 7. 8, 6, 8, 4.

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious willing Guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each thought, that calms each
 fear,
 And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every conquest won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness pitying see :
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

HYMNS.

6 O praise the Father ; praise the Son ;
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee ;
 All praise to God, the Three in One,
 The One in Three. Amen.

251. " I reckon that the sufferings of this
 present time are not worthy to be
 compared with the glory that shall
 be revealed."—*Rom.* viii. 18.

P. M.

- 1 ✓ SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck ;
 But oh ! the joy upon the shore
 To tell our voyage perils o'er !
- 2 The prize, the prize secure !
 The warrior nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well ;
 But he may smile at troubles gone:
 Who sets the victor-garland on !
- 3 No more the foe can harm ;
 No more of leaguer'd camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp ;
 And yet how nearly had he fail'd—
 How nearly had that foe prevail'd !
- 4 The lamb is in the fold,
 In perfect safety penn'd ;
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end ;
 But One came by with wounded Side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

- 5 The exile is at home !—
 O nights and days of tears,
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins and doubts and fears !
 What matter now, when (so men say)
 The King has wiped those tears away !

252. "My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord."—*Ps. lxxxix. 1.* C, 5.

- X
 1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen whilst we sing ;
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King.
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be—
 Body, soul, and spirit—
 All we yield to Thee.
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration,
 Bending low the knee.
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die ;
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great, and ever greater,
 Are Thy mercies here,
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there ;
 Where no pain or sorrow
 Toil or care is known ;
 Where the Angel legions
 Circle round Thy Throne.

- 4 Brighter still, and brighter,
 Glows the western sun,
 Shedding all its gladness
 O'er our work that's done.
 Time will soon be over,
 Toil and sorrow past,
 May we, blessed Saviour,
 Find a rest at last.
- 5 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God ;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hurry on,
 Backward never looking,
 Till the prize is won.
- 6 Higher still, and higher,
 Soars the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgetting,
 Hastening to its goal ;
 Where in joys unheard of
 Saints with Angels sing,
 Never weary raising
 Praises to their King. Amen.

253. " And again they said, Alleluia."—*Rev.*
 xix. 3.

P. M.

- X **SING** Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
 O citizens of Heaven : in sweet notes raise
 An endless Alleluia !
- 2 Ye next, who stand before the eternal light,
 In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
 An endless Alleluia !

HYMNS.

- 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding, wake again
An endless Alleluia !
- 4 In blissful answering strains ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia !
- 5 Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in
bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this—
An endless Alleluia !
- 6 From those exalted lips for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your
King—
An endless Alleluia !
- 7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back :
This is the food and drink which none shall
lack :
An endless Alleluia !
- 8 While Thee, Creator of the world, we bless
For ever, and in melody express
An endless Alleluia !
- 9 To Thee, Almighty Christ, our voices sing
Glory for evermore : to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia ! Amen.

254.

"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."
—Ps. cxlv. 10.

P. M.

X

1 THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alle · luia :
To the glory of their King shall the ransom'd
people sing
Alle · luia ! Alle · luia !

HYMNS.

- 2 And the choirs that dwell on high
 Shall re-echo through the sky
 Alle · luia ! Alle · luia !
- 3 They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
 The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell,
 Alle · luia ! Alle · luia !
- 4 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
 The shining constellations join and say,
 Alle · luia ! Alle · luia !
- 5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on pinions light,
 Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings wildly bright,
 In sweet concert unite
 Your Alle · luia !
- 6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and winter snow,
 Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and summer glow,
 Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious forests sing
 Alle · luia !
- 7 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great Creator's praise and say,
 Alle · luia ! Alle · luia !
- 8 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
 Join in creation's hymn, and cry again,
 Alle · luia ! Alle · luia !
- 9 Here let the mountains thunder forth
 so · norous
 Alle · luia !

HYMNS.

- There let the valleys sing in gentler · choras,
Alle · luia !
- 10 Thou jubilant abyss of · ocean, cry
Alle · luia !
Ye tracts of earth and conti · nents reply
Alle · luia !
- 11 To God, who all cre · ation made,
The frequent hymn be · duly paid.
Alle · luia ! Alle · luia !
- 12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
Lord Al · mighty loves,
Alle · luia !
This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ the · King approves,
Alle · luia !
- 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
a · waking,
Alle · luia !
And children's voices echo, answer · making,
Alle · luia !
- 14 Now from all men · be outpoured
Alleluia · to the Lord :
With Alleluia · evermore,
The Son and Spirit · we adore.
- 15 Praise be done to the · Three in One !
Alle · luia ! Alle · luia ! Alle · luia ! Amen.

255. " Faithful unto death."—*Rev.* ii. 10. 0, 5.

1 **T**HOSE eternal Bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading Flowers
Round the Throne of God—

HYMNS.

- Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight?
 Who at length attain them
 Clad in robes of white?
- 2 He who gladly barter
 All on earthly ground:
 He who, like the Martyrs,
 Says, 'I will be crowned':
 He whose one oblation
 Is a life of love,
 Clinging to the Nation
 Of the Blest above!
- 3 Shame upon you, Legions
 Of the heavenly King,
 Citizens of regions
 Past imagining!
 What! with pipe and tabor
 Fool away the light!
 When He bids you 'Labour,'
 When He tells you, 'Fight'!
- 4 While we do our duty,
 Struggling through the tide,
 Whisper Thou of beauty
 On the other side.
 Tell who will the story
 Of our *now* distress;—
 Oh the future Glory!
 Oh the Loveliness! Amen.

256.

"Lord, save us; we perish."—*S. Matt.*
 viii, 25.

P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN the world is brightest,
 And our hearts are lightest,—



HYMNS.

Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy Hand be near us !

2 When life's scene is shaded,
All its bright hopes faded,—
Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Light of Heaven, be near us !

3 When with blessings sated,
Or by praise elated,—
Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy Cross be near us !

4 When the night of sorrow
Makes us dread to-morrow—
Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Light of Heaven, be near us !

5 When our foes surround us,
When our sins have bound us,—
Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy help be near us !

6 When our hearts are grieving
O'er the grave bereaving—
Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Light of Heaven, be near us !

7 When in sickness lying
Dark with fear of dying—
Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Let Thy help be near us !

8 When life, slowly waning,
Shows but Heaven remaining,—
Blessed Jesu, hear us !
Light of all, be near us ! Amen.

257. "The Word was God."—*S. John i. 1.*

8, 7.

- 1 **W**HO is this, so weak and helpless,
 Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
 Rudely in a stable shelter'd,
 Coldly in a manger laid ?
- 2 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
 Who this wondrous path hath trod ;
 He is God from everlasting,
 And to everlasting God.
- 3 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
 Walking sadly life's hard way,
 Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
 Over sin and Satan's sway ?
- 4 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
~~Who~~ ~~Behold~~ above the starry sky
~~Now~~ ~~He~~ prepares the many mansions,
 Where no tear can dim the eye.
- 5 Who is this—Behold Him raining
 Drops of Blood upon the ground ?
 Who is this—despised, rejected,
 Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound ?
- 6 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
 On His Church now poureth down ;
 Who shall smite in holy vengeance
 All His foes beneath His throne.
- 7 Who is this that hangeth dying,
 With the thieves on either side ;
 Nails His Hands and Feet are tearing,
 And the spear hath pierced His Side ?

8 'Tis the God who ever liveth
 Mid the shining ones on high,
 In the glorious golden city
 Reigning everlastingly ! Amen.

258. "He was transfigured before them."— P. M.
S. Mark ix. 2.

- 1 **W**ITH trembling awe the chosen three
 The holy mount ascended,
 Where wrapped in blissful ecstasy
 They saw the vision splendid—
 Their Lord arrayed in living light,
 And, on His left hand and His right,
 By glorious saints attended.
- 2 Oh vision bright—too bright to tell—
 The joys of heaven unveiling !
 How precious on those hearts it fell,
 When earthly hopes were failing,
 When, saints no more on either side,
 Between the thieves the Saviour died,
 Mid hate and scorn and railing !
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief
 Of future triumph telling,
 Gilding with hope our night of grief,
 Our clouds of fear dispelling.
 If the dim foretaste was so bright,
 Oh what shall be the dazzling light
 Of Thy eternal dwelling ! Amen.

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The Compilers beg to acknowledge with much gratitude the kindness of the authors of various hymns in this Supplement in consenting to their insertion.







