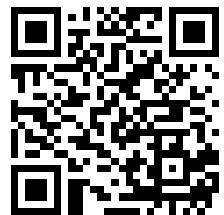


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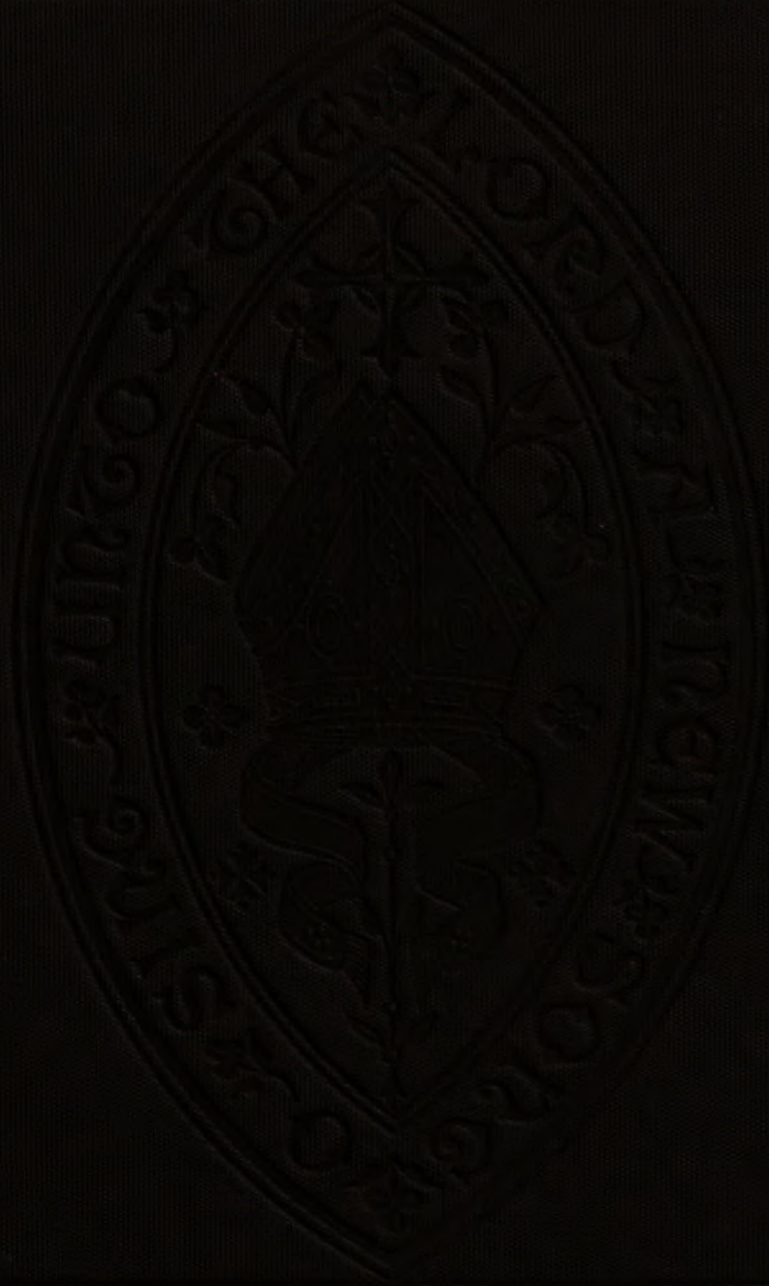
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THE:NEW:MITRE:HYMNAL











E. 610.

Hymns [English]  
1

THE

# NEW MITRE-HYMNAL

ADAPTED TO

*THE SERVICES*

OF THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

**With Accompanying Tunes**

*"Sing ye praises with understanding."—PSALM xlvii. 7*

RIVINGTONS

London, Oxford, and Cambridge

MDCCLXXV

RIVINGTONS

London..... *Waterloo Place*  
Oxford ..... *High Street*  
Cambridge ..... *Trinity Street*

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HERE are in the English language about one hundred hymns of the highest merit—hymns animated by a noble devotion, full of true poetic feeling and expression, and patient of an exact and complete criticism. A considerable proportion of these will be found in the following selection; other hymns of less worth being included in it because they were necessary to the plan of the book. The hymns have, in general, been chosen from modern writers only: not because the Editor fails to appreciate the spiritual insight and devotional feeling, or the antithetical and epigrammatical neatness of mediæval authors, but because translations from them, however clever as scholarly exercises, are almost always incapable, by reason of their foreign tone and style, of winning for themselves a permanently useful place in the English Church. Indeed, it is not possible with hymns, as it is possible with prayers, to transfer them satisfactorily from one age and one language to another age and another language.

Hymns are of three kinds: Objective, Subjective, and Descriptive. The first alone are truly and properly hymns, being occupied solely with the praise of Almighty GOD; but with the example of the Psalms of David before us, we may surely make free use also of hymns which give utterance to the passions and emotions of the human heart, and of those which describe the beauties of nature, or some striking event in sacred history. In the following pages there will therefore be found specimens of all three kinds of hymns, a due proportion being, it is believed, preserved between them.

The writings of living authors and of authors of the first rank are here given as exactly as possible; but the hymns of authors of less genius or culture are given in that form which appeared best to the Editor, he being unable to admit that a poet has a sacred and perpetual right in either imperfect rhyme, incorrect metre, wrong accentuation, ungrammatical phraseology, obsolete expression, or inaccurate theology,—at least when his writings are used in the Services of the Church. The plan of adapting two hymns to each Sunday

in the year has been followed with the view of securing in some measure a harmony of idea between the Service of the day and the hymns introduced into it. Two hymns being, however, insufficient for the requirements of most churches, a Table of at least four hymns for each Sunday, exclusive of Sacramental and Morning and Evening hymns, is given ; and a careful examination of it will, it is hoped, prove that the end in view, namely, the harmony of the hymns with the rest of the Service for the day, has been fairly well attained. Another Table of the Contents of the book is also appended, so that there may be no difficulty in selecting a hymn or hymns for any particular occasion.

The Editor desires gratefully to acknowledge the courtesy and liberality with which the under-named authors and proprietors of copyright hymns have placed their compositions at his disposal :—Mrs. ALEXANDER, the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, the Rev. R. H. BAYNES, the Rev. Sir HENRY BAKER, the Rev. E. CASWALL, BENJAMIN GOUGH, Esq., the Rev. Dr. IRONS, the Rev. W. W. HOW, Mrs. MAUDE, the Rev. Dr. MONSELL, the representatives of the late Rev. J. M. NEALE, MESSRS. NOVELLO & CO., the Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE, Miss CHARLOTTE SELLON, DEAN STANLEY, the Rev. S. J. STONE, the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, W. WELLS GARDNER, Esq., BISHOP WORDSWORTH, and BISHOP WOODFORD. To BENJAMIN GOUGH, Esq., and the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, the Editor is further indebted for exceedingly beautiful hymns hitherto unpublished. If he should have accidentally published any hymn for which permission ought to have been previously obtained, the Editor trusts that the same pardon which he has, in his own case, already granted to the Editors of the principal modern Hymnals, will be extended to himself.

With the two hundred hymns comprised in this volume are given more than two hundred tunes, selected with great care, and with these three principles constantly in view :—1st. That a hymn-tune must be melodious ; 2nd. That its harmonies must be solid and good ; and 3rd. That its compass must not be too great for ordinary voices. For if a tune be merely melodious, its popularity can be but short-lived ; if it be merely remarkable for the cleverness of its harmonies, it appeals to educated musicians only ; and if its compass be too great, it is practically useless. About eighty of the tunes here given are reprinted from a work issued by the Editor some years ago, under the able superintendence of JOHN FOSTER, Esq., Gentleman of H.M. Chapels Royal and Vicar-Choral of Westminster Abbey. The remaining tunes have been placed under the supervision of JAMES LANGRAN, Esq., Organist of

All-hallows, Tottenham, to whom the Editor is indebted for many very graceful original compositions; as also for some happy adaptations from German sources. Beyond this, it is believed that a new mine of musical wealth has been opened by the introduction of not a few tunes from the Chorale Book of the Church in Norway. These tunes have all the solidity of the best German Chorales, but are more melodious than they, and possess a distinct character of their own. That they are admirably adapted for congregational singing no one can doubt who has listened to them in Bergen or Christiania.

For permission to print tunes which have already appeared, the Editor is indebted to—

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The EDITORS of the "Anglican Hymn Book."  
T. E. AYLWARD, Esq.  
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E. THORNE, Esq., formerly Organist of Chichester Cathedral.  
J. TURLE, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey; and  
C. E. WILLING, Esq., Organist and Director of the Foundling Chapel.

For original tunes, which now appear for the first time, the Editor desires to express his sincere gratitude to his friends—

C. A. BARRY, Esq., M.A.  
W. A. BARRETT, Esq., Mus. Bac., S. Paul's Cathedral.  
J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, Esq.  
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Miss KATE WESTROP; and  
ALFRED WOOD, Esq., M.D., Gloucester.

For original tunes reprinted from the work above mentioned, the Editor again desires to acknowledge the obligation he is under to—

JOSEPH BARNBY, Esq., formerly Organist of S. Andrew's, Wells-street.  
J. L. BROWNSMITH, Esq., Vicar-Choral of Westminster Abbey, and Organist of S. Gabriel's, Pimlico.  
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As to the time in which the tunes contained in the following collection should be sung, it must be clearly understood that the minim has not in all cases the same value; for example, in the *Old 100th*, and in tunes of like character,  $\text{♩} = 60$ ; in *Bedford*, and in tunes of like character,  $\text{♩} = 80$ ; and in *Croft's 148th*, and in tunes of like character,  $\text{♩} = 104$ , according to the Metronomical Scale. To the Choir-master and Organist it belongs to insist that each hymn-tune shall be sung in the time appropriate to the character of the words attached to it.

That this work may recommend itself to those who are careful for the sense of what they sing, and may conduce to the worthy performance of the Service of Praise to Almighty GOD, are the wishes with which it is offered to the English Church.

THE EDITOR.

*S. Paul's Cathedral, Advent, 1874.*

NOTE.—Very many of the tunes in this collection are either wholly copyright, or are copyright as to the particular form in which they appear, and for permission to reprint them application must be made to the Editor.

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# H Y M N S

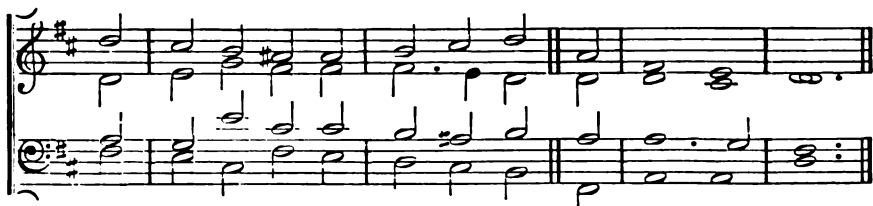
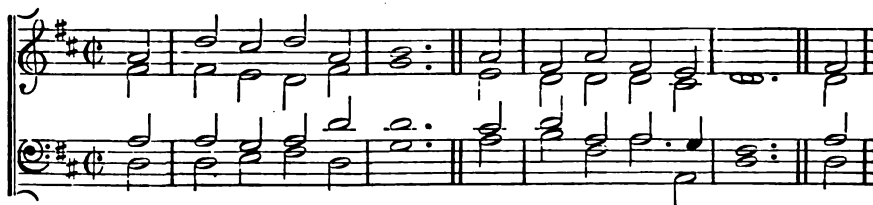
ADAPTED TO

*THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

MORNING HYMN.

1. CROFT'S 148TH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

DR. CROFT, 1676—1727.



*“ Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.”*

**L**ORD of the worlds above,  
 How pleasant and how fair  
 The dwellings of Thy love,  
 Thy earthly temples, are !  
 To Thine abode  
 My heart aspires  
 With warm desires  
 To see my GOD.

O happy souls that pray  
 Where GOD appoints to hear !  
 O happy men that pay  
 Their constant service there !  
 They praise Thee still ;  
 And happy they  
 That love the way  
 To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 Till each arrives at length,  
 Till each in Heaven appears :  
 O glorious seat,  
 When GOD our King  
 Shall thither bring  
 Our willing feet !

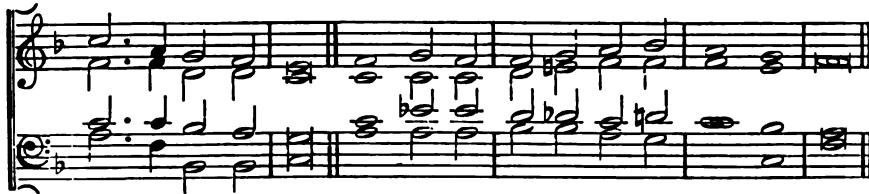
To GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
 And SPIRIT ever blest,  
 Eternal THREE in ONE,  
 All worship be addressed ;  
 Let ceaseless praise  
 To GOD be given,  
 By all in earth,  
 And all in heaven.

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

EVENING HYMN.

2. EVENSONG. 10.10.10.10.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



*“ Abide with us ; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.”*

**A**BIDE 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.

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

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour ;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide  
with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is Death's sting, where, Grave, thy  
victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

*H. F. Lyte, 1847.*



MORNING HYMN.

3. UNDERSHAFT. L.M.

SIR JOHN GOSS.



*"His compassions fail not: they are new every morning."*

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

New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove,  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

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

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

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of Heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

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

Seek we no more: content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;  
The secret this of rest below.

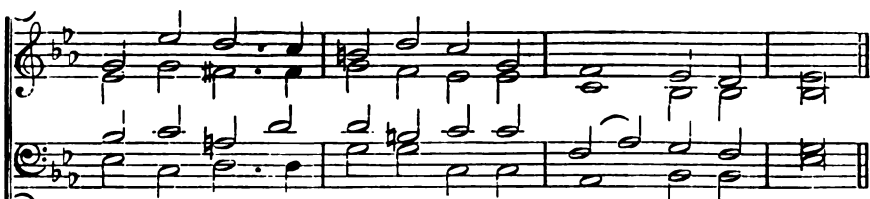
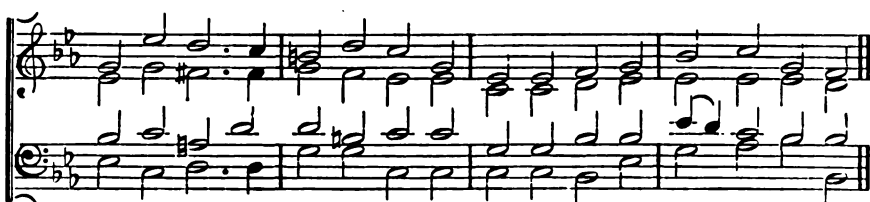
Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray!

*John Keble, 1827.*

EVENING HYMN.

4. HIGHNAM. 8.4 8.4.8.8.8.4.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



*"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."*

<b>G</b> 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 thoughts from Thee attend us, This livelong night.	Guard us waking, guard us sleeping, And, when we die, May we in Thy mighty keeping All peaceful lie : When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, O God, forsake us, But to reign in glory take us With Thee on high.
--	---

*Ep. Heber, 1827. Second Stanza by Abp. R. Whately.*

MORNING HYMN.

5. MORNING HYMN. L.M.

BARTHÉLEMON, 1808.



“ O God, Thou art my God : early will I seek Thee.”

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

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,  
And live this day as if thy last ;  
Thy talents to improve take care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience like the noonday clear :  
Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High glory to th' eternal KING.

All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept ;  
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

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

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

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below !—  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !

*Variation from Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700.*

LOMBARD. L.M

J. A. JOPP, 1873.



EVENING HYMN.

6. EVENING HYMN. L.M.

(Canon 2 in 1.) TALLIS, 1520—1585.



*"All His saints shall praise Him."*

**G**LORY to Thee, my GOD, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

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

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed !  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment 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 !

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

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,  
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;  
His love angelical instil ;  
Stop all the avenues of ill :

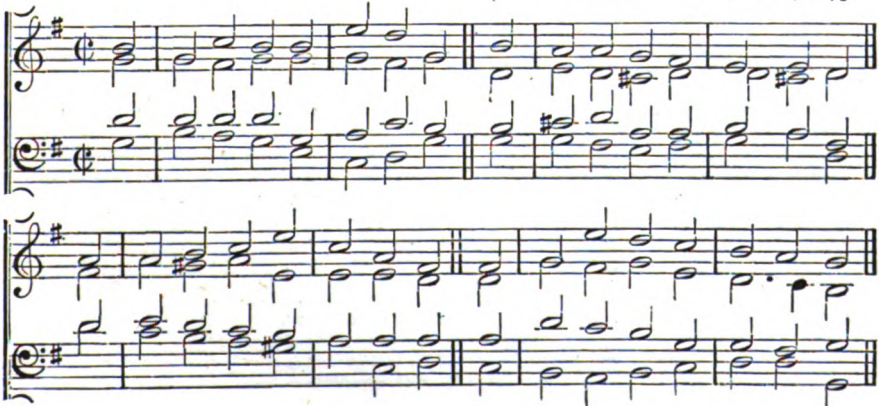
May he celestial joy rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse ;  
Or in my stead, the whole night long,  
Sing to my GOD a grateful song !

Praise GOD, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below !—  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !

*Variation from Bishop Thomas Ken, 1700.*

HASFIELD. L.M.

ALFRED WOOD, M.D., 1873.



MORNING HYMN.

7. LAMBETH NEW. 8.7.8.7. double.

JAMES COWARD, 1863.

*"I will alway sing praise unto Thy Name."*

**L**ORD, again we meet before Thee,  
 Spar'd to see another day;  
 Help us, humbly we implore Thee,  
 Worthily to praise and pray:  
 Worldly cares and thoughts dispelling,  
 In our hearts Thy SPIRIT dwelling,  
 Teach us rightly to adore Thee,  
 Learn Thy will, and keep Thy way.

Hear, O LORD, our full confession,  
 When to Thee we lift our cry;  
 Pardon speak for each transgression;  
 To our suppliant souls draw nigh:  
 Thy pure word our hearts directing;  
 Thy good grace our steps protecting;  
 Through the SAVIOUR'S intercession,  
 All we need, O LORD, supply.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
 LORD, we offer to Thy name;  
 Young and old, Thy praise expressing,  
 Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.  
 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
 We would bow before Thy throne;  
 As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
 So on earth Thy will be done.

*Rev. H. Thompson, 1836. Doxology by E. Osler, 1836.*

EVENING HYMN.

8. DEERHURST. 8.7.8.7. double.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.

*“Under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.”*

**H**EAR my prayer, O heavenly FATHER,  
 Ere I lay me down to sleep:  
 Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,  
 Round my bed their vigil keep.  
 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy  
 Far outweighs them every one;  
 Down before Thy cross I cast them,  
 Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me, through this night of peril,  
 Underneath its boundless shade;  
 Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,  
 When my pilgrimage is made!  
 None shall measure out Thy patience  
 By the span of human thought;  
 None shall bound the tender mercies  
 Which Thy Holy SON hath wrought.

Pardon all my past transgressions;  
 Give me strength for days to come;  
 Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,  
 Till Thine angels bid me home!  
 Home of rest and peace unending,  
 Whither turns my longing heart,  
 Home from whence thro' all the ages  
 Never more shall I depart!

*Harriett Parr, 1856. Last four lines by W. J. H., 1873.*



MORNING HYMN.

9. BEDFORD. C.M.

W. WHEALL, 1745.



“ God said, *Let there be light, and there was light.*”

NOW morning lifts her dewy veil,  
With new-born blessings crowned ;  
O haste we then her light to hail  
In courts of holy ground.

But CHRIST, triumphant o'er the grave,  
Shines more divinely bright ;  
O sing we then His power to save,  
And walk we in His light.

When from the darkest shades of night  
Sprang forth the world so fair,  
Arrayed in brilliant robes of light,  
What Power Divine was there !

When He, Who gave His guiltless SON  
A guilty world to spare,  
Restored to life the HOLY ONE,  
What Love Divine was there !

When, fresh from its CREATOR'S hand,  
The earth in beauty stood,  
All decked with light at His command,  
He saw, and called it good.

But still more lovely in His sight,  
The Church now stands renewed,  
Since JESUS CHRIST hath cleansed it white  
In His atoning Blood.

O Holy, Blessed, THREE in ONE !  
May Thy pure light be given,  
That we the paths of death may shun,  
And keep the way to Heaven.

*John Chaviler, 1837. Variation from Isaac Williams, 1836.*

EVENING HYMN.

10. S. URSULA. L.M.

From Bach's Choral Gesänge, 1685—1750.  
Arranged by JOHN FOSTER, 1863.

*"Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness."*

SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
O 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 wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

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

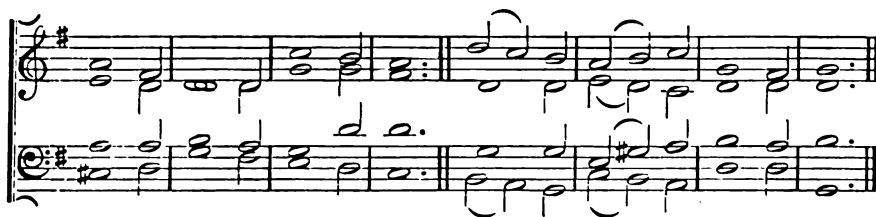
Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Praise GOD from Whom all blessings flow  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ,  
Praise Him above, angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

*John Keble, 1827.*

MORNING HYMN.

11. S. MARTIN ORGANS. 6.7's. From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.



*"While I live will I praise the Lord."*

**H**AIL, thou bright and sacred morn,  
Risen with gladness in thy beams!  
Light, which not of earth is born,  
From thy dawn in glory streams:  
Airs of heaven are breath'd around  
And each place is holy ground.

**S**AVIOUR! Who this day didst break  
The dark prison of the tomb;  
Bid my slumbering soul awake,  
Shine through all its sin and gloom:  
Let me, from my bonds set free,  
Rise from sin, and live to Thee!

**B**lessed SPIRIT! Comforter!  
Sent this day from CHRIST on high;  
**L**ORD, on me Thy gifts confer,  
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!  
All Thine influence shed abroad,  
Lead me to the truth of GOD!

Soon, too soon, the sweet repose  
Of this day of GOD will cease;  
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,  
Vanish soon the hours of peace;  
Soon return the toil, the strife,  
All the weariness of life.

But the rest which yet remains  
For Thy people, LORD, above,  
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,  
Endless as their SAVIOUR's love:  
O may every Sabbath here  
Bring us to that rest more near!

*Julia Anne Elliott, 1833.*

EVENING HYMN.

12. VESPERS. 8.6.8.6.8.8.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



*"O praise the Lord with me ; and let us magnify His Name together."*

L	ORD of my life, Whose tender care	Oh ! may I daily, hourly, strive
	Hath led me on till now,	In heavenly grace to grow ;
Here lowly at the hour of prayer		To Thee and to Thy glory live,
Before Thy throne I bow ;		Dead else to all below ;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray		Tread in the path my SAVIOUR trod,
Forgiveness for another day.		Though thorny, yet the path to GOD !

With prayer my humble praise I bring  
For mercies day by day ;  
LORD, teach my heart Thy love to sing,  
LORD, teach me how to pray !  
All that I have, I am, to Thee  
I offer through Eternity !

Anon. 1853.

MORNING HYMN.

13. MATTINS. C.M.D.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.



*"The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers."*

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,  
 Be my vain wishes still'd ;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better thoughts be fill'd :  
 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd ;  
 To Thee my thoughts would soar ;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life hath flow'd ;  
 That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear  
 Thy ruling hand I see !  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
 Because bestow'd by Thee.  
 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days ;  
 In ev'ry pain I bear ;  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness lights the happy hour,  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
 My soul shall meet Thy will.  
 My lifted eye without a tear  
 The gathering clouds shall see :  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear.  
 For LORD, it rests on Thee !

*Helen Maria Williams, 1762 (varied).*

EVENING HYMN.

14. S. CLEMENT. 8.7.8.7.7-.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



*"The Lord is my light and my salvation."*

<p><b>T</b>HROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us :</p> <p>Now we lay us down to rest ; Through the silent watches guard us ! Let no foe our peace molest ! JESUS, Thou our Guardian be ! Sweet it is to trust in Thee.</p>	<p>Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers ; Dwelling in the midst of foes :</p> <p>Us and ours preserve from dangers, In Thine arms may we repose ! And, when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last !</p>
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**THREE** in ONE ! let all adore Thee,  
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven ;  
Every creature bow before Thee,  
Who hast all their being given ;  
Praise to Thee from shore to shore,  
Praise to Thee for evermore ! Amen.

*Thomas Kelly, 1806.*



THE FIRST SUNDAY

15. HOSANNA. 8.8.8.8.4.7.

From HANDEL, 1684—1759.



“Hosanna to the Son of David.”—THE GOSPEL.

**H**OSANNA 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!

O SAVIOUR, with protecting care  
 Abide in this Thy house of prayer;  
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
 We here Thy parting promise claim.  
 Hosanna! LORD! Hosanna in the highest!

“Hosanna,” LORD, Thine angels cry;  
 “Hosanna,” LORD, Thy sain'ts reply:  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.  
 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 heaven shall melt away,  
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
 Hosanna! LORD! Hosanna in the highest!

*Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811.*

IN ADVENT.

16. TIVERTON. C.M.

GRIGG.



*"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."—THE GOSPEL.*

**H**ARK, the glad sound! the SAVIOUR comes,  
The SAVIOUR promised long!  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

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

He comes, from darkening scales of vice  
To clear the inward sight;  
And on the eye-balls of the blind  
To pour celestial light.

He comes to bind the broken heart,  
To make the wounded whole;  
To preach glad tidings to the meek,  
And bless the humble soul.

Our glad Hosannas, PRINCE of PEACE,  
Thine Advent shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy most holy Name.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore;  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Variation from Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

THE SECOND SUNDAY

17. S. CREER. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Adapted from Bach's Choral Gesänge. 1685-1750.  
Arranged by JOHN FOSTER, 1863.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is a choral setting with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

“Then shall they see the Son of Man.”—THE GOSPEL.

**L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain :  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train :

Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
They who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing, shall the true MESSIAH see.

Charles Wesley and John Cennick, varied by Martin Madan, 1760. Varied by W. F. Hall, 1836.

Blest redemption, long expected !  
See His solemn pomp to share,  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Rise to meet Him in the air :  
Hallelujah ! see the SON of GOD appear !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne ;  
SAVIOUR, take Thy power and glory,  
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :  
Hallelujah ! Amen.

ADVENT. 8.7.8.7.

Old Melody.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is a choral setting with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

IN ADVENT.

18. LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Printed in 1535.



“The Kingdom of God is nigh at hand.”—THE GOSPEL.

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 heaven and earth shall pass away ;  
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

W. B. Collyer, 1812, varied by W. J. Hall, 1836. (First stanza, anon.)

THE THIRD SUNDAY

19. S. CHAD. L.M.

DR. CHAMPION, 1600.

“Judge nothing before the time.”—THE EPISTLE.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay!  
How shall he meet that dreadful day!

When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

Oh! on that day—that awful day!  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou, O CHRIST, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Sir Walter Scott, 1805. From the *Dies Irae* by Thos. of Celano, circa 1150.

TONSBERG. L.M.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.

IN ADVENT.

20. BERGEN. 8.7.8.7.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.



"Blessed is he who shall not be offended in Me."—THE GOSPEL.

COME, O SAVIOUR, long expected,  
Born to set Thy people free;  
From our guilt and fear protected,  
We shall find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints Thou art,  
Blest desire of ev'ry nation,  
Joy of ev'ry waiting heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;  
Born a Child, and yet a King;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thine own eternal SPIRIT,  
In our hearts rule Thou alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
LORD, we offer to Thy name;  
Young and old, Thy praise expressing,  
Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.

As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
We would bow before Thy throne;  
As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done.

Charles Wesley, 1743 (varied). Doxology by E. Osler, 1836.

BRESLAU. 8.7.8.7.

Breslau Gesäng-buch, 1668.



THE FOURTH SUNDAY

21. DIES IRÆ. 6—7's. JOHN HULLAH. From Bach's Choral Gesänge, 1685-1750.  
(By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) Transposed.

Voices in Unison.

"The Lord is a God of judgment."—1st LESSON.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,  
When this world shall pass away,  
And the heavens together roll,  
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
Long foretold by saint and sage,  
David's harp, and Sybil's page.

Day of terror, day of doom,  
When the Judge at last shall come ;—  
Through the deep and silent gloom,  
Shrouding every human tomb,  
Shall the Archangel's trumpet tone  
Summon all before the Throne.

Then shall nature stand aghast,  
Death himself be overcast ;  
Then, at her Creator's call,  
Near and distant, great and small,  
Shall the whole creation rise  
Waiting for the Great Assize.

Then the writing shall be read,  
Which shall judge the quick and dead,  
Then the LORD of all our race  
Shall appoint to each his place ;  
Every wrong shall be set right,  
Every secret brought to light.

When, in that tremendous day,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What shall I the sinner say ?  
What shall be the sinner's stay ?  
When the righteous shrinks for fear,  
How shall my frail soul appear ?

KING of kings, enthroned on high,  
In Thine awful Majesty,  
Thou Who of Thy mercy free  
Savest those who saved shall be—  
In Thy boundless charity,  
Fount of pity, save Thou me.

O just Judge to Whom belongs  
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,  
Grant forgiveness, LORD, at last,  
Ere the dread account be past.  
Lo my sighs, my guilt, my shame !  
Spare me for Thine own great Name.

Thou Who bad'st the sinner cease  
From her tears and go in peace,  
Thou Who, to the dying thief  
Spakest pardon and relief,  
Thou, O LORD, to me hast given,  
E'en to me, the hope of heaven.

Abbreviation, by permission, of a Translation by Dean Stanley, 1863, of the Dies Iræ, by Thomas of Celano, circa 1150.

IN ADVENT.

22. S. MICHAEL ROYAL. 7-7-7-5.

DR. STEGGALL, 1865. (By permission, from Hymns for the Church of England, with Proper Tunes.)



"The Lord is at hand."—THE EPISTLE.

LORD of mercy and of might !  
Of mankind the Life and Light !  
Maker, Teacher, Infinite !  
JESUS ! hear and save !

Mighty Monarch ! SAVIOUR mild !  
Humbled to a mortal Child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
JESUS ! hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,  
JESUS ! hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,  
LORD of lords, and KING of kings,  
JESUS ! hear and save !

Who shalt yet return from high,  
Robed in might and majesty,  
Hear us ! help us when we cry,  
JESUS ! hear and save !

*Bp. Reginald Heber, 1811.*



CHRISTMAS DAY.

23. BETHLEHEM. C.M.D.

C. E. WILLING, 1860.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*"On earth peace, goodwill towards men."*—1st LESSON, Matt.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their  
flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground ;  
The angel of the LORD came down,  
And glory shone around.  
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread  
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,—  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you, and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born, of David's line,  
A SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD,  
And this shall be the sign :—  
The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song :—  
"All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace ;  
Goodwill, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease."

*Nahum Tate, 1696.*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

24. IMMANUEL. 8—7s.

MENDELSSOHN, 1847.  
(Adapted by W. H. CUMMINGS.)

"The Word was made flesh."—THE GOSPEL.

**H**ARK ! 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."

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,  
 CHRIST the Everlasting LORD ;  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see—  
 Hail, Incarnate Deity !  
 Pleas'd as Man with man to dwell  
 JESUS, our Immanuel.

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

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."

Charles Wesley, 1745, varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

25. ANGELUS. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.



*"Let all the angels of God worship Him."*—THE EPISTLE.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth !  
Ye, who sang Creation's story,  
Now proclaim MESSIAH's birth :  
Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar ;  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star :  
Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light :  
Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the LORD descending,  
In His Temple shall appear :  
Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you, break your chains !  
Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King !

James Montgomery, 1825.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

26. FLAXLEY ABBEY. 8.7's.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.

"The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—THE GOSPEL.

COME to Bethlehem, and see  
 JESUS on His Mother's knee ;  
 He, the GOD and man confest,  
 Slumb'ring on a virgin-breast :  
 Newly born—in humblest guise,  
 See Him—Monarch of the skies ;  
 He, Omnipotent, Divine,  
 Cradled with the lowing kine.

Come to Bethlehem, and see  
 JESUS, all humility ;  
 In a manger, mean and lone,  
 GOD INCARNATE is made known ;  
 Pure and gentle, undefiled,  
 Spotless, is the HOLY CHILD :  
 Come to Bethlehem, and see  
 JESUS on His Mother's knee.

Yet above His low abode  
 Shines the royal star of God :  
 Silent messenger, sent down—  
 Jewel blazing in His crown.  
 Angels their sweet welcome bring,  
 Coronation anthems ring,  
 Grandly swelling through the skies,  
 Over where the Infant lies.

Shine resplendent, herald star,  
 Speed the glorious news afar :  
 Shout, ye angels, lift your voice !  
 Heaven be glad, and earth rejoice !  
 GOD's "good-will" again hath smiled ;  
 Peace comes down, and mercy mild ;  
 Heaven is opened—man set free—  
 Come, the Infant JESUS see !

Come to Bethlehem, and see  
 GOD made man to rescue thee ;  
 Come, and see the wondrous sight,  
 GOD holds out a starry light ;  
 Come, and learn the angels' song ;  
 Come, and swell the gathering throng ;  
 Come to Bethlehem, and see  
 JESUS on His Mother's knee.

Benjamin Gough, 1873.

S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

27. CORONA. C.M.D.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.

"And they stoned Stephen."—THE EPISTLE.

THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain :  
 His blood-red banner streams afar ;  
 Who follows in His train ?  
 Who best can drink his cup of woe  
 Triumphant over pain,  
 Who patient bears his cross below,  
 He follows in His train.

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

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
 On whom the SPIRIT came,  
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
 And mocked the cross and flame ;  
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
 The lion's gory mane,  
 They bowed their necks, the death to feel :  
 Who follows in their train ?

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

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

28. ANNUE CHRISTE. 8.6's.

From LA FEILLÉE.

"Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ."—THE EPISTLE.

THERE is a blessed Home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
 Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crowned,  
 And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.  
 There is a land of peace,  
 Good angels know it well,  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell ;  
 Around its glorious Throne,  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 CHRIST, with the FATHER One  
 And SPIRIT evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the LAMB Who died,  
 And count each sacred Wound  
 In Hands, and Feet, and Side ;  
 To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done.  
 Look up ye saints of GOD,  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your SAVIOUR trod  
 Of daily toil and woe ;  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love,  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry Baker, 1861.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

29. NORFOLK. L.M.

Dr. HOWARD, 1782.  
Arranged by JOHN FOSTER, 1863.



*"They are without fault before the throne of God."*—THE EPISTLE.

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

See from afar, a lengthening band  
Of lowly penitents, that stand  
With angels gladdening their abode!—  
But who are these so near to God?

That starry crown around their brow  
Tells of their sacred glory now;  
Blest virgin souls who faultless come,  
From font of grace, or martyrdom.

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

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

O help us, SAVIOUR, by Thy grace  
Near Thee to win that heavenly place;  
Now following where Thy footsteps trod,  
"Blameless and harmless sons of GOD!"

W. F. Irons, D.D., 1873.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

30. MORTIMER. 8.7.8.7. double.

HENRY GADSBY, 1874.

*"When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son."*—THE EPISTLE.

**I**N Thy cradle we adore Thee, gentle, pure, and holy Child,  
 Prostrate fall and bow before Thee, Babe of Bethlehem undefiled ;  
 In Thy Mother's arms reclining, Infant, in Thy mean abode,  
 Strength and weakness strangely joining GOD with man, and man with GOD.

Swathed with swaddling-bands, and sleeping where the oxen have their lair ;  
 Smiling now in joy, or weeping ; earth's Deliverer is there.  
 He, the tender nursling lying, in a manger cold and lone,  
 He is King, all kings outvying, reigning on His heavenly throne.

This is He ! earth's millions own Him : haste to worship at His feet.  
 Nations, empires, people, crown Him ; here the true MESSIAH greet.  
 While the star of Bethlehem's shining, ere the angels' anthem cease,  
 Hasten ! earth and heaven, combining, JESUS welcome, Prince of Peace !

*Benjamin Gough, 1873.*



THE SUNDAY AFTER

31. DIES NATALIS. C.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1873.



*"She shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His Name Jesus."*—THE GOSPEL.

**H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join the angelic throng;  
For angels no such love have known  
To wake their grateful song.

Goodwill to sinful man is shown,  
And peace on earth is given;  
For lo! the Incarnate SAVIOUR comes  
With light and life from heaven.

Mercy and truth with sweet accord  
His rising beams adorn;  
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,  
"The promised Child is born."

Glory to GOD with songs of praise  
In highest worlds be paid;  
His glory by our lips proclaimed,  
And by our lives displayed.

So may we reach those blissful realms,  
Where CHRIST exalted reigns;  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains!

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore;  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

CHRISTMAS DAY.

32. HANOVER. 10.10.11.11.

Dr. CROFT, 1676—1727.



\* This tie is required in the third verse only.

“They shall call His Name Emmanuel.”—THE GOSPEL.

OH, come, all ye faithful,  
Triumphantly sing !  
Come, see in the Manger  
The Angels' dread King !  
To Bethlehem hasten,  
With joyful accord ;  
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !  
To worship the LORD.

True SON of the FATHER :  
He comes from the skies ;  
The womb of the Virgin  
He doth not despise.  
To Bethlehem hasten,  
With joyful accord ;  
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !  
To worship the LORD.

Not made but begotten,  
The LORD of all might,  
True GOD of true GOD,  
True Light of true Light !  
To Bethlehem hasten,  
With joyful accord ;  
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !  
To worship the LORD.

Hark ! hark ! to the Angels !  
All singing in Heaven,  
“To GOD in the highest  
High glory be given.”  
To Bethlehem hasten,  
With joyful accord ;  
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !  
To worship the LORD.

To Thee, then, O JESU !  
This day of Thy birth,  
Be glory and honour  
Through Heaven and earth ;  
True Godhead Incarnate !  
Omnipotent Word !  
Oh, hasten ! oh, hasten !  
To worship the LORD.

Translation by Rev. E. Caswall, 1873, of the *Adeste Fideles*, attributed to S. Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor, 1221—1274.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

33. FRANCONIA. S.M.

GERMAN.



*"When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus."—THE GOSPEL.*

THE year begins with Thee ;  
And Thou beginn'st with woe,  
To let the world of sinners see  
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O LORD,  
Thy tears upon the breast  
Are not enough ; the legal sword  
Must do its stern behest.

Like sacrificial wine  
Poured on a victim's head,  
Are those few precious drops of Thine,  
Now first to offering led.

O are we born to tears,  
Cradled in care and woe ?  
And seems it hard our vernal years  
Few vernal joys can show ?

Look here and hold thy peace :  
The Giver of all good  
E'en from the womb takes no release  
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love,  
First sow in holy fear :  
So life a winter's morn may prove  
To a bright endless year.

To GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT ever-blessed,  
The ONE in THREE, the THREE in ONE,  
Be endless praise addressed.

*John Keble, 1827.*

THE EPIPHANY.

34. EPIPHANY. II. IO. II. IO. E. H. THORNE, 1862. (By permission.)



"We have seen His star in the East."—THE GOSPEL.

**B**RIGHTEST 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 prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant REDEEMER is laid!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

THE FIRST SUNDAY

35. NEW COLUMBIA. 8.7.8.7. double.

JOHN FOSTER, 1863.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion."—1ST LESSON, Matt.

**P**RAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore Him,  
 Praise Him, angels, in the height:  
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light:  
 Praise the LORD! for He hath spoken,  
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;  
 Laws, which never shall be broken,  
 For their guidance 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 power proclaim;  
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
 Laud and magnify His Name!

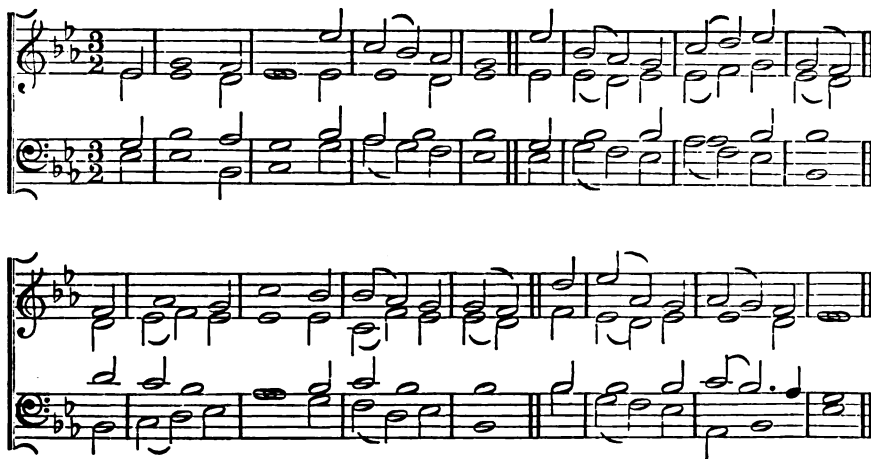
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
 LORD, we offer to Thy Name;  
 Young and old, Thy praise expressing,  
 Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.  
 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
 We would bow before Thy throne;  
 As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
 So on earth Thy will be done!

John Kempthornc, 1809. Doxology by E. Osler, 1836.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

36. MANCHESTER. C.M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT, 1780.



*"They found Him in the Temple."*—THE GOSPEL.

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

Come, blessed LORD! let every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal Name,  
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
In memory of Thy love.

LORD! LORD! Thy fair creation groans—  
The air, the earth, the sea—  
In unison with all our hearts,  
And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine:  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine!

*Sir Edward Denny, 1848.*

THE SECOND SUNDAY

37. S. MAGNUS. C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, 1790.



*"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."*—1st LESSON, Matt.

**H**OSANNA! raise the pealing hymn  
To David's SON and LORD;  
With Cherubim and Seraphim  
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast Thy gifts, how free!  
Thy Blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;  
Thy Name, our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring  
Our offerings to Thy Throne;  
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisp'ing throng;  
Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our poor but grateful song.

O SAVIOUR, if, redeem'd by Thee,  
Thy temple we behold,  
Hosannas through eternity  
We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. Havergal, 1833.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

38. SALE. 8.7.8.7.

J. B. SALE, 1820.



*"The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."*—1st LESSON, Even.

HEAR what GOD the LORD hath spoken !  
"O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you.

"Thorns of heartfelt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
Ye shall name your walls Salvation,  
And your gates shall all be praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
For the LORD your faith rewarding,  
All His bounty shall bestow.

"Still in undisturbed possession  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall ye feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye, no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see ;  
But, your griefs for ever ending,  
Find eternal noon in Me."

GOD shall rise, and shining o'er ye,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
He, the LORD, shall be your glory,  
God, your everlasting Light.

*Wm. Cowper, 1779.*



THE THIRD SUNDAY

39. HARLEY. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

HENRY GADSBY, 1873.



*“And Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I will, be thou clean.”—THE GOSPEL.*

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;	Father-like He tends and spares us ;
To His feet thy tribute bring ;	Well our feeble frame He knows ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,	In His hands He gently bears us,
Who like thee His praise should sing ?	Rescues us from all our foes :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !	Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Praise the everlasting King !	Widely as His mercy flows !

Praise Him for His grace and favour,	Angels, help us to adore Him,
To our fathers in distress ;	Ye behold Him face to face ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,	Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;	Dwellers all in time and space ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !	Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Glorious in His faithfulness !	Praise with us the GOD of grace !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

40. BENEDICTION. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

MICHAEL HAYDN, 1806.



*"I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."*—THE GOSPEL.

<p><b>H</b>AIL, Thou source of every blessing, Sovereign Father of mankind : Gentiles now, the truth possessing, To Thy courts admission find. Gratefully we bend before Thee ; In Thy church obtain a place ; Now, by faith, behold Thy glory, Praise Thy truth, and sing Thy grace.</p>	<p>Hail, Thou blessed Son of Mary : East and West their presents bring ; Never doubting, never weary, Come to worship Israel's King. So may we, with gifts appointed, In Thy temple minister ; Offering, as priests anointed, Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh :</p>
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Gold, for Thou art King immortal ;  
Incense, for Thou hearest prayer ;  
Myrrh, for through the grave's dim portal  
Thou didst pass, our doom to share.  
May we, body, soul, and spirit,  
Live devoted to Thy praise ;  
Realms of bliss for aye inherit ;  
Grateful anthems ever raise.

*B. Woodd. (Variat.)*

THE FOURTH SUNDAY

41. S. PETER. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE. (By permission.)



"He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea."—THE GOSPEL

MAKER of all things, Mighty LORD !  
We own Thy power divine ;  
The winds and waves obey Thy word,  
For all their strength is Thine.

Wide as the wintry tempests sweep,  
They work Thy sov'reign will ;  
Thy voice is heard upon the deep,  
And all its waves are still

When dangers threat in every form,  
And death itself is near ;  
O GOD, amidst the raging storm,  
We're safe beneath Thy care.

With faith and hope on Thee we stay,  
To rescue from the grave ;  
Thou, Whom the elements obey,  
Art ever near to save.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore ;  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Variation from Philip Doddridge, 1755.*

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

42. ELEUTHERIA. 7.6.7.6. double. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., 1873.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me."—1st LESSON, Even.

**H**AIL to the LORD'S Anointed,  
Great David's greater SON!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.  
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.  
Arabia's desert-ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see:  
With offerings of devotion  
Ships from the Isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

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.  
For Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end:  
The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed, in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.  
O'er every foe victorious  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1822.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY

43. S. MATTHEW. C.M.D.

Dr. CROFT, 1676—1727.

*"Who do lean only upon the hope of Thy heavenly grace."*—THE COLLECT.

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

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

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

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

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

O GOD, our help in ages past ;  
Our hope for years to come ;  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home !

*Isaac Watts, 1719.*

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

44. OLD 112TH. 6.8's.

From Bach's Choral Gesänge, 1685—1750.

"The time of harvest."—THE GOSPEL.

THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound  
 Shall wake the nations under ground;  
 Where then, my GOD, shall I be found,  
 When all shall stand before Thy throne;  
 When Thou shalt make their sentence known;  
 And all Thy righteous judgment own?

Thou, Who for me didst feel such pain,  
 Whose precious blood the cross did stain,  
 Let not Thine agonies be vain!  
 Forget not what my ransom cost;  
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,  
 In storms of guilty terror tost.

Give my exalted soul a place  
 Among Thy chosen, faithful race,  
 The sons of GOD, and heirs of grace:  
 Trembling, before Thy throne I bend;  
 My GOD, my Father, and my Friend,  
 Do not forsake me in mine end!

Wentworth Dillon Roscommon, 1717.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY

45. JERUSALEM. 7.6.7.6. double.

Dr. J. STAINER, 1874.



"We shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—THE EPISTLE.

**A**WAKE! awake! O Zion!  
Put on thy strength Divine,—  
Thy garments, bright in beauty,—  
The Bridal dress be thine:  
Jerusalem the holy,  
To purity restored;  
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,  
Go forth to meet thy LORD.

From henceforth pure and spotless,  
All glorious within,  
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,  
And cleansed from every sin;  
With love and wonder smitten,  
And bowed in guileless shame,  
Upon thy heart be written  
The new mysterious name.

Jerusalem the holy,  
In light and peace behold;  
Her glowing altars flaming,  
Her candlesticks of gold.  
The heavenly Bridegroom's dwelling,  
The place of David's thrones;  
Her solemn anthems swelling,  
Her pavement precious stones.

Jerusalem, victorious  
In triumph o'er her foes;  
Mount Zion, great and glorious,  
Thy gates no more shall close:  
Earth's millions shall assemble  
Around thine open door,  
While hell and Satan tremble,  
And earth and heaven adore.

The LAMB Who bore our sorrows  
Comes down to earth again;  
No sufferer now, but Victor,  
For evermore to reign;  
To reign in every nation,  
And rule in every zone:  
O world-wide coronation!  
In every heart a throne.

Awake! awake! O Zion!  
Thy Bridal Day draws nigh,—  
The day of signs and wonders,  
And marvels from on high:  
Thy sun uprises slowly,  
But keep thou watch and ward;  
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,  
Go forth to meet thy LORD.

Benjamin Gough. From the *Lyra Sabbatica*, 1865.

AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

46. TOTTENHAM. S.M.D.

JOHN FOSTER, 1863.

"They shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven."—THE GOSPEL.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before Whose bar severe,  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear :  
 Do Thou our souls prepare  
 For that tremendous day ;  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray.

To pray, and wait the hour,  
 That awful hour unknown,  
 When, robed in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,  
 The immortal SON of Man,  
 To judge the human race,  
 With all Thy FATHER'S dazzling train,  
 With all Thy glorious grace.

To chasten earthly joys,  
 To quicken holy fears,  
 For ever let the archangel's voice  
 Be sounding in our ears ;  
 The solemn midnight cry—  
 Ye dead, the Judge is come !  
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
 And hear your instant doom.

Oh may we thus be found  
 Obedient to His word,  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our LORD !  
 Oh may we thus ensure  
 A lot among the blest,  
 And watch a moment to secure  
 An everlasting rest !

Charles Wesley, 1749.



SEPTUAGESIMA

47. MEIN JESU, DEM DIE SERAPHINEN. L.M.D.

From Freylinghausen's Geistreiches Gesäng-buch, 1704. (By permission of Messrs. Longman, Green & Co.)

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—1st LESSON, Matt.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.  
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Doth his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth :  
 While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets, in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
 What though no real voice, nor sound,  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ;  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth their glorious voice :  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The Hand that made us is Divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712.

SUNDAY.

48. OLD 81ST. C.M.D.

Scotch Psalter, 1633.



"I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—2nd LESSON, Matt.

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green:  
As to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between,  
But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we all our doubts remove,  
These gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With faith's unclouded eyes;  
Could we but stand where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

Variation from Isaac Watts, 1719.

SEXAGESIMA

49. S. CECILIA. 8.8.8.6.

GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. Bac., 1874.



*"Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden."—1ST LESSON, Matt.*

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far-off appears my resting place,  
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, SAVIOUR, plead for me!

When I have err'd and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,  
And see no glimm'ring guiding ray,  
Still, SAVIOUR, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me!

When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away;  
Oh say, Thou plead'st for me!

*Charlotte Elliott, 1837.*

SUNDAY.

50. S. DAVID. C.M.

RAVENSCROFF'S Psalter, 1621.



*"The seed is the Word of God."*—THE GOSPEL.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy Word is cast  
Like seed upon the ground ;  
Oh let the dew of heaven descend,  
And shed its influence round.

Let not the foe of CHRIST and man  
This holy seed remove ;  
May it take root in ev'ry heart,  
And grow in faith and love !

Let not this life's deceitful cares,  
Nor worldly wealth and joy,  
Nor scorching beam, nor stormy blast,  
The rising plant destroy.

Where'er the Word of Life is sown,  
A large increase bestow ;  
That all who hear Thy message, LORD,  
Its saving power may know.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*John Cawood, 1816. Varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.*

QUINQUAGESIMA.

51. TEWKESBURY. S.M.

Anon. 1836.



*"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."*—THE EPISTLE.

FOR ever with the LORD!  
 Amen! so let it be!  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 And immortality!

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

My FATHER'S house on high,  
 Home of my soul! how near,—  
 At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye,—  
 Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies;  
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
 The winds and waters cease;  
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart  
 Expands the bow of peace.

Then, then I feel, that He,  
 Remember'd or forgot,  
 The LORD, is never far from me,  
 Though I perceive Him not.

*James Montgomery, 1853.*

SUNDAY.

52. JERSEY. 7-7-7-7.

DR. BOYCE, 1779.



*"Faith, hope, and charity."*—THE EPISTLE.

**H**OLY GHOST, my soul inspire !  
SPIRIT of th' Almighty SIRE,  
SPIRIT of the SON Divine,  
COMFORTER, Thy gifts be mine !

HOLY SPIRIT, in my breast  
Grant that lively Faith may rest,  
And subdue each rebel thought  
To believe what Thou hast taught.

When around my sinking soul  
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,  
SPIRIT blest, the tempest still,  
And with Hope my bosom fill.

HOLY SPIRIT, from my mind  
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,  
Deed and word unkind remove,  
And my bosom fill with Love.

Faith, and Hope, and Charity,  
COMFORTER, descend from Thee ;  
Thou th'anointing SPIRIT art,  
These Thy gifts to us impart,—

Till our Faith be lost in sight,  
Hope be swallow'd in delight,  
Love return to dwell with Thee  
In the threefold Deity !

*Bp. Mant, 1831.*

ASH WEDNESDAY.

53. S. MARY. C.M.

PLAYFORD'S Psalter, 1671.

"Turn ye even to Me, saith the Lord."—THE EPISTLE.

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

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

O call us not to strict account,  
How we have sojourn'd here ;  
For then our guilty conscience knows  
How vile we must appear.

We need not to confess our fault  
To Thee, Who best can'st tell :  
What we have been, and what we are,  
Thou knowest, LORD, full well.

Mercy, O LORD, mercy we seek,  
This is our only prayer ;  
In mercy, LORD, is all our hope,  
O let Thy mercy spare !

*Variation by W. J. Hall, 1836, from variation by  
Ep. Reginuld Heber, 1827, from John Mardley, 1562.*

ASH WEDNESDAY.

54. SOUTHWELL. S.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.

Musical score for 'ASH WEDNESDAY' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line. The first system contains two measures, and the second system contains two measures, ending with a double bar line.

*"When ye fast be not as the hypocrites."* —THE GOSPEL.

<b>F</b> ATHER of mercies, hear ! Thy pardon we implore, While daily, through this sacred Fast, Our prayers, our tears, we pour.	Searcher of hearts, to Thee Our helplessness is known ; Be then to those who seek Thy face Thy free forgiveness shown.
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How numberless our sins,  
LORD, we confess with shame ;  
Yet spare, and heal our broken hearts ;  
Spare, for Thy glorious Name.

*Thos. James Judkin, 1831.*

LONDON. S.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S Psalter, 1621.

Musical score for 'LONDON' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a supporting bass line. The first system contains two measures, and the second system contains two measures, ending with a double bar line.



THE FIRST SUNDAY

55. S. DENYS. 6.8s.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1873.

*Slow.*

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted."—THE GOSPEL.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
 And days are dark and friends are few,  
 On Him I lean, Who not in vain  
 Experienced every human pain :  
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
 From heavenly 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 power,  
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
 Deceived by those I prized too well,  
 He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
 Who felt on earth severer woe ;  
 At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
 By those who shared His daily bread.

If thoughts of fear within me rise,  
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
 Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear  
 The sickening anguish of despair,  
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently cry,  
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

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 !

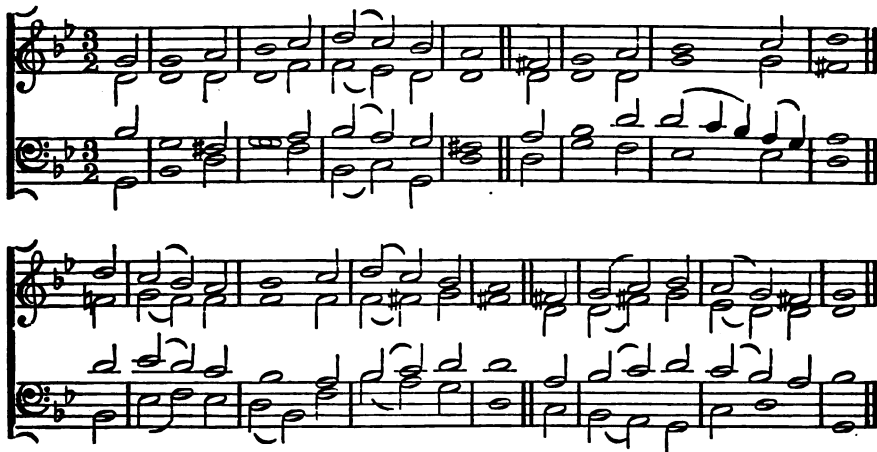
And oh, when I have safely past  
 Through every conflict but the last,  
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
 My bed of death, for Thou hast died !  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away !

Sir Robert Grant, 1806.

IN LENT.

56. BURFORD. C.M.

PURCELL, 1658—1695.



*"And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac his son."—*  
1st LESSON, Aft.

FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,  
Oh lead us gently on,  
Until life's trial-time shall end,  
And heavenly peace be won!

We know not what the path may be  
As yet by us untrod;  
But we can trust our all to Thee,  
Our FATHER and our GOD!

If call'd, like Abraham's child, to climb  
The hill of sacrifice,  
Some angel may be there in time;  
Deliverance shall arise.

Or, if some darker lot be good,  
Oh, teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, and solitude,  
That make the spirit pure!

CHRIST by no flowery pathway came;  
And we, His followers here,  
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,  
In hope, and love, and fear.

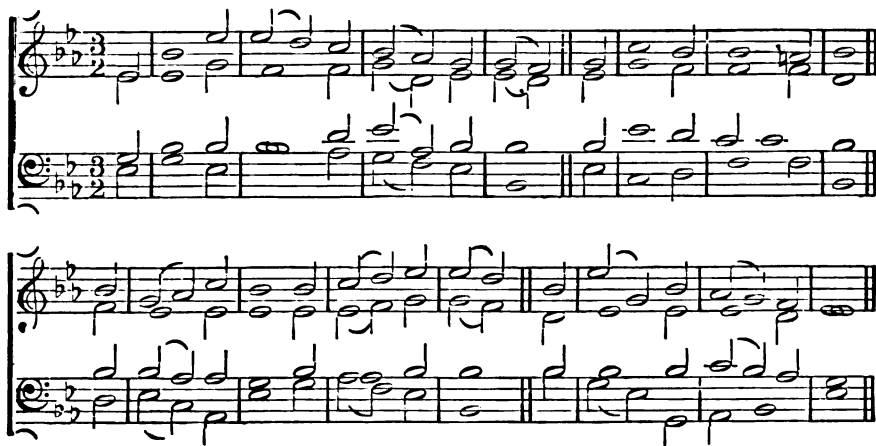
And, till in heaven we sinless bow,  
And faultless anthems raise,  
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, now  
Accept our feeble praise!

W. J. Irons, D.D., 1853.

THE SECOND SUNDAY

57. ABRIDGE. C.M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



*"Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David."*—THE GOSPEL.

OH, help us, LORD! in all our need,  
Thy heavenly succour give;  
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live!

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh, help us, LORD, the more.

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe;  
For still, the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

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 heaven to be!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

IN LENT.

58. WINDSOR. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



"And he called the name of that place Bethel."—1st LESSON, Aft.

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace ;  
GOD of our fathers ! be the GOD  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread Thy covering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen GOD,  
And portion evermore.

Variation by John Logan, 1770. From Philip Doddridge, 1755.

THE THIRD SUNDAY

59. OLD MARTYRS. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1611.



*"Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."*—THE EPISTLE.

**A**LMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night ;  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to Thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ  
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and publish'd there,  
Be all expos'd before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?

LORD, at Thy feet ashamed I lie,  
Upward I dare not look ;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from Thy book !

Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let His Blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt !

*Isaac Watts, 1720.*

IN LENT.

60. S. JOSEPH. 8.8.8.4.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1873.



"And Joseph was brought down to Egypt."—1st LESSON, *Af.*

MY GOD and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done!

If dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done!

Though Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,  
I can but yield Thee what is 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  
What makes it now so hard to say,  
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
That prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done!

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.  
61

THE FOURTH SUNDAY

61. BREMEN. L.M.

From Bach's Choral Gesänge, 1685—1750.  
Arranged by JOHN FOSTER, 1863.



*"Who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished."*—THE COLLECT.

WHEN at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend,  
And plead with Thee for mercy there,  
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,  
And for His sake receive my prayer.

Oh think not of my shame and guilt,  
My thousand stains of deepest dye;  
Think of the blood which JESUS spilt,  
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, LORD, how I am still Thine own,  
The trembling creature of Thy hand;  
Think how my heart to sin is prone,  
And what temptations round me stand.

Oh think upon Thy holy Word,  
And every plighted promise there;  
How prayer should evermore be heard,  
And how Thy glory is to spare.

Oh think not of my doubts and fears,  
My strivings with Thy grace divine:  
Think upon JESUS' woes and tears,  
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;  
Thine arm can never shorten'd be;  
Behold me here; my heart is full;  
Behold, and spare, and succour me!

*Henry Francis Lyte, 1833.*

IN LENT.

62. S. ALPHEGE. L.M.D.

J. BARNBY, 1863.

“ Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat ? ”—THE GOSPEL.

<p><b>O</b> KING of earth, and air, and sea !          The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;          To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep          The bosom of the boundless deep ;          To Thee the lions roaring call ;          The common Father, kind to all :          Then grant Thy servants, LORD, we pray,          Our daily bread from day to day.</p>	<p>The fishes may for food complain,          The ravens spread their wings in vain,          The roaring lions lack and pine ;          But, GOD, Thou carest still for Thine :          Thy bounteous hand with food can bless          The bleak and lonely wilderness ;          And Thou hast taught us, LORD, to pray          For daily bread from day to day.</p>
--	---

And oh ! when through the wilds we roam  
 That part us from our heavenly home ;  
 When lost in danger, want, and woe,  
 Our faithless tears begin to flow ;  
 Do Thou the gracious comfort give,  
 By which alone the soul may live ;  
 And grant Thy servants, LORD, we pray,  
 The bread of life from day to day !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.



THE FIFTH SUNDAY

63. S. CHRYSOSTOM. L.M.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.

*Slow.*

*Voices in Unison with Treble.*

*piu lento.*

“Who offered Himself without spot to God.”—THE EPISTLE.

OH COME! beneath His cross awhile,  
 In fear and shame and grief abide;  
 Our sins have nailed Him to the tree:  
 JESUS, our LORD, is crucified!

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!

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;  
 His blessed tongue with thirst is tied;  
 His failing eyes are blind with blood:  
 JESUS, our LORD, is crucified!

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,  
 And all three hours His silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men:  
 JESUS, our LORD, is crucified!

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!  
 Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
 His Pilate and His Judas were:  
 JESUS, thy LORD, is crucified!

Come, take thy stand beneath the cross,  
 And let the blood from out that side  
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop:  
 JESUS, thy LORD, is crucified!

A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
 Ask, and they will not be denied;  
 A broken heart love's cradle is:  
 JESUS, our LORD, is crucified!

F. W. Faber, 1871 (varied).

IN LENT.

64. LEONI. 6.6.8.4. double.

Old Jewish Hymn.

“Before Abraham was, I AM.”—THE GOSPEL.

THE GOD of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthron'd above ;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And GOD of love :  
JEHOVAH, Great I AM !  
By earth and heaven confest ;  
We bow before the sacred Name,  
For ever blest.

The GOD of Abraham praise,  
By Whose Almighty hand  
We travel safely all our days  
To Canaan's land ;  
To Zion's sacred height,  
Where GOD His throne maintains ;  
And glorious with His saints in light  
For ever reigns.

The goodly land we see,  
With peace and plenty blest,  
The land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest :  
There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.

There GOD, Who reigns on high,  
The great Archangels sing,  
And, “Holy, Holy, Holy,” cry,  
“Almighty King !  
Who Was, and Is, the same,  
And evermore shall be !  
JEHOVAH ! FATHER ! Great I AM !  
We worship Thee !”

The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to GOD on high ;  
“Hail, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !”  
They ever cry :  
Hail, Abraham's GOD and ours !  
We join th' angelic lays ;  
Thine are the heavens, with all their Powers,  
And endless praise.

Abbreviated from Thomas Olivers, 1772.

THE SUNDAY NEXT

65. ANIMA CHRISTI. L.M.D. W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., 1873.



*"He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death."*—THE EPISTLE.

O SOUL of JESUS, sick to death !  
 Thy Blood and prayer together plead ;  
 My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,  
 As the storm bows the feeble reed.  
 Deep waters have come in, O LORD !  
 All darkly on Thy human soul ;  
 And clouds of supernatural gloom  
 Around Thee are allowed to roll.  
 Sin and the FATHER'S anger ! they  
 Have made Thy lower nature faint ;  
 All save the love within Thy heart,  
 Seems for the moment to be spent.  
 My GOD ! My GOD ! and can it be  
 That I should sin so lightly now,  
 And think no more of evil thoughts  
 Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

I sin—and heaven and earth go round  
 As if no dreadful deed were done,  
 As if GOD'S blood had never flowed  
 To hinder sin, or to atone.  
 I walk the earth with lightsome step,  
 Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,  
 Do my own will, nor ever heed  
 Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.  
 Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?  
 Will Thou not work e'en now in me  
 The grace Thy Passion merited,—  
 Hatred of self, and love of Thee ?  
 Oh, by the pains of Thy pure love,  
 Grant me the gift of holy fear ;  
 And give me of Thy sacred blood  
 To wash my guilty conscience clear.

Ever when tempted, make me see,  
 Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,  
 My GOD, alone, outstretched, and bruised,  
 And bleeding on the earth He made :  
 And make me feel it was my sin,  
 As though no other sins there were,  
 That was to Him who bears the world  
 A load that He could scarcely bear.

F. W. Faber, 1871.

BEFORE EASTER.

66. PALMA. L.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1874

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the Name of the Lord."—2nd LESSON, Alt.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty !  
 Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;  
 O SAVIOUR meek, pursue Thy road,  
 With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die :  
 O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin  
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
 The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
 To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh :  
 The FATHER on His sapphire Throne  
 Awaits 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 power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

67. MOUNT OLIVET. 6.7's.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.

"I gave My back to the smiters."—THE EPISTLE.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;  
There your SAVIOUR'S conflict see ;  
Watch with Him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from His griefs away ;  
Learn of Him to watch and pray.

See Him in the judgment-hall,  
Bound, and beaten, and arraign'd ,  
Sad, forsaken, mock'd by all,  
Yet by heav'nly love sustain'd ;  
Ye that suffer shame or loss,  
Learn of CHRIST to bear the Cross.

Follow on to Calvary ;  
There the blessed JESUS view,  
Dying on th' accursed tree :  
Made a sacrifice for you :  
"It is finish'd," hear Him cry ;  
Look on Him, and learn to die.

*James Montgomery, 1824 (abbreviated).*

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

68. HÖCHSTER PRIESTER DER DU DICH. 7.7.7.7.

From Freytinghausen's Geistreiches Gesäng-buch, 1704. (By permission of Messrs. Longman, Green & Co.)



*"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."*—2ND LESSON, Even.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost ones dear,  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear:  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;  
Though the sins were not Thine own,  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls  
For our own departed souls,  
When the final doom is near,  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

69. PETRA. 6.7's.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.

“ Without shedding of blood there is no remission.”—THE EPISTLE.

**R**OCK 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;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Merit I have none to bring,  
Only to Thy Cross I cling:  
Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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

Variation by W. J. Hall, 1836, from A. M. Toplady, 1776.

CEPHAS. 6.7's.

Adapted from Bach's Choral Gesänge, 1685—1750.  
By JOHN FOSTER, 1863.

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

70. SPIRES. L.M.

Day's Psalter, 1563.



"There they crucified Him."—THE GOSPEL.

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 Cross of CHRIST, my GOD ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I quit them all for JESUS' 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 an off'ring far too small :  
A love so boundless, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1709 (varied).

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

Dr. MILLER, 1800.





GOOD FRIDAY.

71. S. PAUL'S. 10.7's.

HENRY GADSBY, 1873.

*To be sung in unison slowly.* *In harmony, rather faster.*

“Behold your King.”—THE GOSPEL.

BOUND upon th' accursèd 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 th' accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, Who is He?  
By the sun at noonday pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
By earth, that trembles at His doom,  
By yonder saints, that burst their tomb,  
By Eden, promised, ere He died,  
To the felon at His side,  
LORD, our suppliant knees we bow;  
SON of GOD! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd 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 th' accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, Who is He?  
By the prayer 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!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

GOOD FRIDAY.

72. S. ISAAC. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

From the Darmstadt Gesäng-buch, 1698.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is a simple, homophonic setting of the words.

"It is finished."—THE GOSPEL.

**H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;  
 See! the rocks are rent asunder;  
 Darkness veils the mid-day sky:  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Hear the dying SAVIOUR cry.  
 Oh what joy to helpless sinners  
 These triumphant words afford!  
 Heav'nly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us through CHRIST the LORD:  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Saints, His dying words record.  
 All the types and shadows finish'd  
 Of the ceremonial law:  
 Man's redemption now completed,  
 Death and hell no more shall awe:  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.  
 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;  
 Join the triumph to proclaim:  
 All on earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise the SAVIOUR'S name:  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding LAMB!

Jonathan Evans, 1784. Varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.

EASTER EVEN.

73. LITANY. 8.7's.

JOHN L. HATTON.

Arranged by JOHN FOSTER, 1863, by  
permission of T. OLIPHANT, Esq.

*Voices in Unison.*

"Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope."—1ST LESSON, Mat.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bend the adoring knee;  
When repentant to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
Oh! by all the pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy birth and early years;  
By Thy human griefs and fears;  
By Thy fasting and distress  
In the lonely wilderness;  
By Thy vict'ry in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
JESUS, look with pitying eye;  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dark despair;  
By Thine agony of prayer;  
By the purple robe of scorn;  
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn;  
Cross and passion, pangs and cries;  
By Thy perfect sacrifice;  
JESUS, look with pitying eye;  
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy last expiring groan;  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;  
By Thy power from death to save;  
Mighty GOD! ascended LORD!  
To Thy throne in heaven restor'd;  
PRINCE and SAVIOUR, hear the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

Variation from Sir Robert Grant, 1815, by W. J. Hall, 1836.

EASTER EVEN.

74. BETULIUS. 6.7's.

SIGISMUND VON BIRKEN, 1681.  
Harmonized by E. G. MONK. By permission  
from the Anglican Hymn Book.

*"In the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight."*—1ST LESSON, Even.

**E**ARTH 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, upraised 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 :  
Ransomed by Thy blood, the just  
Rise immortal from the dust.

*John Hampden Gurney, 1851.*

EASTER DAY.

75. S. ATHANASIUS. 8.7.8.7. Double. HENRY GADSBY, 1873.

*"Christ is risen from the dead."*—EASTER ANTHEM.

SING with all the sons of glory,  
Sing the Resurrection song!  
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,  
To the "former days" belong;  
All around the clouds are breaking,  
Soon the storms of time shall cease,  
In God's likeness, man awaking,  
Knows the everlasting peace.

Oh what glory, far exceeding  
All that eye has yet perceived!  
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
Never that full joy conceived.  
GOD has promised, CHRIST prepares it,  
There on high our welcome waits;  
Every humble spirit shares it,  
CHRIST has passed the Eternal gates.

"Life Eternal!" heaven rejoices,  
JESUS lives Who once was dead;  
Join, O man, the deathless voices,  
Child of GOD, lift up thy head!  
Patriarchs from the distant ages,  
Saints all longing for their heaven,  
Prophets, psalmists, seers and sages,  
All await the glory given.

"Life Eternal!" Oh what wonders  
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,  
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,  
Saints shall stand before the throne!  
Oh! to enter that bright portal,  
See that glowing firmament,  
Know, with Thee, O GOD Immortal,  
"JESUS CHRIST Whom Thou hast  
sent!"

W. J. Irons, D.D., 1873.

EASTER DAY.

76. EASTER HYMN. 7.7.7.7.

DR. WORGAN, 1790.

"I am He that liveth and was dead."—2ND LESSON, Mat.

JESUS CHRIST is ris'n to-day,	Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy-day ;	Hallelujah !
Who so meekly on the cross,	Hallelujah !
Suffer'd 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 !
For the pains which He endur'd,	Hallelujah !
Our salvation have procur'd ;	Hallelujah !
Now He reigns eternal 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 heavenly host,	Hallelujah !
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.	Hallelujah !

Anon., 1750.

EASTER MONDAY.

77. FAVERSHAM. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

KING HALL, 1874.

"Him God raised up the third day."—THE EPISTLE.

**C**HRISt is risen from the dead,

Let earth and heaven rejoice !  
Men and angels join to spread

His praise, with heart and voice :  
Join in hallelujahs, join

Rapturous songs with one accord ;

Hymn His attributes divine,  
And worship **CHRIST** the **LORD** !

Victor ! rising from the grave,

By Thy right hand of power,  
Mighty art Thou now to save ;

Earth's millions are Thy dower.

By the travail of Thy soul,

Thou Thy love to man hast showed ;

Trampled death, and death's control,  
And conquered by Thy blood.

Kneeling at Thy sacred feet,

We worship and adore ;

Joy and sorrow strangely meet,

And mingle evermore.

Where the cruel nails and spear

Pierced Thee, hanging on the tree,

*There* we read Thy love most dear,

Thy scars of victory see.

Baffled are the dark designs

Of hell and Satan now ;

Victory's crimson wreath entwines

Around Thy sacred brow :

God of God, and Light of Light,

Thee, Omnipotent, we own,

Reigning in Thy royal right

On heaven's eternal throne.

*Abbreviated from the Lyra Sabbatica by B. Gough, 1865.*

EASTER TUESDAY.

78. JUBILATIO. 8.7's.

GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. Bac., 1874.

*With spirit.*

*"Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption."*—THE EPISTLE.

JOY of Joys ! He lives, He lives,  
 JESUS, Who salvation gives ;  
 Rising in the early gloom,  
 Lo, His glory fills the tomb :  
 All the earthly guards are fled  
 From the mansion of the dead ;  
 Listen ! for the angels say,  
 " See the place where JESUS lay."  
 " Enter, if ye seek for Him !"  
 There the light shall not be dim ;  
 At His head and at His feet,  
 Mark the clothes and winding sheet,  
 All in sacred order seen,  
 In the grave where CHRIST has been :  
 So He left it—all was done  
 Ere the rising of the sun.

Earth was trembling, JESUS rose,  
 Calmly passing through His foes :  
 " Death hath no dominion now,"  
 " Captain of Salvation " Thou !  
 JESU, Conqueror of the grave,  
 JESU, Master, strong to save,  
 Teach our hearts the unearthly bliss  
 Of a purer world than this !  
 Bid the powers of darkness fly,  
 For the morn is drawing nigh ;  
 Show to us the shining way,  
 Us the children of the day :  
 Onward, onward, in the road  
 Radiant with the light of GOD,  
 GOD the FATHER and the SON,  
 And the SPIRIT, ever ONE !

W. F. Irons, D.D., 1873.



THE FIRST SUNDAY

79. S. LAWRENCE. 8.7.8.7. Double.

German.

*With spirit.*

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."—THE GOSPEL.

**H**ALLELUJAH! Hallelujah! Hearts to  
 heaven and voices raise;  
 Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness, sing to GOD  
 a hymn of praise.  
 He who on the cross a Victim for the world's  
 salvation bled,  
**JESUS CHRIST**, the King of Glory, now is risen  
 from the dead.  
 Now the iron bars are broken, **CHRIST** from  
 death to life is born,  
 Glorious life, and life immortal, on this holy  
 Easter Morn:  
**CHRIST** has triumph'd, and we conquer by His  
 mighty enterprise,  
 We with Him to life eternal by His resur-  
 rection rise.

**CHRIST** is risen, **CHRIST** the First-fruits of the  
 holy harvest-field,  
 Which will all its full abundance at His second  
 coming yield;  
 Then the golden ears of harvest will their  
 heads before Him wave,  
 Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine, from the  
 furrows of the grave.  
**CHRIST** is risen, we are risen; shed upon us  
 heavenly grace,  
 Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the  
 brightness of Thy face,  
 That we, with our hearts in heaven, here on  
 earth may fruitful be,  
 And by angel-hands be gather'd, and be ever,  
**LORD**, with Thee.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to GOD on high,  
 Hallelujah! to the SAVIOUR, Who has gain'd the victory!  
 Hallelujah! to the SPIRIT, Fount of love and sanctity;  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Triune Majesty!

*Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1865. (By permission from the Holy Year.)*

AFTER EASTER.

80. S. LUKE. C.M.D.

English Psalter, 1595.

"Peace be unto you."—THE GOSPEL.

FAR from these 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 clouds 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.

Oh may the heavenly 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.

Anne Steele, 1760.

THE SECOND SUNDAY

81. MIRIAM. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



*“And there was no water for the congregation.”—1ST LESSON, Mat.*

GUIDE us, O Thou great JEHOVAH,  
Pilgrims through this barren land ;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
Hold us with Thy powerful hand :  
Of Thy goodness  
Fill our souls with heavenly bread.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the living waters flow :  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Guide us all the desert through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still our Help and Shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid our anxious fears subside ;  
Lead us through the parted river ;  
Bring us safe to Canaan's side :  
Grateful praises  
We will ever give to Thee.

*Variation from William Williams, 1774.*

AFTER EASTER.

82. PASTOR. 7.6.

M. VULPIUS, 1609.

“I am the Good Shepherd.”—THE GOSPEL.

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.

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 raised me,  
And healing balms poured in!

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:  
Oh bring my ransomed spirit  
To Thine eternal fold!

L. Tuttielt. (By permission of Messrs. W. Wells Gardner.)

S. NICOLAS. 7.6.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.

THE THIRD SUNDAY

83. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.



“Honour the King.”—THE EPISTLE.

○ KING of kings, Thy blessing shed  
On our anointed Sovereign's head ;  
And, looking from Thy throne in heaven,  
Protect the crown Thyself hast given.

Her, for Thy sake, may we obey ;  
Uphold her right, and love her sway ;  
Remembering, all the Powers that be  
Are ministers ordained by Thee.

By her this favoured nation bless ;  
To her wise counsels give success ;  
In peace, in war, Thine aid be seen ;  
Confirm her strength:—Oh save our Queen !

And when all earthly thrones decay,  
And earthly glories fade away,  
Give her a nobler throne on high,  
A crown of immortality.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Thomas Cotterüll, 1819. Varied by W. J. Hall, 1836.

AFTER EASTER.

84. CASSEL. 8.7's.

A German Chorale, 1784.

*"I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice."*—THE GOSPEL.

**J**ESUS, full of love divine,  
I am Thine and Thou art mine ;  
Let me live and die to prove  
Thine unutterable love.  
More and more of love I claim,  
Glowing still with quenchless flame ;  
All my heart to thee aspires,  
Yearns with infinite desires.

Every thought, design, and word,  
Burns with love to Thee, my LORD ;  
Body, soul, and spirit joined,  
All in love to Thee combined.  
Ever since I saw Thy face,  
Proved Thy plenitude of grace,  
Chose Thee as the better part—  
Love has filled and fired my heart.

**J**ESUS came from heaven to seek  
Me, a sinner blind and weak ;  
In Gethsemane He strove,  
In an agony of love ;  
Suffered to redeem my loss,  
Died for me upon the cross ;  
And His love, divinely free,  
Reaches all mankind, and me.

**J**ESUS, SAVIOUR, Thou art mine ;  
**J**ESUS, all I have is Thine ;  
Never shall the altar-fire,  
Kindled on my heart, expire.  
Love my darkness shall illumine,  
Love shall all my sins consume :  
Sweetly then I die to prove  
An eternity of love !

*Benjamin Gough, 1874.*

THE FOURTH SUNDAY

85. S. GILES. 6.8's.

E. H. THORNE, 1853.



"The Spirit of Truth."—THE GOSPEL.

CREATOR SPIRIT, by Whose aid  
The world's foundations first were  
laid,  
Come, visit every humble mind,  
Come, pour Thy joy on all mankind :  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples meet for Thee.

O Source of uncreated light !  
The FATHER's promised Paraclete !  
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe :  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The FATHER and the SON by Thee.

Immortal honours, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty FATHER's name :  
The SAVIOUR SON be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died :  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Latin Hymn, about 7th century. Translated by John Dryden, 1693.

AFTER EASTER.

86. TALLIS. C.M.

TALLIS, 1520—1585.

*Slowly.*



*"He will guide you into all truth."—THE GOSPEL.*

COME, HOLY SPIRIT! heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

Our hearts are set on things below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs;  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Thy praises falter on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Oh shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

All glory to the Eternal One  
Be evermore address,  
To GOD, the FATHER, and the SON,  
Joined with the SPIRIT blest.

*Variation by W. J. Hall, 1836, from Isaac Watts, 1709.*



THE FIFTH SUNDAY

87. HOLBROOKE. 8.8.8.6.

W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., 1873.



*"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer."*—THE GOSPEL.

○ HOLY SAVIOUR, Friend unseen,  
 The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:  
 Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
 By faith to cling to Thee!

What though the world deceitful prove,  
 And earthly friends and joys remove?  
 With patient uncomplaining love  
 Still would I cling to Thee!

Oft when I seem to tread alone  
 Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
 A voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
 Whispers "Still cling to Me!"

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
 I ask not, need not, aught beside:  
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
 The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
 Since Thou art near, and strong to save;  
 Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave;  
 Because they cling to Thee!

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;  
 What can disturb me, who appal,  
 While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,  
 SAVIOUR! I cling to Thee?

AFTER EASTER.

88. S. VICTOR. 7.6.7.6. Double.

J. A. JOPP, 1873.

"I have overcome the world."—THE GOSPEL.

UPLIFT the blood-red banner,  
 Unsheathe the SPIRIT'S sword ;  
 Put on the Christian's armour,  
 The armour of the LORD ;  
 The helmet of salvation,  
 And faith's victorious shield ;  
 Go forth with acclamation,  
 The world your battle-field.  
 Each battle of the warrior,  
 Who fights by land or flood,  
 Is with confused noises,  
 And garments rolled in blood ;  
 But this shall be with burning,  
 From heaven its light shall shine,  
 Both heart and soul discerning  
 The fire of love Divine.

Uplift the blood-red banner,  
 And shout, with trumpet's sound,  
 Deliverance to the captive,  
 And freedom to the bound ;  
 Earth's jubilee of glory,  
 The year of full release :  
 Oh tell the wondrous story ;  
 Go forth and publish peace !  
 Go forth, confessors, martyrs,  
 With zeal and love unpriced,  
 And preach the blood of sprinkling,  
 And live or die for CHRIST :  
 For CHRIST claim every nation,  
 Your banner wide unfurled ;  
 Go forth and preach salvation,  
 Salvation for the world !

From the *Lyra Sabbatica*, by Benjamin Gough, 1865.

THE ASCENSION

89. ASCENSION. S.M.D.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



"While they beheld, He was taken up."—THE EPISTLE.

THOU art gone up on high  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 And round Thy throne unceasingly  
 The songs of praise arise.  
 But we are lingering here  
 With sin and care oppress'd ;  
 LORD ! send Thy promised Comforter,  
 And lead us to Thy 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 !

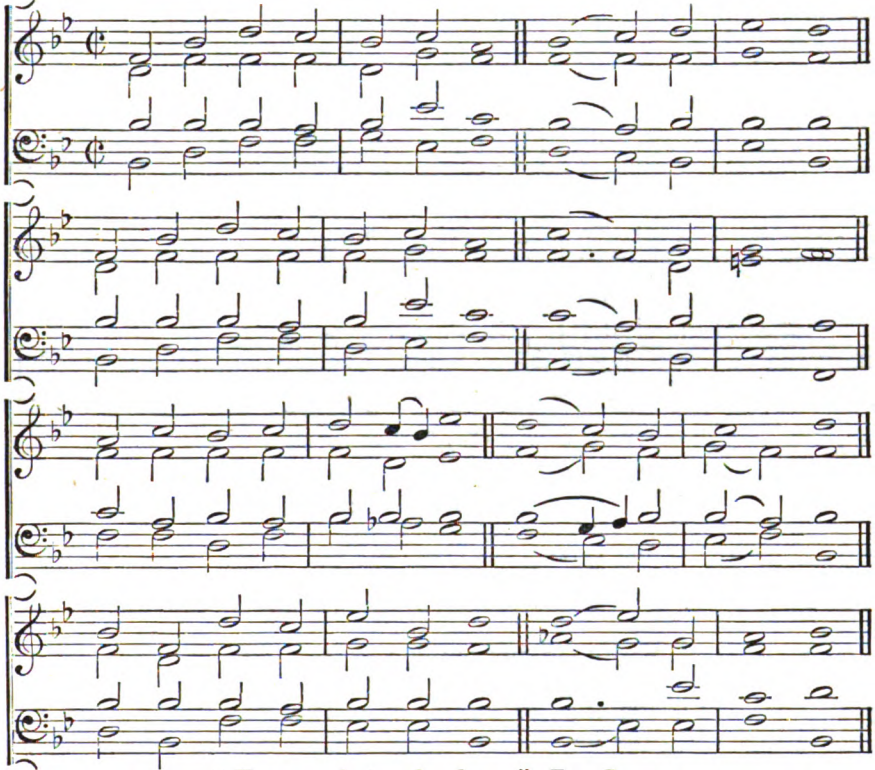
Thou art gone up on high :  
 But Thou shalt come again  
 With all the bright ones of the sky  
 Attendant in Thy train.  
 Oh ! by Thy saving power,  
 So make us live and die,  
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
 At Thy right hand on high !

Emma Töke, 1851.

OF OUR LORD.

90. ALL-HALLOWES. 7-7-7-7.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.



"He was received up into heaven."—THE GOSPEL.

**H**AIL the day that sees Him rise  
 Hallelujah !  
 To His throne above the skies :  
 Hallelujah !  
**CHRIST**, the Lamb, for sinners given,  
 Hallelujah !  
 Enters now the highest heaven.  
 Hallelujah !  
 There for Him high triumph waits ;  
 Hallelujah !  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Open wide : **CHRIST** enters in,  
 Hallelujah !  
 Conqueror of death and sin.  
 Hallelujah !  
 Lo, the heaven 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 !

Variation from C. Wesley, 1743-

THE SUNDAY AFTER

91. HARBOROUGH. C.M.

SHRUBSOLE.



"The King of Glory."—THE COLLECT.

ALL hail the power of JESUS' Name !  
 Ye angels, prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
 Who fixed this floating ball ;  
 Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our GOD  
 Who from His altar call ;  
 Of Jesse's stem extol the Rod,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
 Ye ransomed of the fall,  
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
 Whom David LORD did call,  
 The GOD Incarnate, Man Divine,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

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

Let every tongue and every tribe  
 Before Him prostrate fall,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

*Perronet, 1780. Varied.*

THE ASCENSION.

92. AGNUS DEI. C.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1873.



“*The King of Glory.*”—THE COLLECT.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the Throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the LAMB that died!” they cry,  
“To be exalted thus:”  
Worthy the LAMB! our lips reply,  
For He was slain for us.

JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honour and power Divine:  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

Let all creation join in one  
To bless the Sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,  
And to adore the LAMB.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore:  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Isaac Watts, 1709*

WHITSUNDAY.

93. VENI CREATOR. 6.8's.

KELLOW J. PYE, 1863.

“They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.”—THE EPISTLE.

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.

Illumine with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight;  
Anoint our heart, and cheer our 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 theme may be our endless song:—  
Praise to Thine eternal merit,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT.

Ascribed to Charlemagne, 8th Cent. Translated by Bishop John Cosin, 1662.

S. AMBROSE. 6.8's.†

ATTWOOD, 1836.

\* These ties are required for third verse only.

† When this Tune is used the last line of each verse must be repeated.

WHITSUNDAY.

94. WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.

Allison's Psalter, 1599.

*"The Comforter shall teach you all things."--THE GOSPEL.*

SPiRIT of Truth ! on this Thy day  
To Thee for help we cry,  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, LORD, the cloven flame,  
Nor tongues of various tone ;  
But long Thy praises to proclaim  
With fervour in our own.

No new prophetic voice we hear,  
No wondrous powers we share ;  
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,  
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,  
And knowledge vain shall prove,  
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, and hope, and love.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One Consubstantial Three  
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,  
'Now and for ever be !

*Variation from Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.*



WHIT MONDAY.

95. ANGELS. L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583—1625.



“The Holy Ghost fell on them which heard the word.”—THE EPISTLE.

○ 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 power and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order in Thy path ;  
Souls without strength, inspire with might,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O SPIRIT of the LORD ! prepare  
All the round earth her GOD to meet ;  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations far and nigh ;  
The triumphs of the Cross record ;  
The name of JESUS glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him LORD.

James Montgomery, 1825.

WHIT TUESDAY.

96. LONDON NEW. C.M.

Dr. CROFT, 1676—1727.



“ And they received the Holy Ghost.”—THE GOSPEL.

OH for a closer walk with GOD,  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the LAMB !

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory 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 !

William Cowper, 1779.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

97. MELCOMBE. L.M.

S. WEBBE, 1816.



“By the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity.”—THE COLLECT.

**F**ATHER of all ! Whose wondrous  
grace  
Moved Thee to save our guilty race !  
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy pardoning 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 raised from sin and death ;  
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.

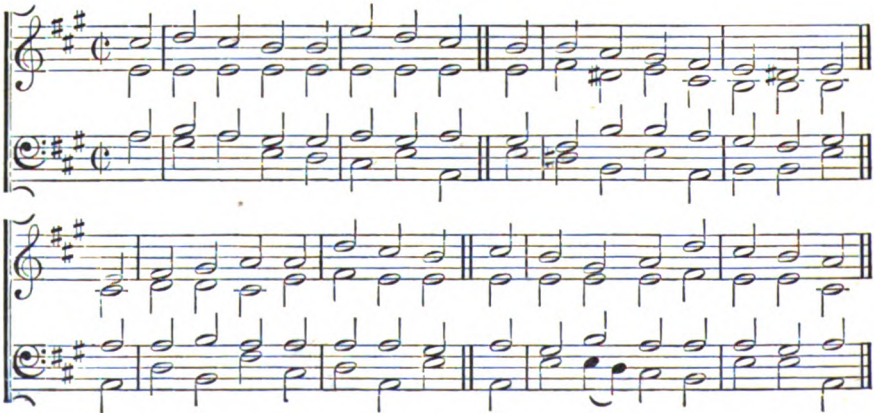
Jehovah ! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
Mysterious Godhead ! THREE in ONE !  
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life, to all extend.

All blessing, honour, glory, power,  
To Thee, Whom all Thy saints adore,  
Thy Church on earth, Thy heavenly host ;  
Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

J. Cooper, 1812.

ULTZEN. L.M.

P. E. BACH, 1787.



TRINITY SUNDAY.

98. TRINITY HYMN. 11.12 12.10.

E. H. THORNE, 1863.

“*They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.*”—THE EPISTLE.

**H**OLY, 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, Blessèd 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,

Who wast, and art, and evermore shall 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 power, in love, in 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, Blessèd Trinity!

*Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.*

TRINITY HYMN. 11.12.12.10.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.

THE FIRST SUNDAY

99. UNSER HERRSCHER. 8.7.8.7. NEANDER, 1650.  
Harmonized by E. G. MONK. By permission  
from the Anglican Hymn Book.



*"He hath given us of His Spirit, and we have seen, and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."*—THE EPISTLE.

ROUND the LORD in glory seated  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
Fill'd His temple, and repeated  
Each to each th' alternate hymn :

"LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
"Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
"Unto Thee be glory given,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy LORD !"

Heaven 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 fulness stored ;  
"Unto Thee be glory given,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy LORD !"

*Bishop Richard Mant, 1837. Abbreviated.*

AFTER TRINITY.

100. GLOUCESTER. C.M.

PLAYFORD'S Psalter, 1671.



*“Desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man’s table.”—THE GOSPEL.*

FOUNT of all 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 names Thou wilt confess  
Before thy FATHER’S face.  
In them Thou may’st be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered;  
And, in their accents of distress,  
Thy pleading voice is heard.  
LORD, help us then Thy yoke to wear,  
And joy to do Thy will;  
Each other’s burdens gladly bear,  
And love’s sweet law fulfil.  
Thy Face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
For while we minister to them,  
We do it, LORD, to Thee.  
Do Thou, O LORD, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.  
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*P. Doddridge, 1755. Varied.*

THE SECOND SUNDAY

101. MAGDALEN. 6.8's.

Dr. STAINER, 1874.  
By permission of the London  
Church Choir Association.

“Hereby perceive we the love of God.”—THE EPISTLE.

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 pained, 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 has brought  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;  
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall  
see,  
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to Thee ward tend !

Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to  
share ?  
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The LORD of every motion there !  
Then shall my heart from earth be  
free,  
When it has found repose in Thee.

C. Wesley, 1749.

AFTER TRINITY.

102. HEREFORD. 8.8.6. Double.

DR. BOYCE, 1710—1779.



*"They all with one consent began to make excuse."*—THE GOSPEL.

O GOD! my inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress:  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 To tremble at the sinner's fate,  
 And wake to righteousness.  
 Be this my one great business here,  
 With holy jealousy and fear  
 To make my calling sure:  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 To suffer all Thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.  
 Then, SAVIOUR, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale to live,  
 And reign with Thee above;  
 With Thee, where faith is lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.  
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,—  
 The GOD Whom heaven's triumphant host  
 And holy men adore,—  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last,  
 When time shall be no more.

*Charles Wesley, 1749. Varied.*



THE THIRD SUNDAY

103. S. ETHELDREDA. 8.6.8.6.4.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



*"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."*—THE GOSPEL.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,  
Thy FATHER calls for thee ;  
No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery :  
Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
'Tis JESUS calls for thee ;  
The SPIRIT and the Bride say, Come ;  
Oh now for refuge flee :  
Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
'Tis madness to delay ;  
There are no pardons in the tomb,  
And brief is mercy's day :  
Return, return !

*Thomas Hastings, 1834.*

AFTER TRINITY.

104. MARTYRDOM. C.M.

HUGH WILSON.



*"I have found my sheep which was lost."*—THE GOSPEL.

I LOVE the LORD: He lent an ear,  
When I for help implor'd;  
He rescued me from all my fear,  
Therefore I love the LORD.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest;  
From GOD no longer roam;  
His hand hath bountifully blest,  
His goodness calls thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,  
My SAVIOUR in distress,  
For all Thy benefits to me,  
So great and numberless?

The cup of blessing to my mouth  
With grateful hand I'll raise;  
And in Thy public courts show forth  
My sacrifice of praise.

Henceforth to Thee myself I give,  
And on Thy grace rely,  
To walk before Thee while I live,  
To bless Thee when I die.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One Consubstantial Three,  
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,  
Now and for ever be!

*James Montgomery, 1822.*

THE FOURTH SUNDAY

105. GAINSBOROUGH. C.M.

From Handel, 1684-1759.



"Waiting for the adoption."—THE EPISTLE.

**J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
 Name ever dear to me!  
 When shall my labours have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee?  
 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,  
 And pearly gates behold?  
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold?  
 There happier bow'rs than Eden bloom,  
 Nor sin, nor sorrow know:  
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,  
 I onward press to you.

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 longs for thee:  
 Then shall my labours have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see. *Anon, 1801.*

FOSCOMBE. C.M.

ALFRED J. WOOD, M.D., 1873.



AFTER TRINITY.

106. S ANDREW. C.M.D.

W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., 1873.

*In moderate time.*

“The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption.”—THE EPISTLE.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
 The brightness of the day,  
 The crimson of the sunset sky,  
 How fast they fade away !  
 Oh ! for the pearly gates of heaven !  
 Oh ! for the golden floor !  
 Oh ! for the Sun of Righteousness  
 That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,  
 How fast they tire and faint !  
 How many a spot defiles the robe  
 That wraps an earthly saint !  
 Oh ! for a heart that never sins !  
 Oh ! for a soul wash'd white !  
 Oh ! for a voice to praise our King,  
 Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
 And grace to lead us higher :  
 But there are perfectness and peace  
 Beyond our best desire.  
 Oh ! by Thy love and anguish, LORD !  
 Oh ! by Thy life laid down !  
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
 Nor cast away our crown !

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1853.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY

107. CAVERSHAM. S.M.D.

KATE WESTROP, 1874.

*"That Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness."*—THE COLLECT.

**L**ORD God, the HOLY GHOST!  
 In this accepted hour,  
 As on the day of Pentecost,  
 Descend in all Thy power.  
 We meet, with one accord,  
 In this, Thy holy 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 every 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.

James Montgomery, 1819.

AFTER TRINITY.

108. S. MICHAEL. S.M.

From Day's Psalter, 1563.

*"But I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts."*—1ST LESSON, Even.

SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies  
Through His Eternal SON.

Strong in the LORD of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,  
With all His strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of GOD.

JESUS hath died for you,  
What can His love withstand ?  
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who  
Can pluck you from His hand ?

From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

Then, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye shall behold your victory won,  
And stand complete at last.

JESU ! Eternal SON,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with GOD the FATHER One,  
And SPIRIT evermore.

C. Wesley, 1749.

THE SIXTH SUNDAY

109. S. SYLVESTER. 10.10.6.10.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.

“If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him.”—THE EPISTLE.

“**N**EARER, my GOD, to Thee!” Hear Thou my prayer,  
 E'en though a heavy cross fainting I bear,  
 Still all my prayer shall be,  
 “Nearer, my GOD, to Thee; nearer to Thee!”

If, where they led my LORD, I too am borne,  
 Planting my steps in His, weary and worn;  
 May the path carry me  
 “Nearer, my GOD, to Thee; nearer to Thee!”

If Thou the cup of pain givest to drink,  
 Let not my trembling lip from the draught shrink;  
 So by my woes to be  
 “Nearer my GOD, to Thee; nearer to Thee!”

Though the great battle rage hotly around,  
 Still where my Captain fights let me be found;  
 Through toils and strife to be  
 “Nearer, my GOD, to Thee; nearer to Thee!”

When, my course finish'd, I breathe my last breath,  
 Ent'ring the shadowy valley of death,  
 Even there shall I be  
 “Nearer, my GOD, to Thee; nearer to Thee!”

And when Thou, Lord, once more glorious shalt come,  
 Oh for a dwelling-place in Thy bright home,  
 Through all eternity  
 “Nearer, my GOD, to Thee; nearer to Thee!”

S. F. Adams, rewritten by W. W. How.

AFTER TRINITY

110. S. BRIDE. S.M.

DR. HOWARD, 1780.



“And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord.”—1ST LESSON, Aft.

HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,  
 As Thou wert ever kind;  
 Oh let me, though opprest with guilt,  
 Thy wonted mercy find.  
 Wash off my foul offence,  
 And cleanse me from my sin;  
 For I confess my crime, and feel  
 How great my guilt has been.  
 Could sacrifice atone,  
 Whole flocks and herds might die:  
 But on such off'rings Thou disdain'st  
 To cast a gracious eye.  
 A wounded spirit is  
 By Thee most highly priz'd:  
 By Thee a broken, contrite heart  
 Shall never be despis'd.  
 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
 Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
 Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take  
 Its everlasting flight.  
 The blessing of Thy love  
 Oh give me, LORD, again:  
 And let Thy SPIRIT's gracious strength  
 My humbled soul sustain.

Version of 51st Psalm.—Brady and Tate.



THE SEVENTH SUNDAY

111. FARRANT. C.M.

Adapted from FARRANT, 1570.



“The wages of sin is death.”—THE EPISTLE.

○ THOU, Whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh,  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye ;

See, low before Thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn ;  
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?  
Hast Thou not said, Return ?

And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from Thy feet ?  
Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat !

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,  
Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way !

Oh shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine !  
And let Thy gentle voice impart  
A hope of joys Divine !

Thy presence only can bestow  
Delights which never cloy ;  
Be this my solace here below,  
And my eternal joy !

Anne Steele, 1760.

AFTER TRINITY.

112. ROMSDAL 6.8's.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.



“ From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness ? ”—THE GOSPEL.

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, wandering steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

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 leafy plants and herbage crowned,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O LORD, art with me still ;  
 Thy rod and staff shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful  
 shade.

Joseph Addison, 1728.

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY

113. HIGH CROSS. S.M.

JOHN FOSTER, 1863.



“Whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth.”—THE COLLECT.

PUT thou thy trust in God ;  
In duty's path go on ;  
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,  
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him ;  
Thy works into His hands ;  
And rest on His unchanging Word,  
Who heaven and earth commands.

Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

Though years on years roll on,  
His cov'nant shall endure ;  
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,  
The promis'd grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
His power will clear thy way :  
Wait thou His time ; the darkest night  
Shall end in brightest day.

To FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
Whom angel-hosts adore ;  
Give worship, honour, glory, power,  
Both now and evermore.

Variation by W. J. Hall, 1836, from John Wesley, 1739, from Paul Gerhardt.

AFTER TRINITY.

114. VOX CŒLESTIS. C.M. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. Bac., 1874.  
(Minor for verses 1, 2, 6, 8, and 9.)



"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit."—THE EPISTLE.

<p><b>W</b>HEN God of old came down from heaven, In power and wrath He came ; Before His feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness and half flame. Around the trembling mountain's base The prostrate people lay ; A day of wrath, and not of grace ; A dim and dreadful day. But when He came the second time, He came in power 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 every sainted head. Like arrows went those lightnings forth, Wing'd with the sinner's doom : But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth, Proclaiming life to come.</p>	<p>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 heaven was heard abroad, A rushing, mighty wind. Nor doth the outward ear alone At that high warning start ; Conscience gives back th' appalling tone, 'Tis echoed in the heart. It fills the Church of GOD ; It fills The sinful world around ; Only in stubborn hearts and wills No place for It is found. Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and Power, Open our ears to hear ; Let us not miss th' accepted hour ; Save, LORD, by love or fear.</p>
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John Keble, 1827.

(Major for verses 3, 4, 5, 7, and 10.)



THE NINTH SUNDAY

115. CHESHIRE. C.M.

From Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



"Who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—THE EPISTLE.

O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
O LORD, remember me !

When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,  
In love remember me !

When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Oh, let my strength be as my day,  
For good remember me !

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble frame should be ;  
Give patience, rest, and kind relief,  
Hear, and remember me !

If on my face, for Thy loved Name,  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me !

When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath—  
Good LORD, remember me !

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

AFTER TRINITY.

116. ZION. 8.7.8.7. Double.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1873.

“ They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them : and that Rock was Christ.”—  
THE EPISTLE.

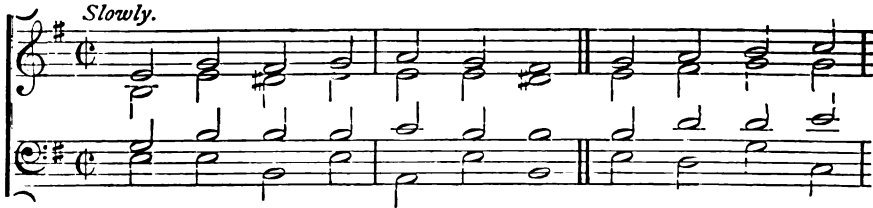
<p><b>G</b>LORIOUS things of thee are spoken Sion, city of our GOD ; He, Whose word can ne'er be broken, Formed thee for His own abode : On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose ? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.</p> <p>Thine the streams of living waters Springing from the throne above ; Thither speed thy sons and daughters There all thirst they slake in love : Who can faint while life's full river Ever will their thirst assuage ; Grace, which, like the LORD, the Giver, Never fails from age to age ?</p>	<p>On their way, around them hover- ing, Pillared cloud and fire appear, For a glory and a covering, Showing that the LORD is near. From their banner thus deriving Light by night, and shade by day, Bread from heaven, all heart-reviving, For their daily food have they.</p> <p><b>S</b>AVIOUR, we of Sion's city Members through Thy grace became ; Though the world deride or pity, We will glory in Thy Name. Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show ; Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Sion's children know.</p>
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Variation from John Newton, 1779.

THE TENTH SUNDAY

117. S. AGNES. 7.7.7.

J. CRÜGER, 1653.



"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day."—THE GOSPEL.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die—

Holy JESU, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the day of doom appears.

By Thy tears of bitter woe,  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego !

LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door  
Ere it close for evermore.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace,  
And be banished from Thy face.

Isaac Williams, 1839. *Varied.*

S. WILFRID. 7.7.7.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.



AFTER TRINITY.

118. AYNHOE. S.M.

JAMES KENT, 1700—1776.



“My house is the house of prayer.”—THE GOSPEL.

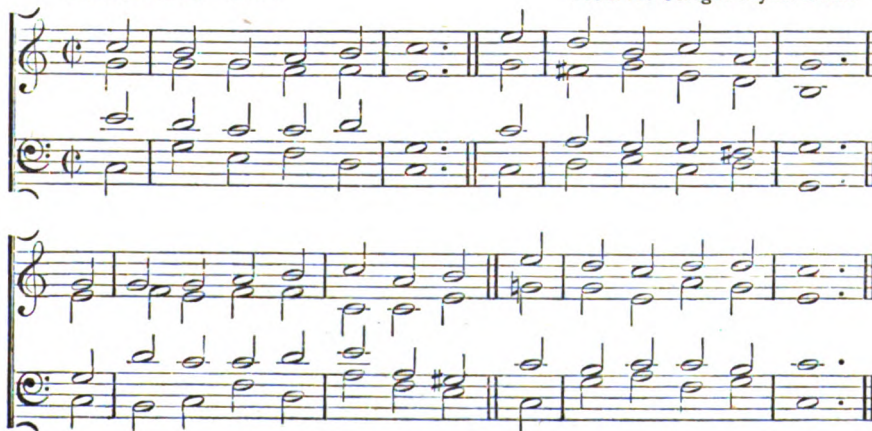
<p><b>G</b>R<small>EAT</small> is the LORD our GOD ;          Let all adore, and fear ;          He makes the Church His own abode,          To set His glory there.</p> <p>These temples of His grace,          How beautiful they stand !          The honours of our native place ;          The bulwarks of our land.</p>	<p>For GOD defends His fold ;          He keeps, and feeds His own ;          Our fathers have His wonders told,          And we His grace have known.</p> <p>In joy and in distress          We to His House repair ;          For there the LORD delights to bless,          And we will seek Him there.</p>
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To FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
 Whom angel-hosts adore ;  
 Give worship, honour, glory, power,  
 Both now and evermore.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

NARENZA. S.M.

From the Cologne Hymn Book.





THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY

119. S. AGATHA. S.M.

JOS. BARNEY, 1863.



*"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."*—THE GOSPEL.

BLEST are the pure in heart,  
 For they shall see their GOD ;  
 The secret of the LORD is theirs ;  
 Their soul is CHRIST'S abode.

The LORD, Who left the heavens  
 Our life and peace to bring,  
 To dwell in lowliness with men,  
 Their Pattern and their King ;

He to the lowly soul  
 Doth still Himself impart ;  
 And for His dwelling and His throne  
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

LORD, we Thy presence seek ;  
 May ours this blessing be ;  
 Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
 A temple meet for Thee.

All glory, LORD, to Thee,  
 Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
 One GOD for evermore.

*1st and 3rd vers. by John Kible, 1827. The 2nd and 4th by W. F. Hall or E. Osler, 1836.*

AFTER TRINITY.

120. RINGWOOD. C.M.

HENRY GADSBY, 1873.

*Slowly.*



*"And he requested for himself that he might die."*—1ST LESSON, Aft.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sov'reign will denies ;  
Accepted at Thy throne let this  
My humble prayer arise :—

"Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From ev'ry murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

"Let the blest hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

*Anne Steele, 1760. Abbreviated.*

WESTMINSTER NEW. C.M.

DR. NARES, 1783.



THE TWELFTH SUNDAY

121. ATTOLLE PAULUM. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

German. Harmonized by  
MENDELSSOHN.

*"If the ministration of death was glorious . . . shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?"—THE EPISTLE.*

**T**HE LORD of Might from Sinai's brow  
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;  
And Israel lay on earth below,  
Outstretched in fear and wonder :  
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
And at His left hand and His right  
The rocks were rent asunder.

**T**HE LORD of Love on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering Stranger,  
Upraised to heaven His languid eye  
In nature's hour of danger ;  
For us He bore the weight of woe,  
For us He gave His blood to flow,  
And met His FATHER'S anger.

The LORD of Love, the LORD of Might,  
The King of all created,  
Shall back return to claim His right  
On clouds of glory seated ;  
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,  
And hallelujahs loud and long,  
O'er death and hell defeated.

*Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.*

AFTER TRINITY.

122. ARUNDEL. L.M.

S. WEBER, 1816.



“Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.”—1ST LESSON, Aft.

LORD, pour Thy SPIRIT from on high,  
And Thine ordainèd servants bless ;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with right-  
eousness.

Within Thy Temple when they stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
SAVIOUR, like stars in Thy right hand,  
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,  
Firmness and meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost  
love :

To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night their guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy  
sheep.

And when their work is finished here,  
Let them in hope their charge resign ;  
Before the Throne with joy appear,  
And there with endless glory shine.

James Montgomery, 1819. Varied.

GIESSEN. L.M.

Darmstadt Gesäng-buch, 1698.



THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY

123. HOLYROOD. S.M.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.



"He had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds."—THE GOSPEL.

MY Maker and my King!  
What thanks to Thee I owe!  
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,  
Whence all my blessings flow.

The creature of Thy hand,  
On Thee alone I live;  
My God, Thy benefits demand  
More praise than tongue can give.

O ever good and kind!  
My best affections move;  
With holy thoughts inspire my mind,  
And warm my heart to love.

To succour those in need,  
My grateful breast incline:  
Yet let me never boast the deed,  
For all I give is Thine.

To FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
Whom angel-hosts adore,  
Give worship, honour, glory, power,  
Both now and evermore.

Anne Steele, 1760. Varied by E. Osler, 1836.

AFTER TRINITY.

124. WESTMINSTER. C.M.

J. TURLE, 1851. (By permission.)



“Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.”—1ST LESSON, Aft.

○ GOD, most high! the soul that knows  
Thine all-sustaining power,  
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose,  
Nor fear the trying hour.

Angels, unseen, attend Thy saints,  
And bear them in their arms,  
To cheer the spirit when it faints,  
And guard their life from harms.

And Thou, Almighty GOD, art nigh  
To them that love Thy name;  
Thy power shall save them when they cry,  
And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and trials are their lot  
Through all their sojourn here;  
But SAVIOUR, since Thou changest not,  
Thy saints should never fear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One Consubstantial Three,  
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,  
Now and for ever be!

*John Newton, 1779. Varied by W. F. Hall, 1836.*

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY

125. OLMUTZ. 8.6.8.4.

By permission from  
Mercer's Church Psalter and Hymn Book.



"Led by the Spirit."—THE EPISTLE.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a Dove,  
With sheltering wings outspread,  
The holy balm of peace and love  
On earth to shed.

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 even,  
That guards each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

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

SPIRIT of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see ;  
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And meet for Thee.

Praise we the FATHER, praise the SON,  
Blest SPIRIT, praise we Thee ;  
All praise to GOD, the THREE in ONE,  
The ONE in THREE.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

AFTER TRINITY.

126. S. SEBASTIAN. 8.8.6. Double.

LINDSAY SLOPER, 1863.

"And Elisha died, and they buried him."—1ST LESSON, Even.

AND am I only born to die?  
 And must I suddenly comply  
 With nature's stern decree?  
 What after death for me remains?—  
 Celestial joys, or bitter pains,  
 To all eternity!

How ought I then on earth to live,  
 While GOD prolongs the kind re-  
 prieve

And spares this house of clay?  
 My sole concern, my single care,  
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare,  
 Against that awful day.

JESUS, vouchsafe a pitying ray;  
 Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Way,  
 To glorious happiness:  
 Oh write Thy pardon on my heart,  
 And, whensoever I depart,  
 Let me depart in peace!

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,—  
 The GOD Whom heaven's triumphant  
 host

And holy men adore,—  
 Be glory as in ages past,  
 As now it is, and so shall last,  
 When time shall be no more.

Charles Wesley, 1763.



THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY

127. SAXONY. L.M.

German, 1588.  
Harmonized by W. H. HAVERGAL.



“ God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”—THE EPISTLE.

LORD JESU, when we stand afar  
And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross,  
In love of Thee and scorn of self,  
Oh, may we count the world as loss.

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,  
Make us to hate the load of sin  
That lay so heavy on our GOD.

O holy LORD ! uplifted high  
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,  
Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below,

Give us an ever living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we see ;  
And in the mystery of Thy death  
Draw us and all men unto Thee !

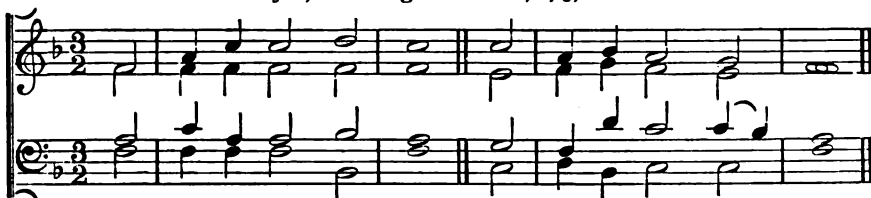
*William Walsham How, 1854.*

AFTER TRINITY.

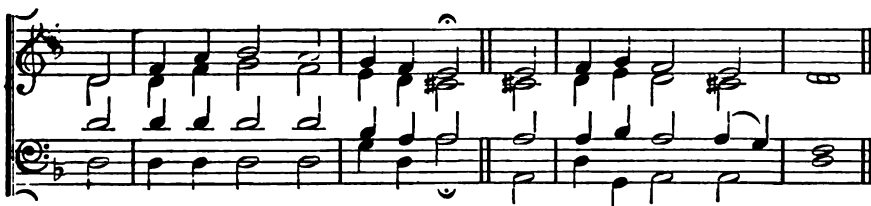
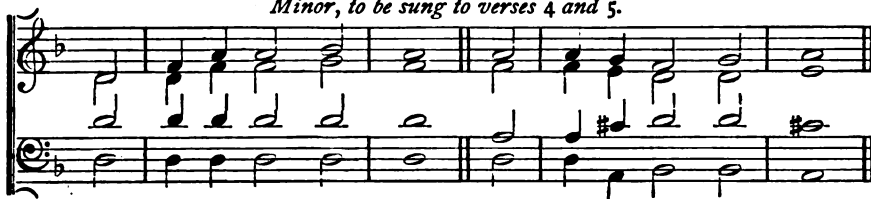
128. S. AUGUSTINE. S.M.

By permission from  
Mercer's Church Psalter and Hymn Book.

*Major, to be sung to verses 1, 2, 3, and 6.*



*Minor, to be sung to verses 4 and 5.*



"Take therefore no thought for the morrow."—THE GOSPEL.

OH, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,  
Nor all of death, to die.

Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh, what eternal horrors hang  
Around "the second death"!

LORD GOD of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
For evermore undone.

Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality!

James Montgomery, 1819.

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY

129. BODDINGTON. L.M.

From BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827.

*“ To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.”—THE EPISTLE.*

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My SAVIOUR, my eternal Rest!  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thine unveil'd glory to behold;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none remove;  
There neither death nor life will part  
Me from Thy presence and Thy love!

*Charlotte Elliott, 1836.*

AFTER TRINITY.

130. TURANIA. S.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1874.

*Slowly.*

“ Yet will I gather them from thence.”—1ST LESSON, Aft.

FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my FATHER'S breast,  
Fainting I cry, “Blest SPIRIT! come  
And speed me to my rest!”

My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O 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:  
Oh guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last!

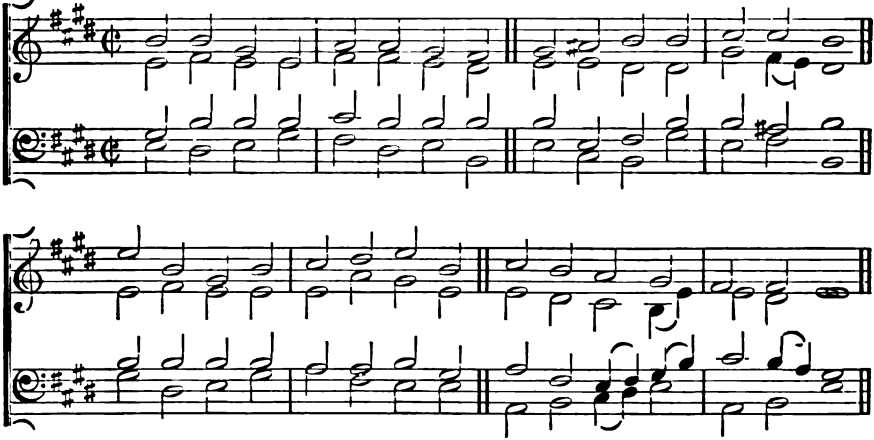
To FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
Whom angel-hosts adore,  
Give worship, honour, glory, power,  
Both now and evermore.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY

131. GOTHA 8.7.8.7.

H.R.H. The PRINCE CONSORT, 1819—1861.  
By permission of H.M. The Queen.



“ Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?”—1ST LESSON, Matt.

DREAD JEHOVAH, GOD of nations,  
Throned in power above the skies !  
Let Thy people's supplications  
To Thy mercy-seat arise.

Lo, with deep contrition turning,  
Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;  
See us weeping, praying, mourning ;  
Hear us, pardon, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
Loudly for Thy vengeance call,  
'Thou hast mercy more abounding ;  
JESUS' Blood can cleanse from all.

Pardon, LORD, our past transgression ;  
O'er us stretch Thy saving hand ;  
Save Thy people from oppression ;  
Guard Thy Church, and bless our land.

Praise the GOD of all creation !  
Praise the FATHER'S boundless love !  
Praise the LAMB, our Expiation,  
Priest and King enthroned above !

Praise the Fountain of Salvation,  
Him by Whom our spirits live ;  
Undivided adoration  
To the One JEHOVAH give.

Anon., 1804.

AFTER TRINITY.

132. CAPSTONE. 7.6.7.6. Double.

C. A. BARRY, M.A., 1874.

"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."—THE EPISTLE.

**T**HE Church's One Foundation  
 Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD :  
 She is His new creation  
 By water and the Word ;  
 From heaven He came and sought her  
 To be His holy Bride,  
 With His own Blood He bought her,  
 And for her life He died.  
 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One LORD, one Faith, one Birth ;  
 One Holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one Holy Food,  
 And to one Hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.  
 Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppress,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest ;  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up "How long ?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

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

Yet she on earth hath union  
 With GOD the THREE IN ONE ;  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won.  
 With all her sons and daughters,  
 Who, by the Master's hand  
 Led through the deathly waters,  
 Repose in Eden-land.

Oh, 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.

S. J. Stone, 1873. (By permission.)

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY

133. STOBEL. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

From J. D. Müller's Choral Book, 1754  
Harmonized by HAVERGAL.

The image shows a three-system musical score for a chorale. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a homophonic style with block chords and simple melodic lines. The first system has 8 measures, the second system has 8 measures, and the third system has 8 measures, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—THE EPISTLE.

**M**Y faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
SAVIOUR divine !  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
Oh let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire !  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide !  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll ;  
Blest SAVIOUR ! then in love  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
Oh bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul !

Ray Palmer, 1840.

AFTER TRINITY.

134. CULBACH. 7-7-7-7.

German. Harmonized by HAVERGAL.

"Blamless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."—THE EPISTLE.

THINE for ever ! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above ;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here, and in eternity !

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

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

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

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

Mary Fowler Maude, 1863.

GERMAN HYMN. 7-7-7-7.

PLEVEL, 1757.



THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY

135. EVAN. C.M.D. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1846. (By permission.)  
*In moderate time.*

“And Jesus seeing their faith saith unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.”—THE GOSPEL.

<p><b>T</b>HINE arm, O LORD, in days of old          Was strong to heal and save;          It triumphed o'er disease and death,          O'er darkness and the grave;          To Thee they went, the blind, the          dumb,          The palsied and the lame,          The leper with his tainted life,          The sick with fevered frame.</p>	<p>And lo, Thy touch brought life and          health,          Gave speech, and strength, and sight;          And youth renewed and frenzy calmed          Owned Thee, the LORD of Light;          And now, O LORD, be near to bless,          Almighty as of yore,          In crowded street, by restless couch,          As by Gennesareth's shore.</p>
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Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
 Thou LORD of life and death;  
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
 With Thine almighty breath;  
 To hands that work and eyes that see  
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
 May praise Thee evermore.

*E. H. Plumpton, 1874. Abbreviated.*

AFTER TRINITY.

136. MORTLAKE. 8.7's.

J. L. BROWNSMITH, 1863.

“The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.”—THE GOSPEL.

**J**ESUS, Refuge of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy shelter fly  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :  
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 Oh receive my soul at last !

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

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

C. Wesley, 1749. *Varial.*

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY

137. AZOTUS. 8.7.8.7. Double.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.

“Redeeming the time.”—THE EPISTLE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,  
 Dry and withered, to the ground,  
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling  
 With a sad and solemn sound :—  
 “Sons of Adam—once in Eden,  
 Where, like us, he blighted fell—  
 Hear the lesson we are reading ;  
 Mark the awful truth we tell !

“Ye, on length of days presuming,  
 Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
 View us,—late in beauty blooming,—  
 Numbered now among the dead.”  
 On the tree of life eternal  
 Oh let all our hopes be laid :  
 This alone, for ever vernal,  
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
 LORD, we offer to Thy Name :  
 Young and old their praise expressing,  
 Join Thy goodness to proclaim.  
 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
 We would bow before Thy throne ;  
 As the angels serve before Thee,  
 So on earth Thy will be done !

George Horne, 1808. Doxology by E. Osler, 1836.

AFTER TRINITY.

138. ADDERBURY. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

A. J. WELLS, 1874.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—THE EPISTLE.

SING we merrily to GOD  
 A new triumphant song ;  
 Worship toward His bright abode,  
 With joyful heart and tongue :  
 Sing with harps unto the LORD,  
 With cornets' and with trumpets' sound ;  
 All the earth, with one accord,  
 JEHOVAH'S praise resound.

His right hand and holy arm,  
 Omnipotently nigh,  
 Shields His saints from every harm,  
 And gives the victory.  
 Marvellous in power and love  
 Is everything which GOD hath done ;  
 All mankind His goodness prove,  
 Who gave His only SON.

Clap your hands, ye rolling floods,  
 And thou, O ocean, roar !  
 Wave in concert, O ye woods !  
 Ye mountain heights, adore !  
 Shout in joy before the LORD,  
 Who comes in righteousness to reign !  
 Shout for Paradise restored,  
 And love to GOD and man !

Sing we merrily to GOD,  
 And make a joyful noise ;  
 Angels, from your high abode,  
 Oh swell the mighty voice !  
 Sound His praise from pole to pole,  
 O'er continent and tossing sea ;  
 Let the rapturous pæan roll  
 To all eternity !

From the *Lyra Sabbatica*, by Benjamin Gough, 1865.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY

139. PERTH. 7-7-7-7.

GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. Bac., 1874.



"Put on the whole armour of God."—THE EPISTLE.

OFt in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with 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 heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long;  
Victory soon shall wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fear your course impede;  
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

*Variation from Henry Kirke White, 1806, and F. F. Matland, 1827.*

AFTER TRINITY.

140. BELSHAZZAR. 8.6's.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.

*With spirit.*

• In the 3rd verse these minims must be sung as two crotchets.

“God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.”—1ST LESSON, Even.

THE king was on his throne,  
The satraps thronged the hall ;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deemed divine—  
Jehovah's vessels hold  
The godless heathen's wine !  
In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand :  
The fingers of a man ;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.  
The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice ;  
All bloodless waxed his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
“ Let the men of lore appear.  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill ;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore ;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth.  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view ;  
He read it on that night,—  
The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away,  
He, in the balance weighed,  
Is light and worthless clay.  
The shroud, his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone ;  
The Mede is at his gate !  
The Persian on his throne !”

Lord Byron, 1828.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY

141. KNARESBOROUGH. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

HANDEL, 1684—1759.



"His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away."—1ST LESSON, Aft.

**R**EJOICE, the LORD is King !  
Your LORD and King adore ;  
His glorious conquests sing,  
And triumph evermore.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, rejoice.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,  
The GOD of truth and love ;  
When He had purged our stains,  
He claimed His throne above :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail ;  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our JESUS given :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, rejoice.

He sits at GOD's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
Or fall beneath His feet :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, rejoice.

Rejoice, the LORD will come,  
Triumphant from the skies,  
And glorious from the tomb  
Shall all His saints arise :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, ye saints of GOD, rejoice.

*Variation from C. Wesley, 1745.*

CHICHESTER. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

E. H. THORNE, 1863.



AFTER TRINITY.

142. DALKEITH. 4.10's.

T. HEWLETT, Mus. Bac., 1868.  
(By permission.)

“Of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt.”—1ST LESSON, Even.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,  
 I look at heaven and long to enter in;  
 But there no evil thing may find a home:  
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me “Come.”  
 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
 In the pure glory of that holy land?  
 Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?  
 Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.  
 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
 Evil is ever with me day by day;  
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
 “Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”  
 It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,  
 His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,  
 And His the Blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the Throne.  
 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
 And made me heir of heaven, the FATHER'S child,  
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.  
 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
 That in the FATHER'S courts my glorious dress  
 May be the garment of Thy righteousness.  
 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous LORD:  
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.  
 Naught can I bring, dear LORD, for all I owe,  
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;  
 Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,  
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Rev. S. J. Stone, 1873. (By permission.)



THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY

143. S. FAITH'S. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

By permission from the  
Appendix to the Hymnal Noted.



"Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision."—1ST LESSON, Even.

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders !  
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than ten thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !

At His call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth, and see  
All the powers of nature, shaken,  
Hasten from His face to flee :  
Careless sinner !  
What will then become of thee ?

See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Robed in majesty divine !—  
Ye, who long for His appearing,  
Then shall in His glory shine. —  
Gracious SAVIOUR !  
Own me in that day for Thine !

But to all who have confessèd,  
Loved, and served their LORD below,  
He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,  
Take the kingdom I bestow :  
You for ever  
Shall My love and glory know.

John Newton, 1779.

AFTER TRINITY.

144. SILESIA. C.M.

CRÜGER, 1658.



*"Put ye in the sickle: the harvest is ripe."*—1ST LESSON, Even.

THE angel comes! he comes to reap  
The harvest of the LORD:  
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
Wide waves his flaming sword.

And who are they in sheaves, to bide  
The fire of vengeance, bound?—  
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride  
Choked the fair crop around.

And who are they reserved in store  
God's treasure-house to fill?  
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore  
Amid surrounding ill.

O King of mercy! grant us power  
Thy fiery wrath to flee:  
In Thy destroying angel's hour,  
Oh gather us to Thee!

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Henry Hart Milman, 1827.*

THE TWENTY-FOURth SUNDAY

145. SALISBURY. C.M.

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



*"If I may but touch His garment I shall be whole."*—THE GOSPEL.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,

And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see;  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,  
That grants it or denies.

When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful hymns to raise.  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And mount to Thee in praise.

J. D. Carlyle, 1805.

WALDECK. C.M.

Adapted from a German Chorale.



AFTER TRINITY.

146. WAREHAM. II. II. II. II.

W. KNAPP, 1768.



“ *The day of the Lord is darkness and not light.*”—1ST LESSON, Aft.

**J**EHOVAH hath spoken ! the nations shall hear ;  
From the east to the west shall His glory appear ;  
With thunders and tempest to judgment He'll come ;  
And all men before Him shall wait for their doom.

Thou formal professor—thou saint but in name !  
Where now wilt thou cover thy guilt and thy shame,  
When thy sin, long concealed, shall be blazoned abroad,  
And thy conscience shall echo the sentence of GOD !

Woe, woe to the sinners ! to what shall they trust  
In the day of GOD'S vengeance, the holy and just ?  
How meet all the terrors that flame in His path,  
When the mountains shall melt at the glance of His wrath ?

O GOD ! ere the day of Thy mercy be past,  
With trembling our souls on that mercy we cast :  
Oh guide us in wisdom ; Thine aid we implore ;  
That with angels in heaven we Thee may adore.

*Edward Osler, 1836.*

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY

147. SARUM. S.M.D.

T. E. AYLWARD, 1868. (By permission.)

*"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."—1ST LESSON, Mat.*

A FEW more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those that rest,  
 Asleep within the tomb.  
 Then, gracious LORD, prepare  
 Our souls for that dread day;  
 Oh wash us in Thy precious blood,  
 And take our sins away.

A few more struggles here,  
 A few more partings o'er,  
 A few more toils, a few more tears,  
 And we shall weep no more.  
 Then, gracious LORD, prepare  
 Our souls for that bright day;  
 Oh wash us in Thy precious blood,  
 And take our sins away.

Yet but a little while,  
 And He shall come again,  
 Who died that we might live, Who lives  
 That we with Him may reign.  
 Then, gracious LORD, prepare  
 Our souls for that glad day;  
 Oh wash us in Thy precious blood,  
 And take our sins away.

*Dr. Bonar, 1844.*

AFTER TRINITY.

148. S. ANN. C.M.

DR. CROFT, 1676—1727.



"This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world."—THE GOSPEL.

THOU art the Way! by Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he who would the FATHER seek,  
Must seek him, LORD, by Thee.

Thou art the Life! the empty tomb  
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Truth! Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst instruct the mind,  
And purify the heart.

JESUS, the Way, the Truth, the Life!  
To us that wisdom give,  
By Thee to seek the FATHER'S face,  
In Thee alone to live.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One Consubstantial Three,  
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,  
Now and for ever be.

Bishop Doane, 1824.

BARNWOOD. C.M.

ALFRED S. WOOD, M.D., 1873.



S. ANDREW'S DAY.

149. EISENACH. L.M.

From Bach's Choral Gesänge, 1685—1750.  
Arranged by JOHN FOSTER, 1863.



“ He saith unto them, Follow me.”—THE GOSPEL.

**L**O, round the Throne, a glorious band,  
The saints in countless myriads stand,  
Of every tongue redeemed to GOD,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came ;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;  
From all their labours now they rest,  
In GOD's eternal glory blest.

They see their SAVIOUR face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise ;  
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise :

“ Worthy the LAMB, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign ;  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to GOD.”

Oh may we tread the sacred road  
That holy saints and martyrs trod ;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life.

Mary Lundy Duncan, 1835.

S. MARK. L.M.

English Psalter, 1595.



S. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

150. S. JOHN. 7.7.7.7.

J. F. GOODBAN, 1863.



*"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.—THE GOSPEL.*

**P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light,  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne,  
And proclaim in joyful psalms  
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,  
King of kings, and LORD of Lords!"

Round the altar priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the SAVIOUR'S righteousness,  
And His blood, that made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt;  
Sinners once, of Adam's race;  
Guilt, and doubt, and suffering felt;  
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us:  
Ah! when we, like them, must die,  
May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

*James Montgomery, 1853.*



THE CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

151. EXETER. 7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.

KING HALL, 1874.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each. The top staff of each system is in a soprano clef (C1) and the bottom staff is in a bass clef (C2). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with a focus on harmonic support for the lyrics.

\* This slur is required for second verse only.

"Behold we have forsaken all and followed Thee."—THE GOSPEL.

BE thou faithful unto death ;  
 Maintain the glorious strife ;  
 Battle to thy latest breath,  
 To win the Crown of Life :  
 JESUS holds the glittering prize,  
 For all that to the end endure ;  
 Onward, upward, toward the skies,  
 And victory is sure.

Strong thou art, in strength divine,  
 To conquer every foe ;  
 Earth and hell in vain combine  
 To lay the Christian low.  
 In the heart where JESUS dwells,  
 Sweetly with His presence blest,  
 Holy courage ever swells,  
 And fills and fires the breast.

Be thou faithful unto death,  
 Till every foe, subdued,  
 Falls before the power of faith,  
 Triumphant through the blood.  
 Onward, upward, heavenward still,  
 Oh bear the cross, and urge the strife ;  
 Thou shalt stand on Zion's hill,  
 And wear the Crown of Life.

From the *Lyra Sabbatica*, by Benjamin Gough, 1865.

THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

152. CHESALON. C.M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1854.  
(By permission.)



*"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple."—THE EPISTLE.*

O SION open wide thy gates ;  
Let figures disappear ;  
A Priest and Victim both in one,  
The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed.—  
Behold the FATHER'S SON  
Himself to His own Altar comes  
For sinners to atone.

Conscious of hidden Deity,  
The lowly Virgin brings  
Her new-born babe with two young doves,  
Her tender offerings.

The hoary Simeon sees at last  
His LORD so long desired,  
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,  
With sudden rapture fired.

But silent knelt the Mother blest  
Of the yet silent Word ;  
And pondering all things in her heart,  
With speechless praise adored.

Praise to the FATHER, with the SON,  
And HOLY SPIRIT be ;  
Praise to the blessed THREE in ONE,  
Through all eternity.

*Rev. E. Caswall, 1873. From the Latin.*

S. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

153. S. STEPHEN. C.M.

Rev. W. JONES (of Nayland), 1800.



"He was numbered with the eleven Apostles."—THE EPISTLE.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust for lucre cannot dwell;  
There envy bears no sway;  
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones;  
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;  
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,  
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine;  
Thy very streets are paved with gold,  
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end!  
Thy joys that I might see!

Anon. "F. B. P.," 1616.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

154. AVE MARIA. 8.8.7.7.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



“That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.”—THE GOSPEL.

VIRGIN-BORN ! we bow before Thee,  
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee,  
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,  
Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee,  
Blessed was the hand that led Thee,  
Blessed was the parent's eye,  
Watching o'er Thine infancy.

Blessed she by all creation,  
Who brought forth the world's Salvation ;  
But beyond all others blest  
They who love and serve Thee best.

Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee,  
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee,  
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,  
Blessed was she in her Child.

*Bishop Heber, 1827. Varied.*

S. MARK'S DAY.

155. MAITLAND. S.M.D.

PERCY HALL, 1874.



"These things have I spoken unto you . . . . that your joy might be full."—THE GOSPEL.

**T**HERE is a land of rest,  
 And undisturbed repose,  
 Where the pure river of the blest  
 Through flowery pastures flows ;  
 Where all is joyous calm,  
 And odorous perfume,  
 And the reposing victor's palm  
 Is evermore in bloom.  
 No throbbing breast is there,  
 Nor agonizing smart ;  
 No forehead wrinkled by despair,  
 Nor madly aching heart ;  
 No lonely, long-drawn sighs,  
 Nor sorrow's hopeless tears,  
 Rolling from dim and languid eyes,  
 That wept for fourscore years.

No fierce and lawless flash  
 Of young and headlong sin ;  
 No war-sword, with its reeking gash,  
 Nor battle's horrid din ;  
 No death to snap the ties  
 Of dear and holy love ;  
 No clouds o'ercurling the skies  
 That smile in peace above.  
 Then let the tempest roar,  
 And wreak its puny strife,  
 In heaven the thunder rolls no more,  
 The conflict ends with life :  
 Each wild wave bravely stem,  
 Let courage man thy breast ;  
 There is a victor's diadem,  
 There is a land of rest.

*From the Lyra Sabbatica, by Benjamin Gough, 1868.*

S. PHILIP AND S. JAMES'S DAY.

156. S. EDMUND. 8.7's.

DR. STEGGALL, 1859.  
(By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.)

“*In My Father's house are many mansions.*”—THE GOSPEL.

WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song?  
“Worthy is the LAMB, once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great affliction came ;  
Now before the throne of GOD,  
Sealed with His Almighty name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear REDEEMER'S might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed :  
Them the LAMB amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fear,  
And for ever from their eyes  
GOD shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery, 1819.

S. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

157. BRECON. 8.7's.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.

*In moderate time.*

"I have called you friends."—THE GOSPEL.

**P**LEASANT are Thy courts above  
 In the land of light and love ;  
 Pleasant are Thy courts below  
 In this land of sin and woe.  
 Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
 For the converse of Thy saints,  
 For the brightness of Thy face,  
 For Thy fulness, GOD of grace !  
 Happy birds that sing and fly  
 Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
 Happier souls that find a rest  
 In a heavenly FATHER'S breast !  
 Like the wandering dove, that found  
 No repose on earth around,  
 They can to their ark repair,  
 And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe ;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies :  
 On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach Thy Throne at length,  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.  
 LORD ! be mine this prize to win !  
 Guide me through a world of sin :  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;  
 Give me at Thy side a place :  
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;  
 Guide and guard my erring heart !  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
 Shower, oh shower them, LORD, on me !

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

158. S. JOHN BAPTIST. L.M.

HENRY GADSBY, 1873.



*"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness."*—THE EPISTLE.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Proclaims MESSIAH to be nigh:  
Awake! and hearken, for He brings  
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Now cleansed be every breast from sin;  
Make straight the way for GOD within;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home  
To which the Mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art our salvation, LORD,  
Our Guardian, and our great Reward:  
Oh dwell with us through life's brief day,  
And guide us on our heavenward way.

---

From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the CREATOR's praise arise;  
Let the REDEEMER's Name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, LORD,  
Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Variation from J. Chandler, 1837. Doxology by Isaac Watts, 1709.*



S. PETER'S DAY.

159. KENT. L.M.

G. GREENE (Son of Dr. Greene), 1755.



*"I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."*—THE GOSPEL.

LET all on earth with songs rejoice,  
Let heaven return the exulting voice,  
Let heaven and earth together raise  
The great Apostle's glorious praise.

Thou, at Whose word he spread the light  
Of Heavenly Truth o'er Salem's night,  
Light of the world for evermore,  
His light, O LORD, around us pour.

Thou, at Whose will to him 'twas given  
To bind or loose in earth or heaven,  
Our chains unbind, our sins remove,  
And lift our souls to things above.

Thou, in Whose might he spake the word,  
Which cured disease and health restored,  
To us its healing power prolong,  
Support the weak, confirm the strong.

And when Thou, LORD, again shalt come  
To speak the world's unerring doom,  
Oh, then with him pronounce us blest,  
And place us in Thine endless rest.

To Thee, O FATHER! SON, to Thee!  
To Thee, Blest SPIRIT! glory be;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be still while ages last.

*Variation from Bishop Mant, 1837.*

S. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

160. DUNDEE. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



*"It shall be given to them for whom it is prepared."*—THE GOSPEL.

**H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the radiant land  
Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light :  
And in the Blood of CHRIST have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the Throne on high,  
And sing the praises of their GOD  
To heaven-born minstrelsy.

The LAMB, Who reigns upon the Throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside ;  
Feed them with bread of life divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,  
Where living streams appear ;  
And GOD the LORD from every eye  
Shall wipe away each tear.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Variation from Wm. Cameron, 1770, from Isaac Watts, 1709.*

S. BARTHOLOMEW THE APOSTLE.

161. S. BARTHOLOMEW. 8.7's.

By permission from the  
Appendix to the Hymnal Noted.

The musical score consists of four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a triplet in the treble staff. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

"I appoint unto you a kingdom."—THE GOSPEL.

SEE, the ransomed millions stand,  
Palms of conquest in their hand;  
This before the Throne their strain:  
"Hell is vanquished; death is slain;  
Blessing, honour, glory, might,  
Are the Conqueror's native right;  
Thrones and Powers before Him fall;  
LAMB of GOD, and LORD of all!"

Hasten, LORD! the promised hour;  
Come in glory and in power;  
Still Thy foes are unsubdued;  
Nature sighs to be renewed:  
Time has nearly reached its sum,  
All things with Thy Bride say, Come;  
JESUS, Whom all worlds adore,  
Come, and reign for evermore!

S. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

162. DARMSTADT. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

Darmstadt Gesangbüch, 1698.



“ And he arose and followed Him.”—THE GOSPEL.

**W**HO are these like stars appearing,  
 These, before GOD'S Throne who  
 stand?  
 Each a golden crown is wearing,  
 Who are all this glorious band?  
 Hallelujah ! hark they sing,  
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

These are they who have contended  
 For their SAVIOUR'S honour long,  
 Wrestling on till life was ended,  
 Following not the sinful throng ;  
 These, who well the fight sus-  
 tained,  
 Triumph by the LAMB have gained.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
 Clothed in GOD'S own righteousness,  
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness  
 Shall their lustre still possess,  
 Still untouched by time's rude hand,—  
 Whence comes all this glorious  
 band ?

These are they whose hearts were  
 riven,  
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
 Who in prayer full oft have striven  
 With the GOD they glorified ;  
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
 GOD has bid them weep no more.

These, the ALMIGHTY contemplating,  
 Did as priests before Him stand,  
 Soul and body always waiting  
 Day and night at His command :  
 Now in GOD'S Most Holy Place  
 Blest they stand before His face.

F. E. Cox.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

163. TRONDJEM. L.M.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.

*"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father."*—THE GOSPEL.

<p><b>T</b>HEY come, GOD's messengers of love,          They come from realms of peace above,          From homes of never fading light,          From blissful mansions ever bright.          They come to watch around us here,          To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear ;          Ye heavenly guides, speed not away ;          GOD willeth you with us to stay.          But chiefly at its journey's end,          'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,          And whisper to the willing heart,          " O Christian soul, in peace depart."</p>	<p>Blest JESU, Thou Whose groans and tears          Have sanctified frail nature's fears,          To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,          Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid.          An angel-guard to us supply,          When on the bed of death we lie ;          And by Thine Own Almighty power,          Oh shield us in the last dread hour.          To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,          And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,          From all above, and all below,          Let joyful praise unceasing flow.</p>
---	--

*Robert Campbell, 1850.*

YARMOUTH. L.M.

Arranged from HENRY CAREY, 1743,  
 by JOHN FOSTER, 1863.

S. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

164. MORAVIA. S.M.

L. WEST, 1800.



*"Only Luke is with me."*—THE EPISTLE.

FOR Thy blest saint, O LORD,  
Who strove in Thee to live,  
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

For Thy blest saint, O LORD,  
Who strove in Thee to die,  
And found in death the full reward  
Of life with Thee on high :

For him Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow those in holiness,  
Who lived and died for Thee.

TO FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
Whom angel-hosts adore,  
Give worship, honour, glory, power,  
Both now and evermore.

*Variation from Bishop Mant, by W. J. H., 1863.*

S. SIMON AND S. JUDE, APOSTLES.

165. S. BERNARD. 8.7.8.7. Double. Darmstadt Cantional, 1687.

*With spirit.*

“If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you.”—THE GOSPEL.

SAINTS of GOD, whom faith united  
 In the Twelve Apostles' band ;  
 Who for CHRIST in pain delighted,  
 Who are now at CHRIST'S right  
 hand :  
 Ye had many a bitter trial,  
 Ye were scorned and set at nought ;  
 Fearing nothing but denial  
 Of the LORD for Whom ye fought,

Called on earth to different stations  
 In the battle of the LORD,  
 Ye went on through tribulations,  
 Faith your shield, and truth your  
 sword :  
 Far apart, through toil and peril,  
 Passed ye onward to your rest ;  
 In the streets of gold and beryl,  
 Now together ye are blest.

Leaves of autumn tell the story,  
 How our lives must also pass,  
 And that this world's pomp and glory  
 Fadeth like the summer's grass :  
 Earthly joys are vain and hollow,  
 Earthly hopes but poor at best :  
 CHRIST'S true Martyrs ! we would  
 follow  
 In your steps and gain our rest.

Him, Whose love mankind created,  
 Him, Who came for man to bleed,  
 Him, Who hath regenerated  
 Us and all His chosen seed ;  
 We, as we are onward pressing  
 To His glorious home on high,  
 With His saints and angels blessing,  
 Now and ever magnify.

J. M. Neale, 1861.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

166. URBS CŒLESTIS. 8.7.8.7. Double. SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1874.



"A great multitude, which no man could number."—THE EPISTLE.

**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 stands,  
 Clothed in white apparel, holding  
 Palms of victory in their hands.  
 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,  
 Who prepared the way of CHRIST,  
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,  
 Martyr, and Evangelist,  
 Sainly Maiden, godly Matron,  
 Widows who have watched to prayer,  
 Joined in holy concert, singing  
 To the LORD of all, are there.  
 They have come from tribulation,  
 And have washed their robes in blood,  
 Washed them in the Blood of JESUS;  
 Tried they were, and firm they stood;  
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
 They have conquered death and Satan  
 By the might of CHRIST the LORD.

*Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1865. (By permission, from The Holy Year.)*

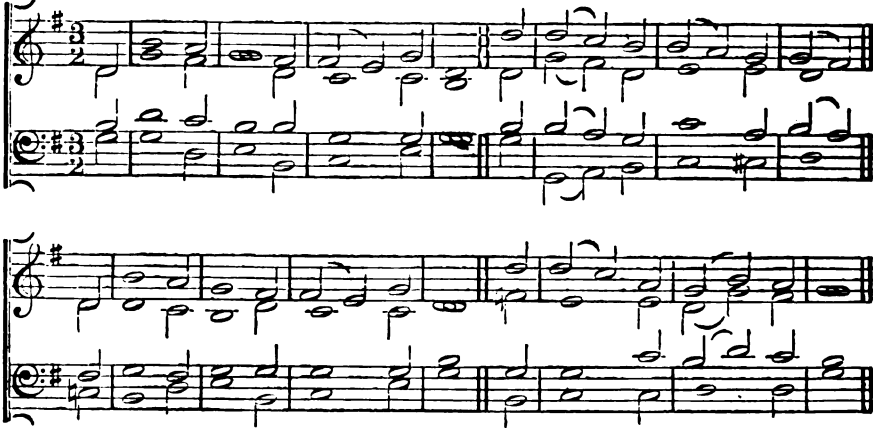
Marching with Thy Cross their banner,  
 They have triumphed following  
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
 Thee, their SAVIOUR and their King;  
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered;  
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died;  
 And by death to life immortal  
 They were born and glorified.  
 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
 Now they walk in golden light,  
 Now they drink, as from a river,  
 Holy bliss and infinite;  
 Love and peace they taste for ever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the Beatific Vision  
 Of the Blessed Trinity.  
 GOD of GOD, the One-Begotten,  
 Light of Light, EMMANUEL,  
 In Whose Body joined together  
 All the Saints for ever dwell,  
 Pour upon us of Thy fulness,  
 That we may for evermore  
 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and  
 GOD the HOLY GHOST adore.



HOLY COMMUNION.

167. BELMONT. C.M.

S. WEBBE, 1816.



*"Lord, evermore give us this Bread."*

○ GOD, unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel ;  
And, thus inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love ;  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy Word,  
To feast on heavenly food ;  
Our meat, the Body of the LORD ;  
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey ;  
For we, O GOD, are Thine ;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One Consubstantial Three  
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,  
Now and for ever be.

*Edward Osler, from Hall's Hymnal, 1836.*

HOLY COMMUNION.

168. EUCHARISTICA. 9.8.9.8. Double. JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



*"I am the Bread of Life."*

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken !  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !  
By Whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in Whose death our sins are dead,  
Look on the heart by sorrow broken ;  
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

*Bishop Heber, 1827.*

HOLY COMMUNION.

169. ADORO TE. 4. 10's. Ancient Melody. Arranged by G. A. MACFARREN.  
(By permission, from the Anglican Hymn Book.)

Musical score for 'Adoro Te' in G minor, 4/10 time. The score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). Dynamics include *p*, *pp*, *mf*, *p cres.*, *f*, and *pp*.

"I am the Living Bread."

THEE we adore, O hidden SAVIOUR, Thee,  
Who in Thy Sacrament art pleased to  
be;  
Both flesh and spirit in Thy presence fail,  
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.  
O blest memorial of our dying LORD,  
Who living Bread to men doth here afford!  
Oh may our souls for ever feed on Thee,  
And Thou, O CHRIST, for ever precious  
be!

O Fount of goodness! JESU, LORD and GOD!  
Cleanse us unclean with Thy most cleansing  
Blood!  
Increase our faith and love, that we may know  
The hope and peace which from Thy presence  
flow.  
O CHRIST, Whom now beneath a veil we see,  
May what we thirst for soon our portion be;  
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,  
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace!

Translation from S. Thomas Aquinas, 1226—1274, by Bishop Woodford, 1873.

ADORATION. 4. 10's.

C. A. BARRY, M.A., 1874.

Musical score for 'Adoration' in G minor, 4/10 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is primarily chordal and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass.

HOLY COMMUNION.

170. CHRISTIANIA. L.M.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.

*Slowly.*

*"My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed."*

**M**Y GOD, and is Thy table spread,  
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all Thy goodness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which JESUS makes,  
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood !  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its bounties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
Was not for you the Victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?

Oh let Thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.

*P. Doddridge, 1755.*

171

HOLY COMMUNION.

171. NEWPORT. 8.8.8.4.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.



*"Ye do show the Lord's death till He come."*

**B**Y CHRIST redeemed, in CHRIST restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear LORD,  
Until He come.

His Body broken in our stead,  
Is here, in this Memorial Bread—  
And so our feeble love is fed,  
Until He come.

His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood shed for us we see—  
The wine shall tell the mystery,  
Until He come.

And thus that dark betrayal-night,  
With the last Advent we unite—  
The shame, the glory, by this rite,  
Until He come.

Until the trump of GOD be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding word,  
The LORD shall come.

Oh, blessed hope, with this elate  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But strong in faith, in patience wait,  
Until He come.

*Anon., 1863. From the Lyra Eucharistica.*

HOLY COMMUNION.

172. CORPUS CHRISTI. 7-7-7.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



*"To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."*

JESU, to Thy table led,  
Now let every heart be fed  
With the true and living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy sweet Presence let us feel ;  
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.

Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide ;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,  
Cold and wavering faith increase,  
LAMB of GOD, grant us Thy peace.

Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy Throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

*Rev. R. H. Baynes, 1863.*

HOLY COMMUNION.

173. SIGNUM CRUCIS. 6.5.6.5.

A. J. WELLS, 1873.

*Slow.*

*"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."*

GLORY be to JESUS,  
Who in bitter pains,  
Poured for me the life-blood  
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal  
In that Blood I find ;  
Blest be His compassion,  
Infinitely kind.  
Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torments  
Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting spirit  
Drinks of life her fill ;  
There, as in a fountain,  
Saves 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 on high,  
Angel-hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye, then, your voices ;  
Swell the mighty flood ;  
Louder still and louder,  
Praise the precious Blood.

*Rev. E. Caswall, 1863.*

S. ANSELM. 6.5.6.5.

From FILITZ.

HOLY COMMUNION.

174. PRIORY. S.M.

FRED. WALKER, 1874.



*"He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love."*

JESU, we thus obey  
Thy last and kindest word,  
And in Thine own appointed way  
We come to meet Thee, LORD.

Thus we remember Thee,  
And take this bread and wine,  
As Thine own dying legacy,  
And our redemption's sign.

Thy presence makes the feast ;  
Now let our spirits feel  
The glory not to be exprest,  
The joy unspeakable.

With high and heavenly bliss  
Thou dost our spirit cheer ;  
Thy house of banqueting is this,  
And Thou hast brought us here.

Now let our souls be fed  
With manna from above,  
And over us Thy banner spread  
Of everlasting love.

*Rev. R. H. Baynes. From the Lyra Eucharistica, 1863.*



HOLY COMMUNION.

175. AVE VERUM. 8.7.8.7. Double. CH. GOUNOD. First part of *Ave Verum*.  
(By permission of Messrs. Novello and Co.)



“ By the Cross of Jesus.”

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross we spend;  
Life and health and peace possessing,  
Through the sinner's dying Friend.  
Kneel we here, in wonder viewing  
Mercy poured in streams of Blood;  
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,  
Make and plead our peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His Cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion  
Beaming in His dying eye.  
LORD, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,  
Till we taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glories see.

For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,  
For the griefs that wrought our peace;  
Gracious SAVIOUR, we implore Thee,  
In our hearts Thy love increase.  
Unto Thee, the world's Salvation,  
FATHER, SPIRIT, unto Thee  
Low we bow in adoration,  
Ever blessed ONE and THREE.

Walter Shirley, 1774.

HOLY COMMUNION.

176. PRAGUE. 6.8's.

BAVARIAN, 1650.

*"We have an altar."*

**F**ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
LORD! to Thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
SAVIOUR! we seek Thy shelter here:  
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;  
Turn not, O LORD, Thy guests away!

Long have we roamed in want and pain;  
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:  
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O LORD, Thy guests away!

*Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.*

BAPTISM.

177. S. JAMES. C.M.

RAPHAEL COURVILLE, 1580.



*“ Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins.”*

**I**N token that thou shalt not fear  
CHRIST crucified to own,  
We print the cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
CHRIST'S quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travelled by,  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus, outwardly and visibly,  
We seal thee for His own :  
And may the brow that wears His cross  
Hereafter share His crown !

*Henry Alford, 1835.*

BAPTISM.

178. S. BRELADE. 6.8's. JOHN FOSTER, 1863. (Adapted from Bach.)



*“Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”*

**L**ORD, may the inward grace abound,  
Through Thine appointed outward sign;  
A milder seal than Abraham found,  
Of cov'nant blessings more divine;  
Which opens glory to our view,  
Beyond the brightest hope he knew.

Type of the SPIRIT's living flow,  
In faith we pour the hallowed stream;  
We sign the cross upon the brow,  
The solemn pledge of truth to Him  
Who shed for us His precious blood,  
To seal the covenant of GOD.

Baptized into the TRINITY,  
Adopted children of Thy grace,  
O help us, LORD, to live to Thee,  
An humble, pure, and faithful race,  
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,  
And crown with heavenly life our end.

*From Hall's Hymnal, 1836.*

CONFIRMATION.

179. S. COLUMBA. L.M.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1873.



*“ Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.”*

OH come, CREATOR SPIRIT! come,  
 Vouchsafe to make our minds Thy home;  
 And with Thy heavenly grace fulfil  
 The hearts Thou madest at Thy will.

Thou that art named the Paraclete,  
 The gift of GOD, His SPIRIT sweet;  
 The living fountain, fire and love,  
 And gracious unction from above,

Kindle our senses with Thy light,  
 And lead our hearts to love aright:  
 Stablish our weakness, and refresh  
 With fortitude our fainting flesh.

Repel far off our deadly foe,  
 And peace on us, Good LORD, bestow;  
 With Thee for Guide we need not fear,  
 For where Thou art, ill comes not near.

By Thee the FATHER let us bless,  
 By Thee th' Eternal SON confess,  
 And Thee Thyself for evermore,  
 The SPIRIT of Them Both, adore.

*F. W. Faber, 1871.*

CONFIRMATION.

180. S. THEODULF. 7.6.7.6. Double.

TESCHNER, 1600.  
Modified by E. G. MONK. (By permission  
from the Anglican Hymn Book.)



*"Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."*

GO 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.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Fear not the secret foe ;  
Far more are o'er thee watching  
Than human eyes can know !  
Trust only CHRIST, thy Captain ;  
Cease not to watch and pray ;  
Heed not the treach'rous voices  
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished,  
And Heaven is all possest :  
Till CHRIST Himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armour by,  
And wear, in endless glory,  
The crown of victory.

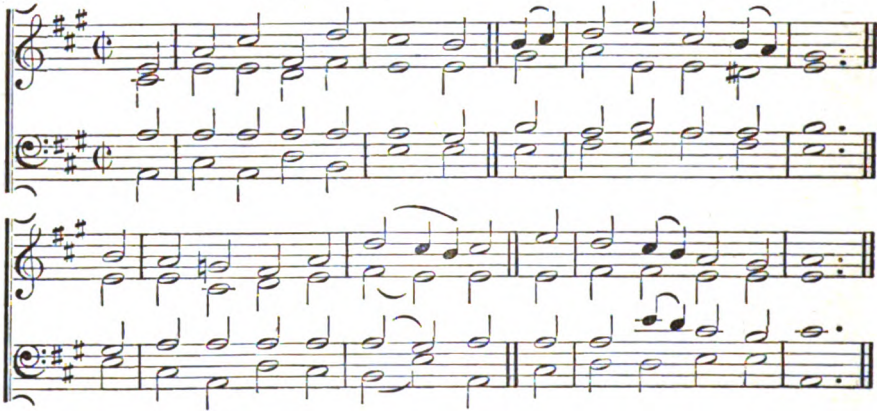
Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Fear not the gathering night ;  
The LORD has been thy Shelter,  
The LORD will be thy Light :  
When morn His face revealeth,  
Thy dangers all are past ;  
Oh ! pray that faith and virtue  
May keep thee to the last.

L. Tuttielt, 1873.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

181. EDEN. 7.6.7.6.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.



*“ Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife.”*

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
 That earliest wedding day,  
 The primal marriage blessing,  
 It hath not passed away.  
 Still in the pure espousal  
 Of Christian man and maid,  
 The Holy Three are with us,  
 The threefold grace is said :  
 For dower of blessèd children,  
 For love and faith's sweet sake,  
 For high mysterious union  
 Which naught on earth may break.  
 Be present, awful FATHER,  
 To give away this bride,  
 As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
 Out of his own pierced side !  
 Be present, SON of Mary,  
 To join their loving hands,  
 As Thou didst bind two natures  
 In Thine eternal bands !  
 Be present, Holiest SPIRIT,  
 To bless them as they kneel ;  
 As Thou, for CHRIST the Bridegroom,  
 The heavenly spouse dost seal !  
 Oh spread Thy pure wing o'er them !  
 Let no ill power find place,  
 When onward to Thine altar  
 The hallowed path they trace,  
 To cast their crowns before Thee  
 In perfect sacrifice,  
 Till to the home of gladness  
 With CHRIST's own Bride they rise !

HOLY MATRIMONY.

182. EVA. C.M.

S. TH. STADE, 1644.



*“Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage.”*

○ FATHER, Who to Adam's side  
Didst his lost help restore;  
Bless Thou this bridegroom and this bride,  
This day, for evermore.

O SON, the everlasting Spouse,  
At Cana's board a Guest;  
This day by Thee these bridal vows  
Be sanctified and blest.

SPIRIT of truth and holiness,  
Of sweet and fond accord!  
Make Thou these twain, whom now we bless,  
One spirit in the LORD.

TO FATHER, SON, Eternal DOVE,  
All-glorious ONE IN THREE;  
Whose nature and Whose Name is Love,  
All praise and blessing be.

*Rev. Henry Thompson, 1863, from Hall's Hymnal.*



BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

183. NEWNHAM. C.M.

KING HALL, 1874.

*Slowly, and with expression.*



*"Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."*

**H**EAR what the voice from heaven proclaims  
Of all the faithful dead!  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in JESUS, and are blest;  
His love dispels their gloom:  
How calm and peaceful is their rest  
Within their hallowed tomb!

Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the LORD:  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Be praise and glory given,  
Till we, with Thy redeemèd host,  
Meet, ne'er to part, in heaven.

*Isaac Watts, 1719. Varied.*

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

184. S. ERKENWALD. P.M.

Sir JOHN GOSS, 1873.

*Slowly, and with expression.*

*mp*  
Brother, thou art gone be - fore us. And thy saint - ly soul is flown,

*cres.* *f*  
Where tears are wiped from eve - ry eye, And sor - row is un - known ;

*p* *cres.*  
From the burden of the flesh, And from care and fear re - leased,

*dim. Slower, by degrees. p*  
Where the wick - ed cease from trou - bling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

"Not dead, but sleepeth."

BROTHER, thou art | gone be - fore us ; || and thy | saint - ly | soul is | flown ||  
 Where tears are wiped from | ev - ery | eye, || and | sor - row | is un - | known ; ||  
 From the burden | of the | flesh, || and from | care and | fear re - | leased, ||  
 Where the | wick - ed | cease from | trou - bling, | and the | wea - ry | are at | rest. ||  
 The toilsome way thou'st | tra - velled | o'er, || and | borne the | hea - vy | load ; ||  
 But CHRIST hath taught thy | lan - guid | feet || to | reach His | blest a - | bode : ||  
 Thou'rt sleeping | now, like | Lazarus || up - | on his | Fa - ther's | breast ||  
 Where the | wick - ed | cease from | trou - bling, | and the | wea - ry | are at | rest. ||  
 Sin can never | taint thee | now, || nor | doubt thy | faith as - | sail, ||  
 Nor thy meek trust in | JE - SUS | CHRIST || and the | HO - LY | SPI - RIT | fail : ||  
 And there thou'rt sure, | to meet the | good, || whom on | earth thou | lovedst | best, ||  
 Where the | wick - ed | cease from | trou - bling, | and the | wea - ry | are at | rest. ||  
 "Earth to earth, and | dust to | dust," || the | so - lemn | priest hath | said ; ||  
 So we lay the turf a - | bove thee | now, || and we | seal thy | nar - row | bed ; ||  
 But thy spirit, brother, | soars a - | way || a - | mong the | faith - ful | blest, ||  
 Where the | wick - ed | cease from | trou - bling, | and the | wea - ry | are at | rest. ||  
 And when the LORD shall | sum - mon | us, || whom | thou hast | left be - | hind, ||  
 May we, untainted | by the | world, || as | sure a | wel - come | find ! ||  
 May each, like thee, de - | part in | peace, || to | be a | glo - rious | guest, ||  
 Where the | wick - ed | cease from | trou - bling, | and the | wea - ry | are at | rest ! ||

Henry Hart Milman, 1822.

MISSIONS.

185. MOSCOW. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. GIARDINI. Harmonized by HAVERGAL.

*“ And God said, Let there be light.”*

**T**HOU, Whose almighty Word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight,  
 Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
 And, where the Gospel-day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 “ Let there be light !”

Thou, Who didst come to bring,  
 On Thy redeeming wing,  
 Healing and light,  
 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 !”

Blessèd and Holy **THREE**,  
 Glorious **TRINITY**,  
 Wisdom, Love, Might !  
 Boundless as ocean's tide,  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Through the world, far and wide,  
 “ Let there be light !”

*John Marriott, 1816.*

MISSIONS.

186. HEBER. 7.6.7.6. Double.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.

*With spirit.*

*"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains ;  
 From India's coral strand ;  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand ;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

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

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 ransomed nature,  
 The LAMB for sinners slain,  
 REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

*Bishop Heber, 1827.*

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CHURCH DEDICATION.

187. VIENNA. 7-7-7-7.

German. Harmonized by HAVERGAL.



*"Solomon began to build the House of the Lord."*

**L**ORD of Hosts! to Thee we raise  
Here a house of prayer and praise;  
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare  
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

Let the living here be fed  
With Thy Word, the heavenly bread;  
Here, in hope of glory blest,  
May the dead be laid to rest!

Here to Thee a temple stand  
While the sea shall gird the land!  
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure!

Hallelujah! earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply!  
Hallelujah! hence ascend  
Prayer and praise till time shall end!

Glory to the FATHER be,  
Glory, only SON, to Thee;  
And, of equal power confest,  
Glory to the SPIRIT blest.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

188. ECCLESIA. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

DR. HOWARD, 1770.

*“ Who is able to build Him an house, seeing the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Him ?”*

CHRIST is our Corner-stone,  
 On Him alone we build ;  
 With His true saints alone  
 The courts of heaven are filled :  
 On His great love  
 Our hopes we place  
 Of present grace  
 And joys above.

Here, gracious God, do Thou  
 For evermore draw nigh :  
 Accept each faithful vow,  
 And mark each suppliant sigh ;  
 In copious shower  
 On all who pray  
 Each holy day  
 Thy blessings pour !

Oh 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 may we gain from heaven  
 The grace which we implore ;  
 And may that grace, once given,  
 Be with us evermore,  
 Until that day  
 When all the blest  
 To endless rest  
 Are called away !

*John Chandler, 1837.*

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

189. HELLESYLT. 8.3.8.8.4.4.8. From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'HELLESYLT'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is a piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and moving lines, and the left hand providing a harmonic foundation with chords and simple rhythmic patterns. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

*"The harvest truly is plenteous."*

**L**ORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;  
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
The varying seasons haste their round,  
With goodness all our years are  
crowned ;

Our thanks we pay,  
This holy day ;  
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
If Summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,  
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—  
Still do we sing.  
To Thee, our King ;  
Through all their changes Thou dost  
reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures  
bear ;

We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest ! all is Thine ;  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound ;  
New, every year,  
Thy gifts appear ;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

*John Hampden Gurney, 1851.*

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

190. LANCASTER. C.M.

DR. HOWARD, 1780.



*"He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest."*

FATHER of mercies, GOD of love,  
Whose gifts all creatures share,  
The rolling seasons as they move  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, LORD, was Thine,  
The seasons knew Thy call;  
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,  
The summer dews to fall.

Thy gifts of mercy from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
Now golden harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook Thy bounteous care;  
But what our FATHER'S hand imparts  
Still own in praise and prayer.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*Variation from Anne Flowerdew, 1811.*



HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

191. MANSFELD. 6.8's.

Nau's Choral Book, 1829.



*"Is it not wheat harvest to-day?"*

LORD of the harvest ! once again  
 We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;  
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
 Thy servants through another year ;  
 For all sweet holy thoughts supplied  
 By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,  
 Its robe of vernal green puts on ;  
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
 Fresh garnished by the King of kings :  
 So, LORD, to those who sleep in Thee  
 Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask  
 A lesson from the reaper's task ;  
 So shall Thine angels issue forth ;  
 The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
 Playthings of sun and storm no more,  
 Be gathered to their FATHER'S store.

Daily, O LORD, our prayers be said,  
 As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;  
 But not alone our bodies feed ;  
 Supply our fainting spirits' need !  
 O Bread of Life ! from day to day,  
 Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

*Joseph Austice, 1836.*

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

192. MARBURG. 7's.

Naue's Choral Book, 1829.



*"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease."*

PRAISE to GOD, immortal praise  
For the love that crowns our days !  
Bounteous Source of every joy,  
Let Thy praise our tongues employ !

For the blessings of the field ;  
For the stores the gardens yield ;  
For the joy which harvests bring ;  
Grateful praises now we sing.

Clouds that drop refreshing dews ;  
Suns that genial heat diffuse ;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain ;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her overflowing stores :

These, great GOD, to Thee we owe ;  
Source, whence all our blessings flow ;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Holy FATHER, Holy SON,  
Holy SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE ;  
Glory, as of old, to Thee,  
Now and evermore shall be.

*Abbreviated from Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1773.*

THE OLD YEAR.

193. ELBERFELD. L.M.

J. S. BACH, 1685—1750.



*"We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told."*

○ LORD, and yet another year  
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,  
And all that marked its brief career  
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

But graven as with iron pen,  
All-seeing God, Thy records stand ;  
All thoughts, and words, and deeds of men,  
Unnumbered as the ocean sand.

For all Thy grace, and patient love,  
Unwearied still, and still the same,  
For all our hopes of joys above,  
We laud and bless Thy holy Name.

We bless Thee for each happy soul  
Throughout another fleeting year,  
Or by Thy quickening grace made whole,  
Or parted in Thy faith and fear.

Still bear with us, and bless us still,  
And long as in this world we stay,  
Oh, let us love Thy perfect will,  
And keep the true and living way.

So, when the rolling stream of time  
Hath opened to a boundless sea,  
Loud shall we raise that song sublime—  
All honour, glory, praise to Thee!

*Anon., 1873.*

THE NEW YEAR.

194. STAVANGER. 8.7.8.7. Double. From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1873.



*"The living, the living, he shall praise Thee as I do this day."*

**H**ARP, awake ! tell out the story  
Of our love and joy and praise ;  
Lute, awake ! awake our glory !  
Join a thankful song to raise !  
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,  
Lift the solemn voice again  
O'er another year departed  
Of our threescore years and ten !

Lo ! a theme for deepest sadness  
In ourselves with sin defiled ;  
Lo ! a theme for holiest gladness,  
In our FATHER reconciled !  
In the dust we bend before Thee,  
LORD of sinless hosts above ;  
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,  
GOD of mercy, grace, and love !

Gracious SAVIOUR ! Thou hast lengthen'd  
And hast blest our mortal span,  
And in our weak hearts hast strengthen'd  
What Thy grace alone began !  
Still, when danger shall betide us,  
Be Thy warning whisper heard ;  
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us  
By Thy SPIRIT and Thy Word !

Let Thy favour and Thy blessing  
Crown the year we now begin ;  
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,  
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin !  
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,  
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;  
But, when heaven and earth are failing,  
SAVIOUR ! we will trust in Thee !

*Henry Duntton, 1851.*

FOR SCHOOLS.

195. CHESTERFIELD. 7.6.7.6. Double. C. A. BARRY, M.A., 1874

All glo - ry, &c.

To Whom, &c. Fine.

Thou art, &c.  
The com - pa - nies, &c.

D.C.

*"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."*

**A**LL glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, REDEEMER, King !  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's Royal SON,  
Who in the LORD'S Name comest,  
The King and Blessed One.  
All glory, &c.

The companies of angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created make reply.  
All glory, &c.

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

To Thee before Thy Passion  
They sang their hymns of praise ;  
To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.  
All glory, &c.

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

*J. M. Neale, from S. Theodulph. (By permission of Messrs. Novello & Co.)*

FOR SCHOOLS.

196. GIBBONS. 7.7.7.7.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583—1625.



*"The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord."*

GOD of mercy, throned on high,  
Listen from Thy lofty seat ;  
Hear, oh hear our feeble cry,  
Guide, oh guide our wandering feet !

Young and erring travellers, 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 perplexed in danger's snare,  
Thou alone our Guide canst be ;  
When oppressed with woe and care,  
Whom have we to trust but Thee ?

Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
Ask Thy counsel every day ;  
Saints and angels will rejoice  
If we walk in wisdom's way.

SAVIOUR, give us faith, and pour  
Hope and love on every soul !  
Hope, till time shall be no more !  
Love, while endless ages roll !

Anon., 1833.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

197. LAUS DEO. 8.7.8.7. Double.

Naue's Choral Book, 1829.

*With spirit.*

The image shows a musical score for a choral piece. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century choral books, with various note values and rests. The piece is in 8.7.8.7. Double time.

*"His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us."*

LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,  
 Hear us from Thy bright abode ;  
 While our hearts, with deep devotion,  
 Own their great and gracious GOD :  
 Now with joy we come before Thee ;  
 Countless have Thy mercies been ;  
 Lord of life, and strength, and glory,  
 Guard Thy Church, and guide our  
 Queen.

Thee, with humble adoration,  
 LORD, we praise for mercies past ;  
 Strength of this most favoured nation,  
 May Thy mercies ever last !  
 May our sons appear before Thee !  
 In Thy Church Thy love be seen !  
 LORD of life, and light, and glory,  
 Bless Thy people,—bless our Queen.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
 LORD, we offer to Thy name ;  
 Young and old, Thy praise expressing,  
 Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.  
 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
 We would bow before Thy Throne ;  
 As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
 So on earth Thy will be done.

*John Crossa. Doxology by E. Osler.*

NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

198. GEIRANGER. C.M.

From Lindeman's Koral Bog, 1872.



*"Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place: and when Thou hearest, forgive."*

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,  
While at Thy feet we fall,  
And, humbly with united cry,  
To Thee for mercy call.

The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;  
Oh turn us not away,  
But hear us from Thy lofty Throne,  
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,  
And ours no less we own,  
Yet wondrously from age to age  
Thy goodness hath been shown.

When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
Beset our country round,  
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,  
And help in Thee was found.

With one consent we meekly bow  
Beneath Thy chastening hand,  
And pouring forth confession meet,  
Mourn with our mourning land.

With pitying eye behold our need  
As thus we lift our prayer,—  
Correct us but with judgment, LORD;  
Then let Thy mercy spare.

*J. H. Gurney, 1851.*



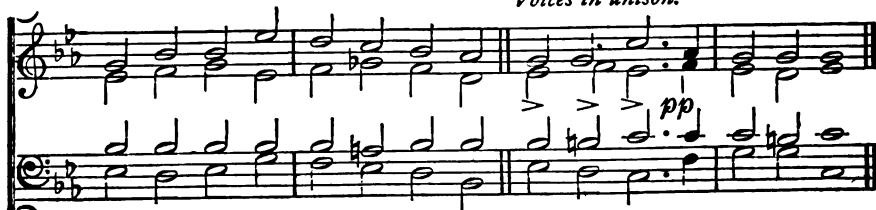
METRICAL LITANY.

199. KNIGHTON. 8.7.8.7.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874.



*Voices in unison.*



*"By the obedience of One shall many be made righteous."*

GOD the FATHER! hear and pardon;  
 GOD the SON! my SAVIOUR be;  
 GOD the HOLY SPIRIT! comfort;  
 TRIUNE GOD! deliver me.

Not my sins, O LORD, remember,  
 Nor Thine own Avenger be;  
 But for Thy great tender mercies,  
 SAVIOUR GOD! deliver me.

By Thy holy incarnation,  
 By its awful mystery,  
 By Thy birth and circumcision,  
 SAVIOUR GOD! deliver me.

By Thy baptism in the Jordan,  
 When the Dove came down on Thee,  
 By Thy fasting and temptation,  
 SAVIOUR GOD! deliver me.

By Thy Cross, and by Thy passion,  
 Bloody sweat, and agony,  
 By Thy precious death and burial,  
 SAVIOUR GOD! deliver me.

By Thy glorious resurrection,  
 Thine ascent to be my plea,  
 By the HOLY SPIRIT'S coming,  
 SAVIOUR GOD! deliver me.

In all time of tribulation,  
 In the world's prosperity,  
 At my death, and in Thy judgment,  
 SAVIOUR GOD! deliver me.

*Dr. Monsell, 1870.*

METRICAL LITANY.

200. CALVARY. 6.7's.

W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., 1873.

*Slowly and expressively.*

"Neither is there salvation in any other."

**H**OLY FATHER! from Thy Throne  
 Hear a lowly suppliant moan ;  
 Yea, though wrath be all my meed  
 Break not Thou the bruised reed :  
 Let the bitter agony  
 Of my JESUS plead for me.

In that flood my soul embathe,  
 In that love my spirit swathe ;  
 Bid that shower of bleeding tears  
 Thrill my heart through livelong years :  
 Let the bitter agony  
 Of my JESUS weep for me.

Hear! by Him Who, bowing low  
 'Neath our sins' o'erwhelming woe,  
 His soul's blood in anguish poured ;  
 Lo! those drops on high are stored :  
 Let the bitter agony  
 Of my JESUS groan for me.

Give me, from that fount of might,  
 Grace to brave the powers of night ;  
 With a child's reposing faith  
 Thine to be in life or death :  
 Let the bitter agony  
 Of my JESUS strive for me.

HOLY FATHER! strong and just,  
 Hear Thy suppliant from the dust ;  
 May that overflowing love,  
 Thee to gentle pity move :  
 Let the bitter agony  
 Of my JESUS sue for me.

Charlotte Sellon. From the *Lyra Messianica*, 1864.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

201. EXODUS. P.M.

JAMES LANGRAN, 1874

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

"FORWARD!" said the prophet,

Pointing to the sea,

"March, ye royal people,  
Through it fearlessly.

What though foes are gathering,  
Darkening all the plain?

God's right arm extended  
Shall their force restrain.

Roll back, rushing waters,

Part, thou angry sea,

That I may gain the blessed land  
My God hath promised me.

"What though broad before you

Spreads a tossing tide?

GOD is strong and mighty,  
The waters to divide.

With my staff uplifted  
Forward see me go.

Back! ye hungry billows,  
Let the people through.—Roll back, &c.

"March, God's chosen people,

Over doubt and dread,

Difficulties vanish

Where ye fearless tread.

Only step out boldly,

Looking far away

From the black sea-bottom

To the breaking day.—Roll back, &c.

"Dread not seas before you,

Tossing waves that rear;

Dread not hosts pursuing,

Shaking sword nor spear.

Wherefore now, faint-hearted,

Trust ye in your GOD;

Look upon your leader

With up-lifted rod!—Roll back, &c.

"Soon shall all be gathered

On the further shore;

Foes this day that threaten

Ye shall see no more;

Looking back shall wonder

What ye had to fear;

Looking up shall marvel

That ye doubted e'er.

Strike the sounding timbral

By the placid sea;

And shout to GOD as thunder

The song of victory!"

Rev. S. Baring Gould, 1874.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

202. S. EDWARD. 6.5.6.5. Trebled.

HENRY WESTROP, 1873.

*With spirit.*

The musical score consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble staff and a bass staff with the word 'ALTO.' written above it. The fourth system has a treble and bass staff. The piece concludes with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking.

"The Lord will do wonders among you."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of JESUS  
 Going on before.  
 CHRIST, the Royal Master,  
 Leads against the foe :  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, His banners go.—Onward, &c.

At the sign of triumph,  
 Satan's armies 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, &c.

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, &c.

What the saints established  
 That we hold for true :  
 What the saints believed  
 That believe we too.  
 Long as earth endureth  
 Men that faith will hold—  
 Kingdoms, nations, empires,  
 In destruction rolled.—Onward, &c.

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, &c.

Onward, then, ye faithful,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices,  
 In the triumph-song :  
 Glory, laud, and honour,  
 Unto CHRIST the King :  
 This, through countless ages,  
 Men and angels sing.—Onward, &c.

Rev. S. Baring Gould, 1868.



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*Note.*—The tunes to which an asterisk (\*) is affixed were revised or harmonized by John Foster, Esq.; and those to which this mark (†) is affixed are copyright.

NAME OF TUNE	NUMBER	METRE	NAME OF TUNE	NUMBER	METRE
*Abridge .....	57	C.M.	Elberfeld .....	193	L.M.
†Adderbury .....	138	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.	†Eleutheria .....	42	7.6.7.6. Double.
†Adoration .....	169	10.10.10.10.	Epiphany .....	34	11.10.11.10.
Adoro Te .....	169	10.10.10.10.	†Eucharistica .....	168	9.8.9.8. Double.
*Advent .....	17	8.7.8.7-	Eva.....	182	C.M.
†Agnus Dei .....	92	C.M.	Evan .....	135	C.M.D.
†All-hallows .....	90	7.7.7.7.	Evening Hymn ...	6	L.M.
*Angels .....	95	L.M.	Evensong .....	2	10.10.10.10.
†Angelus .....	25	8.7.8.7.4.7.	†Exeter.....	151	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
†Anima Christi .....	65	L.M.D.	†Exodus .....	201	P.M.
Annue Christe .....	28	8.6's.	Farrant .....	111	C.M.
*Arundel .....	122	L.M.	†Faversham .....	77	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
†Ascension .....	89	S.M.D.	†Flaxley Abbey ...	26	8.7's.
Attolle Paulum ...	121	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.	†Foscombe .....	105	C.M.
†Ave Maria .....	154	8.8.7.7.	Franconia .....	33	S.M.
Ave Verum .....	175	8.7.8.7. Double.	*Gainsborough.....	105	C.M.
Aynhoe .....	118	S.M.	†Geiranger .....	198	C.M.
†Azotus .....	137	8.7.8.7. Double.	*German Hymn ...	134	7.7.7.7.
†Barnwood.....	148	C.M.	Gibbons .....	196	7.7.7.7.
*Bedford.....	9	C.M.	Giessen .....	122	L.M.
Belmont .....	167	C.M.	*Gloucester .....	100	C.M.
†Belshazzar .....	140	8.6's.	Gotha .....	131	8.7.8.7.
*Benediction .....	40	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*Hanover.....	32	10.10.11.11.
†Bergen .....	20	8.7.8.7.	Harborough .....	91	C.M.
Bethlehem .....	23	C.M.D.	†Harley .....	39	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Betulus .....	74	6.7's.	†Hasfield .....	6	L.M.
†Boddington .....	129	L.M.	†Heber .....	186	7.6.7.6. Double.
†Brecon .....	157	8.7's.	†Hellesylt.....	189	8.8.8.8.4.4.8.
*Bremen.....	61	L.M.	*Hereford.....	102	8.8.6. Double.
Breslau .....	20	8.7.8.7.	†High Cross.....	113	S.M.
*Burford.....	56	C.M.	†Highnam .....	4	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.
†Calvary.....	200	6.7's.	*Hochster Priestor	68	7.7.7.7.
†Capstone .....	132	7.6.7.6. Double.	†Holbrooke .....	87	8.8.8.6.
*Cassel .....	84	8.7's.	†Holyrood .....	123	S.M.
†Caversham .....	107	S.M.D.	Hosanna.....	15	8.8.8.8.4.7.
*Cephas .....	69	6.7's.	*Immanuel .....	24	8.7's.
Chesalon .....	152	C.M.	*Jersey .....	52	7.7.7.7.
Cheshire .....	115	C.M.	†Jerusalem .....	45	7.6.7.6. Double.
†Chesterfield .....	195	7.6.7.6. Double.	†Jubilatio.....	78	8.7's.
†Chichester .....	141	6.6.6.6.8.8.	*Kent .....	159	L.M.
†Christiania .....	170	L.M.	*Knaresborough ...	141	6.6.6.6.8.8.
†Corona .....	27	C.M.D.	†Knighton .....	199	8.7.8.7.
†Corpus Christi .....	172	7.7.7.	†Lambeth New ...	7	8.7.8.7. Double.
*Croft's 148th .....	1	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.	Lancaster .....	190	C.M.
Culbach .....	134	7.7.7.7.	Laus Deo .....	197	8.7.8.7. Double.
Dalkeith .....	142	10.10.10.10.	*Leoni .....	64	6.6.8.4. Double.
Darmstadt .....	162	8.7.8.7.7.7.	†Litany.....	73	8.7's.
Deerhurst.....	8	8.7.8.7. Double.	†Lombard .....	5	L.M.
Dies Iræ .....	21	6.7's.	*London .....	54	S.M.
†Dies Natalis.....	31	C.M.	*London New.....	96	C.M.
*Dundee.....	160	C.M.	Luther's Hymn ...	18	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.
*Easter Hymn .....	76	7.7.7.7.			
Ecclesia .....	188	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.			
†Eden.....	181	7.6.7.6.			
*Eisenach .....	149	L.M.			



## ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

NAME OF TUNE	NUMBER	METRE	NAME OF TUNE	NUMBER	METRE
Magdalen .....	101	6.8's.	†S. Giles .....	85	6.8's.
†Maitland .....	155	S. M. D.	S. Isaac .....	72	8.7.8.7.4.7.
*Manchester .....	36	C. M.	*S. James .....	177	C. M.
Mansfeld .....	191	6.8's.	†S. John Baptist ...	158	L. M.
Marburg .....	192	7.7.7.7.	†S. John .....	150	7.7.7.7.
*Martyrdom .....	104	C. M.	†S. Joseph .....	60	8.8.8.4.
†Mattins .....	13	C. M. D.	S. Lawrence .....	79	8.7.8.7. Double.
*Mein Jesu .....	47	L. M. D.	*S. Luke .....	80	C. M. D.
*Melcombe .....	97	L. M.	*S. Magnus .....	37	C. M.
†Miriam .....	81	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*S. Mary .....	53	C. M.
Moravia .....	164	S. M.	S. Mark .....	149	L. M.
Morning Hymn ...	5	L. M.	†S. Martin Orgars	11	6.7's.
†Mortimer .....	30	8.7.8.7. Double.	*S. Matthew .....	43	C. M. D.
†Mortlake .....	136	8.7's.	*S. Michael .....	108	S. M.
Moscow .....	185	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.	S. Michael Royal	22	7.7.7.5.
†Mount Olivet.....	67	6.7's.	†S. Nicolas .....	82	7.6.7.6.
Narenza .....	118	S. M.	†S. Paul's.....	71	10.7's.
†*New Columbia ...	35	8.7.8.7. Double.	S. Peter .....	41	C. M.
†Newnham .....	183	C. M.	†S. Sebastian .....	126	8.8.6. Double.
†Newport .....	171	8.8.8.4.	*S. Stephen .....	153	C. M.
*Norfolk .....	29	L. M.	†S. Sylvester .....	109	10.10.6.10.
*Old 81st .....	48	C. M. D.	S. Theodulph ...	180	7.6.7.6. Double.
*Old 100th .....	83	L. M.	†*S. Ursula .....	10	L. M.
*Old 112th .....	44	6.8's.	†S. Victor .....	88	7.6.7.6. Double.
Old Martyrs .....	59	C. M.	†S. Wilfrid .....	117	7.7.7.
Olmütz .....	125	8.6.8.4.	*Sale.....	38	8.7.8.7.
†Palma .....	66	L. M.	*Salisbury .....	145	C. M.
Pastor .....	82	7.6.7.6.	Sarum .....	147	S. M. D.
†Perth .....	139	7.7.7.7.	Saxony .....	127	L. M.
†Petra .....	69	6.7's.	†Signum Crucis ...	173	6.5.6.5.
Prague .....	176	6.8's.	Silesia .....	144	C. M.
†Priory.....	174	S. M.	*Southwell .....	54	S. M.
†Ringwood .....	120	C. M.	*Spires .....	70	L. M.
*Rockingham .....	70	L. M.	†Stavanger .....	194	8.7.8.7. Double.
†Romsdal .....	112	6.8's.	Stobel .....	133	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
†S. Agatha .....	119	S. M.	*Tallis .....	86	C. M.
S. Agnes .....	117	7.7.7.	Tewkesbury .....	51	S. M.
†S. Alphege.....	62	L. M. D.	Tiverton .....	16	C. M.
S. Ambrose .....	93	6.8's.	†Tonsberg .....	19	L. M.
†S. Andrew .....	106	C. M. D.	†*Tottenham .....	46	S. M. D.
*S. Ann .....	148	C. M.	†Trinity Hymn ...	98	11.12.12.10.
S. Anselm .....	173	6.5.6.5.	†Trinity Hymn ...	98	11.12.12.10.
†S. Athanasius ...	75	8.7.8.7. Double.	†Trondjem .....	163	L. M.
S. Augustine .....	128	S. M.	†Turania .....	130	S. M.
S. Bartholomew... 161	8.7's.		Ultzen.....	97	L. M.
S. Bernard .....	165	8.7.8.7. Double.	Undershaft .....	3	L. M.
*S. Brelade .....	178	6.8's.	Unser Herrscher..	99	8.7.8.7.
*S. Bride .....	110	S. M.	†Urbs Cœlestis ...	166	8.7.8.7. Double.
†S. Cecilia .....	49	8.8.8.6.	†Veni, Creator ...	93	6.8's.
*S. Chad .....	19	L. M.	†Vespers .....	12	8.6.8.6.8.8.
†S. Chrysostom ...	63	L. M.	Vienna .....	187	7.7.7.7.
†S. Clement .....	14	8.7.8.7.7.7.	†Vox Cœlestis .....	114	C. M.
S. Columba .....	179	L. M.	Waldeck.....	145	C. M.
†*S. Creer .....	17	8.7.8.7.4.7.	*Wareham .....	146	11.11.11.11.
*S. David .....	50	C. M.	Westminster .....	124	C. M.
†S. Denys .....	55	6.8's.	Westminster New	120	C. M.
S. Edmund .....	156	8.7's.	*Winchester Old... 94	C. M.	
†S. Edward .....	202	6.5.6.5. Trebled.	*Windsor .....	58	C. M.
†S. Erkenwald ...	184	P. M.	†*Yarmouth .....	163	L. M.
†S. Etheldreda ...	103	8.6.8.6.4.	†Zion .....	116	8.7.8.7. Double.
S. Faith.....	143	8.7.8.7.4.7.			









