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William P. Poyton

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ADVENT	5
CHRISTMAS	12
THE CIRCUMCISION	16
THE EPIPHANY	17
AFTER THE EPIPHANY	19
LENT	22
WEEK NEXT BEFORE EASTER	31
EASTER DAY	34
AFTER EASTER	37
THE ASCENSION DAY	44
AFTER ASCENSION DAY	47
WHITSUNTIDE	50
TRINITY SUNDAY	55
AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY	57
HOLYDAYS	76
THE EMBER DAYS	85

	PAGE
BAPTISM	86
THE HOLY COMMUNION	88
CONFIRMATION	91
BURIAL OF THE DEAD	92
MORNING	94
EVENING	98
THE LORD'S DAY	104
PUBLIC WORSHIP	105
FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION	108
NATIONAL THANKSGIVING	113
FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH	115
CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH	116
MISSIONS	119
ALMSGIVING	126
TO BE SUNG BY CHILDREN	128
END OF THE YEAR	130
DOXOLOGIES	132

NOTE.—*It is to be observed that many of the Hymns here assigned to particular seasons or occasions, may also be used appropriately at other times.*

H Y M N S.

ADVENT.

1.

C.M.

HARK! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

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

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

2.

L.M.

WHEN Christ came down on earth of old,
 He took our nature poor and low;
 He wore no form of angel mould,
 But shared our weakness and our woe.

But when He cometh back once more
 Then shall be set the great white throne;
 And earth and heaven shall flee before
 The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God! in glory crown'd,
 The Judge ordain'd of quick and dead;
 O Son of Man! so pitying found
 For all the tears thy people shed;

Be with us in that awful hour,
 And by thy crown, and by thy grave,
 By all thy love and all thy power,
 In that great Day of Judgment save.

3.

P.M.

THOU, 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!"

4.

P.M.

Lo ! He comes ! with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen.

Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !

Now redemption, long expected,
 See ! in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air !
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour! take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!
 Oh, come quickly!
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

5.

L.M.

O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled,
 Nor longer might thy grace endure
 To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
 And preach thy Gospel to the poor?

Come, JESUS, come! return again;
 With brighter beam thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom's happiness.

Come, JESUS, come; and, as of yore,
 The prophet went to clear thy way,
 A harbinger thy feet before,
 A dawning to thy brighter day;

So now may grace with heavenly shower
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
 Sow in our souls the seed of power,
 Then come and reap thy harvest there.

6.

L.M.

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

O Saviour! with protecting care
 Return to this thy House of Prayer:
 Assembled in thy sacred name,
 Where we thy parting promise claim.

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest ;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee !

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.

7.

C.M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
 With contrite hearts return ;
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave
 The desolate to mourn.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd ;
 The dawn shall bring us light :
 God shall appear, and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
 Shall know Him, and rejoice ;
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round ;
 As showers that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground,

So shall his presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light ;
 That hallow'd morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.

8.

P.M.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death !
 Rise on us, Thyself revealing,
 Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

Thou, of life and light Creator !
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scatter all the night of nature ;
 Pour the day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every meek and contrite heart.

By thine all-sufficient merit
 Every burden'd soul release ;
 By the shining of thy Spirit
 Guide unto thy perfect peace.

9.

L.M.

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.

10.

P.M.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
JESU ! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry waiting heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver !
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temple leave :
Thee would we be ever blessing,
Serve Thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation !
Pure and spotless may we be :
Let us see thy great salvation ;
Perfectly restored in Thee !
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHRISTMAS.

11.

P.M.

HARK! the herald angels sing—
 “Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconciled.”
 Joyful, all ye nations rise;
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With th’ angelic host proclaim—
 “Christ is born in Bethlehem.”

Veil’d in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail! incarnate Deity!
 Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
JESUS, great Immanuel!
 Ris’n with healing in his wings,
 Light and life to all He brings.
 Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

12.

C.M.

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 seized 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 heavenly 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 to the earth be peace;
 Good will, henceforth, from Heaven to men,
 Begin and never cease.”

13.

P.M.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born;
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a Son is given.

On his shoulder He shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh
 Names most awful, names most high.

Wonderful in counsel He,
 The incarnate Deity;
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings and Prince of peace.

Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to Christ the homage meet,
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

14.

P.M.

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 !

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 !

15.

P.M.

Now let our mingling voices rise
 In grateful rapture to the skies,
 And hail a Saviour's birth ;
 Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
 When JESUS from his glory came
 To bless the sons of earth.

He came to bid the weary rest,
 To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
 To bind the broken heart ;
 To spread the light of truth around,
 And to the world's remotest bound
 The heavenly gift impart.

He came our trembling souls to save
 From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
 And chase our fears away ;
 Victorious over death and time,
 To lead us to a happier clime,
 Where reigns eternal day.

16.

C.M.

THE race that long in darkness walk'd
 Have seen a glorious light ;
 The people dwell in day, who dwelt
 In death's surrounding night.

To hail thy rise, Thou better Sun,
 The gathering nations come,
 Joyous, as when the reapers bear
 The harvest treasures home.

For unto us a Child is born ;
 To us a Son is given ;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

His name shall be The Prince of Peace
 For evermore adored,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The Great and Mighty Lord.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

17.

P.M.

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!

Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
JESUS, hear and save!

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

18.

P.M.

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy Babe hath been;
Long named in Heaven, He now must go
To take that name on Him below,
JESUS, who saves from sin.

His mother kept the angel's word
Deep in her bosom's store;
But others there, by love unstirr'd,
Unconscious of its meaning, heard
The name the Infant bore.

The traitor sought Him by that name,
 When all the murderous crew
 With swords and staves against Him came :
 And on the Cross, the tree of shame,
 That name was fix'd in view.

Yet in his hour of glory now
 That precious name is given,
 Above all names to deck his brow,
 And at the name of JESUS bow
 The powers and thrones of Heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
 JESUS, for evermore :
 Thou who for us didst not disdain
 That sinners should the name profane
 Which seraphim adore.

THE EPIPHANY.

19.

P.M.

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

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :

Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
 And Righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing ;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion .
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing—
 A kingdom without end :
 The mountain dew 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-bless'd :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand for ever—
 That Name to us is Love.

20.

P.M.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and 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.

 AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

21.

P.M.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
 To his feet thy tribute bring ;
 Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
 Who like thee his praise should sing ?
 Praise Him ! Praise Him !
 Praise the everlasting King !
 Praise Him for his grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress ;
 Praise Him still the same for ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
 Praise Him ! Praise Him !
 Glorious in his faithfulness !
 Angels, help us to adore Him,
 Ye behold Him face to face ;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space
 Praise Him ! Praise Him !
 Praise with us the God of grace !

22.

P.M.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
 Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

Hail, by all thy works adored!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 All thy glories we confess,
 Infinite and numberless.

Holy Spirit, Thee we own;
 Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending men.

Praise the name of God Most High;
 Praise Him, all below the sky;
 Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

23.

P.M.

PRAISE 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 obey'd;
 Laws which never shall be broken
 For their guidance hath He 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.

24.

L.M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

LENT.

25.

C.M.

O LORD! turn not thy face away
 From him that lies prostrate,
 Lamenting sore his sinful life,
 Before thy mercy gate ;

Which Thou dost open wide to those
 That do lament their sin :
 O shut it not against me, Lord,
 But let me enter in.

Call me not to a strict account
 How I have lived here,
 For then I know right well, O Lord,
 Most vile I shall appear.

So come I to the throne of grace,
 Where mercy doth abound,
 Desiring mercy for my sin,
 To heal my deadly wound.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 This is the total sum ;
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
 Oh let thy mercy come !

26.

P.M.

FATHER, again in JESUS' name we meet,
 And bow in penitence beneath thy feet ;
 Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
 To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

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

O, by His name in whom all fulness dwells,
 O, by His love which every love excels,
 O, by His blood so freely shed for sin,
 Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in!

27.

S.M.

MINE eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord;
 I love to plead his promises,
 And rest upon his word.

When shall the sovereign grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways
 My wandering feet have trod?

O keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame;
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait
 To see thy face again;
 Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
 He sought the Lord in vain.

28.

C.M.

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
 That is not wholly thine ;
 May faith each weak petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

29.

C.M.

WHEN cares of life around me press,
 And worldly thoughts invade,
 Thou, Lord, wilt succour my distress,
 And grant thy Spirit's aid.

When sin, the world, and Satan try
 To snare and fetter me,
 Thou wilt thy heavenly grace supply,
 And set thy servant free.

Guarded by Thee, my dying day
 Shall need no help beside ;
 Thy rod and staff shall be my stay,
 Thy light shall be my guide.

30.

C.M.

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 enjoy'd!
 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.

31.

P.M.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe;
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy blessing to receive;
 Full of guilt, alas! I am,
 Yet to thy wounds for refuge flee;
 Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 But trust thy grace alone;
 Empty send me not away,
 Thus helpless and undone;
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery;
 Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
 Thy blood was shed for me.

I, alas, no price can bring,
 Yet come to seek thy love;
 Though so vile, so lost a thing,
 May I thy mercy prove:
 Take me, wretched as I am,
 From guilt and fear, O set me free;
 Friend of sinners! spotless Lamb!
 Thy blood was shed for me.

32.

C.M.

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, burthen'd 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!

When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see;
 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—
 “O Lord, remember me!”

33.

L.M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God!
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

34.

D.C.M.

O LORD, Thou knowest all the snares
 That round our pathway be,
 Thou know'st that both our joys and cares
 Come between us and Thee;
 Thou know'st that our infirmity
 In Thee alone is strong,
 To Thee for help and strength we fly;
 O let us not go wrong!

O bear us up, protect us now
 In dark temptation's hour ;
 For Thou wert born of woman, Thou
 Hast felt the tempter's power :
 All sinless, Thou canst feel for those
 Who strive and suffer long ;
 But O midst all our cares and woes
 Still let us not go wrong.

35.

P.M.

JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

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

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

36.

P.M.

LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Now, before it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

HOLY JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

Supplication on us pour,
Let us now kneel at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,
By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

'Neath thy wings let us have place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold thy face.

37.

C.M.

OH! for a heart to praise my God ;
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

OH! for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

A heart in every thought renew'd,
And fill'd with love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

38.

C.M.

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give :
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live !
 O help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead
 O help us, Lord, the more !
 O help us through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more the servant hath
 The more shall he receive.
 O help us, JESUS, from on high ;
 We know no help but Thee !
 O help us so to live and die
 As thine in heaven to be !

39.

P.M.

OBJECT of my first desire,
 JESUS ! crucified for me ;
 All to happiness aspire ;
 I would seek it, Lord, in Thee :
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Makes the joy of Saints below :
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Makes the bliss of Saints above.
 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence Thou deny ;
 Lord, if Thou thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die :

Source and Giver of repose,
 Only from thy love it flows :
 Peace and happiness are thine ;
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

WEEK NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

40.

P.M.

SAVIOUR ! when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow th' adoring knee,
 When repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
 O by all thy pains and woe
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By thy helpless infant years,
 By thy life of want and tears,
 By thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness,
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of th' insulting tempter's power,
 Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany !

By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God !
 O, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany !

41.

P.M.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power !

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone—
 Thou must save, and Thou alone !

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-lids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgment throne—
 Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

42.

P.M.

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 fly 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.

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

43.

S.M.

NOR all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

44.

P.M.

O MOST merciful!
 O most bountiful!
 God the Father Almighty!
 By the Redeemer's
 Sweet intercession,
 Hear us, help us when we cry!

EASTER DAY.

45.

C.M.

SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain,
 A sacrifice for all,
 Let all with thankful hearts agree
 To keep the festival :

Not with the leaven, as of old,
 Of sin and malice fed ;
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,
 And truth's unleaven'd bread.

Christ, being raised by power divine,
 And rescued from the grave,
 Shall die no more ; death shall on Him
 No more dominion have.

For that He died, 'twas for our sins
 He once vouchsafed to die ;
 But that He lives, He lives to God
 For all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,
 But graciously restored,
 And made henceforth alive to God,
 Through JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

46.

P.M.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
 Our triumphant holy day ;
 Who did once, upon the cross,
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing
 Unto Christ our heavenly King ;
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !

ut the pains which He endured
 ur salvation have procured ;
 ow above the sky He's King,
 Where the angels ever sing

Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah !

47.

P.M.

HE is risen, He is risen !
 Tell it with a joyful voice,
 He has burst his three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice :
 Death is conquer'd, man is free,
 Christ has won the victory.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
 With glad smile and radiant brow ;
 Lent's long shadows have departed,
 All His woes are over now ;
 And the passion that He bore,
 Sin and pain, can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy hymning,
 Chant our Lord's triumphant lay ;
 Not one darksome cloud is dimming
 Yonder glorious morning ray,
 Breaking o'er the purple East ;
 Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen !
 He has oped the eternal gate ;
 We are free from sin's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state ;
 And a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

48.

P.M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow ;
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

JESUS, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Receive it back unbought,
 The gift of **JESUS'** love :
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

49.

P.M.

THE happy morn is come :
 Triumphant o'er the grave
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led,
 For **JESUS** liveth who was dead.

Who now accuseth them
 For whom their Surety died?
 Who shall their souls condemn
 Whom God hath justified?
 Captivity is captive led,
 For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

Christ hath the ransom paid;
 The glorious work is done;
 On Him our help is laid;
 By Him our victory won:
 Captivity is captive led,
 For JESUS liveth, who was dead.

AFTER EASTER.

50.

C.M.

The Thanksgiving in the Communion Service.

To God be glory, peace on earth,
 To all mankind good will;
 We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
 And glorify Thee still.

And thanks for thy great glory give,
 That fills our souls with light;
 O Lord! God! heavenly King! the God
 And Father of all might!

And Thou, begotten Son of God,
 Before all time begun;
 O JESU CHRIST! God! Lamb of God!
 The Father's only Son!

Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away ;
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray !

O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
Who art the Holy One !

Thou, Lord,—who with the Holy Ghost,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
In glory of the Father art
Most high for evermore.

51.

P.M.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

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

Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

52.

P.M.

OH ! worship the King all glorious above,
 Oh ! gratefully sing his power and his love,
 Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

Oh ! tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
 His chariots of wrath deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

O measureless might ! Ineffable love !
 While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation, tho' feeble their lays,
 With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

53.

C.M.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, power
 Art worthy to receive,
 Since all things by thy power were made,
 And by thy bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb all power,
 Honour, and wealth to gain,
 Glory and strength ; who for our sins
 A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou, who hast redeem'd
 And ransom'd us to God,
 From every nation, every coast,
 By thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
 By all in earth and heaven,
 To Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb be given.

54.

P.M.

PRAISE the Lord, whose mighty wonders
 Earth, and air, and seas display ;
 Him, who high in tempests thunders,
 Him whom countless worlds obey.

In the eastern skies ascending,
 Praise Him, glorious orb of day ;
 Ocean, round the globe extending,
 Praise Him, o'er thy boundless way.

Pines that crown the lofty mountains
 Bow in sign of worship low ;
 All ye secret springs and fountains
 Warble praises as ye flow :
 Beasts, through nature's drear dominions,
 Praise Him, where the wilds extend ;
 Praise Him, birds, whose sounding pinions
 Up to heaven's gate ascend.

Man below, the lord of nature,
 Angel choirs in realms above,
 Hymning, praise the great Creator,
 Praise th' eternal Fount of Love.
 Teach us, Lord, to sing thy glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

55.

C.M.

How sweet the Name of **JESUS** sounds
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death !

56.

P.M.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

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

He hath with a piteous eye
 Look'd upon our misery ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

57.

P.M.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of thy face ;
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
 Fill thy Church with light divine ;
 And thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Be by all that live adored ;
 Let the nations shout and sing
 Glory to their Saviour King ;
 At thy feet their tribute pay,
 And thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
 God to man his blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live ;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy, and light, and love.

58.

P.M.

GIVE thanks to God Most High,
 The universal Lord,
 The sovereign King of kings,
 And be his grace adored.

His power and grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his Name
 Have endless praise.

How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders hath He done !
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heavenly King ;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.

59.

P.M.

COME, O come ! with sacred lays
 Let us sound th' Almighty's praise ;
 Hither bring, in true consent,
 Heart, and voice, and instrument.
 To your voices tune the lute ;
 Let not tongue nor string be mute ;
 Not a creature dumb be found
 That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live
 In still music praises give :
 Lowly pipe, all ye that creep
 On the earth or in the deep.

Birds, your warbling treble sing ;
 Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;
 Sun and moon, exalted higher,
 And you stars, augment the choir.

Come, ye sons of human race,
 In this chorus take your place ;
 And amid this mortal throng
 Be ye masters of the song.
 Let, in praise of God, the sound
 Run a never-ending round ;
 That our holy hymn may be
 Everlasting, as is He.

So shall He, from heaven's high tower
 On the earth his blessing shower ;
 All this huge wide orb we see
 Shall one choir, one temple be.
 Then our voices we will rear,
 Till we fill it every where.
 Come, O come, with sacred lays,
 Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.

THE ASCENSION DAY.

60.

P.M.

CHRIST is gone up with a joyful sound,
 He is gone to his bright abode ;
 The armies of heaven they throng around,
 To hail their ascended God.

He is gone to his glorious throne on high,
 And to claim the victor's crown ;
 And captive He leads captivity,
 And the foe He has overthrown.

He is gone to pour, from the fount of love,
 Rich gifts on a sinful race ;
 To prepare a place for his saints above,
 And to shed the Spirit's grace.

61.

S.M.

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 our rest.

Thou art gone up on high,
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto thy crown ;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee !

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

62. •

C.M.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
 The doors are open'd wide,
 The King of Glory is gone up
 Unto his Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now Thou art,
 And look upon thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies,
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
 And let thy grace be given,
 That while we linger yet below
 Our treasure be in heaven.

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love may be;
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in Thee.

63.

P.M.

HAIL! the day that sees Him rise,	Hallelujah!
Glorious to his native skies!	Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,	Hallelujah!
Enters now the highest heaven.	Hallelujah!

There the glorious triumph waits—	Hallelujah!
Lift your heads, eternal gates!	Hallelujah!
Christ has vanquish'd death and sin,	Hallelujah!
Take the King of Glory in.	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 !

AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

64.

P.M.

THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth his voice of thunder ;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretch'd in fear and wonder.
 Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
 And at his left hand and his right
 The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
 A meek and 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.

65.

P.M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

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

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

66.

P.M.

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst tread,
 In mortal guise, this sinful earth,
 Nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
 And wake them to a second birth:
 But we believe that Thou didst come,
 And leave for us thy glorious home.

We were not with Thee on the wave,
 When Thou the stormy sea didst bind,
 Nor saw the health thy blessing gave
 To lame and sick, to deaf and blind:
 But we believe the Fount of light
 Could give the darken'd eyeball sight.

We did not mark the chosen few,
 When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
 First lift to heaven their wondering view,
 Then to the earth all prostrate bend:
 But we believe that mortal eyes
 Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
 And thence thy faithful people bless,
 No ray of glory from the sky
 Doth shine upon our wilderness :
 Yet we believe that Thou art there,
 And sing thy praise, and lift our prayer.

67.

P.M.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
 At God's command ;
 The watery deep I pass,
 With JESUS in my view,
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

The goodly land I see
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 The land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness ;
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace.

His whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 They ever cry !
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

68.

C.M.

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.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

WHITSUNTIDE.

69.

L.M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and love thy way;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness,—the road,
 The narrow road which leads to God ;
 Bring us to Christ, the living Way,
 Nor let us from Him ever stray.

Lead us to God, our only rest,
 To be with Him for ever blest ;
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
 Fulness of joy for ever there.

70.

L.M.

SPiRiT of God, that moved of old
 Upon the waters' darken'd face,
 Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
 And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
 All highest Strength, all purest Love,
 The rushing of the mighty wind,
 The brooding of the gentle dove ;

Come, give us still thy powerful aid,
 And urge us on, and keep us thine ;
 Nor leave the hearts, that once were made
 Fit temples for thy grace divine :

Nor let us quench thy sevenfold light ;
 But still with softest breathings stir
 Our wayward souls—and lead us right,
 O Holy Ghost, the Comforter !

71.

L.M.

COME, Holy Ghost ; Creator, come,
 And visit all the souls of thine :
 Thou hast inspired our hearts with life ;
 Inspire them now with life divine,

Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
 Of God most high, the Fire of love,
 The everlasting Spring of joy,
 And Holy Unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold ; Thou writ'st
 God's laws in every faithful heart ;
 The Promise of the Father, Thou
 Dost heavenly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark souls till they
 Thy love, thy heavenly love, embrace ;
 And, since we are by nature frail,
 Assist us with thy saving grace.

72.

L.M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 O shed thine influence from above,
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's surpassing glory sung :
 Let all the listening earth be taught
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort ! heavenly Guide !
 Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;
 Still let mankind thy blessings prove ;
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

73.

C.M.

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, thy cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone;
 But long thy praises to proclaim
 With fervour, in our own.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
 No mystic dreams we share;
 Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
 And bless Thee in our prayer.

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

74.

P.M.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit ev'ry humble mind,
 And pour thy joy on all mankind:
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples meet for Thee.

Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
 Our frailty help, our vice control,
 And calm the passions of the soul:
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Immortal honor, endless fame
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
 Let God the Son be glorified,
 Who for the world's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 O blessed Comforter, to Thee.

75.

P.M.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine !
 Let thy light around us shine ;
 All our guilty fears remove,
 Fill us with thy peace and love.

Pardon to the contrite give ;
 Bid the wounded sinner live ;
 Lead us to the Lamb of God ;
 Wash us in his precious blood.

Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
 Comfort every troubled breast ;
 Life and joy and peace impart,
 Sanctifying every heart.

Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
 Keep us in the heavenly way ;
 Bring us to thy courts above,
 Realms of light and endless love.

76.

P.M.

HOLY Spirit, from on high
 Bend on us a pitying eye ;
 Animate the drooping heart,
 Bid the power of sin depart.

Light up every dark recess
 Of our heart's ungodliness ;
 Show us every devious way
 Where our steps have gone astray.

Teach us with repentant grief
 Humbly to implore relief :
 Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
 All our deep disease to heal.

May we daily grow in grace,
 And pursue the heavenly race,
 Train'd by wisdom, led by love,
 Till we reach our rest above.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

77.

P.M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the
 glassy sea ;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
 Thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be !

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

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and
 sky and sea,
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

78.

P.M.

LEAD us! Heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
 Love with every feeling blending,
 Pleasures that can never cloy.
 Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

79.

P.M.

O GOD of life, whose power benign
 Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
 Accept our praise, for we are thine.

O Father, uncreated Lord,
 Be Thou in every land adored;
 Be Thou by all with faith implored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
 We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain
 For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
 Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
 May we in thy communion share.

O holy, blessed Trinity,
 With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
 In us, O God, exalted be.

80.

L.M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 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 us extend.

AFTER TRINITY SUNDAY.

81.

P.M.

WITH hearts in love abounding,
 Prepare we now to sing
 A lofty theme, resounding
 Thy praise, Almighty King ;
 Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
 Redeem'd the human race ;
 Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
 Breathe words of truth and grace.

So reign, O God, in heaven,
 Eternally the same ;
 And endless praise be given
 To thy Almighty name.
 Clothed in thy dazzling brightness,
 Thy Church on earth behold,
 In robe of purest whiteness,
 In raiment wrought with gold.

And let each Gentile nation
 Come gladly in her train,
 To share thy great salvation,
 And join her grateful strain :
 Then ne'er shall note of sadness
 Awake the trembling string ;
 One song of joy and gladness
 The ransom'd world shall sing.

82.

C.M.

JESUS ! exalted far on high !
 To whom a name is given,
 A name surpassing every name
 That's named in earth or heaven ;
 Before whose throne shall ev'ry knee
 Bow down with one accord ;
 Before whose throne shall ev'ry tongue
 Confess that Thou art Lord ;
 JESUS ! who in the form of God
 Didst equal honour claim ;
 Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame ;—
 Oh ! may that mind be form'd in us
 Which shone so bright in Thee ;
 May we be humble, lowly, meek,
 From pride and envy free :

May we to others stoop, and learn
 To emulate thy love;
 So shall we bear thine image here,
 And share thy throne above.

83.

P.M.

CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
 Of all who seek their home above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love;
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.
 By thine unerring Spirit led
 We shall not in the desert stray;
 By thy paternal bounty fed
 We shall not lack in all our way;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While thine Almighty love is near.

84.

C.M.

THOU art the Way,—to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
 Thou art the Truth,—thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart;
 Thou only canst inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.
 Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conquering arm;
 And those who put their trust in Thee
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win
 Whose joys eternal flow.

85.

S.M.

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.

Though years on years roll on
His covenant shall endure ;
Though clouds and darkness hide his path,
The promised 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.

86.

C.M.

FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
On Thee my hope depends ;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine ;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

From Thee, through JESUS, we receive
 The power on Thee to call,
 In whom we are, and move, and live :
 Thou, Lord, art all in all.

87.

P.M.

LORD, supreme in glory dwelling,
 Of thy wondrous power and might
 Earth and heaven rejoice in telling,
 Day to day, and night to night.
 Through each clime, to every nation,
 Trumpet-tongued, by sea, by land,
 Nature speaks her adoration
 Of the great creative hand.

See, the sun in bridal splendour
 Tells from whence his glories rise ;
 See the moon her homage render
 As she climbs the spangled skies.
 Glorious thus thy Word : it beameth
 O'er the soul supremely bright,
 Speaking Him whose love redeemeth—
 Joy of nations—Light of Light.

88.

S.M.

IN Thee, O Lord, I trust ;
 My hope is in thy Name ;
 In righteousness deliver me,
 Nor put my soul to shame.

From heaven bow down thine ear,
 My cause in mercy plead :
 My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
 Vouchsafe my soul to lead.

From every snare preserve,
 From every foe defend;
 For thy Name's sake, O God, my Strength,
 Divine protection send.

Into thy hands, O Lord,
 My spirit I commend;
 Thou hast redeem'd me, God of Truth,
 In death be Thou my Friend.

89.

C.M.

O GOD of Abraham! 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 by 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 feet arrive in peace.

90.

L.M.

ALMIGHTY FATHER! robed with light,
 Seated upon thy heavenly throne,
 O teach our hearts to feel aright
 And tongues to say, "Thy will be done."

In all thy just and righteous ways
 Thy grace and goodness may we own ;
 For every mercy yield our praise,
 And say, O Lord, "Thy will be done."

And when oppress'd with grief we lie,
 When brighter scenes are fled and gone,
 Still may our souls submissive cry,
 "Father in heaven ! thy will be done !"

91.

L.M.

O KING of earth, of 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.

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.

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 thy 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 !

92.

P.M.

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 noonday 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 pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 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 friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

93.

P.M.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, in life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say—
 "Thy will be done!"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield Thee what was thine—

“Thy will be done !”

If but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest—

“Thy will be done !”

Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say—

“Thy will be done !”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
 I'll sing, upon a happier shore,—

“Thy will be done !”

94.

C.M.

THOU boundless Source of every good !

Our best desires fulfil ;

And help us to adore thy grace,

And mark thy sovereign will.

In all thy mercies may our souls

Thy bounteous goodness see ;

Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts

Estrange our hearts from Thee.

In ev'ry changing scene of life,

Whate'er that scene may be,

Give us a meek and humble mind,

A mind at peace with Thee.

Do Thou direct our steps aright ;

Help us thy name to fear ;

And give us grace to watch and pray ;

And strength to persevere.

95.

P.M.

LORD, if Thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 Like the Saviour we shall be,
 Clothed with his humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild ;
 Humble as a little child ;
 Pleased with what the Lord provides ;
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee ;
 Ev'ry evil let us flee ;
 Always happy in thy love ;
 Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find
 Every good in Christ combined ;
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust and praise Him evermore.

96.

C.M.

ETERNAL God ! we look to Thee,
 To Thee for help we fly ;
 Thine eye alone our wants can see,
 Thy hand alone supply.

Lord ! let thy fear within us dwell,
 Thy love our footsteps guide :
 That love will all vain love expel ;
 That fear, all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Oh, let thy grace supply :
 The good, unask'd, in mercy grant ;
 The ill, though ask'd, deny.

97.

C.M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every 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.

98.

P.M.

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrims through this barren land ;
 We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;
 Hold us with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow :
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead us all our journey through :
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid our anxious fears subside ;
 Bear us through th' o'erwhelming torrent,
 Land us safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 We will ever give to Thee.

99.

C.M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!

O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

O send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

100.

L.M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour Divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

If Thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal joys in Thee.

101.

L.M.

THOU Refuge of my weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal:
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

And still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer;
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there!

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

102.

P.M.

YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful name;
 The name all-victorious
 Of JESUS extol;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save;
 And still He is nigh,
 His presence we have;

The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To JESUS our King.

Then let us adore
 And give Him his right;
 All glory and power,
 All wisdom and might,
 All honour and blessing,
 With angels above;
 And thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite love.

103.

L.M.

O GOD, our Saviour and our King,
 Of all we have, or hope, the Spring,
 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 And warm our hearts with holy love.

Let love through all our actions shine,
 An image fair, though faint, of thine;
 Let us thy humble followers prove,
 Father of grace and God of love.

104.

L.M.

As through this wilderness I stray,
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
 No foes, no evil, need I fear,
 If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my strength in waves of woe,
 Saviour, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Teach me, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

105.

P.M.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
JESUS, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

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

106.

S.M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice ;
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing, high,
 Who would not fear his holy Name,
 And laud, and magnify ?

Oh! for the living flame,
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought !

God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours ;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd,
 With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
 The Lord your God adore ;
 Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

107.

C.M.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes still'd ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,
 To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has 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 conferr'd by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

108.

S.M.

OH! where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's 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;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around "the second death!"

Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

109.

P.M.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
“Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.”

Though like a wanderer
The sun goes down,
Darkness comes over me—
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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

110.

C.M.

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 charms explore,

How would our spirits long to rise,

And dwell on earth no more !

No cloud those blissful regions know,

For ever bright and fair ;

For sin, the source of mortal woe,

Can never enter there.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,

For thy bright courts on high :

Then bid our spirits rise and join

The chorus of the sky.

111.

D.C.M.

THOU plenteous Source of light and love, from
whom all grace proceeds,

Chase from our souls the gloom of night, and
make us hate its deeds ;

In armour clad of heavenly proof, we will not fear
nor fly,

But bravely through opposing hosts press onwards
to the sky.

If long and doubtful seem the strife, our pains and
trials sore,

Such are the ills of mortal life, and such our
Saviour bore ;

Once humbled from his lofty throne, He dwelt in
weakness here,

And his has been the struggling sigh, and his the
falling tear.

When time has run its destined course, and all our
 years are fled,
 He comes with monarch's pomp and power, to
 wake and judge the dead ;
 Then help us, Lord, while sinners' hearts shall
 sicken with dismay,
 To lift our heads, and joyful hail Redemption's
 perfect day.

112.

L.M.

THAT 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, shrivelling 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 wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

 HOLYDAYS.

113.

C.M.

SAINTS' DAYS.

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 call'd on Him to save.

Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He pray'd 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 mock'd the cross and flame.

They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 Oh God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

114.

C.M.

SAINTS' DAYS.

O LORD ! in all our trials here,
 Whate'er those trials be,
 Help us without one doubt or fear
 To cast our care on Thee ;

To look from earth to yon bright sky,
 And there by faith behold
 The glories hid from mortal eye,
 To mortal ear untold!

And if contempt, reproach, or loss
 We suffer for thy name,
 Teach us to triumph in the cross,
 To glory in the shame.

115.

L.M.

SAINTS' DAYS.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
 We praise thy name with one accord;
 Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
 Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all angels cry,
 And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
 Both Cherubin and Seraphin,
 The heavens and all the powers therein.

The Apostles join the glorious throng;
 The Prophets swell th' immortal song;
 The Martyrs' noble army raise
 Eternal anthems to thy praise.

Thee, Holy, holy, holy King!
 Thee, Lord of Sabaoth, they sing:
 Thus earth below, and heaven above,
 Resound thy glory and thy love.

116.

P.M.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
 Of our life's wild restless sea,
 Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As, of old, St. Andrew heard it
 By the Galilean lake,
 Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
 Leaving all for His dear sake.

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

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

JESUS calls us—By thy mercies,
 Saviour, may we hear thy call,
 Give our hearts to thy obedience,
 Serve and love Thee, best of all.

117.

C.M.

ST. THOMAS'S DAY.

O THOU, who didst with love untold
 Thy doubting servant cheer,
 And bade the eye of sense behold
 What faith should have made clear,

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
 To own Thee God and Lord,
 And from his hour of darkness draw
 A fuller faith's reward!

And while that wondrous record now
 Of unbelief we hear,
 Oh! let us only lowlier bow
 In self-distrusting fear;

And pray that we may never dare
 Thy Spirit so to grieve ;
 But, at the last, their blessing share
 Who see not, yet believe.

118.

P.M.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

HEAD of the Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore Thee ;
 Till Thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear,
 While Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation ;
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes :
 By Thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 Ere death our conflict closes.

By faith we see the glory
 To which Thou shalt restore us ;
 The world despise
 For that high prize
 Which Thou hast set before us ;

And if Thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

119.

S.M.

“ THE HOLY INNOCENTS’ DAY.

GLORY to Thee, O Lord !

Who, from this world of sin,
 By the fierce monarch's ruthless sword
 Those precious ones didst win !

Glory to Thee, O Lord !

For now, all grief unknown,
 They wait in patience their reward,
 The martyr's heavenly crown !

Baptized in their own blood,—

Earth's untried perils o'er,
 They pass'd unconsciously the flood,
 And safely gain'd the shore.

Glory to Thee ! for all

The ransom'd infant band,
 Who since that hour have heard thy call,
 And reach'd the quiet land !

Oh ! that our hearts within,

Like theirs, were pure and bright ;
 Oh ! that as free from wilful sin
 We shrank not from thy sight !

Lord ! help us every hour

Thy cleansing grace to claim ;
 In life to glorify thy power,
 In death to praise thy name !

120.

D.C.M.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

O THOU, to whose all-seeing eye
Earth's mysteries are clear,—
Who bright as noonday canst descry
What we deem darkest here,—
Make us in lowly faith rejoice,
With her, who on this day
First heard the Angel's wondrous voice,
And heard, but to obey!

For though on Duty's narrow path
Dark clouds awhile may rest,
One light the weary spirit hath,
To know, thy way is best!
And say, "Whate'er betide, yet still
Behold thy servant, Lord!
Be it to me, through good and ill,
According to thy word!"

121.

P.M.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
My all, to thy covenant care,
I sleeping and waking resign:

If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me,
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy ministering spirits descend,
 To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep :

Thy worship no interval knows,
 Their fervour is still on the wing ;
 And while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King.

I, too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join ;
 And love and adore without end
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.

122.

S.M.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
 Hath fix'd his throne on high ;
 O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
 And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
 And swift to do his will,
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait
 The orders of their King,
 And guard his people when they pray,
 Join in the praise they sing.

While all his wondrous works
 Through his vast kingdom show
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
 Shalt sing his praises too.

123.

S.M.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

FOR all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learn'd from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

THE EMBER DAYS.

124.

L.M.

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire.
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above,
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of thy grace.
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee, of both, to be but One.
 That, through the ages all along,
 This may be our endless song;

Praise to thy eternal merit,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

125.

C.M.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 Proceeding from above,
 Both from the Father and the Son,
 The God of peace and love;

Visit our minds, into our hearts
 Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
 That truth and godliness we may
 Pursue with full desire.

Thou in thy gifts art manifold,
 By them Christ's Church doth stand :
 In faithful hearts Thou writest thy law,
 The Finger of God's hand.

According to thy promise, Lord,
 Thou givest speech with grace ;
 That through thy help, God's praises may
 Resound in every place.

O Holy Ghost, into our minds
 Send down thy heavenly light ;
 Kindle our hearts with faithful zeal,
 To serve God day and night.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm ;
 For, Lord, Thou know'st us frail ;
 That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
 Against us may prevail.

BAPTISM.

126.

C.M.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ crucified to own,
 We print the cross upon thy brow,
 And mark thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ's conflict to maintain,
 But 'neath his banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travell'd by ;
 Endure the cross, despise the shame,
 And sit with Him on high ;
 Thus outwardly and visibly
 We seal thee for his own ;
 And may the brow that wears his cross
 Hereafter share his crown.

127.

P.M.

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

128.

P.M.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
 The souls we here present to Thee,
 And fit for thy great service make
 These heirs of immortality ;
 And let them in thine image rise,
 And then transplant to Paradise.

Unspotted from the world and pure,
 Preserve them for thy glorious cause,
 Accustom'd daily to endure

The welcome burden of thy cross :
 Inured to toil and patient pain,
 Till all thy perfect mind they gain.

Train up thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
 In all their Captain's steps to tread !
 Or send them to proclaim thy Word,
 Thy Gospel through the world to spread,
 Freely as they receive to give,
 And preach The Death by which we live !

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

129.

L.M.

My 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 sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which JESUS makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

Oh ! let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests !
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
 Bid all our drooping graces live ;
 And more, that energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

130.

P.M.

LORD, when before thy throne we meet,
 Thy goodness to adore,
 From heaven, th' eternal mercy seat,
 On us thy blessing pour ;
 And make our inmost souls to be
 An habitation meet for Thee.

The body for our ransom given,
 The blood in mercy shed !
 With this immortal food from heaven,
 Lord, let our souls be fed ;
 And as we round thy table kneel,
 Help us thy quick'ning grace to feel.

Be thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh !
 Accept the humble prayer,
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
 The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
 And let our adoration rise
 As fragrant incense to the skies.

131.

P.M.

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.

132.

P.M.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
 Thus thy saints recall to mind,
 Hear us, bless us from above ;
 Let us all thy mercy find.

Let thy blood, to us applied,
 Every sinner's pardon seal ;
 All in Thee be justified,
 Every soul thy comfort feel.

By thine agony of pain,
 By thy precious blood, we pray,
 Cleanse our hearts from every stain ;
 Take our load of guilt away.

Burst our bonds and set us free ;
 Bid our fear and sorrow cease ;
 O remember Calvary !
 Saviour ! bid us go in peace.

133.

C.M.

O 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,
 Renew'd with strength divine.

CONFIRMATION.

134.

S.M.

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 :

That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand complete at last.

135.

C.M.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
 Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make a solemn vow,—
 A vow we dare not break,—

That, long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield;
 Nor from his cause will we depart,
 Or ever quit the field.

We trust not in our native strength,
 But on his grace rely,
 That, with returning wants, the Lord
 Will all our need supply.

Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways;
 And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

136.

C.M.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead!
 With whom thy servants dwell,
 Though cold and green the turf is spread
 Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,
 We doubt and fear no more;
 Nor shrink to tread the dreary way
 Which Thou hast trod before.

When, soon or late, this feeble breath
 No more to Thee shall pray,
 Support me through the vale of death,
 And in the darksome way!

When, cloth'd in fleshly weeds again,
 I wait thy dread decree,
 Judge of the world! bethink Thee then,
 That Thou hast died for me!

137.

L.M.

ALMIGHTY MAKER of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days ;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span,
 A little point my life appears :
 How frail, at best, is dying man !
 How vain are all his hopes and fears !

Oh ! be a nobler portion mine !
 My God ! I bow before thy throne :
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on Thee alone.

138.

L.M.

O GOD, thy grace and blessing give
 To us who on thy Name attend,
 That we this mortal life may live
 Regardful of our journey's end.

Teach us to know that JESUS died
 And rose again, our souls to save ;
 Teach us to take Him as our Guide,
 Our Help from childhood to the grave.

Then shall not death with terror come,
 But welcome as a bidden guest ;
 The herald of a better home,
 The messenger of peace and rest.

And when the awful signs appear
 Of judgment, and the throne above,
 Our hearts still fix'd, we shall not fear ;
 God is our trust, and God is Love.

139.

P.M.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

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

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
 Thou the blood of life hast shed,
 Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier :
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

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

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
 Though the sins were not thine own,
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

MORNING.

140.

L.M.

AWAKE 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 the last ;
 Thy talents to improve take care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys
 Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part ;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High glory to th' eternal King !

141.

L.M.

WE wake, we wake, ye heavenly choir ;
 May your devotion us inspire,
 That we, like you, our age may spend ;
 Like you, may on our God attend.

Lord ! we our vows to Thee renew ;
 Scatter our sins as morning dew ;
 Guard our first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself our spirits fill.

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

142.

C.M.

THROUGH all the dangers of the night,
 Preserved, O Lord, by Thee,
 Again we hail the cheerful light,
 Again we bow the knee.

Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
 And guide us by thine arm ;
 For they are safe, and only they,
 Whom Thou preserv'st from harm.

Let all our words and all our ways
 Declare that we are thine,
 That so the light of truth and grace
 Before the world may shine.

Let us ne'er turn away from Thee ;
 O Saviour, hold us fast,
 Till with unclouded eyes we see
 Thy glorious face at last.

143.

C.M.

To Thee, O Lord, with dawning light
 My thankful voice I'll raise,
 Thy mighty power to celebrate,
 Thy holy name to praise :

For Thou, in helpless hour of night,
 Hast compassed my bed,
 And now, refresh'd with peaceful sleep,
 Thou liftest up my head.

Grant me, O God, thy quick'ning grace,
 Through this and every day ;
 That, guided and upheld by Thee,
 My feet may never stray.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 Increase my zeal and love ;
 And fix my heart's affections all
 On Christ and things above.

And when, life's labour o'er, I sink
 To slumber in the grave,
 In death's dark vale be Thou my trust,
 To succour and to save :

That so, through Him, who bled and died,
 And rose again for me,
 "The grave and gate of death" may prove
 A passage home to Thee.

144.

L.M.

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

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
 Thy sovereign Word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

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

145.

L.M.

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.

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.

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.

 EVENING.

146.

L.M.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night;
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O 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
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

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

147.

P.M.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us ;
 Wearied, we lie 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.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,
 In thy love may we repose ;
 And, when life's sad day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

148.

P.M.

GOD of Israel, we adore Thee !
 Thou hast kept us through the day :
 Thus preserved, we come before Thee,
 Ours the new and living Way.
 Safely keep us through the night ;
 Guard us till the morning light ;
 Nor forsake us
 Till Thou take us
 Far from earth to dwell with Thee,
 Through a bright eternity.

149.

P.M.

THROUGH the changes of the day,
 Kept by thy sustaining power,
 Offerings of thanks we pay,
 Father ! in this evening hour ;
 Praises to thy Name belong,
 Source and Giver of our good !
 And, though feeble is our song,
 It shall speak our gratitude.

From the dangers which have frown'd,
 From the snares in secret set,
 We have, through thy mercy, found
 Safety and deliverance yet!
 And thy loving-kindness hath
 All the day to us been shown,
 While profusely on our path
 Richest blessings have been strown.

Spirit! who hast been our Light,
 And the Guardian of our way,
 Let thy mercy and thy might
 Keep us for another day!
 O'er our sleep, with sleepless eye,
 Watch, and sweet shall be our rest;
 And when morning gilds the sky,
 Our awaking shall be blest!

150.

P.M.

BLESSED be thy Name for ever,
 Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the desert and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blessed be thy Name for ever!

Thou, who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
 Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!
 God of evening's parting ray,
 Of midnight gloom, and dawning day,
 That riseth from the azure sea,
 Like breathings of eternity!
 God of life the Guard and Giver,
 Blessed be thy Name for ever!

151.

L.M.

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

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.

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.

152.

P.M.

OH come, and let us all, with one accord,
Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the Lord;
Let us this evening bless his holy Name,
Yea, let us laud and magnify the same.

Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice, to give Him thanks and praise;
Let us and all his saints his glory sing,
Who is our blessed Saviour, Lord, and King.

For by his Word the heaven and earth were made,
The earth's foundation also firmly laid;
All things were done at his divine command,
And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

Therefore let all in heaven and earth agree
To sing his praise in perfect unity;
Yea, let his servants all, with one accord,
With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

153.

L.M.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thy throne above
 No time can change, no power can move;
 Thy word the fleeting hours obey,
 They speed the night, they close the day.

Oh, cheer the evening of our days
 With that bright beam which ne'er decays;
 And make a happy death the road
 To bring our ransom'd souls to God.

Oh, holy Father, holy Son,
 And holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Thy grace devoutly we implore,
 Thy name be praised for evermore.

154.

P.M.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light!
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night!
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night!

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 And when we die,
 May we, in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie!
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With Thee on high!

155.

D.C.M.

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 !
 Oh ! that we fall not from thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown.

156.

P.M.

LORD of my life, whose tender care
 Hath led me on till now,
 Here lowly at the hour of prayer
 Before thy throne I bow :
 I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
 Forgiveness for another day.

Oh! may I daily, hourly, strive
 In heavenly grace to grow!
 To Thee and to thy glory live—
 Dead else to all below:
 Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
 Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With 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.

THE LORD'S DAY.

157.

P.M.

WELCOME, sacred day of rest;
 Sweet repose from worldly care;
 Day above all days the best,
 When our souls for heaven prepare;
 Day when our Redeemer rose,
 Victor o'er the hosts of hell:
 Thus He vanquish'd all our foes;
 Let our lips his glory tell.

Gracious Lord, we love this day,
 When we hear thy holy word;
 When we sing thy praise, and pray:
 Earth can no such joys afford.
 But a better rest remains,
 Heavenly sabbaths, happier days;
 Rest from sin, and rest from pains;
 Endless joys and endless praise.

158.

C.M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosannah to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's Name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosannah in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

159.

L.M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind :
 Such ever bring Thee where they come ;
 And going, take Thee to their home.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own !

160.

P.M.

WHILE we in supplication join,
 Before the throne of grace divine,
 In mercy bow thine ear !
 And while we listen to thy word,
 Or praise thy Name with glad accord,
 Amongst us, Lord, appear.

The veil that hides thy glory rend ;
 In love and saving power descend,
 To visit thine abode ;
 Here, to each heart thy grace reveal,
 And all who enter cause to feel
 The presence of our God.

161.

P.M.

MIGHTY Saviour, Gracious King !
 Now thy waiting people bless ;
 Thou that dost deliv'rance bring,
 Come to reign in righteousness.

Thou dost heavenly light impart ;
 Tune the ear to Sion's song ;
 Teach and guide the wayward heart ;
 Loose and prompt the stammering tongue.

Pour thy Spirit from on high ;
 Come thy mourning Church to bless ;
 Streams of life and joy supply ;
 Fill the world with righteousness.
 Light shall then possess thine own,
 Holy quiet, perfect peace ;
 And when heavenly seed is sown,
 Thou wilt give the blest increase.

162.

P.M.

HAPPY they that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast ;
 Happy they whose praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe.

They shall mount 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 this 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, O shower them, Lord, on me !

163.

P.M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 Ad possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

164.

P.M.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.

O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
 For the Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found!

 FASTS AND TIMES OF AFFLICTION.

165.

D.C.M.

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, O 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 coun-
try round,
To Thee we look'd, 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 with thy judgments, Lord, then let
thy mercy spare."

166.

P.M.

GREAT God, to Thee our song we raise,
To Thee devote our grateful praise;
O never may our footsteps rove
From Thee, the source of truth and love;
But may we still thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

What though the fig-tree shall decay,
Fruitless the vine shall waste away;
Although the olive shall not bear,
Nor corn produce the ripen'd ear;
Yet still may we thy praise proclaim,
And joy in our Redeemer's name.

Though in our folds no flocks abound,
 And in our stalls no herd be found,
 Though all the hopes of plenty fail,
 Though blighting pestilence prevail;
 Yet may we still thy praise proclaim,
 And joy in our Redeemer's name.

167.

P.M.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
 From thy temple in the skies
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliverance rise.

Lo! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 JESUS' blood can cleanse from all.

Let that love veil our transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface;
 Save thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

168.

L.M.

GOD of our life! to Thee we call;
 Afflicted at thy feet we fall;
 When the great water floods prevail,
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should we lodge our deep complaint?
 Where, but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

Then hear, O Lord! our humble cry,
 And bend on us thy pitying eye.
 To Thee their prayer thy people make;
 Hear us, for our Redeemer's sake!

169.

L.M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast the wintry sky;
 Out of the depths to Thee we call;
 Our fears are great, our strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard us through the storm,
 Defend us from each threatening ill,
 Control the waves, say, Peace, be still!

Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 Our souls still hang their hope on Thee;
 Thy constant love and faithful care
 Support, and save us from despair.

170.

P.M.

LET my life be hid with Thee,
 Gracious Saviour! Lord of might!
 Saved from sin, from dangers free,
 Lighten'd by thy perfect light.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
 When my raging foes abound,
 Cover'd by thy panoply,
 Safe within thy holy ground,

Let my life be hid with Thee,
 When my soul is vex'd below ;
 Let me still thy mercy see,
 When bow'd down by grief and woe.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
 When in death I sink and fail ;
 Lest my raging enemy
 In that dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid with Thee,
 Bound within thy life above ;
 Living through eternity,
 In the realms of peace and love.

171.

C.M.

O GOD, that madest earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,
 Give ear to this thy family,
 And help us, when we pray !

The cross our Master bore for us,
 For Him we fain would bear ;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair.

Then mercy on our failings, Lord !
 Our sinking faith renew,
 And when thy sorrows visit us,
 Oh send thy patience too !

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

172.

P.M.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :
 All to Thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,
 All the stores the garden yields,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores :
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams ;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

173.

C.M.

LORD, of thy mercy hear our cry
 For this long-favour'd land ;
 That now, as in the days gone by,
 Her strength may be thy hand !

May she her holy lot fulfil,
 Earth's sanctuary to be;
 And stand amid the nations still,
 A witness true to Thee.
 And when the last dread trumpet's sound
 Upon her ear shall ring,
 Grant that her children may be found
 Prepared to meet their King!

174.

C.M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
 Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravish'd heart?
 But Thou canst read it there.
 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ:
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

175.

C.M.

HARVEST.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are;
 The rolling seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
 The plants in beauty grew ;
 Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
 The mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain ;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless thy gracious sway
 Thy hand all nature hails :
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

FOUNDATION OF A CHURCH.

176.

L.M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
 We build the temple, Lord, to Thee :
 Thine eye be open night and day
 To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here, when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear, Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And when Thou hearest, O forgive !

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
 Still by the power of his great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

That glory never hence depart !
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

177.

P.M.

LORD 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 bless'd,
 May the dead be laid to rest.

Hallelujah !—earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply :
 Hallelujah !—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

178.

P.M.

LORD 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.

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

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

God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow
Upon our race
His saving grace,
And glory too.

The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

179.

L.M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

180.

C.M.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display :
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive thy word
In faith present our prayers ;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
 The contrite heart bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 That we in grace may grow.

MISSIONS.

181.

P.M.

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 Java'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 ! oh ! salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's Name !

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

182.

L.M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
 In all the fulness of thy 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,
 Whene'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.

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

183.

P.M.

LORD, a Saviour's love displaying,
 Show the heathen lands thy way ;
 Millions still like sheep are straying
 In the dark and cloudy day.

Shades of death are gathering o'er them,
 Lord, they perish from thy sight!
 Let thine angel go before them;
 Bring the Gentiles to thy light.

Fetch them home from every nation,
 From the islands of the sea;
 By the Word of thy salvation
 Call the wanderers back to Thee.

Thou their pasture hast provided,
 Grant the blessing long foretold;
 Let thy sheep, divinely guided,
 Find at last the common fold.

184.

P.M.

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
 Where no light has broken through—
 Souls that JESUS bought by dying,
 Whom his soul in travail knew—
 Thousand voices
 Call us, o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken! None has taught them
 Of his love so deep and dear;
 Of the precious price that bought them;
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
 Ye who know Him,
 Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
 Wide to earth's remotest strand;
 Let no brother's bitter chidings
 Rise against us—when we stand
 In the judgment—
 From some far, forgotten land.

Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten,
 All along each distant shore ;
 Seaward far the islands brighten,—
 Light of nations ! lead us o'er :
 When we seek them,
 Let thy Spirit go before.

185.

P.M.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people
 Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze :
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth.

Light of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, thy blessings bring
 Light to lighten all the Gentiles !
 Rise with healing on thy wing :
 To thy brightness
 Let all kings and nations come.

May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and worshipping before Him,
 Serve the living God alone :
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

Thou to whom 'all power is given,
 Speak the word :—at thy command
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy Name from land to land :
 Lord ! be with them
 Always, to the end of time.

186.

S.M.

How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Sion's hill ;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !
 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
 Oh ! Lord, make bare thine arm,
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

187.

P.M.

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 " Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! " let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
 " Hallelujah ! " Hark ! the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
 Sheathed his sword : He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

“ He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away.
 Then the end :—beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall :
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.”

188.

P.M.

O God, from Thee alone
 Our earthly blessings flow ;
 What is there not thine own,
 Of all we prize below ?

We are but stewards here ;
 Lord, may we faithful prove,
 And what we hold most dear
 Deny not to thy love.

Awake, then, ye to whom
 God has so freely given
 To fly the sinner's doom,
 And know the path to heaven ;—

Ye know the joyful news ;
 Hide not the blessed Word :
 Oh, how can ye refuse
 To tell what ye have heard ?

Ye know your Lord's command ;
 Ye have that ye may give
 With ready heart and hand,
 That others, too, may live.

189.

L.M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And princes throng to crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

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

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

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

190.

P.M.

MISSION TO THE JEWS.

OH that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home !

How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity;
 Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall thy rod of terror:
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error:
 Release the fetter'd heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy Church to Thee.

ALMSGIVING.

191.

L.M.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
 Delighting in thy perfect will;
 Each other's burdens learn to bear,
 And thus thy law of love fulfil.

He that hath pity on the poor
 Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
 And lo! his recompense is sure,
 For more than this shall be restored.

Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
 As Thou hast bless'd our various store,
 From our abundance to impart
 A liberal portion to the poor.

To Thee our all devoted be,
 In whom we breathe, and move, and live;
 Freely we have received of Thee—
 Freely may we rejoice to give.

192.

C.M.

FOUNTAIN of good! to own thy love
 Our thankful hearts incline;
 What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
 When all the worlds are thine?

But Thou hast needy brethren here,
 Partakers of thy grace;
 Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd;
 And in their accents of distress
 Thy pleading voice is heard.

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.

193.

L.M.

ON BEHALF OF THE YOUNG.

GREAT God! in heaven and earth supreme,
 Whose glories all creation fill;
 Our souls adore thy awful name,
 And humbly wait to do thy will.

Thy glorious might what tongue can tell,
 What force thy sovereign power withstand?
 Yet Thou dost stoop with men to dwell,
 And give thy blessings through their hand.

'Tis our's to feed these lambs of thine,
 And train their footsteps on to heaven;
 We hail with joy the charge divine,
 And freely give as Thou hast given.

O Fount of love! all-gracious God!
 What can we offer but thine own!
 For we are thine, redeem'd with blood,
 The precious blood of Christ thy Son.

On these, on us, thy grace bestow,
 The contrite heart, the lowly mind,
 The love of God in Christ to know,
 The wisdom from above to find.

Defend us from the power of sin,
 Save us from all self-righteous pride;
 Our sure support, thy peace within,
 Our only plea, that Christ has died.

TO BE SUNG BY CHILDREN.

194.

C.M.

THE Lord, who once our weakness knew,
 Born in this vale of tears,
 In wisdom as in stature grew,
 In favour as in years.

And as He bare our humble lot,
 Mankind from sin to free,
 In mercy said, "Forbid them not,
 Let children come to Me."

May we, O Lord, betimes obey
 The call thy grace has given,
 And still pursue the narrow way
 That leads our steps to heaven.

Though angels round thy throne on high
 Their hymns of triumph raise,
 Thou hearest when to Thee we cry;
 Thou wilt not scorn our praise.

195.

C.M.

O THOU, whose glory and whose grace
 Celestial hosts proclaim,
 Look down from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 Teach us to fear thy Name.

Within the volume of thy word,
 We, from our early youth,
 Learn of our Saviour and our Lord,
 The Way, the Life, the Truth.

Thy word displays the concord sweet
 Of fear and holy love :
 Mercy and truth together meet,
 Descending from above.

O Lord! thy glory and thy grace
 Whilst now our lips proclaim,
 Come to our hearts, thy dwelling-place,
 And make us fear thy Name.

196.

C.M.

SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
 Thy feeble flock behold ;
 And let us never lose thy love,
 Nor wander from thy fold.

Thou wilt not cast thy lambs away ;
 Thy hand is ever near,
 To guide them lest they go astray,
 And keep them safe from fear.

We want thy help, for we are frail;
 Thy light, for we are blind:
 Let grace o'er all our doubts prevail,
 To prove that Thou art kind.

Teach us the things we ought to know,
 And may we find them true;
 And still in stature as we grow,
 Increase in wisdom too.

END OF THE YEAR.

197.

P.M.

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

See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing
 Then shall in his glory shine.
 Gracious Saviour!
 Own me in that day for thine!

Then to those who have confessed,
 Loved, and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

198.

P.M.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.

Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream !
 Lord, to heaven our wishes raise ;
 All on earth is but a dream.

Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with the Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

199.

P.M.

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.

200.

C.M.

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 troubles last
 And our eternal Home !

DOXOLOGIES.

1.

C.M.

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

2.

L.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

3.

L.M.

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.

4.

P.M.

GLORY to the Father, Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 As it was, is now, shall be :
 God to all eternity.

5.

P.M.

By angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd,
 To God in Three Persons,
 One God ever bless'd ;
 As it has been, now is,
 And ever shall be.

6.

P.M.

FATHER, glory be to Thee,
 Glory to the blessed Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be,
 Glory to the Three in One :
 As it was, is now, shall be,
 Filling all eternity.

7.

P.M.

GLORY to God the Father be,
 Glory, Eternal Son, to Thee,
 And to the Spirit's Majesty,
 Coequal Three in One :
 As was of old, all worlds before,
 Is now, and shall be evermore,
 When time and change are spent and o'er,
 When heaven and earth are gone.

8.

P.M.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
 Praise Him, all below the sky,
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

9.

P.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host
 And saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last
 When time shall be no more.

10.

P.M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be glory in the highest given,
 By all in earth, and all in heaven ;
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

11.

P.M.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One :
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

12.

P.M.

HOLY Father, blessed Son,
Gracious Spirit, Three in One ;
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

INDEX.

	NO.
Almighty Father! robed with light	90
Almighty God, thy throne above	153
Almighty Maker of my frame	137
Angels, from the realms of glory	14
As through this wilderness I stray	104
Awake my soul, and with the sun	140
Before Jehovah's awful throne	179
Beset with snares on every hand	100
Blessed be thy Name for ever	150
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	48
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	131
Bright and joyful is the morn	13
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	20
Captain of Israel's Host, and Guide	83
Captain of our salvation, take	128
Christ is gone up with a joyful sound	60
Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove	69
Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God	125
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	124
Come, Holy Ghost; Creator, come	71
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	68
Come, let us to the Lord our God	7
Come, O come! with sacred lays	59
Creator Spirit! by whose aid	74

	NO.
Day of Judgment, day of wonders	197
Dread Jehovah, God of nations	167
Eight days amid this world of woe	18
Eternal God! we look to Thee	96
Far from these narrow scenes of night	110
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet	26
Father of heaven, whose love profound	80
Father, to Thee my soul I lift	86
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	97
For all thy saints, O Lord	123
Fountain of good! to own thy love	192
Fountain of mercy, God of love	175
From all that dwell below the skies	9
From Greenland's icy mountains	181
Give thanks to God Most High	58
Give to our God immortal praise	24
Glorious things of thee are spoken	105
Glory be to God on high	22
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	146
Glory to Thee, O Lord	119
God of Israel, we adore Thee	148
God of mercy, God of grace	57
God of my salvation, hear	31
God of our life! to Thee we call	168
God, that madest earth and heaven	154
Gracious Spirit! Love divine	75
Great God! in heaven and earth supreme	193
Great God, to Thee our song we raise	166
Great God! what do I see and hear	199
Great King of nations, hear our prayer, while at thy feet we fall	165
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear	180
Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah!	98
Hail! the day that sees Him rise! Hallelujah	63
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	19
Happy they that find a rest	162
Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes	1
Hark! the herald angels sing	11

	NO.
Hark ! the song of jubilee	187
He is risen, He is risen	47
Head of the Church triumphant	118
Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear	191
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	77
Holy Spirit from on high	76
Hosanna to the living Lord	6
How beauteous are their feet	186
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	55
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer	121
In Thee, O Lord, I trust	88
In token that thou shalt not fear	126
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult	116
Jesus Christ is risen to-day. Hallelujah !	46
Jesus ! exalted far on high	82
Jesus, Refuge of my soul	35
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	189
Jesus, where'er thy people meet	159
Lamb of God, whose dying love	132
Lead us ! Heavenly Father, lead us	78
Let my life be hid with Thee	170
Let us with a gladsome mind	56
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	8
Lo ! He comes ! with clouds descending	4
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying	183
Lord ! dismiss us with thy blessing	164
Lord, if Thou thy grace impart	95
Lord, in this thy mercy's day	36
Lord of Hosts, to Thee we raise	177
Lord of mercy and of might	17
Lord of my life, whose tender care	156
Lord of the worlds above	178
Lord, of thy mercy hear our cry	173
Lord, supreme in glory dwelling	87
Lord, when before thy throne we meet	130
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	28
Love divine, all love excelling	10
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	163
Mighty Saviour, Gracious King	161

	NO.
Mine eyes and my desire	27
My God, my Father, while I stray	93
My God, and is thy table spread	129
My God, how endless is thy love	144
Nearer, my God, to Thee	109
New every morning is the love	145
Not all the blood of beasts	43
Now let our mingling voices rise	15
Object of my first desire	39
O'er the realms of pagan darkness	185
O God, from Thee alone	188
O God of Abraham! by whose hand	89
O God of life, whose power benign	79
O God, our Help in ages past	200
O God, our Saviour and our King	103
O God, that madest earth and sky	171
O God, thy grace and blessing give	138
O God, unseen yet ever near	133
O help us, Lord, each hour of need	38
O King of earth, of air, and sea	91
O Lord! in all our trials here	114
O Lord, Thou knowest all the snares	34
O Lord! turn not thy face away	25
O most merciful	44
O Saviour, is thy promise fled	5
O Saviour of the faithful dead	136
O Spirit of the living God	182
O that the Lord would guide my ways	99
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows	32
O Thou, whose glory and whose grace	195
O Thou, to whose all-seeing eye	120
O Thou! who didst with love untold	117
Oh come, and let us all, with one accord	152
Oh for a closer walk with God	30
Oh! for a heart to praise my God	37
Oh that the Lord's salvation	190
Oh! where shall rest be found	108
Oh! worship the King all glorious above	52
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	21
Praise the Lord, whose mighty wonders	54

	NO.
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him	23
Praise to God, immortal praise	172
Put thou thy trust in God	85
Rock of ages, cleft for me	41
Salvation! O the joyful sound	65
Saviour! when in dust to Thee	40
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding	127
Shepherd of Israel, from above	196
Since Christ, our passover, is slain	45
Soldiers of Christ! arise	134
Songs of praise the angels sang	51
Souls in heathen darkness lying	184
Spirit of God, that moved of old	70
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	72
Spirit of Truth! on this thy day	73
Stand up, and bless the Lord	106
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	151
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	112
The billows swell, the winds are high	169
The eternal gates lift up their heads	62
The happy morn is come	49
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	92
The Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow	64
The Lord, the Sovereign King	122
The Lord, who once our weakness knew	194
The race that long in darkness walk'd	16
The roseate hues of early dawn	155
The Son of God goes forth to war	113
Thee we adore, eternal Lord	115
This is the day the Lord hath made	158
This stone to Thee in faith we lay	176
Thou art gone up on high	61
Thou art the Way—to Thee alone	84
Thou boundless Source of every good	94
Thou, God, all glory, honour, power	53
Thou plenteous Source of light and love, from whom all grace proceeds	111
Thou refuge of my weary soul	101
Thou, whose Almighty word	3

	NO.
Though nature's strength decay	67
Through all the dangers of the night	142
Through the changes of the day	149
Through the day thy love has spared us	147
To God be glory, peace on earth	50
To Thee, O Lord, with dawning light	143
Welcome, sacred day of rest	157
We saw Thee not when Thou didst tread	66
We wake, we wake, ye heavenly choir	141
When all thy mercies, O my God	174
When cares of life around me press	29
When Christ came down on earth of old	2
When gathering clouds around I view	42
When I survey the wondrous cross	33
When our heads are bow'd with woe	139
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night	12
While Thee I seek, protecting Power	107
While we in supplication join	160
While with ceaseless course the sun	198
With hearts in love abounding	81
Witness, ye men and angels, now	135
Ye servants of God	102

It is proposed to publish a Selection from the Metrical Versions of the Psalms, uniform with this Selection of Hymns.

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