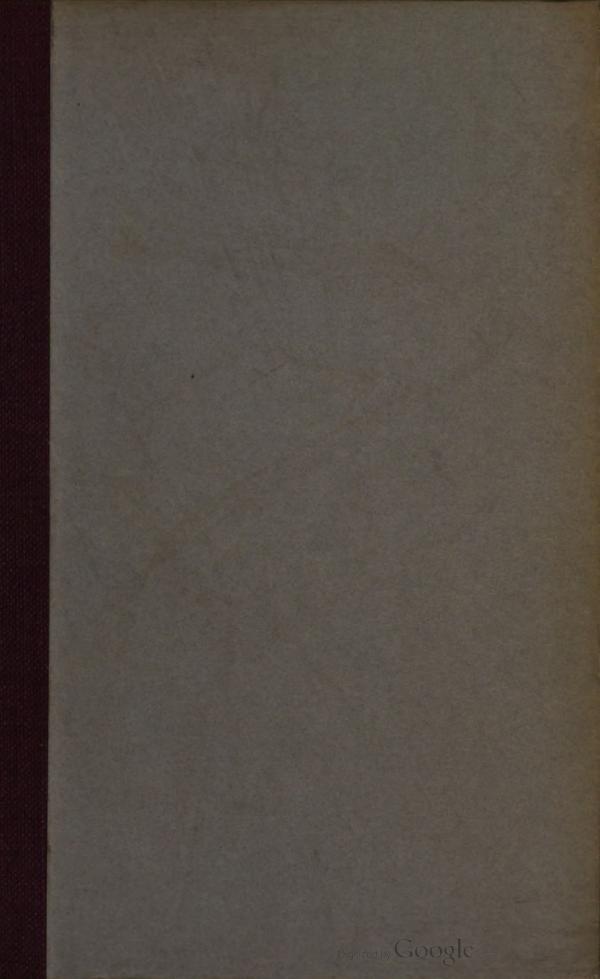
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FOURTH EDITION.

THE

Supplemental Jymn and Tune Yook.

(WITH NEW APPENDIX).

Under the sanction of the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

OXFORD: W. R. BOWDEN; EVESHAM: W. AND H. SMITH.

(A small Edition of the Words alone, for Congregational use, neatly bound in cloth, price Sixpence.)



"On earth join all ye creatures to extol

"Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end."

то

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS VICTORIA,

PRINCESS IMPERIAL OF GERMANY, PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND,

THIS BOOK IS (BY SPECIAL PERMISSION)

DEDICATED WITH ALL RESPECT,

BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK.



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

"The Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book" was at first intended to be a collection of about five-and-twenty Hymns and original Tunes in the form of a pamphlet, to enable a comparatively limited circle of the Compiler's friends and others to obtain copies of those which, from their popularity wherever they were introduced, involved, owing to the frequency of application for them, no slight labour in copying. But the work, through the kindness of contributors, and for many other reasons, has assumed its present more extended and elaborate form. A cursory glance at its pages will, however, shew that it still retains its supplemental character, and is insufficient by itself for the purposes of a Hymnal.

Most of the Hymns being for "general" use, it has not been thought necessary to arrange them in the order of the Church's Seasons—but the few which are adapted for particular Seasons and occasions will be found arranged accordingly in a separate index.

It is of course impossible (unless it be entirely original) but that in such a work as the present one, which is to be generally supplemental, a few Hymns and perhaps one or two Tunes may here and there be found which may appear also in other collections to which it may be used as a Supplement. But there are few, if any, such books to which this work as a whole will not, it is hoped, prove a serviceable addition, especially as regards the Tunes. For example,—if used in conjunction with "Hymns Ancient and Modern," "The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book," or "Psalms and Hymns with Appropriate Tunes," it will be supplemental principally as regards the Tunes, although some excellent Hymns will be found here, which have no place in the collections just named. To other Hymnals it

will be found supplemental as regards not only the Tunes but also the Hymns.

One or two well-known old Tunes appear in this work, because they are not found in many of the principal and most popular collections now in use, and because they should not, in the humble opinion of the Editor, be absent from any general collection.

In order to render this book available for general congregational use, an edition of the words alone in a more portable shape has been published, the small expense of which (sixpence) will bring it within reach of all.

Having stated so much, it now only remains for the Editor to express, as he does with extreme gratitude, his great obligations to

Miss Catherine Winkworth for her kind permission to reprint from "Lyra Germanica" Hymn 51.

Miss Waring, for the use of Hymn 47.

The Right Reverend the LORD BISHOP of DUNEDIN, for Tune 46B.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., for Hymns 7, 22, 41, 62, and 66.

The Rev. R. H. BAYNES, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Coventry, for his Hymn 58.

The Rev. John Ellerton, M.A., for his translation, Hymn 59.

. The Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, Precentor of Hereford, &c., for his Tunes 2 and 49, both composed expressly for this work.

The Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc., Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, and late Precentor of the Cathedral, for Tunes 21, 38, and 47, the two latter composed expressly for this work.

The Rev. John Hampton, M.A., of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, for Tune 23.

The Rev. J. D. GLENNIE, M.A., for the use of Tune 5.

The Rev. R. HAKING, Vicar of Rodbourne, Swindon, for Tunes 1, 30, and 44, all composed expressly for this work.



The Rev. Walter Leigh, B.A., Oxon., for Tune 43B.

The Rev. R. R. Chope, B.A., for permission to use Mr. Turle's arrangement of Tune 63 (No. 180 in "The Congregational Hymn and Tune Book").

The Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS, B.A., Curate of North Coates, for his Tunes 25A and 35.

The Rev. J. S. SIDEBOTHAM, M.A., of New College, Oxford, for his Tune 25B.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Esq., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, for the use of his Hymn No. 2.

JOHN MACRAY, Esq., of Oxford, for his Hymn 57.

THOMAS GAMBIER PARRY, Esq., of Highnam Court, Gloucestershire, for Tunes 4 and 13.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon., for Tunes 8, 57, and 58, all composed expressly for this work.

JAMES TURLE, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey, for the use of Tune 15.

JOHN STAINER, Esq., M.A., Mus. Doc., Organist to the University of Oxford and of Magdalen College, for Tunes 3, 37, and 48, the first composed expressly for this work.

JOSEPH BARNBY, Esq., Organist of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, for Tunes 7, 20, 24, 56, and 59, the first and last composed expressly for this work.

A. R. REINAGLE, Esq., of Oxford, for Tunes 9, 14, 29, 36, 42, 46A, and 52, the second and last of which are here published for the first time.

HUMPHREY E. OWEN, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon., for Tune 33.

C. G. VERRINDER, Esq., Mus. Bac., Oxon., for Tune 61.

James Taylor, Esq., Organist of New College, Oxford, for Tunes 28 and 60.

J. Baptiste Calkin, Esq., for Tunes 16, 62, and 66, composed expressly for this work.

W. A. BARRETT, Esq., of Magdalen College and St. Mary Hall, Oxford, for Tunes 22, 27, and 31, all composed expressly for this work.

SAMUEL GEE, Esq., R.A.M., Precentor and Organist of Christ Church, Clapham, for his Tune 65A.

T. M. GRIZELLE, Esq., Organist of St. John's College, Oxford, for Tune 40.

Hamilton Clarke, Esq., Organist of Queen's College, Oxford, for Tune 45, composed expressly for this work.

W. K. WHEATLEY, Esq., Organist of All Saints', Evesham, for Tune 64B.

To F. Hervey, Esq., for Tune 67.

To Messrs. Masters and Son, for the use of Hymn 21.

And to Messrs. Nelson, Edinburgh, for the use of their arrangement of Tunes 10 and 17.

The Editor has used every endeavour to avoid infringement of copyright, either in the Hymns or Tunes. Should he, however, by any chance, have unwittingly erred in respect of the rights of others, he begs to express his regret. He does not hold himself responsible for the harmonies of any tunes but his own and those harmonized by him.

The Editor's thanks are especially due to his friends Dr. STAINER and the Rev. R. HAKING, for valuable assistance; and to Mr. JOSEPH BARNBY, for his great kindness in finally revising the proof sheets of the Tunes.

He cannot close this Preface without expressing his gratitude to the Lord Bishop of Worcester, for allowing this work to be published under His Lordship's sanction, and he prays that He to whom the meanest work of man, if done to His glory, is acceptable, may bless this humble effort for the good of the Church, not only in the Diocese of Worcester, but throughout the land.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

HAD the Editor foreseen the important place among the Church musical publications of the day, that the "Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book" would take, and the large circulation it would attain, he would have produced a very different work from the book as originally published.

This he feels it due to himself to place on record. In committing to the press a third edition, therefore, he answers the demand of the public, but in doing so he would recall to his readers the claim put forth in his Preface to the first and second editions, that the work is not to be judged as would be the result of his studied endeavour to compile a book for congregational use, or taken as his idea of what a Church Tune-Book ought to be. It is simply the amplification of a collection of Tunes which had gradually accumulated in his hands, and which from their great demand, some for Church use, others for drawing-room performance (a very different thing) he was induced to print. To this collection he added others of different styles till the work assumed its present dimensions.

The Editor cannot sufficiently impress upon those who use this volume the fact that, not being originally designed for Church use, it contains various hymns which are not, in his judgment, adapted for public worship. The settings of these he believes will be found to correspond with their character as "chamber music." The greater part, however, both of the hymns and tunes here given are put forth with confidence as likely to prove a really valuable supplement to every Congregational Hymn and Tune Book, and eminently fitted for use in Divine Service.

Having said so much, he commends the third edition of his work to

the criticism of musicians, with the conviction that while the "Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book" contains some Tunes intended chiefly for occasional performance in the family circle, there will be found others which for solidity, dignity, melody and grace, are unsurpassed, and which will bear the test of time for use either in congregational worship or by "Choirs of many skilful voices."

And here the Editor cannot resist this opportunity of impressing upon those of his brother clergy and lay amateurs, who take a real interest in the cause of Church music, the necessity of resisting the present infatuation for melodies unsuited to Church use, which are threatening, under the delusion of thus encouraging "hearty" singing, to destroy the dignity of the musical service of the sanctuary. It must be borne in mind that the multitudinous bellow of a secular tune (albeit a lively one) to sacred words, does not argue heartiness in the sense in which it is the object of Church art to foster it, and that undignified rapidity does not in any way add to true "spirit" in hymn-The music of our Churches is becoming thoroughly debased by the almost exclusive adoption of what are called "pretty" tunes, and the frivolous effusions which greet the ear Sunday after Sunday (in too many cases to the exclusion of our noble Psalm Tunes), are enough to make a musician weep. It is an error to suppose that, in order to obtain congregational singing, recourse must be had to semi-secular melodies, or to those worse violations of good taste and true reverence (in the shape of adaptations) which too often find a home in churches where the niceties of worship are supposed to be most punctiliously studied.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the Editor would for one moment insinuate that Church musicians and choirmasters are for ever to remain within the fetters of antiquity, and adhere slavishly to "cut and dry" progressions. On the contrary, he rejoices that our best composers are not only

doing much to preserve from oblivion the rich stores of ancient and more recent Psalm-Tunes, but are, at the same time, "launching out into the deep" of music, and developing its undiscovered resources and unknown beauties.

The Editor trusts that these few remarks will be received in the spirit in which they are with diffidence offered. If they shall be the means of directing the minds and energies of the clergy and choirmasters generally to the subject, he will feel himself rewarded.

In the Appendix to this edition will be found some of our standard Psalm Tunes, arranged for unison singing with obbligato organ accompaniment. It is not without some slight hesitation that the Editor has ventured to introduce in type so great an innovation. And this hesitation does not proceed from any misgivings as to the legitimacy or advantage of such rendering, as an alternative to the original harmonies, when the accompaniments are judicious and scholarly; but from the fear lest the precedent should open the door to the ambitious efforts of aspiring but unqualified musicians. The Editor, however, feels that in the hands of such composers as those to whom he is indebted for the arrangements in his Appendix, this mode of executing our Psalm and Hymn Tunes (both old and new) will prove, for congregational worship, a useful and pleasing variety.

In conclusion, he must express his thanks to

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Wordsworth) for the use of Hymn 90, from the "Holy Year."

His friend the Rev. John Ellerton for the use of his Hymns (Nos. 81, 87, 89 and 92), as well as for his kind assistance in drawing up the Index of Authors, which adds so much to the value of the work.

His friend the Rev. A. EUBULE EVANS for his Hymns (Nos. 70, 80 and 88).

The Rev. F. Pott for the use of his Hymn (No. 76).

The Rev. Dr. Bonar for his Hymn (No. 82).

Mrs. Hogg, daughter of the late Henry Francis Lyte, for the use of his Hymn (No. 69).

Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. for the use of the words of Hymns (Nos. 68 and 91).

The Religious Tract Society for permission to use Mr. James Edmeston's beautiful Hymn (No. 75).

Messrs. Burns, Oates and Co. for the use of Hymn 86, as well as for Tunes 77, 78 and 48 in the Addenda.

Mr. Charles Fox for permission to print Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams's Hymn (No. 72).

His thanks are also tendered to the Rev. WILLIAM MERCER for the use of Tune 72, from his scholarly "Oxford Edition" of the "Church Psalter and Hymn Book."

JOHN Goss, Esq., for his masterly settings (Nos. 69 and 75).

EDWARD J. HOPKINS, Esq., for Tunes 89, 92, and 45 in the Addenda.

JAMES TURLE, Esq., for Tune 76.

Dr. STEGGALL for Tune 87.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE, Esq., for Tune 78.

His friends, J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, Esq., for his Tunes and arrangements (Nos. 70, 81, 83, 84 and 86).

C. G. VERRINDER for his Tune (No. 79).

Dr. John Stainer for his composition (No. 71).

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. for their kind permission to use any of the Tunes and Arrangements in their admirable book "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship,"—of which permission he has availed himself by inserting Tunes 7.3 and 80B.

JOHN C. WARD, Esq., for his Tunes (Nos. 90 and 91).

The Rev. THOMAS DARLING for his kindness in permitting him to insert Dr. STEGGALL'S Tune 85 from "Hymns for the Church of England," a tune which the Editor ventures to think is one of the finest of modern date.

"Last, but not least," to his friend, ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Esq., for his splendid setting of "The strain upraise" (No. 68), and his masterly arrangement of "St. Ann's" (No. 74).

It only remains for the Editor to add, that he has endeavoured, in this Appendix, to avoid infringing in any way on the copyright property of others. Should he, however, have unintentionally transgressed in this respect, he hereby begs to offer his apologies.

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3	Jesu, the very thought of Thee	a hymn afcribed to St. Bernard	Sudeley	John Stainer	C.M.
4	According to Thy gracious word	James Montgomery	St. Agatha	T. Gambier Parry	C.M.
5	O timely happy, timely wife Give thanks to God, for good is He	John Keble	Otterbourne	M. Haydn	L.M.
7	From the Crofs the blood is	F. Rouse, 1643 (Ps. 136) Horatius Bonar	Aberdeen	R. Brown-Borthwick Joseph Barnby	8,7,8,7. 8,8,7,8,8,7.
8	O God, Thou art my God	James Montgomery	Eton	C. H. H. Parry	L.M.
9	How fweet the name of Jesus founds	John Newton	St. Peter's	A. R. Reinagle	C.M.
0	While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night	Anon. 18th century (?)	Salzburg	M. Haydn	C.M.
2	Before Jehovah's awful throne Jefus Christ is rif'n to-day	Watts (rev. by C. Welley) Anon. c. 1750, partly	Stanton Court Littleton	R. Brown-Borthwick H. M. F	L.M. 7,4,7,4,7,4,7,4
3	Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly	{ from a Latin hymn }			
4	Dove O God, our help in ages past There is a fountain filled with	Simon Browne Isaac Watts	Highnam Hawley	Th. Gambier Parry A. R. Reinagle	L.M. C.M.
6	blood I lay my fins on Jefus	William Cowper Horatius Bonar	Westminster Moscow	James Turle J. Baptiste Calkin	C.M. D.S.M.
7 8	O'twas a joyful found to hear Through all the changing	Tate and Brady	Drefden	Melch. Teschner, 1613	C.M.
9	fcenes of life When I furvey the wondrous	Tate and Brady	Gretton	R. Brown-Borthwick	C.M.
	Crofs As pants the hart for cooling	Ifaac Watts	Dumbleton	R. Brown-Borthwick	L.M.
_	fireams	Tate and Brady's Pfalter ("E." Hymns for	Holy Trinity	Joseph Barnby J. B. Dykes	с.м.
1	Jefus holy, undefil'd The last long so te has founded	Infant Children, 1854 Horatius Bonar	K-1C		7,7,7,7. 7,6,7,7,7,6.
3	High let us swell our tuneful	Philip Doddridge	Tenbury	John Hampton	C.M.
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25	From Greenland's icy mountains	Reginald Heber	Chenies (A) Abingdon (B)	T. R. Matthews J. S. Sidebotham	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
26	How bright these glori- ous spirits shine	{ Isaac Watts and } Willam Cameron }	St. Asaph	Giornovichi, har- monized by R. Brown-Borthwick	C.M.
27	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	Reginald Heber	St. Laura	W. A. Barrett	11,10,11,10.
28	There is a land of pure delight	Ifaac Watts	Bredon	James Taylor	C.M.
29	Not all the blood of beafts	Isaac Watts	Ben Rhydding	A. R. Reinagle	8.M.
30	Almighty God, Thy word is	John Cawood	Moredon	R. Haking	C.M.
31	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God	. *	0. •		
32	Almighty Come, let us join our friends	Reginald Heber	St. Lawrence	W. A. Barrett	11,12,12,10.
33	above No change of time shall ever	Charles Wesley	Paffion	Arr. by J. S. Bach	С.М.
34	shock Sweet Saviour, bless us ere	Tate and Brady	Magdalen	Humphrey E. Owen	L.M.
5 T	we go	Frederick William Faber	Benison	, 1707	8,8,8,8,8,8.
35	Glory be to Jesus	{ Edwd. Cafwall (from } the Italian)	North Coates	T. R. Matthews	6,5,6,5.
36	Children of the heavenly King	John Cennick	Lancaster	A. R. Reinagle	7,7,7,7.
37	Where high the heavenly	36'1 17 1	0. 4 1 .	TT T Carles	
38	temple flands Hark! the herald angels fing	Michael Bruce, d. 1767 Charles Wesley	St Andrew's Bethlehem	Har. by J. Stainer J. B. Dykes	L.M.
39	Lo! round the throne a glo-	(Rwld. Hill (1783) &)	Bethlehem	J. B. Dykes	7,7,7,7,7,7,7
27	rious band	Thos. Cotterill (1812)	Islay	R. Brown-Borthwick	L.M.
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41	I heard the voice of Jesus say	Horatius Bonar	Flensburg	l C . L	D.C.M.
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47	Father, I know that all my life	Anna Lætitia Waring	Slingsby	J. B. Dykes	8,6,8,6,8,6.
48	As through this wilderness I ftray	John Wesley, from the German of	Gideon	John Stainer	L.M.
49	Jefus, Saviour, Son of God	(Tersteegen) Bickersteth's Coll.	Pruen	Fred. A. Gore Oufeley	7,7,7,7•
50	Now is the hour of darkness past	Ifaac Watts (1709)	Berlin	Har. by Sebastian Bach	L.M.
51	All my heart this night re- joices	Catherine Wink- worth (from the German of Paul Gerhardt, 1651)	Angus	R. Brown-Borthwick	8,3,3,6,3,5,3,3,7
52	Awake, my foul, and with the fun	Thomas Ken, 1709	Leigh	A. R. Reinagle	L.M.

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54	Now Ifrael may fay	{ Francis Roufe, 1643 } (from Ps. 124)	Old 124th	From Marot and Beza's Songs. Geneva, 1562	4,6,4,6,4,6,4,6,4,6,	
55	Beneath Thy Crofs I lay me down	{ William Williams, } from the Welsh	Wareham	W. Knapp, 1768	L.M.	
56	Lord, Thy glory fills the	Richard Mant	St. Hilda	Joseph Barnby	8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.	
57	O Thou Who lendest unto	John Macray	Clinton	C. H. H. Parry	C.M.	
58	Great Shepherd of Thy ran- fom'd flock	Robert Hall Baynes		C. H. H. Parry	L.M.	
59	Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	{ John Ellerton (from } Mozarabic Breviary) }	Alleluia	Joseph Barnby	10,10,7.	
60	To celebrate Thy praise, O	Tate and Brady	La Spezia	James Taylor	C.M.	
61	Soldiers of Christ, arise	Charles Wesley	St. Giles'	C. G. Verrinder	5.M.	
62	Upward where the stars are burning	Horatius Bonar (Henry Kirke White,)	Bonar	J. Baptiste Calkin	8,8,7,8,8,7.	
63	Much in forrow, oft in woe	and Fanny Fuller Maitland	Vienna	Arr. by J. Turle	7,7,7,7	
64	Jerusalem the golden	John Mason Neale, from Bernard of Morlaix	Christ Church (A) Jerusalem (B)	Samuel Gee W. K. Wheatley	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.	
65	Thy goodness, Lord, our fouls		_			
66	confess The Bridegroom comes	Thomas Gibbons, 1784 Horatius Bonar	Braemar Winchcombe	R. Brown-Borthwick J. Baptiste Calkin	с.м. 4,6,6,4.	
67	The roseate hues of early	0	O-01- D:C			
	dawn	Cecil Frances Alexander	Castle Rising	Frederick Hervey	D.C.M.	

APPENDIX.

No.	Hymn.	Author, or Source.	Composer, or Source.	METRE.
68	The strain upraise of joy and praise	John Mason Neale *	Arthur S. Sullivan	Irregular.
69	Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	Henry Francis Lyte, 1834	John Gos	8,7,8,7,7,7.
70	Lord, to Thee alone we turn	A. Eubule Evans (W. J. Irons, from)	J. Baptiste Calkin	7,7,7,7,7,7, 7,7 .
71	Day of wrath, O day of mourning	Thomas of Ce-	John Stainer	8,8,8.
72	Nearer, my God, to Thee	Sarah Flower Adams	Adapted by John Goss	6,4,6,4,6,6,4.
73	Love divine, all loves excelling	Charles Welley, 1746	Arthur S. Sullivan	8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
74	The Son of God goes forth to war	Reginald Heber	A. Sullivan, from Croft	С.М.
75	Saviour, breathe an evening bleffing	James Edmeston	John Gois	8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
76	The strife is o'er, the battle done	Francis Pott, from Latin	James Turle	8,8,8,4.
77	O Thou, Whose bounty fills my cup	Jane Crewdson (IsaacWilliams, 1839)	G. H	C.M.
78	O heavenly Jerusalem	(from Latin, 17th)	Frederick Westlake	D.C.M.
79	Thou, Whose Almighty Word	John Marriott, 1816	C. G. Verrinder ((A) Har. by J. S.)	6,6,4,6,6,6,4.
8 0	Look up, look up, my foul, still higher	•	Bach (B) Swifs Melody	8,8,7,8,8,7.
81	Welcome, happy morning, age to age shall say	{ John Ellerton, from Fortunatus }	J. Baptiste Calkin	11,11,11,11.
82	No; not despairingly	Horatius Bonar	R. Brown-Borthwick	6,4,6,4,6,6,4.
83	All people that on earth do dwell	{ William Kethe, or } John Hopkins }	J. Baptiste Calkin	L.M.
84	Forty days and forty nights	George Hunt Smyttan	J. Baptiste Calkin	L.M.
85	Sweet place, fweet place alone!	Samuel Crossman, 1664	Charles Steggall	6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4
86	Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling			
.	gloom		J Baptiste Calkin	10,4,10,4,10,10
87	The day of praise is done	John Ellerton	Charles Steggall	6,6,8,6.
88	O render thanks unto the Lord	A. Eubule Evans	R. Brown-Borthwick	8,7,8,7.
B9	Saviour, again to Thy dear name	John Ellerton	E. J. Hopkins	10,10,10,10.
90	O day of rest and gladness	Christopher Wordsworth		7,6,7,6.
91	The foe behind, the deep before	J. M. Neale	John C Ward	Irregular.
92	God of the living	John Ellerton		8,8,8,8,8,8.
93	Come, O Jesu, to Thy Table	R. Brown-Borthwick	K. Brown-Borthwick	8,8,7.

ADDENDA.

Нуми.	AUTHOR, OR SOURCE.	Composer, or Source.
	(See No. 45).	E. J Hopkins. G. H.
Hymn 81 (repeated here for convenience) Original text of Hymn 85	(See No. 81). (See No. 85).	

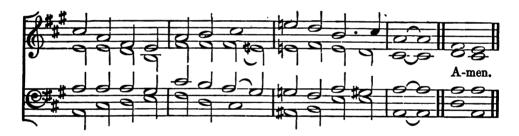
[•] From Godescalcus, d. 912.



Rodbourne.







Christian, seek not yet repose, Cast thy dreams of ease away; Thou art in the midst of foes:— Therefore watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on, Wear it ever, night and day; Near thee lurks the evil one:— Therefore watch and pray. Listen to thy sorrowing Lord, Him thou lovest to obey; It is He Who speaks the word:— Therefore watch and pray.

'Twas by watching and by prayer, Holy men of olden day Won the palms and crowns they wear:— Therefore watch and pray.

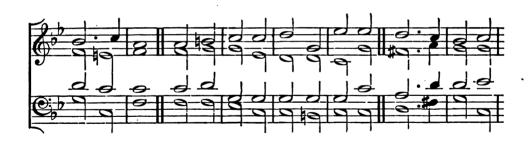
Watch, for thou thy guard must keep; Pray, for God must speed thy way: Narrow is the road and steep:— Therefore watch and pray. Amen.

St. Winifred's.

No. 2.

FREDERICK A. GORE OUSFLEY.









Mymn 2.

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples wisely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord.
Amen

Sudeley.



Pymn 3.

Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name, The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this

Nor tongue nor pen can show;

The love of Jesus, what it is

None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.





Mymn 4.

According to Thy gracious Word,
In deep humility,
This will we do, O dying Lord,
We will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for our sake,
Our Bread from Heaven shall be;
The Cup, Thy precious Blood, we take,
And thus remember Thee.

Can we Gethsemane forget?

Or there Thy Conflict see,
Thine Agony and bloody Sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the Cross we turn our eyes, And gaze on Calvary, O Lamb of God, our Sacrifice, We must remember Thee.

To Thee, O Jesu, Light of Light,
All praise and glory be;
To God the Father Infinite,
And Holy Ghost to Thee. Amen.

Otterbourne.



Mymn 5.

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

New every morning is the love Our wakening and uprising prove! Through sleep and darkness safely brought, Restor'd 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.

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell, Our neighbour and our work farewell, Nor strive to wind ourselves too high For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task, Would 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. Amen.

Words printed by permission of the late Rev. John Keble.

* Aberdeen.

Ha. 6 **A.**

R. Brown-Borthwick.







Another arrangement of this tune will be found on the next page, which may be sung to every alternate verse.

Fymn 6.

•Give thanks to God, for good is He, For mercy hath He ever. Thanks to the God of gods give ye: For His grace faileth never.

*Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:
For mercy hath He ever.
Who only wonders great can do:
For His grace faileth never.

*Who by His wisdom made heav'ns
For mercy hath He ever. [high:
Who stretch'd the earth above the sea:
For His grace faileth never.

To Him that made the great lights
For mercy hath He ever. [shine:
The sun to rule till day decline:
For His grace faileth never.

The moon and stars to rule by night:
For mercy hath He ever.
Who Egypt's first-born kill'd outright:
For His grace faileth never.

And Isr'el brought from Egypt land:
For mercy hath He ever.
With stretch'd-out arm and with strong
For His grace faileth never. | hand:

By Whom the Red Sea parted was:
For mercy hath He ever.
And through its midst made Isr'el pass:
For His grace faileth never.

But Phar'oh and his host did drown For mercy hath He ever. Who through the desert led His own. For His grace faileth never.

To Him great Kings Who overthrew:
For He hath mercy ever.
Yea, famous Kings in battle slew:
For His grace faileth never.

E'en Sihon, King of Amorites:
For He hath mercy ever.
And Og the King of Bashanites:
For His grace faileth never.

Their land in heritage to have (For mercy hath He ever)
His servant Isr'el right He gave:
For His grace faileth never.

In our low state Who on us thought,
For He hath mercy ever.
And from our foes our freedom
wrought:
For His grace faileth never.

*Who doth all flesh with food relieve:
For He hath mercy ever.
Thanks to the God of heaven give:
For His grace faileth never. Amen.

It has been thought advisable to print the whole of this quaint version (Scotch authorized) of *Psalm* cxxxvi. For ordinary congregational use, however, the verses marked (*) will suffice. It is introduced here in consequence of its great popularity in many parts of Scotland, and the acceptance which the tune "Aberdeen" (written expressly for it) has met with wherever it has been sung.

Aberdeen.

Ho. 6 B.

R. Brown-Borthwick.







Mymn 6.

•Give thanks to God, for good is He, For mercy hath He ever. Thanks to the God of gods give ye: For His grace faileth never.

*Thanks give the Lord of lords unto:
For mercy hath He ever.
Who only wonders great can do:
For His grace faileth never.

*Who by His wisdom made heav'ns
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To Him great Kings Who overthrew:
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Yea, famous Kings in battle slew:
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E'en Sihon, King of Amorites: For He hath mercy ever. And Og the King of Bashanites: For His grace faileth never.

Their land in heritage to have (For mercy hath He ever) His servant Isr'el right He gave: For His grace faileth never.

In our low state Who on us thought,
For He hath mercy ever.
And from our foes our freedom
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For His grace faileth never.

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Genoa.



Mymn 7.

From the Cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear.
Tis the voice announcing pardon,
It is finished is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds for ever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

Love its fulness there unfolding, Stand we here in joy beholding, To the exiled sons of men; Love the gladness past all naming, Of an open heaven proclaiming, Love that bids us enter in.

God is Love;—we read the writing,
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
God is light;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly day spring gleaming
So divinely sweet and fair.

Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever-changing earth
Centre of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of Nature's second birth. Amen.

Eton.



C. H. H. PARRY.





O God! Thou art my God alone, Early to Thee my soul shall cry; A pilgrim in a land unknown, A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze Better than life itself Thy love, I follow hard on Thee, my God; Thine hand unseen upholds my ways, For whom have I in heaven above, I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night, When I remember on my bed, Thy presence makes the darkness light, Thy guardian wings are round my head.

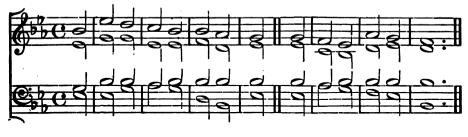
Dearer than all beside to me; Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice, For all Thy mercy I will give; My soul shall still in God rejoice, My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

Saint Peter's Tune.

Mo. 9.

A. R. REINAGLE.





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 filled With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End Accept the praise I bring. 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.



Salzburg.



Mymn 10.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread Had seiz'd their troubled mind), Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The 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, and thus Address'd their joyful song:

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease. Amen.

Stanton Court.



Ŋymn 11.

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 wandering 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.

Amen.



Mymn 12.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!

Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!

Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!

Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!

Unto Christ our heavenly King, Alleluia!

Who endured the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!

Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured Alleluia!

Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!

Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!

Where the angels ever sing.

Alleluia! Amen.





This is now commonly used as a Hymn Tune; but it was originally written as a grace before dinner, for my children, to these words:—

"We bless Thee for Thy bounty, Lord!
But feed us from Thy heavenly store,
Until we sit around Thy Board,
Where we shall never hunger more." T. G. P.

Hymn 13.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, My sinful maladies remove; Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide, O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to me display, That I may know and choose my way; Plant holy fear within mine heart, That I from God may ne'er depart.

Conduct me safe, conduct me far From every sin and hurtful snare; Lead me to God, my final Rest, In His enjoyment to be blest.

Lead me to Christ, the Living Way, Nor let me from His pastures stray: Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in perfection is.

Lead me to holiness, the road That I must take to dwell with God; Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give, And sure directions how to live.

Lead me to means of grace, where I May own my wants, and seek supply: Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence To fetch all quickening influence.

Thus I, conducted still by Thee, Of God a child beloved shall be, Here to His family pertain, Hereafter with Him ever reign.



Pawley.



Symn 14.

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

Beneath 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. Amen.

Westminster.







Hymn 15.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there would I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious Blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared, (Unworthy though I be) For me a blood-bought, free reward, A golden harp for me:

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years, And form'd by power divine, To sound in God the Father's ears No other Name but Thine. Amen.





I lav my sins on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

III,

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured!

IV.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angel's song. Amen.

Dresden.



Hymn 17.

O'twas a joyful sound to hear Our tribes devoutly say, Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear With our assembled pow'rs, In strong and beauteous order rang'd, Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and pray'r.

Tribunals stand erected there,
Where equity takes place;
There stand the courts and palaces
Of royal David's race.

O pray we then for Salem's peace, For they shall prosp'rous be, (Thou holy city of our God!) Who bear true love to Thee.

May peace within Thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd. Amen.

Gretton.



Mymn 18.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.

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

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love, Experience will decide, How bless'd they are, and only they, Who in his truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear; Make you His service your delight, Your wants shall be His care.

While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in Him,
And see their needs supplied. Amen.





* Hymn 19.

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 life, my soul, my all.

To Him Who gave His Son to die, To Him Whose Dying bids me live, To Him, the Spirit blest, will I My heart, my life, my spirit give. Amen.

• This Hymn may be sung to tune No. 13.

Holy Trinity.

Mo. 20.

J. BARNBY.





As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase:

And Thy refreshing grace.

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

Why restless, why cast down, my soul, Trust God, who will employ So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, His aid for thee, and change those sighs To thankful hymns of joy.

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



Jesus, holy, undefiled, Listen to a little child, Thou hast sent the glorious light, Chasing far the silent night.

Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glorious world of Thine, Warmth to give, and pleasant glow, On each tender flower below.

Now the little birds arise, Chirping gaily in the skies; Thee their tiny voices praise, In the early songs they raise.

Thou by whom the birds are fed, Give to me my daily bread; And Thy Holy Spirit give, Without Whom I cannot live. Make me, Lord, obedient, mild, As becomes a little child; All day long, in every way, Teach me what to do and say.

Help me never to forget That in Thy great book is set All that children think and say For the awful Judgment Day.

Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord,
Help me so to live in love,
As Thine Angels do above.

Make me, Lord, in work and play, Thine more truly every day And when Thou at last shalt come, Take me to Thy heavenly home. Amen.

* Kelso. **H**o. 22. ·W. A. BARRETT.

• This time may be transposed to a lower key for congregational use. † Small notes for the organ



The last long note has sounded,
The dead from dust to call;
The sinner stands confounded,
With fear on fear surrounded,
As by a sea unbounded,
Before the Judge of all.

No longer now delaying
The hour of dreaded doom,
No more the sentence staying,
No more the Cross displaying,
In wrath His throne arraying,
The Judge, the Judge has come.

What wild shrill voice of mourning Comes up from hill and plain?
Dark spirits, pardon scorning,
Proud hearts, long mercy spurning,
Bold rebels, deaf to warning,
Now cry, but cry in vain!

See how these heavens are rended
By yon sky-filling blast;
Earth's year of grace is ended,
He Who in clouds ascended,
Now, with heaven's hosts attended,
Returns, returns at last.

Cease, man, thy God-defying,
Cease thy best Friend to grieve!
Cease, man, thy self-relying;
Flee from endless dying;
Swiftly thy time is flying;
Embrace the Son and live!

Give up the vain endeavour

To heal thy wounds and woes;
He is of life the Giver,
And from His Cross the river
Which quenches thirst for ever
All freely to thee flows.

With gush, and gleam, and singing,
See the bright fountain rise.
For thee that fount is springing,
To thee its gladness bringing;
Why then so madly clinging
To vanity and lies?



Tenbury.



Hymn 23.

High let us swell our tunefui notes,
And join th' angelick throng,
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.

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

Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
To us a Child is born.

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

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains? Amen.

St. Augustin.



Hymn 24.

O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
The Saviour, by Almighty pow'r,
Revives and leaves the grave.
In all His works behold Him great!
Before, almighty to create;
Almighty now to save.

The First-begotten from the dead
Behold Him rise, His people's Head,
To make their life secure.
They too, like Him, shall yield their breath,
Like Him shall burst the bands of death;
Their resurrection sure.

Why should His people fear the grave?
Since He, who died their souls to save,
Will raise their bodies too:
What though their earthly house shall fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,
To build it up anew.

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 it now is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. Amen.

Chenies.



Mymn 25.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though 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 earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

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

Abingdon.



Mymn 25.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sands;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though 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,
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The lamp of life deny?
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Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.



Mymn 26.

How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array? How came they to the blissful seats Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light; And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes, which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphant palms, they stand Before the throne on high, And serve the God they love, amidst The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes every mouth to sing; By day, by night, the sacred courts With loud Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more, Nor suns with scorching ray; God is their Sun, whose cheering beams Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne, Shall o'er them still preside, Feed them with nourishment divine, And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock Where living streams appear; And God the Lord from every eye Shall wipe off every tear.

Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One, The God Whom we adore; As was, and is, and shall be done, When time shall be no more. Amen.

Santa Laura.



∰ymn 27.

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, or gold from the mine? —

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,

Star of the east, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Amen.

Bredon.

Ao. 28.







There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood

Should fright us from the shore.



Ben Rhydding.

Mo. 29.

A. R. REINAGLE





Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain,

Could give the guilty conscience peace, While like a penitent I stand,
Or wash away the stain.

And there confess my sin.

But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away; A sacrifice of nobler name And richer blood than they. My faith would lay her hand On that dear Head of Thine, While like a penitent I stand, And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see

The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice

To see the curse remove;

We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love. Amen.

Moredon.







Hymn 30.

Almighty God! Thy word is cast
Like seed upon the ground:
Oh! may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.

Let not the foe of Christ and man This holy seed remove; But give it root in praying souls To bring forth fruits of love.

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it in converted minds
Produce the fruits of joy.

Let not Thy word so kindly sent To raise us to Thy Throne Return to Thee, and sadly tell That we reject Thy Son.

Great God! come down, and on Thy Word
Thy mighty power bestow;
That all who hear the joyful sound
Thy saving grace may know. Amen.

St. Lawrence.



Hymn 31.

Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;

God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, Holy! 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! 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! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;

God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.



Hymn 32.

Come, let us join our friends above Who have obtained the prize; And on the eagle wings of love, To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing, With those to glory gone; For all the servants of our King, On earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him;
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have passed the flood
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home This solemn moment fly: And we are to the margin come,

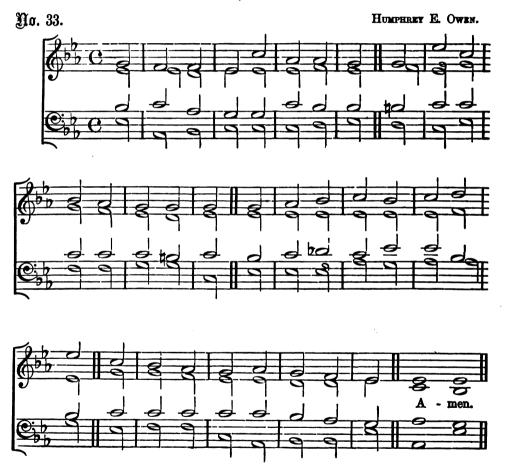
And we are to the margin come, And we expect to die.

E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join, Like theirs with glory crowned, And shout to see our Captain's sign, To hear His trumpet sound.

Be Thou, O God, our constant guide, And when the word is given, Thou, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide, And land us all in heaven. Amen.

Magdalen.



Hymn 33.

No change of times shall ever shock

My firm affection, Lord, to Thee:
For Thou hast always been my rock.

A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

To Thee I will address my prayer,

To whom all praise we justly owe;

So shall I, by Thy watchful care,

Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

To heaven I made my mournful prayer,

To God address'd my humble moan;

Who graciously inclined His ear,

And heard me from His loftly throne.

Amen.





Hymn 34.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

The Day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou has cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night,

For all we love, the poor, the sad,

The sinful, unto Thee we call;

O let Thy mercy make us glad:

Thou art our Jesus, and our All.

Through life's long day and death's dark

O gentle Jesus, be our Light. [night.

Amen.

Horth Coates.

Mo. 35.

T. R. MATTHEWS.





Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins!

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find,
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind!

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!

Abel's blood for vengeance Pleaded to the skies; But the Blood of Jesus For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilty hearts, Satan in confusion Terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices; Swell the mighty flood; Louder still and louder Praise the precious Blood.



Kancaster.



Children of the Heavenly King, As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways!

We are travelling home to God, In the way the Fathers trod; They are happy now; and we Soon their happiness shall see.

O ye banish'd seed, be glad! Christ our Advocate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes; Brother to our souls becomes.

Shout, ye little flock, and blest! You on Jesus' Throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward. Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light! Zion's city is in sight: There our endless home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below: Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee!

Seal our love, our labours end; Let us to Thy bliss ascend; Let us to Thy kingdom come; Lord! we long to be at home.

Amen.

St. Andrews.



Dymn 37.

Where high the heavenly Temple stands, The house of God not made with hands, A great High Priest our nature wears, The guardian of mankind appears.

He, Who for men their Surety stood, And poured on earth His precious Blood, Pursues in Heaven His mighty plan, The Saviour and the Friend of man,

Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a Brother's eye; Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains A fellow-feeling of our pains; And still remembers in the skies His tears, His agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart The Man of Sorrows had a part; He sympathises with our grief, And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne, Let us make all our sorrows known; And ask the aid of Heavenly power To help us in the evil hour. Amen.





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 the angelic hosts proclaim Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the herald-angels sing Glory to the new-born King. Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the Everlasting Lord, Late in time behold Him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see! Hail, the Incarnate Deity! Pleased as Man with man to dwell Jesus, our Emmanuel.

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

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. Amen.





Hymn 39.

Lo! round the throne, a glorious band, The saints, in countless myriads, stand Of ev'ry tongue, redeem'd to God, Array'd in garments wash'd in blood!

Through tribulation great they came: They bore the cross, despis'd the shame; But now from all their labours rest, In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more; Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore; The tears are wip'd from ev'ry eye, And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see the Saviour face to face, They sing the triumphs of His grace: And day and night with ceaseless praise, To Him their loud hosannas raise:

"Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!" Amen.

St. Fabian.



Hymn 40.

In the hour of trial,
Jesu! succour me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favour,
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its tempting treasures
Spread, to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in dark resemblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

Should Thy Mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain attend me On my path below; Grant that I may never Fail Thy Hand to see; Grant that I may ever Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain;
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy Truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesu, take me, dying,
To Eternal Life. Amen.



Hymn 41.

pp. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
cres. Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.

mf. I came to Jesus as I was,
pp. Weary and worn and sad,
cres. I found in Him a resting-place,
F.F. And He has made me glad.

mf. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
mf. Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
mf. cres. ff. Stoop down, and drink, and live.
mf. I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
cres. My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
F.F. And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, pp. I am this dark world's light, cres. Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, cres. mf. And all thy day be bright. I looked to Jesus and I found pp. In Him, my Star, my Sun; cres. And in that light of life I'll walk, cres. Till travelling days are done. pp. Amen. F.F.F.

Moccas.

Mo. 42.







To bless Thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline; And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine.

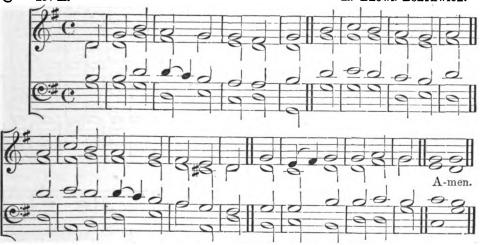
That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

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

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

Ho. 43. A.

R. Brown-Borthwick.



O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, How lovely is the place,

How lovely is the place, My just request regard;
Where Thou, enthron'dinglory, show'st Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
The brightness of Thy face! Be still with favour heard.

My longing soul faints with desire To view Thy blest abode;

My panting heart and flesh cry out For Thee, the living God. For in Thy courts one single day 'Tis better to attend,

O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,

Than, Lord, in any place besides A thousand days to spend.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God, Much rather in God's house will I How highly blest are they,

The meanest office take,

Who in Thy Temple always dwell, And there Thy praise display! Than in the wealthy tents of sin My pompous dwelling make.

Thricehappythey, whose choice has Thee For God, Who is our sun and shield,
Their sure protection made; Will grace and glory give;

Who long to tread the sacred ways

And no good thing will He withhold

That to Thy dwelling lead!

From them that justly live.

Thou God, Whom heav'nly hosts obey, How highly blest is he, Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd, Is still repos'd on Thee! Amen. Suther.





O God of hosts, the mighty Lord, How lovely is the place, Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st The brightness of Thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire To view Thy blest abode; My panting heart and flesh cry out For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God, How highly blest are they, Who in Thy Temple always dwell, And there Thy praise display!

Thrice happythey, whose choicehas Thee Their sure protection made; Who long to tread the sacred ways That to Thy dwelling lead!

O Lord, the mighty God of hosts, My just request regard; Thou, God of Jacob, let my pray'r Be still with favour heard. For in Thy courts one single day 'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

For God, Who is our sun and shield, Will grace and glory give; And no good thing will He withhold From them that justly live.

Thou God, Whom heav'nly hosts obey, How highly blest is he, Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd, Is still repos'd on Thee!



St. Cyril. ·



Hymn 44.

Jesu, refuge of my soul,

Let me to Thy Bosom fly,

While the gathering 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 stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring?
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

* Ebesham.



• An alternative to this tune will be found in the Appendix.

Hymn 45.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breezes blow; Be like the night-dew's cooling balm Upon earth's fevered brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft resting on Thy breast; Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Let thine outstretched wing, Be like the shade of Elim's palm Beside her desert-spring.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain; Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong, Like Him Who bore my shame; Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng, Who hate Thy holy Name;

Calm when the great world's news with power My listening spirit stir:

Let not the tidings of the hour

E'er find too fond an ear:

Calm as the ray of sun or star Which storms assail in vain, Moving unruffled through earth's war Th' eternal calm to gain! Amen.

Another Tune to this Hymn will be found in the Appendix.

St. Sabbas.





Art thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me, saith One, and coming
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and Hands are WoundAnd His Side." [prints

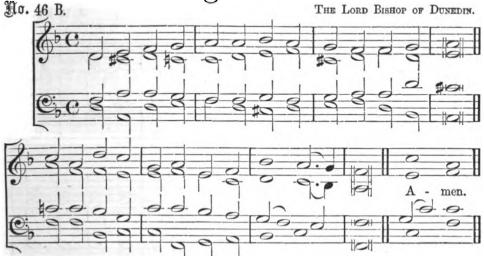
Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended, Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!" Amen.





[prints

Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distrest?

"Come to Me, saith One, and coming "Many a sorrow, many a labour, Be at rest!" Many a tear."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-

And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch, That His brow adorns? "Yea, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns!" If I find Him, if I follow, What His guerdon here? Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended, Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay? "Not till earth, and not till heaven Pass away!" Amen.

Slingsby.



Mymn 47.

Father! I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me,
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a subject mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
To wipe the weeping eyes;—

A heart at leisure from itself, To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

*Wherever in the world I am—
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with saints
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

My God, I ask for daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

*And if some things I do not ask
Thy will allots to me,
Still be my spirit fill'd the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much,
Than please Thee perfectly.

*Briars beset my every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty! Amen.

* These verses may be omitted if the hymn be thought too long.

Gideon. •



Hymn 48.

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.

Amen.

Another Tune, which may be sung to this Hymn, will be found in the Addenda.



Pruen.



Hymn 49.

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God, Who for me life's pathway trod, Who for me became a child; Make me humble, meek, and miki.

I Thy little lamb would be, Jesus, I would follow Thee; Samuel was Thy child of old, Take me, too, within Thy fold.

Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live alone with Thee. Amen.

Berlin.



Mymn 50.

Now is the hour of darkness past;

Christ has assumed His reigning power;

Behold the great accuser cast

Down from the skies to rise no more.

'Twas by Thy Blood, immortal Lam's,
Thine armies trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by Thy word and powerful Name
They gained the battle and renown.

Rejoice, ye heavens! let every star

Shine with new glories round the sky!

Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,

Raise your Deliverer's Name on high!

Amen.





Hymn 51.

All my heart this night rejoices, As I hear, Far and near. Sweetest angel voices; "Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air Everywhere Now with joy is ringing. For it dawns,—the promised morrow Of His birth; Who the earth Rescues from her sorrow. God to wear our form descendeth. Of His grace To our race Here His Son He lendeth. *Yes, so truly for us careth, That His Son All we've done As our offering beareth: As our Lamb Who, dying for us, Bears our load, And to God Doth in peace restore us. Hark! a voice from yonder manger, Soft and sweet, Doth intreat, "Flee from woe and danger; Brethren come, from a l doth grieve you You are freed; All you need I will surely give you." Come, then, let us hasten yonder; Here let all, Great and small Kneel in awe and wonder. Love Him Who with love is yearning; Hail the star That from far Bright with hope is burning.

Weep no more For the door Now is found of gladness. Cling to Him, for He will guide you Where no cross, Pain or loss. Can again betide you. *Hither come, ye heavy-hearted Who for sin, Deep within, Long and sore have smarted; For the poison'd wounds you're feeling Help is near, One is here Mighty for their healing, *Hither come, ye poor and wretched; Know His will Is to still Every hand outstretched; Here are riches without measure, Here forget All regret, Fill your hearts with treasure. Blessed Saviour, let us find Thee! Keep Thou me Close to Thee, Cast me not behind Thee! Life of life, my heart Thou stillest, Calm I rest On Thy breast, All this void Thou fillest. Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish, Live to Thee, And with Thee, Dving shall not perish; But shall dwell with Thee for ever, Far on high.

Ye who pine in weary sadness,

In the joy

That can alter never. Amen.

^{*} These verses may be omitted if the hymn be thought too long.

Leigh.



Mymn 52.

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 misspent 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 the eternal King! Amen.

Midbrook.



Hymn 53.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near: O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

Words printed by permission of the late Rev. John Keble.

Old Hundred and twenty-fourth.



* **Hymn** 54.

Now Israel may say, and that truly,

If that the Lord had not our cause maintained;

If that the Lord had not our right sustain'd,

When cruel men against us furiously

Rose up in wrath, to make of us their prey;

Then certainly they had devour'd us all,
And swallow'd quick, for ought that we could deem;
Such was their rage, as we might well esteem,
And as fierce floods before them all things drown,
So had they brought our soul to death quite down.

The raging streams, with their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul o'erwhelmèd in the deep.
But, bless'd be God, who doth us safely keep,
And hath not giv'n us for a living prey
Unto their teeth, and bloody cruelty.

Ev'n as a bird out of the fowler's snare

Escapes away, so is our soul set free:

Broke are their nets, and thus escaped we.

Therefore our help is in the Lord's great name,

Who heav'n and earth by His great power did frame.

Amen.

* Old Scottish version of Psalm cxxvi.

Wareham.



Hymn 55.

Beneath Thy cross I lay me down, And mourn to see Thy bloody crown; Love drops in blood from every vein; Love is the spring of all His pain.

Here, Jesus I shall ever stay, And spend my longing hours away, Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain, And contemplate Thy woes again.

The rage of Satan and of sin, Of foes without, and fears within, Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove Or from Thy cross, or from Thy love.

Secure from harms beneath Thy shade, Here death and hell shall ne'er invade; Nor Sinai, with its thundering noise, Shail e'er disturb my happier joys.

O unmolested happy rest!
Where inward fears are all supprest;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure. Amen.

St. Hilda.



Mynn 56.

Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stor'd;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

Here Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt Thy angels' cry
Holy, Holy, Holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most High!
Amen.

Clinton.



* **Mymn** 57.

O Thou Who lendest unto prayer Its highest power and fire, And in the bosom's darkest lair Can kindle pure desire.

Lord of the heaven of heavens Thou art, All life and light are Thine; O breathe upon my sinking heart, And life and light be mine!

Where suns in myriads roll afar And sing their wondrous song, Heard in response by every star Amid the countless throng,

All jubilant the ransom'd host In adoration kneel, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, They wake one mighty peal;—

A peal of triumph, when the soul Its prison house forsakes, And, darting to its distant goal, Its heavenward journey takes.

O vision of that blissful hour!
With angels hov'ring nigh—
To guide and guard from Satan's power,
How sweet such death to die!

Another Victor comes to join
The Saviour's choir above;
Another charm'd by Grace Divine,
Another won by Love. Amen.

The first three verses were suggested by a poem of Aradé's.

Exeter.



Nymn 58.

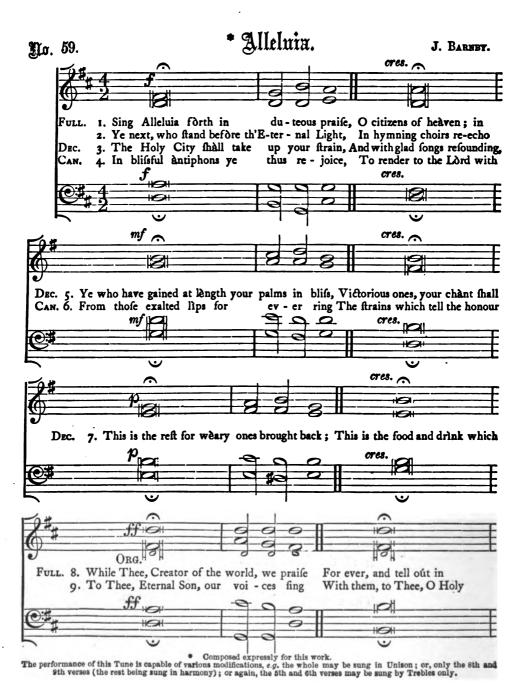
Great Shepherd of Thy ransomed flock Send down on all Thy gifts to-day,— The water from the riven Rock, The manna gleaming on our way.

Yea, more! from out Thy piercèd side, Whence flowed the Water and the Blood, Pour on our souls the crimson tide, And wash us in that cleansing flood.

Still journeying on amid the waste,
And fainting oft beneath the strife,
Our longing spirits yearn to taste
Thy heavenly food, O Bread of Life!

And when our broken cisterns fail,
And leave us thirsting on the sod;
When all the powers of sin assail,
We need Thy strength, O Wine of God!

Come to each waiting heart, O Christ!
In all the fulness of Thy love;
Make now this blessed Eucharist
The earnest of Thy joys above. Amen.

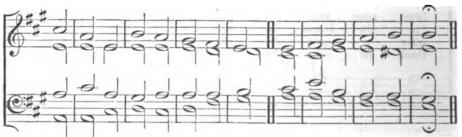


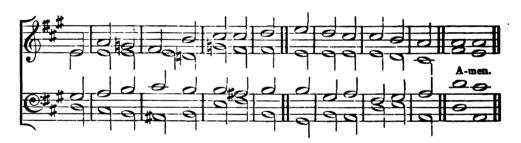


La Spezia.

No. 60.

JAMES TAYLOR.





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

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

All those who have His goodness proved,

Will in His truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on His help relied.

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

St. Giles.







Soldiers of Christ, arise, And put your armour on, Strong in the strength which Godsupplies Tread all the powers of darkness down, 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.

From strength to strength go on, Wrestle, and fight, and pray; And win the well-fought day.

C. G. VERRINDER.

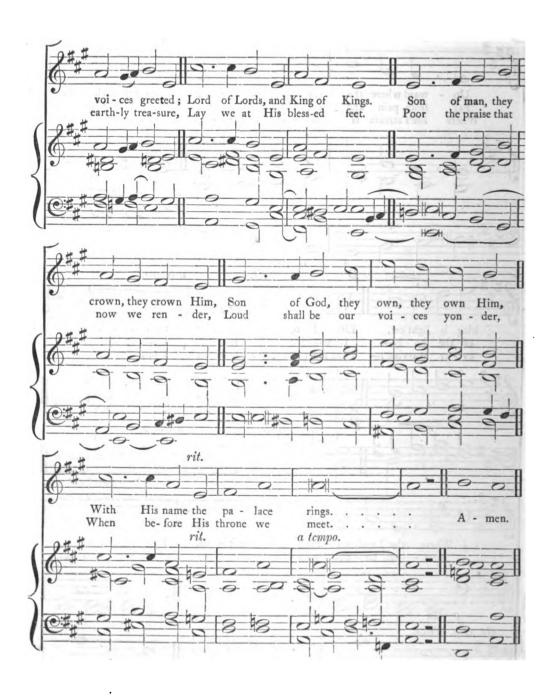
That having all things done, And all your conflicts past, Ye may obtain, through Christ alone, A crown of joy at last.

Jesu, Eternal Son, We praise Thee and adore, Who art with God the Father One And Spirit evermore. Amen.

Bonar.

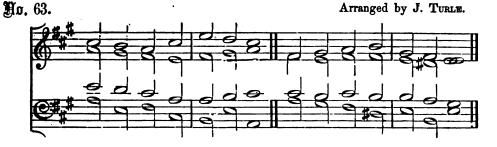






Vienna.







Oft in sorrow, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go; Bear the toil, maintain the strife,

Let your drooping hearts be glad; March, in heavenly armour clad; Fight, nor think the battle long, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye, Soon shall every tear be dry; Let not fear your course impede,

Onward then in battle move; More than conquerors ye shall prove; Though opposed by many a foe, Great your strength, if great your need. Christian soldiers, onward go!

> Hymns of glory and of praise, Father, unto Thee we raise: Holy Jesu, praise to Thee, With the Spirit ever be. Amen.

Christ Church.



Mymn 64.

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh! I know not What joys await us there; What radiancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast;

And they who with their Leader Have conquered in the fight, For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country, The Home of God's elect! O sweet and blessèd country, That eager hearts expect!

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Jerusalem.



Mymn 64.

Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

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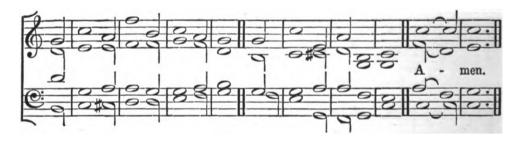
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Braemar.

Mo. 65.

R. Brown-Borthwick.





Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess, Thy bounty every season crowns
Thy goodness we adore;
With all the bliss it yields,
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
With joyful clusters bend the vines,

A sea without a shore. With harvests wave the fields.

Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,

In every cheerful ray;

Are in the Gospel seen;

Love draws the curtains of the night, There, like the Sun, Thy mercy shines

And love restores the day.

Without a cloud between. Amen.





Hymn 67.

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 washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor 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,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.



APPENDIX.

N.B.—Some of the following Hymns, and most of the Tunes and Arrangements,—as also the greater part of the preceding Tunes,—are copyright, and may not be multiplied, either in print or manuscript, without permission.

APPENDIX.

HYMNS SUITABLE FOR SPECIAL SEASONS AND OCCASIONS.

Conclusion of Evening Service						•	•	75,87	
ADVENT	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	71
SUNDAY	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	90
Lent	•	. •		• .	•	•			84
FASTER				_	_		_	76.81.01	

The strain upraise of joy and praise.







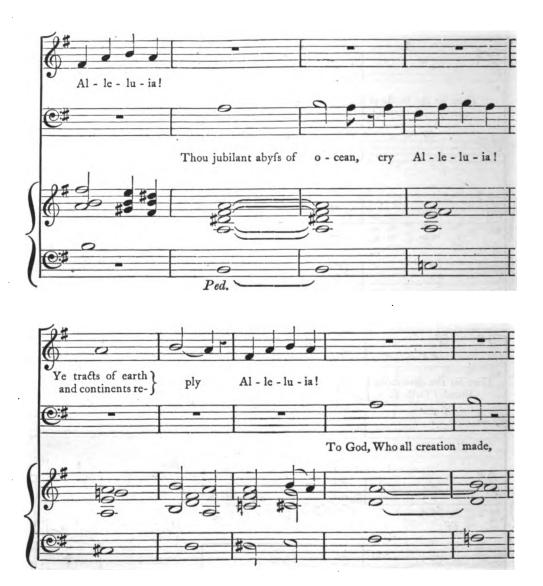




















Praise, my soul, the King of Heaben.

Mo. 69 A.

JOHN GOSS.



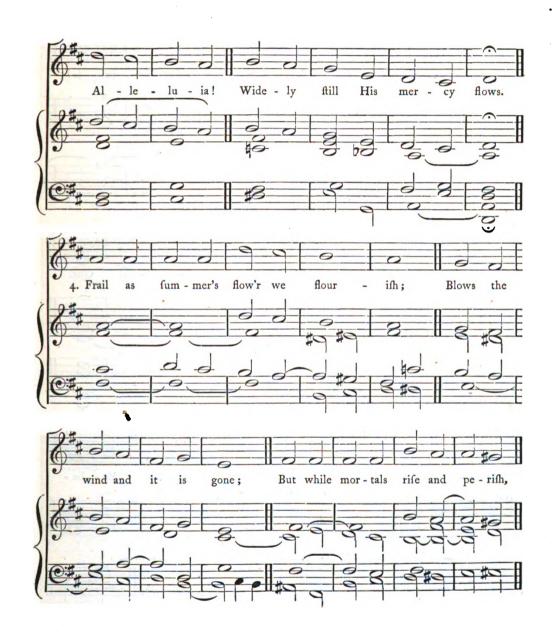


* The original text of this hymn, which is inferted by the kind permiffion of Mrs. Hogg (the author's daughter), will be found in the Addenda.









1419 - 15





Praise, my soul, the King of Beaben.



This Tune, as harmonized for four voices, is transposed to E, as the key of D would be too low for the basses.

Hymn 69.

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise us with the God of Grace. Amen.

Ford, to Thee alone we turn.







Day of wrath! O Day of mourning!















411 111









Verses 4, 5, 9, 10, n.ay (is necessary) be omitted.



Hymn 72.

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 gone down,

. Darkness come over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear Steps unto 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'

Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,

Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I'll fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,

, my God, to Thee!



Love divine, all loves excelling.



Mymn 73.

mf Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown:

p Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;

cres. Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

pp Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit cres. Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our power of sinning,
f Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
ff Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
cres. Then we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
cres. Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;

ff Till we cast our crown before Thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.



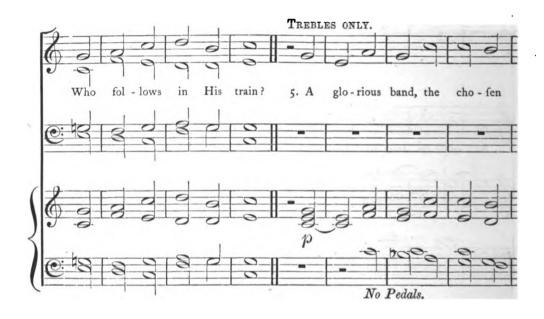
The Son of God goes forth to war. (Arranged to St. Ann's Tune, with organ obbligato.)

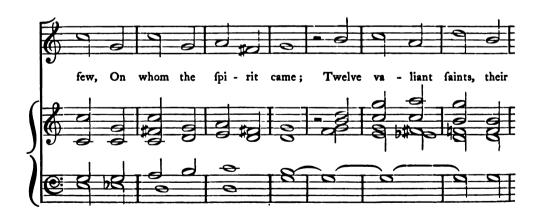




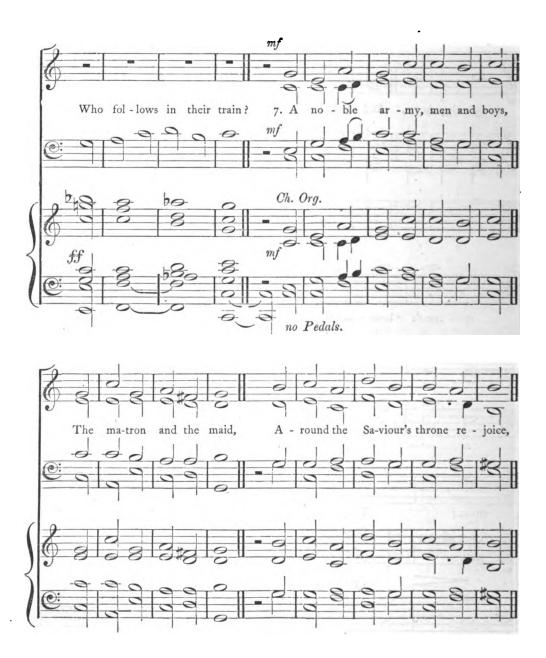
















Sabiour, breathe an evening blessing.









Hymn 76.

The strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won!
O let the song of praise be sung!
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed; Let shout of holy joy outburst! Alleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped, He rises glorious from the dead; All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell,
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell!
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live and sing to Thee Alleluia! Amen.

O Thou whose bounty fills my cup.



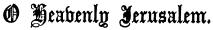
Hymn 77.

O Thou Whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet,
I give Thee thanks for every drop,
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestow'd,
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee both for smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy. Amen.





Mymn 78.

O heavenly Jerusalem,
Eternal are thy halls,
And blessèd are the chosen ones
That dwell within thy walls;
Thou art the golden home of peace,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own heritage,
The palace of the King.

There God the Lord for ever reigns,
Himself of all the Crown,
The Lamb the Light that shineth clear,
And never goeth down;
Nought to this seat can e'er approach,
To break the saints' sweet rest,
They praise their God for evermore,
Nor day nor night they rest. Amen.

Thou, Whose Almighty Word.



Hymn 79.

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 sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Blessèd and Holy Three, Glorious Trinity, Grace, Love, and Might: Boundless as ocean's tide, Rolling in fullest pride, Through the world, far and wide Let there be light! Amen.

Look up, look up, my soul, still higher.

Harmonized by J. S. Back. Mo. 80 A. A - men.

This arrangement by John Sebastian Bach (nomen venerabile!) is beyond the powers of most choirs. An easier setting will be found on page 212. The Editor entreats those who may use 80 A not to murder it by undue rapidity.

Nymn 80.*

Look up, look up, my soul,—still higher;
On to the heav'nly goal—aspire,
On God's love ever leaning:
Burst this dull earth's control,—and wing
Thy way where no clouds roll,—and sing
Thy deep heart's inner meaning.

What though thy way be dark,—and earth With ceaseless care do cark,—'till mirth To thee no sweet strain singeth, Still hide thy life above,—and still Believe that God is love:—fulfil Whatever lot He bringeth.

For this is best for thee,—and best
The meaning not to see,—to rest
Thy helplessness confessing;
Whereby thine eager heart—may learn
A lesson in life's art—and turn
E'en sin into a blessing.

For, if thou now didst know—the maze
Through which thy feet must go,—thy gaze
Would weary and would falter;
But, since it is unseen,—thine eyes
May seek with purpose keen—the skies,
Where love builds up her altar.

A little longer wait;—be brave
To bear what men call fate;—the grave
Stands open as Heav'n's portal:
Narrow indeed that gate,—and so
The way it shows is strait,—but, lo!
It brings thee joy immortal.

^{*} This hymn is, in the Editor's judgment, unsuited to congregational use. Occasions, however, may occur on which the musical settings will prove useful elsewhere than in Church.

Look up, look up, my soul, still higher.



Hymn 80.

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A little longer wait;—be brave
To bear what men call fate;—the grave
Stands open as Heav'n's portal:
Narrow indeed that gate,—and so
The way it shows is strait,—but, lo!
It brings thee joy immortal.

*Melcome, happy morning.





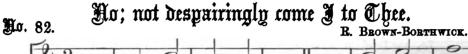




* After those verses which require the full organ for accompaniment, the refrain may be taken piano to the end of the third line.

Note.—This hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poictiers, was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easter Day, and universally popular in the Middle Ages. So great a favourite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544 Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers.

(217)









No; not despairingly
Come I to Thee!
No; not distrustingly
Bend I the knee!
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died.

Ah! mine iniquity
Crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee;
Infinite sin.

Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am, tell I Thee;
All I have been!
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord, make me clean.

Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou
When poor ones call;
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul!

Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between!



^{*} This tune may also be sung to the Hymn, " Nearer, my God, to Thee."

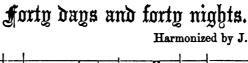




















Sweet place! sweet place alone!



Mymn 85.*

Sweet place, sweet place alone! mf
The court of God most high;
The heav'n of heav'ns, the throne
Of spotless purity:
O happy place!
When shall I be,

My God, with Thee, To see Thy face?

My hope and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place, &c.

dim. No sun by day shines there,
No moon by silent night:
pp These wholly needless are,
ff The Lamb's the city's light:
O happy place, &c.

There dwells my Lord and King,
Judged here unfit to live:
There countless angels sing
And lowly homage give:
O happy place, &c.

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire:
O happy place, &c.

p Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents must stay:
cres. No place like that on high:
Lord, thither speed my way!
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

^{*} The original text of this Hymn will be found in the Addenda.









The Pay of praise is done.



The day of praise is done; The evening shadows fall; Yet pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightenest all.

Around Thy throne on high, Where night can never be, The white-robed harpers of the sky Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

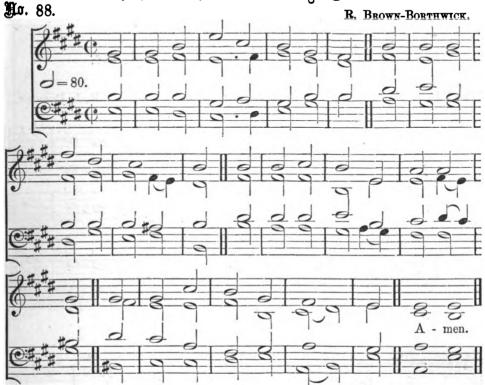
Too faint, our anthems here: Too soon of praise we tire: But oh, the strains how full and clear Till songs of angels and of men Of that eternal choir!

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou attune the heart, We in Thine angels' music still May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each wayward thought reclaim, And make our daily life a psalm Of glory to Thy name.

Shine Thou within us, then, A Day that knows no end, In perfect praise shall blend.

O, render thanks unto the Yord.



O, render thanks unto the Lord,
(And cease your praises never,)
Whose countless benefits are pour'd
On us His children ever.

His works bear witness to the might Which fails His chosen never; And hymn His praises in the sight Of men and angels ever.

By day the glorious sun ascends
Heav'n's arch, and tarries never—
An emblem of the God Who lends
His light and love for ever.

By night the borrow'd moonbeams shed A grace which faileth never; And tell us of a Church, Whose Head Enlightens her for ever.

And so each star, however faint, Which shines and loiters never, Reminds us of some earnest saint Whose life is bright for ever.

So tending heav'nward, Lord, may we Soon meet Thee to part never, And all Thy matchless beauty see, And taste Thy love for ever.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Whose mercy changeth never, From man and from the angel host Be praise and glory ever. Amen.

Sabiour, again to Thy dear Name.



















Hymn 90.

O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright; On thee, the high and lowly, Through ages joined in tune, Sing "Holy, Holy, Holy, To the great God Triune."

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

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary, sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

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

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

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Amen.

The foe behind, the deep before.



* The music may be timed by allowing for verses 1 and 2, 40 seconds; verse 3, 35 to 37 sec.; verses 4 to 7, 1 min. 45 to 47 sec.; verse 8, 25 to 28 sec.; verses 9, 10, 11, 1 min.; verse 12, 25 sec.; verse 13, 32 to 34 sec.; total about 5 min. 22 to 26 sec. NB. There should be no break of time whatever at the double bars, except at those where a pause is marked.

(244)







































God of the living, in whose eyes.



Mymn 92.

God of the living, in whose eyes Unveiled Thy whole creation lies; All souls are Thine; we must not say That those are dead who pass away; From this our world of flesh set free, We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife, With Thee is hidden still their life; Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers, All Thine, and yet most truly ours; For well we know, where'er they be, Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground, Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound, Not wandering in unknown despair Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care; Not left to lie like fallen tree; Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just; To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust; And bless Thee for the love which gave Thy Son to fill a human grave, That none might fear that world to see, Where all are living unto Thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.



Hymn 93.

Come, O Jesu, to Thy Table, Come, for else we are not able True refreshment to receive;

But if Thou vouchsafe to feed us, To this Feast of blessings lead us, There to taste Thee and believe.

In the bread which here is broken, In the wine, no empty token Of an absent Lord we see.

Very Flesh and Blood is given, When by faith, O Bread of Heaven, Not by sense, we feed on Thee.

Sweet it is, O Christ, to meet Thee, In Thy sacrament to greet Thee, Thee, our God, as Host and Friend.

By Thy presence here prepare us

For the day when Thou shalt bear us

To the Feast that knows no end.

Amen.



ADDENDA.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm.





* **H**ymn 94.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft resting on Thy breast; Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Let thine outstretchèd wing, Be like the shade of Elim's palm Beside her desert-spring.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain; Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir:
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear:

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war
Th' eternal calm to gain! Amen.

This is the same Hymn as No. 45, and is repeated here, for the sale of convenience opposite to Tune 94, to which it may be sung as an alternative with Tune 45.

As through this wilderness I stray.



Hymn 48.

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.

Amen.

^{*} This Hymn is repeated here for the sake of convenience, opposite a Tune to which it may be sung by choirs who find Tune 48 A too difficult.

Original Text of Hymn 69.

Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven; To His feet Thy tribute bring! Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven, Who like me 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 as ever, Slow to chide and swift to bless! Praise Him! Praise Him! Glorious in His faithfulness! Father-like He tends and spares us; Well our feeble frame He knows: In His hands He gently bears us, Rescues us from all our foes. Praise Him! Praise Him! Widely as His mercy flows!

(Frail as summer's flowers we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the high Eternal One!)

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!

^{*} This is the original text of Hymn 69, as supplied by the Author's daughter. It is inserted by her desire, and would have taken the place of Hymn 69 had not the music been set to the other version before the Editor was aware of the text having been altered.

Mymn 81.*

Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring, All good gifts returned with her returning King. Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough, Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light, Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight; Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea, Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee! Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead True and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to shew;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word,
'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning, &c.

Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain; All that now is fallen raise to life again; Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see, Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee! Welcome, happy morning, &c.

^{[*} This hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poictiers, was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easter Day, and universally popular in the Middle Ages. So great a favourite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544 Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers]

Original text of Hymn 85.

HEAVEN.

Sweet place! sweet place alone!
The court of God most high;
The heaven of heavens, the throne
Of spotless majesty;

Oh, happy place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy face?

The stranger homeward bends,
And sigheth for his rest;
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
Oh, happy place! &c.

Earth's but a sorry tent,
Pitch'd for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement;
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
Oh, happy place! &c.

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
Oh, happy place! &c.

There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace,
In th' arms of my best Friend.
Oh, happy place! &c.

SECOND PART.

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is;
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss.
Oh, happy place! &c.

Thy walls, sweet city! Thine
With pearls are garnished;
Thy gates with praises shine
The streets with gold are spread.
Oh, happy place! &c.

No sun by day shines there, Nor moon by silent night; Oh, no! these needless are; The Lamb's the city's light. Oh, happy place! &c.

There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give.
Oh, happy place! &c.

The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their long'd for Prince of Peace.
Oh, happy place! &c.

The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold.
Oh, happy place! &c.

The bleeding martyrs, they,
Within those courts are found;
Clothèd in pure array,
Their scars with glory crown'd.
Oh, happy place! &c.

Ah, me! ah, me! That I
In Kedar's tents here stay;
No place like this on high;
Thither, Lord, guide my way.
Oh, happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee;
To see Thy face?

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