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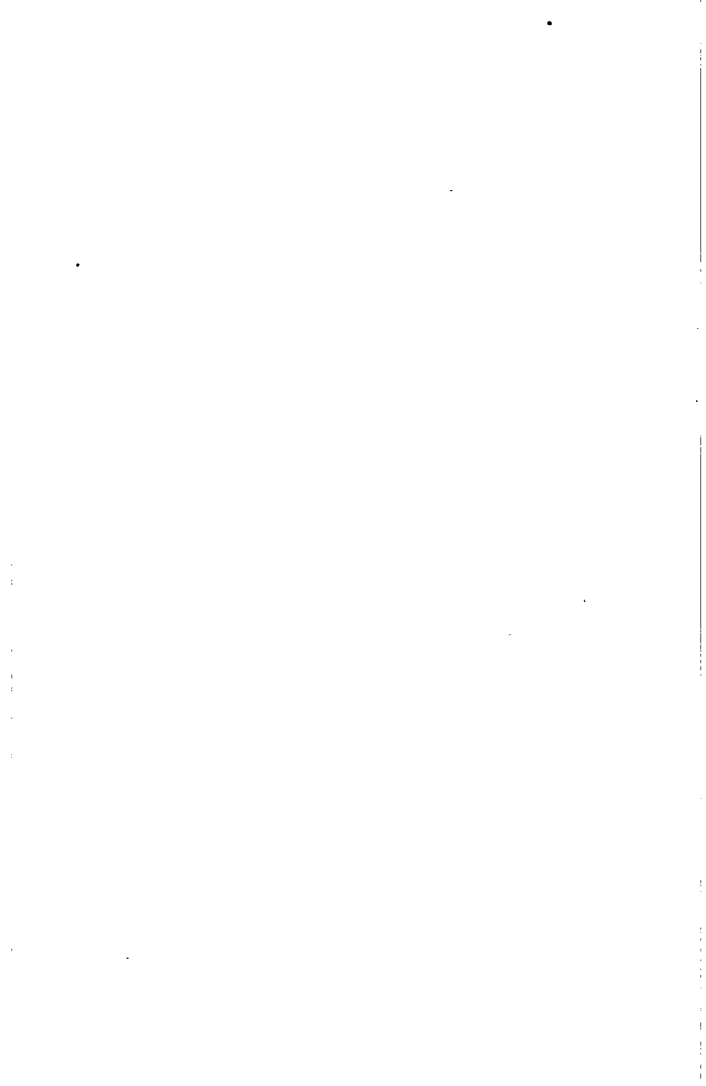
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ΑΚΡΟΓΩΝΙΣ

ΛΟΓΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ







THE

Westminster Abbey
Hymn-Book

COMPILED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF
THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

BY

The Rev. JOHN TROUTBECK, D.D.,

PRIEST IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, AND
MINOR CANON OF WESTMINSTER.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER & CO.,

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PREFACE.

THIS collection of Hymns is intended primarily for use in Westminster Abbey, but will be found suitable for other churches also. Four hymns at least have been assigned to each Sunday throughout the year, and sufficient provision, it is hoped, has been made for all occasions on which it is probable that hymns will be required.

With regard to the text of the Hymns, care has been taken to adhere to original versions, without receding from such alterations as are now generally accepted.

Most of the hymns by the late Dean Stanley which have been published singly from time to time are included in the collection, by the kind permission of his literary executors. It will be observed that for some of these, when used for singing, music must be specially arranged, but it was felt that it would be a serious loss to omit, from a book compiled for use in the Abbey, hymns which in themselves and for the sake of their author are so interesting, merely on account of a difficulty which can be overcome with little trouble.

Grateful acknowledgment is due, and is hereby cordially offered, to the numerous authors, translators, and owners of copyright, who have granted their ready and generous permission to print (in

several instances for the first time) hymns written, translated, or owned by them.

Special thanks are given to the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for their exceptional permission to insert hymns by Sir H. W. Baker, Mr. W. C. Dix, and Mr. W. Whiting, of which they possess the copyright.

It should be stated, in particular, that the hymn by the Rev. F. W. Faber is inserted by permission of Messrs. Richardson & Son, Derby; those by Dr. Neale which are taken from his "Hymns of the Eastern Church" by permission of Mr. Hayes, and those which are taken from his "Mediæval Hymns" by permission of Messrs. Masters; those by the Rev. Isaac Williams by permission of Messrs. J. H. Parker; and Nos. 15 and 347 by permission of Messrs. Rivington, as well as, in the latter case, of the author. The permission to print the hymn by Miss Adelaide A. Procter has been acquired from Messrs. G. Bell & Sons; the hymns by Dr. Bonar from Messrs. Nisbet; four of the hymns by Mrs. Alexander from Messrs. Masters; and the translations by Miss Winkworth from Messrs. Longman.

The greatest possible pains have been taken to avoid any infringement of copyright. If any claim, legal or moral, has been unwittingly overlooked, a full apology for the error is now tendered.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
Advent, 1883.

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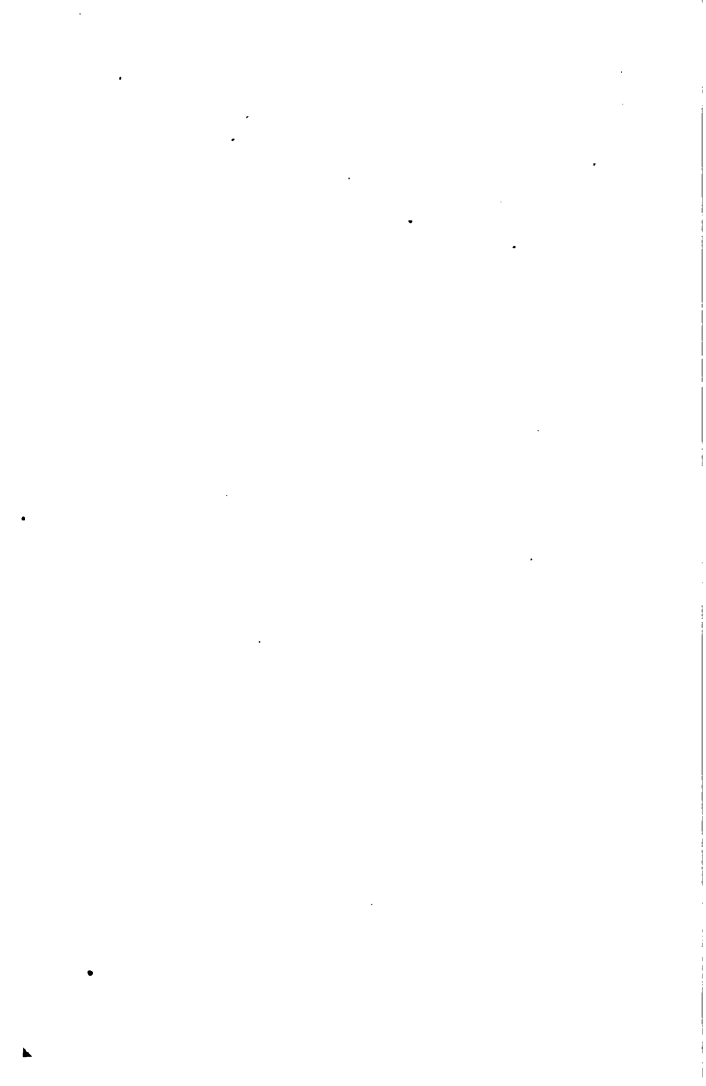
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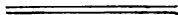
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Morning.

I.

Six 7's.

1. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day:
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more :
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.
2. If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight ;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless :
Only, while its hours begin
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.
3. We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe ;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies :
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.
4. Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Morning.

5. Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, shew forth Thy praise.
Amen.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

2.

L.M.

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
3. In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Morning.

5. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
6. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

BISHOP KEN.

3.

Six 7's.

1. Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
2. Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad mine eyes, and warm my heart.

(3)

Morning.

3. Visit then this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

4.

L.M.

1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.
2. The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
3. Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
4. Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

Morning.

5. For Thee, delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

5.

L.M.

1. God of the morning, at Whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;
2. From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and
shines.
3. O, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
4. But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

Morning.

5. Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
6. Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

6.

L.M.

1. Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy grace of light ;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
Thy presence shines on us more nigh.
2. Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to take the better part ;
Thy slumber-gifts our strength restore
Throughout the day to serve Thee more.
3. Yet, whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

Morning.

4. O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine
 own :
O then be with us, Lord, that we
In Thy great day may wake to Thee.
5. Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall
 end ;
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

7.

L.M.

1. New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
2. 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.
3. 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.

Morning.

4. The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
5. 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.

JOHN KEBLE.

8.

II.IO.II.IO.

1. Now, when the dusky shades of night,
retreating
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee ;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are
fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to
Thee:—
2. To Thee, Whose word, the fount of life
unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest dark-
ness lay,

Morning.

Awoke bright rays across the dim earth
stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete
the day.

3. Look from the tower of Heaven, and send
to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us onward
still ;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4. So, when that morn of endless light is
waking,
And shades of evil from its splendours
flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast
forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to
dwell with Thee.

5. Be this by Thee, O God thrice Holy,
granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest ;
Whose glory by the Heaven and earth is
chanted,
Whose Name by men and angels is
confessed. Amen.

GREGORY THE GREAT. *Tr.* ANON.

Morning.

9.

L.M.

1. O Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night :
2. Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
3. May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
4. O hallowed be the approaching day ;
Let meekness be our morning ray ;
And faithful love our noonday light ;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
5. O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne :
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee. Amen.

ST. AMBROSE. *Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

Morning.

IO.

D.C.M.

1. Ye that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east ;
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To Heaven's Almighty King.
2. And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space ;
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth shew his pleasant face ;
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessed face to see above,
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.
3. God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free ;
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come :
Lord, be a place, a portion, mine,
In that bright blissful home. Amen.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

Roan.

II.

L.M.

1. O God, the Lord of place and time,
Who orderest all things prudently,
Brightening with beams the opening prime,
And burning in the midday sky :
2. Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls Thy peace impart.
3. Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace,
To Whom all glory, Three in One,
Be given in every time and place.

Amen.

ST. AMBROSE. *Tr.* CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I2.

L.M.

1. Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim :
2. Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide :
Then here to Him our souls we raise
In songs of gratitude and praise.

noon.

3. Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God.
4. Look up to heaven; the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt, or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
5. Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.
6. Help with Thy grace, through life's short
day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest. Amen.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Afternoon.

I 3.

9.8.9.8.

1. Before the day draws near its ending,
And evening steals o'er earth and sky,
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending
Shall speak Thy praises, Lord most High.

(13)

Afternoon.

2. Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds, unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love, and faultless tone.
3. Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee ;
Thy Christ hath said, Thou, Father, seekest
For such as these to worship Thee.
4. And through the swell of chanting voices,
The blended notes of age and youth,
Thine ear discerns, Thy love rejoices,
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.
5. O Light all clear, O Truth all holy,
O boundless Mercy, pardoning all ;
Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly,
With one last prayer Thy children fall.
6. When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.
Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Afternoon.

I4.

D.C.M.

1. Behold the sun, that seemed but now
 Enthronèd over head,
Beginneth to decline below
 The globe whereon we tread ;
And he, whom yet we look upon
 With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
 And leave us to the night.

2. Thus time, unheeded, steals away
 The life which Nature gave ;
Thus are our bodies every day
 Declining to the grave :
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
 Whereon we set our heart ;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
 Thus will they all depart.

3. Lord, though the sun forsake our sight,
 And mortal hopes are vain ;
Let still Thine everlasting light
 Within our souls remain :
And in the nights of our distress
 Vouchsafe those rays Divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
 For ever brightly shine. Amen.

GEORGE WITHER.

Evening.

15.

Four 10's.

1. Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass
away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me.
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness ;
Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave,
thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Evening.

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

HENRY F. LYTE.

I6.

L.M.

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Evening.

4. O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
5. When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
6. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

BISHOP KEN.

I7.

L.M.

1. At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O in what divers pains they met ;
O with what joy they went their way.
2. Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near ;
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art there.

Evening.

3. O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
4. And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;
5. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.
6. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
7. Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

HENRY TWELLS.

Evening.

18.

Six 7's.

1. Father, by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour ;
Light has vanished, labours cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace :
We to Thee ourselves resign ;
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.
2. Saviour, to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer ;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We like sheep have gone astray :
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee
Grant that we may pardoned be.
3. Holy Spirit, breathing balm,
Fall on us in evening's calm ;
Yet awhile before we sleep
We with Thee will vigil keep :
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Softens, strengthens, comfort still.
4. Blessed Trinity, be near
Through the hours of darkness drear ;
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Keep all evil from our bed ;
Till the flood of morning rays
Wake us to a song of praise. Amen.

Abridged from JOSEPH ANSTICE.

Evening.

19.

L.M.

1. Now at the night's return we raise
To Thee, our King, the voice of praise ;
And may our prayer, set forth aright,
Ascend like incense in Thy sight.
2. Full well we know in Whom we trust,
Whose hand exalts us from the dust,
Whose will assigns each day and hour,
Whose grace in weakness perfects power.
3. O'er all that stains our life-time past
The veil of Thy forgiveness cast ;
Yea, cleanse our spirits through and
through,
And set us right, and keep us true.
4. Bless Thou the distant and the dear,
Let each to each in Thee draw near,
Still travelling towards one home above,
And leaning still on one strong love.
5. To Thee, O Christ, we lift our eyes,
On Thee alone our hope relies ;
Thou wilt not, canst not, bring to shame
The hope that pleads Thy glorious Name.

Amen.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.

Evening.

20.

L.M.

1. 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.
2. Throughout this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on Thee, my God ;
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
3. 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.
4. Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in Heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee ?
5. 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.
Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Evening.

21.

L.M.

1. O Light of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear :
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
2. Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart :
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
3. What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight ;
What dawning risen upon the night :
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and All in Thee.
4. Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us more nearly near ;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.
5. Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise Him through time, till time shall
end ;
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.
Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

Evening.

22.

8.7.8.7.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He, Who, never weary,
Watches where His people be.
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our bed become our tomb ;
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON.

23.

L.M.

1. 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.

Evening.

2. 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.

3. 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.

4. 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.

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

6. 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.

JOHN KEBLE.

Evening.

24.

Six 10's.

1. The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight
glows :
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now.
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot
be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
Thee.
2. Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend ;
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our
guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide ;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
3. Thou, Who in darkness walking didst
appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when
storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours
fail ;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, " Fear not, for it is I."

Evening.

4. The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide,
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Amen.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH.

25.

7.6.7.6.8.8.

1. The day is past and over :
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee :
We pray Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.
2. The joys of day are over :
We lift our hearts to Thee :
And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of sin may be :
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.
3. The toils of day are over :
We raise the hymn to Thee ;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be :
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

Evening.

4. Be Thou our souls' preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go :
Lover of men, O hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

Amen.

ST. ANATOLIUS. *Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

26.

S.M.

1. The day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our guest.
2. We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.
3. Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er :
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore. Amen.

J. M. NEALE.

Evening.

27.

8.8.8.4.

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

GODFREY THRING.

Evening.

28.

D.C.M.

1. The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :
Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on Thy children from on high
And hear us while we pray.
2. The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise :
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.
3. Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Evening.

4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend :
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
O give us now repose. Amen.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

29.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1. Through the day Thy love hath spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest :
Through the silent watches guard us ;
Let no foe our peace molest :
Jesus, Thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
2. Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

Night.

30.

C.M.

1. All praise to Him Who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night ;
Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss
Of uncreated light.
2. Each thought and deed His piercing eyes
With strictest search survey ;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.
3. Whom Thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest :
Under the shadow of Thy wings
Shall they securely rest.
4. Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep ;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their
heads,
For Thou dost never sleep.
5. May we, with calm and sweet repose
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,
And bless the Ever-blessed. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Night.

31. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

1. God, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.
2. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, O God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

1st Verse, BISHOP HEBER.

2nd Verse, Tr. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Spring.

32. P.M.

1. For all Thy love and goodness, so boun-
tiful and free,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

Spring.

On the wings of joyous praise our hearts
soar up to Thee :

Glory to the Lord !

2. The Springtime breaks all round about,
waking from winter's night :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

The sunshine, like God's love, pours down
in floods of golden light :

Glory to the Lord !

3. A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice
is in all the air :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

All Nature singeth aloud to God ; there is
gladness everywhere :

Glory to the Lord !

4. The flowers are strewn in field and copse,
on the hill and on the plain :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

The soft air stirs the tender leaves that
clothe the trees again :

Glory to the Lord !

5. The works of Thy hands are very fair ;
and for all Thy bounteous love,

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

But what, if this world is so fair, is the
better land above ?

Glory to the Lord !

Spring.

6. O to awake from death's short sleep, like
the flowers from their wintry grave !
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
And to rise all glorious in the day when
Christ shall come to save !
Glory to the Lord !
7. O to dwell in that happy land, where the
heart cannot choose but sing !
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
And where the life of the blessed ones is
a beautiful endless Spring !
Glory to the Lord !
Hallelujah ! Amen.

FRANCES J. DOUGLAS and
BISHOP HOW.

Summer.

33.

6.5.6.5.

1. Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
2. Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

Summer.

3. God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
 4. Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.
 5. Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For Thy loving kindness
Make us love Thee more.
 6. And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.
 7. We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light ;
Life is dark without Thee ;
Death with Thee is bright.
 8. Light of Light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.
- BISHOP HOW.

Autumn.

34.

7.6.7.6.

1. The year is swiftly waning ;
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding ;
The end is nearing fast.
2. The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.
3. O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in Heaven with Thee.
4. Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.
5. O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,
6. Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face. Amen.

BISHOP HOW.

Winter.

35.

Four 7's.

1. Winter reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Bleak and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.
2. Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.
3. Life is waning; life is brief;
Death like winter standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.
4. But the sleeping earth shall wake,
New-born flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.
5. So the saints, from slumber blest
Rising, shall awake and sing;
And our flesh in hope shall rest,
Till there breaks the endless Spring.
Amen.

BISHOP HOW.

Sunday.

36.

Four 14's.

1. As Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er Nature's
finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and
bless the new-born earth,
So give us now that Sabbath-rest, which
makes Thy children free,
Free for the work of love to man, of
thankfulness to Thee.
2. But in the risen Saviour, O lift our hearts
above,
By holy word, by prayer and hymn, by
eucharistic love ;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the
earth which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us
up to God.
3. To lead us on to Heaven, where, in Thy
presence blest,
The wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest,
Where faith is lost in vision, where love
hath no alloy,
And through eternal Sabbath flows the
deepening stream of joy.

Sunday.

4. To Thee, Who giv'st us freedom, our
Father and our King,
To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ransomed spirits sing ;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and
Heaven, O Holy Ghost ; to Thee,
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal
glory be. Amen.

ALFRED BARRY.

37.

L.M.

1. Jesu, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
2. For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.
3. Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.
4. Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all Heaven before our eyes.

Sunday.

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

Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

38.

C.M.

1. Shine on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine :
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.
2. Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.
3. With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
4. Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Sunday.

39.

L.M.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His Word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how Divine !
4. Soon shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

40.

S.M.

1. This is the day of light :
Let there be light to-day ;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

Sunday.

2. This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
3. This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
4. This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to Heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.
5. This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of Death. Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Close of Service.

4I.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Close of Service.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.
3. So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to Heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

HON. WALTER SHIRLEY.

42.

Four 10's.

1. Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of
praise ;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship
cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of
peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end
the day :

Close of Service.

**Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy
Name.**

- 3. Grant us Thy peace through this
approaching night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy servants
free ;
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.**
- 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our
earthly life ;
Peace to Thy Church from error and from
strife ;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and
love ;
Peace in each heart, Thy Spirit from
above.**
- 5. Thy peace in sorrow, balm of every pain ;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise
again ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-
flict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.**

Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Close of Service.

43.

Six 8's.

1. 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
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
2. 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
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
3. 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
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
4. Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

Close of Service.

Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

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

6. 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
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light. Amen.

F. W. FABER.

First Sunday in Advent.

44.

D.L.M.

1. The Lord is come ! On Syrian soil,
The child of poverty and toil ;
The Man of Sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe :

First Sunday in Advent.

His joy, His glory, to fulfil,
In earth and Heaven, His Father's will ;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter cross, despised, adored.

2. The Lord is come! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes His servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.
3. The Lord is come! With joy behold
The gracious signs, declared of old ;
The ear that hears, the eye that sees,
The sick restored to health and ease ;
The poor, that from their low estate
Are roused to seek a nobler fate ;
The minds with doubt and dread possessed,
That find in Him their perfect rest.
4. The Lord is come! The world's great
stage
Begins a better, brighter age :
The old gives place unto the new ;
The false retires before the true ;
A progress that shall never tire,
A central heat of sacred fire,

First Sunday in Advent.

A hope that soars beyond the tomb,
Reveal that Christ has truly come.

5. The Lord is come ! In Him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace ;
Throughout those words and acts Divine
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine ;
And from His inmost Spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life,
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.
6. The Lord is come ! In every heart,
Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
In every Church, where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast
come ! Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

45.

8.7.8.7.

1. Hark, an awful voice is sounding ;
" Christ is nigh," it seems to say ;
" Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

First Sunday in Advent.

2. Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
3. Lo, the Lamb so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.
4. So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our Defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.
5. Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the co-eternal Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

ANON. (*Latin, 5th Cent.*)

Tr. E. CASWALL.

46.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears, on earth to reign.

(50)

First Sunday in Advent.

2. Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.
3. Now Redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear ;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear.
4. Yea, Amen ; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne :
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own :
O come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down. Amen.

Varied by MARTIN MADAN
from C. WESLEY and J. CENNICK.

47.

Six 8's.

1. O quickly come, dread Judge of all ;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :
O quickly come : for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

First Sunday in Advent.

2. O quickly come, great King of all ;
Reign all around us, and within ;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
O quickly come : for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.
3. O quickly come, true Life of all ;
For death is mighty all around ;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found :
O quickly come : for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
4. O quickly come, true Light of all ;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day :
O quickly come : for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

L. TUTTIETT.

Second Sunday in Advent.

48.

L.M.

1. When Christ from Heaven came down of
old,
He took our nature poor and low ;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But shared our weakness and our woe.

Second Sunday in Advent.

2. But when He cometh back once more,
Then shall be set the great white throne;
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him Who sits thereon.
3. O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed.
4. Be with us in that awful hour,
And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,
By all Thy love and all Thy power,
In that great Day of Judgment save.
Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

49. 8.7.8.7.6.5.5.6.7.

1. A stronghold sure our God remains,
A true defence and weapon;
His present help our freedom gains,
What ill soe'er may happen.
Our old malignant foe
Thinks to work us woe;
Armed with craft and might,
Unswerving he doth fight;
On earth is none to match him.

Second Sunday in Advent.

2. Our strength is naught, do all we can,
Defeat is soon effected ;
But fights for us the proper Man,
By God Himself elected.
Ye ask who this can be?
Jesus Christ is He,
Yea, of hosts the Lord,
The God alone adored,
The champion none can vanquish.
3. If all the world with fiends were filled,
A band that would devour us,
To fear our hearts need little yield,
They could not overpower us.
The prince who rules this world
From his throne is hurled ;
Him, though fierce he seem,
We now may harmless deem ;
A single word can quell him.
4. The Word shall still in strength abide,
Yet thanks doth no man merit ;
In warfare God is at our side,
Both by His gifts and Spirit.
And should they take our life,
Wealth, name, child, and wife,
Though these all were gone,
Our foes have nothing won,
The realm of God is left us.

MARTIN LUTHER. *Tr.* J. TROUTBECK.

Second Sunday in Advent.

50.

Four 10's.

1. Ye faithful few of Israel's captive days,
Who homeward ever fixed your faithful
gaze,
Though far from home, your life was
hidden there,
Prisoners of hope, but victors of despair.
2. Ye of old time who waited for the Lord,
And turned you to the stronghold of His
Word,
Prisoners of hope, ye could not be forlorn,
In depth of night so certain of the morn.
3. Ye of the good report in every age,
Who in that refuge met the tempest's rage,
Prisoners of hope, ye knew the strife would
cease,
And in its wildest hour foretasted peace.
4. O turn ye thither, ye who lie so low,
With sin beset, or desolate in woe ;
Up, from the dust where ye so long have
lain !
The Rock of Ages was not cleft in vain.
5. Prisoners of hope, there shall ye rest
awhile,
Watching in peace the starry promise
smile,

Second Sunday in Advent.

Willing to keep your vigil till at last
Hope's gentle tyranny be overpast.

6. O Word of Christ, that cannot pass away,
The Church's stronghold in her evil day,
Turn we to thee, whatever foe prevail,
On the wild hill, or in the solemn vale.
7. To thee we turn, until our souls shall hear
The King we serve, the Lord we love, draw
near ;
And we shall change, when His command
is given,
Hope's happy prison-house for happier
Heaven. Amen.

S. J. STONE.

51.

L.M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head ;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Second Sunday in Advent.

4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
5. Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

Third Sunday in Advent.

52.

. L.M.

1. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh :
Come then and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
2. E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand ;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.
3. Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest ;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

(57)

Third Sunday in Advent.

4. For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward ;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.
5. Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more ;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.
6. To Him, Who left the throne of Heaven
To save Mankind, all praise be given :
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

C. COFFIN. *Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

53.

L.M.

1. O Saviour, is Thy promise fled,
Nor longer might Thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach Thy Gospel to the poor ?
2. Come, Jesus, come, return again ;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.
3. Come, Jesus, come ; and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day ;

Third Sunday in Advent.

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

BISHOP HEBER.

54.

D. 8.7.

1. Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping:
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil:
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?
2. Tidings sent to every creature
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word: in every nation
Let the Gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.
3. Then the end: Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin:

Third Sunday in Advent.

Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain :
Lo, her watch Thy Church is keeping :
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign. Amen.

HENRY DOWNTON.

55.

L.M.

1. When Christ the Lord would come on
earth,
His messenger before Him went,
The greatest born of mortal birth,
And charged with words of deep intent.
2. The least of all that here attend
Hath honour greater far than he ;
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
His Body and His Spouse are we.
3. A higher race, the sons of light,
Of water and the Spirit born ;
He the last star of parting night,
And we the children of the morn.
4. And, as he boldly spake Thy Word,
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,
And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.

Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

56.

C.M.

1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
2. He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
3. He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
4. He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

57.

8.7.8.7.

1. Come, Thou Saviour long-expected,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our guilt and fear protected,
We shall find our rest in Thee.

(61)

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

2. Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
3. Born the chains of sin to sever,
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
4. By Thine own Eternal Spirit
In our hearts rule Thou alone ;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. Amen.
Varied from CHARLES WESLEY.

58.

C.M.

1. When came in flesh the Incarnate Word,
The heedless world slept on,
And only simple shepherds heard
That God had sent His Son.
2. When comes the Saviour at the last,
From west to east shall shine
The awful pomp, and earth aghast
Shall tremble at the sign.
3. Then shall the pure in heart be blest ;
As mild He comes to them,
As when upon the Virgin's breast
He lay at Bethlehem :

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

4. As mild to meek-eyed love and faith ;
Only more strong to save ;
Strengthened, by having bowed to death,
By having burst the grave.
5. Lord, who could dare see Thee descend
In state, unless he knew
Thou art the sorrowing sinner's Friend,
The gracious, and the true ?
6. Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest,
So shall Thine advent-dawn
'Twixt us and Thee, our bosom-guest,
Be but the veil withdrawn. Amen.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

59.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created :
The Judge of Mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before :
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
2. The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding ;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :

(63)

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3. But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone,
They trembling stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.
4. Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending ;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending :
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee. Amen.

W. B. COLLYER. *First stanza* B. RINGWALD :
Tr. ANON.

Christmas Day.

60.

Eight 7's.

- I. Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

(64)

Christmas Day.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies :
With the angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

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

2. 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.

3. 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.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Christmas Day.

61.

Six 10's.

1. Christians, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of Mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
2. Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,—
 "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations of the earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised
 word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the
 Lord."
3. He spake; and straightway the celestial
 choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Hallelujahs
 rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.
4. To Bethlehem straight the enlightened
 shepherds ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for
 Man:

Christmas Day.

Then to their flocks, still praising God,
return,

And their glad hearts with holy rapture
burn :

To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
These first Apostles of the Saviour's
Name.

5. O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost Man-
kind ;

Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved
our loss,

From His poor manger to His bitter
Cross ;

Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till Man's first heavenly state again takes
place.

6. Then may we hope, the angelic thrones
among,

To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant
throng ;

He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display :
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's Almighty King.

Amen.

J. BYROM.

Christmas Day.

62.

Irregular.

1. O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant ;
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem :
Born, to redeem us,
Behold the King of Angels ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2. True God of True God,
Light of Light Eternal,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb :
Son of the Father,
Begotten, not created ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3. Sing, Choir Angelic,
Sing ye Hallelujah ;
Sing, ye that stand around the heavenly
throne :
“ Glory to God,
All glory in the highest ; ”
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Christmas Day.

4. Hail, Lord Incarnate,
Born for us this morning;
Jesu, to Thee be praise and glory given:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Amen.

ANON. (*Latin, 15th or 16th Cent.*) Tr. ANON.

63.

C.M.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
2. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all Mankind.
3. "To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

Christmas Day.

4. "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
5. Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :
6. "All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." Amen.

N. TATE.

St. Stephen's Day.

64.

C.M.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?
2. Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

(70)

St. Stephen's Day.

3. The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.
4. Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them who did the wrong:
 Who follows in his train ?
5. A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
6. They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
 They bowed the neck the death to feel:
 Who follows in their train ?
7. A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
8. They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train. Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

65.

D.C.M.

1. Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joy celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and Heaven, are one.
2. 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 crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
3. Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in Heaven ! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

The Innocents' Day.

66.

S.M.

1. Glory to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.
2. Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.
3. Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band
Who since that hour have heard Thy
call,
And reached the quiet land.
4. O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright ;
O that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight.
5. Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim ;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name. Amen.

EMMA TOKE.

Sunday after Christmas.

67.

C.M.

1. The race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious Light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
2. To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
3. For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.
4. To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of Heaven.
5. His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
6. His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know :
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below. Amen.

JOHN MORRISON.

Sunday after Christmas.

68.

D.C.M.

1. It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
“ Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From Heaven’s All-gracious King : ”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

Sunday after Christmas.

4. And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
5. For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

E. H. SEARS.

69.

C.M.

1. When Thou, O Lord, in flesh wert drest,
The world Thou mad'st to free,
The inn, where weary travellers rest,
Had not a room for Thee.
2. The Holy Babe in manger rude
Was all His birth-night laid ;
Pondering God's words, in thoughtful
mood,
Nigh watched the Mother Maid.

(76)

Sunday after Christmas.

3. But O that wondrous midnight round
What light, what glories throng,
When Man his infant Saviour found,
And heard the angels' song!
4. Sweet anthem, caught from hosts on high,
Dwell thou our hearts within ;
Blest bridal of the earth and sky,
Long separate through sin.
5. Though all unmeet that gladsome hymn
For harps by sin unstrung,
That psalm, by white-robed seraphim
In God's own presence sung,
6. Yet sometimes, when our spirit tires,
By toil and darkness worn,
Lord, make us hear seraphic choirs,
And give a glimpse of morn.
7. If love wax cold, and strife increase,
Chant in our hearts again,
"Glory to God on high, and peace
On earth, good will to men!" Amen.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

70.

D.S.M.

1. A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

(77)

Sunday after Christmas.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

2. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

Sunday after Christmas.

5. A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.
6. 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

H. BONAR.

End of the Year.

71.

Four 7's.

1. For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.
2. Lo, our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice ;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

End of the Year.

3. Dark the future : let Thy light
 Guide us, bright and morning Star :
 Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;
 Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
4. In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of strength, be Thou our stay :
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living Way.
5. Who of us death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread ?
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed.
6. Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own :
 Help, O help us to endure :
 Fit us for the promised crown.
7. So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

HENRY DOWNTON.

72.

C.M.

(PSALM XC.)

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

(80)

End of the Year.

2. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
3. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
4. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
5. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

Beginning of the Year.

73.

D.L.M.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

Beginning of the Year.

2. As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise :
All below is but a dream.
3. Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With Eternity in view :
Bless Thy Word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

74.

D. 8.7.

1. Harp, awake, tell out the story
Of our love and joy and praise ;
Lute, awake, awake our glory ;
Join a thankful song to raise.
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten,

Beginning of the Year.

2. Lo, a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sins defiled ;
Lo, a theme for holiest gladness,
In our Father reconciled.
In the dust we bend before Thee,
Lord of sinless hosts above ;
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
God of mercy, grace, and love.

3. Gracious Saviour, Thou hast lengthened
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began.
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard ;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy Spirit and Thy Word.

4. Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin ;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea ;
But, when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee. Amen.

HENRY DOWNTON,

The Circumcision.

75.

S.M.

1. The year begins with thee ;
 And thou beginn'st with woe,
 To let the world of sinners see
 That blood for sin must flow.
2. Thine infant cries, O Lord,
 Thy tears upon the breast,
 Are not enough ; the legal sword
 Must do its stern behest.
3. Like sacrificial wine
 Poured on a victim's head,
 Are those few precious drops of Thine,
 Now first to offering led.
4. Art thou a child of tears,
 Cradled in care and woe ;
 And seems it hard our vernal years
 Few vernal joys can show ?
5. Look here, and hold thy peace :
 The Giver of all good
 Even from the womb takes no release
 From suffering, tears, and blood.
6. If thou wouldst reap in love,
 First sow in holy fear :
 So life a winter's morn may prove
 To a bright endless year. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

The Epiphany.

76.

II.IO.II.IO.

1. 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.
2. Cold on His cradle the dewdrops 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.
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly de-
votion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings Divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine?
4. 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.

The Epiphany.

5. 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.

BISHOP HEBER.

77.

C.M.

1. Bright was the guiding star that led
With mild benignant ray
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.
2. But lo, a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.
3. O haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
4. O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given.
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in Heaven. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER.

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

78.

D. 7.6.

1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
2. He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth ;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
3. Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

79.

S.M.

1. How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
2. How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

80.

C.M.

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

First Sunday after the Epiphany,

3. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
4. Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew. Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

81.

S.M.

1. Within the Father's house
The Son hath found His home ;
And to His temple suddenly
The Lord of Life hath come.
2. The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.
3. Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the fleshy veil which hides
Incarnate God below.
4. The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

5. Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by Thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace ;
6. Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansèd soul shall burst
The everlasting day ;
7. Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

BISHOP WOODFORD.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

82.

Four 7's.

1. Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star !
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered Nature right.
2. Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shade of death,
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.
3. Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear ;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare ;
Meet Him manifested there.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

4. There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes ;
See Him chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.
5. Sing, ye morning stars, again !
God descends on earth to reign ;
Deigns for man His life to employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

83.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1. 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 !
2. Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light !
3. Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight !

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !

4. Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light ! Amen.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

84.

S.M.

1. Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.
3. Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command ;
And, while we speak, He's near ;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

4. O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
5. Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand ;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

85.

S.M.

1. All praise to Thee, O Lord,
Who by Thy mighty power
Didst manifest Thy glory forth
In Cana's marriage hour.
2. Thou speakest : it is done :
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.
3. Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.
4. And blessèd they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

5. For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the Heavenly Bread.!
6. O may that grace be ours,
In Thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which Thou alone canst give.
7. So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage-supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany. Amen.

H. W. BEADON.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

86.

Six 7's.

1. As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
2. As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom Heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

3. As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
4. Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
5. In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King. Amen.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

87.

L.M.

1. Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thy expected coming waits ;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates ?

(96)

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

2. Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'er cast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.
3. Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy Gospel with success.
4. O come, and reign o'er every land ;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled ;
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.
5. Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear :
The smitten earth already reels ;
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.
6. Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour ;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

Amen.

W. H. BATHURST.

88.

L.M.

1. O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see
The brethren join in love to Thee :
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

2. How sweet within Thy holy place
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer,
3. O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode :
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.
4. The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More weaned from earth, more fixed on
Heaven.
5. Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love :
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

C. COFFIN. *Tr.* J. CHANDLER.

89.

S.M.

1. Fierce raged the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Failed Thy disciples' hearts with fear,
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.
2. But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy Almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

3. So, now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terror fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."
4. When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.
5. And when amid the signs
Which speak Thine advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear ;
6. May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads, and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.
7. All praise to Thee, of old
By sign and wonder known ;
All praise to Thee, to be revealed
Upon the Judgment-throne. Amen.

H. W. BEADON.

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

90.

L.M.

1. Bethlehem, of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare ;
Thou alone the Lord from Heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

(99)

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

2. Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.
3. By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.
4. Solemn things of mystic meaning,
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshews.
5. Holy Jesu, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Praise eterne to Thee be paid. Amen.

PRUDENTIUS. *Tr.* E. CASWALL.

91.

C.M.

1. Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.
2. Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

3. Bid the whole earth, responsive now
 To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
 In memory of Thy love.
4. Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for Thee.
5. Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace Divine ;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
 The palm of victory Thine. Amen.

SIR EDWARD DENNY.

92.

Eight 7's.

1. Jesu, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past :
Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me.

(101)

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

All my hope on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

93.

Four 10's.

1. O Lord of health and life, what tongue
can tell
How at Thy word were loosed the bands
of hell ;
How Thy pure touch removed the leprous
stain,
And the polluted flesh grew clean again ?
2. O wash our hearts, restore the contrite
soul,
Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and make
us whole ;

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

O .bend our stubborn knees to kneel to
Thee ;
Speak but the word, and we once more
are free.

3. Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of Thy
love,
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain
remove ;
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation
bring,
Then sickness hath no pang, and death
no sting.

4. We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of
grace :
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy
Face ;
So, when that Face again unveiled we see,
Sickness and tears and death no more
shall be.

5. Then grant us strength to pray " Thy
kingdom come,"
When we shall know Thee in Thy Father's
home,
And at Thy great Epiphany adore
The co-eternal Godhead evermore. Amen.

G. PHILLIMORE.

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

94.

D. 8.7.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
Thou, new Heaven and earth's Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of Nature,
Pouring light on blinded eyes.

2. Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
Life and joy Thy beams impart :
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
By Thy all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

95.

S.M.

(PSALM LXVII.)

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

(104)

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

2. That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy salvation own.
3. Let differing nations join
 To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious Name.
4. O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

96.

L.M.

1. Eternal Beam of Light Divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
In Whom the Father's glories shine
 Through earth beneath, and Heaven
 above:
2. Jesu, the weary wanderer's Rest,
 Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.

(105)

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

3. Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill :
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
4. Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought be
gone :
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
5. Speak to my warring passions peace ;
Say to my trembling heart, Be still :
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.
6. O Death, where is thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave ?
Who shall contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

97.

S.M.

1. Not by Thy mighty Hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of Thy Word
Thy glory, Lord, is known.
2. Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

3. And still from age to age
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The Bearer-forth of goodly seed,
The Sower still unseen.
4. And Thou wilt come again,
And' Heaven beneath Thee bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and Reaper Thou.
5. Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,
With Thine unsleeping eye ;
The children of the kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany ;
6. That, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
We may be gathered in Thy barn
With all Thy saints to Thee.
7. All praise to Thee, O Lord,
Now by Thy word made known,
All praise to Thee, to be revealed
Upon the Judgment-throne. Amen.

BISHOP WOODFORD.

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

98.

Eight 7's.

1. Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the Sages from afar ;

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

2. Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme ;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest ;
Manifest in power Divine
Changing water into wine ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.
3. Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the Devil's might ;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.
4. Sun and Moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee,
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign :
All will then the trumpet hear ;
All will see the Judge appear ;
Thou by all wilt be confest,
God in Man made manifest.

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

5. Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH.

99. 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.8.

1. Where shall we find the Lord?
Where seek His face adored?
Is it apart from men,
In deep sequestered den,
By Jordan's desert flood,
Or mountain solitude,
Or lonely mystic shrine,
That Heaven reveals the Life Divine?
2. Where shall we trace the Lord?
'Twas at the festal board,
Amidst the innocent mirth
And hallowed joys of earth,
Close neighbour, side by side,
With bridegroom and with bride,
Whilst flowed the cheering wine,
That first appeared the Life Divine.

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

3. What was the blest abode,
Where dwelt the Son of God?
Beside the busy shore,
Where thousands pressed the door,
Where town with hamlet vied,
Where eager traffic plied;
There with His calm design
Was wrought and taught the Life Divine.
4. What were the souls He sought?
What moved His inmost thought?
The friendless and the poor,
The woes none else could cure,
The grateful sinner's cry,
The heathen's Heavenward sigh—
Each in their lot and line
Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.
5. Where did He rest the while
His most benignant smile?
The little children's charms,
That nestled in His arms.
The flowers that round Him grew,
The birds that o'er Him flew,
Were nature's sacred sign
To breathe the spell of Life Divine.
6. Where shall the Lord repose,
When pressed by fears and foes?
Amidst the friends He loves,
In Bethany's dear groves,

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

Or at the parting feast,
Where yearning host and guest
In converse sweet recline,
Is closed in peace the Life Divine.

7. O Thou Who once didst come
In holy happy home,
Teaching and doing good,
To bless our daily food ;
Compassionating mind,
That grasped all human kind,
Even now amongst us shine,
True glory of the Life Divine. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

100.

C.M.

1. O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely shed for me ;
2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;
3. A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;

(III)

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine !
5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

IOI.

S.M.

1. The Son of Man shall come
With angel-hosts around,
'Mid darkening sun and falling stars,
And trumpet's startling sound.
2. Awake, ye slumbering souls,
It is not time for rest ;
He comes, as comes the lightning flash,
Shining from east to west.
3. Thy servants, Lord, prepare
For that tremendous day ;
Fill every heart with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
4. Help us to wait the hour,
In toil and holy fear,
When manifested with Thy saints,
Thou shalt again appear.

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

5. Then, when the wailing earth
Thy sign in heaven shall see,
Thou shalt send forth Thy angel-band
To gather us to Thee.
6. All praise to Thee, of old
By signs and wonders known,
All praise to Thee, to be revealed
Upon the Judgment-throne. Amen.

H. W. BEADON.

Septuagesima Sunday.

I 02.

D.L.M.

(PSALM XIX.)

1. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

(113)

I

Septuagesima Sunday.

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

103.

C.M.

1. There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
2. The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.
3. The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

(114)

Septuagesima Sunday.

4. The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.
5. One Name, above all glorious Names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims
Echoing angelic songs.
6. The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
7. Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
8. Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

. IO4.

L.M.

1. O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

(115)

Septuagesima Sunday.

2. Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
3. If in this darksome wild 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.
4. When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
5. Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy Hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.
6. 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.

From the German. Tr. JOHN WESLEY.

105.

D. 8.7.

1. Lord, give me light to do Thy work;
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light, by which these eyes
The way of work can see.

(116)

Septuagesima Sunday.

In plainest things I daily err,
When walking in the light
The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.

2. In word, and plan, and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work ;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.
The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown ;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.
3. Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way ;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
All prone to go astray,
O send me light to do Thy work ;
More light, more wisdom give :
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.
4. So shall success be mine, in spite
Of feebleness in me ;
Beyond all disappointment then
And failure I shall be.
The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord ;
It is Thy race we run ;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done. Amen.

Sevagesima Sunday.

106.

D. 8.8.6.

1. O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee :
 If we from self could rest ;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best !
2. Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer ;
Sure that the Father, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.
3. We cannot trust Him as we should,
So chafes weak Nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
Yet birds and flowers around us preach ;
All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.
4. Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lesson learn from birds and flowers :
 Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

(118)

Sexagesima Sunday.

107.

C.M.

(PSALM XLII.)

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.
2. For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
O, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine ?
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.
4. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

108.

S.M.

(PSALM XXXVII.)

1. Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and Heaven commands.

(119)

Sevagesima Sunday.

2. Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
3. Thou on the Lord rely ;
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
4. Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
5. Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
6. Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
7. Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Sexagesima Sunday.

8. Thou seest our weakness, Lord :
Our hearts are known to Thee :
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.
9. Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care. Amen.
- PAUL GERHARDT. *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY.

109.

C.M.

1. Almighty God, Thy Word is cast
Like seed upon the ground :
O may it grow in humble hearts,
And righteous fruits abound.
2. 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.
3. Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But may it in converted minds
Produce the fruits of joy.

Sexagesima Sunday.

4. Let not Thy Word so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne
Return to Thee, and sadly tell
That we reject Thy Son.
5. 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.

JOHN CAWOOD.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

IIO.

D. 8.7.

1. Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of Heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded Love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.
2. Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more, Thy temples leave.

(122)

Quinquagesima Sunday.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

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

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

III.

Four 7's.

1. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
2. Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong :
Therefore give us love.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

3. Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day:
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us love.
4. Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight:
Love in Heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore give us love.
5. Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.
6. From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH.

112.

L.M.

1. O Lord, how little do we know,
How little of Thy presence feel,
While we continue here below,
And in these earthly houses dwell!
2. When will these veils of flesh remove,
And not eclipse our sight of God?
When wilt Thou take us up above,
To see Thy face without a cloud?

Quinquagesima Sunday.

3. Show Thy omnipotence to save :
The characters of sin efface :
Thine image on our hearts engrave,
And let us feel Thy sweet embrace.
4. Dart in our hearts a heavenly ray,
A ray which still may shine more bright,
Increasing to the perfect day,
Till we awake in endless light.
5. Then shall each star become a sun,
Filled with a lustre all Divine ;
Each shall possess a radiant crown,
And to eternal ages shine. Amen.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

III.

L.M.

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. 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.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

4. Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
5. 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.
6. 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.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

Asb Wednesday.

II4.

D.C.M.

1. O Lord, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry :
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin :
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

(126)

Ash Wednesday.

2. We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell ;
What we have done and what we are,
Thou knowest very well ;
Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

3. And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know before we speak
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we seek ;
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O; let Thy mercy come. Amen.

JOHN MARCKANT.
Varied by BISHOP HEBER.

115.

8.8.8.6.

1. Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

(127)

Asb Wednesday.

2. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.
3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
5. Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down),
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.
6. Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height
to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

First Sunday in Lent.

116.

Three 7's.

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

(128)

First Sunday in Lent.

2. Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.
3. Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
4. By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
5. By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
6. Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.
7. On Thy love we rest alone,
As that love shall then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

Amen.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

117.

S.M.

(PSALM CXXX.)

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

(129)

K

First Sunday in Lent.

2. My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
3. My longing eyes look out
For Thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
4. Let Israel trust in God ;
No bounds His mercy knows,
The plenteous source and spring from
whence
Eternal succour flows :
5. Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

118.

C.M.

1. O help us, Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
2. O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

(130)

First Sunday in Lent.

3. O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
4. O help us, Jesus, from on high :
We know no help but Thee :
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in Heaven to be. Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

119.

7-7-7-4.

1. Christian, seek not yet repose ;
Cast thy dreams of ease away ;
Thou art in the midst of foes :
Watch and pray.
2. Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day ;
Near thee lurks the evil one :
Watch and pray.
3. Hear the warriors who o'ercame,
Marching on their heavenward way,
Still with warning voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.
4. First and chiefest, hear the Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His word :
Watch and pray.

(131)

First Sunday in Lent.

5. Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, and all thy weakness own :
Watch and pray. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Second Sunday in Lent.

I20.

C.M.

1. Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
2. His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
3. Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.
4. Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

Second Sunday in Lent.

5. As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the Spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground ;
6. So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night. Amen.

JOHN MORRISON.

I2I.

S.M.

(PSALM LI.)

1. Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind,
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
2. Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt hath been.
3. Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

(133)

Second Sunday in Lent.

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

TATE and BRADY.

I22.

C.M.

1. O Thou from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows; conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
2. When on my fearful, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart :
In love remember me.
3. When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day :
Good Lord, remember me.
4. If on my face, for Thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
5. When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
"Saviour," with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me."

Second Sunday in Lent.

6. And when before Thy throne I stand,
And lift my eyes to Thee,
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
Receive and pardon me. Amen:

THOMAS HAWEIS.

I23.

Six 8's.

1. When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
3. If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

(135)

Second Sunday in Lent.

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

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Third Sunday in Lent.

124.

7.7.7.5.

1. Lord of mercy and of might,
Of Mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite,
Jesus, hear and save !
2. Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave Creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save !
3. Mighty Monarch, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save !
4. Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save !

(136)

Third Sunday in Lent.

5. Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us when we cry.

Jesus, hear and save! Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

125.

Four 10's.

1. Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me
"Come."
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne
appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to
draw me near.
3. The while I fain would tread the heavenly
way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings
fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed
from all."

(137)

Third Sunday in Lent.

4. It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw
me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the
throne.
5. 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly
wild,
And made me heir of Heaven, the Father's
child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may
live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will
give.
6. O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious
dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
7. Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous
Lord ;
Thine all the merits, mine the great
reward ;
Thine the sharp thorn, and mine the
golden crown ;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life
laid down.

Third Sunday in Lent.

8. Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all
I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.
Amen.
S. J. STONE.

126.

Eight 7's. 6.

1. Lord, have mercy when we strive
To save through Thee our souls alive ;
When the pampered flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
O then have mercy, Lord.
2. Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill ;
When all other hope is gone.
When our course is almost done ;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,
O then have mercy, Lord.

Third Sunday in Lent.

3. Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant Heaven.
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell,
O then have mercy, Lord. Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

127.

8.8.8.6.

1. O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.
2. When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
3. When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

(140)

Third Sunday in Lent.

4. When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.
5. And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in Heaven for me.
6. When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away ;
O say, Thou plead'st for me. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

128.

C.M.

1. Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
2. Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

(141)

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

3. When we disclose our wants in prayer
 May we our wills resign,
 And not a thought our bosoms share
 Which is not wholly Thine.
4. Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And lift it to the skies;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 Which grants it or denies.
5. When our united voices strive
 Their cheerful hymns to raise,
 Let love Divine within us live,
 And lift our souls in praise.
6. Then on Thy glories while we dwell,
 Thy mercies we'll review,
 Till love divine transported tell
 Thou, God, art Father too. Amen.

J. D. CARLYLE.

129.

Three 7's.

1. Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;
 Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
 Heal me, and my pardon seal.
2. Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
 Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
 And in mercy send me aid.

(142)

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

3. Thou the true Physician art ;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.
4. Other comforters are gone :
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.
5. Heal me then, my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel :
To Thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

GODFREY THRING.

I 30.

L.M.

1. How shall a contrite spirit pray,
A broken heart its grief make known,
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest ? Through Christ
alone.
2. Father, in Him we claim our part,
For Thy Son's sake accept us now,
In Him well pleased Thou always art,
Well pleased with us through Him be
Thou.
3. O look on Thine Anointed One ;
Thy gift in Him is all our plea ;
Our righteousness,—what He hath done ;
Our prayer,—His prayer for us to Thee.

(143)

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

4. So while He intercedes above,
On His dear Name may we believe,
And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost souls receive. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

131. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Jesu, Lord, we kneel before Thee,
Bend from Heaven Thy gracious ear ;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
2. From the depths of Nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
3. When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our time of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

(144)

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

4. When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
5. In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.
6. In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgment-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our rock and stay :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

J. J. CUMMINS.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

I32.

L.M.

1. "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If Thou wouldst My disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me."

(145)

L

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm :
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine
arm.
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
4. Take up the cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And give thee victory o'er the grave.
5. Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to win and wear the crown.

Amen.

C. W. EVEREST.

I33.

Six 7's.

1. Son of Man, to Thee we cry ;
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

(146)

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

2. Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be.
3. Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power to help and save,
Lord, Thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be.
4. Lord of Glory, God most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill ;
Help us to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee. Amen.

BISHOP MANT.

134.

C.M.

1. Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for Heaven.

(147)

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

2. Help us through good report and ill
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
3. Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
4. If joy should at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"
5. Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to Heaven. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

I35.

Six 7's.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

(148)

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

2. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

Palm Sunday.

136.

7.6.7.6.

1. All glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King ;
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.
2. Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

(149)

Palm Sunday.

3. The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
4. The children of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
5. To Thee, before Thy Passion,
They raised their hymns of praise ;
To Thee, now throned in glory,
Our melody we raise.
6. Thou didst accept their praises :
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
7. Receive, instead of palm-boughs,
Our victory o'er the foe ;
That in the Conqueror's triumph
This strain may ever flow :
8. All glory, laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer, King ;
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring. Amen.

ST. THEODULPH OF ORLEANS.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

(150)

Palm Sunday.

137.

8.8.8.8.II.

1. Hosanna to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !
2. " Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry,
" Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply :
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !
3. O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !
4. But chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !
5. So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest !

Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

Palm Sunday.

138.

C.M.

1. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.
2. O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
3. O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail;
4. And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.
5. O generous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for Man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For Man should undergo;
6. And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

(152)

Palm Sunday.

7. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I39.

L.M.

1. Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments
strowed.
2. Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
3. Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.
4. Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own Anointed Son.

Palm Sunday.

5. Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.
Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

Monday before Easter.

140.

Eight 7's.

1. Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for Man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!
2. By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn, a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

(154)

Monday before Easter.

3. By Thine hour of dire despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

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

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Tuesday before Easter.

I41.

C.M.

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

(155)

Tuesday before Easter.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. 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.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
6. Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a Blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me :
7. 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other Name but Thine. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Wednesday before Easter.

142.

C.M.

1. When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a piercèd Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.
2. When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
3. When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.
4. 'Tis Jesu's Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief,
His Heart that's touched with all our
joys
And feels for all our griefs.
5. Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded Side. Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

(157)

Thursday before Easter.

143.

Eight 7's.

1. When the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread—
“ This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me.”
2. Years have past: in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rock'd by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
“ Drink and eat; remember Me.”
3. When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismay'd, opprest ;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deep'ning gloom ;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, “ Remember Me.”

Thursday before Easter.

4. When, thro' all the scenes of life,
Hearths of peace and fields of strife,
Friends or'foes together meet,
Now to part and now to greet,
Let those holy tokens tell
Of that sweet and sad farewell,
And, in mingled grief or glee,
Whisper still, "Remember Me."
5. When diverging creeds shall learn
Towards their central Source to turn ;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire ;
Here let strife and clamour cease
At that still, small voice of peace—
" May they all united be
In the Father and in Me."
6. When, as rolls the sacred year,
Each fresh note of love we hear ;
When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,
Full of grace Divine we scan ;
When the mournful Way we tread,
Where for us His Blood He shed ;
When on Easter morn we tell
How He conquered Death and Hell ;
When we watch His Spirit true
Heaven and earth transform anew ;
Then with quicken'd sense we see
Why He said " Remember Me."

Thursday before Easter.

7. When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light ;
Then, O Friend of humankind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free ;
Thus may we remember Thee. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

Good Friday.

144.

Six 7's.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn from Him to watch and pray.
2. Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
See Him meekly bearing all ;
Love to Man His soul sustained :
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn from Him to bear the cross.

(160)

Good Friday.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete ;
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Learn from Jesus Christ to die.
4. Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen, He seeks the skies :
Saviour, teach us so to rise. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I45.

L.M.

1. 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.
2. 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.
3. 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 ?

Good Friday.

4. Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

146.

Ten 7's.

1. Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb;
By the flesh with scourges torn;
By the crown of twisted thorn;
By the side so deeply pierced;
By the baffled, burning thirst;
By the drooping, death-dewed Brow:
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
2. Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
Earth that trembles at His doom,
Yonder saints who burst their tomb;
Eden, promised ere He died
To the felon at His side;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow:
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

(162)

Good Friday.

3. Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Sad and dying, Who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep,
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified, we know Thee now :
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !
4. Bound upon the accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
Lord ! they know not what they do !
By the spoiled and empty grave ;
By the souls He died to save ;
By the conquest He hath won ;
By the saints before His throne ;
By the rainbow round His Brow ;
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

I47. 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.8.

1. Where shall we learn to die ?
Go, gaze with steadfast eye
On dark Gethsemane,
Or darker Calvary,

(163)

Good Friday.

Where, thro' each lingering hour,
The Lord of grace and power,
Most lowly and most High,
Has taught the Christian how to die.

2. When in the olive shade,
His long last prayer He prayed ;
When on the Cross to Heaven
His parting spirit was given,
He showed that to fulfil
The Father's gracious will,
Not asking how or why,
Alone prepares the soul to die.
3. No word of angry strife,
No anxious cry for life ;
By scoff and torture torn
He speaks not scorn for scorn ;
Calmly forgiving those
Who deem themselves His foes,
In silent majesty
He points the way at peace to die.
4. Delighting to the last
In memories of the past ;
Glad at the parting meal
In lowly tasks to kneel ;
Still yearning to the end
For mother and for friend ;
His great humility
Loves in such acts of love to die.

Good Friday.

5. Beyond His depth of woes
A wider thought arose,
Along His path of gloom
Thought for His country's doom,
Athwart all pain and grief,
Thought for the contrite thief:
The far-stretched sympathy
Lives on when all beside shall die.
6. Bereft, but not alone,
The world is still His own;
The realm of deathless truth
Still breathes immortal youth;
Sure, though in shudd'ring dread,
That all is finished,
With purpose fixed and high
The Friend of all Mankind must die.
7. O by those weary hours
Of slowly ebbing powers,
By those deep lessons heard
In each expiring word;
By that unfailing love
Lifting the soul above,
When our last end is nigh,
So teach us, Lord, with Thee to die.

Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

Easter Even.

148.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1. All is o'er: the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts, and fiendish spite:
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night.
Yet once more, His own to save,
Christ must sleep within the grave.
2. Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him;
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.
3. Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
When the bitter Cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.
4. So this night, with voice of sadness,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
Death and Hell at length are slain;
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.

Amen.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

(166)

Easter.

I49.

Four 7's.

1. Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah !
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah !
Who did once upon the Cross Hallelujah !
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah !
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah !
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Hallelujah !
Who endured the Cross and grave
Hallelujah !
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah !
3. But the pain which He endured
Hallelujah !
Our salvation has procured : Hallelujah !
Now above the sky He's King,
Hallelujah !
Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah !
Amen.

ANON.

I50.

Four 7's.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high :
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

(167)

Easter.

2. Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo, He sets in blood no more !
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
4. Lives again our glorious King :
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died, our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, O Grave ?
5. Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
6. Hail the Lord of earth and Heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now.
Hail, the Resurrection Thou ! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

151.

C.M.

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

(168)

Easter.

2. But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,
Shines more divinely bright ;
O sing we then His power to save,
And walk we in His light.
3. When from the swaddling bands of shade,
Sprang forth the world so fair,
In robes of brilliancy arrayed,
O what a Power was there.
4. When He, Who gave His guiltless Son
A guilty world to spare,
Restored to life the Holy One,
O what a Love was there.
5. When forth from its Creator's hand
The earth in beauty stood,
All decked with light at His command,
He saw, and called it good.
6. But still more lovely in His sight,
The earth still fairer stood,
When the Holy Lamb had washed it white
In His atoning Blood.
7. Still, as the morning rays return,
To pious souls 'tis given
In fancy's mirror to discern
The radiant domes of Heaven.
8. But now that our eternal Sun
Hath shed His beams abroad,
In Him we see the Holy One,
And mount at once to God.

Easter.

9. O holy, blessed Three in One,
May Thy pure light be given,
That we the paths of death may shun,
And keep the road to Heaven. Amen.

JOHN CHANDLER.

152.

C.M.

1. There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea, ✓
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;

(170)

Easter.

6. 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. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

153.

Eight 7's.

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd Side ;
Praise we Him, Whose love Divine
Gives His sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.
2. Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.
3. Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light ;

Easter.

Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthal ;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And Thy saints in Thee shall rise.

4. Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Only sin can this destroy ;
From the death of sin set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise ;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

ANON. (*Latin, 6th Cent.*) Tr. R. CAMPBELL.

154.

C.M.

1. All hail the power of Jesu's Name :
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.
2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
3. Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saved you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Easter.

4. Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.
5. Let every tribe and every tongue
Before Him prostrate fall,
And hail in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all. Amen.

E. PERRONET.

155.

D. 8.7.

1. Sing, with all the sons of glory,
Sing the Resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the "former days" belong;
Even now the dawn is breaking,
Soon the night of time shall cease,
And, in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace.
2. O what glory, far exceeding,
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

Easter.

3. "Life eternal"! Heaven rejoices,
Jesus lives, Who once was dead;
Join, O Man, the deathless voices,
Child of God, lift up thy head.
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for this Heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, sages,
All await the glory given.
4. "Life eternal"! O what wonders
Crowd on faith: what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know with Thee, O God Immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent"!

Amen.

W. J. IRONS.

I56.

Six 8's.

- I. We sing His love, Who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might
have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

(174)

Easter.

2. The saints, who now with Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away :
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

3. How loud shall our glad voices sing
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust, and risen clay
To realms of everlasting day !
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

4. When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
When landed on that heavenly shore
Death and the curse will be no more :
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

5. Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality. Amen.

ROWLAND HILL.

First Sunday after Easter.

157.

D. 7.6.

1. The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate ;
The Judge Who comes in mercy,
The Judge Who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2. Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

3. O home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn ;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around.

First Sunday after Easter.

4. O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distress.
Strive, Man, to win that glory;
Toil, Man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.
5. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect;
O sweet and blessed 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.
BERNARD OF CLUGNY. *Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

158.

7.8.7.8.4.

1. Jesus lives!—thy terrors now
Can, O Death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives!—by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah.
(177) N

First Sunday after Easter.

2. Jesus lives!—to Him the throne
High o'er Heaven and earth is given ;
We may go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in Heaven.
Hallelujah.
 3. Jesus lives!—for us He died ;
Hence may we, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to Him and glory giving.
Hallelujah.
 4. Jesus lives!—our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part us now from Christ for ever.
Hallelujah.
 5. Jesus lives!—henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah. Amen.
- C. F. GELLERT. *Tr.* FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.

I59.

C.M.

(PSALM LXXXIV.)

1. O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of Thy face!

(178)

First Sunday after Easter.

2. My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode,
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God.
3. O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display.
4. Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee
Their sure protection made ;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to Thy dwelling lead.
5. They shall proceed from strength to
strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's holy mount
Before their God appear. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

160. D. 8.7. or Four 15's.

1. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! hearts to Heaven
and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to
God a hymn of praise ;
He Who on the Cross a Victim for the
world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is
risen from the dead.

(179)

Second Sunday after Easter.

3. And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown ;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope ;
4. But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
And none shall there be jealous ;
And none shall there contend :
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I ?—
All ill, all ill shall end.
5. The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
Then God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
6. O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect ;
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect !

Second Sunday after Easter.

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

BERNARD OF CLUGNY. *Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

162.

Eight 6's.

1. There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.
2. There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.
3. O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side ;

(183)

Second Sunday after Easter.

To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4. Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

163.

C.M.

1. Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
2. Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng ;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church-triumphant song.
3. Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

(184)

Second Sunday after Easter.

4. Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save ;
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O Grave ?
5. Then, Hallelujah ! power and praise
To God, in Christ, be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in Heaven. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

164.

L.M.

1. Jesus, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep,
The flock for which Thou cam'st from
Heaven,
The flock for which Thy life was given.
2. Thou saw'st them wandering far from
Thee
Secure, as if from danger free ;
Thy love did all their wanderings trace
And brought them to a wealthy place.
3. O guard Thy sheep from beasts of prey,
And guide them that they never stray :
Cherish the young, sustain the old,
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

(185)

Second Sunday after Easter.

4. Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream :
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a Shepherd's eye.
5. O may Thy sheep discern Thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but Thee !
6. Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete ;
Then let Thy flock from earth remove
And occupy the fields above. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

Third Sunday after Easter.

165.

D. 7.6.

1. For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep,
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

(186)

Third Sunday after Easter.

2. O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The Lamb is all thy splendour ;
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3. With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

4. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Third Sunday after Easter.

5. 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.

BERNARD OF CLUGNY. *Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

166.

D.S.M.

1. "For ever with the Lord !"
Amen ; so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

(188)

Third Sunday after Easter.

3. "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.
4. So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!" Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

167. 4.10.10.10.4.

1. Come, labour on!
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden
grain?
And to each servant does the Master say,
"Go work to-day."

(189)

Third Sunday after Easter,

2. Come, labour on !
Claim the high calling angels cannot
 share,
To young and old the Gospel-gladness
 bear ;
Redeem the time ; its hours too swiftly fly,
 The night draws nigh.
3. Come, labour on !
The enemy is watching night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away ;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
 He slumbered not.
4. Come, labour on !
Away with gloomy doubts and faithless
 fear !
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.
5. Come, labour on !
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway
 lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting
 sun,
 " Servants, well done."

Third Sunday after Easter.

6. Come, labour on !
The toil is pleasant, and the harvest sure,
Blessèd are those who to the end endure:
How full their joy, how deep their rest
shall be,
O Lord, with Thee. Amen.

H. L. L.

168.

D. 8.7.

1. Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
2. Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and Death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all Creation,
Laud and magnify His Name. Amen.

J. KEMPTHORNE.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

169.

D. 7.6.

1. Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2. 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.

3. 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.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

4. 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.

BERNARD OF CLUGNY. *Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

170.

L.M.

1. O God, Thy grace and blessing give
To us who on Thy Name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.
2. Teach us to know that Jesus died
And rose again, our souls to save ;
Teach us to take Him as our Guide,
Our Help from childhood to the grave.
3. Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for His appointed hour ;
And fit us by His grace to share
The triumphs of His conquering power.

(193)

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Fourth Sunday after Easter.

4. Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest ;
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.
5. And when the awful signs appear
Of Judgment, and the throne above,
Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear ;
God is our trust, and God is Love.
6. To Thee, O God, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend ;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.
Amen.

ANON.

I71.

C.M.

1. Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
2. Fair distant land ; could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
3. There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains :
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

4. No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
5. There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.
6. The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.
7. O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !
8. Prepare us, Lord, by grace Divine,
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky. Amen.

ANNE STEELE.

I72.

S.M.

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

(195)

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

2. Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou Heavenly Paraclete ;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
3. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
4. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's Blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
5. Show us that loving Man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God,
The Eternal Prince of Peace.
6. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.
7. Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

JOSEPH HART.

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

I73.

6.6.8.6.4.7.

1. From Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
2. There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er ;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
3. There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriads sing ;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God.
4. We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah !
We are on our way to God. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

(197)

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

174.

Four 7's.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
3. Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
4. And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
5. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
6. Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(198)

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

175.

L.M.

1. Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.
2. Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.
3. Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore,
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
4. Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none
remove;
There neither life nor death will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

176.

C.M.

1. Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

(199)

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

2. Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee ;
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.
3. The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.
4. Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.
5. So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee, in Thy new Heaven and earth,
We never may forego. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

Rogation Days.

I77.

D.C.M.

1. O Throned, O Crowned with all renown,
Since Thou the earth hast trod,
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down
Henceforth the gifts of God.
By Thee the suns of space, that burn
Unspent, their watches hold ;
The hosts that turn, and still return,
Are swayed, and poised, and rolled.

Rogation Days.

2. The powers of earth, for all her ills,
An endless treasure yield,
The precious things of the ancient hills,
Forest, and fruitful field.
Thine is the health, and Thine the wealth
That in our halls abound ;
And Thine the beauty and the joy
With which the years are crowned.
3. And as, when ebb'd the Flood, our sires
Kneel'd on the mountain sod ;
While o'er the new world's altar-fires
Shone out the bow of God ;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
Word that shall aye avail ;
“ Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seed-time nor harvest fail ; ”
4. Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given :
All fostering power, all influence sweet,
Breathe from the bounteous heaven.
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth, with timely birth,
May yield her fruits again ;
5. That we may feed Thy poor aright,
And, gathering round Thy throne,
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
Repay Thee of Thine own.

Rogation Days.

For so our sires in olden time
Spared neither gold nor gear,
Nor precious wood, nor hewen stone,
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

6. For there, to give the second birth
In mysteries and signs,
The Face of Christ o'er all the earth
On kneeling myriads shines.
And if so fair beyond compare
Thine earthly houses be,
In how great grace shall we Thy Face
In Thine own palace see! Amen.

ARCHBISHOP E. W. BENSON.

178.

L.M.

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.
2. Thanks for the flowers that clothe the
ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Rogation Days.

3. Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that holds Thy Spirit's might.
4. So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to Heaven.
Amen.

BISHOP COTTON.

I79.

L.M.

1. Yes, God is good ; in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all, and God is good."
2. The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.
3. The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed ;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whisper, "God is good."

(203)

Rogation Days.

4. We hear it in the rushing breeze ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, " God is good."
5. Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued ;
And Man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.
6. For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord ;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening
word :
These prompt our song that God is
good. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

Ascension Day.

180.

C.M.

(PSALM XXIV.)

1. Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory : see, He comes
With His celestial train.
2. Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord for strength renowned ;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal victor crowned.

Ascension Day.

3. Lift up your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory : see, He comes
With all His shining train.
4. Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord of Hosts renowned ;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.
5. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be,
Who was, and is, and shall be still
To all eternity. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

181.

Four 7's.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest Heaven.
2. There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Christ has vanquished death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.
3. Lo, the Heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still he calls mankind His own.

Ascension Day.

4. O, though parted from our sight,
Far above the azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.
5. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.
6. There we shall with Thee remain
Partners of Thy endless reign,
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in Thee.
Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

182.

D. 8.7. or
Four 15's.

1. See the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot, to His
heavenly palace gate ;
Hark, the choirs of angel-voices joyful
Hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive
their Heavenly King.

(206)

Ascension Day.

2. Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory ;
He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

3. While He raised His Hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends :
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends ;
He Who walked with God and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,
Christ, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

4. Now our Heavenly Aaron enters with His Blood within the veil ;
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail ;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place ;
Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

Ascension Day.

5. Thou hast raised our human nature on
the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places, there
with Thee in glory stand ;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels ; Man
with God is on the throne ;
Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by
faith behold our own.

PART II.

1. Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams
upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to
see beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory standing
is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr-army, succour-
ing His faithful band.
2. See Him Who is gone before us, heavenly
mansions to prepare,
See Him Who is ever pleading for us
with prevailing prayer ;
See Him Who with sound of trumpet,
and with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to Judgment, on
the clouds will come again.

Ascension Day.

3. Raise us up from earth to Heaven ; give
us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to
realms above ;
That with hearts and minds uplifted we
with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory in His
heavenly citadel.
4. So, at last, when He appeareth, we from
out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
flocking round our Heavenly King,
Caught up in the clouds of heaven, and
may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and
may reign for ever there.

DOXOLOGY AT THE END OF EITHER PART.

Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to
God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us, Who the
Heavenly realm has won ;
Glory to the Holy Spirit ; to One God in
Persons Three
Glory both in earth and Heaven, glory,
endless glory, be ! Amen.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

183.

C.M.

1. The eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are open wide ;
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.
2. Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy Face.
3. And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies ;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.
4. Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That, while we linger yet below,
Our treasure be in Heaven :
5. That, where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be :
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee. Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

184.

L.M.

1. O Christ, Who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.
2. Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward :
How transient is our present pain !
How boundless our eternal gain !
3. With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art ;
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.
4. Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The Guide to bring our souls to Thee.
5. O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy Name be hallowed and adored :
To God the Father, King of Heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.

Amen.

J. B. DE SANTEÜIL. Tr. J. CHANDLER.

(211)

Sunday after Ascension Day.

185.

D.S.M.

1. Thou art gone up on high,
 To mansions in the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise ;
But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care opprest :
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest.
2. Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto Thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.
3. Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
O, by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

EMMA TOKE.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

186.

Eight 7's.

1. He is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight ;
Through the veils of Time and Space,
Passed into the Holiest Place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2. He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn ;
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout His coming feet ;
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore ;
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's hill again rejoice.

3. He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain ;
In the void which He has left,
On this earth of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue ;
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

4. He is gone—we heard Him say,
“ Good that I should go away.”
Gone is that dear Form and Face,
But not gone His present grace ;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be :
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

5. He is gone—towards their goal,
World and Church must onwards roll :
Far behind we leave the past ;
Forwards are our glances cast :
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change :
Wheresoe'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

6. He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before ;
In the Heaven of Heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us will He prepare :
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

7. He is gone—but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again ;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

Whitsuntide.

187.

L.M.

1. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
2. Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
3. Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

(215)

Wabitsuntide.

4. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

ANON. (*Latin, 11th Cent.*) *Tr.* BISHOP COSIN.

I88.

L.M.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
2. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
3. Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.
4. Lead us to God, our final Rest,
To be with Him for ever blest ;
Lead us to Heaven, its bliss to share,
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.

Adapted from SIMON BROWNE.

Wabitsuntide.

189.

D. 8.8.6.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.
2. O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
O Thou, our sweet repose,
Our resting-place from life's long care,
Our shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our solace in all woes.
3. O Light Divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly :
Without Thy pure Divinity,
Nothing in all humanity,
Nothing is strong or holy.
4. Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruised reed,
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that guidance need.

Whitsuntide.

5. Give to the good, who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
Thy sevenfold power and love :
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
Give endless peace above. Amen.

From the Latin (11th Cent.) Tr. A. P. STANLEY.

190.

C.M.

1. When God of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.
2. So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.
3. But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.
4. And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

Whitsuntide.

5. It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.
6. Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and
Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

191.

8.6.8.4.

1. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.
2. He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
3. And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

(219)

Whitsuntide.

4. And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see :
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee. Amen.

HARRIET AUBER.

192.

L.M.

1. Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above ;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.
2. In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung,
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
3. Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside ;
Still let Mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen.

ANON.

Whitsuntide.

193.

L.M.

1. Spirit of God, that moved of old
 Upon the waters' darkened face,
 Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
 And stir them with an inward grace.
2. Thou, that art Power and Peace combined,
 All highest Strength, all purest Love,
 The rushing of the mighty wind,
 The brooding of the gentle dove.
3. O give us still Thy powerful aid,
 And urge us on, and keep us Thine ;
 Nor leave the hearts that once were made
 Fit temples for Thy grace Divine.
4. Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light :
 But still with softest breathings stir
 Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
 O Holy Ghost, our Comforter. Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

194.

Eight 7's.

1. Spirit unseen, our spirit's home,
 Wheresoe'er o'er earth we roam,
 Lost in depths of trackless wood,
 Tost on ocean's desert flood,

(221)

Whitsuntide.

By the Old World's sacred haunts,
Or the New World's soaring wants,
Peopled isle, or coral shoal,
We through Thee are one in soul.

2. Spirit of forgiving Love,
Come and shelter from above
Those who claim Thee as their own,
Or who follow Thee unknown ;
Come and fill with second life
Minds distraught with doubt and strife ;
Conquering with Thy bloodless sword
Be the conquer'd's great reward.
3. Come, and through the languid thought
Of the burden'd soul o'erwrought,
Send, as on a gale of balm,
Whisperings sweet of gentlest calm ;
Come, as with a whirlwind's might,
When our pride is at its height,
Lay its surging billows low,
That the world her God may know.
4. Love Divine, all love excelling,
Quell the passions' angry swelling ;
Lend us thoughts which shall abide
That last day when all is tried ;
Nourish with the grace of Heaven
All good gifts to mortals given,
As the sunshine seeks to feed
Brightest flower in dullest seed.

Ubitsuntide.

5. Yea ; the flower would fade and perish,
Were there no kind warmth to cherish,
Never would its petals rise,
Clothed with their refulgent dyes,
Had no genial light been near,
Turning from its loftier sphere,
With unwearied care to nurse
Highest good 'mid darkest curse.
6. Led by Thee, the poor man's eye
Looks towards his home on high,
As he thinks with joy of One
Deem'd like him a poor man's son :
Touch'd by Thee, the rich man's store
From his open hand shall pour,
Lightened by the loving look
And the silent self-rebuke.
7. Breathe the speaking speechless grace
Of the infant's smiling face ;
Pass with swift unbidden rush
Through the maiden's crimson blush ;
Bless the solitary heart
Dwelling with its God apart ;
Consecrate to things above
Happy home and wedded love.
8. When the pulse of youth beats high,
Be Thy still small warning nigh ;
When for great resolves we yearn,
Towards the Cross our manhood turn ;

Whitsuntide.

When our locks grow scant and hoary,
Light them with Thy crown of glory :
When at last we come to die,
Sparkle in the vacant eye,
Hope of Immortality. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

Trinity Sunday.

195.

P.M.

1. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall
rise to Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !
2. Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down
before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore
shall be !
3. Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness
hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy
glory may not see ;
Only thou art holy, there is none beside
Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

(224)

Trinity Sunday.

4. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in
earth and sky and sea :
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !
Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

196.

L.M.

1. Father of Heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pardoning love extend !
2. Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend !
3. Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quickening power extend !
4. Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend ! Amen.

EDWARD COOPER.

Trinity Sunday.

197.

D. 8.7.

1. Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated,
Each to each the alternate hymn :
 “ Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.”
2. Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
“ Holy, Holy, Holy,” singing,
 “ Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High.”
 “ Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.”
3. With His Seraph-train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
 “ Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.”

Amen.

BISHOP MANT.

Trinity Sunday.

198.

7.7.7.5.

1. Three in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us while we lift to Thee
 Holy chant and psalm.
2. Light of lights, with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine,
And let charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.
3. Light of lights, when falls the even,
Let it close on sins forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heaven,
 Shed a holy calm.
4. Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
 Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

GILBERT RORISON.

Based on two Latin hymns.

Saints' Days.

199.

8.5.8.3.

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

(227)

Saints' Days.

2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?
“ In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
And His Side.”
3. Hath He diadem as monarch
That His Brow adorns ?
“ Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns.”
4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
“ Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”
5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
“ Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.”
6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
“ Not till earth and not till Heaven
Pass away.”
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
“ Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes.”

Amen.

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. *Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

Saints' Days.

200.

C.M.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus !"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us !"
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power Divine,
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
4. Let all Creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

201.

D. 8.7. or
Four 15's.

1. Hark ! the sound of holy voices, chanting at
the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Lord,
to Thee ;

(229)

Saints' Days.

- Multitude which none can number, like
the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms
of victory in their hand.
2. Patriarch, and holy prophet, who pre-
pared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor, martyr,
and evangelist,
Saintly maiden, godly matron, widows
who have watched in prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing to the
Lord of all, are there.
3. They have come from tribulation, and
have washed their robes in Blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus;
tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered Death and Satan,
by the might of Christ the Lord.
4. Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
they have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee,
their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were
born and glorified.

Saints' Days.

5. Now they reign in heavenly glory, now
they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy
bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever; and
all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision of the Blessèd
Trinity.
6. God of God, the One-begotten, Light of
Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together all the
saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we
may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God
the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH.

202.

C.M.

1. How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blest abodes
Of everlasting day?
2. Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light:
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

(231)

Saints' Days.

3. Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
4. His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.
5. Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
6. The Lamb, Who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment Divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
7. 'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.
8. Therefore, O God, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

Saints' Days.

203.

L.M.

1. Lo, round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.
2. Through tribulation great they came,
And bore the cross, and scorned the shame :
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
3. Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;
The tear is wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.
4. They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace :
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
And thus the loud Hosannas raise :
5. " Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign !
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."
Amen.

MARY DUNCAN.

Saints' Days.

204.

Four 7's.

1. Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
2. Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His Cross alone.
3. Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."
4. Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness,
And His Blood, that made them so.
5. Who were these? On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
6. They were mortal too like us,
O, when we like them must die,
May our souls translated thus
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(234)

1. There is a river, deep and broad,
It's course no mortal knows ;
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.
2. Clearer than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day ;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.
3. Where'er they flow, contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign ;
The Lord Himself commands the peace,
And foes conspire in vain.
4. Along the shores, angelic bands
Watch every moving wave ;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.
5. To them distressed souls repair,
The Lord invites them nigh ;
They leave their cares and sorrows there,
They drink, and never die.
6. Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill ;
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,
And all obey His will. Amen.

WILLIAM HURN.

1. Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
“ Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Might and wisdom to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

2. These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb beside the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And for ever from all eyes
God shall wipe away all tears. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Saints' Days.

207.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1. Who are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing:
Who are all this glorious band?
Hallelujah! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their Heavenly King.
2. Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand;
Whence came all this glorious band?
3. These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
4. These are they whose hearts were riven
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

Amen.

H. F. SCHENK. Tr. FRANCES E. COX.

(237)

St. Andrew's Day.

208.

8.7.8.7.

1. Jesus calls us ;—o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, " Christian, follow Me ;"—
2. As, of old, St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.
3. Jesus calls us,—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, " Christian, love Me more."
4. In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
" That we love Him more than these."
5. Jesus calls us ;—by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee, best of all. Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

(238)

St. Thomas's Day.

209.

C.M.

1. We walk by faith, and not by sight ;
No gracious words we hear
From Him Who spake as Man ne'er spake,
But we believe Him near.
2. We may not touch His Hands and Side,
Nor follow where He trod ;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, " My Lord and God !"
3. Help then, O Lord, our unbelief ;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found :
4. That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight. Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

Conversion of St. Paul.

210.

8.7.8.7.

1. Lord, a Saviour's love displaying,
Shew the heathen lands Thy way ;
Thousands still like sheep are straying
In the dark and cloudy day.

(239)

Conversion of St. Paul.

2. Shades of death are gathering o'er them,
Lord, they perish from Thy sight.
Let Thine angel go before them ;
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.
3. Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea ;
By the word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.
4. Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold ;
Let Thy sheep, Divinely guided,
Find at last the one true fold.
5. Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Blest Redeemer, be to Thee,
Who with Father and with Spirit
Art One God eternally. Amen.

ERNEST HAWKINS.

The Purification.

211.

S.M.

1. Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

(240)

The Purification.

2. The Lord Who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,
3. Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
4. Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be !
Give us the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

St. Matthias' Day.

212.

C.M.

1. Guide Thou, O God, the guardian hands
Which rule Thy ransomed sheep,
And may they faithful shepherds choose,
Their Master's flock to keep.
2. We pray Thee, Jesu, Who didst first
The chosen Twelve ordain,
In order due and holy life
The Church they ruled sustain.

(241)

R

St. Matthias' Day.

3. We pray Thee, Jesu, with Thy gifts
Our pastors still to bless,
With doctrine uncorrupt and pure,
With zeal and righteousness.
4. We pray Thee, Jesu, that their lips
May still be clothed with power,
Their hearts with love and strength
upheld,
Sufficient for the hour.
5. O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come ;
Both priest and people fill ;
Till all the nations of the earth
Shall do their Father's will :
6. Then to the Father and the Son,
And Thee, her songs of praise,
Thy living, undivided Church
Through endless years shall raise.

Amen.

G. PHILLIMORE.

The Annunciation.

213.

Four 7's.

- i. Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Like the Saviour we shall be—
Clothèd with humility.

(242)

The Annunciation.

2. Simple, teachable, and mild ;
Humble as a little child ;
Pleased with what the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
3. Father, fix our souls on Thee ;
Every evil let us flee ;
Always happy in Thy love,
Looking for our rest above.
4. All that seek will surely find
Every good in Christ combined ;
O let Christians still adore,
Trust, and praise Him evermore. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

St. Mark's Day.

214.

L.M.

1. Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand ;
Saviour Divine, diffuse Thy light,
And guide our doubtful footsteps right.
2. Engage each weak and erring heart
Early to choose the better part ;
To yield the trifles of a day
For joys that never fade away.

(243)

St. Mark's Day.

3. Then should the wildest storms arise,
And tempest mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.
4. If Thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die ;
Secure when human comforts flee,
To find eternal joys in Thee. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

St. Phillip's and St. James' Day.

215.

C.M.

1. Thou art the Way, by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
2. Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
3. Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm :
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor Death nor Hell shall harm.

St. Philip's and St. James' Day.

4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whence joys eternal flow. Amen.

BISHOP DOANE.

St. Barnabas' Day.

216.

L.M.

1. O Thou, Who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
2. Then let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
3. Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me :
4. Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat :
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

St. John Baptist's Day.

217.

Eight 7's.

1. Who shall be the last great Seer
That the world goes forth to hear ?
What shall be his warning cry
When the day of doom draws nigh ?
Whence shall come the magic power
That in Man's supremest hour
Smooths the rough and rugged road
For the highway of our God ?
2. Few and short the words he speaks ;
Plain and straight the goal he seeks ;
Round his path shall never shine
Festal pomp nor wondrous sign :
Lonely course and hopeless fight,
Rising doubt and dwindling light,
Such the lot of him whose name
Burns with more than prophet's flame.
3. " Change the heart and soul and mind,
Dark for bright and hard for kind ;
Wash you clean from stains of earth,
Leap into a second birth ;
People, soldier, scribe, and priest,
Each from thrall of self released,
Live a life sincere and true,
For your King is close in view."

St. John Baptist's Day.

4. Thus appeared the Heaven-sent man,
Foremost in the battle's van,
Herald of an unseen Light,
Martyr for the simple right.
May we learn, on this his day,
That in duty's homely way
Bravely, firmly, humbly trod,
Man can best prepare for God. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

St. Peter's Day.

218.

L.M.

1. O Thou, Who makest souls to shine
With light from lighter worlds above,
And dropp'st glistening dew Divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love ;
2. Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That so Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.
3. Give those who teach pure hearts and
wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by
prayer ;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

(247)

St. Peter's Day.

4. Give those who learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.
5. O bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.
6. If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
Before we upward pass to Heaven
We taste our immortality. Amen.

BISHOP ARMSTRONG.

St. James' Day.

219.

C.M.

1. Thou boundless source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil ;
And help us to adore Thy grace,
And mark Thy sovereign will.
2. In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

(248)

St. James' Day.

3. In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with Thee.
4. Do Thou direct our steps aright ;
Help us Thy name to fear,
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere. Amen.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM.

The Transfiguration.

220.

D.L.M.

1. " Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee " :
Here, in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts distraught with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants, all in vain,
To ease them of their bitter pain.
2. " Master, it is good to be
Where rest the souls that talk with Thee " :
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days ;

The Transfiguration.

Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right ;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

3. " Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three " ;
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock ;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
" The thought that breathes, and word
that burns " ;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With Him Whose last best creed is Love.
4. " Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee " ;
Watching the glistening raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow ;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light Divine :
Still we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured Face.
5. " Master, it is good to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee " :
Within the overshadowing cloud
Which wraps us in its awful shroud,

The Transfiguration.

We wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay ;
They tell us of the dread " Decease " :
But yet to linger here is peace.

6. " Master, it is good to be
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee " :
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
" This is My Son ; O hear ye Him."
Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

221

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. With trembling awe the chosen three
The holy mount ascended,
Where, wrapped in blissful ecstasy,
They saw the vision splendid—
Their Lord arrayed in living light,
And on His left hand and His right
By glorious saints attended.

(251)

The Transfiguration.

2. O vision bright, too bright to tell,
The joys of Heaven unveiling !
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing ;
When, saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate and scorn and railing !
3. Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling.
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
O what shall be the dazzling light
Of Thy eternal dwelling ! Amen.

BISHOP HOW.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

222.

C.M.

1. Pour down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here :
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.
2. By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he, who in Thy Name believes,
Shall live to die no more.

(252)

St. Bartholomew's Day.

3. Preserve the power of faith alive
In those that love Thy Name ;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.
4. Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free ;
And often since, our life had failed.
Unless renewed by Thee.
5. To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call,
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
Our Hope, our Joy, our All. Amen.
JOHN NEWTON.

St. Matthew's Day.

223.

C.M.

1. Eternal God, we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
2. From path to path we roam for rest,
But all our search is vain ;
We seek for life among the dead,
For joy where sorrows reign.

(253)

St. Matthew's Day.

3. Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside.
4. Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply :
The good unasked in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny. Amen.

JAMES MERRICK.

St. Michael and All Angels.

224.

D.C.M.

1. Father, before Thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in Thy presence bright,
Their psalms adoring blend ;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy quire,
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.
2. And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each Thy goodness sings ;
So may we feel, as low we kneel,
To pray Thee for Thy grace,
That Thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of Thy face.

(254)

St. Michael and All Angels.

3. Here, where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And love Thee e'en as they;
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,
With them Thy love to own,
That childhood's time and manhood's
prime
Be Thine, and Thine alone. Amen.

F. W. FARRAR.

St. Luke's Day.

225.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Guide us, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.
2. Open Thou the living fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

(255)

St. Luke's Day.

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

From the Welsh of WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

St. Simon's and St. Jude's Day.

226.

C.M.

1. Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every evil heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.
2. When to the right or left we stray,
Pity Thy helpless sheep ;
Bring back our feet into the way,
And there Thy wanderers keep.
3. Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford
To soothe his brother's care.
4. Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

St. Simon's and St. Jude's Day.

5. Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest
Among the saints who see Thy face,
To be for ever blest. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

All Saints' Day.

227.

D. 7.6.

1. The Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the word :
From Heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride ;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.
2. Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

All Saints' Day.

3. Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
4. 'Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
5. Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won ;
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. Amen.

S. J. STONE.

Baptism.

228.

L.M.

1. God of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.
2. Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here,—on the steps of Jesu's throne,—
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for Heaven.
3. Lent to us for a season,—we
Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee :
Assured that if to Thee he live,
We gain, in what we seem to give.
4. Large and abundant blessings shed
Warm as these prayers upon his head ;
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face.
5. Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undeiled ;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of Heaven above. Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

Baptism.

229.

C.M.

1. In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.
2. In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.
3. In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain.
4. In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high.
5. Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown! Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

Baptism.

230.

C.M.

1. When Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown
He came to dwell on earth.
2. Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace ;
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
3. Jesus passed by the rich and great
For men of low degree ;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor like them was He.
4. Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed ;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
5. Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie !
6. When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around ;
For joy they plucked the palms, and
strowed
Their garments on the ground.

Baptism.

7. Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King !
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing !
Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Confirmation.

231.

C.M.

(PSALM CXIX. PART 2.)

1. How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life
With God's commands agree.
2. With hearty zeal for Thee we seek,
To Thee for succour pray ;
Lord, suffer not our careless steps
From Thy right paths to stray.
3. Safe in our heart, and closely hid,
Thy Word, our treasure, lies ;
To succour us with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.
4. Secured by that, our grateful souls
Shall ever bless Thy Name ;
() teach us then by Thy just laws
Our future life to frame. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

Confirmation.

232.

Six 8's.

1. Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee ?
A boon of love Divine we seek :
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,
Ere heart could feel or tongue could
 speak,
Thy children pray for grace, that they
May come themselves to Thee to-day.
2. Lord, shall we come, and come again,
Oft as we see yon table spread,
And—tokens of Thy dying pain—
 The wine poured out, the broken bread ?
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,
That they may come and find Thee there.
3. Lord, may we come, not thus alone
At holy time or solemn rite,
But every hour till life be flown,
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light ;
Still let us seek Thy grace, that we
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be.
4. Lord, shall we come—come yet again ?
Thy children ask one blessing more ;—
To come, not now alone, but then,
When life and death and time are o'er :
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be
Confirmed in Heaven, confirmed by Thee.
 Amen

Confirmation.

233.

Six 7's.

1. Lord, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.
2. There are stony paths to tread ;
Give the strength we sorely lack ;
There are tangled paths to thread ;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.
3. There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die ;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.
4. There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees ;
Sunny slopes, and scented shades ;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Confirmation.

5. Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

BISHOP HOW.

234.

L.M.

1. O Holy Lord, content to live
In a poor home, a lowly child,
And in subjection meek to give
Obedience to Thy mother mild :
2. Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thy pure upright way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.
3. O let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.
4. Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear ;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

(265)

Confirmation.

5. So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee, their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour both with God and Man.
Amen.

BISHOP HOW.

235.

S.M.

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son :
2. Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
3. Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The armour of your God.
4. From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Confirmation.

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

236.

Four 7's.

1. Thine for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above :
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
2. Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
3. Thine for ever ! O, how blest,
They who find in Thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end !
4. Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

(267)

Confirmation.

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

Amen.

MARY F. MAUDE.

Holy Communion.

237.

Four 7's.

1. Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed ;
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed :
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread.
2. Rock of Heaven, Thy vital stream
Drink indeed may we esteem.
He to whom those waters flow
Thirst and drought no more shall know.
3. Lamb of God, we lift our eyes
To Thy perfect Sacrifice :
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;
To Thy Cross we look and live.
4. Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him Who died,
May our daily drink and food
Be Thy Body and Thy Blood. Amen.

Altered from JOSIAH CONDER.

(268)

Holy Communion.

238.

Six 8's.

1. Forgive, O Lord, our wanderings past,
Henceforth we would obey Thy call ;
Our sins far from us may we cast,
And turn to Thee devoutly all :
Then with Archangels we shall sing
High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.
2. Hear us, O Lord, in mercy hear ;
With sorrow we our guilt deplore :
Pity our grief, and calm our fear,
And give us grace to sin no more :
Then with Archangels we shall sing
High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.
3. While at Thy table, Lord, we kneel,
And of Thy holy feast partake ;
Our pardon there vouchsafe to seal,
For Jesus our Redeemer's sake :
Then with Archangels we shall sing
High praise to Heaven's Eternal King.

Amen.

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

239.

L.M.

1. Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

(269)

Holy Communion.

2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in all.
3. We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
5. O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
Amen.

ST. BERNARD. *Tr.* RAY PALMER.

240.

L.M.

1. My God, and is Thy table spread ;
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

(270)

Holy Communion.

2. Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood !
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
3. O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
4. Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord ;
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's love alone can give. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

241.

C.M.

1. O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.
2. Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love ;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

(271)

Holy Communion.

3. We come obedient to Thy word,
To feast on Heavenly food :
Our meat the Body of the Lord ;
Our drink, His precious Blood.
4. Thus would we all Thy words obey ;
For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength Divine. Amen.

EDWARD OSLER.

242.

Four 10's.

1. Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy feast with us vouchsaf'st to be ;
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.
2. O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men dost here afford !
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be !
3. Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most
cleansing Blood :
Increase our faith and love, that we may
know
The hope and peace which from Thy
presence flow.

(272)

Holy Communion.

4. O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion
be—
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy
Face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.
Amen.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. Tr. BISHOP WOODFORD.

Holy Matrimony.

243.

7.6.7.6.

1. The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away :
2. Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said :
3. For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.
4. Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side.

(273)

T

Holy Matrimony.

5. Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands ;
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands.
6. Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel ;
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.
7. O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
The hallowed path they trace.
8. To cast their crowns before Thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

Amen.

JOHN KEBLE.

244.

D.7.6.

1. Father of Life, confessing
Thy majesty and power,
We seek Thy gracious blessing
To greet the bridal hour.
The troth in Eden plighted
The wedded here renew ;
May they, in Thee united,
Till death be pure and true.

(274)

Holy Matrimony.

2. Jesu, Redeemer, hear us,
Still be the Wedding Guest ;
Thy gentle Presence near us
Makes common things more blest ;
E'en care shall be a learning
Of blessedness Divine,
If Thou wilt still be turning
The water into wine.

3. Spirit of Love, descending,
Impart Thy joy and peace,
These hopes together blending,
Bless with Thine own increase :
Athwart the roughened ocean,
Or on the peaceful tide,
Thy Breath through each emotion
Their Heavenward course shall guide.

4. The Church, Thy Bride, hath given
Her blessing on the vow,
O ratify from Heaven
Her benison below ;
Bless, Father, Son, and Spirit,
The union here begun,
That in the life eternal
It may be ever one. Amen.

S. FLOOD JONES.

Burial of the Dead.

245.

D. 8.7. or
Four 15's.

1. Brother, thou art gone before us ; and
thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
and sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh, and from
care and fear released,
“ Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.”
2. The toilsome way thou’st travelled o’er,
and borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
to reach His blest abode ;
Thou art sleeping now, like Lazarus upon
his father’s breast,
“ Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.”
3. Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt
thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and
the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou art sure to meet the good,
whom on earth thou lovedst best,
“ Where the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.”

Burial of the Dead.

4. "Earth to earth, and dust to dust," the solemn words are said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."
5. And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find :
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

246.

7.7.7.7.8.8.

1. Now the labourer's task is o'er ;
Now the battle-day is past ;
Now upon the further shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

(277)

Burial of the Dead.

2. There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear :
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
3. There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
4. There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
5. " Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

Burial of the Dead.

247.

I2.II.I2.II.

1. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will
not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encom-
pass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portal
before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world
by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless
has died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave! and, its
mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear
lingered long;
But the mild ray of Paradise beamed on
thy waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was
the Seraphim's song.

Burial of the Dead.

4. Thou art gone to the grave! but we will
not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy
Guardian and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the
Saviour has died. Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

248.

Four 7's.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!
2. Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!
3. When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!
4. Thou hast bowed the dying head
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

(280)

Burial of the Dead.

5. When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear !
6. Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou has deigned their load to bear ;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear ! Amen.

H. H. MILMAN.

Ember Days.

249.

D.8.8.6.

1. Lord of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy holy word :
With love Divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful strength afford.
2. Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's Blood ;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower ;
To them a Messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.

(281)

Ember Days.

3. So may they live to Thee alone ;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above ;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love. Amen.

EDWARD OSLER.

250.

L.M.

1. Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high,
And Thine ordainèd servants bless ;
Thy promised power to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteous-
ness.
2. Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.
3. Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost
love :
4. To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Protect Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

Ember Days.

5. So when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign,
Before Thy throne with joy appear,
And there with crowns of glory shine.
Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

251.

C.M.

1. Ye sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground ;
The Sower goeth forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.
2. The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade ;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.
3. The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there ;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.
4. The beaten path, and highway side,
Receive the trust in vain ;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

Ember Days.

5. But when the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!
6. Father of mercies, we have need
Of Thy preparing grace:
Let the same Hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Missions.

252.

D.7.6.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
2. 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.

(284)

Missions.

3. Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.
4. 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.

BISHOP HEBER.

253.

Eight 7's.

1. Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

(285)

Missions.

Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of Heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3. Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting !
Stretched the hand, and strained the
sight,
For Thy Spirit new-creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung. Amen.

BISHOP A. C. COXE.

256.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,
Thousand voices,
Call us o'er the waters blue.
2. Christians, hearken ! none has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear ;
Of the precious price that bought them,
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
Ye, who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Missions.

3. Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand ;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.
4. Lo! the hills for harvest whiten
All along each distant shore ;
Seaward far the islands brighten,
Light of nations, lead us o'er :
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

257.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them !
Thou art Lord of winds and waves :
They were bound, but Thou hast freed
them ;
Now they go to free the slaves :
Be Thou with them !
'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.
2. Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go, at Thy command ;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land :
O be with them !
Lead them safely by the hand.

Missions.

3. Speed them through the mighty ocean,
In the dark and stormy day,
When the waves in wild commotion
Fill all others with dismay :
Be Thou with them !
Drive their terrors far away.

4. When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears ;
Be Thou with them !
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

5. When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer ;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where Thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more !

6. Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain :
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again !

Missions.

7. In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee :
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be :
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in Heaven they see ;
8. There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;
There to be with Him Who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone ! Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

258.

Six 8's.

1. Through midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer ;
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
" Come o'er and help us, or we die."
2. How mournfully it echoes on,
For half the world is Macedon !
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
" O ye that live, behold we die !"

(291)

Missions.

3. By other sounds our ears are won
Than that which wails from Macedon ;
The roar of gain is round us rolled,
Or we unto ourselves are sold
And cannot list the alien cry,
“ O hear and help us lest we die !”
4. Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on !
“ I come : who would abide My day,
In yonder wilds prepare My way !
My voice is crying in their cry ;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die !”
5. O once, for men, of Man the Son,
Yea Thine the cry from Macedon !
O by the Kingdom and the Power
And Glory of Thine advent-hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry,
Help us to help them, lest we die !
6. Yet fair the hope that speeds us on
With psalms of praise for Macedon !
Thy blessing given, Thy promise bright,
Are earnest sweet of morning light,
Till “ Alleluia ” be the cry
Of souls that live and shall not die !

Amen.

S. J. STONE.

Almsgiving.

259.

C.M.

1. Fountain of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline ;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine ?
2. But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.
3. In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.
4. Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see ;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to Thee.
5. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Almsgiving.

260.

8.8.8.6.

1. O God of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.
2. And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen Man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
3. Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy Blood hath bought ;
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.
4. For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died : —
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.
5. In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share ;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.
6. And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in Heaven above
All those who give to Thee. Amen.

GODFREY THRING.

Almsgiving.

261.

8.8.8.4.

1. O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?
2. The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare ;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.
3. For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.
4. For souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of Heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?
5. We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.
6. Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

Almsgiving.

7. To Thee from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all. Amen.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH.

Harvest.

262.

Eight 7's.

1. Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home ;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin :
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :—
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
2. All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Pure and holy grain may be.
3. For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home ;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;

Harvest.

Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4. Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final Harvest-Home !
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There, for ever, purified,
In Thy presence to abide :
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

263.

C.M.

1. Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
2. When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
3. The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

Harvest.

4. These various mercies from above,
Matured the swelling grain ;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
5. Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on Man bestow ;
Let him not then forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow.
6. Fountain of love, our praise is Thine ;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created Nature join
In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.

ALICE FLOWERDEW.

264.

Six 8's.

1. Lord of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.
2. The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings :
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Harvest.

3. Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.
4. Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed ;
Supply our fainting spirits' need !
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay.
Amen.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

265.

8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

1. Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail !
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round ;
With goodness all our years are crowned ;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day ;
O let our hearts in tune be found.

(299)

Harvest.

2. When Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When Summer warms the fruitful earth,
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,—
 Still do we sing
 To Thee, our King ;
Through all our changes Thou dost reign.

3. But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear ;
 We too will raise
 Our hymn of praise
For we Thy common bounties share.

4. Lord of the harvest, all is Thine ;
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our food abound ;
 New, every year,
 Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

5. Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's Name ;

Harvest.

All glory to the Incarnate Son,
Who for lost Man redemption won ;
 And equal praise
 To Thee we raise,
Eternal Spirit,—Three in One. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

266.

Eight 7's.

1. What God does is done aright :
 So His faithful children deem.
Though our harvest store be light,
 Richly flows His mercy's stream :
When we suffer want or woe
On this changeful earth below,
He would draw our faltering love
Up to changeless joys above.
2. What God does is done aright :
 Question not His sovereign will ;
Though He send the withering blight,
 Ere the crop our garner's fill :
Earthly goods He takes away,
That our hope on Him may stay ;
That our weary hearts may be
Blest in Him eternally.

(301)

Harvest.

3. What God does is done aright :
 Though our dales and uplands mourn,
 We will praise His love and might ;
 To the future hopeful turn :
 He has made us sons of God ;
 Christ for us life's paths has trod ;
 His eternal Word can give
 Strength whereby our souls shall live.

4. What God does is done aright :
 His shall be our trust, although
 Here we find no Canaan bright,
 Here no milk or honey flow :
 God, Who doth the ravens feed,
 Shall supply our daily need ;
 For His promise standeth sure,
 And His mercies aye endure.

5. What God does is done aright :
 This glad faith shall cheer our way,
 Till all faith be lost in sight
 In Heaven's never-ending day :
 When to Thee, great Three in One,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, we shall pour
 Thanks and praise for evermore. Amen.

H. M. C.

For those at Sea.

267.

Six 8's.

1. Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.
2. O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.
3. O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.
4. O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and
 sea. Amen.

WILLIAM WHITING.

(Varied by compilers of Hymns A. and M.)

(303)

Commemoration.

268.

II. IO. II. IO.

1. Comes at times a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love ;
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the
grove ;
Comes at length a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the
shore ;
As when at dawn the feather'd choir
rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

2. Comes at times a' voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne :
Sinks then the traveller, faint and weary-
hearted,
“ Long is the way ”—it whispers—
“ and forlorn ! ”
Comes at last a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day,
Saying—“ The Lord shall make an end
of sadness ; ”
Saying—“ The Lord shall wipe all
tears away.” Amen.

I. GREGORY SMITH.

Commemoration.

269.

L.M.

1. Father, hear Thy children's praises
For the boon we own to-day ;
Grateful love our hearts upraises,
This our sacrifice to pay :
2. Thanks for all Thy mercies given—
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,
Means of grace, and hopes of Heaven—
Unto us, Thy chosen fold !
3. Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning,
Mould them by Thy gracious sway :
Godliness and all good learning
May we follow, day by day !
4. May we, these Thy bounties sharing,
Every talent use aright,
Still by earthly lore preparing,
Till our faith be turned to sight.
5. Till, undimmed by dark reflection,
Face to face shall Christ be shown ;
Knowledge rise to full perfection—
Knowing e'en as we are known. Amen.

HENRY J. BUCKOLL.

Commemoration.

270.

D.8.7.

1. Praise the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His Name from zone to zone ;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the Corner-stone ;
Vain against our rock-built Sion
Winds and waters, fire and hail ;
Christ is her defence and bulwark :
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2. Framed of living stones, cemented
By the Spirit's unity,
Based on prophets and apostles,
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,
May Thy Church, O Lord Incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love ;
Emblem of the heavenly Salem,
Our eternal home above.

3. Stands four-square that heavenly city ;
Paved with gold like crystal bright ;
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,
Emerald and chrysolite.
Broad and lofty tower its ramparts ;
At its gates twelve angels stand ;
On its walls twelve names are graven
Of the apostles' chosen band.

Commemoration.

4. Where Thou reignest, King of Glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
'Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night :
Soon may we those portals enter,
When this earthly strife is o'er ;
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.
5. Join we now the voice of triumph
To the throne of glory sent,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
To the Lord Omnipotent ;
Praise to Thee, Eternal Father,
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, Eternal Spirit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

BENJAMIN WEBB.

Festivals.

271. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

1. Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blest us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

(307)

Festivals.

2. O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
3. All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest Heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

MARTIN RINCKART.

Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

272.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. 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.

(308)

Festivals.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.
3. Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hand He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him, Praise Him,
Widely yet His mercy flows.
4. 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. Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE.

273. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

1. Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;

(309)

Festivals.

His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name ;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown ;
Let all His saints adore Him.

2. When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining :
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining ;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise ;
Now, every voice shall say,
" O praise our God alway !"
Let all His saints adore Him.

3. Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name ;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown ;
Let all His saints adore Him. Amen.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

1. God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Fasts.

275.

L.M.

1. When in the hour of utmost need
We know not where to look for aid ;
When days and nights of anxious thought
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought ;
2. Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery :
3. To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore, with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.
4. For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee
Through Him, Whose Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.
5. O hide not, for our sins, Thy face ;
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace ;
Be with us in our anguish still ;
Free us at last from every ill :
6. That so with all our hearts we may
To Thee our glad thanksgiving pay,
And walk obedient to Thy Word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

Amen.

PAUL EBER. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

(312)

1. Great King of Nations, hear our prayer,
 . While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
 To Thee for mercy call ;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,
 O turn us not away ;
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
 And help us when we pray.
2. Our fathers' sins were manifold,
 And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
 Thy goodness hath been shown ;
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
 Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
 And help in Thee was found.
3. With one consent we meekly bow
 Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
 Mourn with our mourning land ;
With pitying eye behold our need,
 As thus we lift our prayer ;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
 Then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

Beginning of School Term.

277.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Lord, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here ;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear ;
Still protect us
By Thy presence ever near.
2. For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way ;
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day :
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.
3. Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart ;
May its power, with mild direction,
Draw our love from self apart,
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.
4. Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth and sensual snare ;
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair. Amen.

HENRY J. BUCKOLL.

(314)

End of School Term.

278.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon all, their faults confessing ;
Time that's lost may all retrieve :
 May Thy children
 Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.
2. Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;
Help us selfish lures to flee ;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless may it be :
 May our gladness
 Draw us evermore to Thee.
3. By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained ;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained ;
 Seek we ever
 Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.
4. Let Thy father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more ;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store :
 Those returning
 Make more faithful than before. Amen.

HENRY J. BUCKOLL.

(315)

For Children.

279.

L.M.

(MORNING.)

1. O God, Who, when the night was deep,
Hast kept me safe, and lent me sleep,
Now with Thy sun Thou bidd'st me rise,
And look around with older eyes.
2. Each blessèd morning Thou dost give,
I have one morning less to live :
O help me so this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end.
3. O bid all evil wishes fly,
The fretful word, the careless eye;
Help me to think, in all I do,
"God sees me: would He have it so?"
4. Make my first wish and thought to be
For others sooner than for me ;
And let me pardon them, as I
Hope for God's pardon when I die.
5. Be with me when I work and play,
Be with me now and every day,
Be near me, when I pray Thee hear ;
And when I pray not, Lord, be near.

Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

(316)

For Children.

280.

L.M.

(EVENING.)

1. O Lord, Who, when Thy Cross was nigh,
Did'st wake and pray as night went by,
Thy gentle sleep like dew once more
Upon my head I pray Thee pour.
2. One little heap of days for me
Is measured out by God's decree;
And one day from that little heap
Is gone as I lie down to sleep.
3. And I know not how soon the tale
Of my few days and short may fail:
O God, whene'er—for Thy dear Son,
Me, even me, have mercy on.
4. O strange, that as I kneel and pray,
He from His throne hears all I say!
Give me but what for me is best:
This is enough: Thou know'st the rest.
5. O sleepless Shepherd of the sheep,
Now fold me in, and bid me sleep:
From evil safe, and night's alarms,
Nursed in Thine everlasting arms.

Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

(317)

For Children.

281.

C.M.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows :
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
2. Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.
3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
4. O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike Divine :
5. Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

(318)

For Children.

282.

C.M.

1. Hosanna ! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord ;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.
2. Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise :
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
3. Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free !
Thy Blood, our life ; Thy Word, our feast ;
Thy Name, our only plea.
4. Hosanna ! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
5. Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng ;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
6. O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold. Amen.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

For Children.

283.

6.5.6.5.

1. Jesu, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry.
2. Pardon our offences,
 Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
 Which our soul detains.
3. Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
 To the realms above.
4. Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.
5. Jesu, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

G. R. PRYNNE.

For Children.

284.

5.10.10.10.

1. Father, our children keep!
We know not what is coming on the
earth;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly
wing,
O keep them, keep them, Thou Who
gav'st them birth.
2. Father, draw nearer us!
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting
arm;
O clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.
3. Them in Thy chambers hide!
O hide them and preserve them calm
and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions
chafe.
4. O keep them undefiled!
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;
That, clothed in white, through the bright
city gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.
Amen.

H. BONAR.

For Children.

285.

8.8.8.4.8.4.

1. The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.
2. He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's Name.
3. The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs :
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will ! Amen.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

286.

C.M.

1. There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

(322)

For Children.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
3. He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.
4. There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.
5. Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

Dedication of a Church.

287.

C.M.

1. O Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, Thou art :
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

(323)

Dedication of a Church.

2. Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
3. Shew us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
4. Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
5. The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
6. May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
7. And may the Gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

The Accession.

288.

Eight 7's.

1. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Long our island throne has stood,
Planted on the ocean flood;
Crowned with rock, and girt with sea,
Home and refuge of the free:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
On that island throne have sate
Alfred's goodness, Edward's state;
Princely strength and queenly grace,
Lengthened line of royal race:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Round that throne have stood of old
Seers and statesmen, firm and bold;
Burleigh's wisdom, Hampden's fire,
Chatham's force in son and sire:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

(325)

The Accession.

4. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
Him, in homely English tongue,
Epic lay and lyric song,
Shakespeare's myriad-minded verse,
Milton's Heavenward strains, rehearse :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
5. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind !
Soldiers tried in every clime,
Sailors famous through all time,
Hands of iron, hearts of oak,
Fresh from their Creator's stroke,
These His gifts for aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
6. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind !
Science, with her thousand eyes,
Sunless mine and starlit skies
Probes and pierces far and near,
Man's estate to guide and cheer :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
7. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind !
Hither, in our heathen night,
Came of yore the Gospel light ;

The Accession.

By the Saviour's sacred story
"Angles" turned to angels' glory :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind !
Rustic churchyard, lordly pile,
Studious cloister, crowded aisle,
Lady-chapel, gorgeous shrine,
All proclaim with voice divine
That Thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

9. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
Breaking with a gracious hand
Ancient error's subtle band ;
Opening wide the sacred page,
Kindling hope in saint and sage :
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

10. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind !
Give us homes serene and pure,
Settled freedom, laws secure ;
Truthful lips and minds sincere ;
Faith and love that cast out fear :
For Thy mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The Accession.

- II. Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind!
Grant that Light and Life Divine
Long on England's shores may shine;
Grant that People, Church, and Throne
May in all good deeds be one:
For Thy mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

Processional.

289.

6.5.

- I. Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still, with hearts united,
Singing on our way:
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

(328)

Processional.

2. Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, Mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
3. Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, our Saviour,
Only unto Thee?
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
4. All our days direct us
In the way we go ;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe :

Processional.

Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour ;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

5. Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace ;
Jesus in His beauty ;
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high. Amen.

Based on T. J. POTTER.

290.

6.5.

1. Forward ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind ;

(330)

Processional.

Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head ;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and flight ;
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

2. Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind ;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind ;
Speed through realms of Nature,
Climb the steps of grace ;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time
Climb from height to height :
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3. Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth ;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.

Processional.

Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

4. Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared ;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath uttered .
Thought or speech a word ;
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.
5. Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours :
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold :
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might ;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light.

Processional.

6. Into God's high temple
Onward as we press
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness ;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied love,
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise above :
Every thought upraising
To our city bright ;
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light.
7. Nought that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone ;
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none ;
All the saints, that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token
Stars amidst the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.
8. To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise :
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise :

Processional.

To the Lord of Glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.

Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night :
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light ! Amen.

HENRY ALFORD.

291.

6.5.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go !
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
2. At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory,

(334)

Processional.

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

3. Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

4. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.

Processional.

Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

5. Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King :
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before. Amen.

S. BARING-GOULD.

General Hymns.

292.

L.M.

(PSALM C.)

1. All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell :
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

(336)

General Hymns.

2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
3. O enter then His gates with praise ;
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
4. For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
Amen.

WILLIAM KETHE.

293.

L.M.

1. Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

General Hymns.

3. 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.
4. Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, *Varied by* CHARLES WESLEY.

294.

L.M.

1. From all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
3. Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

(338)

ISAAC WATTS.

General Hymns.

295.

D.8.7.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode ;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. Though the world esteem thee lowly,
Though they pass thy ramparts by,
Yet the Lord Whose name is holy,
He Who fills Eternity.
He Whom not the Heaven containeth,
Not the high and holy place,
Still within thy walls remaineth,
Still upholds thee with His grace.

3. See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all pain and thirst remove :
Heed not then reproach and scorning ;
Fear not threats nor danger near ;
Soon shall rise a brighter morning,
When thy Lord shall reappear. Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

General Hymns.

296.

Six 7's.

1. God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light Divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
2. Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord,
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
3. Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to Man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE.

297.

Six 8's.

1. I praised the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

(340)

General Hymns.

2. I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky,
And moon and sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numbered.”
3. O God, O Good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful Man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with
Thee. Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

298.

C.M.

(PSALM XXXIII.)

1. Let all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
2. By His Almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was reared,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appeared.

(341)

General Hymns.

3. The swelling floods, together rolled,
He makes in heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a storehouse, safe,
The wat'ry treasures by.
4. Let earth and all that dwell therein
Before Him trembling stand ;
For when He spake the word 'twas made,
'Twas fixed at His command.
5. Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is He ;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.
6. The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend ;
Since we for all we want or wish
On Thee alone depend. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

299.

D.8.7.

1. Lord, we thank Thee for the pleasure
That our happy lifetime gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives ;
Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears, and human laughter,
And the depth of human love ;

(342)

General Hymns.

2. For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free :
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee ;
But above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.
 3. Teach us so our days to number,
That we may be early wise ;
Dreamy mist, or cloud of slumber,
Never dull our Heavenward eyes ;
Hearty be our work, and willing,
As to Thee, and not to men,
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in Heaven ;—not till then. Amen.
- T. W. JEX-BLAKE.

300.

L.M.

(PSALM CIII.)

1. My soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless ;
Of all His favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
2. 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By Him with grace and mercy crowned.

(343)

General Hymns.

3. God will not always harshly chide,
But with His anger quickly part ;
And loves His punishments to guide
More by His love than our desert.
4. As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.
5. As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins removed,
Who with a Father's tender breast
Has such as fear Him always loved.

Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

301.

Four II's.

(PSALM CIV.)

1. My soul, praise the Lord ; speak good of
His Name ;
O Lord, our great God, how dost Thou
appear !
So passing in glory, that great is Thy
fame ;
Honour and majesty in Thee shine most
clear.

(344)

General Hymns.

2. With light as a robe Thou hast Thyself
clad,
Whereby all the earth Thy greatness
may see ;
The heavens in such sort Thou also hast
spread,
That they to a curtain compared may be.
3. His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full
sure,
Which as His chariots are made Him
to bear ;
And there with much swiftness His course
doth endure,
Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.
4. His spirits He makes as heralds to go ;
And lightnings to serve Him we also
see prest ;
His will to accomplish they run to and fro,
To save or consume us as seemeth
Him best. Amen.

WILLIAM KETHE.

302.

L.M.

1. Now let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

(345)

General Hymns.

2. They praise the Lamb Who once was slain ;
But we can add a higher strain ;
Not only say, He suffered thus,
But that He suffered all for us.
3. Jesus, Who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still He makes it His abode ;
As Man He fills the throne of God.
4. Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is He to Whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise His Name,
But we the nearest interest claim.
5. But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.
6. O glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God Who died for Man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

303.

C.M.

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

(346)

General Hymns.

2. My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.
3. Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace !
4. He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
5. Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy ! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

304.

Six 8's.

1. O God, of good the unfathomed sea,
Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
Who would not love Thee with his
might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind ?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite

(347)

General Hymns.

2. High throned on Heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is :
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with Thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.
3. Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From Thee; no want thy fulness knows;
What but Thyself canst Thou desire ?
Yet self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart :
This, only this, dost Thou require.
4. O God, of good the unfathomed sea,
Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
Who would not love Thee with his
might,
O Jesu, Lover of mankind ?
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?
Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

305.

L.M.

(PSALM CVI.)

1. O render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

(348)

General Hymns.

2. Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?
3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from His judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love His perfect will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil.
4. Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

306.

C.M.

(PSALM VIII.)

1. O Thou to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is Thy Name !
2. In Heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there ;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

(349)

General Hymns.

3. Through Thee the weak confound the
strong,
And crush their haughty foes ;
And so Thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That Thee and Thine oppose.
4. When heaven, Thy beauteous work on
high,
Employs my wondering sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;
5. What's Man, (say I) that, Lord, Thou
lov'st
To keep him in Thy mind ?
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind ?
6. O Thou, to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is Thy Name ! Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

307.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- i. Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice !

(350)

General Hymns.

2. Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice !
3. His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and Heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice !
4. He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice !

Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

308.

10.10.7.

1. Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of Heaven: in sweet notes
raise
An endless Alleluia !

(351)

General Hymns.

2. Ye next who stand before the eternal
light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia!
3. The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake
again
An endless Alleluia!
4. In blissful answering strains ye thus
rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia!
5. Ye who have gained at length your palms
in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be
this—
An endless Alleluia!
6. There, in one grand acclaim for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your
King—
An endless Alleluia!
7. This is the rest for weary ones brought
back:
This is the food and drink which none
shall lack:
An endless Alleluia!

General Hymns.

8. While Thee, by Whom were all things
made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia !
9. Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore : to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia ! Amen.

From the Latin (5th Cent.) Tr. JOHN ELLERTON.

309.

L.M.

1. Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
From realm to realm the notes shall
sound ;
And Heaven's exulting sons rejoice
To bear the full Hosanna round.
2. When, starting from the shades of night,
At dread Jehovah's high behest,
The Sun arrayed his limbs in light,
And Earth her virgin beauty drest ;
3. Thy praise transported Nature sung,
In pealing chorus loud and far ;
The echoing vault with rapture rung,
And shouted every morning star.
4. When, bending from His native sky,
The Lord of Life in mercy came,
And laid His bright effulgence by,
To bear on earth a human name ;

General Hymns.

5. The song, by cherub voices raised,
 Rolled through the dark blue depths
 above ;
 And Israel's shepherds heard amazed
 The seraph notes of peace and love.
6. And shall not Man the concert join,
 For whom this bright creation rose ;
 For whom the fires of morning shine,
 And eve's still lamps, that woo repose ?
7. And shall not he the chorus swell,
 Whose form the Incarnate Godhead
 wore ;
 Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumph
 tell
 How deep the wounds his Saviour bore ?
8. Long as yon glittering arch shall bend,
 Long as yon orbs in glory roll,
 Long as the streams of life descend
 To cheer with hope the fainting soul,
9. Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice,
 Shall bid the song of rapture sound ;
 And Heaven's exulting sons rejoice
 To bear the full Hosanna round.

Amen.

JOHN BOWDLER.

General Hymns.

310.

S.M.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord
Ye people of His choice :
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?
3. O for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to Heaven our thought !
4. God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.
5. Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(355)

General Hymns.

311.

L.M.

1. The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.
2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
3. The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
4. He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.
5. Come, make your wants, your burdens
known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.
6. O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

General Hymns.

7. Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie ;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen ;
And thin the boundary between.
8. One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours :
Through earth and Heaven one song shall
ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King. Amen.

JOSIAH CONDER.

312. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1. The Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
And Israel lay on earth below
Outstretched in fear and wonder.
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder !
2. The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to Heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger ;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

(357)

General Hymns.

3. The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated ;
With trumpet sound and angel song,
And Hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er Death and Hell defeated. Amen.

BISHOP HEBER.

313.

Irregular.

1. The strain upraise of joy and praise,
Hallelujah !
2. To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Halle-
lujah !
3. And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Halle-
lujah !
4. They through the fields of Paradise that
roam,
The blessed ones repeat through that
bright home, Hallelujah !
5. The planets glittering on their heavenly
way,
The shining constellations join, and say,
Hallelujah !

General Hymns.

6. Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Hallelujah!
7. Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow:
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing, Hallelujah!
8. First let the birds, with painted plumage
gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and
say, Hallelujah!
9. Then let the beasts of earth, with vary-
ing strain,
Join in Creation's hymn, and cry again,
Hallelujah!
10. Here let the mountains thunder forth
sonorous, Hallelujah!
Then let the valleys sing in gentler
chorus, Hallelujah!

General Hymns.

11. Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Hallelujah !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply,
Hallelujah !
12. To God, Who all Creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid : Hallelujah !
13. This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
Lord of all things loves : Hallelujah !
This the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ Himself approves : Hallelujah !
14. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Hallelujah !
And children's voices echo, answer
making, Hallelujah !
15. Now from all men be outpoured
Hallelujah to the Lord ;
With Hallelujah evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
16. Praise be done to the Three in One,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Amen.

GODESCALCUS. *Tr.* J. M. NEALE.

General Hymns.

314.

C.M.

(PSALM XXXIV.)

1. Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3. The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
4. 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.
5. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the Angel-host. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

(361)

General Hymns.

315.

Eight 7's.

1. To Jehovah, God of might,
Everlasting, Infinite,
Dwelling in His boundless Heaven,
Be eternal glory given !
His the power, the love, the light,
His the day, and His the night,
His the happy blue on high,
Earth's green round of spring and joy.

2. Darkness with its unseen smile,
Light that cheers our daily toil,
Midnight with its silent love,
Brooding o'er us from above,
Rivers with their gentle song,
Sea-waves with their smiling throng,
Forests bending to the breeze,
Calm and tempest,—all are His.

3. Life, with all its changes here,
Hopes that rise above this sphere,
Visions of the far and nigh,
Gleams of glad eternity,
Peace that soothes the aching soul,
Health that makes the wounded whole,
Love that fills the heart with bliss,
Song and silence,—all is His.

(362)

General Hymns.

4. Let us then our honour bring
To this mighty Lord and King ;
Let a new and ceaseless song
Break from every heart and tongue ;
Praise Him as the God of might,
Praise Him as the Lord of light ;
To His Name our song we raise,
Father, Son, and Spirit praise. Amen.

H. BONAR.

316.

L.M.

(PSALM XCIII.)

1. With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
2. How surely 'stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

(363)

General Hymns.

4. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
And they that in Thy house would
dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel. Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

317.

Six 8's.

1. Eternal God, of beings First,
Of all created good the Spring,
For Thee I long, for Thee I thirst,
My love, my Saviour, and my King !
Thine is a never-failing store ;
If God be mine, I ask no more.
2. The fairest world of light on high
Reflection makes but faint of Thine ;
The glorious tenants of the sky
In God's own beams transported shine :
But, should'st Thou wrap Thy face in
shade,
Soon all their life and lustre fade.
3. Thy presence makes celestial day,
And fills each raptured soul with bliss ;
Night would prevail, were God away,
And spirits pine in Paradise !
In vain would all the angels try
To fill Thy room, Thy lack supply.

General Hymns.

4. And sure, from Heaven we turn our eyes
In vain to seek for bliss below ;
The tree of Life can't root nor rise,
Nor in this blasted region grow :
The wealth of this poor barren clod
Can ne'er make up the want of God.
5. But, Lord, in Thee the thirsty soul
Will meet with full, with rich supplies !
Thy smiles will all her fears control,
Thy beauties feast her ravished eyes :
To failing flesh and fainting hearts
Thy favour life and strength imparts !
Amen.

SIMON BROWNE.

318.

S.M.

1. Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting, I cry, " Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."
2. My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.
3. To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

(365)

General Hymns.

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

HENRY F. LYTE.

319.

C.M.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free,
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. Amen.

ANNE STEELE.

320.

7.6.7.6.

1. Full of weakness and of sin,
We look to Thee for life :
Lord, Thy gracious work begin,
And calm the inward strife.

(366)

General Hymns.

2. Though our hearts are prone to stray,
Be Thou a constant friend :
Though we know not how to pray,
Thy saving mercy send.
3. Teach us first to feel our need,
Then all that need supply :
When we hunger, deign to feed,
And hear us when we cry.
4. When we cleave to earthly things,
Send Thy reviving grace :
Raise our souls, and give them wings,
To reach Thy holy place. Amen.

W. H. BATHURST.

321.

L.M.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis Thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"
2. " I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
3. " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be ;
Yet will I remember thee !"

(367)

General Hymns.

4. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore :
O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

322.

C.M.

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee ?
2. When shall these eyes thy Heaven-built
walls,
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.
4. Why should I shrink from pain and woe, -
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

(368)

General Hymns.

5. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
6. Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee :
Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

F. B. P.

323. 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

1. Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us,
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee ;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing
If our God our Father be.
2. Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
 All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

General Hymns.

3. Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy :
Love with every passion blending
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
Thus provided
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

JAMES EDMESTON.

324.

Six 7's.

1. Lord of power and Lord of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call :
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.
2. Light and love and life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good,
Fill our souls with light Divine,
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Blessings rich for evermore.
3. Full of love and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest ;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love,
Call us to our home above. Amen.

(370) GODFREY THRING.

General Hymns.

325.

8.8.8.4.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!
2. Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,
Thy will be done!
3. If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done!
4. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done!
5. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!
6. Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done! Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(371.)

General Hymns.

326.

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

1. 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!

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

3. There let my 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.

(372)

General Hymns.

4. 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. Amen.

SARAH ADAMS.

327.

C.M.

1. O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
4. O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace !

General Hymns.

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

328.

D. 8.8.6.

1. O God of glory, God of grace ;
From age to age our dwelling-place,
Before Thy throne we bow :
Ere the vast mountains rose of yore,
When they and earth shall be no more,
The same, O Lord, art Thou.
2. Man's generations rise and pass
Like morning flowers, like summer grass,
The creatures of Thy breath :
Our life runs onward like a stream,
We come and vanish as a dream,
The prey of sin and death.
3. Unnumbered ills beset our path,
Our days are darkened 'neath Thy wrath ;
And yet how heedless we !
O touch with grace each erring heart,
True wisdom to each soul impart,
And win us all to Thee !

(374)

General Hymns.

4. We sink, we perish 'neath Thy frown:
O send Thy healing mercy down
 To light our coming years;
Then be they many, be they few,
Thy grace will bear us safely through
 Beyond the reach of tears. Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE.

329.

C.M.

1. O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink from Thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
3. No, rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold, from me.
4. Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

(375)

General Hymns.

5. But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway !
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

330.

C.M.

1. O Saviour, may we never rest
Till Thou art formed within ;
Till Thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.
2. O may we gaze upon Thy Cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.
3. Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.
4. There as we gaze, may we become
United, Lord, to Thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see. Amen.

W. H. BATHURST.

(376)

General Hymns.

331.

L.M.

1. O Thou, Who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand;
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To know no other will but Thine.
2. Our wishes, our designs control;
Mould every purpose of the soul:
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
3. Twice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look from them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
4. Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy sword our shield from every harm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

Amen.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

332.

8.6.8.6.8.8.8.8.

1. Our Father, guide those streams aright
Which have their springs in Thee;
Shine on them with Thy heavenly light,
And make them pure and free.

(377)

General Hymns.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
4. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold, he prays !
5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters Heaven with prayer.
6. The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
7. Nor prayer is made by Man alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.
8. O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

General Hymns.

335.

S.M.

1. Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before Whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear.
2. Our anxious souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
3. To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from Heaven come down.
4. O may we all be found
Obedient to Thy Word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.
5. O may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest! Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

General Hymns.

336.

L.M.

(PSALM CXXXIX.)

1. Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast
known
My rising up, and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2. Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways,
Thou knowest all my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent.

3. Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
On every side I feel Thy hand :
O skill for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

4. Search, prove, O Lord, my thoughts and
heart,
If sin yet lurk in any part :
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

Amen.

TATE and BRADY.

(382)

General Hymns.

337.

Ten 8's.

(A LITANY OF THE NAME OF JESUS.)

1. Thrice-holy Name!—that sweeter sounds
Than streams which down the valley
run,
And tells of more than human love,
And more than human power, in one;
First o'er the manger-cradle heard,
Heard since through all the choirs on
high;—
O Child of Mary, Son of God,
Eternal, hear Thy children's cry!
While at the blessed Name we bow,
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

2. Within our earth-dimm'd souls call up
The vision of Thy human years;
The Mount of the transfigured form;
The Garden of the bitter tears;
The Cross uprear'd in darkening skies;
The thorn-wreathed Head; the bleed-
ing Side;
And whisper in the heart, "For you,
For you, I left the Heavens, and died."
While at the blessed Name we bow,
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

General Hymns.

3. Ah! with faith's surest inmost eye
The riven rock-hewn bed we see,
Untreasured of its heavenly guest, —
Triumphant over Death in Thee!
And O! when Thou, our Saviour-Judge,
Again shalt come in glory here,
With love upon Thy children look,
And bid us read our pardon clear!
While at the blessed Name we bow,
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!
Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

338.

Four 6's.

1. We name Thy Name, O God,
As our God call on Thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
Far from Thy ways may be.
2. And we can own Thy law,
And we can sing Thy songs,
While the sad inner soul
To sin and shame belongs.
3. On us Thy love may glow,
As the pure midday fire
On some foul spot looks down;
And yet the mire be mire.

(.384)

General Hymns.

4. Then spare us not Thy fires,
The searching light and pain ;
Burn out our sin ; and, last,
With Thy love heal again. Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

339.

L.M.

1. When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.
2. O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
Think of the Blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that Blood my pardon buy.
3. Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand ;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.
4. O think upon Thy holy Word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.
5. O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine ;
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

General Hymns.

6. Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull ;
Thine arm can never shortened be ;
Behold me here ; my heart is full ;
Behold, and spare, and succour me.

Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE.

340.

C.M.

1. When cold our hearts, and far from Thee
Our wand'ring spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
" Lord, teach us how to pray ! "
2. Too vile to venture near Thy throne,
Too poor to turn away ;
Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan,
" Lord, teach us how to pray ! "
3. We know not how to seek Thy face,
Unless Thou lead the way ;
We have no words, unless Thy grace,
" Lord, teach us how to pray ! "
4. Here every thought and fond desire
We on Thine altar lay,
And when our souls have caught Thy fire,
" Lord, teach us how to pray ! " Amen.

J. S. B. MONSELL,

(386)

General Hymns.

341.

7.5.8.8.

1. When the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall ;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

2. When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love ;
When the proud man in his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3. When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;

General Hymns.

When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4. When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God ;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed Name :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry;
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5. When the child with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair ;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

General Hymns.

5. When Creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
Come, Lord Jesus, come !
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In Heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
Amen.

H. BONAR.

342.

L.M.

1. By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With Heaven, my journey's end, in view ;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe, and pleasant too.
2. I travel through a desert wide
Where many round me blindly stray ;
But He vouchsafes to be my Guide,
And will not let me miss my way.
3. Though snares and dangers throng my
path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His Almighty hand.

(389)

General Hymns.

4. The wilderness affords no food ;
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and
cares.
5. With Him sweet converse I maintain ;
Great as He is, I dare be free ;
I tell Him all my grief and pain ;
And He reveals His love to me.
6. Some cordial from His Word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.
7. I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures, that will quickly end ;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my
Friend! Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

343.

C.M.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

(390)

General Hymns.

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
3. There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
4. There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
5. Author and Guardian of my life;
Sweet Source of light Divine;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour, Thou art mine!
6. What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more! Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

344.

Four 6's.

1. Go up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

(391)

General Hymns.

2. Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifier here ;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.
3. Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim ;
Go up to Heaven and God,
Take up thy love to Him.
4. Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below ;
To God that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.
5. Go up, reluctant heart,
Take up thy rest above ;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts ;
Ascend, my lingering love ! Amen.

H. BONAR.

345.

D.S.M.

1. He called them, and they left,
Forsook for Him their all ;
They heard the voice, and followed Him,
Submissive to His call.
His one command prevails,
No second word they need ;
His voice has proved omnipotent :
They walk as He may lead.

(392)

General Hymns.

2. They follow to the cross,
They follow to the crown,
Planting their footsteps upon His,
Making His path their own.
Their cross at once they take,
And follow Him, their Lord,
Confessing true discipleship,
And listening to His word.
3. With faces Salem-ward,
Through good report and ill,
They gird themselves for war and toil,
Upward and onward still.
To work the work of God,
To breathe for Him their breath,
For Him to spend and to be spent,
Facing all fear and death.
4. Dreading no enemy,
With Christ upon their side,
Enduring hardness, shunning all
Of self and sloth and pride.
Content to sow in hope,
In patience and in pain,
Sure of a harvest yet to come,
And labour not in vain.
5. Forgetting all behind,
They press on to the prize,
Keeping the crown that fadeth not
Ever before their eyes.

General Hymns.

Grasping the recompense,
Counting all loss but gain ;
Glad with their Lord to suffer here,
That with Him they may reign. Amen.

H. BONAR.

346.

D.C.M.

1. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright,

(394)

General Hymns.

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

H. BONAR.

347. 10.4.10.4.10.10.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from
home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet—I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for
me.
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Should'st lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path—but
now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

(395)

General Hymns.

3. So long Thy power hast blest me, sure
it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces
smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

348.

S.M.

1. My times are in Thy hand,
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.
2. My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
3. My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

(396)

General Hymns.

4. My times are in Thy hand ;
Jesus the crucified,
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my Guard and Guide.
5. My times are in Thy hand ;
I'll always trust in Thee,
And after death at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be. Amen.

W. F. LLOYD.

349.

C.M.

1. O happy soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
2. His conscience knows no secret stings ;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and Divine.
3. He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

(397)

General Hymns.

4. His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
5. He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here ;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his Life, appear.
6. He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day ;
And patient waits his Saviour's will,
To fetch his soul away. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

350.

Six 7's.

1. O how fair that morning broke
When in Eden Man awoke ;
Beast and bird, and insect bright
Revell'd in the gladsome light ;
Angel voices sang above,
God looked down in peace and love,
2. Ah, the dreary change, when sin
Slowly, subtly entered in !
War and pestilence and dearth
Spoil and sadden God's fair earth :
Human sorrow fills the air ;
Death is reigning everywhere.

(398)

General Hymns.

3. Yet rejoice ! for God on high
Hath not left His world to die ;
God's dear Son with dying breath
Conquered sin and woe and death :
Wait in hope and patience too ;
Christ is making all things new.
4. Lord, renew our hearts within ;
So may we too conquer sin,
Fight the fight, and run the race,
Work in our appointed place ;
Waiting for the glad new birth
Of Thy perfect Heaven and earth.

Amen.

JOHN ELLERTON.

351.

Four II's.

1. Once Man with Man, now God with God
above us,
Loving us here, and after death to love us :
Enough is this for us, O Saviour dear,
When to Thine altar our faint feet draw
near.
2. "Come unto Me, all that are heavy laden,
I will refresh you ; Mine is love unfading" :
It is enough ; we ask not where Thou art,
Present in space, or in the faithful heart.

General Hymns.

3. So long since Thou wast here, that to our
 seeming
 Thou art like some fair vision seen in
 dreaming:
 With glare and glow and turmoil, sigh
 and shout,
 The world rolls on, and seems to bar
 Thee out.
4. To reasoned doubt we yield ourselves
 resign'dly;
 Yet in our path oft feel Thy presence
 blindly;
 Life darkens into storm; joys change and
 flee;
 Once more we wake, and find ourselves
 with Thee.
5. Behind the midday sky the stars are
 shining;
 O shine out on us in our sun's declining:
 With loved ones lost, and loved ones yet
 to quit,
 Were this life all, we could not bear with
 it!
6. Once Man with Man, now God with God
 above us,
 Who lov'st us here, and after death wilt
 love us;

General Hymns.

When to Thine altar our faint feet draw
near,

It is enough for us if Thou art here.

Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

352.

Four 7's.

1. Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.
2. Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief !
3. Times the tempter's power to prove ;
Time to taste a Saviour's love ;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my Heavenly Friend.
4. Plagues and Deaths around me fly ;
Till He bids I cannot die ;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

General Hymns.

5. O Thou gracious, wise, and just !
In Thy hands my life I trust,
Thee at all times will I bless ;
Having Thee, I all possess. Amen.

J. RYLAND.

353.

8.8.8.6.

1. Thee in the loving bloom of morn,
Thee in the purple eve we see :
All things in Heaven and earth, O Lord,
Live and move in Thee !
2. Thee in the spring's fresh joy and life,
Thee in the May-dew's timid glow,
Thee in the autumn's mellow blush,
Thee in winter's snow !
3. Life is not life without Thee, Lord,
Thou fill'st Creation's wondrous whole ;
Light is not light without Thy love,
Blank this boundless soul !
4. Thee, Lord, without, this seeing eye
Looks on a mist, a void, a blot ;
Thee, Lord, without, this hearing ear
Hears, yet heareth not !
5. No, not the beauty of the earth,
Not the wide splendour of the sea,
No, not the glory of the heavens,
Save as seen in Thee !

General Hymns.

6. No, not the fragrance of the woods,
Nor the deep music of the breeze,
Not all the hues of field and flower,
But Thyself in these !
7. No, not the valley, nor the hill,
The lake, the stream, the waterfall ;
No, not the girdling zone of blue,
But Thyself in all !
8. No, not the flash of diamond,
The glow of pale or rosy gem ;
Not the fair marble's polished front,
But Thyself in them !
9. Without Thee day is darkest night,
With Thee the deepest night is day ;
Earth's only Sun, O Lord, art Thou :
Shine our night away !
10. Being of beings, Lord and God,
Thee in all things these eyes would
see ;
And all things round, beneath, above,
Lord, in Thee, in Thee !
11. Most blessed Lord, great God of all,
My dawn, my noon, my day, my eve,
My light, my glory, and my joy,
Lord, in Whom I live,

General Hymns.

12. Give to me every day and hour
Some newer, holier, happier ray,
The earnest, to my longing heart,
Lord, of Thy true day. Amen.

H. BONAR.

354.

Six 8's.

(PSALM XXIII.)

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply ;
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
3. Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

(404)

General Hymns.

4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still !
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Amen.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

355.

D.C.M.

1. The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
O for the pearly gates of Heaven !
O for the golden floor !
O for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore !
2. The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white !
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

(405)

General Hymns.

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

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

356.

S.M.

1. Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O Man, and follow Me :"
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.
2. But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy Face could see !
Thy blessèd Face one moment's space ;
Then might we follow Thee !
3. Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me ;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of
change ;
How can I follow Thee ?

(406)

General Hymns.

4. Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?
5. Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see:
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow Thee!
6. Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true;
Can we not follow Thee?
7. Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow Thee. Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

357.

Four 6's.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

(407)

General Hymns.

2. Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best :
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.
3. I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
4. The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine ;
Else I must surely stray.
5. Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem ;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
6. Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
7. Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All! Amen.

H. BONAR.

General Hymns.

358.

L.M.

(PSALM CXXI.)

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2. He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the
flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts He
made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3. He guides our feet, He guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4. Israel, a name Divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

General Hymns.

359.

Six 8's.

1. Weary of all this wordy strife,
 These notions, forms, and modes, and
 names,
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 Whose love my simple heart inflames,
Divinely taught, at last I fly,
With Thee and Thine to live and die.

2. My brethren, friends, and kinsmen, these,
 Who do my Heavenly Father's will ;
Who aim at perfect holiness,
 And all Thy counsels to fulfil ;
Athirst to be whate'er Thou art,
And love their God with all their heart.

3. From these, howe'er in flesh disjoined,
 Where'er dispersed o'er earth abroad,
Unfeigned, unbounded love I find,
 And constant as the life of God ;
Fountain of life, from thence it sprung,
As pure, as even, and as strong. Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

General Hymns.

360.

Six 8's.

1. We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth ;
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And wake them to a second birth ;
But we believe that Thou didst come,
And quit for us Thy glorious home.
2. We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter Cross around,
Nor heard the prayer for those who slew,
Nor felt the earthquake rock the ground ;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy Side,
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.
3. No angel's message met our ear
On that first glorious Easter Day,
"The Lord is risen, He is not here,
Come see the place where Jesus lay!"
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of Death and Hell.
4. We saw Thee not return on high ;
And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness ;
Yet we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and
prayer. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

(411)

General Hymns.

361.

D.L.M.

1. Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the holy Hebrew land?
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,
Or by the Galilean deep?
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,
Or sought to win by brand and blade
The tomb wherein their Lord was laid?
2. Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,
Where Apostolic wanderers first
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?
Or where, on many a mystic page,
Byzantine prelate, Coptic sage,
Fondly essayed to intertwine
Earth's shadows with the light Divine?
3. Or is the Christian's Fatherland
Where, with crowned head and croziered
hand,
The Ghost of Empire proudly flits,
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?
O by those world-embracing walls,
O in those vast and pictured halls,
O underneath that soaring dome,
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

(412)

General Hymns.

4. Where is the Christian's Fatherland?—
He still looks on from land to land—
Is it where German conscience woke,
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?
Or where by Zurich's shore was heard
The calm Helvetian's earnest word?
Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,
Stern Calvin reared his unseen throne?
Or where from Sweden's snows came forth
The stainless hero of the North?
5. Or is there yet a closer band,
Our own, our native Fatherland?
Where Law and Freedom side by side
In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?
Where prayer and praise for years have
rung
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,
Blessing with cadence sweet and grave
The fireside nook, the ocean wave,
And o'er the broad Atlantic hurled,
Wakening to life another world?
6. No, Christian, no, not even here,
By Christmas hearth or churchyard dear;
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry;

General Hymns.

Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,
Nor Eastern Patriarch's hoary fame ;
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's
star :

Thy Fatherland is wider far.

7. Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's Spirit breathes a holier air ;
Where Christ-like Faith is keen to seek
What Truth or Conscience freely speak ;
Where Christ-like Love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man ;
Where round God's Throne His just ones
stand :

There, Christian, is thy Fatherland.

Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

362.

C.M.

1. Adown the river year by year
The fragile bark flies fast ;
And still a fond reverted gaze
Goes back to days long past.
2. Long, long ago the voices loved
Have breathed their last farewell ;
And yet their tones within the heart
Still unforgotten dwell.

(414) .

General Hymns.

3. But soon a golden ray shall dart
 Across the eastern sky,
 To bid the weary earth rejoice ;
 At last her Lord draws nigh,
4. O time, fly fast ! O ages, end !
 That He, Whom we adore,
 May gather round Himself His own
 For ever, evermore. Amen.

I. GREGORY SMITH.

363.

L.M.

1. Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host ;
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
2. Here giant danger threatening' stands,
 Mustering his pale terrific bands ;
 There pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.
3. See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
4. Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
 Perils and snares beset thee round ;
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most, the traitor in thy heart.

(415)

General Hymns.

5. Come then my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
6. The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here :
Why should His faithful followers fear ?
Amen.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

364.

Four 7's.

1. Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways !
2. We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod ;
They are happy now ; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
3. O ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes ;
Brother to our souls becomes.

(416)

General Hymns.

4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesu's throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
5. 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.
6. Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
7. Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee !
8. 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.

JOHN CENNICK.

365.

S.M.

1. Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

General Hymns.

2. Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But favourites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
4. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
5. Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Emmanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high. Amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

366.

Six 7's.

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

(418)

General Hymns.

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

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

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

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

General Hymns.

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

7. O remember, Saviour dear,
What the cause that brought Thee here;
All Thy long and perilous way
Was for me who went astray.
When that day at last is come,
Call, O call the wanderer home.

8. Thou in search of me didst sit
Weary with the noonday heat,
Thou to save my soul hast borne
Cross and grief, and hate and scorn.
O may all that toil and pain
Not be wholly spent in vain!

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

General Hymns.

10. Thou Who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears, and go in peace;
Thou Who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief;
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
Even to me, the hope of Heaven. Amen.

THOMAS OF CELANO. *Tr.* A. P. STANLEY.

367.

Six 7's.

1. Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Lord, we own the sentence just;
Head and tongue and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part;
Righteous is the common doom,
All must moulder in the tomb.
2. Like the seed in Spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in Autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.
3. Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove;
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever, when we die?

(421)

General Hymns.

4. Lord, from Nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light ;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save ;
Ransomed by Thy Blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust. Amen.

J. H. GURNEY.

368.

6.6.8.6.8.8.

1. Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end :
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living, or dying, none were blest.
2. Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.
3. There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone :
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

(422)

General Hymns.

4. Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in Heaven's own
light. Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

369.

C.M.

1. Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of Mankind.
3. 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.
4. But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His lovers know.

(423)

General Hymns.

5. Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesu, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

From the Latin. Tr. E. CASWALL.

370.

S.M.

1. Not to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live ;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.
2. The time past of our lives
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Hath to us ever brought.
3. No longer is our life
A thing unused or vain ;
To us, even here, to live is Christ,
To us to die is gain.
4. Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above ;
Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.
5. When He Who is our life
Appears to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like His own.

General Hymns.

6. He liveth, and we live !
His life for us prevails ;
His fulness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.
 7. Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store ;
So death is swallowed up of life ;
We live for evermore.
 8. Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then,
Our sky without a cloud or mist,
Ourselves without a stain.
 9. Like Him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified ;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.
 10. Not to ourselves we live,
Not to ourselves we die ;
Unto the Lord we die or live ;
With Him we sit on high.
 11. We seek the things above,
For we are only His ;
Like Him we soon shall be, for we
Shall see Him as He is. Amen.
- H. BONAR.

General Hymns.

371. 7.8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

1. O frail spirit, vital spark
Trembling, toiling, rising, sinking,
Flickering bright 'mid shadows dark,
Spring of feeling, aching, thinking,
Central flame of smiles and tears,
Boundless hopes and wasting fears,
Whither will thou wend thy way,
When we close this mortal day ?

2. Shall the course of earthly joys
Still repeat their round for ever,
Feasts and songs, and forms and toys,
Endless throbs of this life's fever ?
Or, beyond these weary woes,
Shall we find a deep repose,
And, like dove that seeks her nest,
Flee away and be at rest ?

3. Dimly, through those shades unknown,
Gleams the fate that shall befall us,
Faintly entering there alone,
Can we hear what voices call us ;
Yet our spirit's inmost breath,
As we near the gates of death,
In that purer, larger air,
Thus may shape a worthier prayer :

General Hymns.

4. " Maker of the human heart,
Scorn not Thou Thine own creation,
Onward guide its nobler part,
Train it for its high vocation ;
From the long-infected grain
Cleanse and purge each sinful stain ;
Kindle with a kindred fire
Every good and great desire.
5. " When in ruin and in gloom
Falls to dust our earthly mansion,
Give us ample verge and room
For the measureless expansion.
Clear our clouded mental sight
To endure Thy piercing light,
Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace Thee as we ought.
6. " When the shadows melt away,
And the eternal day is breaking,
Judge Most Just, be Thou our stay
In that strange and solemn waking ;
Thou to Whom the heart sincere
Is Thy best of temples here,
May Thy faithfulness and love
Be our long last home above."

General Hymns.

PART II.

7. "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
All thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things,
Heavenward to thy native place."
Higher still and ever higher,
Let thy soaring flight aspire,
Toward the Perfectness Supreme,
Goal of saints and sages' dream.
8. There may we rejoicing meet,
Loved and lost, our heart's best
treasures,
Not without surprises sweet
Mount with them to loftier pleasures;
Though the earthly bond be gone,
Yet the spirits still are one;
One in love, and hope, and faith,
One in all that conquers death.
9. And, in those celestial spheres,
Shall not then our keener vision
See athwart the mist of years,
Through the barriers of division,
Holy soul and noble mind,
From their baser dross refined,
Heroes of the better land
Whom below we scorn'd and bann'd?

General Hymns.

10. May we wisely, humbly scan,
Face to face at last beholding,
Glimpses of the Son of Man,
All His grace and truth unfolding ;
Through the ages still the same,
As of old on earth He came ;
May our hope in Him be sure,
To be pure as He is pure.
11. As we climb that steep ascent,
May the goodness and the glory,
Which to cheer our path were lent,
Seem but fragments of the story,
There to be unroll'd at length,
In its fulness and its strength,
Not with words that fade and die,
In the Book of God Most High.
12. Through our upward pilgrimage,
Larger, deeper, lessons learning,
May we boldly page on page
Of Diviner lore be turning ;
May we still in labours blest
Never tire and never rest,
And with forces ever new
Serve the Holy and the True. Amen.

A. P. STANLEY.

General Hymns.

372.

Four 7's.

1. Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go !
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
2. Onward, Christians, onward go !
Join the war, and face the foe !
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?
3. Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long ;
Soon shall victory wake your song.
4. Let not sorrow dim your eye ;
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede ;
Great your strength, if great your need.
5. Onward, then, to battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go ! Amen.

Fragment by HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
completed by FRANCES FULLER-MAITLAND.

(430)

General Hymns.

373.

6.6.5.5.5.5.

1. Star of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn Thine ear ;
Through whate'er may come
Thou canst lead us home.
2. Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.
3. Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with Thy sign,
Take our hands in thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead Thy children home !
4. Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from Heaven ;
From Thy glory-throne
Hear Thy very own !
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home !

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

(431)

General Hymns.

374.

L.M.

1. That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
2. When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead;
3. O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass
away. Amen.

THOMAS OF CELANO. *Tr.* SIR WALTER SCOTT.

375.

P.M.

1. The day-beam dies
Behind yon cloud;
The wintry wind
Is wailing loud
In sore distress
And weariness.

(432)

General Hymns.

O God, our God, be with us now,
For Thou canst save, and only Thou ;
And, when the world is dark and drear,
The heart is bright, if Thou art near.

2. Lo, darts a ray
Across the gloom,
A message, from
Beyond the tomb,
Of peace and love
In Heaven above ;

For Thou, O God, our God, art nigh,
Though all that is must fade and die ;
And, when the world is dark and drear,
The heart is bright, if Thou art near.

3. Each passing year
Demands its due,
And calls away
The loved, the true ;
And we are left
Alone, bereft.

But we and they shall meet at last,
When all this troubled dream is past ;
And, let the world be dark and drear,
The heart is bright, for Thou art near.

Amen.

I. GREGORY SMITH.

General Hymns.

376.

Four 7's.

1. When the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,
"It is I; be not afraid."
2. When we dimly trace Thy Form,
In mysterious clouds arrayed;
Be the echo of the storm,
"It is I; be not afraid."
3. When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
"It is I; be not afraid."
4. When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
O may then the mourner hear,
"It is I; be not afraid."
5. When with wearing, hopeless pain
Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
"It is I; be not afraid."
6. When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,
"It is I; be not afraid." Amen.

BISHOP HOW.

General Hymns.

377.

S.M.

1. Blest be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.
2. O Thou, our souls' chief hope,
We to Thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
3. Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.
4. Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be. Amen.

JOHN AUSTIN.

378.

Six 8's.

1. Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee ;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

(435)

General Hymns.

2. I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name ;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there !
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou,
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3. In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

4. Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable Name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
To know it now, resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

5. 'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.

General Hymns.

6. What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.
7. My strength is gone; my nature dies;
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy Nature know.
8. Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me, if Thy Name is Love?
9. 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for
me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art!
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

General Hymns.

10. My prayer hath power with God ; the
 grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
 I see Thee face to face, and live :
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.
11. I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art ;
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend !
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay, and love me to the end !
Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.
12. The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in His wings ;
Withered my nature's strength, from
 Thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.
13. Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from Thee to move ;
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love.

General Hymns.

14. Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'er-
come ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home ;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy Nature, and Thy Name, is Love !
Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY.

379.

D.C.M.

1. Father of Love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly praise be won !
We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee ;
Our Father and our God !
2. If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time :
Deliverance shall arise :
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure !

(439)

General Hymns.

3. Christ by no flowery pathway came ;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will, and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.
And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise ! Amen.

W. J. IRONS.

380.

D.8.7.

1. God and Father, great and holy,
Fearing nought, we come to Thee ;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For Thy love hath made us free ;
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
Thou art Love, and Love alone !
2. Father, Lord of all Creation,
Holy, blest, eternal Son,
Spirit, source of inspiration,
Awful Godhead, Three in One,
With the notes which, high ascending,
Ring around the sapphire throne,
May Thy sons the song be blending,
Thou art Love, and Love alone !

General Hymns.

3. Though the world in flames should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in Thee our hearts would cherish,
Thou to us be all in all ;
Yea, though Heavens Thy Name are
praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the song our hearts are raising,
Thou art Love, and Love alone. Amen.

F. W. FARRAR.

381.

L.M.

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds,
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes,
are one !
2. To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
3. Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

(441)

General Hymns.

4. Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face ;
How high, how strong, their raptures
swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
5. Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above ;
A Heaven of joy, because of love.

Amen.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

382.

C.M.

1. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
3. Jesus, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

(442)

General Hymns.

4. 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.
5. Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

JOHN NEWTON.

383.

C.M.

1. Father of mercies, let our ways
With Thee acceptance find ;
Thy loving-kindness we confess
To us and all Mankind.
2. Thanks for creation are Thy due,
For life preserved by Thee ;
And all the blessings life affords,
So great, and yet so free.
3. Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given ;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of Heaven.
4. O let a sense of this Thy grace
Our best affections move ;
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim
Our hearts may feel Thy love. Amen.

ANON.

General Hymns.

384.

Six 8's.

1. Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
 O make me love Thee more and more.
2. Jesu too late I Thee have sought ;
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name ?
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
 O make me love Thee more and more.
3. Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought !
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
 O make me love Thee more and more.
4. Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I am or have is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Amen.

HENRY COLLINS.

General Hymns.

385.

Six 8's.

1. O Love, Who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wand'rings wild and
drear ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
2. O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,
And like to us in all things made ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
3. O Love, Who once in Time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with
bitter woe ;
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
4. O Love, of Whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whose heart was bared to them that smite,
To shield us in our trial hour :
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

General Hymns.

5. O Love, Who thus hast bound me fast,
 Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine ;
Love, Who hast conquered me at last,
 And rapt away this heart of mine ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
6. O Love, Who lovest me for aye,
 Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
7. O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise
 From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, Who once above yon skies
 Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers :
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, Thine alone to be. Amen.
- J. SCHEFFLER. *Tr.* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

386.

L.M.

1. Not unto us, Almighty Lord,
 But to Thyself the glory be !
Created by Thy awful word,
 We only live to honour Thee.

(446)

General Hymns.

2. Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone ;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds His own.
3. Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend ;
O fear His power, His goodness own,
And love Him, trust Him, to the end.
4. Who lean on Him, from strength to
strength,
From light to light, shall onward move,
Till through the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high His saving love.

Amen.

HENRY F. LYTE.

387.

C.M.

1. The Head that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's Brow.
2. The highest place that Heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's Eternal Light.

(447)

General Hymns.

3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.
4. To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.
5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
6. The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him :
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

THOMAS KELLY.

388.

8.8.8.6.

1. There is a pure and tranquil wave,
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.
2. While streams, which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
O'er weary lands to stray ;

(448)

General Hymns.

3. The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink
 Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refreshed beside their verdant brink,
 Rejoices in their flow.

4. There, O my soul, do thou repair,
 And hover o'er the hallowed spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
 To lave thy wearied wing.

5. There droop that wing, when far it flies
 From human care, and toil, and strife,
And feed by those still streams, that rise
 Beneath the Tree of Life.

6. It may be that the breath of love
 Some leaves on their pure tide have
 driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
 Have floated down from Heaven..

7. So shall thy wounds and woes be healed,
 By the blest virtue that they bring,
So thy parched lips shall be unsealed
 Thy Saviour's praise to sing. Amen.

WILLIAM BALL.

General Hymns.

389.

8.7.8.7.8.8.

1. Though we long, in sin-wrought blindness,
From Thy gracious paths have strayed,
Cold to Thee and all Thy kindness,
Wilful, reckless, or afraid ;
Through dim clouds that gather round us
Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.
2. Oft from Thee we veil our faces,
Children-like, to cheat Thine eyes ;
Sin, and hope to hide the traces ;
From ourselves ourselves disguise ;
'Neath the webs enwoven round us
Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.
3. Sudden, 'midst our idle chorus,
O'er our sin Thy thunders roll,
Death his signal waves before us,
Night and terror take the soul ;
Till through double darkness round us
Looks a star,—and Thou hast found us.
4. O most merciful, most holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way ;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray !
Cloud and storm oft gather round us :
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

(450)

General Hymns.

390.

Six 8's.

1. Thou hidden Love of God, Whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man
knows ;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
2. 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see ;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend ?
3. Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to
share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.
4. O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live ;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive !
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but Thee !

General Hymns.

5. Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy All ! "
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.
Amen.

G. TERSTEEGEN. *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY.

391.

C.M.

1. Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
2. Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest,
In every cheerful ray ;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love restores the day.
3. Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters bend the vines,
With harvests wave the fields.
4. But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
Are in the Gospel seen ;
There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between. Amen.

THOMAS GIBBONS.

For Private Use.

392.

Eight 7's.

1. Christ, Who art above the sky,
Teach me how to live and die!
Thou hast sent me here to be
Born of human-kind like Thee:
Born to walk the flinty road
Which Thy crimsoned footsteps trode;
Clear mine eyes to track them right,
Leading upwards to the light.
2. Pure as snow from taint of wrong,
Thou hast known temptation strong;
Tried and burst the snares that lie
Set to bar us from the sky:
Thou wilt aid me firm to stand
When the tempter is at hand;
Thou wilt draw my thoughts to Thee,
And the demon-sin will flee.
3. When I slip, my frailty spare;
Saviour, save me from despair!
By the mercy-gate Thou art,
Vision of the Bleeding Heart,
Gazing with thorn-circled Face
Human-eyed on all the race:—
If I kneel before the gate,
Thou wilt never cry "Too late!"

For Private Use.

4. If in vain my strength has toiled ;
Hopes defeated, purpose foiled ;
If the light of life be dim,
Waning mind, and withered limb ;
If my dear ones leave me lone,
Be Thou here when all are gone !
Thou hast known what anguish is :
Thou canst turn my tears to bliss.
5. In the day of doubt and gloom,
Let Thy mercy-message come,
O'er my fevered soul below
Falling soft as snow on snow ;
" Though the mother smile no more
On the baby that she bore ;
Bride by bridegroom be forgot ;
Yet will I forsake thee not."
6. Though far off in light, by me
Nearer than earth's nearest be :
By the love that brought Thee down ;
By the bitter Cross and Crown ;
By Thy shepherd-care to save
All Thy flock from font to grave ;
Aid me here to live and die,
Christ, Who art above the sky! Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

For Private Use.

393.

D.7.6.

1. Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night :
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2. Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray too for those that hate thee,
•If any such there be :
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's Name.

3. But if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray ;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way ;
E'en then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above
Shall reach His throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

(455)

For Private Use.

4. O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember in thy gladness
His love Who gave thee all. Amen.
JANE C. SIMPSON.

394.

7.7.7.6.

1. In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
2. When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
3. When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
4. When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

For Private Use.

5. When my conscience me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me for untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
6. When the judgment is revealed,
'And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me. Amen.

R. HERRICK.

395.

Six 7's.

1. Lord! how fast the minutes fly
'Twixt us and the hour we die!
Days are weeks before we know;
Weeks to months untimely grow;
And behind each glad New Year,
Death his ambush sets more near.
2. Death!—by whomsoever heard,
'Mongst all words most fearful word!
—Quit each thing familiar here:
Face to face with God appear:
Change no mortal tongue can tell:—
All's in that one syllable!
3. Hour of dread farewells to be!
Faces more than life to me;

(457)

For Private Use.

Little lips that beg me stay ;
Tears I shall not wipe away ;
Faithful hand yet clasped in mine :—
Death triumphant !—all is thine !

4. Author of Man's mystic lot,
God, Thy ways as ours are not :
Thou has destined us to be
Doomed to death, yet safe in Thee :
Love immortal casting out,
Feverish fear, and freezing doubt.
5. In the spaces of the night
In the depths of dim affright,
Jesus, Who for us hast died,
Do not Thou forsake my side !
Childlike on Thy faithful breast
Hold my heart, and bid me rest.
6. Like a sword above my head
Death is hanging by a thread ;
Yet, O gracious Lord on high,
Surely Thou wilt hear my cry,
By Thy life laid down for me
Turning death to victory !
7. Only this can light the grave,
Thou hast died : and Thou wilt save :
Thou, by lying low in earth,
Hast assured our second birth,
Bidding in the sunless tomb
Amaranthine roses bloom.

For Private Use.

8. If the spirit shivering shrink
From annihilation's brink,
Through the soul like sunshine come,
—Death is but another womb:
“Born through woe to human breath,
Ye are born to God through death!”
9. Nearer than the nearest by,
Be beside me when I die:
O'er the world-sequestered eyes
Set the vision of the skies:
Hold my hands, and take my breath,
Everlasting Life in death. Amen.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

396.

C.M.

1. O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

For Private Use.

4. Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Amen.

WILLIAM COWPER.

397.

D.C.M.

1. Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.
2. In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied ?

For Private Use.

And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(The Love that never seems to tire)
Such rich provision made. Amen.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

398.

6.6.4.8.8.4.

1. So tired ! I fain would rest,
But, Lord, Thou knowest best,
I wait on Thee.
I will toil on from day to day
Bearing my cross, and only pray
To follow Thee.
2. So tired ! my friends are gone,
And I am left alone,
And days are sad.
Lord Jesu, Thou wilt bear my load
Along this steep and dreary road,
And make me glad.
3. So tired ! my heart is low,
Shadows of coming woe
Around me fall.
And memories of sins long wept,
And hopes denied that long have slept,
Arise and call.

(461)

For Private Use.

4. So tired ! yet I would work
For Thee ! Lord, hast Thou work
Even for me ?
Small things—which others, hurrying on
In Thy blest service, swift and strong,
Might never see ?
5. So tired ! yet I might reach
A flower, to cheer, and teach
Some sadder heart :
Or for parched lips perhaps might bring
One cup of water from the spring,
Ere I depart.
6. So tired ! yet it were sweet
Some faltering tender feet
To help and guide :
Thy little ones, whose steps are slow,
I should not weary them, I know,
Nor roughly chide.
7. So tired ! Lord, Thou wilt come
To take me to my home
So long desired :
Only Thy grace and mercy send
That I may serve Thee to the end,
Though I am tired. Amen.

MARY E. TOWNSEND.

For Private Use.

399.

Six 10's.

1. The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no
more :
For then we know how vain it was to
boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost :
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
2. The soul's dark cottage, battered and
decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that
time has made ;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once
they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the
new. Amen.

E. WALLER.

400.

Six 10's.

1. Why comes this fragrance on the summer
breeze,
The blended tribute of ten thousand
flowers,

(463)

For Private Use.

To me, a frequent wanderer 'mid the
trees,

That form these gay though solitary
bowers ?

One answer is around, beneath, above ;
The echo of the voice, that God is Love !

2. Why bursts such melody from tree and
bush,

The overflowing of each songster's
heart,

So filling mine, that it can scarcely hush
Awhile to listen, but would take its
part ?

'Tis but one song I hear where'er I rove,
Though countless be the notes, that God
is Love !

3. Why leaps the streamlet down the moun-
tain's side,

Hastening so swiftly to the vale
beneath,

To cheer the shepherd's thirsty flock, or
glide

Where the hot sun has left a faded
wreath,

Or, rippling, aid the music of the grove ?
Its own glad voice replies, that God is
Love !

For Private Use.

4. In starry heavens, at the midnight hour,
In ever-varying hues at morning's
dawn,
In the fair bow athwart the falling shower,
In forest, river, lake, rock, hill, and
lawn,
One truth is written: all conspire to
prove,
What grace of old revealed, that God is
Love!
5. Nor less this pulse of health, far-glancing
eye,
And heart so moved with beauty, per-
fume, song,
This spirit, soaring through a gorgeous
sky,
Or diving ocean's coral caves among,
Fleeter than darting fish or startled dove;
All, all declare the same, that God is
Love!
6. Is it a fallen world on which I gaze?
Am I as deeply fallen as the rest;
Yet joys partaking, past my utmost praise,
Instead of wandering forlorn, unblest?
It is as if an unseen spirit strove
To grave upon my heart, that God is
Love!

For Private Use.

7. Yet wouldst thou see, my soul, this truth
displayed
In characters which wondering angels
read,
And read, adoring ; go, imploring aid
To gaze with faith, behold the Saviour
bleed !
Thy God, in human form ! O, what can
prove,
If this suffice thee not, that God is Love ?
8. Cling to His Cross ; and let thy ceaseless
prayer
Be, that thy grasp may fail not ! and,
ere long,
Thou shalt ascend to that fair Temple,
where
In strains ecstatic an innumerable throng,
Of saints and seraphs, round the throne
above,
Proclaim for evermore, that God is Love !
Amen.

THOMAS DAVIS.



