I hope it will be distinctly understood that this little book is a collection of hymn-tunes, and not in any sense a Hymnal. The only object in printing the words to the tunes is to show the general character of the thoughts which suggested their musical setting. A hymn-tune is, or ought to be, essentially a vehicle of the spirit of the words; it is unfair, therefore, to judge of its worth when divorced from them. In nearly every case the tunes are here associated with the words to which they were originally set.

I am afraid that some of those into whose hands this collection of tunes may fall will call me to task for having composed such a large number of them. I must plead in excuse that, almost without exception, they have been written at the request of musical and clerical editors and personal friends. If those who thus prompted me to compose hymn-tunes were leading me into an evil course, I can only say they have added the still greater unkindness of condemning my offence by taking the tunes into constant use. Amongst the earliest of such requests were those made in 1872-75 by the music committee of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." No greater privilege have I ever had than that of having, on that committee, been a co-worker with the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes, Dr. W. H. Monk, the Rev. Sir Henry Baker, and the Rev. G. W. Huntingford. All of these have been called to their rest. Mr. Huntingford, whose amiability and tact veiled the true power of his influence, passed away while these pages were in the printers' hands. The instructive and interesting conversations which took place at our meetings, during the re-casting of the original "Hymns Ancient and Modern, with Appendix," will always be amongst my most valued memories.

It is impossible to speak of Dr. Dykes without enthusiasm; he devoted his musical genius (for genius he certainly had) entirely to the service of the Church, with the splendid results with which we are all happily so familiar. Dr. Monk was not less imbued with a keen sense of musical fitness and the wants of a congregation; hence the great success and value of his tunes.

Encouraged by the kindly words of two such musicians, I confess that I plunged deeply into the fascinating study of hymnody, and have lost no opportunity of employing myself as a humble labourer in a sphere congenial and dear to me from the time of my childhood.
I have ventured into the domain of various styles—some are of the older severe character, some are ultra-modern.

A larger supply of Processional seems to be required by clergy and choirmasters, so I have added several, and amongst them will be found a few of an entirely new type, as far as I know.

The two settings of the Dies Irae were written for hymnals, the editor of which did not adopt the same number of verses nor the same text throughout; but I thought it better to give them as they were originally published.

My attention having been called to an unintentional plagiarism in the tune “Redeemed,” I have made a slight alteration in the last two lines. A slight alteration has also been made in “Rex Regum.”

Bearing in mind the small proportion of tunes which survive any particular period, I cannot hope that many of this collection are destined to enjoy a long existence; but I can honestly say, that if any single one of my tunes should for a few centuries float along the ever-gathering stream of sacred song, even unlabelled with my name, I shall not have lived in vain.

J. S.

I wish to express my grateful acknowledgment of the kindness of the proprietors of “Hymns Ancient and Modern” in allowing me to print those tunes of mine and the various hymns of which they hold the copyright.

Also, to the following, who have permitted me to print tunes or hymns:

Mr. A. C. Ainger, for Nos. 129 and 135; the latter I set at his own request, the former at the request of the Rev. H. W. Tacker, Prebendary of S. Paul’s, and Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

His Grace The Archbishop of Armagh, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Limited, for Nos. 80, 145, and 149, by the late Mrs. C. P. Alexander.

Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Limited, for Nos. 50 and 99, by the late Dr. Bonar.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons, for No. 56, by the late Miss Borthwick.

The Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, for No. 141.

Miss Frances Brock, for No. 102.

The Rev. R. R. Cope, for permission to print a Carol, No. 45, which I wrote for his “Carols for Use in Church.”

The Rev. S. Childs Clarke, for taking the warmest interest in the progress of my work, and permitting me to print so many of his well-known Hymns, from “Festival and other Hymns” (Skeffington, 1896).

Miss Crewdson, for Nos. 100 and 136, by the late Mrs. Jane Crewdson.


The Rev. A. B. Donaldson, Precentor of Truro, for permission to treat his excellent Processional in a new manner.

The true estimate of a hymn-tune cannot be found by principles of abstract criticism, or by any internal evidence that it exhibits an artist’s handicraft. There is something, indefinable and intangible, which can render a hymn-tune, not only a winning musical melody, but also a most powerful evangelist.

Much the same may be said of many of our most valuable words of hymns. They would fail to satisfy the artificial requirements of the learned poet, but they uplift the heart and emotions as if by some hidden magic. Alas for the day if such a powerful spiritual influence should ever be lightly set aside in order to make room for words and music intended to teach the higher laws of poetry and a cold respectability in music.
PREFACE.

Messrs. Houston and Sons, for No. 119, from "Psalms of Life," by Sarah Doudney.
Mrs. Ella Mary Gordon, for Nos. 116 and 117.
Mr. J. A. G. Hamilton, for Nos. 43 and 138, by the late James Hamilton.
Miss Hatch, for No. 69, by the late Edwin Hatch.
Mrs. H. F. Hawkins, for No. 148, from "The Home Hymn Book."
Mr. C. A. Barry, for Nos. 33 and 67, by the late Mrs. C. F. Henneman, from "The Child's Book of Praise."
The Very Rev. S. Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester, for Nos. 132 and 134.
The Rev. H. W. Hutton, for "Aleta."
Mr. H. A. Martin, for No. 159.
Mr. A. Midlane, for No. 147.
Mrs. Monsell, for No. 131, by the late Dr. Monsell.
The Rev. J. Napleton, for No. 144.
Mr. F. S. Pierpoint, for No. 87.
Miss Katherine E. Rogers, for No. 1, by the late Dean Plumtre.
The Very Reverend Arthur Percival Furey-Cust, Dean of York, for Nos. 93, 124, and 139.
The Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, for Nos. 11, 57, 74, and 126, written specially at my request. Those who are familiar with his beautiful Hymns in the "Meditation on the Crucifixion" will not be surprised at my pleasure in finding myself once more entwined with his sacred lyrics.
Mr. Horace Smith, for Hymns Nos. 32, 66, 73, and 75, taken from his volume of Poems (Macmillan, 1897). I feel much honoured in being the first musician allowed to set such admirable words to music for congregational use.
The Rev. S. J. Stone, for No. 55.
Mr. J. F. Swift, for No. 22.
The Rev. Dr. Stephenson for "Rex Regum," which was composed for the Queen's Jubilee Festival of "Dr. Stephenson's Home," at the Royal Albert Hall, 1887.
The Rev. S. Somerville Stobbs, for allowing me to associate to other words a tune, No. 24, which I composed specially for a Hymn written by him at a time of severe domestic affliction.
The Rev. U. R. Thomas, for No. 95, by the late Dr. Thomas.
Mr. R. Walmady, for No. 20.
The Rev. F. Whitfield, for No. 84.
Miss M. B. Whiting, for No. 112.
The Bishop of Salisbury, and the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, for Nos. 86 and 155, by Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln.
His Grace the Archbishop of York, for No. 125.
I am also greatly indebted to Mr. Henry King, formerly an Assistant Vicar-Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, for a vast amount of patient and laborious work in discovering tunes scattered here and there in so many Hymnals, and preparing the book for press. Only those who have undertaken such a task can realize its difficulty.

J. S.

OXFORD,
July, 1902.

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS.

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<th>COLLECTION, OR SOURCE OF TUNE</th>
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<td>The Baptist Church Hymnal.</td>
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<td>The Children's Supplement.</td>
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<td>Child's Bk. of Pr.</td>
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<td>Chope's Carols</td>
<td>Carols for use in Church.</td>
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<td>Church Hymnry</td>
<td>The Church Hymnary.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ch. Monthly</td>
<td>The Church Monthly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Christmas Ser. of S.</td>
<td>A Christmas Service of Song.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cong. Ch. Hymnal</td>
<td>The Congregational Church Hymnal.</td>
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<td>Day School Hy. Bk.</td>
<td>The Day School Hymn Book.</td>
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<td>Easterly</td>
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<td>A Flower Service for Children.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harvest Fest. Book</td>
<td>Harvest Festival Book.</td>
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<td>Hy. Companion</td>
<td>Hymn Companion.</td>
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<td>Hymnary</td>
<td>The Hymnary.</td>
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<td>Hymns &amp; M.</td>
<td>Hymns Ancient and Modern.</td>
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<td>Irons' Ps. &amp; Hymns</td>
<td>Irons' Psalms and Hymns.</td>
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<td>New Mitre Hymnal</td>
<td>The New Mitre Hymnal.</td>
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<td>Novello's Carols</td>
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<td>Novello's Sch. S.</td>
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<td>Sunlight of Song</td>
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<td>The Quiver.</td>
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<td>Four 10's 8.7.8.8.7.</td>
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<td>6.5.6.5. D.</td>
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1. Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
As ocean's surging praise.
With voices full and strong,
Lead forth the hallowed day
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King!
Lead forth the hallowed day
The Cross of Christ your King!
With voices full and strong,
The Cross of Christ your King!

2. Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!
Yes! on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go!
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array! [toil
As warriors through the darkness
Till dawns the golden day.
At last the march shall end.
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
Then on! ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

3. Yes! onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song.
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways through!
Ye may not bring the strife of tongues
Within the home of peace.

4. With ordered feet pass on!
Bid thoughts of evil cease!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

5. With all the angel-choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Four out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

6. Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud! [float,
Whilst answering echoes upward
Like wreaths of incense-cloud!
2.

Is thy soul athirst for God?
Wouldst thou win Salvation?
Thou must have the heavenly Faith.
Touched each tribe and nation.
If thy heart receive it not,
Purely keep and cherish;
Know, the unbeliever's lot
Surely is to perish.

Catholic that Faith remains,
Sung through all the ages;
God is One, and God is Three,
Known by saints and sages.
But the Persons of the Three
Are confounded never;
Nor the Substance, all Divine,
May we dare to sever.

5.

Father, on the Eternal Throne—
In His bosom dwelling,
Son and Spirit, the Three in One
Majesty excelling!
Yet in that eternity,
One Eternal liveth;
And to all things that exist,
Life and being giveth.

6.

One Uncomprehended God,
One Supreme, Almighty;
One not three, in Deity,
Uncreate and Mighty.
Father, Thou art God most High;
Son, Thy Throne abideth;
God the Spirit, One with Thee;—
Godhead none divided.

7.

Father Lord, the Son is Lord,
And the Spirit Most Holy;
Yet not three Lords—only One,
One divine Lord, solely.
Thus the truth in Christ proclaims
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal Lord, and Equal God;—
We the faith inherit:

8.

For such faith is Catholic,
No three Gods professing;
Father, Son, and Spirit, each,
God and Lord confessing;
God the Father, made of none,
Unoriginated;
God the everlasting Son,
First Born, uncreated;

9.

God the Holy Spirit Divine,
In one Godhead, flowing
From the Father and the Son,
Evermore out-going;
Yet these three Fathers there were not,
Nor three Sons, nor Spirits,
But the Three are Unity;—
This the Church inherits.

10.

In this Trinity, adore
None before the Other;
None is greater, None is less
Glories than Another.
Thus repeat we,—Faith in God,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One;
Who hath ears shall hear it!

11.

Art thou still athirst for God?—
Wouldst thou win Salvation?
Thou must have true Faith in Christ,
And His Incarnation.
Faith in Christ as God and Man,
We can own no other;
Godhead of His Father had,
Manhood from His mother.

12.

Perfect God, and perfect Man,
Soul and body wearing:
With the Father One, as God,—
(That His voice declaring)
Yet as Son of Man He owns
God His Father greater;
For the perfect Manhood bows
To the One Creator,

13.

Thus, the Godhead changes not,
Though our manhood taking;
Oneness true, of God and man
In Christ's Person making;
God and man in Christ have found
Union none can sever;
As our body and our soul,
Will be man for ever.

14.

He for our salvation died,
And to hell descended;
On the third day rose again,
Then to heaven ascended.
On the throne at God's right hand,—
God the Father's giving,—
He will sit until He comes,
Judge of dead and living.

15.

In their bodies all will rise—
Every tribe and nation;
And to Him give up account
Of earth's long probation.
They that have done good then pass
To the joys immortal;
Sinners hear Him say depart
To the fiery portal!

16.

Such is Catholic belief;
In thy heart, O cherish
Humble faith in all its truth;
Lest thou darkenly perish.
Father, Son, and Spirit praise—
Join the angel's singing;
Hear the echoes from the past,
Onwards ever ringing.

W. J. Irongs.
On, brothers on!
With spirit.

On, brothers on, to the better land,
Chanting our songs in triumphal strain,
Shoulder to shoulder marches our band —
On, till the golden gates we gain!

cr. Forward our steps to the Home beyond,
Seeking the country yet unseen,
Where to our hopes shall at last respond
Glories untold in dazzling sheen.

mf 2 On, brothers, on to the better land,
Chanting our songs in triumphal strain,
On, ever onward the march of our band,
"Onward," our pilgrim song's refrain!

mf 2 Led by the pillar of cloud by day,
Israel journey'd amid the wild;
dim. Nightly the fiery pillar's ray
March of that lonesome host beguiled:
cr. God for their Guardian, God their Guide,
God 'gainst the foe for His people fought,
God at the Jewish warriors' side—
They to their promised land were brought.

f 3 On, brothers, on to the better land, &c.
Onward the march of the Christian host,
On through the world's dread wilderness;
Christ for our Captain, His name we boast,
Jesus the Lord our Righteousness;

cr. Under His banner sworn to fight,
Journey we onward day by day;
Comrades, we trust in the Victor's might,
We shall be victors in the fray.

f 4 On, brothers, on to the better land, &c.
Perils may come and the storm-clouds rise,
Foemen may threaten, snares abound;
God sets His rainbow in darksome skies,
Angels our path shall compass round.

mf On, let us on, till the march be done,
Strong in the Leader's strength we stand;

cr. Forward we press till the prize be won —
Rest, endless Peace — the Fatherland.

rail. On, brothers, on to the better land, &c.

(5) S. Childs Clarke.
PROCESSIONAL.

COME, O come! in pious lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise,
Hither bring in one consent
Heart and voice and instrument;
Music add of ev'ry kind:
Sound the trump, the cornet wind,
Strike the viol, sound the lute;
Let not tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth or in the deep;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts, and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And bright stars, augment the choir.

COME, ye sons of human race!
In this chorus take your place,
And, amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song;
Angels and supernatural powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours,
Let in praise of God the sound
Run a never-ending round;
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, even as He!

GEORGE WITHER.
1 Forward be our watchword,
    Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
    Not a look behind;
Burns the sery pillar
    At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
    By our Captain led?
    Forward through the desert,
Through the toll and fight;
    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 heary,
    Till the eye 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,
    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.

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 tone,
Soften'd words and holy
    Prayer and praise alone;
    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 sin 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;
To the Lord of glory,
    Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and Angels
    Endless honours done:
    Weak are earthly praises;
    Dull the songs of night;
    Forward into triumph,
    Forward into light.

H. ALFORD.
Covenant.

6.6.3.4. D.

PROCESsIONAL.

1. * The God of Abraham praise
   Who reigns enthroned above,
   Ancient of everlasting days,
   And God of Love:
   Jehovah, Great I Am,
   By earth and Heaven confess;
   We bow and bless the Sacred Name
   For ever blest.

2. * The God of Abraham praise,
   At Whose supreme command
   From earth we rise, and seek the joys
   At His right Hand:
   dim. We all on earth forsake,
   Its wisdom, fame, and power;
   f And Him our only Forton make,
   Our Shield and Tower.

3. * Though nature's strength decay,
   And earth and hell withstand,
   cr. To Canaan's bounds we urge our way
   At His command.
   The watery deep we pass,
   With Jesus in our view;
   And through the bowing wilderness
   Our way pursue.

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

5. * There dwells the Lord, our King,
   The Lord our Righteousness,
   Triumphant o'er the world of sin
   The Prince of Peace:
   * On Zion's sacred height
   His Kingdom He maintains,
   And glorious with His saints in light
   For ever reigns.

6. * He keeps His own secure,
   He guards them by His side,
   Arrays in garment white and pure
   His spotless Bride:
   With streams of sacred bliss,
   Beneath serener skies
   With all the fruits of Paradise,
   He still supplies.

7. * Before the great Three-One
   They all exulting stand,
   And tell the wonders He hath done
   Through all their land:
   The listening spheres attend,
   And swell the growing fame;
   And sing in songs which never end,
   The wondrous Name.

8. * The God Who reigns on high
   The great Archangels sing;
   And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry
   "Almighty King!"
   Who was, and is the same,
   And evermore shall be;
   Jehovah, Father, Great I Am,
   We worship Thee.

9. Before the Saviour's Face
   The ransomed nations bow,
   O'erwhelmed at His Almighty grace
   For ever new;
   He shows His prints of love,—
   They kindle to a flame!
   And sound through all the worlds above
   The slaughter'd Lamb.

10. * The whole triumphant host
    Give thanks to God on high;
    "Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
    They ever cry:
    Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
    I join the heavenly lays;
    ff All night and majesty are Thine,
    And endless praise.

THOMAS OLIVERs.

* These verses may be omitted if the Hymn be thought long.
PROCESSIONAL.

1. Shout the praises of the Lord; Let His Name, by all adored, By each sinner's ear be heard. Blend your voices in the choir, Let the tuneful strains aspire, Accents glad that never tire, Telling of the Saviour's Word.

2. Let each heart its joy outpour, Let each tongue for evermore Christ's great sacrifice make known: Tell how He for sinners died— Christ the Saviour crucified— That with Him we might abide Everlasting round the Throne.

3. All is joy that reigneth there, Nought is known of grief and care, Peaceful, lasting bliss pervades. O prepare, then, while ye may— Own the great Redeemer's sway, Follow Him where light of day Never darkens, never fades.

4. Come, ye troubled; come, ye weak; Here beloath the peace ye seek— Restful happiness in store. Ye your Saviour seeks to greet, Cast your burdens at His feet— Thinking on the judgment-seat, Turn to Christ, and sin no more!

5. He, beloved Son of God, Came amongst men; earth He trod, Lowly dwelling 'midst the poor— Meek and holy, penniless, Seeking only man to bless, Eager love and tenderness, Bounteous mercies to outpour.

6. Precious more by far than gold Are the wondrous truths He told, Words of all enduring light— Tidings of abounding grace, Telling of that blissful place Gained by those whose footsteps trace Paths of virtue and of right.

7. Christ incarnate saved us all From the pangs of Satan's thrall— Rescued us from sin's dark fate. Nought of us asks He to-night, This great guerdon to requite, Save to clothe our souls in Light, Sin-redeemed, regenerate.

8. Lord of all the Universe, Stripping evil of its curse, Robbing dreaded Death of sting! We are pilgrims prone to stray, Guide us on our toilsome way, Till we, in the Realms of Day, Join the just, and hail Thee King!

9. Saviour of our erring race! Heart of over-teeming grace! King of kings, and Lord of all! Let thy radiant beams of light, Piercing through the gloom of night, Fill our souls with rapt delight, Fitting for the Master's call.

10. Come, then, Christians, join the Raise aloft the mighty song, [through, Shout aloud the glad refrain! Steadfast all, in compact band, Christians firm, united stand, Fight for Christ and His bright land, Heart and spirit, might and main. S. B. King.

(12)
PROCessional.

1. To Zion, stately File, With joy her children

Come, each sacred nave and aisle The wistful heart's true

harmony.

In solemn sequence sing On this our festival home.

day, To Jesus, Salem's King Awake and tune the

(Aleluiahic Stanza.)

lay, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia

Alleluia, Alleluia.

* If accompanied in Unison by a Brass instrument, the player should be silent in the second Stanza, and play the Unison Stanza and the Bass part of the Aleluiahic Stanza, which is the Melody.

2. Men only.

Yea, ready be each heart, Awake, O harp and lute! Wake, hear your tuneful part, Nor strings nor voice be mute.

Harmony.

Ye people, clap your hands, And with melodious voice Ye white-robed minstrel bands, In triumph-strain rejoice.

*Alleluiahic Stanzas

Alleluia!

3. The Lord ye glorify Is King c'er all the earth: Laud ye His Majesty O choirs, "in rev'rent mirth!"
The Holy Church below— Her expectation long, Doth fairest union show, With Heav'n's Choral song— Alleluia!

4. Their life is not yet ours, But songs these hosts employ, In those celestial bowers Amid their ceaseless joy.

What though we dwell apart,
We strains together raise,
Fram'd in no earth-born art—
To swell our notes of praise.
Alleluia!

5. In ancient Israel's days They bore the ark along, And sang amid shouts of praise "Hallelujah"—their festal song.
To Zion's precincts press God's Israel to-day; Their garb be Righteousness— Of saints the meet array! Alleluia!

6. Thrice Holy Lord, we raise Our festal songs to Thee, Thine be equal praise Most Holy Trinity, Almighty God may we In heart and mind ascend: In ages yet to be This strain shall have no end. Alleluia.

S. Childs Clarke.
PROCESSIONAL.
(May be sung in the Key of B flat.)

From strength to strength.
Joyfully. Men only. *

1. We are come to Zion, City of power, Fortress of our David,
Strength in Satan's hour: We belong to Salem, Home of peace and
rest, Heavenly better country, Mother of the blest.

Harmony.

Ours the Angel guardians Heavenly hosts untold, Ours the great as
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PROCESSIONAL.
(EASTER OR GENERAL.)

Sciencia salutis.
(May be sung in the Key of F.)

Men only.∗

1. Day-star on high, bright b

Harmony.

2. Prophets of old spake darkly of this wonder,

(After last verse only.)


3. Victor He comes in majesty, revealing

Alleluia.

4. Hail Him the Monarch, Ruler of Creation;

Alleluia.

∗ This Unison portion and the Bass-part of the Alleluia Stanza, may be played throughout on a Brass instrument, but it should be silent in the second portion.

J. F. R. STAINER.

∗ And so on throughout.
PROCESSIONAL.

(EASTER.)

Hac est dies.

Quick.

Four q's, with Refrain.

\[ \text{Musical notation} \]

Union.

This is the Day which the

Org.

Harmony.

Slow.

Lord hath made; We will rejoice, we will, rejoice. Amen.

\[ \text{Musical notation} \]

PROCESSIONAL.

1.

\text{\textit{f} This is the Day which the Lord hath made,}
\text{Power of the Highest o'er death displayed,}
\text{\textit{mf cresc.} Angels have answered us: Have no fear,}
\text{\textit{f} Jesus is risen! He is not here.}
\text{\textit{ff} Sing we, sing with exultant voice,}
\text{This is the Day which the Lord hath made}
\text{We will rejoice.}

2.

\text{\textit{f} Oh! how the Fisherman's conscience bled,}
\text{Knowing the Master denied was dead,}
\text{\textit{cres.} Oh! how the Fisherman's heart rose free,}
\text{\textit{dim.} Hearing the Risen say " Lov' st thou Me."}
\text{\textit{f} Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.}

3.

\text{\textit{f} Magdalene sorrowful watched and wept}
\text{Close to the grave where her Lord had slept,}
\text{\textit{cres.} Now at His Feet with a joy untold}
\text{\textit{ff} Falls she adoring to clasp and fold.}
\text{\textit{f} Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.}

4.

\text{\textit{f} Mary the Mother His Cross beside,}
\text{Saw Him dishonoured and crucified;}
\text{\textit{cres.} Now she rejoices for Heaven's high throne,}
\text{\textit{f-cres.} Waits for her Saviour, her Son, her Own.}
\text{\textit{ff} Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.}

5.

\text{\textit{ff} This is the Highest, the First of Days;}
\text{Lord Thou art risen mankind to raise,}
\text{\textit{mf} Lord from Thy rising shall joy increase,}
\text{\textit{f dim.} Thou wilt bestow everlasting peace.}
\text{\textit{ff} Sing we, sing with exultant voice, &c.}

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.
PROCESSIONAL.

SURSUM CORDA.
EASTER.
9-9-5-3-9, with Refrain.

1. Uplift your hearts, exult as ye sing
   Of your Lord over death victorious;
   Now He lives on high;
   Nevermore to die,
   Come and sing of His triumph glorious.
   ff Uplift your hearts, exult as ye sing
   Of your Lord over death victorious.

2. O death, where now is thy sting so dire?
   And thy thraldom, O grave, that bound us?
   Evermore in strife
   Will the Lord of Life
   Cast the arm of His might around us.
   ff Uplift your hearts, &c.

3. We take our rest in the grave in peace,
   For the Captain of our salvation
   Has achieved to-day
   For His Church alway,
   Of her life this the consummation.
   ff Uplift your hearts, &c.

4. In strains of joy holy anthems raise,
   Of His might and His mercy sing ye
   Highest notes of praise,
   On this Day of days,
   And your best of oblations bring ye.
   Uplift your hearts, &c.

S. Childs Clarke.
PROCESSIONAL.

(For A Harvest Festival)

Soprano, O Zion.

Tenors and Basses.

1. Put on thy strength, O Zion, awake, rejoice, and sing: To praise Thy God and Father Thy yearly tribute bring.

Harmony.

Break forth once more, O Zion, In strains of thankful song, Let notes of joy and gladness Be heard Thy Courts among.

Alleluia.

2. Our God, Who all things giveth
And o'er the earth doth reign,
In Whom each creature liveth,
We magnify again,

Harmony. Break forth once more, O Zion,
In strains of thankful song,
Let notes of joy and gladness
Be heard Thy Courts among.

Alleluia.

3. We praise Him Who reserveth
The harvest weeks to earth,
We bless Him Who reserveth
His people's souls from death.

Break forth once more, O Zion,
In strains of thankful song,
Let notes of joy and gladness
Be heard Thy Courts among.

Alleluia.

4. O Author of salvation,
Whate'er in life betide,
As wheat Thy people gather
At Thy last Harvest-tide:

Then shall Thy Church triumphant
Upraise th' eternal song,
And on through countless ages
Thy praises shall prolong.

Alleluia.

S. Childs Clarke.

* And so on throughout.
3 Thine Israel here yield Thee thanks, as each his humble part
    Amid the congregation takes from ground of loyal heart.
Our antiphons we raise in song, with reverent olden tones,
    These, chanted by the Church of yore, Thy Church to-day still owns.

4 Here, "how Thou goest," gracious God, in Thy majestic mien,
    Amid these sacred precincts aye Thy footsteps may be seen;
The marshall'd singers go before, and next the minstrel train
    In sweet accord their anthems raise, Thy praise—their glad refrain.

5 Thy God shall send forth strength for thee—His arm salvation brought:
    That thing, we pray Thee, stablish still, that in us Thou hast wrought:
For Zion, for Thy temple's sake, so shall Thy people bring
    With ready mind, with outstretched hand each votive offering.

6 "City of our solemnities," to thee our eyes we turn:
    For thee, our quiet resting-place, our hearts within us burn:
Thy tabernacles shall not fall; Thy cords men shall not break;
    Nor from thy walls a single stone shall rude destroyers take.

7 "For God is in the midst of thee," right early He shall give
    To Zion help, to stablish her true life, in Him, to live.
"Go round about her palaces; her bulwarks mark ye well;"
    That so to all posterity her refuge men may tell.

8 To Him we offer, as is meet, best member that we have,
    Since He—to bless His Sacred Name—to us that member gave;
Then open Thou our lips, O Lord, as we show forth Thy praise;
    O fix our thoughts on Thee and Thine; our earth-born hearts upraise.

9 These festival days, like water-pools, shine 'mid the world's drear waste;
    How gracious in them, Lord, Thou art, bid weary souls to taste.
"From off Thine altar touch these lips with coal of living fire;"
    With holy thoughts, with high resolve, each glowing breast inspire.

10 "From strength to strength still go we on till songs are ended here,
    And each one in the courts above in Zion shall appear."
O Thou, "the One True Living God, the Everlasting King"—
    Blest Trinity, all praise be Thine, as in these courts we sing.

S. Childs Clarke.

1 Thine, God Almighty, we extol, as to Thy courts we press,
    To join the strain of ceaseless praise wherewith Thy creatures bless
"The Name, above all other names," in filial love revere'd,
    Mysterious, awe-inspiring Name! by guilty sinners feared.

2 Above the wingèd Cherubim Thou dwellest, O most High,
    And yet in wondrous love dost deign these courts to sanctify,
By coming where Thy people meet, of high and low degree—
    All members of one brotherhood, made brothers, Lord, by Thee.
Come, my soul, thou must be waking;
O'er the earth another day;
Come to Him, Who made this splen-
See Thou render (four);
All Thy feeble strength can pay.

Gaily hail the sun returning;
Ready turning;
Be the incense of Thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When the aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee;
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways behoeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest Thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark
Rise in gladness,
sadness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

Let me with the heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste in Thy given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Rest in me, and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
Oh! reveal Thyselves to me,
Blessed Love! Who diest not to win me,
Fed from Thine inextinguishable urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

B. SCHINOLCK. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.
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 fleeing,
   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 darkness lay,
   Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
   And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

3. Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
   Thy light and truth, and 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 wakening,
   And shades of evil from its splendours flee,
   Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale 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 contest.

   From the Latin by W. J. CopeLand and others.

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1. Through the day Thy love has spared us;
   Now we lay us down to rest;
   Through the silent watches guard us,
   Let no foe our peace molest;

2. Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
   Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

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mf 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.

   THOMAS KELLY.
19.

**EVENING.**

**VESPER.**

1. O come and bless us, ere the day
   Fade quite away;
   Lord, come and bless us, let Thy light
   Break through the night.
   A dreamy shadow seems to fill
   Valley and hill,
   O let not, Lord, sin's evil cloud
   Our spirits shroud.

2. Upon the heavy laden breast
   Shed gracious rest,
   And as the bitter anguish dies
   Bid hope arise,
   That ever blessed evening star,
   That shines afar,
   And with sweet influence from above
   Doth kindle love.

3. Let happy homes their happiness
   In Thee possess;
   Let high and lowly, young and old,
   Sleep in Thy fold.
   So the last prayer shall rise to Thee
   From earth and sea,
   Thee, our Beginning, and our End,
   Father, and Friend.

   H. A. MARTIN.

20.

**EVENING.**

**GLOAMING.**

1. The sun declines; o'er land and sea
   Creeps on the night;
   The twinkling stars come one by one
   To shed their light;
   With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
   With us abide,
   And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
   This eventide.

2. Forgive the wrong this day we've done
   Or thought or said;
   Each moment with its good or ill
   To Thee has fled;

   Oh, Father! in Thy mercy great
   Will we confide;
   Thy benediction now bestow
   This eventide.

3. And when with morning light we rise,
   Kept by Thy care,
   We'll lift to Thee, with grateful hearts,
   Our morning prayer;
   [Stay,
   Be Thou, through life, our Strength and
   Our Guard and Guide
   To that dear home where there will be
   No eventide.

   ROBERT WALMSLEY.
EVENING.

Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured,

Who is the Immortal Father, Heavenly Blest,

Holiest of Holy, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of evening round us shine.

We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.

Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung, With undeciled tongue.

Son of our God, Giver of life, Alone;

Therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord, they own, Amen.

J. Keale, tr. from the Greek.

(34)

(35)
EVENING.

mf 1 When evening shadows gather,
    And twilight gently fades;
    When all is still and silent
    In midnight's darker shades:
mf 2 Then, O my God, be near me,
    Do Thou protect my bed;
    From evil and from danger
    Let angels guard my head.

mf 3 We know not, when we slumber,
    That we shall e'er awake,
    To see another day begin,
    Another dawning break:
mf 4 But Thou art ever watching,
    Thou wilt our vigils keep,
    And, trusting in Thy mercy,
    We sink in peaceful sleep.

mf 5 But, ere our eyelids closing,
    We humbly seek Thy Face,
    And pray for Thy forgiveness,
    And Thy sustaining grace:
    For we are weak and erring,
    And need Thy mighty power;
    O Jesu, ever guard us
    In dark temptation's hour

mf 6 We pray for those who languish
    In sickness and distress,
    That Thou wilt soothe their anguish,
    And their afflictions bless:
mf 7 We pray for those in peril
    Upon the mighty sea;
    We pray for friends and loved ones;
    Do Thou their Guardian be.

f 8 And now to Thee we render
    Our thanks for mercies past,
    With grateful hearts imploring
    Thy favour to the last.
mf 9 And at the great awakening
    May we be found above,—
f 10 With saints and angels praising
    Thy providence and love.

J. F. SWIFT.
SUNDAY EVENING.

1 And now this holy day
   Is drawing to its end,
   Once more, to Thee, O Lord,
   Our thanks and prayers we send.
   We thank Thee for Thy Day,
   For taste and type of heaven;
   Sweet day of holy peace,—
   "The best of all the seven."

2 We thank Thee for this rest
   From earthly care and strife;
   We thank Thee for this help
   To higher, holier life.
   We thank Thee for Thy House;
   It is Thy Palace-gate
   Where Thou upon Thy Throne
   Of mercy, still dost wait.

3 We thank Thee for Thy Word,
   Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
   Oh, may its holy fruits
   Within our hearts abound!
   We thank Thee for the Feast
   Wherein our souls are fed;
   Where Thou Thyself dost give
   The True, the Living Bread.

4 And now we go to rest,
   But first we humbly pray,
   Father, forgive our sins,
   Of o'en this holy day.
   Through Jesus let the past
   Be blotted from Thy sight,
   And let us all now sleep
   At peace with Thee this night.

5 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord,
   Thine earthly Courts we love;
   But oh! we look and long
   For Thy blest Courts above.
   Lord, lead us on, we pray,
   Our low affections raise;
   Oh! help us here to join
   In heaven's eternal praise.

6 And bring us safe at last
   To that celestial shore,
   Where we with all Thy saints
   Shall praise Thee evermore
   To God the Father, Son,
   And Spirit glory be,
   From all in earth and Heaven,
   Through all eternity.

E. HARLAND.
EVENING.

MANOE MECUM.

Moderato.

Four to's.

mf 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, (f) O abide with me.

f 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, (f) abide with me.

mf 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?
Though cloud and sunshine, Lord, (f) abide with me

f 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

f 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, (f) in death, O Lord, (cr) abide with me.

H. F. LYTH.

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VENUS.

Vesper.

7-7-7-5.

mf 1 Holy Father, cheer our way
   With Thy love's perpetual ray:
   Grant us every closing day
   Light at evening time.

f 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
   When earth's brightness disappears;
   Grant us in our latter years
   Light at evening time.

cr. 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
   When in mortal pains we lie;
   Grant us, as we come to die,
   Light at evening time.

mf 4 Holy, Blessèd Trinity!
   Darkness is not dark with Thee;
   Those Thou keepest always see
   Light at evening time.

R. HAYES ROBINSON.

A-men.

( 40 )
ADVENT.

The Story of the Advent of Jesus.

PART I.—THE ADVENT OF JESUS BEFORE HIS INCARNATION.

TO CREATE AND TO ILLUMINATE MANKIND

IN MAJESTATE.

Rather quickly.

1 In majesty and power,
   With Angels' glad acclaim,
   The Word of God, at time's first hour,
   As man's Creator came.
   Job xxxviii. 7.
   S. John i. 1—3.

2 He came, the Light of Light;
   Each heart received His ray;
   But men, from out the darkest night,
   Refused the beams of Day.
   S. John i. 4.
   S. John i. 5.
   S. John i. 9.
   S. John i. 17.

3 Yet holy men of old
   Caught up the radiant glow;
   Like snow-capped mountains tipped with gold,
   Against the gloom below.
   S. John i. 12.

4 All goodness, truth, and love,
   In saintly lives displayed,
   Was borrowed lustre from above,
   By Christ Himself conveyed.
   S. John i. 9.

5 From that hallowed hour
   Radiance shone out like the sun's.
   Bright as a star, in heaven's court;
   The heavenly Host swarmed around.
   Job xxxviii. 31.
   S. John i. 17.
   S. John i. 18.
   S. John i. 19.

6 And thus, from out the morn,
   The Light, the Sanctifying Ray,
   By the Holy Spirit's influence,
   O'er the world dispensed may.
   S. John i. 10.
   S. John i. 14.
   S. John i. 19.
   S. John i. 32.

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ADVENT.

PART II.—THE ADVENT OF JESUS AT HIS INCARNATION.

TO SAVE AND TO ELEVATE MANKIND.

HOMO FACTUS EST.

Simply, as if a Carol.

S.M.

1 This same Angelic throng
   That hailed creation's morn
   Burst through the skies with Heavenly song,
   When God as Man was born.

2 From Heaven did Christ descend
   To stable mean and poor;
   He came as Servant, Teacher, Friend,
   The sinner's open Door.
   S. Luke ii. 16.
   S. John xii. 13.
   S. John xii. 17.
   S. John xii. 19.
   S. John xii. 21.

3 He came to seek and save,
   To suffer, toil, and die,
   To share with man a common grave,
   That man might rise on high.
   S. Luke xix. 10.
   S. Luke xxiv. 46; S. John
   i. 34; 1 Cor. iv. 3.
   Isaiah liii. 9.
   1 S. Pet. iii. 18.

4 He came to loose the band
   Of Satan, death, and sin;
   To bear, as Man, to God's Right-hand,
   The souls He died to win.
   S. Mark xvi. 19.
ADVENT.

PART III.—THE ADVENT OF JESUS SINCE HIS INCARNATION.
TO ATTRACT AND TO NOURISH MANKIND.

In medio orbis.
Not fast.

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1 AND still through toil and strife,
'Mid sorrow, joy, and pain,
He comes to fill His Church with Life,
His own for Heaven to train.

S. John xiv. 18, 23.
1 S. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20 ;
2 S. John vi. 24, 37.

2 Where'er His servants meet,
Uniting hearts in prayer,
And, kneeling suppliant at His Feet,
He, in the midst, is there.


3 While Angels join to swell
The Church's Heavenly song,
He comes, with faithful hearts to dwell,
Who round His Altar throng.

Rev. vii. 11, 12.

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4 Lord Jesus, as we kneel
Before Thy Throne of Grace,
May we Thy hidden Presence feel;
The brightness of Thy Face!

S. Matt. xiv. 31.
S. Matt. xxv. 31.
Rom. xiv. 15, 16.
S. Matt. xxiv. 29.
Rev. vi. 14.
Rev. 7.
S. Matt. xxv. 35–46
2 Cor. xiv. 54, 55.
Rev. xii. 2.
S. Mark xiii. 31.
S. Mark xiii. 32–33.
E. W. LEACHMAN.

N.B. I. The Incarnation of Jesus means His taking upon Him our flesh, and being born as Man on Christmas Day.

II. This "Story" is told in the order above so that, whilst remembering our Lord's Coming as Man, and as Judge, we may not lose sight of His other "Advents."

III. The Bible references given are those which suggested the form of this "Story."

(45)
1. Come, gracious Saviour, manifest Thy glory,
   And let Thy lightnings shine from east to west;
   Oh ! by Thine anguish 'neath the olives hoary,
   Take us, Thy people, to Thy promis'd rest.
   Come, blest Jesus,
   Come, come, we pray:
   Banish the darkness,
   And bring the glorious day.

2. Our eyes are weary watching for Thy coming,
   Watching through glare of noon and gloom of night;
   Hoping the morn may bring Thee, or the gloaming
   May see Thee bursting on our happy sight.
   Come, blest Jesus, &c.

3. How long shall the bitter strife and sorrow,
   And wrong have triumph o'er the true and right?
   Oh ! come, and coming, bring the better morrow,
   Whose noon shall never darken into night.
   Come, blest Jesus, &c.

4. Come, gracious Lord, our longing souls to gladden;
   Arise ! O Sun of Righteousness, arise !
   Let hope deter'd our hearts no longer sadden,
   But turn to songs our sorrows and our sighs.
   Come, blest Jesus, &c.

5. Oh ! come and cheer the eyes all dim with weeping,
   Banish the sin, the sorrow, and the strife;
   Let those who sow in tears now have their reaping,
   Their golden harvest sheaves of light and life.
   Come, blest Jesus, &c.

6. Then shall we worship Thee with joy and singing,
   And laud Thy Name all other names above;
   The world throughout with praises shall be ringing,
   And we shall swell the triumph of Thy love.
   Come, blest Jesus, &c.

   CHARLES D. BELL, 1882.
**ADVENT.**

**ADVENT.**

1. **Day of wrath, O dreadful day,**
   When this world shall pass away,
   And the heavens together roll,
   Shriving in like a parched scroll.
   Long foretold by saint and sage,
   David's harp, and Sibyl's page.

2. **Day of terror, day of doom,**
   When the Judge at last shall come:
   Through the deep and silent gloom,
   Shrading every human tomb,
   Shall the Archangel's trumpet tone
   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. **When, in that tremendous day,**
   Heaven and earth shall pass away,
   What shall I the sinner say?
   What shall be the sinner's stay?
   When the righteous shrinks for fear,
   How shall my frail soul appear?

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,
   Point of pity, save Thou me.

7. **O remember, Saviour dear,**
   What the cause that brought Thee here;
   All Thy long and toilsome 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 noontide 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.

10. **Thou Who hast the sinner cease**
    From her tears, and go in peace;
    Thou Who to the dying thief
    Speakest pardon and relief;
    Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
    E'en to me, the hope of heaven!

11. **Nought of Thee my prayers can claim,**
    Save in Thy free mercy's name.
    Worthless is each tear and cry;
    Yet, good Lord, in grace comply.
    Spare me: cause me not to go
    Into everlasting woe.

12. **Make me with Thy sheep to stand,**
    Severed from the guilty band;
    When the curst condemned shall be,
    With the blest then call Thou me;
    Contribute in the dust, I pray,
    Save me in that awful day.

13. **Full of tears, and full of dread**
    Is the day that wakes the dead,
    Calling all, with solemn blast,
    From the ashes of the past;
    Lord of Mercy, Jesu Blest,
    Grant us Thine eternal rest.

A. P. STANLEY.

* The last verse of Part III. may be sung at the end of each Part.
VENTURUS EST.

Rudor slow, and solemnly.

1. Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See, once
   more the cross returning, Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2. Oh, what fear man's bosom rends. When from
   grief and sorrow He descends, O Lord, let all adore Thee,

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J. CENNICK, C. WESLEY, AND MARTIN MADAN.
ADVENT.

Heav'n the Judge descend-eth, On Whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth!

3. Won-drous sound the trump-et fling-eth, Thro' earth's

Tuba.

so-pul-chres it ring-eth; All be-fore the throne it bring-eth.

Voices and Organ. ADVENT.

4. Lol the Book ex-act-ly word-ed, Where in

all hath been re-cord-ed; Then shall judg-ment be a-ward-ed.

5. When the Judge His seat at-tain-eth, And each

hid-den deed ar-raign-eth, No-thing un-reng'd re-main-eth.

(52)
6. What shall I, frail man, be pleading, Who for me be interceding, When the just are mercy needing?

7. King of Majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity, then be friend us!
ADVENT.

8. Think, kind Jesus, my salvation Cau'd Thy
wondrous Incarnation; Leave me not to reproba-tion.

9. Faint and wea-ry... Thou hast sought me, On the
Cross of suf-fering bought me, Shall such grace be vainly
brought me?

10. Guilt-y, now I pour my moun-ing, All my
shame with an-guish own-ing; Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groan-ing.

(56)
11. Low I kneel, with heart-submission, See, like

ash-es, my con-tri-tion; Help me in my last con-di-tion.

12. Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing! From the

13. Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him! Lord! all-pit-ing, Je-su Blest;


Fr. W. J. Irons.
ADVENT.

DAY OF WRATH.*

VERSE 1. CHOIR, CONGREGATION AND ORGAN.

Slow. \( \text{\textit{C}} = 76 \)

Day of wrath! O day of mourning! See ful-

- fill'd the prophets' warning! Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

VERSE 2. CHOIR AND ORGAN.

Oh, what fear man's bosom rends. When from

Heav'n the Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all dependeth.

* This may be sung as an Anthem, the Decani taking the Choir parts, the Cantoris the Congregation. Should a more simple treatment be required, the music of verse 2 only, or of verses 2 and 7 alternately, may be used throughout the Hymn.
ADVENT.

5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
   Wherein all hath been recorded;
   Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
   And each hidden deed arraigneth,
   Nothing unavenged remaineth.

Verse 7. Choir and Organ (or Unaccompanied).

What shall frail man, be pleading, Who for

Verse 8. Choir.

King of... Majesty tremendous, Who dost

Verse 8. Congregation and Organ.

King of... Majesty tremendous, Who dost

f 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
cr. On the Cross of suffering bought me,
ff Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
ff 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution

f 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
cr. All my shame with anguish owning;
ff Grant Thy gift of absolution,
ff Ere that day of retribution.

f 13 Thou the sinful woman savest;
cr. Thou the dying thief forgavest;
ff And to me a hope vouchsaest.
ff 14 Worthless are my prayer's and sighing;
cr. Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
f Rescue me from fires undying.

(62)
ADVENT.

VERSE 15. CHOIR AND ORGAN (or UNACCOMPANIED).

With Thy fa·vor'd sheep, O place me, Nor a

-mong the goats a-base me, But to Thy right hand up-raise me.

VERSE 16. CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

While the wick-ed are con-found-ed, Doom'd to

Pled.

VERSE 17. CHOIR, CONGREGATION AND ORGAN.

Low I. kneel, with heart-submission; See, like

nath-es, my con-tri-tion; Help me in my last con-di-tion.

VERSE 18. CHOIR AND ORGAN (or UNACCOMPANIED).

Ah! that day of tears and mourn-ing! From the
ADVENT.

Choir Alone.

CONGREGATION.

Spare, O God, in mercy spare him! Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!


Lord, all-pitying, Je su Blesst, Grant us Thine eternal rest.

CONGREGATION.

Slower.

Lord, all-pitying, Je su Blesst, Grant us Thine eternal rest.

Organ.

Choir, Slower.

A men, A men, A men.

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1 Lord God Almighty, the darkness around Thee
Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day;
Not in the glory of Heaven we found Thee,—
Low in the manger the little Child lay.

2 Armies of angels, in triumph adoring,
Shake the white throne with the praises they sing;
One trembling word from a sinner imploring
Melts into pity the heart of the King.

3 Not 'mid Thine angels, for fear Thou shouldst blind us,
But as Thou camest Thy lost ones to seek,
Come even now, gentle Shepherd, and find us,
Where we are wandering, all weary and weak.

4 Not with Thy lightnings the darkness dispelling,
Not in Thy wrath, from which nothing can hide,
Come like Thy star, and stand over our dwelling;
Light of the World, with Thy children abide.

5 Here amid turmoil and discord abiding,
Noise of our tumult ascends to Thee still;
Soft as the dew-fall send down the glad tiding,
"Now and for evermore, peace and goodwill."

6 Lord God Almighty, the darkness around Thee
Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day;
Happy are they who in seeking have found Thee,
Where in the manger the little Child lay.

THOMAS OF CELANO, 13th CENT.
Tr. by WILLIAM JOSIAH IRONS, 1848.

HORACE SMITH.
33

CAROLS.

1. Sing with joy, 'tis Christmas Morn,
    Unto us a Child is born,
    Christ hath come on earth to dwell,
    God with us, Emmanuel!

2. Shepherds, watching through the night,
    Wondering at the dazzling light,
    Hear the glorious Angel tell
    Of the Hope of Israel!

3. Thousand thousand angels raise
    Songs of glad triumphant praise;
    Singing, through the starry sky,
    "Glory be to God on High!"

4. Joyously the shepherds ran,
    Kneel to Jesus—God and Man;
    "Come," they bid us haste with them,
    "See the Babe of Bethlehem!"

5. He was in the manger laid,
    By His holy Mother-Maid.
    He is on His altar now;
    With the shepherds let us bow.

6. He was wrapped in swaddling bands
    By His blessed Mother's hands,
    Hidden under bread and wine,
    Here He lies—the Babe Divine.

7. Jesu! Whom we here adore,
    May we love Thee more and more;
    As by faith we, wondering, see
    This Thy great humility!

8. In the holy Font were we
    Made anew, and born in Thee;
    May we grow, dear Lord, we pray,
    In Thy grace from day to day.

9. Thou, Whom veiled we worship here,
    Soon in glory shall appear;
    Grant us, Jesu! of Thy grace,
    Then to see Thee, Face to face.

C. F. HERMANAN.

(68)

34

CAROLS.

FOR CHILDREN.

1. O what must that home have been like,
    Where Jesus and Mary rode;
    Rather slow and with simplicity.

Where Joseph was tender and true,
    And work'd to ease poverty's load.
    A men.

2. How sweet was our Lady, how pure;
    How good was her wonderful Son;
    How happy that Nazareth home
    Which sheltered a well-spring of Joy!

3. For Mary's dear Son was her God,
    That home was a heaven upon earth;
    And sorrowful things came and went
    To the music of Angel's sweet mirth.

4. If only we try to please God,
    And love Him and do His sweet Will,
    Each house is a Nazareth home
    Where Jesus and Mary dwell still.

FOR JESUS is yet in those homes,
    To guide us, control us and keep;
    And Angels are there, night and day,
    To guard us, awake and asleep.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

(69)
CAROLS.

1. Holy mirth.
Sw. Reeds.
Ch. Reeds.
Sw.
Ven.

2. heavens the brightest pla-net lent, That e'er had graced their fir-mament, And
Org. Ped.

3. kings from the far east were sent, To greet this babe so ho-ly.

4. And from each starry orb around, Broke forth such strange, celestial sound,

5. The Wonderful—the Counsellor,
The mighty God Himself is there, Has come your deepest woes to share—
A Saviour, all-availing!"

6. Then with the shepherds we will go—
Come, young and old, come, high and low,
We'll troop to Bethlehem and so
Low bending each confessing,
We'll cast away our nature's sin,
Pardon and grace we've come to win,
We knock, O Jesus! take us in,
Into Thy fold we're pressing.

7. Thus in our ears, life's path along,
Shall linger still the angels' song,
Its theme of comfort, simple,
strong,
Till heaven's bright day is dawning;
Nor will we fail with honours meet,
With thankful hearts and carols sweet,
As each year runs its course, to greet
Thine advent, Christmas morning!

---

Henry Blunt.
CAROLS.

3. Wake all music's magic powers, On this blissful morning,

Born to-day, the Child is ours, Theme of Prophet's warning;

Giant in the race He towers, Toll and danger scorn ing.

O that blessed going out, Which salvation brought about,

2. Let this glorious holiday
   Find such holy spending
   That the simple-hearted may
   Joy without offending,
   And sweet charity may stay,
   With our concourse blending,
   O that blessed going out,
   Which salvation brought about.

3. Give we glory to this Feast,
   For man's restoration:
   Now the guilty is released,
   Freed from condemnation:
   By the widow's son deceased,
   See Elisha's station!
   O that blessed, &c.

4. O how bright is this day made,
   Day with radiance glowing,
   Which the Light of Light displayed,
   Light in darkness showing;
   Chasing this death's gloomy shade,
   Brightness o'er us throwing!
   O that blessed, &c.

5. Risen to-day in splendour bright,
   Shining to all ages,
   Bears the Sun, whose distant light
   Touched the Prophet's page s:
   Now, to end the reign of night,
   Christ His power engages.
   O that blessed, &c.

H. R. Bramley, from the Latin.
CAROLS.

THE GOLDEN CROWN.

Allegretto, \( \frac{3}{8} \).

Symphony (before Verse 1 only).

1. It was the quiet evening, From out the purple deep The
   silvery stars were hast ing, And Jesus lay asleep. The

Harmony.

Very smoothly.

2. Sweet Mary Mother coming,
   No garland bright sees now,
   But cruel thorns are piercing
   The thorn-predestined Brow.
   Saint Joseph left his work-shed
   The Precious Babe to greet:
   Close to his heart he pressed Him,
   And kissed both Hands and Feet.

Harmony.

3. Sweet Mary Mother coming,
   Where Joseph's touch had been,
   Five little Wounds sees shining
   All bright with crimson sheen.
   Her heart was pierced with sorrow,
   Her soul was sick with fears,
   She took Him to her bosom,
   And kissed Him through her tears.

Solo.

4. Sweet Mary Mother, coming
   To tend her Child Divine,
   Finds, where her tears had fallen,
   A Cross of crystal shine.
   Then pondered she in sadness,
   With many a bitter sigh;
   But soon an Angel hastened
   Where lay the Lord Most High.

Harmony.

5. He took away the thorn-wreath,
   He gave a golden Crown,
   To Infant Hands, a Sceptre,
   Of more than earth's renown.
   Then joyed the Mother Blessed,
   In Him, the long Foretold,
   Her helpless Babe, earth's Helper,
   Her Son, the King of old.

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W. CHATTERTON DIX.
O Holy Star!

Not slow. $d' = 60.$

Voices in Harmony.

cres.

1. O holy Star! O lovely Star! Whose tranquil beauty seems the night, Thy

cres.

gilding beams we follow far; Lead on, O holy light!

dim.

2. Sweet myrrh and frankincense we bring,
   And treasures rare of Persian gold;
   O where is He, the promised King,
   By mystic lore foretold?

3. Pause not at yonder rich man's door--
   Pass on, we journey not to him;
   For see, the star is resting o'er
   The inn at Bethlehem.

4. Lo! we behold Messiah now,
   With holy reverence draw we near;
   Bow down! in adoration bow!
   The Son of God is here!

5. No pomp adorns the form Divine,
   No glory circles round His head;
   But starry beams in beauty shine
   Upon His lowly bed.

6. O lovely star! O holy light!
   Thy rays amid the dusky skies
   Have led the pilgrims of the night
   To where the Saviour lies.

Sharpstone Wensley.

Sweet Christmas Bells.

Cheerfully.

1. Now o'er the snow-white meadows, In throbbing ebbs and
   O ye that are heavily laden, And ye that are full of

2. Glad bells of the holy morning! O scatter ye far and

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(75)
CAROLS.

Joyous, sweet Christmas bells... O sweet is the strange wild peals on the morning air... It speaks of a love unall the wide world shall hear... O scatter the glorious music. That steals o'er the listening earth... As dying. Unchanged thro' the changing years... That tides. By ev'ry wild wind that blows... O

\[ \text{Music notation} \]

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
CAROLS.

There was silence in Bethlehem’s fields.

Moderato e legato. \( \frac{C}{2} = 60. \)

1. There was silence in Bethlehem’s fields, Where the shepherds their flocks were straitlypast a way. Since the word of His coming was angel most bright, A Host of the Heavenly heart ed.

2. How doar-y the ages of wondrous hour, From all others was strangely part ed. And the Haste’d to earth, Where sheep on the hills lay asleep ing. And the Hope long des-ford’d, The waiting for Christ and His glory, When the

3. Then sud-den-ly came to this Hope that for years had been robb’d of her power, Was the Hope of the wean gels de-clar’d the wonder ful birth. The end of her sor a ngels sang out and the tides they brought ed.

(So)

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CAROLS.

THE CHILD JESUS. (2nd Setting.)
Treble or Tenor Solo. Verses 1, 3, 5, 7, 9.*

Moderato.

\( \text{\textcopyright 1909, by Novello and Company, Limited.} \)

1 Cold was the day when in a garden bare,
   Walked the Child Jesus wrapt in holy thought;
   His brow seemed clouded with a weight of care,
   Calmness and rest from worldly things He sought.

2 Soon was His presence missed within His home,
   His Mother gentle marked His every way;
   Forth then she came to seek where He did roam,
   Full of sweet words His trouble to allay.

f 3 Through chilling snow she toiled to reach His side,
   Forcing her way 'mid branches black and sere;
   Hastening, that she His sorrows might divide,
   Share all His woe, or calm His gloomy fear.

4 "Speak, gentle Lord;" she cried with reverent love,
   "Tell me, I pray, what griefs around Thee press,
   Though I of earth, and Thou from Heaven above,
   I am Thy Mother: what doth Thee distress?"

ff 5 Sweet was her face as o'er His head she bent;
   Longing to meet His look of saddest grief,
   With lifted eyes His ear to her He lent;
   Her kindly solace brought His soul relief.

mf 6 Then did He smile, a smile of love so deep,
   Winter himself grew warm beneath its glow,
   From drooping branches scented blossoms peep,
   Up springs the grass, the sealed fountains flow.

f 7 Summer and spring did each with other vie,
   Offering to Him the fragrance of their store;
   Chanting sweet notes the birds around Him sing,
   Wondering why earth had chequered so her floor.

mf 8 Then round His Mother lilies white entwined,
   Fresh as her love, and chaste as she was pure;
   About His head the Passion-flowers did bind,
   Type of the sufferings He must soon endure.

ff 9 Hid in the wreathe was many a cruel thorn;
   Yet on His brow He placed it, full of joy;
   Full well He knew why He on earth was born,
   How by His blood He should our woes destroy.

f 10 Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas hours,
   Sorrow, like snow, will melt, if He but smile;
   And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,
   Amidst thy mirth, think on His thorns awhile.

J. STAINER.

* Or, the Solos may be sung by Treble and Tenor alternately.

(82)
Christmas Dawn.

Moderato. \( \frac{4}{4} = 88 \) *

See amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

Chorus. Hail, thou ever-blessed morn;
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn:
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Lo, within the manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who, thron'd in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim!

Chorus. Hail, &c.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sleep
On the lowly mountain steep?

Chorus. Hail, &c.

"As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Chorus. Hail, &c.

Sacred Infant all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

Chorus. Hail, &c.

Teach, oh, teach us, holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

Chorus. Hail, &c.

* May be sung as a Treble Solo, except verses 4 and 6.

( Rev. E. Caswall. )

"CAROLS."
FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

New Year's Eve.

Not fast.

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1 Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting,
We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light
In solemn worship meeting:
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.

2 Before the Cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.

3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearsest;
For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy Providence hath found us:
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

6 Then, O Great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us:
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

JAMES HAMILTON.
1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
   With sweetness fills the 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 Jesus' Name,
   The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
   O Joy of all the meek:
   To those who ask 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 loved ones know.

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

Ty. E. Caswall.

(88)
1 Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me
With many a care opprest,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is passed,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That I may sing above
Praise to the Father, and to Thee,
And to the Holy Dove. Amen.

Rev. A. W. Chatfield.

(90)

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 blessed 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?

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.

(91)
1. Jesus! and shall it ever be,
   A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
   Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
   Whose glories shine through endless days?

2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
   Let evening blush to own a star;
   He sheds the beams of light Divine
   O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
   Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
   'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
   Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4. Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
   On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
   No! when I blush, be this my shame,
   That I no more revere His name.

5. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
   When I've no guilt to wash away;
   No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
   No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
   Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
   And O may this my glory be,
   That Christ is not ashamed of me! Amen.

   John Grigg and Benj. Francis.
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;
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.

6 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.

H. Bonar.
Lent.

Jesu Christ, from the Latin.

mf 1. Go ° it is to keep the fast
Shadowed forth in ages past,
Which our own Almighty Lord
Hallowed by His deed and word.

2. Moses, while he fasted, saw
God Who gave by him the Law;
To Elijah Angels came,
Steeds of fire and car of flame.

3. So was Daniel met to gaze
On the sight of latter days,
And the Baptist to proclaim
Blessings through the Bridegroom's Name.

Φ 4. Grant us, Lord, like them to be
Oft in prayer and fast with Thee;

or. Fill us with Thy heavenly might,
Be our joy and true delight.

Φ 5. Father, hear us, through Thy Son,
And the Spirit, with Thee One,

or. Whom our thankful hearts adore
Ever and for evermore.

H. W. Baker, from the Latin.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life array'd;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustains,
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" He hear the cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathing clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery.
LENT.

1. Saviour! when in dust to Thee
   Low we bend th' adoring knee;
   When repentant to the skies
   Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
   Oh! by all Thy pain 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 th' insulting tempter's power;
   Turn, oh! turn a pitying eye;
   Hear our solemn Litany!

3. By the sacred grieves that wept
   O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
   By the boding tears that flowed
   Over Salem's loved abode;
   By the troubled sigh that told
   Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
   From Thy seat above the sky,
   Hear our solemn Litany!

4. By the burden Thou didst bear;
   By Thine agony of prayer;
   By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
   Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
   By the glooms that veiled the skies
   O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
   Listen to our humble cry;
   Hear our solemn Litany!

5. By Thy deep expiring groan;
   By the sad sepulchral stone;
   By the vault whose dark abode
   Hold in vain the rising God;
   Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
   Mighty, re-ascending Lord,
   Listen, listen to the cry
   Of our solemn Litany!

Robert Grant, 1839.
1. Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow,  
   Where the blood of Christ was shed,  
   Perfect man on thee was tortured,  
   Perfect God on thee has bled!

2. Here the King of all the ages,  
   Throned in light ere world could be,  
   Robed in mortal flesh is dying,  
   Crucified by sin for me.

3. O mysterious condescending!  
   O abandonment sublime!  
   Very God Himself is bearing  
   All the sufferings of time!

4. Eternally for human failure  
   By His Passion we can plead;  
   God has borne all mortal anguish,  
   Surely He will know our need.

5. This—all human thought surpassing—  
   This is earth's most awful hour,  
   God has taken mortal weakness!  
   God has laid aside His Power!

6. Once the Lord of brilliant seraphs,  
   Winged with love to do His Will  
   Now the scorn of all His creatures,  
   And the aim of every ill.

7. Up in Heaven, sublimest glory  
   Circled round Him from the first;  
   But the earth finds none to serve Him,  
   None to quench His raging thirst.

8. Who shall fathom that descending?  
   From the rainbow-circled throne,  
   Down to earth's most base profaning  
   Dying desolate alone.

9. From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,  
   We adore Thee, O most High,"  
   Down to earth's blaspheming voices  
   And the shout of "Crucify!"

10. Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow,  
    Where the blood of Christ was shed:  
    Perfect man on thee was tortured,  
    Perfect God on thee has bled!

W. J. Sparrow Simpson

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 am I, 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 faint 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."

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 alone,  
   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 lowest 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 thorns, and (my) mine the golden crown;  
   Mine the life won, and () Thine the life laid down.

8. Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,  
   Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;  
   Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,  
   Forgivens greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. Stone.
1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow;
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present, each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longing for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed, we leave Thy Throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Jane L. Borthwick.
LENT.
(OR PENITENTIAL)

Non te negaro.
Rather slow.

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1 Lord, Thine Apostle heard Thee sigh:
   Love prompted him at once to cry,
   Though all forsake, yet will not I.

2 When Thou from out Thy grave didst rise,
   And Thine Apostle met Thine Eyes,
   Not thus he spake but otherwise.

3 Thou knowest Lord my words, my fail,
   Pride would not heed Thy warning call,
   And yet I love—Thou knowest all I.

Lord! we this day across the years
Would learn from Thine Apostle’s tears
That he alone is safe who fears.

We will not dare in pride to dwell
On strength of will to love Thee well
Nor trust ourselves where Peter fell.

Though others fail, or pass Thee by,
Though others leave or e’en deny,
We dare not say “Yet will not I.”

Teach us to take a lower tone,
The good we do is not our own,
We dare not try to stand alone.

Thou Lord of human nature frail,
Where’er temptations sore assail,
Help Thou Thy servants lest we fail.

O give self-knowledge clear and deep,
Lest, blind and ignorant, we sleep,
Asserting what we cannot keep.

Give sense of fear and lowly heart,
And best of all Thyself impart;
Safe dwells the soul wherein Thou art.

W. J. Sparrow Simpson.

(104)

ON THE PASSION.

St. Francis Xavier.

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1 My God, I love Thee; (dim.) not because
   I hope for heaven thereby,
   Nor yet because who love Thee not
   Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
   Upon the Cross embrace;
   For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
   And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
   Yea, death itself; and all for me
   Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O Blessed Jesu Christ,
   Should I not love Thee well?
   Not for the sake of winning heaven,
   Nor of escaping hell;

Not from the hope of gaining aught,
   Not seeking a reward;
   But as Thyself hast lovéd me,
   O ever-loving Lord.

So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
   And in Thy praise will sing;
   Solely because Thou art my God,
   And my most loving King. Amen.

Tr. E. Caswall.

(105)
ON THE PASSION.

ALFRED. 7-7-7-5. D.

HAIL, Thou Head! so bruised and torn,
Fiercely with a crown of thorn,
Wounded as of old decreed,
Smitten with the mocking reed,
Marred (dim.) by many a blow;
Hail! from whose most blessed Brow,
All life's bloom has vanished now,
Hail! though pallor reigns instead,
Still before that Presence dread.
Angels trembling bow.

All Thy vigour and Thy life
Fadeth in this bitter strife,
Death hath now his signet set—
Drooping and (cr.) with blood-drops wet—
On Thy Face Divine;
Thou this cruel death and scorn
Hast for me, a sinner, borne,
With those signs of love on Thee
Turn that Face on mine.

Yet in this Thine agony,
O Good Shepherd, think on me;
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Worth all else beside;
Though unworthy, with me stay,
Unto Thy Head incline,
Let that (dim.) dying look of Thine
Still with me abide.

Let me joy with Thee to be
In Thy sacred agony,
On Thy Cross with Thee to die,
Loving Thee, with Thee to lie
'Neath (dim.) that cruel Tree;
Make me for Thy bitter death
Thank Thee with my latest breath;
Guilty, grant me this I pray,
Jesu, that I, (dim.) dying, may
Not be far from Thee.

True it is that I must die,
Then I would that Thou wast nigh;
Quickly come at that dread hour,
Come, and with Thy wondrous power
Save, and make me free.
Jesu, when Thou bidd'st me go
From this suffering world below,
My Loving Lord, be near.
On Thy saving Cross appear,—
Show Thyself to me.

ST. BERNARD. Tv., ELIZABETH CHARLES, AND GODFREY THRING.

ALFRED was the name of the mother of St. Bernard. She died with the words, "By Thy Cross and Passion, Good Lord, deliver us," on her lips. Her son was present; and it has been thought that this hymn, a prayer for his last hours, was inspired by the memory of that scene. (107)
1 Bound upon the accursed 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-dew'd brow,
Son of Man, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at His doom,
Saints in light 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!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
By the mortal 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 accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do."
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

H. H. Milman.
ON THE PASSION.

1. Holy Jesus, by Thy passion,
   By the woe which none can share,
   Borne in more than kingly fashion,
   By Thy love beyond compare:
   Crucified, I turn to Thee,
   Son of Mary, plead for me.

2. By the treachery and trial,
   By the blows and sore distress,
   By desertion and denial,
   By Thine awful loneliness;
   Crucified, I turn to Thee,
   Son of Mary, plead for me.

3. By Thy look so sweet and lowly,
   While they smote Thee on the Face,
   By Thy patience, calm and holy,
   In the midst of keen disgrace:
   Crucified, I turn to Thee,
   Son of Mary, plead for me.

4. By the hour of condemnation,
   By the blood which trickled down,
   When, for us and our salvation,
   Thou didst wear the robe and crown
   Crucified, I turn to Thee,
   Son of Mary, plead for me.

5. By the path of sorrows dreary,
   By the Cross, Thy dreadful load,
   By the pain, when, faint and weary,
   Thou didst sink upon the road:
   Crucified, I turn to Thee,
   Son of Mary, plead for me.

6. By the Spirit which could render
   Love for hate and good for ill,
   By the mercy, sweet and tender,
   Poured upon Thy murderers still:
   Crucified, I turn to Thee,
   Son of Mary, plead for me.

W. J. Sparrow Simpson.

1. My Lord, my Master, at Thy Feet adoring,
   I see Thee bow'd beneath Thy load of woe;
   For me, a sinner, is Thy Life-Blood pouring;
   For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2. Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee,
   With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
   How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
   While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!

3. With tempts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness.
   With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
   Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
   When I am wrong'd how quickly I complain!

4. My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
   Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
   Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
   Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5. O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
   O saving Death! O wounds that I adore!
   O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
   I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

T. B. Pollock, tr. from the French of Jacques Bridaine.
ON THE PASSION.

1 Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me,
While He is nailed to the shameful tree,
Scorned and forsaken, derided and curst,
See how His enemies do their worst!
Yet, in the midst of the torture and shame,
Jesus, the Crucified, breathes my name!
Wonder of wonders, oh! how can it be?
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

2 Lord, I have left Thee, I have denied,
Followed the world in my selfish pride;
Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,
Slay Him, away with Him, crucify!
Lord, I have done it, oh! ask me not how;
Woven the thorns for Thy tortured Brow;
Yet in His pity so boundless and free,
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

3 Though thou hast left Me and wandered away,
Chosen the darkness instead of the day;
Though thou art covered with many a stain,
Though thou hast wounded Me, oft and again;
Though thou hast followed thy wayward will;
Yet, in My pity, I love thee still.
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me.

4 Jesus is dying, in agony sore,
Jesus is suffering more and more,
Jesus is bowed with the weight of His woe,
Jesus is faint with each bitter throe,
Jesus is bearing it all in my stead,
Pity Incarnate for me has bled;
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

W. J. Sparrow Simpson.
EASTER.

PART I.

St. Paul.

Joyfully.

Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Dead that we may live again,
Therefore let us keep the feast,
Alleluia!

1

Not with leaven of wickedness,
But the new of righteousness,
Of sincerity and truth.
Alleluia!

2

Christ, the Lord of Life is risen,
Free for ever from death's prison,
First-fruits of the dead that slept.
Alleluia!

3

In that once to sin He died,
Now with God is glorified,
Living ever God and Man.
Alleluia!

4

We ourselves to sin are dead,
Live to God in Christ our head,
Lord and Saviour, God and King.
Alleluia!

5

Christ is risen from the dead,
He's returned, as He said,
Riven are the chains of death.
Alleluia!

6

Since hymen dark death did reign,
So by man did man obtain
Resurrection from the dead.
Alleluia!

7

As in Adam all men die,
So in Christ humanity
Shall be made alive again.
Alleluia!

8

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

9

Is and was, and e'en shall be,
Through the ages endlessly,
Holy, Holy, Holy Three.
Alleluia!

10

B. P. BOUVERIE.

(114)

PART II.

Solemn.

That when earthly toil is o'er,
We, in rest for evermore,
May behold Thee, and adore;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11

That upon Thy Saints who pine,
Longing to be wholly Thine;
Thou wilt pour Thy grace Divine;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12

That in mercy Thou wilt come,
Seeking those who careless roam
Bringing all Thy wanderers home;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13

Wipe, oh, wipe away all tears,
Banish sorrows, sadness, fears,
When Thy light and darkness clear;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14

Teach us how to keep our frame
Pure indeed and free from blame
Worthy of our Christian name;
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15

So that when the Angel's cry
Rends the tomb, "The Lord is nigh!"
We shall meet Thee in the sky;
We adore Thee, Jesu.

16

When we, children, welcome Thee,
And shall hear Thee say that we,
Where Thou art may ever be;
We adore Thee, Jesu.

17

T. B. POLLOCK.

(115)
EASTER.

1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day:
   Sons of men and angels say,
   Raise your joys and triumphs high:
   Sing, ye heav'ns; thou, earth, reply,
   Hallelujah!

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.
   Hallelujah!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal:
   Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
   Death in vain forbids His rise:
   Christ hath open'd Paradise.
   Hallelujah!

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?
   Hallelujah!

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
   Following our exalted Head:
   Make like Him, like Him we rise:
   Ours the cross, the grave, the skies:
   Hallelujah!

6 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n,
   Praise to Thee by both be giv'n:
   Thee we greet triumphant now,
   Hallelujah!
   Hail the Resurrection Thou!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.
1. Roll back the stone, for the Angel of God has descended.

Harmony.

Touch'd with his finger the tomb, where the Saviour has lain.

Roll to end.

Earth could not hold Him; but, trembling, restored Him again.

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2. Roll back the stone; the Redeemer is risen, is risen!
Roll back the stone, that the world may behold and believe.
Be of good cheer: He hath burst through the bars of His prison,
Leading captivity captive, His crown to receive.

3. Roll back the stone! Let our hearts in the darkness be riven;
He is not here where ye seek Him, but gone—gone before.
Roll back the stone! We would follow His flight into Heaven;
If we be risen, our eyes shall behold Him once more.

HORACE SMITH.

(118)
1 O Christ our Joy, gone up on high
To fill Thy Throne above the sky,
How glorious dost Thou shine!
Thy Sovereign rule the worlds obey,
And earthly joys all fade away
In that pure light of Thine.

2 To Thee in prayer Thy people bow;
O may our sins Thy pardon know,
The cleansing of Thy grace;
Then lift our hearts to Thee above,
On wings of faithfulness and love,
To seek Thy holy place.

3 So, when the sudden call shall sound,
And with Thy robe of clouds around
Thou, Christ, shalt come once more,
Thyself our Judge may'st turn away
The penalty our sins should pay,
And our lost crowns restore.

4 Ascended up from mortal sight,
Jesu, we praise Thee in the height,
Our Joy, our great Reward;
Whom with the Father we confess,
And with the Holy Spirit bless,
One ever-glorious Lord.

D. T. Morgan. From the Latin.

1 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Gloows with Thy fire Divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity. Amen.

Edwin Hatch.
WHITSUNTIDE.

VENI.  

S.M.

mp 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;  
Oh hear my lowly prayer:  
Stoop down, and make my heart Thy home,  
And shed Thy blessing there.

cr. 2 Thy light, Thy love impart,  
And let it ever be  
A holy, humble, happy heart,  
A dwelling-place for Thee.

mf 3 Let Thy rich grace increase,  
Through all my early days,  
The fruits of purity and peace,  
To Thine eternal praise. Amen.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WHITSUNTIDE.

COLUMBA SANC,TA.  

4.7.10.11.

Come, Holy Dove,  
Descend on silent pinion,  
Brood oer my sinful soul with patient love,  
Till all my being owns Thy mild dominion.

1.  

Round yon sad Tree  
With frequent circles hover,  
That in my glorious Saviour I may see  
Grace to redeem and righteousness to cover.

2.  

On wings of peace  
Bring from that precious Altar  
The Blood which bids the storms of conscience cease,  
And blots out all the debt of the defaulter.

3.  

Spirit of Grace,  
Reveal in me Thy Saviour,  
That I may gaze upon His mirrored Face  
Till I reflect it in my whole behaviour.

4.  

Oh, let me hear  
Thy soft, low voice controlling  
My devious steps with intimations clear,  
With comforts manifold my heart console.

5.  

Let that sweet sound  
To holy deeds allure me,  
With heavenly echoes make my spirit bound,  
And of my Home in Paradise assure me.

6.  

Come, Holy Dove,  
Guide me to yon bright portal,  
Where I shall see the Saviour whom I love,  
And enter on the joys which are immortal!

R. WILTON.
1. \( mf \) Thou who did'st move through formless night
   Upon the water's face,
   Oh, turn our darkness into light,
   And form us by Thy grace.

2. \( mf \) Thou, who to holy men of old
   Didst grant the power to speak,
   With fervent zeal enflame the bold,
   And strengthen all the weak.

3. \( f \) Thou, who in flame and whirlwind dread,
   Thy chosen didst inspire,
   Within our hearts, so cold and dead,
   Kindle Thy sacred fire.

4. \( mf \) Thou, who, Thyself, didst deign to wear
   The likeness of a dove,
   \( p \) Descend from Heaven, and bid us share
   Thy joy, Thy peace, Thy love.

Horace Smith.

(123)
THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Transfiguration.

RATHER SLOW.

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Lord it is good for us that we be here:
For here the evil world seems far away,
And Heaven is close at hand and Thou art near,
And Thou to us Thy glory dost display.

Here let us build a lasting dwelling place,
Where heavenly visions break upon the sight;
And we may gaze on Thy Transfigured Face,
All lost in wonder, worship and delight.

Yet O my Lord, I dare not pray this prayer,
Nor linger in this presence lest I die;
This pure transfigured glory is too fair,
Too near to Paradise for such as I.

He who in realms transfigured would abide
Himself transfigured by Thy grace must be;
Except by grace the soul resemble Thee.

Far down beneath, amid my fellow men,
With earthly self must be my daily strife;
Until the earthly fall away, and then
Transfigured may I enter into Life.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.

(126)

LAUDATE DOMINUM COELORUM.

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PSALM CXLVIII.

1 Oth, praise the Lord of heaven,—
   Oh, praise Him in the height!
   Oh, praise Him, all ye angels!
   Oh, praise Him, stars and light!

2 Sun, moon, and depths of ocean,
   Created by His word,
   Oh, praise His name, Jehovah,
   The everlasting Lord.

3 O fire, and hail, and tempest;
   Ye mountains, and ye hills;
   Ye fruitful trees, and cedars;
   Ye rivers, and ye rills;

4 Ye kings of earth, and judges,
   Ye youths and maidens fair,
   Old men, and little children,
   His mighty Name declare!

5 His name alone is Holy,
   His praise all Heaven above;
   Oh, praise Him, all ye people,
   Who fear Him, and who love!

HORACE SMITH.

(127)
Where Thou art.

Rather slow.

---

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 wand'ring heart
Cease to be treach'rous, 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 defil'd no more.

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

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

---

O wondrous love, that rends in twain
Thy sinless heart, lost souls to gain;
Thyself the Priest, and yet the Slain
For all our judgments lingering!

Those Feet, fast-bound in iron, loose
How many a step from Satan's noose;
Those Hands, how many a burden's bruise
Are their soft touches fingerling!

The spear that gashed the Sleeper's Side
Life's mother wakes, the living Bride,
Bought with His Blood, washed with the tide
Of all that Water's purity.

O Spring shut up, O Fountain sealed,
O Holiest Place within revealed,
O windowed Rock for sinners healed
His inmost Heart's security!

O Father, when Thine arrows fly,
Turn on those bleeding Wounds Thine Eye,
Those Hands spread out a'heart the sky,
And stay the mighty thundering.

Seen through those Clefts, reached by that Stair,
For us Thy heavenly joys prepare,
The Father, Son, and Spirit there
That we may worship wonderingly!
1. Redeemed, restored, forgiven
Through Jesus' precious Blood,
Heirs of His home in Heaven,
Cr. O praise our pardoning God!
Praise Him in tuneful measures,
Who gave His Son to die;
Praise Him Whose sevenfold treasures
Enrich and sanctify!

2. Once on the dreary mountain
We wander'd far and wide,
Far from the cleansing Fountain,
Far from the pierced Side;
Cr. But Jesus sought and found us,
And wash'd our guilt away;
With cords of love He bound us
To be His own for aye.

3. Dear Master, Thine the glory
Of each recovered soul;
Cr. Ah! who can tell the story
Of love that made us whole?
Not ours, not ours the merit;
Cr. Be Thine alone the praise,
And ours a thankful spirit
To serve Thee all our days.

4. Now keep us, Holy Saviour,
In Thy true love and fear;
Cr. And grant us of Thy favour
The grace to persevere;
Cr. Till, in Thy new creation,
Earth's time-long travail o'er,
We find our full salvation,
Cr. And praise Thee evermore.

H. W. BAKER

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The rosy hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
Dim. How fast they fade away!
Cr. Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

1. Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

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

1 O Thou, to Whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty bend the knee.
And childhood lip, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 O Thou, to Whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praises be sung.

J. Pierpont.
1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
   My beauty are, my glorious dress,
   'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
   With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
   For who aught to my charge shall lay?
   Fully absolved through these I am,
   From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
   To claim my mansion in the skies,
   Even then, this shall be all my plea,
   Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
   Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
   Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
   Now take the spoils of death and hell. Amen.

   Ty. J. Wesley.

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.

   Thomas Cotterill.
2 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrow share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very blind,
A weak and foolish wanderer,
With dark and evil mind;
I need the light of Jesus
To tread the thorny road
To guide me safe to glory,
Where I shall see my God.

5 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way;
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

6 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be;
To sing my Jesus' praises,
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

( 137 )
The Blessed Home.

mf 1 There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
Its glory throws around.

mf 2 There is a land of peace,
Good Angels know it well;
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand Saints adore
And Spirit, evermore.

f 3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;
To give to Him the praise
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

f 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. BAKER.

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Charity.

mf 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.

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.

mf 5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

f 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

Che. Wordsworth.
1 For the beauty of the earth,
   For the beauty of the skies,
   For the love which from our birth
   Over and around us lies,
   Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
   This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
   Of the day and of the night,
   Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r,
   Sun and moon and stars of light,
   Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
   This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
   For the heart and mind's delight,
   For the mystic harmony
   Lifting sense to sound and sight,
   Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
   This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
   Brother, sister, parent, child,
   Friends on earth and friends above,
   For all gentle thoughts and mild,
   Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
   This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
   To our race so freely given,
   Graces human and divine,
   Flowers of earth and buds of heav'n,
   Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
   This our sacrifice of praise.

6 For Thy Church that evermore
   Lifteth holy hands above,
   Offering up on every shore
   Her pure sacrifice of love:
   Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
   This our sacrifice of praise.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPONT, 1804.

1. Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
   Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
   I see from far Thy beauteous light,
   Only I sigh for Thy repose:
   My heart is pained, nor can it be
   At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2. Thy secret voice invites me still
   The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
   And, sin I would; but tho' my will
   Seems fixed, yet wild my passions rove;
   Yet hindrances strew all the way;
   I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3. '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:
   Oh! when shall all my wanderings end,
   And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4. 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.

5. O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
   To save me from low-thoughted care;
   Chase this self-will through all my heart,
   Through all its latent nazes there;
   Make me Thy dutious child, that I
   Ceaseless may "Abba Father" cry.

6. Each moment draw from earth away
   My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
   Speak to my utmost 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.

GERHARD TILekerORN, 1735, tr. J. WESLEY.
1. Just as I am—without one plea,
   But that Thy blood was shed for me,
   And that Thou bidd'est me come to Thee—
   O Lamb of God, I come.

2. Just as I am—and waiting not
   To rid my soul of one dark blot,
   To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
   O Lamb of God, I come.

3. Just as I am—though toss'd about
   With many a conflict, many a doubt,
   Fightings and fears within, without
   O Lamb of God, I come.

4. 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.

5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
   Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
   Because Thy promise I believe—
   O Lamb of God, I come.

6. 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.

7. Just as I am—of that free love
   The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
   Here for the season, then above—
   O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

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1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
   To this poor world of sin and death,
   Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home
   In that despised Nazareth;
   But we believe Thy footsteps trod
   Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2. We did not see Thee lifted high
   Amidst that wild and savage crew,
   Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
   "Forgive, they know not what they do;"
   Yet we believe the deed was done,
   Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3. We stood not by the empty tomb
   Where late Thy sacred Body lay,
   Nor sat within that upper room,
   Nor met Thee in the open way;
   But we believe that Angels said,
   "Why seek the living with the dead?"

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

5. And now that Thou dost reign on high,
   And thence Thy waiting people bless,
   No ray of glory from the sky
   Doth shine upon our wilderness;
   But we believe Thy faithful Word,
   And trust in our Redeeming Lord.

J. H. Gurney, and others.

(142)
3 There no stormy winter rages;  
  There no scorching summer glows;  
  But thro' one perennial spring-tide  
  Blooms the lily with the rose;  
  And the Lamb, with purest ray,  
  Scatters round eternal day.

Soprano.  4 There the saints of God, resplendent  
  As the sun in all his might,  
  Evermore rejoice together;  
  Crowned with diadems of light;  
  And from peril safe at last,  
  Reckon up their triumphs past.

Men.  & 5 Purged from every least defilement  
  That was grief to them before;  
  Flesh and spirit now agreeing,  
  And at enmity no more;  
  Peace is theirs' without alloy,  
  Peace and plenitude of joy.

Unison.  6 Where the Saviour's Risen Body  
  Sits aloft in glorious state,  
  There, like the crowding eagles,  
  Countlessly they congregate;  
  And with angels share the food  
  That unites the soul with God.

Harmony.  7 There in strains harmonious blending,  
  They their dulcet anthems sing;  
  And on harps divinely thrilling,  
  Glorify their glorious King;  
  Aided by whose arm of might,  
  They were victors in the fight.

8 Happy they, who with them seated  
  Shall in all their glory share!  
  O that we our days completed  
  Might be but admitted there!  
  & There with them the praise to sing  
  Of our glorious God and King.

9 Look, O Jesus, on Thy soldiers,  
  Worn and wounded in the fight;  
  Grant, O grant us, rest for ever,  
  In Thy beatific sight;  
  And Thyself our guardian be  
  Through a long eternity.

Tr. E. Caswall.

(144)
1 All for Jesus—all for Jesus
This our song shall ever be;
For we have no hope, nor Saviour,
If we have not hope in Thee.

2 All for Jesus—Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve Thee, hour by hour,
None can move us from Thy presence,
While we trust Thy love and power.

3 All for Jesus—at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There, dear Lord, we shall receive Thee
In the solemn sacrament.

4 All for Jesus—Thou hast loved us;
All for Jesus—Thou hast died;
All for Jesus—Thou art with us;
All for Jesus—Crucified.

5 All for Jesus—all for Jesus—
This the Church’s song must be;
Till, at last, her sons are gathered
One in love and one in Thee.

W. J. Sparrow Simpson.

1. Teach us, O Lord, to see Thy will
In everything we undertake,
And let Thy blessing guide us still
To toil and work for Thy dear sake.

2. To all, Thou dost not give to do
Great acts of wisdom or of power,
But in our duties, old and new,
We each can serve Thee, every hour.

3. Sometimes, Thy gracious will ordains
For us, some seeming trifling deed,
Some menial office, which contains
To faithful hearts abundant need.

4. Sometimes Thou giv’st to us to share
With those who laboured long ago,
And, striving on with faith and prayer,
Our fellowship with them to show.

5. To some, Thou giv’st the call to sow,
Others, are charged the crop to keep,
Some, only see the harvest grow,
Others, the plenteous harvest reap.

6. Sometimes the humblest effort brings
Results which cause us deep surprise;
The heart with joy and gladness rings
At what is marvellous to our eyes.

7. We see in nature that Thy hand
Completes Thy will by agents small:
The more we learn and understand
The more we know Thee served by all.

8. Open, we pray, of faith the eyes
The worth of duty to discern,
That we may nothing small despise
But, there, Thy mission for us, learn.

9. Enough for us, Thy will to do
Receive Thy bidding and obey.
For, such, is faithful life and true
Acknowledged at the last great day.

Arthur Perceval Purbey-Cust.
GENERAL.

1.
Weary and sad, a wanderer from Thee,
By grief heart-broken, and by sin defiled;
Oh, what a joy in sorrow 'tis to be
Conscious that I am still, O God, Thy child.

2.
Strained were the cords of love by my sad will,
I would have broke them had I had my way,
But, Lord, it was Thy love, not mine, that still
Held my heart back, my tottering steps did stay.

3.
And now the crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are all I ask, more than is meet for me;
Yet kiss and banquet, ring and robe, are all
Waiting me, Father, in my home with Thee.

4.
Back to the door which ever open lay;
Back to the table where the feast still stood;
Back to the heart which never, night or day,
Forgot me in my most forgetful mood.

5.
Drawn by Thy love, that found me when a child,
And never for a moment let me go;
Still, still Thine own, though soiled and sin-defiled
I come, and Thou wilt make me clean, I know.

6.
There feed me with Thyself, until I grow
Into the stature of the life divine;
My right to plead, my privilege to know,
That Christ is God's, and I, O Christ! am Thine.

7.
Feed me and set me up upon the Rock
Higher than I, my shelter and my stay
Against the rudest winter-tempest's shock,
Against the fiercest sultry summer's day.

8.
Thus let my life in ceaseless progress move,
On into deeper knowledge, Lord, of Thee,
The length, the breadth, the height, the depth of Love,
That first could care for, then did stoop for me.

J. S. B. Monsell.
1 Show pity, Lord: 
   Our souls are sore distressed;
   As troubled seas,
   Our natures have no rest;
   That, surging, beat the shore,
   We toil and heave
   Evermore and evermore.

2 Show pity, Lord:
   Our grief is in our sin;
   We would be cleansed;
   We would be cleansed;
   For this we cry to Thee;
   Thy word of love
   Can make the conscience free.

3 Show pity, Lord:
   Inspire our hearts with love,—
   That holy love
   Which draws the soul above,
   That holy love
   Which makes us one with Thee
   And with Thy saints,
   Through all eternity.

4 Show pity, Lord:
   Our grief is in our sin;
   We would be cleansed;
   We would be cleansed;
   For this we cry to Thee;
   Thy word of love
   Can make the conscience free.

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

6 Wherever in the world I am,
   In whatsoever estate,
   I have a fellowship with hearts
   To keep and cultivate;
   A work of lowly love to do
   For Him on whom I wait.

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

Anna L. Waring.

(150)
97

GENERAL.

LOVE DIVINE.

SLOW.

mf 1 Love Divine, all loves excelling,
    Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
    Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
    All Thy faithful mercies crown.

f 2 Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
    Pure unbounded love Thou art;
    Visit us with Thy salvation,
    Enter every trembling heart.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
    Let us all Thy grace receive;
    Suddenly return, and never,
    Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be always blessing,
    Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;
    Pray, and (cr.) praise Thee, without ceasing,
    Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf 5 Finish then Thy new creation,
    Pure and spotless let us be;
    Let us see Thy great salvation,
    Perfectly restored in Thee.

cr. 6 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.

CHAR. WESLEY.

98

GENERAL.

ADORATION.

SLOW.

1 I adore Thee, I adore Thee!
    Glorious ere the world began;
    Yet more wonderful Thou shinnest,
    Though divine, yet still divinest
    In Thy dying love for me.

2 I adore Thee, I adore Thee!
    Thankful at Thy feet to be;
    I have heard Thy accent thrilling,
    Lo! I come, for Thou art willing
    Me to pardon, even me.

3 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,
    Born of woman yet Divine,
    Stained with sins I kneel before Thee,
    Sweetest Jesu, I implore Thee,
    Make me ever only Thine.

W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.
1. Beloved, let us love: love is of God;
   In God alone hath love its true abode.

2. Beloved, let us love: for they who love,
   They only, are His sons, born from above.

3. Beloved, let us love: for love is rest,
   And he who loveth not abideth unblest.

4. Beloved, let us love: for love is light,
   And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

5. Beloved, let us love: for only thus
   Shall we behold that God who loveth us.

H. Bonar.

1 Oh for the peace which floweth as a river,
   Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
   Oh for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright for ever,
   Amid the shadows of earth's little while!

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
   To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
   A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,
   Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

3 A little while, to wear the weeps of sadness,
   To pace with weary step through miry ways;
   Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
   Then clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

4 A little while, the earthen pitcher taking
   To wayaide brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
   Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
   Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;
   A little while, faith's flickering lamp to trim;
   And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
   To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
   The future glory and the present smile,
   With the bright promise of the glad for ever,
   Will light the shadows of the little while.

(155) Jane Crewdson, 1864.
GENERAL.

Nay, His Saints are each one shining as the sun's meridian glow:
Crowned by victor's wreath, in loud Hosannas now their greetings flow;
And at last secure they number conflicts of the prostrate foe.

Pure from all alloy, the warfare of the flesh they know no more;
Mind with body raised to spirit feels her union at the core;
They, in perfect peace reposing, bear not now the cross they bore.

To their native source they gather, freed from all things mutable;
There, embodied Truth in Presence ever contemplating, dwell;
Thence imbibe a vital sweetness, drinking deep at living well.

Knowing Him that knoweth all things, nought can be to them unknown,
For they fathom each another's inmost secrets as his own;
One thing will they, One thing will they—consciously their minds are one.

Where the Body lies, must eagles flocking come by right of kind;
Saintly souls on That are nourished, with Angelic hosts combined
Denizens of earth or Heaven, One the Bread of Life they find.

Ever new the voice of music makes harmonious anthems ring,
Long-drawn swell of solemn organs charmed ears enraptured;
To the King by Whom they conquered hymning worthy praise they sing.

Gazing on that kindly Presence throned in Heaven, how blest the soul!
While beneath her feet she views this universal framework roll,
Sun and moon, and, mixed with planets, sphery stars, from pole to pole.

Christ, Thou palm of holy warriors, entrance to my spirit give,
Once my soldier's-belt unbuckled, freeman of this guild to live:
Make me, with those happy dwellers, partner in Thy donative.

While I toil in unexhausted battle, Thou the strength afford:
Nor, when war's alarms are over, grudge Thy veteran rest, O Lord!
Thee to earn, I serve—be Thou for endless ages my reward.

J. Dayman, tr. from DAMIANI.
There is singing in the Homeland—canst thou hear it o'er the strife?
The welcome of the martyrs as they enter into life.
There is glory in the Homeland,—canst thou see it through thy tears?
For lives laid down, the victor's crown of life through endless years.

There are praises in the Homeland, they are praising Jesus's Name:
His Word, their sword; His blood, their shield; 'tis thus they overcame;
There is gladness in the Homeland for the souls that loved their Lord,
And held Him dearer than the lives they yielded at His word.

There is weeping in the Earth-land,—canst Thou hear it, Saviour dear?
'Mid triumph songs can Earth's deep wrongs now reach Thy listening ear?
Or the gladness of the ransomed,—shall it hide Thy children's grief?
"Ah! nay, I know their sorrows, I am come for their relief."

He hath suffered with His people, (cr.) for His saint and He are one;
O blessed fellowship with Christ, (dim.) the Father's suffering Son!
By the golden links of holy pain (cr.) He draws His people nigh
To holy fellowship with God, (dim.) Who gave His Son to die.

Never, never shall the notes of praise that ring through endless years
Shut out His people's prayers and cries from Jesus's listening ears,
Though their music strangely blendeth with the cry of them that fall,
Yet in the heart and love of God He findeth room for all.

Christ is worthy, ever worthy!—at His feet we cast our crown,
And gladly for our Saviour (dim.) lay our lives in darkness down;
What is sown in grief and darkness (cr.) shall be raised in joy and light,
God's harvest shall be worth the cost, His victory worth the fight!

 Frances Brook
1 Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
   Watch for day, Christian, when the night’s longest;
   Onward, and onward still, be thine endeavour,
   The rest that remaineth, will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o’er thee:
   Run the race, Christian: heaven is before thee:
   He, who hath promised, faltereth never:
   The love of eternity flows on for ever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
   Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
   Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;
   Mount when thy work is done; praise Him for ever.

† Slur for first verse only. Joseph Stammers.

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mf 1 Sweet is the solemn voice that calls
   The Christian to the house of prayer;
   I love to stand within its walls,
   For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts
   Where two or three for worship meet,
   For thither Christ Himself resorts,
   And makes the little band complete.

m 3 ’Tis sweet to raise the common song,
   To join in holy praise and love,
   And imitate the blessed throng
   That mingle hearts and songs above.

mf 4 Within these walls may peace abound;
   May all our hearts in one agree,
   Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
   May peace and concord ever be.

H. F. Lyte.

(160)
1 Are thy toils and woes increasing? 
Are the foe's attacks unceasing? 
Look with faith unclouded, 
Gaze with eyes unshrouded, 
On the Cross!

2 Dost thou fear that strictest trial? 
Tremblest thou at Christ's denial? 
Never rest without it, 
Clasp thine hands about it, 
That dear Cross!

3 Are hell's cruel legions press thee? 
Thoughts and works of sin distress thee? 
It shall chase all terror, 
It shall right all error, 
That sweet Cross!

4 Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river? 
Thou quiver? 
Shouldst thou tremble? Need'st No! if by it lying, 
No! if on it dying, 
On the Cross.

5 Lord and Master, if we cherish 
That sweet hope, we cannot perish! 
After this life's story, 
Give Thou us the glory 
For the Cross.

J. M. Neale.

163
107

Jerusalem Celestis.

Triumphantly.

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand,
   In sparkling raiment bright,
   The armies of the ransom’d Saints
   Throng up the steeps of light:
   ’Tis finish’d! all is finish’d,
   Their fight with death and sin;
   Fling open wide the golden gates,
   And let the victors in.

2. What rush of Alleluias
   Fills all the earth and sky!
   What ringing of a thousand harps
   Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
   O day, for which creation
   And all its tribes were made!
   O joy, for all its former woes
   A thousand-fold repaid!

3. Oh, then what raptured greetings
   On Canaan’s happy shore,
   What knitting sever’d friendship up,
   Where partings are no more!
   Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
   That brim’d with tears of late;
   Orphans no longer fatherless,
   Nor widows desolate.

4. Bring near Thy great Salvation,
   Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
   Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
   Then take Thy power and reign:
   Thine exiles long for home;
   Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
   Thou Prince and Saviour, come,
   Henry Alford.

108

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   Thine exiles long for home;
   Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
   Thou Prince and Saviour, come,
   Henry Alford.
W HITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
   Going each with staff in hand?

We are going on a journey,
   Going at our King's command;
Over hills and plains and valleys,
   We are going to His palace,
   Going to the better land.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
   You a little, feeble band?

No; for friends unseen are near us,
   Holy angels round us stand;
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us;
   He will guard, and He will guide us,
   Guard us to the better land.

Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
   In that far-off better land?

Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
   From a Saviour's loving hand;
We shall drink of life's clear river,
   We shall dwell with God for ever,
   In that bright and better land.

Pilgrims, may we travel with you
   To that bright and better land?

Come and welcome, come and welcome,
   Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
   Christ is waiting to receive us
   In that bright and better land.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.
1. Jesu, gentlest Saviour,  
   Thou art in us now,  
  cr. Fill us with Thy Goodness,  
      Till our hearts overflow.

2. Multiply our graces,  
   Chiefly love and fear,  
  cr. And, dear Lord, the chiefest,  
      Grace to persevere.

mf 3 Oh, how can we thank Thee  
    For a Gift like this,  
    Gift that truly maketh  
    Heaven's eternal bliss!

4. Ah! when wilt Thou always  
    Make our hearts Thy home?  
  cr. We must wait for heaven;  
      Then the day will come.

F. W. Faber.
1 "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"
The weary world is surging round you still,
And Satan strives your spirit to beguile.
Come seek your Lord, and ponder o'er His will;
Come, drink the wine, and eat the broken bread,
Meet emblems of the strength ye so much need.

2 "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"
The weary world is surging round you still,
And Satan strives your spirit to beguile.
Come seek your Lord, and ponder o'er His will;
Come, drink the wine, and eat the broken bread,
Meet emblems of the strength ye so much need.

3 "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile,"
For he that serves his Lord must holy be,
And he that labours must be free from guile,
And he that sows be filled with purity;
And he that speaks the message of the Word
Must first receive the fulness of the Lord.

4 "Come ye and rest," (Har.) but only for awhile,
The fields are ripening (dim.) and the labourers few,
Go forth and work, and wait the call Divine,—
"Come ye yourselves apart, my servants true,
And at the Supper of the Lamb adore,
Worship, and praise, and rest for evermore."

MARY B. WHITING.
1. Jesu, we worship Thee, True God,
   Who once in Mary's womb didst lie;
   Taking pure flesh of her, that we,
   Through that same Flesh, may never die.

2. O God made Man, O Word made Flesh,
   Who on the Cross didst die that we
   May offer up ourselves, our souls,
   A living sacrifice to Thee.

3. We worship Thee, we worship Thee,
   The Virgin's Child, our Saviour dear,
   And give Thee thanks that even we,
   To Thee, O God, may draw so near.

4. For Thou dost suffer little ones
   To come to Thee, the children's Friend;
   O, in this Blessed Sacrament,
   Be with us, Lord, when life shall end.

   W. CHATTERTON DIX.

5. As the dread words are said,
   Acts duly done,
   There, in the midst of us,
   Dwells God the Son.

6. How? None can ever tell,
   Yet Thou art here:
   When? In Thy Sacrament,
   Year after year:
   Where? At Thine Altar-throne,
   Veiled from our gaze;
   Christ the Anointed One,
   Ancient of Days.

   W. CHATTERTON DIX.
HOLY MATRIMONY.

2 O'er each event of life presiding,
May God rich gifts on each bestow;
With heav'nly light your footsteps guiding,
As through the world's dark wild ye go.
Eternal Lord of heav'n above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

3 By God's own word each action measure,
Let Christ your great Exemplar be;
Still fix your hearts on heav'nly treasure,
We hast'n towards eternity.
Eternal Lord of heav'n above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

4 With cheerful faith in God confide ye,
The pilgrim's staff with courage take;
And, till the silent grave divide ye,
God and each other ne'er forsake.
Eternal Lord of heav'n above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

5 May peace and love, your lives adorning,
Attend you all your course along;
Your Christian walk, each night and morning,
More steadfast make with pray'r and song.
Eternal Lord of heav'n above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

6 Together now your voices raising,
Vow truth to God, hand join'd in hand,
Till on His glories ever gazing,
Ye meet in heav'n's own happy land.
Eternal Lord of heav'n above,
Look down and bless their plighted love.

Johann Gottfried Schöner, 1790.
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.
HOLY MATRIMONY.
(BEFORE THE SERVICE.)

Love is of God.
Not fast.

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mf 1 O God of Grace, Whose light is everlasting,
Shine on life’s path and make these souls Thine own,
That as they kneel together at Thine altar,
So may they stand at length before Thy Throne.

mp 2 Pure be the love that dawns on them from heaven,
So may its light stream forth upon their way;

cres. May earthly clouds disperse to melt in glory,
And sunshine crown each holy, happy day.

mf 3 O may the solace of a sweet communion
Strengthen with peace and fill with joy each heart,
And may the unction of Thy holy healing
Soothe those the hand of God alone may part.

ELLA MARY GORDON.

( 176 )

HOLY MATRIMONY.
(AFTER THE SERVICE.)

Go forth with joy.
Joyfully.

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f 1 Now is the earth with God’s glory rejoicing,
Now are the skies in soft raiment decked fair,
Now are the songs notes of summer awakening,
Born on the blossoms that scent the sweet air.

mf 2 Great are the gifts that God’s mercy dispenses,
Countless the blessings He show’s from above,
Through waning seasons one bloom is unchanging,


cres. Decks earth in sunshine, and crowns it with Love.

mp 3 No day is gloomy when Love’s star is guiding,
No life is lonely that feels its warm ray,
All else is fleeting, but through storm and cloudland


cres. Love’s brightest promise will never pass away.

f 4 Sweet be the solace of hearts now united,
Safe be their future, Thy strength their sure stay;
Strong be the current that bears their lives heav’nward,


cres. Thou at the helm when their barque sails away

f 5 Grant that these loved ones may gather joy’s harvest,
Grant, if the waves rise, earth’s sorrows they share.


cres. Grant when the goal gleams o’er silver shores shining

Thy light still guiding may lead the way there.

ELLA MARY GORDON.

( 177 )
118 HOLY MATRIMONY.

Matrimony.

7.6.7.6.

mf 1. The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
It hath not passed away:"n
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 sale,
Which sought 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;

mf 5. Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine Eternal bands;
6. Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

mf 7. O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine Altar
The hallow'd 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.

JOHN KEBLE.

119 BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Vale, Vale.

10.10.10.2.

1. Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but...

mf Cres. dim. Cres.

Je-sus loves thee best;—Good night! good night! good night! A-men.

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2. Calm is thy slumber as an infant's
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep,
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep;—
Good night!

3. Until the shadow from this earth is cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the Lenten gloom is overpast;—
Good night!

4. Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come—but not in lowly guise;—
Good night!

5. Until, made beautiful by love divine,
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine;—
Good night!

6. Only "Good night!" beloved, not "Farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indissoluble;—
Good night!

7. Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;
Until we know, even as we are known;—
Good night!

SARAH DODDNEY
BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

IN MANUS TUA.

Not slow.

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

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 angels bear on high
   Many a stray'd and wounded lamb,
   Peacefully at last to lie
   In the breast of Abraham.
   Father, in Thy gracious keeping
   Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4. 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.

5. There no more the pow'rs 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.

6. "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.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.
1. m:" Now lay we calmly in the grave
   This form, whereof no doubt we have
   cr That it shall rise again that day
   In glorious triumph o'er decay.

2. mf And so to earth again we trust
   What came from dust, and turn to dust,
   mf And from the dust shall surely rise
   When the last trumpet fills the skies.

3. m His soul is living now in God,
   Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
   Who through His Son redeemed him here
   From bondage unto sin and fear.

4. m So help us, Christ, our Hope in loss;
   Thou last redeemed us by Thy cross
   From endless death and misery
   We praise, we bless, we worship Thee.

M. WESBURY. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

5. He lives where none can mourn
   And weep,
   And calmly shall this body sleep
   Till God shall death himself destroy,
   And raise it into glorious joy.

6. mf He suffered pain and grief below;
   m Christ heals him now from all his woe;
   mf For him hath endless joy begun;
   He shines in glory like the sun.

7. mf Then let us leave him to his rest,
   And homeward turn, for he is blest.
   And we must well our souls prepare,
   When death shall come, to meet him there.

8. m Weep not for me;
   When the languid eye is straining,
   Weep not for me;
   When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
   'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,
   'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,
   Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,
   Weep not for me;
   Christ is mine, He cannot fail me,
   Weep not for me;
   Yes, though sin and doubt endanger,
   From His love my soul to sever,
   Jesus is my strength for ever:
   Weep not for me.

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THOMAS DALT, 1797-1870.
1. Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In his narrow bed he's sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish more
Heaves that little bosom more.

2. In this world of care and pain,
   Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave him;
   To the sunny heavenly plain,
   Dost Thou now with joy receive him;
   Clothed in robes of spotless white,
   Now he dwells with Thee in light.

3. Ah, Lord Jesu, grant that we
   Where he lives may soon be living,
   And the lovely pastures see,
   That his heavenly food are giving:
   Then the gain of death we prove
   Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. MEINHOLD. Tr. C. WINKWORTH.

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ALL SAINTS’ DAY.

Ten Saints of God! their conflict past,
And life’s long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus’ feet how safe your rest!

The Saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

She Saint of God! life’s voyage o’er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

3. The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies;
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

4. O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

Archbishop Maclagan.

ST. PETER AND ST. JOHN AT THE GRAVE OF CHRIST

1. Dear Lord, Whose grave Thy servants twain
This morn beheld with eager gaze,
One saw perplexed and gazed in vain,
The other understood Thy ways.

2. The folded robe, the vacant tomb,
All told their tale to blessed John;
Perceived not what he looked upon.

3. Say why was truth to one revealed?
Why only one had eyes to see?
Why thus was truth from one concealed,
And wrapped in depth of mystery?

4. Ah Lord! we need not ask Thee why:
For one disowned Thee and denied;
Faithful and firm Thy Cross beside.

5. The shame, the stormy penitence,
Still clouded Thine Apostle’s mind;
He gazed, yet he departed thence,
To heavenly meaning dull and blind.

6. But faith and love were crowned with grace;
Thou gavest these their due reward,
E’en in the grave Thy Truth to trace,
And there discern the Risen Lord.


W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON.
FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES.

Stola Regia. 7.6.7.6. D.

This Order sheds its lustre
O'er all the human race;
A court of righteous judgment,
The Rock of Gospel grace;—
Rock of His Church, for ages
Elected and foreknown;
Whose glorious Master-BUILDER
Is Head and Corner-Stone.

These are the Nazareans,
Fame heralds to the world,
Who, preaching Christ, His Banner
Of victory unfurl'd;
Day unto day shows knowledge;
Night utters speech to night;
So these to earth's four corners
Their wondrous tale recite.

Christ's burden light they proffer,
His easy yoke proclaim;
The seed of life they scatter,
That all may own His Name.
The earth brought forth and budded,
Where'er their ploughshare ran,
And fruits of increase follow'd
The faith of God made Man.

These are the sure foundation
On which the Temple stands;
The living stones compacting
That house not made with hands;
The gates by which man enters
Jerusalem the new;
The bond which knits together
The Gentile and the Jew.

Let error flee before them,
Let truth extend her sway;
Let dread of final judgment
To faith and love give way;
That, loosed from our offences,
We then may number'd be
Among Thy Saints in glory,
Around the Throne with Thee.

Tr. J. Mason.

(188)
Awake, awake, O Zion,
Put on thy strength divine,
The garments bright in beauty,
The bridal dress be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek Bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

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

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

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

Awake, awake, O Zion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh;
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high.
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward;
Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.
A-men.

B. Gough.
1.
Like a mighty man, rejoicing in his strength his course to run,
Light and life to all imparting, speedeth forth the glorious sun;
Glorious as the sun, the Gospel speedeth onward from its birth,
Christ's supreme command renewing—"Go ye forth to all the earth."

2.
"Go ye forth and preach the Gospel"—they, that heard His voice, obeyed,
Strengthened by His Holy Spirit, by their foes un dismayed;
In their hearts that word of comfort from their Master and their Friend,
"Fear ye not, for I am with you always, even to the end."

3.
We, who, following in their footsteps, strive like them to do His will,
Find His gracious presence aiding all our feeble efforts still;
While, o'er every foe triumphant, not by might of spear or sword,
Unto earth's remotest borders spreads the Gospel of the Lord.

4.
East hath heard it, West hath heard it: every country, every clime
Knows the tidings of Redemption through the Sacrifice Sublime.
They that walked of old in darkness and the gloom of deathly night,
Lo! on them the day hath risen, Lo! around them shines the light.

5.
Age succeeding age hath witnessed, how the Lord His word fulfils;
Sure and steadfast stands His promise as the everlasting hills:
Ours to labour, till hereafter, in the fulness of the days,
All on earth with all in heaven shall unite His Name to praise.

A.C. Ainger.
Blessed and Holy Three,
Sire and coequal Son,
And gracious Spirit, unto Thee
Be praise while ages run.

From Thee all good gifts come,
Whereby Thy creatures live—

Our health, our food, our joys of home
Thou cease not to give.

Lord, we Thy servants taught
That Thou wilt not disdain
Oblations to Thine Altar brought,
Now offer them again:

Unworthy though we be,
Through sins so manifold,
To bring in sacrifice to Thee
The silver or the gold.

Father, accept, we pray,
This bounden duty here,
And service we are met to pay,
Who Thy great Name revere.

In this Thine house we plead
The merits of Thy Son,
That He may pardon each misdeed
And duty left undone.

Ever Thy sick and poor
Disciples true shall tend,
And, be it scant or full, their store
On Thy glad service spend:

And precious in Thy sight
Are tokens of their love—
The costly nard, the widow's mite,
All treaur'd are above.

Merciful Saviour deign
To sanctify each gift:
Thy waiting people no, or in vain
To Thee their hearts uplift.

In royal David's days
The Hebrews joy'd to bring
To Thee their sacrifice of praise,*
Their votive offering.

Ours be the mind that willed†
Its choicest gifts to bring,—
"The perfect heart " with gladness filled
Of Zion and her king,
So grant us here to-day,
Before Thee to rejoice,
As we our homage come to pay,
In gifts, in heart, in voice. Amen.

S. Childs Clarke.

* "He that giveth alms sacrificeth praise."
† "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted."
ALMSGIVING.

1. Holy offerings, rich and rare,
   Offerings of praise and prayer,
   Purer life and purpose high,
   Clasp'd hands, uplifted eye,
   Lowly acts of adoration
   To the God of our salvation—
   On His altar laid we leave them:
   Christ, present them! God, receive them!

2. Promises in sorrow made,
   Left, alas! too long unpaid;
   Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
   Never into action wrought—
   Long withheld, we now restore them,
   On Thy holy altar pour them:
   There in trembling faith to leave them,
   Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3. Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
   Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
   Dreams of what we yet might be
   Could we cling more close to Thee.
   Which, despite of faults and failings,
   Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
   On Thine altar laid we leave them:
   Christ, present them! God, receive them!

4. Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
   Love of self and human praise,
   Pride of life and lust of eye,
   Worldly pomp and vanity—
   Faults that let and will not leave us,
   Though their staying sorely grieve us,
   Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
   Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

J. S. B. Mosell.

( 196 )
1 Sons of Labour, dear to Jesus,
   To your homes and work again;
   Go with brave hearts back to duty,
   Face the peril, bear the pain.
   Be your dwellings ne'er so lowly,
   Yet remember, by your bed,
   That the Son of God most Holy
   Had not where to lay His head.

2 Sons of Labour, think of Jesus
   As you rest your homes within,
   Think of that sweet Babe of Mary
   In the stable of the Inn.
   Think how in the sacred story
   Jesus took a humble grade,
   And the Lord of Life and Glory
   Work'd with Joseph at his trade.

3 Sons of Labour, pray to Jesus,
   Oh, how Jesus pray'd for you
   In the moonlight, on the mountain,
   Where the shimmering olives grew.
   When you rise up at the dawning,
   Ere to toil you wend your way,
   Pray, as He pray'd, in the morning,
   Long before the break of day.

4 Sons of Labour, be like Jesus,
   Undaunted, chaste, and pure;
   And, though Satan tempt you sorely,
   By His grace you shall endure.
   Husband, father, son, and brother,
   Be ye gentle, just, and true,—
   Be ye kind to one another,
   As the Lord is kind to you.

5 Sons of Labour, seek for Jesus,
   Where He tells you ye shall find,
   In the children, 'mid the mourners,
   In the sick, poor, lame, and blind.—
   "Search the Scriptures," He entreats you,
   "For of Me they testify,"
   Love His Altar, where He meets you,
   Saying, "Fear not,—It is I."

6 Sons of Labour, go to Jesus,
   In your sorrow, shame, and loss;
   He is nearest, you are dearest,
   When you bravely bear His Cross.
   Go to Him, Who died to save you,
   And is still the sinner's Friend;
   And the great love, which forgave you,
   Will forgive you to the end.

7 Sons of Labour, live for Jesus,
   Be your work your worship too;
   In His Name, and in His glory,
   Do what' er you find to do;
   Till this night of sin and sorrow
   Be for ever overpast;
   And we see the golden morrow,
   Home with Jesus, home at last!

( 198 )

S. REYNOLDS HOLE
IN TIME OF WAR.

1. God the all-terrible! King, who ordainest
   Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
   Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest:
   Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2. God the omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
   Watching invisible, judging unheard,
   Doom us not now in the hour of danger:
   Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3. God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
   Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word:
   Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
   Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
IN TIME OF WAR.

1.

mf Father, forgive Thy children come to claim
    The pardon promised to their grief and shame;
    Forgetful, thankless, in their wayward will;
    Father, Thou knowest, and Thou lovest still.

2.

mf Love warns and chastens, love rebukes their pride,
    Who in themselves and not in Thee confide;
    Though vast our armies, and our quarrel just,
    Cres. Thine all the Power, in Thee be all our trust.

3.

f Be with us, God of battles, in this fight;
    Ourselves are sinful, but our cause is right;
    Be with our soldiers, arm them, heart and mind,
    Dim. In danger dauntless, but in conquest kind.

4.

p Pity the wounded, be they friend or foe,
    And help their helpers in the hours of woe;
    Bless all, O Christ, who do Thy gracious will,
    Bless the kind nurse, and bless the surgeon's skill.

5.

p God of the widow, soothe her sore distress;
    Be Thou the Father of the fatherless,
    And teach the mother, mourning for her son,
    To pray Christ's prayer, Thy will, not mine, be done.

6.

mf Inspire Thy priests with wisdom from above,
    To tell the dying of Thy deathless love,
    Cres. To tell brave hearts that Duty, beaten down
    Cres. And vanquished here, shall win the victor's crown.

S. REYNOLDS HOLK.
IN TIME OF WAR.

Exsurgat Deus.
With spirit.

f 1 Let God arise to lead forth those
Who march to war!
Let God arise, and all His foes
Be scattered far!

mf 2 So Israel prayed, and Thou, O Lord,
Wast with him then:
Be with us now, who draw the sword
For war again.

f 3 Grant Thou our soldiers courage high
When foes are near,
dim. To strive, to suffer, or to die,
cr. Untouched by fear.

p 4 Grant strength to those, who mourn to-day
Their loved ones lost,
Yes, those who give their best, nor stay
To count the cost.

f 5 Fight thou for us, that we may fill
Thy courts with praise;
Then teach us mercy, teach us still
The fall’n to raise.

Slower and softly.

6 Yet more and more, as ages run,
Bid warfare cease,
And give to all beneath the sun
Love, Freedom, Peace.

ARTHUR C. AINGER.

(204)

HARVEST.

Studland.

Harvest.

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f 1 For the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour,
We bless Thee, O our God.

mf 3 For the hope and for the tear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, O our God.

2 For the heat and for the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, O our God.

4 Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown:
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone;
We bless Thee, O our God.

f 5 For the sunshine and the shower,
For the dew and for the rain,
For the golden harvest hour,
And for the garnered grain,
We bless Thee, O our God.

JANE CREWDSON.

(205)
**Harvest**

Harvest Offerings, 
joyfully.

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{dim} \]

\[ \text{cres.} \]

\[ \text{dim} \]

\[ \text{Org. Ped.} \]

\[ \text{( 206 )} \]

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**Harvest**

Harmony.

Harvest Offerings, 
joyfully.

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{dim} \]

\[ \text{A-men.} \]

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\[ \text{mf 1} \] We plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's Almighty Hand;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{dim.} \]

\[ \text{cres.} \]

\[ \text{Org.} \]

\[ \text{( 207 )} \]

\[ \text{Voices in Unison.} \]

\[ \text{mf 2} \] He only is the Maker,  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf 3} \] We thank Thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{Matthias Claudius. Tr. J. M. Campbell} \]

\[ \text{( 207 )} \]
1. Praise, O praise the Lord of harvest,
Providence and Love!
Praise Him in His earthly temples,
And above!

2. Praise Him, every living creature,
By His goodness fed,
Whose rich mercy daily giveth
Daily bread.

3. Sing Him thanks for all the bounties
Of His gracious Hand;
Smiling peace and welcome plenty
O'er our land.

4. Praise His Name that war's loud thunder
Breaks not on our shore!
Fields of harvest, not of plunder
Yield their store.

5. Quickened unto life eternal
Bear we heavenly fruit:
Lest, if barren, He reject us
Branch and root.

6. Speed, O speed that glorious harvest
Of the souls of men,
When Christ's members, here long scattered,
Meet again.

7. Glory to the Lord of harvest,
Holy Three in One!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise be done!

J. HAMILTON.

139. AT A HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

1. Lord Jesus who while here on earth
The little ones didst fondly love,
And teach them, 'e'en of lowest birth,
They're kept by Angels from above.

2. Thou Who didst gather to Thy breast
The children which were brought to Thee,
Saying that they are ever blest
Who in their nature child-like be.

3. Thou Who hast taught us that the least
Of these are precious in Thy sight,
And welcomed at Thy marriage feast
Are those who deal with them aright.

4. We know not why the Father's will
Appoints for them the lot of pain;
Why anguish which His power could still
Racks aching limbs and fevered.

5. We marvel why bright infant days
Should clouded be by gloomy fears,
And children's smiles and genial ways
Disturbed by moans or drowned in tears.

6. But 'tis the Father's will—Our part
To soothe each little sufferer's bed,
Brace feeble limbs, allay each smart,
And raise the drooping aching head.

7. Blest privilege! for we partake
Here in the work of Heavenly Love,
And labouring thus for Thy dear sake
Our toll accepted is above.

8. Vouchsafe Thy blessing then, we pray,
Mend, on that which we to Thee commend,
Protect this House from day to day,
Give to this work a happy end.

9. All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, Redeemer Lord, be sung,
All praise to God the Father be
And Holy Ghost eternally.

ARTHUR PERCEVAL PURSEY-CUST.
FOR CHILDREN.

Simplicity.

FOR CHILDREN.

Pastor Bonus.

m ♩ 1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2. Fain would I to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

m ♩ ♩ 3. Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

4. Fain would I be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

m ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ 5. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

m ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ 6. I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley.

mf 1. Christ, Who once amongst us
As a child did dwell,
Is the children's Saviour,
And He loves us well;

mf 2. There it was they laid us
In those tender Arms,
Safe from all alarms;
If we trust His promise,

mf 3. Though we may not see Him
For a little while,
We shall know He holds us,
Often feel His smile;

f ♩ 4. He will be our Shepherd
After as before,
By still heavenly waters
Lead us evermore;

f ♩ 5. Jesus, our good Shepherd,
Laying down Thy life,
Lost Thy sheep should perish
In the cruel strife,

er. Help us to remember
All Thy love and care,
Trust in Thee, and love Thee
Always, everywhere.

W. St. Hill Bourne.
FOR CHILDREN.

God in Nature.

Cheerfully.

f

1. All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,

All things wise and wonderfui, The Lord God made them all.

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mf

2. Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

3. The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;
The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one;

4. The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;—
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.
FOR CHILDREN.

St. Benedict.

FOR CHILDREN.

(AT A FLOWER SERVICE.)

Offerings of Flowers.

1 Saviour, teach me, day by day,
Love’s sweet lesson,—to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child’s glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek,—
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

1 Buds and blossoms, flowrets fair,
In the spring-time scent the air,
Trembling in the gentle breeze,
God’s pure gifts our sight to please.

2 And when these their fragrance lose,
Summer brings more gorgeous hues;
In the garden, wood, and glen,
All is sweet and lovely then.

3 Lord, Thy flowers, trained and wild,
Gathered by each little child,
Unto Thee we here present
As their lovers’ acknowledgment.

4 Children rove amongst the flowers
In their young unclouded hours,
Singing as they feast their sight
On the beautiful and bright.

5 But the sick, on beds of pain
No such pleasure can obtain,
Yet our children’s offerings pure
Give them patience to endure.

6 “By these acts of charity,
Ye have ministered to Me;
Jesus, speak this word, we pray,
To us all, in Thy great day.

FOR CHILDREN.

1 Holy blessed Trinity,
   Dread mysterious Unity,
   When we now draw nigh to Thee—
   In Thy mercy hear us.

2 Ever all Thy works proclaim,
   Glory to Thy Holy Name,
   Who remainest aye the same—
   Merciful Creator.

3 Wisdom's lessons Thou dost bring
   From the flowers that round us spring,
   Nature's bounties hallowing—
   Jesus, Lord and Master.

4 Unto all things fair and good,
   Life Thou givest, Who didst brood
   O'er the chaos dark and rude—
   O Thou Quick'ning Spirit.

5 As the changing seasons move,
   Lord, fresh tokens of Thy love
   From Thy boundless store above,
   To the earth Thou sendest.

6 At Thy bidding flow'rets bloom,
   E'en amid the darksome gloom,
   Springing from their wintry tomb—
   Source of Life and Beauty.

7 Thine—the spring-time's genial hours,
   Thine—to deck the summer bowers,
   Thine such gifts—the pleasure ours,—
   Lord of all creation.

8 Of Thy goodness, Lord, we sing,
   Gifts Thou gavest offering,
   For the sick and suffering,
   As Thou hast commanded.

9 Bless and sanctify, we pray,
   All we now before Thee lay,
   Love's own message to convey,
   Of Thy pity telling.

10 May they be to drooping eyes
    Signs of fadeless flow'rets that rise,
    In Thy sunny Paradise—
    Grant it, Lord, we pray Thee.

S. Childs Clarke.
FOR CHILDREN.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Rather quickly.

1. Thou, gracious Lord, our Shepherd art, Thy sheep on earth are we, And every thought in every heart is known, O Lord to right, For all a-round must ever be All gloomy as the

cres. 
dim.

2. Without Thy aid no power have we To tread life's path a

rall. Slow.

Thee! So grant that we, both night and day, May yield Thee perfect night! So, in Thy loving mercy, guide Our footsteps, we in

cres. 

sendest from above! out Thy boundless store! Thou, gracious Lord, our Shepherd art, Thy

cres. 
dim.

love, And all the laws on earth obey Thou plenteous

rall. Slow.

safe-ly to the Fold, all safely to the Fold! A-men.

E. Oxenford.
FOR CHILDREN.

1 There's a Friend for little children
   Above the bright blue sky,
   A Friend Who never changes,
   Whose love will never die;
   Our earthly friends may fail us,
   And change with changing years,
   This Friend is always worthy
   Of that dear Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
   Above the bright blue sky,
   Who love the Blessed Saviour,
   And to the Father cry;
   A rest from every turmoil,
   From sin and sorrow free,
   Where every little pilgrim
   Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children
   Above the bright blue sky,
   Where Jesus reigns in glory,
   A home of peace and joy;
   No home on earth is like it,
   Nor can with it compare;
   For every one is happy,
   Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
   Above the bright blue sky,
   And all who look for Jesus
   Shall wear it by and by;
   A crown of brightest glory,
   Which He will then bestow
   On those who found His favour
   And loved His Name below.

5 There's a song for little children
   Above the bright blue sky,
   A song that will not weary,
   Though sung continually;
   A song which even Angels
   Can never, never sing;
   They know not Christ as Saviour,
   But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children
   Above the bright blue sky,
   And a harp of sweetest music,
   And palms of victory.
   All, all above is treasured,
   And found in Christ alone;
   Lord, grant Thy little children
   To know Thee as their own.
Kind Shepherd.

Alternative Harmony when Voices sing the Melody only.

1 King Shepherd, see, Thy little lamb,
Come very tired to Thee;
O fold me in Thy loving arms,
And smile on me.

2 I've wandered from Thy fold to-day,
And would not hear Thee call,
And, oh, I was not happy then,
Nor glad at all.

3 I want, dear Saviour, to be good,
And follow close to Thee,
Through flowing meads and pastures green,
And happy be.

4 Thou kind good Shepherd, in Thy fold
I evermore would keep,
In morning's light, or evening's shade,
And while I sleep.

5 But now, dear Jesus, let me lay,
My head upon Thy breast;
I am too tired to tell Thee more,
Thou know'st the rest.

H. P. HAWKINS.

FOR CHILDREN.

Up in Heaven.

(For Soprano Voices only. Not to be sung in Harmony.)

Up in Heaven, up in Heaven, in the bright place far a

way, He Whom bad men crucified, Sixteenth

at His Father's side, Till the Judg

A-men.

And He loves His little children,
And He pleaeth for them there,
Asking the great God of Heaven's grace,
That their sins may be forgiven,
And He hears their prayer.

Then the wicked souls shall tremble, rejoice;
And the good souls shall parents, children, every one,
Then shall stand before His

Throne, And shall hear His voice.

Never more a helpless Baby,
Born in poverty and pain,
But with awful glory crowned,
With His Angels standing round,
He shall come again.

And all faithful holy Christians,
Who their Master's work have done,
Shall appear at His right hand
And inherit the fair land.
That His love has won.

C. F. ALEXANDER.
FOR CHILDREN.

Hour by hour, O gracious Lord, Fill us with Thy holy word; Let us all, wher-e'er we be,

1. Hour by hour, O gracious Lord, Fill us with Thy holy word; Let us all, wher-e'er we be,
2. Hour by hour, and day by day, Make us ho-ly, Turn our will-ing hearts to Thee! Should we Thy commandments break,

Do not, Lord, Thy flock forsake! Teach us henceforth to o-bey, Soothe us with Thy ten-derness; Watch up-on our sorrows keep,

And our err-ing footsteps stray! Till in brighter hours they sleep! Hour by hour, O gracious Lord,

Watch Thy earthly children o'er, Guid-ing us the goal to-ward Where is life for ev-er-more! Where is life for ev-er-more!

ev-er-more! ev-er-more! Where is life for ev-er-more! A-men.

E. Oxenford.
FOR CHILDREN.

EVENING PRAYER.

8.7.8.7.

*m* 1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

*m* 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

*m* 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
*m* Take me, when I die, to heaven
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

( 226 )

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FOR CHILDREN.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

8.7.8.7. with Refrain.

1. Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing from the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

2. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3. At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's Face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

4. Soon we'll reach the shining river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

ROBERT LOWRY.

( 227 )
FOR CHILDREN.

153

IGNA.

FOR CHILDREN.

154

IGNA.

FOR CHILDREN.

mf Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear:
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, prov'ng,
Steadfast unto death endure.

f Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Be their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like Thine.

Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,
In Thine Arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them
Holy Spirit, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love;
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And forevermore be Thine.

Amen.

CHR. WORDSWORTH.

A Child's Evensong.

Slow.

1. From the heav'n a-bove us, 'Mid thean-gels mild, Looks a bounteous

Father Downon ev'-ry child. Faith-ful-ly He lis-ten,

When He hears it pray; Tenderly He guards it On its little way. Amen.

2. Bounteously He gives it
Food and raiment still;
Graciously He keeps it
From each threat'ning ill.

Of this bounteously Father
All the children tell,
He will not forsake them,
He doth love them well.

Anon.
FOR CHILDREN.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

Quickly and with simplicity.

1. We, O Lord, are little pilgrims, Wending on our earthly way.
   When we waken in the morning, Give us strength that we may keep
   In Thy holy ways till shadows bring the hour, and day by day!
   Great and many are the dangers That up-hours of rest and sleep! Then, O Lord, our prayer ascend-ing
   Press-ing on-ward, ev-er on-ward. Hour by hour, and day by day! Great and ma-ny are the dangers That up-hours of rest and sleep! Then, O Lord, our pray'rs ascend-ing

2. On our road we see, But we pass them all un-noted. For we realms of glory bear, And, while night the earth o'er-covers, Watch a-
   put our trust in Thee! We, O Lord, are little
   pil-grims, Bless our jour-ney, we im-plore, That, o'er-
   -com-ing ev'-ry dan-ger, We may reach the gold-en shore! Amen.

E. OXFORD.

(230)
FOR CHILDREN.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Slow.

1. There is a land where all is bright And beautiful and
   fair. Where day is never dimm'd by night. And

2. O where is found that beauteous land?
   It lies in realms above,
   Where Jesus, 'mid the angel-band,
   Dispenses deeds of love!
   All those who serve their Saviour well
   Shall reach the golden shore,
   And 'mid the happy angels dwell
   With God for evermore!

3. So, little children, ever pray
   That ye may go aright,
   And keep within God's holy way
   Throughout the day and night.
   Then ye shall see, when life is o'er,
   All beautiful and fair,
   The land that has a golden shore,
   And dwell for evermore!

E. Oxenford.

(232)
Joy Bells.

7.6.7.6. D. with Refrain.

mf 1 Joy bells are sounding sweetly,
Waking the new-born year,
O that some heavenly music,
Listening, my heart may hear!

mf Hark! 'tis the voice of Jesus,
Over my life's dark sea,

m Be not afraid, beloved,
Trust the New Year to Me;

f Trust in My love for ever;
Trust till life's day is o'er;
Trust till the New Year's morning
Breaks on the heavenly shore.

m 2 Saviour, with Thee communing,
Life has no fears for me;
Brightly this New Year's morning
Dawns on my spirit free;

Months as they pass may bring me
Trials unknown to-day;
Still shall the echo linger,
Sweetly I hear Thee say,

f "Trust in My love," &c.

mf 3 More of Thy love, my Saviour,
More of Thy peace within,
More of Thy perfect beauty,
My heart more free from sin!

This be Thy New Year's blessing,
Better than finest gold,
While on Thy word of greeting
Faith can keep fast her hold:

f "Trust in My love," &c.

4 Onward with step more steadfast,
Upward with stronger flight,
Upward to love's own country,
Heavenward to God's own light!

m Jesus, in Thee abiding,
Years cannot fly too fast,
Death cannot touch my spirit,

f Hearing Thy voice at last:

f "Trust in My love," &c.
CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS.

1. Yes, He will; for all things bright
   Are most precious in His sight,
   And He loves to see
Children come with flowers for Him,
Whom the flaming Seraphim
Worship ceaselessly.

2. Yes, He will; for children's love
   Makes this world like Heaven above,
   Where no evil reigns,
And where all unite to bring
Purest offerings, and sing
Love's unending strains.

3. Yes, He will; for hearts that turn
   To the sick and poor, and learn
How to make them glad,
Shine like beacons on the strand
Of the far-off, happy land,
To the lost and sad.

4. So our lowly gifts to Thee,
   Lord of earth and sky and sea,
Thou wilt kindly take;
Every little flower we bring,
Every simple hymn we sing,
And not one forsake.

5. O how poor and weak we are,
   Yet the tiniest silver star
Thou dost own as Thine;
And the little birds that fly
Through the blue and golden sky
Know Thy touch Divine.

6. Beauteous are the flowers of earth,
   Flowers we bring with holy mirth,
   Bright and sweet and gay;
Father, Son, and Spirit, own
   Gifts we lay before Thy Throne,
   On this happy day.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.