

Hymns
Praise ^{of} and Prayer
^{with}
Tunes

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HYMNS

OF

PRAISE AND PRAYER

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D., D.D.

WITH

Tunes,

SELECTED, HARMONIZED, AND IN PART COMPOSED BY

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, M.A.,

JAMES T. WHITEHEAD,

AND

BASIL MARTINEAU.

Vatum suspiria solatium Ecclesiæ.

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END OF VOLUME.

RELATING TO THE TUNES.

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PREFACE

IN RELATION TO THE HYMNS.

A THIRD of a century has elapsed since the publication of the "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home." If during that time nothing had occurred to affect the value of the volume except a gradual enrichment of our religious literature by new hymns, the publication of a supplement would have satisfied every need : but, in passing through a generation remarkable for rapid change, Christian piety itself, notwithstanding its essential permanence, has insensibly modified its complexion ; and, in its truest moments, resorts to other centres of meditation, and speaks in other tones, than those which were natural to our fathers. Hence, in justice to the exigencies of a fresh time, it is not enough to add what is absent ; it is requisite also to withdraw something that is present, in manuals of an earlier date ; and, in attempting a complete re-cast of the materials at disposal for the lyrical part of public worship, I hope to provide better for a real continuity of religious life, than by any less extensive change.

Two opposite tendencies have become more and more marked in the devotional literature of the last twenty or thirty years. On the one hand, the Anglican movement which commenced in the fourth decade of this century has nurtured a retrospective and historical piety, which opens its heart to the traditions of the past, reproduces forgotten treasures of poetry and prayer and devoted life, and clings for strength to the last link in the catena of saintly examples. The place of the "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Innocentium," side by side with the Bible in the boudoirs of innumerable English homes, renders it needless to say how the tender music from this source has reached the soul of our time and moved it to accordant response. With this influence, however, resting as it does on Catholic authority, is inextricably blended

an *ecclesiastical* type of Christianity; not drawn from the interior of Christ's life, but made up chiefly from what others have thought and said about him, in looking back on the imperfect picture of his ministry. This secondary doctrine, of which he is not the source, but the object, was gradually assuming shape from the first pentecost to the end of the fourth century (the Council of Constantinople, A.D. 381); and though it is nothing but a crystallisation of human opinion respecting a recent divine epoch, it has passed into the theology of Christendom, and gives a special form and colour to all the lights of piety that are transmitted through it. The Christian mythology thus built up and consecrated may be seen most completely elaborated in the Roman or the Dominican Breviary; but the historical revival which commenced in Oxford forty years ago, and which has steeped the religious imagination of our time in mediæval tints, has imparted to the Anglican ritual and books of devotion a very similar character. They are pervaded by a startling dogmatic realism; spiritual symbols are turned into sacramental acts; apocalyptic imagery taken as literal fact; and in the calendar of the Church Year, the several acts in the drama of redemption are played out with a hard precision which reduces even the pathos and the mystery to rule. In the recent Anglican hymnals, exaggerated prominence is given to the objective and mythological elements which have found their way into the faith of Christendom: simple and natural piety finds there no shelter and no voice; when it would fly to the immediate communion with God, it is flung back on some superfluous mediation of intercession or of sacrament; when it would pour out the story of its own times and seasons, that bring the sunshine or the frosts upon its inward life, it finds no more "Sacred Year" than the cycle of Church festivals which dramatise a mixed or legendary history, and of red-letter days that celebrate obscure or questionable saints. At long intervals, no doubt, the reader of these books may alight on some true gem, all the brighter for the dreary delay. But their general tendency is to guard the approaches to Christian devotion, against all who bring to them a thoughtful historical judgment, and an aversion to puerilities of taste.

Strong as the set of the current has become in this direction, it is

only a certain class of religious minds that can be swept back by it into the region of fancy and fable. Others there are whose piety is undergoing just the opposite change; and, instead of re-assuming an ecclesiastical mythology, is disposed to loosen itself even from sacred history. And shall we dare to assert that this is not a new awakening, but only the old piety declining? The deeper the sense of spiritual realities, the more do we live in a present that is divine; and faith so far dispenses with the past as rather to invest it with sanctity than wait for its witness and consecration. The habitual "walk with God," hour by hour, the leaning on him in weakness, the drawing from him of strength, the conscious passing of a warm light or a chill shadow, according as he is remembered or forgotten, supersede by immediate experience the secondary attestations of divine things, and leave all scripture sacred simply by consent of sympathy and reverence. Such inward self-surrender is the true fulfilment of the Christian aim of life: it effects that harmonious union of the human spirit with the divine, which Christ lived to render possible; and to treat it as an apostasy, because it is so much at one with him as to be independent of what happened to him, and to let the doubtful be as it may, without losing heart of trust and love, is to stone the prophets, and crucify afresh the Saviours of human faith. If there be a spiritual devotion which more and more draws away from what tradition, apostolic or other, has questionably said about the first age, and, gathering itself into the centre, identifies its *Christianity* with the *religion of Christ in its pure and personal essence*, this simplification is as legitimate, and as much requires to be provided with adequate expression in worship, as the opposite tendency to luxuriant overgrowth of dogma and symbol. The difference between the present volume and its predecessor is due to the attempt to meet this change; the new hymns admitted belonging chiefly to the poetry of the inner life; while the old hymns excluded mainly deal with objective incidents either in biblical history or in the apocalyptic representation of the future.

It is, however, a question of great difficulty, how far, in the true service of a church or of a time, a change of this kind, to some extent

inevitable, should be carried by an editor. Though piety, the more spiritual it is, has the less disposition to remain historical, it were a fatal error (as the experience of all mystic movements, including George Fox's, abundantly shows), to indulge this tendency to its extremity; to fling history out of religion altogether, and let no section of it be "sacred," no "land" be "holy." We deceive ourselves, if in this higher life we forget our ancestry, and profess to be *autochthones*. No detached personal force of ours, no eclectic gleaning of wisdom from foreign fields, will find us wings to reach our heaven, and lay us low beneath an Authority that rules us. Only to the rarest prophets, if even to them, are divine things really new; with the rest of us they are not what we win, but what we keep;—the residuary truth and sanctity that remain at heart, when superficial errors are discharged, and that breathe in the undertones of trust and aspiration, however the articulate speech of worship may change its words. If there be any who can waft their souls to God on Vedic hymns, or toil upwards by the steps of Gentile metaphysics, far be it from me to question the efficacy of the exercise; it may possibly be as good for them as singing the Athanasian creed. But for myself, both conviction and feeling keep me close to the poetry and piety of Christendom. It is my native air, and in no other can I breathe; and wherever it passes, it so mellows the soil and feeds the roots of character, and nurtures such grace and balance of affection, that for any climate similarly rich in elements of perfect life I look in vain elsewhere. The only problem, therefore, with which I have to deal, is how to separate among the biblical materials, the permanent essence from the accretions which are already marked as certain to fall away. In extreme cases it offers no difficulty. It would be impossible to commit an instructed modern congregation to a recital of Joshua's control of the sun and moon, or Jonah's adventure in the whale; or to abstain from presenting the pathetic crises,—the adieu to Galilee, the conflict in Gethsemane, the agony of Calvary,—which laid open the divine depths of the mind of Christ. But between these limits, of the certainly unhistorical and the certainly historical, there lies a vast debatable field, with contents at various distances from the two

extremes; including not only miracles embarrassing to reverence as well as faith, but Messianic conceptions and predictions, discrepant elements of narrative, and occasional passages of discourse so congenial with the tendencies of the second age as hardly to carry the authority of the first. It is on this semi-historical area that difficulties must long arise, not for the editor of hymns alone, but for the instructed Christian teacher in all his dealings with other minds.

In determining what to retain, and what to drop, of these doubtful materials, I have not been guided by any considerations of critical authority; still less by the rule of my own personal belief; but by such estimate as I could make of the continued hold of scripture incident on the devout affections of those for whom I worked. It is not the business of a hymn-book editor either to relax or to overstrain the dependence of religious feeling on historical association; but to provide a voice for actual affections, neither leaving them behind by saying too much, nor failing to bear them aloft by a breath too faint and feeble. As the influence of critical knowledge in delivering the religion of Christ from questionable accretions is gradual, and reaches to various depths in the same community, the simultaneous wants of different minds cannot be in perfect consent; and to give them their due rights a certain latitude must be allowed, at variance alike with the rule of logical consistency, and the fixed standard of an individual judgment. At the date of my former Collection, the mode of entrance on the future life was still an open question; the conception of a general resurrection and great assize of humanity retaining its hold on many minds. Hymns, involving this conception, hymns which I could never personally use, stand in that volume, side by side with others recognising the immortality of souls and their passage, one by one, from the lower to the higher life. Time has laid that question to rest, and dismissed the imagery of the general judgment to its place in the Messianic mythology; but other questions now occupy a similar position, and similarly require to stand over for final adjudication. Whether I have rightly determined their range, experience alone can show. Tried by conservative feeling, in which I also largely share, I shall seem to have

parted with too much ; tried by the balance of critical probability, to which I pay deference no less, I shall seem to have removed too little. I can only hope that, whatever be the course of inevitable change, its path may here be rendered possible to the deepest trusts and divinest affections of the soul. As a step in the process of transition, the New Testament will doubtless experience what has already happened to the Old ; elements and scenery in it which are gradually withdrawn from literal acceptance and authoritative use, will pass into symbols of some truth and sanctity beyond themselves, and help the imagination to give form and colour to spiritual things ; and as the Egyptian bondage, the desert march, the water from the rock, the promised land, the courts of Zion, the holy of holies, have been lifted into emblems of the pilgrimage of man and the providence of God, so the baptismal dove, the temptation, the calming of the storm, the transfiguration, the Christ crucified, the Christ glorified, notwithstanding inequalities in their historical certainty, will retain their significance for the inward life, painting the crises of its drama and the transcendency of its victory. More and more of the modern Christian hymns, as may be seen in the following pages, do but touch for a moment the ground of historical incident, and pass on at once to some spiritual counterpart which is the real theme of the poet's inspiration. This gradual expansion of the original sources of Christian conception to embrace the new thought and larger sentiment which they themselves have been instrumental in creating, is the natural method of evolving the future from the past ; and, in comparison with it, every religion of broken allegiance and private initiative, however adequate for the lives of individuals, will prove ineffective for the union of hearts and the work of a true Church.

The religious conditions under which this book is produced, have determined the literary principles followed in its compilation. It is offered to a Nonconformist Broad Church by an editor whose prevailing feeling carries him less to Broad Church sources than to other springs,—Catholic, Mystical, Semi-puritan, Lutheran, Wesleyan,—and gives him therefore what he most loves, and what speaks most truly for him, mingled with much which neither he nor his readers can believe. May he drop this impossible element, and save the rest ? or is he bound to

forego the whole, and accept his silent exile from a chorus in which he longs to join, and which gives him a voice infinitely better than his own? The common sense of Christendom has rightly recognised a rule between these two extremes. Of ancient Latin hymns, successive versions exist; and those of the eighth century were re-written for the sixteenth. Many a sacred poem (like "Jerusalem, my happy home"), has a long literary history of change. In common with earlier Christians, who turned the psalter to their use, Watts altered David, and Wesley altered Watts. Jeremy Taylor, as well as Tate and Brady, was corrected by Bishop Heber; George Herbert by Bishop Horne; and the Moravian hymns appear in their successive editions, with various transformations. In the absence of this liberty, there could be no literature of devotion common to Christendom. If the original texts were all stereotyped, while new impulses awoke and new thoughts were born and worship began to speak in tones unheard before, the whole continuity and Catholicity of religious life would be broken; the old inheritance of sacred influence would be struck with paralysis; a fresh library of piety, a separate school of spiritual culture, would be set up for every little community; and for the grave and lofty speech of a universal devotion, we should have a grotesque assemblage of provincial eccentricities. The whole hope of any gathering together of Christians in a comprehensive "City of God" depends on a gradual falling away of transitory from permanent elements in the *sacra* transmitted from the past: and they can never be sifted out, and lay bare the imperishable residuum, unless each communion is free to take what it can from the life of the rest, and so test the real range of possible sympathy.

With a generous abnegation of literary rights, the late Dr. John Mason Neale did not hesitate to say, that a hymn, whether original or translated, ought, from the moment it is published, to be the common property of Christendom; and in preparing a last volume on his death-bed, he was moved by the desire to contribute "such hymns as might perhaps, *with more or less alteration*, be not unsuitable for the worship of the Church."* Without insisting on a rule of such unselfish latitude,

* Preface to "Sequences, Hymns, and other Ecclesiastical Verses," 1866.

limits must be assigned to an author's posthumous control over the form of his productions ; and liberty be given to harmonise them with the wants of growing churches.

This liberty, however, has been used in the present volume under rigorous restraint. In no case has it been exercised without acknowledgment ; the author's name appearing in italics, wherever even a word is changed ; or the change itself being given, along with the original, in a special Index, whenever it affects the first line. In the productions of living authors, no unsanctioned alteration has been introduced, beyond what is sometimes needed, in case of abridgment, to round off a selection into a whole. If there be any exception to this rule, it is only where the author has avowedly, like Dr. Neale, thrown his contributions into the "great treasury," to be freely handled for the service of Christian piety. And, finally, deviations from the original texts have been kept down to the lowest possible amount ; and, unless occasionally imposed by metrical necessity, admitted only for grave reasons of religious veracity. Of mere arbitrary tampering with the materials which it is my duty and delight to touch with only a reverent hand, I trust no trace will be found.

It only remains for me to make grateful acknowledgment to authors, translators, and other owners of copyright, who have permitted me to use their hymns. The materials already found in the "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home," I have not thought it needful to ask special leave to reproduce ; but the rest of the volume bears witness, in the variety of its sources, to the gracious and catholic spirit which prevails in churches far apart, and which places the inspirations of each at disposal for the culture of all. If in one or two instances I have inserted a hymn without formal sanction, it is because every effort to discover the owner, if owner there were, has been disappointed ; and for indulgence to such irregularity I must rely on the same kindness which has made all the other insertions regular.

I cannot refrain from tendering especial thanks to the Rev. John Ellerton in this country, and, among my American correspondents to Revs. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, Samuel Longfellow, of Cambridge, Mass., William O. White, of Keene, New Hampshire, Dr.

Frederick M. Bird, of Spotswood, New Jersey, the Right Rev. Frederick D. Huntington, Bishop of Central New York, for most valuable aid, involving no little personal labour as well as special knowledge, in tracing hymns to their true sources and dates of origin. Nor can I dispense, more than any other compiler, with a grateful reference to the unrivalled library and personal knowledge of Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, of Sun Street, London ; to whom, in great measure, must be attributed the vast improvement of recent hymn-books, on both sides of the Atlantic, in their accurate reproduction of texts, and citation of sources.

With grateful heart for the peaceful and sacred hours it has given me, I send this volume upon its unknown life ; with the prayer that to others also it may serve for awhile as a link of communion between the seen and the unseen, the living and the dead, the soul and the Soul of souls.

LONDON, *December 1, 1873.*

Revised, February 14, 1876.

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Good is the Lord, the heavenly King . . .	598
Go to thy rest, fair child . . .	774
Go, suffering habitant of earth . . .	262
Go up, go up, my heart . . .	239
Go, when the morning shineth . . .	234
Gracious Source of every blessing . . .	702
Gracious Spirit ! dwell with me . . .	284
Granted is the Saviour's prayer . . .	722
Greatest of beings ! Source of life . . .	106
Great God ! in vain man's narrow view . . .	4
Great God ! my joyful thanks to thee . . .	406
Great God ! we sing that mighty hand . . .	604
Great Ruler of all nature's frame . . .	35
Great Source of being and of love . . .	153
Guardian of sinful men . . .	662
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah . . .	429
Hail ! the heavenly scenes of peace . . .	539
Hail ! thou bright and sacred morn . . .	623
Hallelujah ! best and sweetest . . .	689
Hallelujah ! Raise, O raise . . .	28
Happy soul, that free from harm . . .	394
Happy soul ! thy days are ended . . .	501
Happy the souls who first believed . . .	148
Hark ! a voice divides the sky . . .	534
Hark ! hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling . . .	524
Hark, my soul, how everything . . .	70
Hark ! the evening call to prayer . . .	585
Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour comes . . .	719
Hasten, Lord, to my release . . .	463
Hath not thy heart within thee burned . . .	105
Have mercy, O Father . . .	185
Hearken, Lord, to my complaints . . .	465
Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken . . .	164
Heavenly Father, by whose care . . .	587
Heavenly Father, to whose eye . . .	440
He is gone : a cloud of light . . .	139
He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed . . .	131
Help me, my God, to speak . . .	302

	HYMN
Hence, avaunt ! all follies vain . . .	653
Heralds of creation ! cry . . .	49
Here, gracious God, do thou . . .	665
Here in a world of doubt . . .	346
He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower . . .	402
He that hath made his refuge God . . .	381
Holiest ! breathe an evening blessing . . .	578
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none . . .	37
Holy Father . . .	688
Holy Father, heavenly King . . .	395
Holy, holy, holy Lord . . .	690
Holy Spirit, Lord of light . . .	101
Hosanna ! Lord, thine angels cry . . .	678
How beauteous are their feet . . .	149
How blest is he whose tranquil mind . . .	488
How blest the sacred tie that binds . . .	319
How dark, how desolate . . .	515
How do thy mercies close me round . . .	407
How gentle God's commands . . .	367
How glorious are those orbs of light . . .	517
How long, sometimes, a day appears . . .	739
How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord . . .	630
How pleasant are thy paths, O Death . . .	500
How pleasant, how divinely fair . . .	627
How precious are thy thoughts of peace . . .	25
How shall I praise the eternal God . . .	5
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound . . .	120
How swift the torrent rolls . . .	476
How various and how new . . .	39
How welcome to the soul, when pressed . . .	660
Hues of the rich unfolding morn . . .	791
Humbly, my God, with thee I walk . . .	204
Hushed was the evening hymn . . .	744
I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent . . .	453
I cannot call affliction sweet . . .	758
I cannot find thee : still on restless pinion . . .	9
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be . . .	441
If, in a temple made with hands . . .	625
If life in sorrow must be spent . . .	339
If 't is sweet to mingle where . . .	696
I had a lesson to teach them . . .	796
I have a little trembling light which still . . .	180
I have no comfort but thy love . . .	350
In a land of strange delight . . .	595
In darkness as in light . . .	21
Infinite God, thou great unrivalled One . . .	30
Infinite Power, eternal Lord . . .	181
In mercy, Lord, remember me . . .	589
In sleep's serene oblivion laid . . .	549
Interval of grateful shade . . .	592
In the dead silence of the voiceless night . . .	596
In the midst do thou appear . . .	318
In the morning hear my voice . . .	559

	HYMN		HYMN
In the morning I will raise	558	Lord ! in this dust thy sovereign voice	414
In thy courts, O Lord, assembling	676	Lord ! in this sacred hour	674
In time of fear, when trouble's near	457	Lord ! it is not life to live	333
In vain, great God, in vain I try	22	Lord ! let me know mine end	482
I praised the earth in beauty seen	71	Lord ! let the flames of holy charity	299
I sing the almighty power of God	51	Lord ! now we part in thy blest name	695
Is there a lone and dreary hour	408	Lord of all being, throned afar	103
It came upon the midnight clear	165	Lord of earth ! thy forming hand	335
'It is finished' ! Man of sorrows	136	Lord of eternal purity	567
It is the hour of prayer	635	Lord of hosts ! to thee we raise	726
It was a brave attempt ! adventurous he	786	Lord of my life, length of my days	768
I worship thee, sweet Will of God	353	Lord of my life, whose tender care	680
Jerusalem, my happy home	529	Lord of the souls above	542
Joy ! joy ! a year is born	613	Lord of the wide-extended main	753
Joy of my life, while left me here	781	Lord of the worlds above	628
'Joy to those that love the Lord'	356	Lord ! subdue our selfish will	312
King of mercy, King of love	226	Lord ! teach us how to pray aright	221
Launch thy bark, mariner	755	Lord ! that I may learn of thee	301
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	388	Lord ! thou didst arise and say	125
Lead us with thy gentle sway	430	Lord ! thou hast formed mine every part	23
Let bolder hearts the strife require	218	Lord ! thou hast searched and seen me through	24
Let every creature join	52	Lord ! thou hast told us that there be	80
Let me go ; the day is breaking	499	Lord ! we adore thy wondrous name	479
Let no tears today be shed	775	Lord ! we believe a rest remains	334
Let us, with a joyful mind	65	Lord ! we have wandered from the way	207
Life nor death shall us dis sever	376	Lord ! we sit and cry to thee	184
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	161	Lord ! we thank thee for the pleasure	107
Light of life, seraphic Fire	99	Lord ! what a fleeting breath	481
Like Noah's weary dove	351	Lord ! when I all things would possess	304
Like shadows gliding o'er the plain	474	Lord ! when thou said'st, 'So let it be'	48
Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine	389	Lord ! while for all mankind we pray	615
Lo ! God is here ! let us adore	683	Lord, who ordainest for mankind	747
Lo ! I come with joy to do	289	Lord ! with what courage and delight	295
Lo ! my Shepherd's hand divine	434	Lo ! the lilies of the field	409
Long have I viewed, long have I thought	771	Love divine, all love excelling	352
Look up, look up, my soul, still higher	272	Love for all ! and can it be	211
Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun	566	Lowly and solemn be	502
Lord ! bring me to resign	288	Maker of all things, God most high	576
Lord ! comes this bidding strange to us	393	Mark the soft-falling snow	151
Lord ! dismiss us with thy blessing	705	Methought my soul had learned to love	222
Lord ! forgive me, day by day	213	Mighty One, before whose face	732
Lord ! for thee I daily cry	648	Mighty Spirit, gracious Guide	723
Lord, from whom all blessings flow	313	Millions within thy courts have been	693
Lord God of morning and of night	551	Moons, planets, suns, that swim the sky	13
Lord ! have mercy and remove us	525	Morning breaks ! the kingly sun	557
Lord ! have mercy when we pray	193	Mortal ! if e'er thy spirits faint	190
Lord ! how mysterious are thy ways	420	Much in sorrow, oft in woe	261
Lord ! I address thy heavenly throne	244	My Father's house on high	528
Lord ! I believe : thy power I own	189	My Father ! when around me spread	450
Lord ! in the morning thou shalt hear	649	My God and Father, while I stray	362
		My God ! how endless is thy love	411
		My God ! I thank thee : may no thought	371

	HYMN		HYMN
My God ! I thank thee who hast made . . .	405	Of, when the waves of passion rise . . .	152
My God, my everlasting hope . . .	751	O give thanks to Him who made . . .	641
My God, my King ! thy praise I'll sing . . .	681	O God ! beyond that boundless sea . . .	18
My God ! thy service well demands . . .	765	O God ! by whom the seed is given . . .	699
My God ! thy suppliant hear . . .	464	O God ! I thank thee that the night . . .	740
My God was with me all this night . . .	553	O God, most merciful and just . . .	373
My God ! what monuments I see . . .	15	O God, my helper, ever near . . .	609
My heart is resting, O my God . . .	342	O God, my strength, my hope . . .	287
My soul before thee prostrate lies . . .	230	O God of ages, by whose hand . . .	684
My soul ! repeat his praise . . .	43	O God, our help in ages past . . .	397
My spirit longs for thee . . .	386	O God, protector of the lowly . . .	329
My spirit on thy care . . .	368	O God Supreme ! in rapt amaze . . .	62
My stock lies dead, and no increase . . .	219	O God, that madest earth and sky . . .	749
My trust is in the Lord . . .	358	O God, the Rock of ages . . .	473
		O God ! thou art my God alone . . .	247
Nearer, my God, to thee . . .	387	O God, thou fathomless abyss . . .	2
Need it is we raise our eyes . . .	532	O God ! thy children gathered here . . .	731
No, not for these alone I pray . . .	716	O God ! thy power is wonderful . . .	32
No seas again shall sever . . .	544	O God ! we praise thee, and confess . . .	686
Not in the churchyard shall he sleep . . .	780	O God, who canst not change nor fail . . .	565
Not in the solitude . . .	26	O God, whose thoughts are brightest light . . .	297
Not on this day, O God, alone . . .	698	O God, whose thunder shakes the sky . . .	291
Not thou from us, O Lord, but we . . .	88	O happy soul, that lives on high . . .	325
Not yet I love my God . . .	199	O help us, Lord, each hour of need . . .	217
Now from the altar of our hearts . . .	590	O here, if ever, God of love . . .	717
Now, Lord, we part awhile . . .	697	O holy Father, Friend unseen . . .	370
Now pray we for our country . . .	618	O how kindly hast thou led me . . .	187
Now slowly, slowly darkening . . .	493	O how safe, how happy he . . .	380
Now that the day-star glimmers bright . . .	554	O how the thought of God attracts . . .	316
Now the Holy Spirit dart . . .	100	O it is hard to work for God . . .	270
Now to the haven of thy breast . . .	415	O it is sweet to think . . .	510
Now the shades of night are gone . . .	563	O King of earth and air and sea . . .	442
Now with creation's morning song . . .	550	O Lord ! another day is flown . . .	750
Now your pleasant labours close . . .	692	O Lord ! lift up thy countenance . . .	682
		O Lord ! my best desire fulfil . . .	294
O be joyful in the Lord . . .	634	O Lord of hosts ! Almighty King . . .	617
O blessed life ! the heart at rest . . .	357	O Lord, our King, how excellent . . .	85
O bless the Lord, my soul . . .	42	O Lord ! our languid souls inspire . . .	668
O bounteous Framer of the globe . . .	186	O Lord ! thy everlasting grace . . .	369
O break my heart ; but break it as a field . . .	315	O Lord ! thy heavenly grace impart . . .	250
O breathe upon this languid frame . . .	96	O Lord ! where'er thy people meet . . .	658
O comrade bold, of toil and pain . . .	150	O Love Divine, that stoop'st to share . . .	449
O deem not they are blest alone . . .	452	O make us apt to seek, and quick to find . . .	273
O'er Kedron's stream and Salem's height . . .	132	Omnipresent God, whose aid . . .	584
O'er the dark wave of Galilee . . .	121	Omniscient God ! thine eye divine . . .	20
O Everlasting Light . . .	385	O most delightful hour, by man . . .	491
O Fairest-born of love and light . . .	144	O my soul ! with all thy powers . . .	41
O Father ! bless us ere we go . . .	588	One by one the sands are flowing . . .	258
O Father ! I have sinnèd : I have done . . .	202	One holy Church of God appears . . .	162
O Father ! take the new-built shrine . . .	725	One prayer I have,—all prayers in one . . .	286
O Father ! though the anxious fear . . .	667	Only waiting till the shadows . . .	486
O for the coming of the end . . .	175	O not alone in saddest plight . . .	317
Of thy love some gracious token . . .	708	O not when the death-prayer is said . . .	507
Of, when of God we ask . . .	89	On the dewy breath of even . . .	579

	HYMN		HYMN
O send me not away ! for I would drink . . .	201	Pure spirit ! O where art thou now . . .	778
O sinner ! bring not tears alone . . .	195	Put not on me, O Lord, this work divine . . .	279
O Source divine, and Life of all . . .	31	Quiet from God ! how blessed 't is to keep . . .	321
O Source of good ! around me spread . . .	232	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . .	303
O Spirit, freed from earth . . .	530	Receive Messiah gladly . . .	145
O spirit of the living God . . .	170	Rejoice ! the Lord is king . . .	67
O stay thy tears ! for they are blest . . .	516	Rejoice, though storms assail thee . . .	392
O suffering Friend of human kind . . .	135	Return, my roving heart, return . . .	224
O that I knew the secret place . . .	191	Return, O wanderer, return . . .	197
O Thou, by long experience tried . . .	345	Ride on ! ride on in majesty . . .	128
O thou great Friend to all the sons of men . . .	143	Rocked in the cradle of the deep . . .	752
O thou not made with hands . . .	160	Safe across the waters . . .	427
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry . . .	206	Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few . . .	115
O Thou that sitt'st in heaven, and seest . . .	274	See how great a flame aspires . . .	146
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend . . .	471	See the leaves around us falling . . .	602
O Thou to whom, in ancient time . . .	644	See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand . . .	377
O Thou to whose all-searching sight . . .	182	Servant of God, well done . . .	535
O Thou true life of all that live . . .	568	Servants of God ! in joyful lays . . .	645
O Thou unknown, almighty cause . . .	196	Shepherd of Israel ! hear my prayer . . .	435
O Thou who all things canst control . . .	467	Shine on our souls, eternal God . . .	691
O Thou who deignest from above . . .	246	Should the rising whirlwinds tear . . .	75
O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear . . .	447	Silent, like men in solemn haste . . .	268
O Thou who hast at thy command . . .	228	Since in a land not barren still . . .	443
O Thou whose own vast temple stands . . .	727	Sing to the Lord a new glad song . . .	171
O Time ! ne'er resteth thy swift wing . . .	607	Sleep, sleep today, tormenting cares . . .	669
Our Father, God, who lovest all . . .	92	Sleep well, my dear ; sleep safe and free . . .	746
Our thanks for this completed day . . .	573	Slowly by thy hand unfurled . . .	582
Out from the heart of nature rolled . . .	112	So heaven is gathering, one by one . . .	536
O what is man, great Maker of mankind . . .	83	Sole self-existent God and Lord . . .	38
O when the hours of life are past . . .	545	Sometimes a light surprises . . .	391
O where shall rest be found . . .	519	Sons of men ! behold from far . . .	118
O worship the King . . .	59	Source of good, whose power controls . . .	229
O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard . . .	275	Source of light and life divine . . .	581
Parent of good ! thy bounteous hand . . .	73	Source of love, and Light of day . . .	220
Parted from God and far removed . . .	223	Sovereign Ruler of the skies . . .	423
Part in peace ! is day before us . . .	703	Sow in the morn thy seed . . .	157
Peace be to this habitation . . .	748	Speak with us, Lord ! thyself reveal . . .	343
Perpetual Source of light and grace . . .	192	Spirit divine ! attend our prayer . . .	93
Pleasant are thy courts above . . .	624	Spirit ! leave thy house of clay . . .	497
Pour, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man . . .	154	Spirit of grace and health and power . . .	685
Pour forth the oil,—pour boldly forth . . .	298	Spirit of grace, thou Light of life . . .	98
Pour out thy spirit from on high . . .	730	Spirit of power and truth and love . . .	102
Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him . . .	56	Spirit of Truth ! be thou my guide . . .	169
Praise to God, immortal praise . . .	74	Spirit of Truth, who makest bright . . .	251
Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand . . .	616	Stand up and bless the Lord . . .	661
Praise to thee, thou great Creator . . .	647	Star of peace to wanderers weary . . .	756
Praise to the Lord of boundless might . . .	78	Still with thee, O my God . . .	336
Praise to thy name, eternal God . . .	188	Sunlight of the heavenly day . . .	611
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee . . .	672	Suppliant, lo ! thy children bend . . .	735
Praise ye the Lord, in joyful choir . . .	58	Supreme Disposer of the heart . . .	354
Praise ye the Lord ; 't is good to raise . . .	638	Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns . . .	673
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . .	237		
Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control . . .	283		

	HYMN		HYMN
Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright . . .	522	There's nothing bright, above, below . . .	403
Sweet is the friendly voice which speaks . . .	212	The saints on earth and those above . . .	537
Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream . . .	238	The Saviour, what a noble flame . . .	127
Sweet is the scene when virtue dies . . .	490	These mortal joys, how soon they fade . . .	478
Sweet is the work, my God, my King . . .	657	The shadows of the evening hours . . .	577
Sweet slumbers, come and chase away . . .	580	The spacious firmament on high . . .	50
Teach me, my God and King . . .	290	The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower . . .	597
Tender mercies on my way . . .	47	The sun is sinking fast . . .	569
Thank the Lord who made the earth . . .	642	The thought of God, the thought of thee . . .	341
The billows swell, the winds are high . . .	461	The uplifted eye, the bended knee . . .	252
The bird that soars on highest wing . . .	793	The winds were howling o'er the deep . . .	126
The child leans on its parent's breast . . .	383	They are all gone into the world of light . . .	540
The Crucified is gone before . . .	141	They whose course on earth is o'er . . .	538
The darkened sky, how thick it lowers . . .	456	They who seek the throne of grace . . .	236
The day with light its genial self engirds . . .	322	This child we dedicate to thee . . .	715
The earth, and all the heavenly frame . . .	61	This is enough!—although 't were sweet . . .	767
Thee we adore, eternal Name . . .	477	This is the day of Light . . .	521
Thee will I praise, O Lord, in light . . .	87	Thou art, O God, the life and light . . .	72
Thee would I love, my strength, my tower . . .	340	Thou art the first, and thou the last . . .	710
The fountain in its source . . .	248	Thou art with me, O my Father . . .	547
The glorious universe around . . .	296	Though sorrows rise, and dangers roll . . .	451
The God of glory walks his round . . .	259	Though wandering in a stranger land . . .	626
The God of harvest praise . . .	601	Thou God of love ! beneath thy sheltering wings . . .	506
The heaven of heavens cannot contain . . .	17	Thou Grace Divine, encircling all . . .	40
The heavens declare his glory . . .	57	Thou, great Creator, art possessed . . .	458
The heavens invite mine eye . . .	523	Thou hidden love of God, whose height . . .	349
The hours of day are over . . .	743	Thou inevitable day . . .	487
The kings of old have shrine and tomb . . .	163	Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed . . .	168
The land beyond the sea . . .	531	Thou Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand . . .	738
The last full wain is on the road . . .	600	Thou, Lord, through every changing scene . . .	396
The leaves around me falling . . .	603	Thou must go forth alone, my soul . . .	492
The Lord be with us as we bend . . .	700	Thou, my hidden Life, appear . . .	249
The Lord hath builded for himself . . .	10	Thou only Living, only True . . .	729
The Lord, how tender is his love . . .	110	Thou Power and Peace, in whom we find . . .	95
The Lord is King ! lift up thy voice . . .	16	Thou Power supreme, whose mighty scheme . . .	366
The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know . . .	433	Thousands, O Lord of hosts, this day . . .	766
The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . .	436	Thou seest my feebleness . . .	260
The Lord my shepherd is . . .	437	Thou that art strong to comfort ! look on me . . .	468
The Lord of all my shepherd is . . .	438	Thou that sendest sun and rain . . .	620
The Lord will come, and not be slow . . .	173	Thou unrelenting Past . . .	508
The mighty God who rolls the spheres . . .	60	Thou very present aid . . .	364
The morning dawns upon the place . . .	134	Thou who art enthroned above . . .	643
The mourners came at break of day . . .	520	Thou, who in life below . . .	140
The perfect world by Adam trod . . .	724	Through all the various shifting scene . . .	400
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed . . .	783	Through all this life's eventful road . . .	401
The praying spirit breathe . . .	233	Thus far the Lord hath led me on . . .	572
The pure and peaceful mind . . .	280	Thus shalt thou love the almighty Lord . . .	240
There is a book who runs may read . . .	81	Thy home is with the humble, Lord . . .	305
There is a calm for those who weep . . .	512	Thy kingdom come, with power and grace . . .	709
There is a calm for those who weep . . .	513	Thy name be hallowed evermore . . .	711
There is a land of pure delight . . .	527	Thy presence, everlasting God . . .	701
There's not a bird, with lonely nest . . .	34	Thy way is in the deep, O Lord . . .	446

	HYMN		HYMN
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	439	What though downy slumbers flee	593
Thy word, O Lord ! like gentle dews	113	What various hindrances we meet	235
Time, what an empty vapour 't is	480	When all thy mercies, O my God	413
Times without number have I prayed	215	When, as returns this solemn day	654
'T is gone, that bright and orb'd blaze	570	When at mid-day my task I ply	564
To all thy faithful people, Lord	706	When bending o'er the brink of life	484
Today, beneath thy chastening eye	363	When clouds are hovering o'er us	445
To him who children blessed	714	When darkness long has veiled my mind	214
To keep the lamp alive	225	When for me the silent oar	543
Tomorrow, Lord, is thine	419	When, from the depths of woe	455
To prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks	790	When Israel, of the Lord beloved	448
To thee, my God, my days are known	19	When I survey life's varied scene	293
To thee, my God, whose presence fills	462	When life as opening buds is sweet	489
To thee, O God in heaven	713	When, like a stranger on our sphere	614
To thee, the Lord almighty	707	When my love to God grows weak	137
To weary hearts, to mourning homes	466	When our heads are bowed with woe	138
Truly the light of morn is sweet	421	When, overwhelmed with grief	372
Try us, O God, and search the ground	307	When power divine, in mortal form	124
		When rising winds, and rain descending	382
		When shall I, Lord, a journey take	205
Unheard the dews around me fall	76	When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil	54
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes	428	When summer suns their radiance fling	789
Up to the throne of God is borne	792	When the day of toil is done	328
Up to those bright and gladsome hills	344	When the worn spirit wants repose	652
Upward I lift mine eyes	359	When up to nightly skies we gaze	77
		Where is the tree the prophet threw	311
Vital spark of heavenly flame	498	Where is thy God, my soul	158
Voices are round me; smiles are near	320	'Where is your God?' they say	390
		While thee I seek, protecting Power	399
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will	11	While Thee, Unsearchable, I set	27
Warrior ! to thy duty stand	254	While, with ceaseless course, the sun	610
We ask for Peace, O Lord	348	Whither, midst falling dew	794
We bid thee welcome in the name	733	Who dares attempt the eternal Name	3
We covenant with hand and heart	285	Why should we vex our foolish minds	326
Weep, Zion, weep	721	Wilt thou not visit me	183
We have no tears Thou wilt not dry	45	Wilt thou return to me, O Lord	209
We love the venerable house	728	With glory clad, with strength arrayed	66
We miss thee in thy place at school	773	Within these walls be peace	734
We mourn for those who toil	509	With silence only as their benediction	470
We plough the fields, and scatter	599	Worship, honour, glory, blessing	712
We wait in faith, in prayer we wait	172		
What comforts, Lord, to those are given	384	Yea, I will extol thee	444
Whate'er my God ordains is right	422	Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell	526
What if death my sleep invade	594	Ye holy Angels bright	629
What is our God, or what his name	1	Ye nations round the earth, rejoice	632
What is the world that it should share	679	Ye servants of the Lord	277
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INDEX OF ALTERED FIRST LINES.

This Index enables the reader to find any remembered Hymn, the usual clue to which has been lost, in the present volume, by the absence or alteration of the First Lines.

The Altered First Lines of this volume are given in alphabetical series : and to each is appended the Original First Line of the piece from which the Hymn is taken.

Afflicted saint ! to God draw near
Afflicted soul, to Jesus dear

Again to thee, our guardian God, we raise
Saviour ! again to thy dear name we raise

Almighty Former of creation's plan
'T is folly all ; let me no more be told

Am I a soldier of the cross
Do I believe what Jesus saith

And what though now we part
And let our bodies part

Before Jehovah's awful throne
Sing to the Lord with joyful voice

Be thou the first on every tongue
Sleep has refreshed our limbs ; we spring

Blessed be thy name for ever
Lauded be thy name for ever

Bless, O Lord, the opening year
Now may fervent prayer arise

Blest be thy love, dear Lord
Lord, now the time returns

Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Blest hour, when mortal man retires

Both heaven and earth do worship thee
O God, we praise thee, and we own

Call the Lord thy sure salvation
Call Jehovah thy salvation

Come, Christians, brethren, ere we part
Christians, brethren, ere we part

Come, tread once more the path with song
Come forth ! come on ! with solemn song

Come, Holy One, in love
Come, Holy Ghost, in love

Creator Spirit, by whose light
Creator Spirit, by whose aid

Dear Lord and Father of mankind
The fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke

Descend to thy Jerusalem, O Lord
Lord, come away

Despised is the man of grief
Cleft are the rocks, the earth doth quake

Do I not love thee, Lord most high
I love, I love thee, Lord most high

Down the dark future, through long generations
This is the Arsenal : from floor to ceiling

Eternal Source of light divine
Eternal Beam of light divine

Evening and morning
Golden and glorious

Faint the earth and parched with drought
Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord

Farewell, thou once a mortal
Farewell, thou once a sinner

Father, gracious Father
Jesus, gentlest Saviour

Father ! lead us with thy power
Jesus ! lead us with thy power

- Father of eternal love
Father of eternal grace
- Father of spirits ! humbly bent before thee
Ancient of ages ! humbly bent before thee
- Father, refuge of my soul
Jesu, lover of my soul
- Father ! we look up to thee
Jesu, Lord ! we look to thee
- Father, who art on high
Rise, like an altar fire [Cathedral Hymn]
- For all thy saints, O Lord
For thy dear saint, O Lord
- For ever nigh me, Father, stand
Peace, doubting heart ! my God's I am
- Fountain of light and living breath
Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth
- Give us, O Fount of purity
O come, O come, thou glorious King
- God giveth quietness at last
Years since (but names to me before)
- God of Jesus ! hear me now
Jesu ! shall I never be
- God of my life and all my powers
Why do the deeds of happier men
- God of truth ! thy sons should be
Jesu ! shall I never be
- Go not far from me, O my God
Go not far from me, O my Strength
- Go to thy rest, fair child
Go to thy rest, my child
- Great God, my joyful thanks to thee
Yes, Lord, my joyful thanks to thee
- Guardian of sinful men
Saviour of sinful men
- Hail ! the heavenly scenes of peace
Away with death, away
- Here, gracious God, do thou
Christ is our corner stone
- Holiest ! breathe an evening blessing
Saviour ! breathe an evening blessing
- Holy Father ! heavenly King
Holy Saviour ! mighty King
- Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry
Hosanna to the living Lord
- How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord
How lovely are thy dwellings fair
- How precious are thy thoughts of peace
Searcher of hearts ! to thee are known
- How welcome to the soul, when pressed
How welcome to the saints, when pressed
- If life in sorrow must be spent
Since life in sorrow must be spent
- Infinite God, thou great unrivalled One
'T is folly all ; let me no more be told
- In the midst do thou appear
Partners of a glorious hope
- In thy courts, O Lord, assembling
In thy name, O Lord, assembling
- 'It is finished' ! Man of sorrows
'T was the hour when God's anointed
- 'Joy to those that love the Lord'
'Joy to the followers of the Lord'
- Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Up to the throne of God is borne
- Lord ! bring me to resign
Unto the Lamb of God
- Lord ! forgive me, day by day
Father ! to thy sinful child
- Lord ! for thee I daily cry
O how amiable are
- Lord, from whom all blessings flow
Christ, from whom all blessings flow
- Lord ! have mercy when we pray
Lord ! have mercy when we strive
- Lord ! in this sacred hour
Hail to the Sabbath-day
- Lord ! it is not life to live
Happiness, thou lovely name
- Lord ! let the flames of holy charity
Tongues of fire from heaven descend
- Lord of the souls above
Saviour of sinful men
- Lord of the wide-extended main
Lord of the wide, extensive main
- Lord ! subdue our selfish will
Jesu, soft, harmonious name
- Lord ! we believe a rest remains
Lord ! I believe a rest remains

- Lord ! what a fleeting breath
Lord ! what a feeble piece
- Love divine, all love excelling
Love divine, all loves excelling
- Mighty Spirit, gracious Guide
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost
- Millions within thy courts have been
Millions within thy courts have met
- My Father's house on high
For ever with the Lord
- Now, Lord, we part awhile
Jesus ! accept the praise
- Now pray we for our country
Ye abbeys, and ye arches
- Now slowly, slowly darkening
Slowly, slowly darkening
- Now the Holy Spirit dart
Holy Ghost, the Comforter
- Now to the haven of thy breast
To the haven of thy breast
- Now with Creation's morning song
Now with the rising golden dawn
- O Fairest-born of love and light
Bearer of Freedom's holy light
- O Father ! bless us ere we go
Sweet Saviour ! bless us ere we go
- Oft, when the waves of passion rise
And are our joys so quickly fled
- O God ! beyond that boundless sea
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea
- O God, most merciful and just
The poorest of the poor are we
- O God, my strength, my hope
Jesus, my strength, my hope
- O God of ages, by whose hand
O God of Jacob, by whose hand
- O God, our help in ages past
Our God, our help in ages past
- O holy Father, Friend unseen
O holy Saviour, Friend unseen
(So, in last line, Saviour ! I cling to thee)
- O Lord ! thy everlasting grace
Now I have found the ground wherein
- O Lord ! where'er thy people meet
Jesus ! where'er thy people meet
- O Love divine, that stoop'st to share
O Love divine, that stooped to share
- O make us apt to seek, and quick to find
I sought thee round about, O thou, my God
- O not when the death-prayer is said
The air of death breathes through our souls
- On the dewy breath of even
Now the golden light has faded
- O sinner ! bring not tears alone
The solemn season calls us now
- O spirit, freed from earth
O human soul, 't is done
[Sorrow of Teresa, Scene 8.]
- O Source divine, and Life of all
O thou, whom earth and stars proclaim
- O thou that sitt'st in heaven, and seest
Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth
- O thou, who deignest from above
O thou, who camest from above
- Our Father, God, who lovest all
Jesu, thou Sovereign Lord of all
- Out from the heart of nature rolled
I like a church, I like a cowl
- O would'st thou, Lord, thy servant guard
Father ! to thee I lift mine eyes
- Parent of good ! thy bounteous hand
Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
- Parted from God and far removed
Jesus, in whom the weary find
- Praise ye the Lord, in joyful choir
Praise ye the Lord, each heavenly tongue
- Quiet from God ! how blessed 't is to keep
Quiet from God ! it cometh not to still
- Receive Messiah gladly
Hail to the Lord's anointed
- See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
To the hills I lift mine eyes
- So heaven is gathering, one by one
Love craves the presence and the sight
- Speak with us, Lord ! thyself reveal
Talk with us, Lord ! thyself reveal
- Spirit of grace and health and power
Father of all, whose powerful voice
- Spirit of truth, who makest bright
O Holy Ghost, who down dost come

- Sweet slumbers ! come and chase away
Sleep, downy sleep ! come, close mine eyes
- The Crucified is gone before
O Jesu, who art gone before
- Thee would I love, my strength, my tower
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower
- The last full wain is on the road
The last full wain has come—has come
- The Lord will come, and not be slow
Thy land to favour graciously
- The praying spirit breathe
Help, Lord, the busy foe
- The saints on earth and those above
Come, let us join our friends above
- Though wandering in a stranger land
[From Sartor Resartus, B. III. ch. 7.]
- Thou, my hidden life, appear
Christ, my hidden life, appear
- Thou Power and Peace, in whom we find
Spirit of God, that moved of old
- Thou Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
The wintry west extends his blast
- Thou seest my feebleness
Ah, what a wretch am I
- Thou, that art strong to comfort, look on me
Mother of God, who borest
[Sorrow of Teresa, Scene 7.]
- Thy home is with the humble, Lord
Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart
- Today, beneath thy chastening eye
I ask not now for gold to gild
- Voices are round me ; smiles are near
Fever and fret and aimless stir
- Warrior ! to thy duty stand
Warrior ! on thy station stand
- We covenant with hand and heart
We in one covenant are joined
- We have no tears thou wilt not dry
Jesus ! the ladder of my faith
- We miss thee in thy place in school
Sweet maiden ! for so calm a life
- We wait in faith, in prayer we wait
O very God of very God
- What comforts, Lord, to those are given
How blest am I, most gracious Saviour
- What if death my sleep invade
Interval of grateful shade
- What though downy slumbers flee
Interval of grateful shade
- When from the depths of woe
Out of the depths of woe
- When my love to God grows weak
When my love to Christ grows weak
- While thee, Unsearchable, I set
Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
- Young souls, so strong the race to run
Ah, tremblers fainting and forlorn

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HOW THE METRES ARE MARKED.

THE familiar Long, Common, and Short metres are denoted by the abbreviations L. M., C. M., S. M., respectively. If the stanzas have 8 lines instead of 4, the letter D (Double) is added.

In distinguishing metres, the fall of the accent (whether on the *odd*, or on the *even*, syllables) must be noticed, as well as the number of syllables. In this volume, the letter M. (Metre) is joined with a figure which counts the syllables, and always stands in the *unaccented* place. Thus, M. 6 denotes that the lines have 6 syllables each, with the *even* syllables accented; 6 M. the same, with the *odd* syllables accented: the first is exemplified in

My Gód, | thy súp | pliant héar | (464)

the second in

Sáfe a | cróss the | wáters | (427)

If the lines are of different lengths, alternating with each other, a second figure is needed, to count the even lines; without disturbing the M. from its unaccented place. Thus M. 7 & 6 describes

Rejóice, | though stórm's | assáil | thee;

Rejóice, | when skíes | are bríght : | (392)

while 8 & 7 M. describes

Ón the | déwy | bréath of | éven

Thóúsand | ódours | míngling | rise (579)

A stanza, mainly consisting of uniform or alternating lines, often winds up with one line or more of separate measure. In such case, a vertical stroke in the metre-mark divides the conclusion from the rest: and by the following figure (or figures) the syllables are counted of the last line (or lines). Thus 8 & 7 | 7 7 M. describes

O my soul, with all thy powers

Bless the Lord's most holy name;

O my soul, till life's last hours,

Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim:

As the heaven the earth transcends

Over us his care extends, (41).

Where the second half of a stanza only repeats the metrical arrangement of the first, *one* of them is described and the letter D. added to show that it is doubled; as in hymn 521, M. 8 D.

When the lines vary at less symmetrical distances, it is easy to write, under each counting figure, a list of the lines for which it serves. Thus, in the following stanza of hymn 324,

Dear Lórd | and Fáth | er óf | mankind, |

Forgíve | our fév | 'rish wáys! |

Reclóthe | us ín | our ríght | ful mínd; |

In púr | er líves | thy sérv | ice fínd, |

In déep | er rév | 'rence, práise. |

the second and fifth lines have six syllables; the others, 8; the even syllables being accented through-

out. These facts are exhibited in the form

M. 8	M. 6
1. 3. 4.	2. 5.

The notation equally speaks for itself, when the case is further complicated by the accent changing its fall in some of the lines, so as really to blend two metres in the same stanza. Thus in hymn 377,

Sée the | Lórd, thy | Kéeper, | stánd
 Omní | potént | ly néar : |
 Ló ! he | hólds thee | bý the | hánd,
 And bán | ishés | thy féar ; |
 Sháds | with his | wíngs thy | héad,
 Guárds from | áll im | pénding | hárms ;
 Róund thee | ánd be | néath are | spréad
 The év | erlást | ing árms. |

the second, fourth, and eighth lines differ from the rest, not only by their shortness, but by being Iambic (˘ –), while the rest are Trochaic (– ˘). This is expressed by giving a different relative position to the M in the two cases : $\frac{7 \text{ M.}}{1. \ 3. \ 5. \ 6. \ 7.} \quad \frac{\text{M. } 6}{2. \ 4. \ 8.}$

Four lines M. 6 followed by four M. 4 constitute the Hallelujah' metre. It is indicated by the abbreviation H. M. : *e. g.* hymns 628, 629 ; also 151, where the four short lines are printed as two.

Anapæstic metres are indicated by printing an anapæst (˘ ˘ –) at the head ; and are measured by a figure prefixed, which tells the number of feet in a line : See *e. g.* hymn 433. In hymn 59, a spondee (– –) precedes the anapæst in each line. This is marked by printing both, – – | ˘ ˘ – |. The same method is adopted with dactylic metres : See *e. g.* hymn 265.

All other metres are marked as *Peculiar* by the letters P. M.

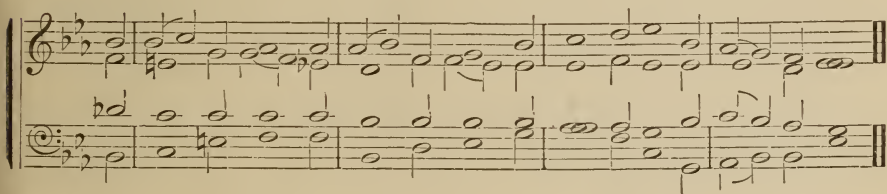
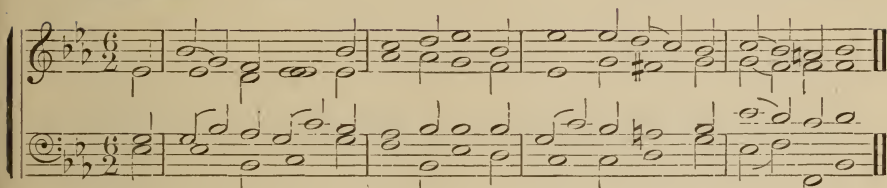
The notation thus explained does not indicate the *number of lines in a stanza*. In the body of the work, where the hymn is immediately before the eye, no such indication is needed. But it is indispensable for a person consulting the Metrical Index. Here therefore the syllables of each line are counted and represented by a separate figure ; the letter M. being still prefixed or affixed in the unaccented place. The number of lines is thus at once reported by the number of figures. By turning to the proper place in the classified list, an organist can see at a glance what choice of tunes he has for a given metre.

BOOK I.

GOD, AND HIS DESCENT ON MAN.

I. **STONEFIELD.** L. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, (d. 1822.)



L. M.

I.

God supreme and incomprehensible.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels
teach ;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eye nor thought can reach.</p> <p>2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall !
They are too dark, and he too bright ;
Nothing are they, and God is all.</p> | <p>3 He spake the wondrous word, and lo !
Creation rose at his command :
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.</p> <p>4 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon :
No ebb his sea of glory knows ;
His age is one eternal noon.</p> <p>5 Then fly, my song, an endless round ;
The lofty tune let angels raise :—
All nature dwell upon the sound ;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

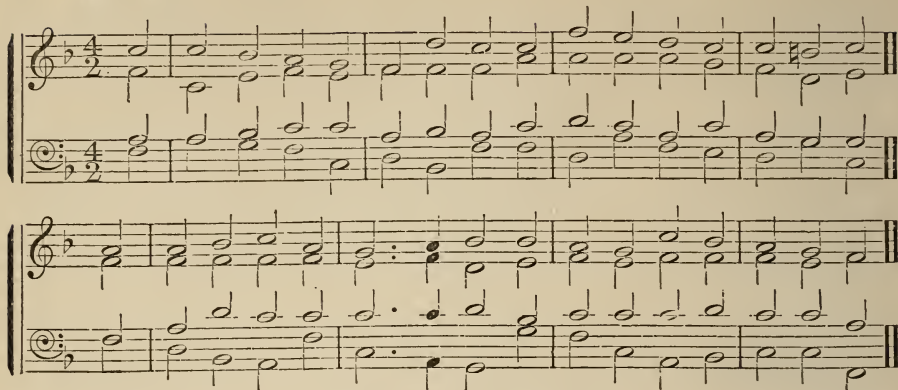
Isaac Watts, 1709.

B

GOD IN HIS INTRINSIC PERFECTIONS.

2. MELCOMBE. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



2. "O Gott, du Tiefe sonder Grund."

L. M.

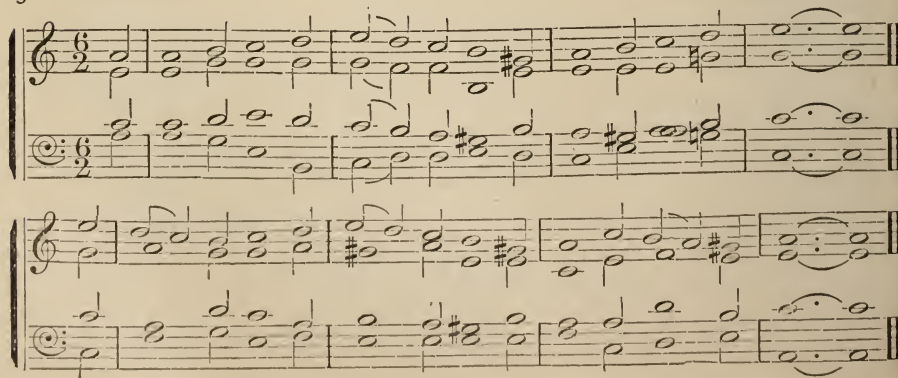
The most high God.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O GOD, thou fathomless abyss !
Thee to perfection who can know ?
O height immense ! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show ?</p> <p>2 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea !
What lives and moves, lives by thy
word ;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee.</p> <p>3 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering
thought,
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.</p> | <p>4 High is thy power above all height ;
Whate'er thy will decrees is done :
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known !</p> <p>5 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to thy sight ;
What thickest darkness veils, to thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.</p> <p>6 Unfathomable depths thou art !
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea ;
With faith divine o'erwhelm my heart ;
With love inspire and kindle me !</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ERNEST LANGE, 1711 :
tr. John Wesley, 1739.

3. BURFORD. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL, (d. 1695.)



C. M.

3.

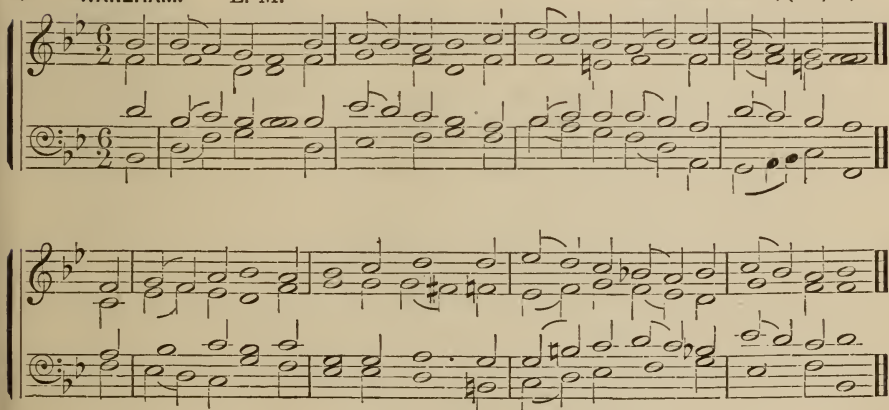
God above all praise.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHO dares attempt the Eternal
name,
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.</p> <p>2 Celestial King ! our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.</p> | <p>3 When shall we see the great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.</p> <p>4 In thee what endless wonders meet !
What various glory shines !
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Created powers, how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou the Eternal All !

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

4. **WAREHAM.** L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, (d. 1768.)



L. M.

4.

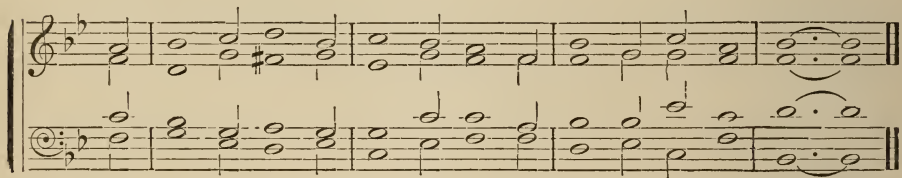
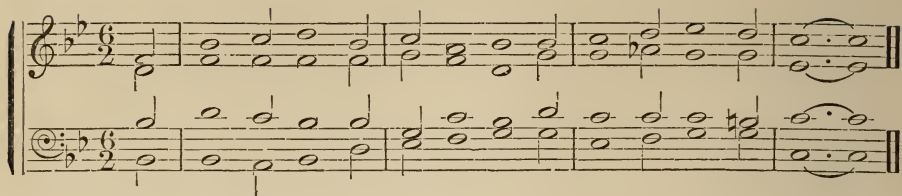
"Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow
view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our labouring powers with reverence
own,
Thy glories never can be known.</p> <p>2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has
sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.</p> | <p>3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct
shine.</p> <p>4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANDREW KIPPIS, 1795.

B 2

5. ARCHANGEL. C. M.



5.

C. M.

The ineffable perfections of God.

1 **H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 The great Invisible, he dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

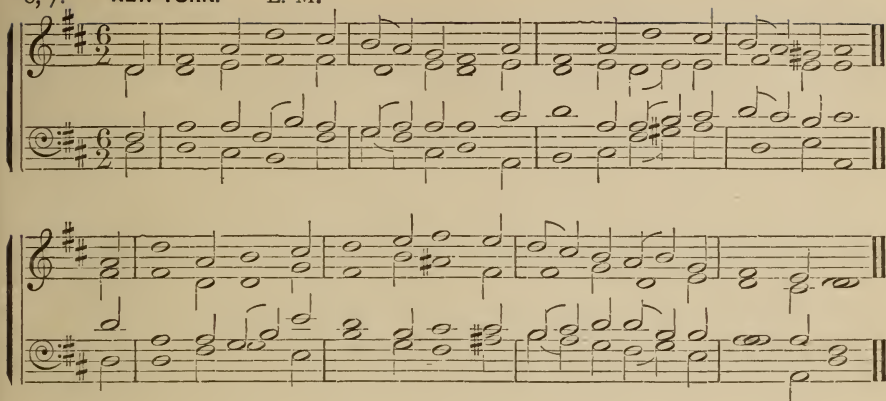
3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
Survey the world around:
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Speak we of strength, his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy:
To him eternal years belong,
And never-ending joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

GOD IN HIS IMMENSITY.

6, 7. NEW YORK. L. M.



L. M.

6.

The incomprehensible God.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
The almighty,—the eternal One !
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.</p> <p>2 Thy voice produced the seas and
spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine ;—
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of
thine.</p> <p>5 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might :
None but thy word can speak thy name.</p> | <p>3 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures
run :
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.</p> <p>4 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Isaac Watts, 1706.

L. M.

7.

The most high God.

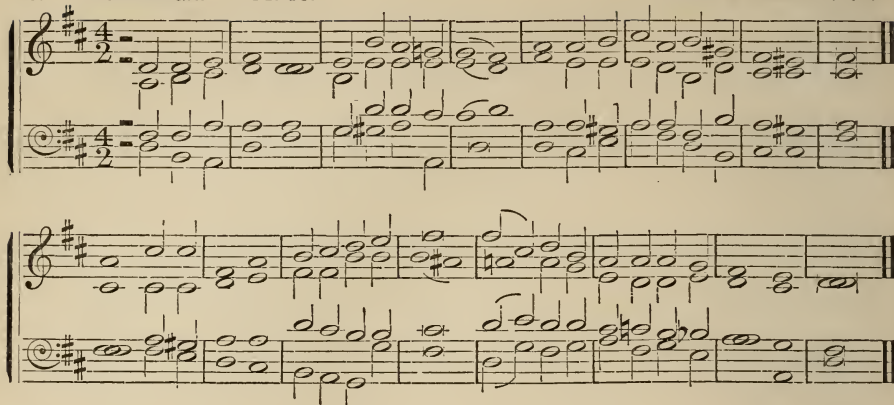
- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER of all ! whose powerful
voice
Called forth this universal frame ;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same :—</p> <p>2 Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed ;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.</p> <p>3 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in
light,
Nature's expanse beneath thee spread,—
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid !</p> | <p>4 Wisdom, and might, and love are
thine :
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thy attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.</p> <p>5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere thy power, thy goodness
bless,—
Tremble before thy piercing eye.</p> <p>6 All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN WESLEY, 1742.

GOD INSCRUTABLE.

8. SOVEREIGN. M. 10.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)



8.

God incomprehensible.

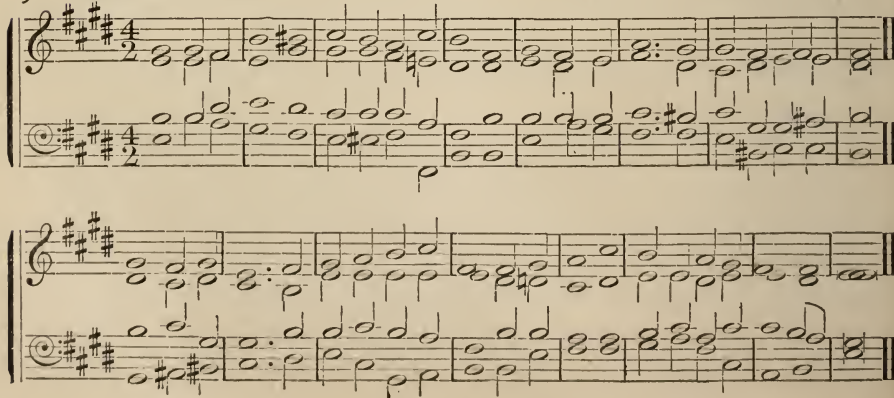
M. 10.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Former of creation's plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man ;
Holy and just,—the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame :—
- 2 Whose spirit fills the infinitude of space,—
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place ;—
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers :—
- 3 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown ;
Unknown, tho' dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart !

JEANNE MARIE BOUVIÈRE DE LA MOTHE GUION, c. 1689 :
tr. *William Cowper*, 1782.

9. HEAVENLY CHOIR. M. 11 & 10.

JAMES THORNELY WHITEHEAD, (1873.)



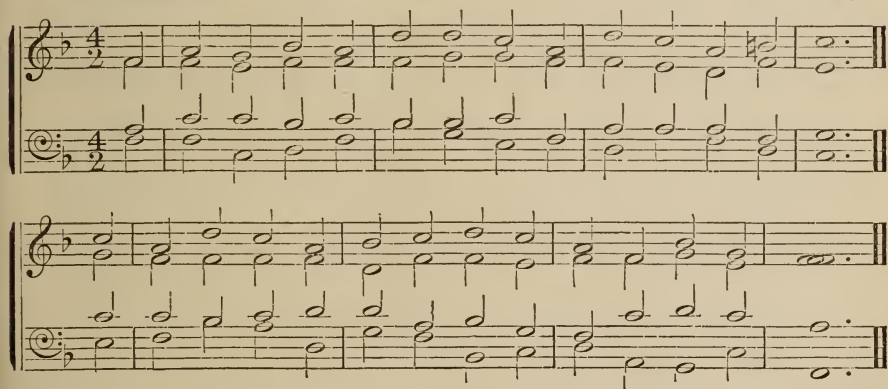
"Who by searching can find out God?"

- 1 I CANNOT find thee ! still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell :
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.
- 2 I cannot find thee ! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back : thou art not there !
- 3 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth : there, O God, thou art !
- 4 I cannot lose thee ! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam :
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1864.

10. CHICHESTER. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M.

"He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

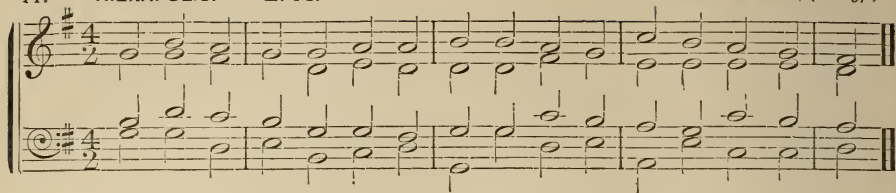
10.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 THE Lord hath builded for himself ;
He needs no earthly dome :
The universe his dwelling is,
Eternity his home. 2 Yon glorious sky his temple stands,
So lofty, bright, and blue,
All lamped with stars, and curtained
round
With clouds of every hue. 3 Earth is his altar : nature there
Her daily tribute pays :
The elements upon him wait ;
The seasons roll his praise. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4 Where shall I see him ? how describe
The dread, Eternal One ?
His foot-prints are in every place ;
Himself is found in none. 5 I search the rounds of space and time,
Nor find his semblance there :
Grandeur has nothing so sublime,
Nor beauty half so fair. 6 He is ; he was ; he aye shall be :
But how, my soul ? and what ?
Where is he ? say, ye works of his :—
Vain thought ! where is he not ? |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 7 Thou Omnipresent, dread Unknown !
Engage me evermore :
Enlarge my views, exalt my soul,
And help me to adore !

GOD INSCRUTABLE.

II. HIERAPOLIS. L. M.

SAMUEL WESLEY, (d. 1837.)



I I.

L. M.

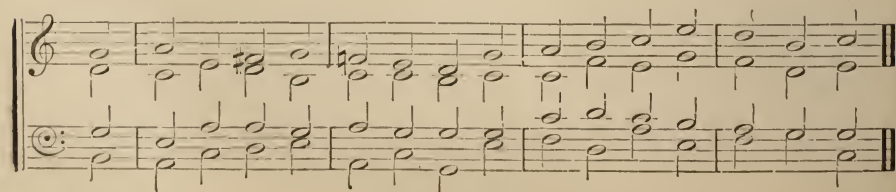
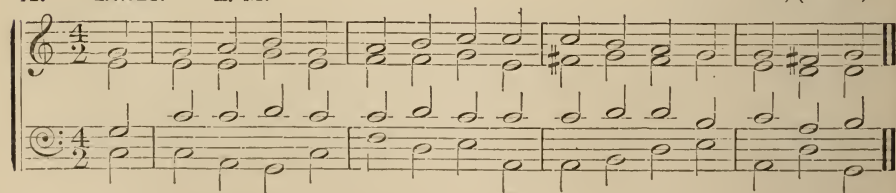
God unsearchable.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will:
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let one murmuring thought
arise :—
His ways are just, his counsels wise.</p> <p>2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs the work, the cause conceals;
And though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.</p> | <p>3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees:
Know this alone and be at rest,—
That what he does is ever best.</p> <p>4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait;
With reverence bow before his feet;
Though paths of pain thou oft hast
trod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

12. LAWES. L. M.

HENRY LAWES, (d. 1662.)



L. M.

12.

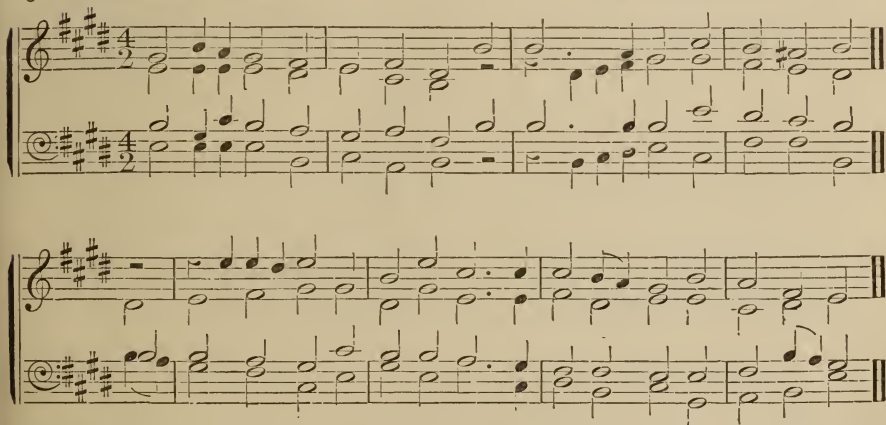
God above all praise.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 ETERNAL Power! whose high
abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their littlerounds:—</p> <p>2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the
ground.</p> | <p>3 Lord! what shall dust and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!</p> <p>4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And men have learned to lisp thy
name:
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!</p> <p>5 God is in heaven, and men below!
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Isaac Watts, 1706.

13. **OLDHAM.** L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



L. M.

13.

Nature perishable, God eternal.

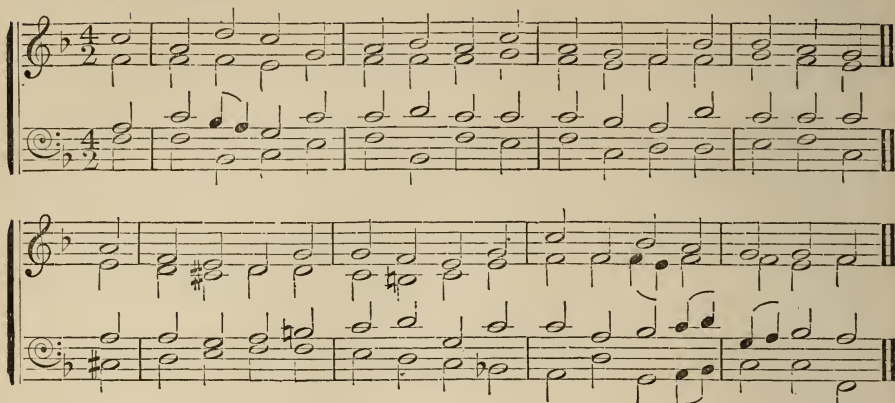
- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MOONS, planets, suns that swim
the sky,
Shine to the praise of God most high:
Their lasting lustre he has given
To all the moving host of heaven.</p> | <p>2 Yet even stars shall cease to burn,
And to primeval night return;
Systems of worlds themselves decay,
To him the insects of a day.</p> <p>3 But he remains; and he shall give
The extinguished elements to live;
Bid them in new creations roll,
And still extend the peopled whole.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM TAYLOR, 1795.

GOD ETERNAL AND SUPREME.

14, 15. COLOGNE. L. M.

HENRY J. GAUNTLET, (1850).



I 4.

A thousand years as one day.

L. M.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>I GOD of our fathers! in whose sight
The thousand years that sweep
away
Man and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day!</p> | <p>2 Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of Thee,
Which makes thy children in all time
To share thine own eternity.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN PIERPONT, 1830.

I 5.

The invisible glory seen in the visible. Ps. 36.

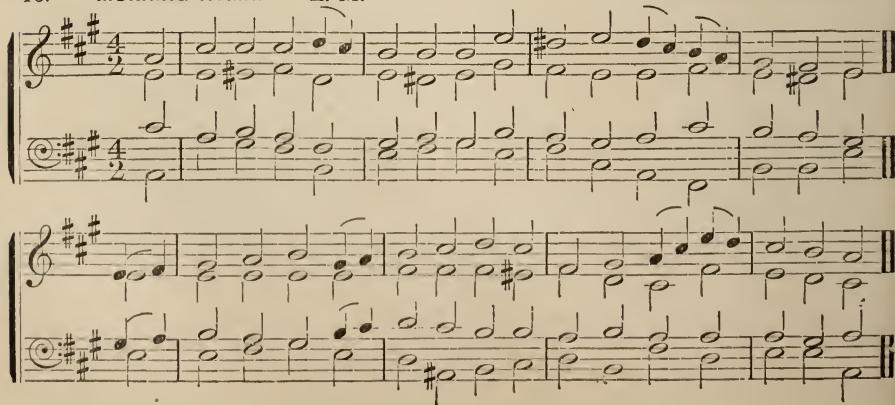
L. M.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>I MY God, what monuments I see
In all around, of thine and thee!
I view thee in the heavens above:—
More high than these is heavenly love!</p> | <p>3 O give me 'neath thy wings to rest,
To lean on thy parental breast,
To feed on thee, the living bread,
And drink at mercy's fountain-head.</p> |
| <p>2 I mark the strong eternal hill:—
Thy faithfulness is stronger still!
I gaze on ocean deep and broad:—
More deep thy counsels are, O God!</p> | <p>4 The springs of life are all thy own;
They flow from thy eternal throne:
Light in thy light alone we see:
O save us! for we rest in thee.</p> |

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

16. MORNING HYMN. L. M.

F. H. BARTHELEMON, (d. 1803.)



L. M.

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

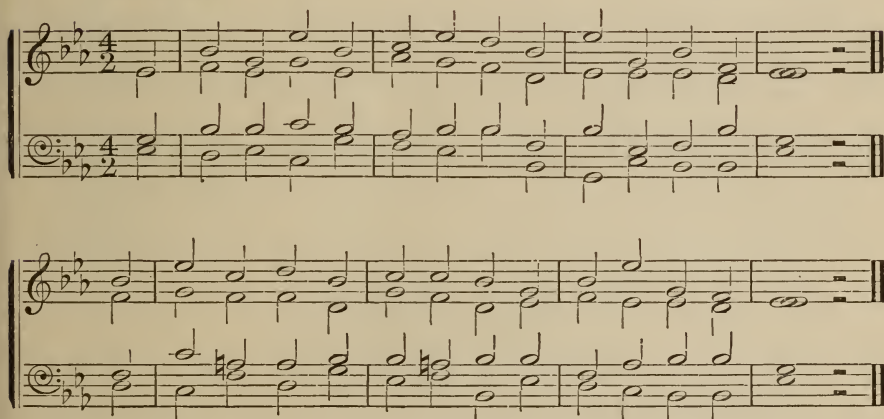
16.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!</p> <p>2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.</p> | <p>3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown:
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.</p> <p>4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake;—
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Josiah Conder, 1824.

17. LONDON NEW. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, 1635.



C. M.

17.

"He is not far from any one of us."

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.
- 3 His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

WILLIAM DRENNAN, 1810.

GOD OMNIPRESENT.

18. CONDER. M. 8 & 6.

JONATHAN ROBERT OGDEN, (1842.)

18.

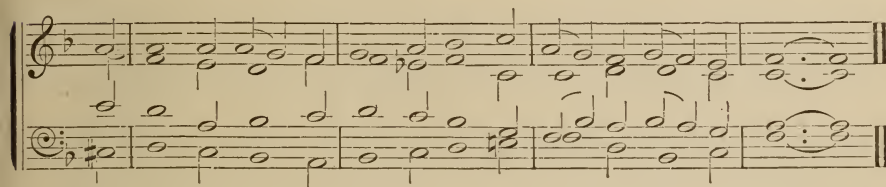
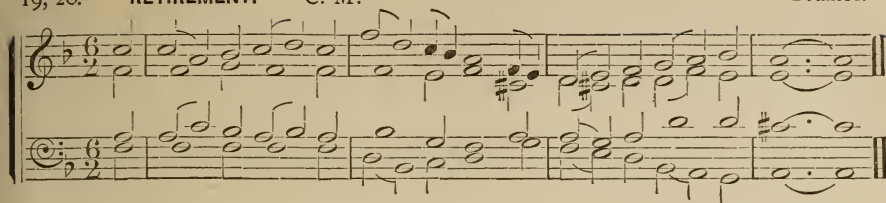
M. 8 & 6.

God invisible, but omnipresent.

- 1 O GOD! beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God! art nigh.
- 2 Thou'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after thee in vain:
Thy herald is the stormy wind,
Thy path the watery plain:
But thee in tempests who can find,
Or in the trackless main?
- 3 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find him, O my soul!
Who yet is every where?
- 4 O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence infinite!
And make thy creature blest.

19, 20. RETIREMENT. C. M.

BURKITT.



C. M.

19.

Life under the eye of God.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 TO thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my wants forgot.</p> <p>2 Each secret wish devotion breathes
Is vocal to thy ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.</p> | <p>3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.</p> <p>4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
My God will still be nigh.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

C. M.

20.

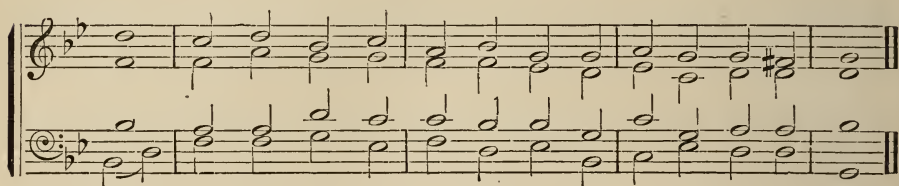
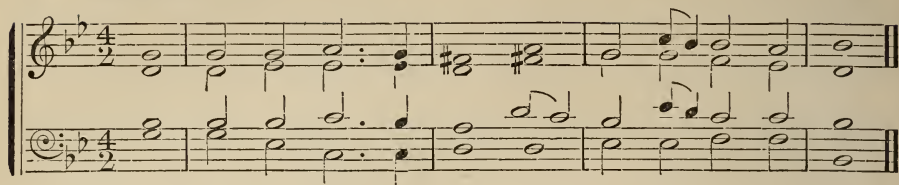
"Whither shall I go from thy spirit?" Ps. 139.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 OMNISCIENT God! thine eye divine
My inmost soul can see;
And every thought and act of mine
Is open, Lord, to thee!</p> <p>2 When up I rise, when down I lie,
Still thou art at my side:
Where shall I shun thine awful eye,
Or from thy spirit hide?</p> <p>3 If up to heaven my flight I take,
I meet thee face to face;
If down to hell, thy terrors make
The darkness of the place.</p> | <p>4 I plunge into the shades of night;
But thou art there with me:
And darkness kindles into light
Before one glance from thee.</p> <p>5 Down in thy arms at night I lie;
Thou watchest while I sleep:
I wake at morn; thou still art nigh,
My soul to tend and keep.</p> <p>6 Search me, O Lord! my spirit prove;
From sin O set me free!
And make my heart return the love
It daily shares from thee.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1833.

21. BRIDGEFORD HILL. S. M.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, (d. 1858.)



2 I.

S. M.

"The darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

1 **I**N darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within *His* sight,
Who looks existence through.

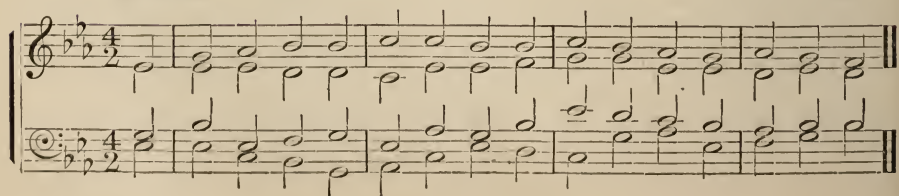
2 From the dim hour of birth,
Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
Till its appointed date ;

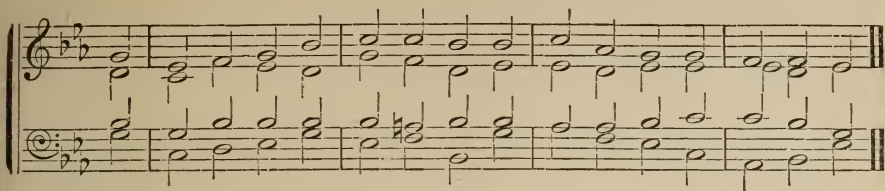
3 All that I am,—have been,—
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as he hath seen,
And shall for ever see.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

22-3. ST. GALL. L. M.

CANTARIUM S. GALLI.





L. M.

22.

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit?"

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IN vain, great God, in vain I try
To escape thy quick all-searching
eye:
Thou with one undivided view
Dost look the whole creation through.</p> <p>2 My private walks to thee are known;
In solitude I'm not alone:
Thou round my bed a guard dost keep;
Thine eyes are open while mine sleep.</p> | <p>3 Which way soe'er I turn thou'rt there;
My softest whispers reach thine ear:
'T is vain to fancy secrecy,—
Beset by thine immensity.</p> <p>4 Should I, t' avoid thy piercing sight,
Retire behind the screen of night,
Thou canst, with one celestial ray,
Dispel the shades, and make it day.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Thou art the light by which I see;
Be it my joy to live in thee:
Beset me, Lord, behind, before;
And draw my heart to love thee more.

JOHN NORRIS, 1687.

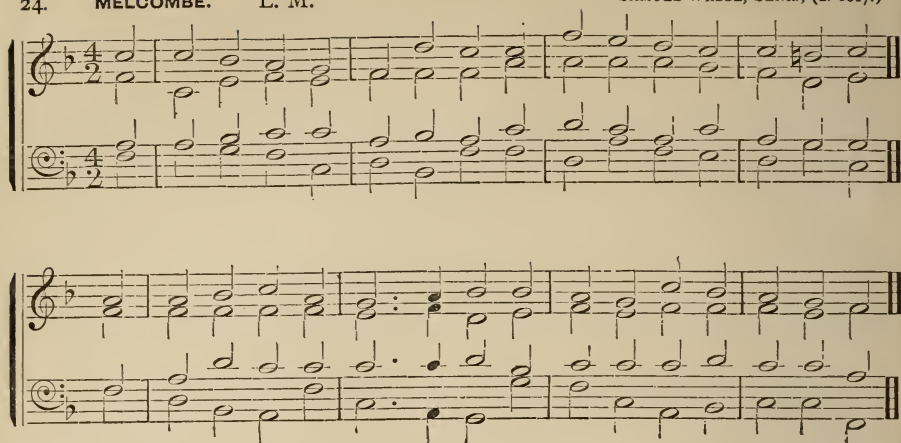
L. M.

23.

"Whither shall I flee from thy spirit?" Ps. 139.

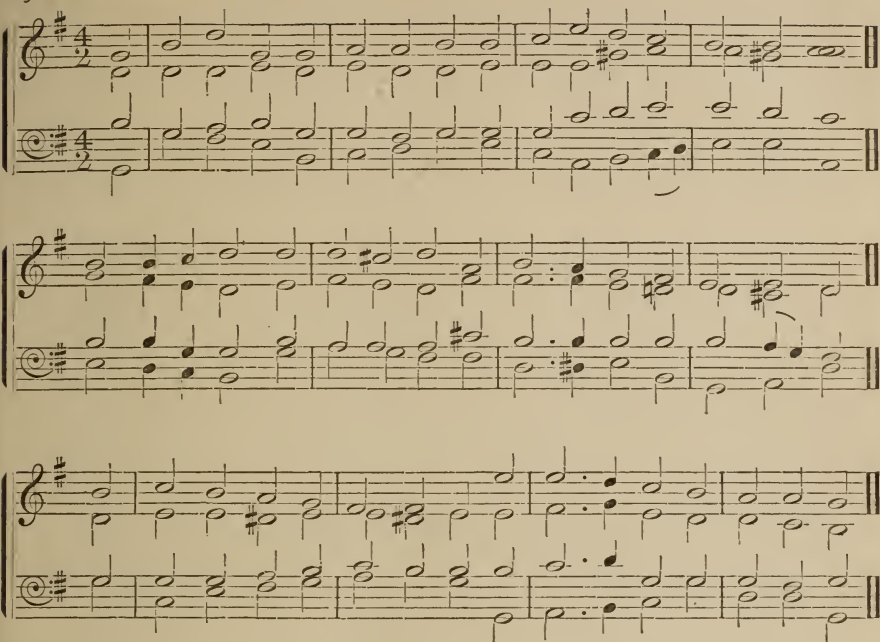
- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast formed mine every part;
Mine inmost thought is known to thee;
Each word, each feeling of my heart,
Thine ear doth hear, thine eye can see.
- 2 Though I should seek the shades of night,
And hide myself in guilty fear,
To thee the darkness seems as light,
The midnight as the noon-day clear.
- 3 The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
All own thee ever-present there;
Where'er I turn, thou still art nigh,
Thy spirit dwelling everywhere.
- 4 O may that spirit ever blest
Upon my soul in radiance shine,
Till, welcomed to eternal rest,
I taste thy presence, Lord divine!

ROBERT ALLAN SCOTT, 1839.



The all-seeing God. Ps. 139.

- 1 **L**ORD! thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 If I should try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 6 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.



M. 8.

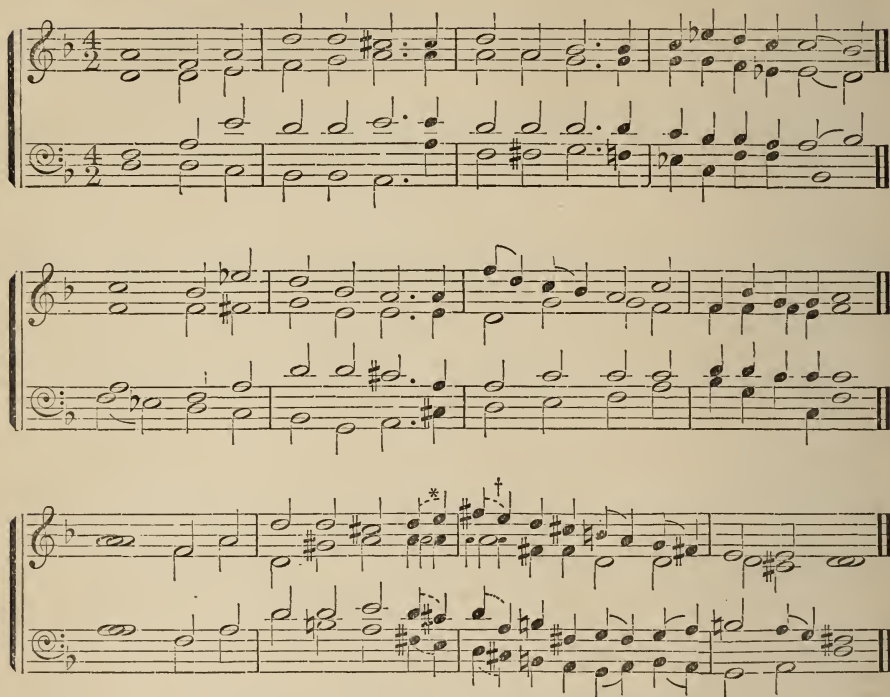
25.

"How precious are thy thoughts unto me." Ps. 139.

- 1 **H**OW precious are thy thoughts of peace;
 O God! to me; how great their sum!
 New every morn, they never cease;
 They were, they are, and yet shall come,
 In number and in compass more
 Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.
- 2 How from thy presence should I go,
 Or whither from thy spirit flee,
 Since all above, around, below,
 Exists in thine immensity;
 I feel thine all-controlling will,
 And thy right hand upholds me still.
- 3 Search me, O God! and know my heart;
 Try me; my secret soul survey;
 And warn thy servant to depart
 From every false and evil way:
 So shall thy truth my guidance be
 To life and immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

C



* Bow in vv. 1 and 2.

† Bow in vv. 3, 4, 5.

26.

M. 6 & 10.

Hymn of the city.

1 NOT in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with
 heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale the present Deity ;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the
 waves rejoice.

2 Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty !—here, amidst
 the crowd
 Through the great city rolled
 With everlasting murmur deep and
 loud,
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of
 human kind.

3 Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their
 dwellings lies,
 And lights their inner homes :
 For them thou fill'st with air the un-
 bounded skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

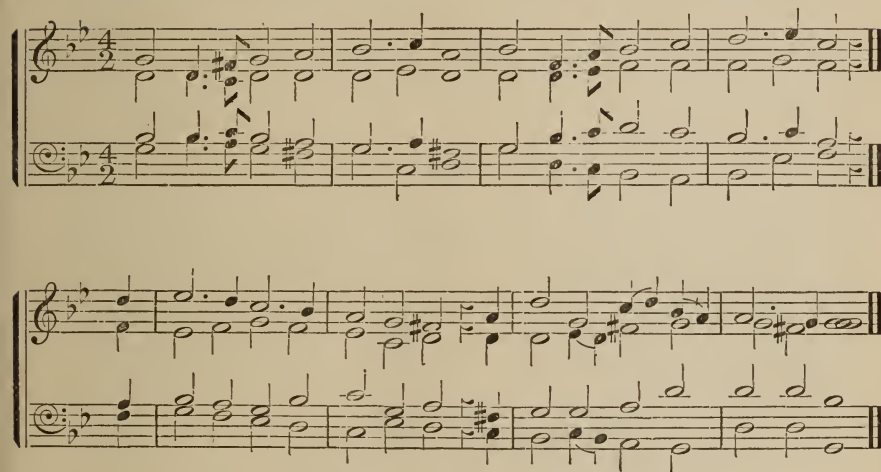
4 Thy spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that
 sweeps along ;
 And this eternal sound,—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless
 throng,—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of
 thee.

- 5 And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,—
The quiet of that moment too is thine;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1836.

27. CANNONS. L. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, (d. 1759.)



L. M.

"O Gott, du Tiefe sonder Grund."

The most high God.

27.

1 WHILE Thee, Unsearchable, I set
In faith before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the
weight;
O'erpowered I sink, I faint, I die!

2 In earth, in heaven, in all thou art!
The conscious creature feels thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

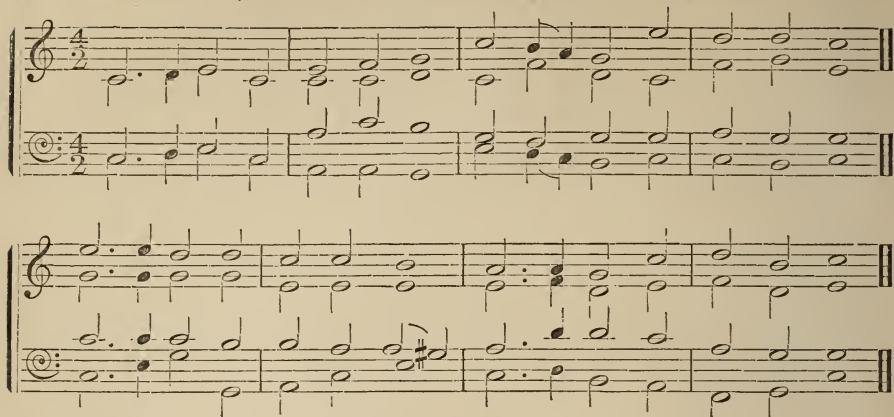
3 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and truth before thee stand;
Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.

4 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

5 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

ERNST LANGE, 1711:
tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

28. NEANDER. 7 M. ("Unser Herrscher, unser König.") JOACHIM NEANDER, (d. 1680.)



28.

7 M.

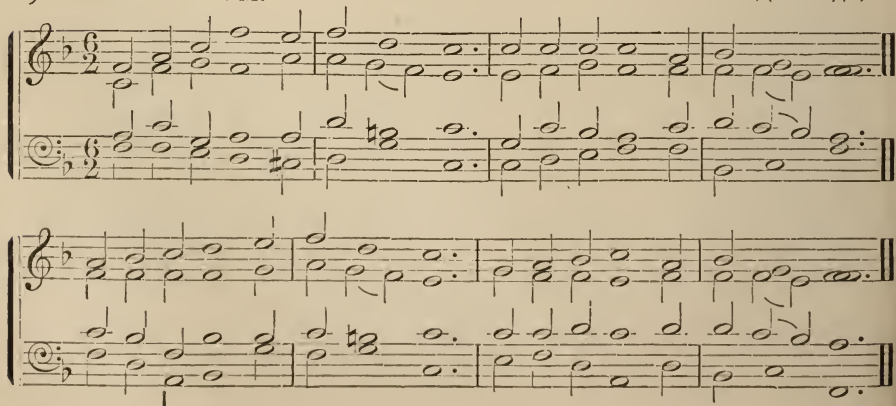
"Praise the Lord." Ps. 113.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HALLELUJAH ! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise :
All his servants, join to sing,
God, our Saviour and our King.</p> <p>2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore !
Round the world his praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.</p> | <p>3 O'er all nations God alone,—
Higher than the heavens his throne,—
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?</p> <p>4 Yet to view the heavens he bends :
Yea, to earth he condescends ;
Raising up the poor to stand
With the princes of the land.</p> <p>5 He the broken spirit cheers ;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of his ways !
Praise his name,—for ever praise.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

29. WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, (before 1740.)



L. M.

The good and wondrous God. Ps. 136.

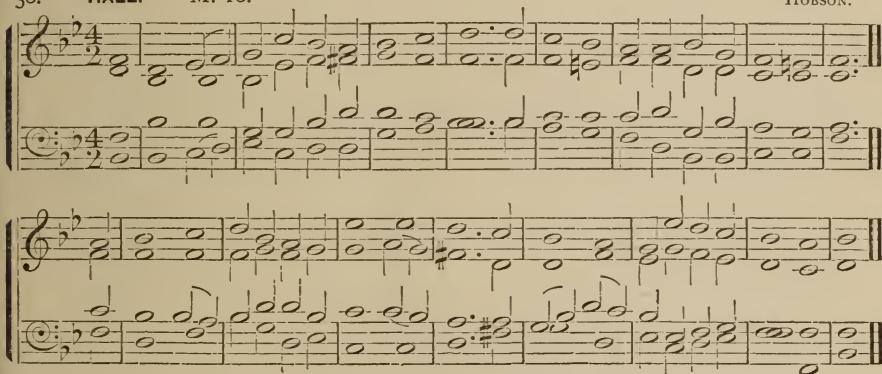
29.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways :
 Wonders of grace to God belong ;
 Repeat his mercies in your song.</p> <p>2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
 The King of kings with glory crown :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more.</p> | <p>3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fixed the starry lights on high :
 Wonders of grace to God belong ;
 Repeat his mercies in your song.</p> <p>4 He fills the sun with morning light ;
 He bids the moon direct the night :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.</p> <p>5 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heavenly seat :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more.</p> |
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ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

30. HALE. M. 10.

HOBSON.



M. 10.

God all in all.

30.

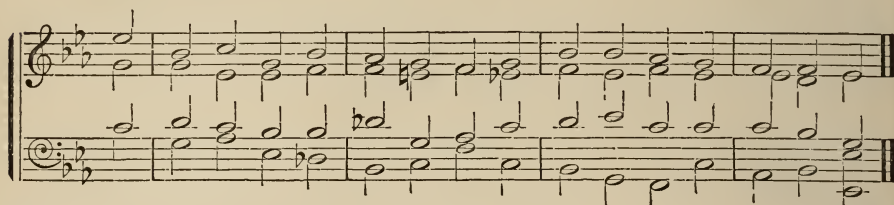
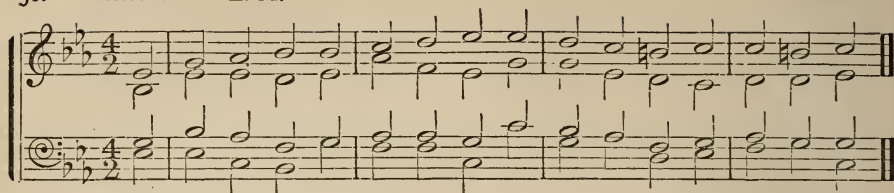
- 1 **I**NFINITE God, thou great unrivalled One !
 Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun ;
 Compared with thine, how dim his beauty seems,
 How quenched the radiance of his golden beams !
- 2 Thou art our bliss, the light by which we move ;
 In thee alone dwells all that we can love :
 All darkness flies, when thou art pleased to appear ;
 A sudden spring renews the fading year.
- 3 Where'er we turn, we see thy power and grace,
 The watchful guardians of our heedless race ;
 Thou art our firm support, our rock, our tower,
 We dwell secure beneath thy sheltering power.
- 4 Thy various creatures in one strain agree ;
 All, in all times and places, speak of thee :
 We, too, with trembling heart and faltering tongue,
 Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.

JEANNE MARIE BOUVIÈRE DE LA MOTHE GUION, c. 1689 ;
 tr. William Cowper, 1782.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

31. BAVARIA. L. M.

GERMAN.



3 I.

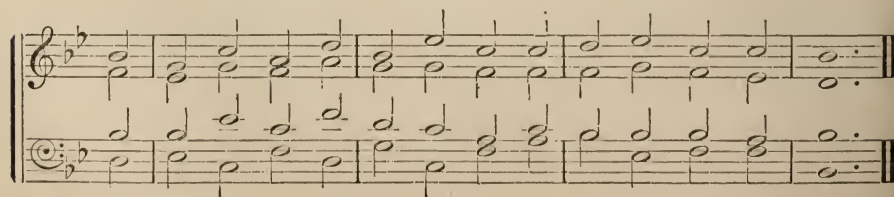
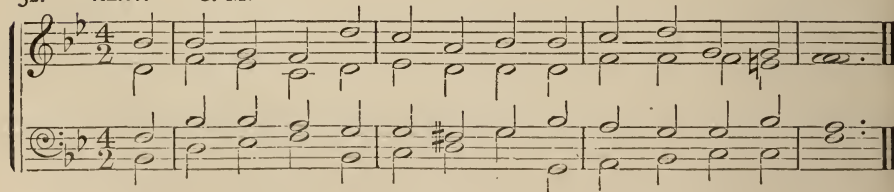
L. M.

God the light of life.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's fearful sea !
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not love supreme in thee.</p> <p>2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood :
We know thee truly but in this,—
That thou bestowest all our good.</p> | <p>3 And so, 'mid boundless time and
space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !</p> <p>4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.</p> <p>5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Sterling, 1840.

32. KENT. C. M.



C. M.

32.

God the joy of all.

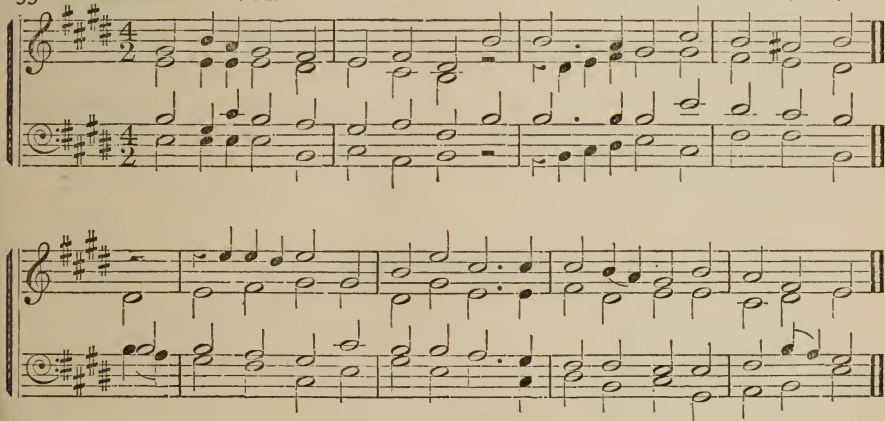
- 1 **O** GOD ! thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
- 2 Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold ;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.
- 3 Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we thy creatures bless,—
Most worshipful of attributes,—
Thine awful Holiness.

- 4 There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still ;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which thou dost not fulfil.
- 5 All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—
- 6 All these may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1854.

33. **OLDHAM.** L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



L. M.

33.

God the universal benefactor.

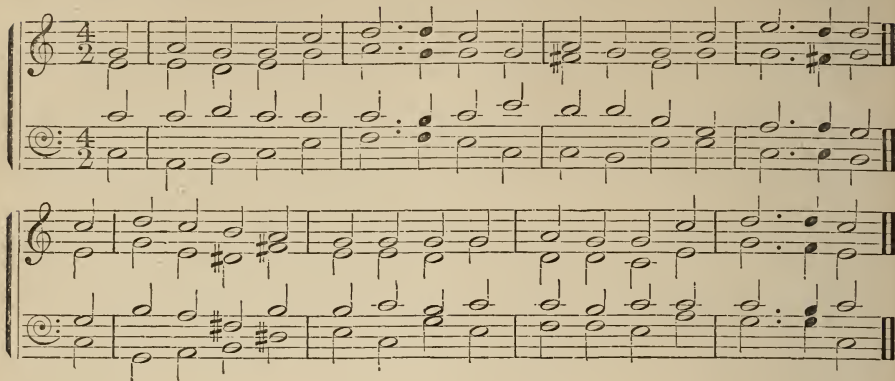
- 1 **G**OD of the universe ! whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of
space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race :
- 2 How vast the region, where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives !
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

- 3 Lord ! while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below :
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms
burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.
- 4 So, at the awful hour of change,
Our souls the bands of death shall tear,
Through the whole starry vast to range,
Thy bounty to admire and share.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, 1795.

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

34. **VENI CREATOR.** L. M. ("Komm, Gott Schöpfer.") GERMAN, (1535.)
[From an old "Veni Creator," apparently of the 8th cent.]



34.

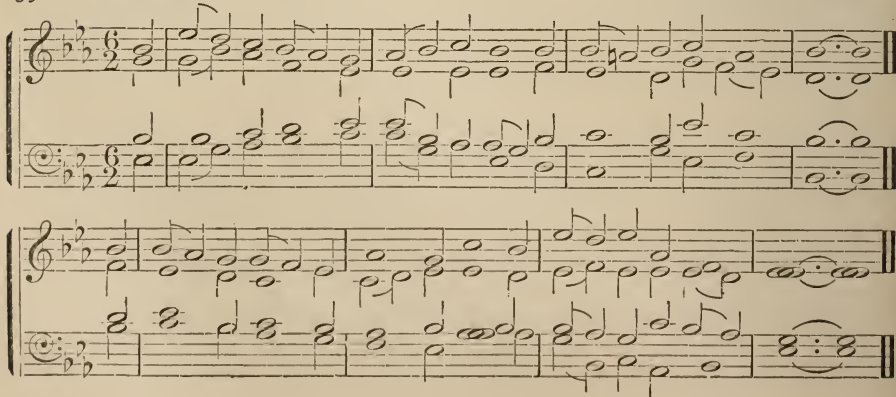
L. M.

The Fatherhood of God.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THERE'S not a bird, with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in thy paternal care.</p> <p>2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude;
And thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.</p> | <p>3 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness!</p> <p>4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing:
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity!</p> <p>5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

BAPTIST WRIOTHESLEY NOEL, 1832.

35. **HAVANNAH.** C. M. HENRY HARRINGTON, (d. 1816.)



C. M.

35.

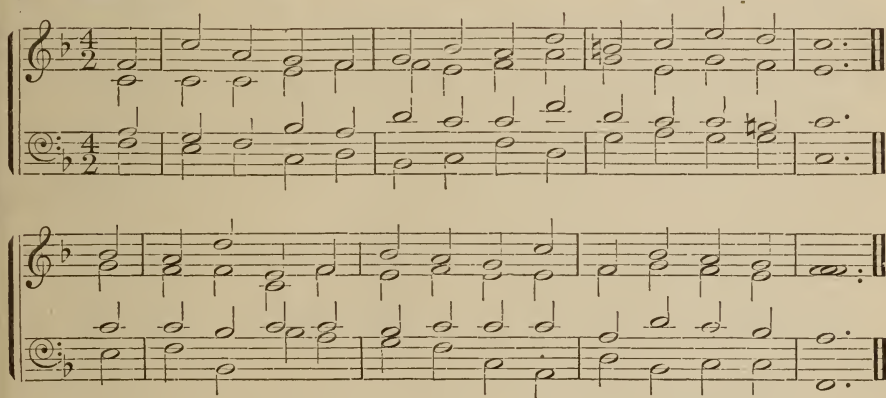
God's mercy tempers affliction.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine:
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.</p> <p>2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.</p> | <p>3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.</p> <p>4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

36. MATLOCK. C. M.

VINCENT NOVELLO, (d. 1860.)



C. M.

36.

The Eternal Father.

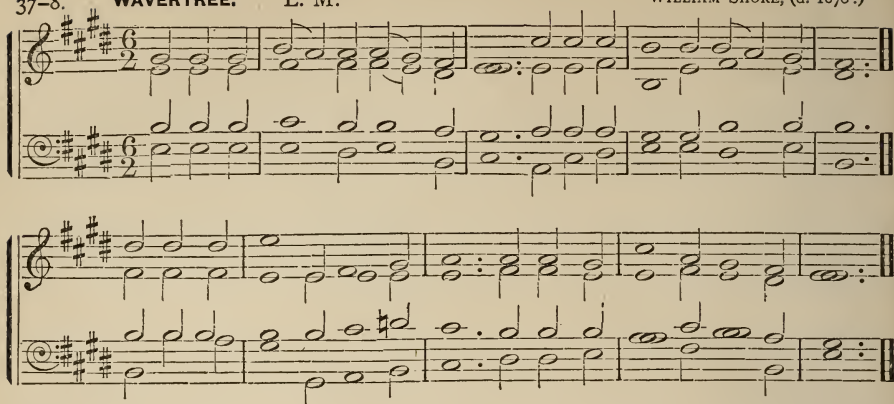
- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER! the sweetest, dearest
Name
That men or angels know!
Fountain of Life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow!</p> <p>2 Thou comest not, thou goest not;
Thou wert not, wilt not be;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of thee.</p> <p>3 Lost in thy greatness, Lord! I live,
As in some gorgeous maze;
Thy sea of unbeginning light
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.</p> | <p>4 For thy grandeur is all tenderness,
All motherlike and meek;
The hearts that will not come to it
Humbling itself to seek.</p> <p>5 Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with
thee,
And be beguiled to love.</p> <p>6 On earth thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with thy light;
Then showest us thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1861.

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF HOLINESS.

37-8. **WAVERTREE.** L. M.

WILLIAM SHORE, (d. 1870?)



37.

L. M.

The holiness of God.

1 **H**OLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Only thy glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

38.

L. M.

The omnipotent love of God.

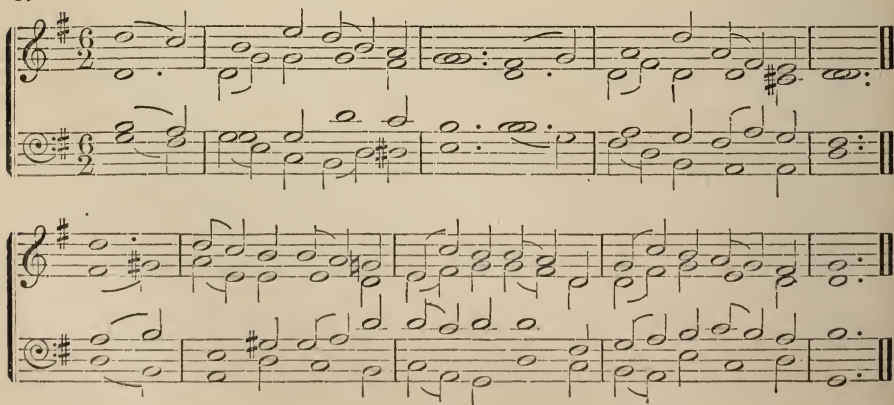
1 **S**OLE self-existent God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored!
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty;

2 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the Rock of Peace,—
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure almighty Love!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

39. **SHREWSBURY.** S. M.

EDWARD HARWOOD, (d. 1787.)



S. M.

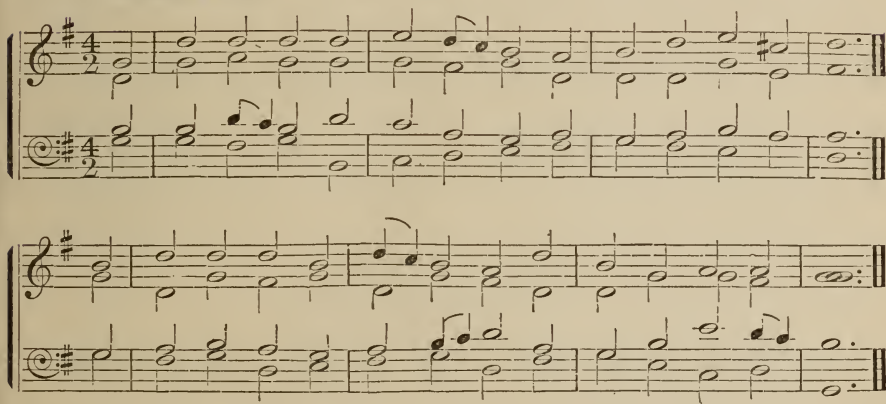
39.

The constant goodness of God.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercy show,
Each night thy love record.</p> <p>2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.</p> | <p>3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.</p> <p>4 But pleasures more refined
Await that blessed day,
When light arises in the mind,
To chase our sins away.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

40. ST. GEORGE'S (OLD). C. M. ("Lobt Gott, ihr Christen.") NICOLAUS HERMANN, (d. 1560.)



C. M.

40.

The manifold grace of God.

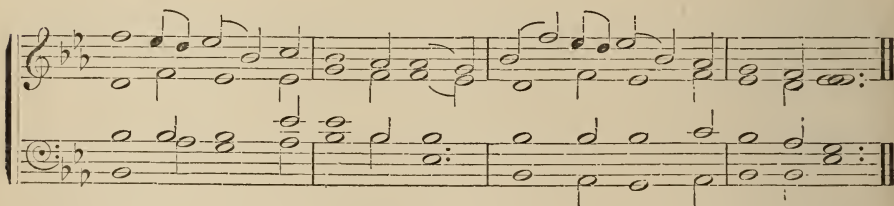
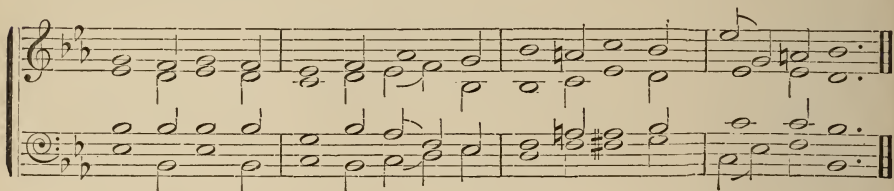
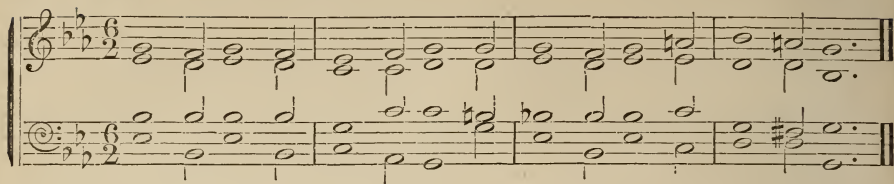
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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!</p> <p>2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O Love of God most wise!</p> | <p>3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thy embrace,—
O Love of God most strong!</p> <p>4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,—
O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1857.

GOD IN HIS TENDER MERCY.

41. MERCY. 8 & 7 | 7 7 M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)



41.

8 & 7 | 7 7 M.

The Divine love unchangeable.

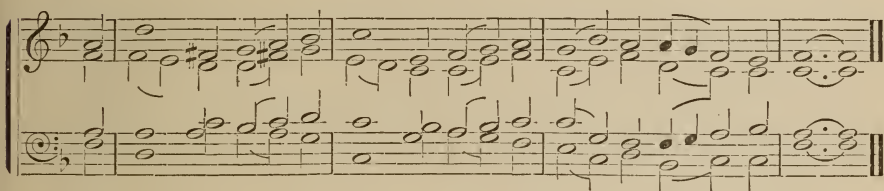
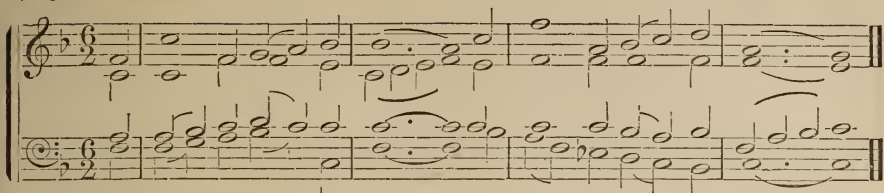
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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O MY soul, with all thy powers
 Bless the Lord's most holy name;
 O my soul, till life's last hours,
 Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim;
 As the heaven the earth transcends,
 Over us his care extends.</p> <p>2 He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
 Satisfied thy mouth with good;
 From the snares of death unbound thee,
 Eagle-like thy youth renewed:
 Rich in tender mercy he,
 Slow to wrath, to favour free.</p> | <p>3 Far as east and west are parted,
 He our sins hath severed thus;
 As a father loving-hearted
 Spares his son, he spareth us;
 For he knows our feeble frame,
 He remembers whence we came.</p> <p>4 Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
 Frail and beautiful;—anon,
 When the south-wind softly bloweth,
 Look again,—the flower is gone;
 Such is man; his honours pass,
 Like the glory of the grass.</p> <p>5 From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still his people's bliss ensuring,
 Keeps his covenanted word;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children he will bless.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

GOD IN HIS TENDER MERCY.

42-3. COTHAM. S. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



S. M.

42.

Praise of the Divine mercies. Ps. 103.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins ;
'T is he relieves thy pain ;
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest :
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

5 Then, ye that do his will
In earth or heaven above,
His wonders tell ; and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his love !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

S. M.

43.

Praise to the merciful God. Ps. 103.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour :

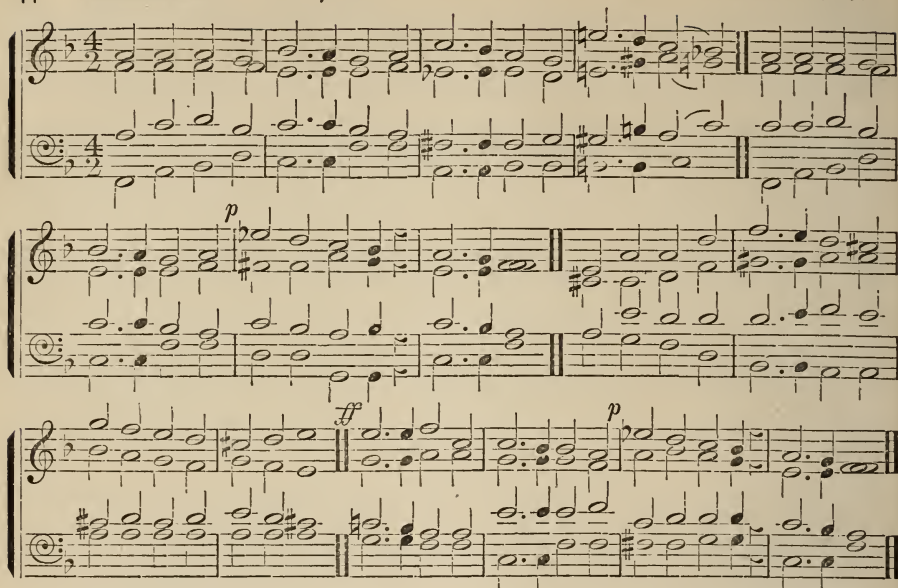
6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

GOD IN HIS TENDER MERCY.

44. PROVIDENCE. 8 & 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1865.)



44.

God is love.

8 & 7 M.

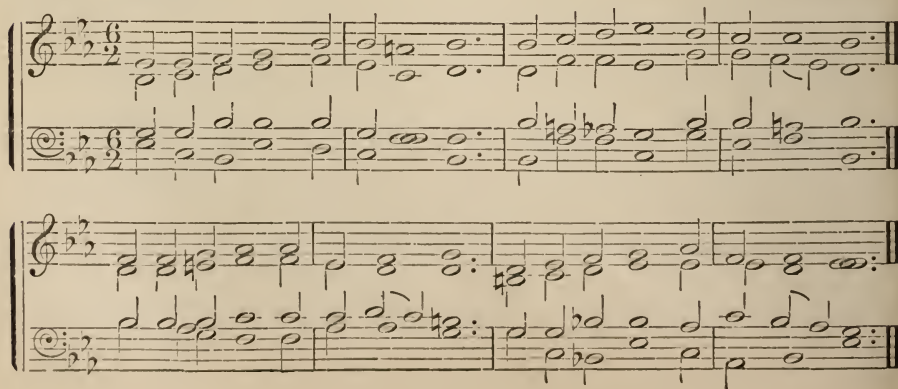
- 1 GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

45-6. ANGELUS. L. M.

JOH. SCHEFFLER, (d. 1677.)



L. M.

The compassion of God.

45.

- 1 WE have no tears thou wilt not dry ;
We have no wounds thou wilt
not heal :
No sorrows pierce our human hearts,
That thou, dear Father, dost not feel.
- 2 Thy pity like the dew distils,
And thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning over-fills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

HARRIET MACEWEN KIMBALL, 1864.

L. M.

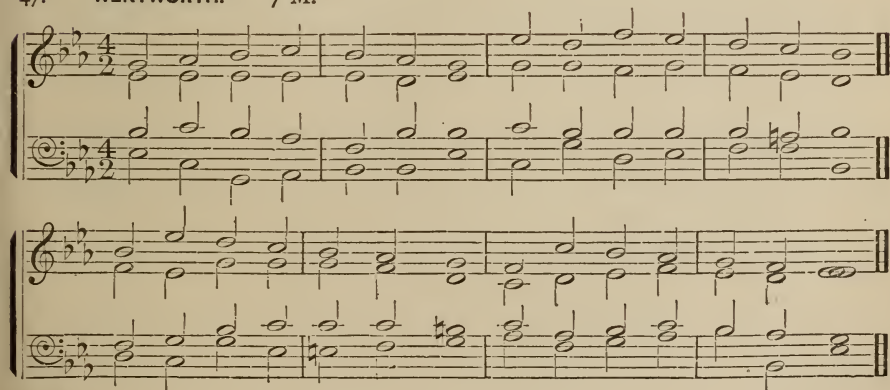
The loving-kindness of God.

46.

- 1 FATHER ! to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below ;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !
- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain !
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !
Fountain of light, that rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !
- 3 Who send'st thy storms and frosts to
bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind ;
That breathe'st o'er the naked scene
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.
- 4 Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and thy love are shown ;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.
- 5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !
- 6 Patient with headstrong guilt to bear ;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare ;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1836.

47. WENTWORTH. 7 M.



7 M.

Daily mercies.

47.

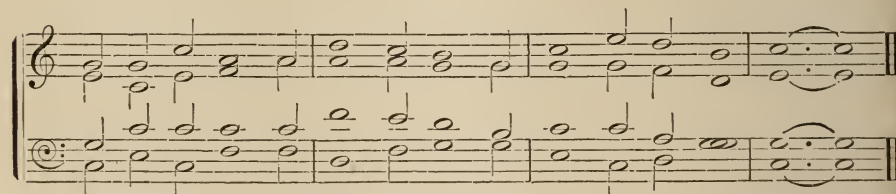
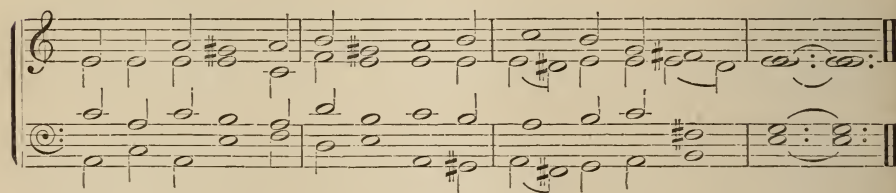
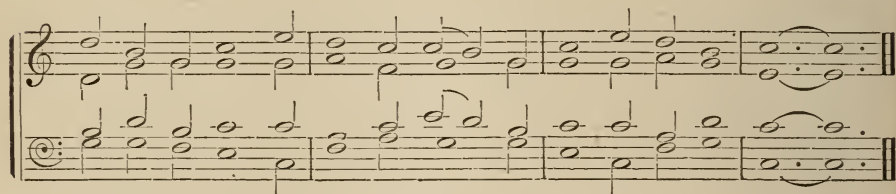
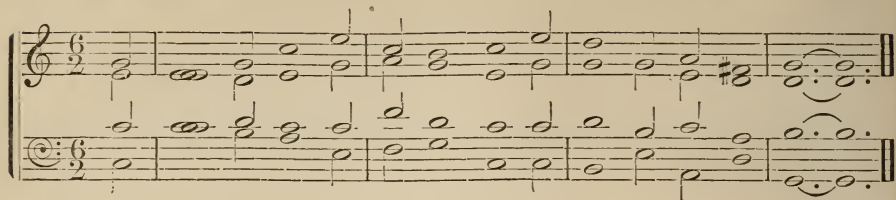
- 1 TENDER mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.
- 2 Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To eternal Love I owe.
- 3 Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to thee
Be an everlasting song.

ANNA LETITIA WARING, 1850.

GOD IN THE UNIVERSE.

48. ST. MATTHEW'S. C. M. D.

WILLIAM CROFT, (d. 1727.)



48.

C. M. D.

The Creator, God.

LORD, when thou saidst, "So let it be,"
 The heavens were spread and shone,
 And this whole earth stood gloriously;
 Thou spak'st and it was done!
 The whole creation still records,
 Unto this very day,
 That thou art God, the Lord of lords;
 Thee all things must obey.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG COUNT V. ZINZENDORF, 1740:
 or. CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED CLEMENS, 1789.

49. CONCERT. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)

7 M.

49.

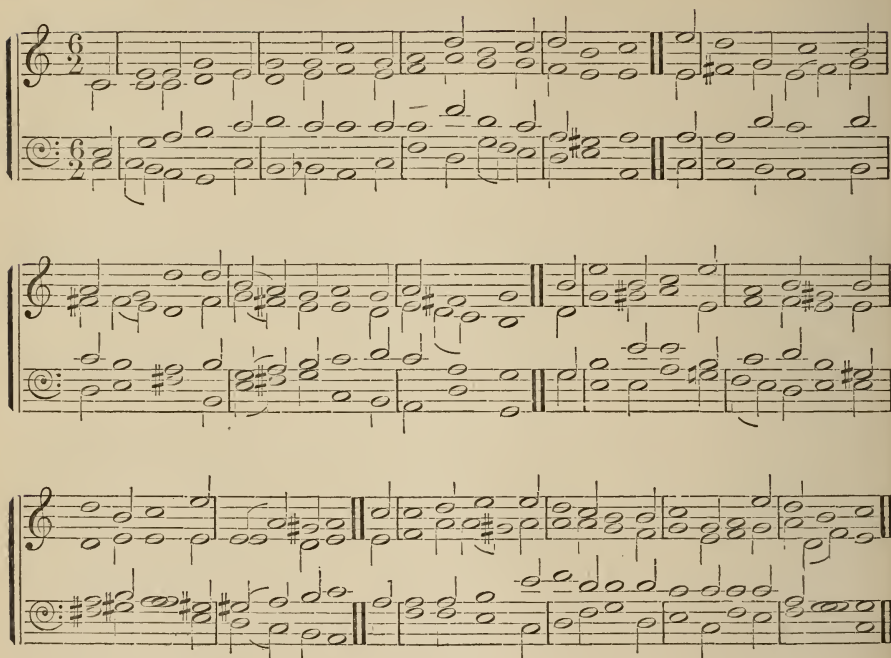
Homage to God from his works. Ps. 148.

- 1 **H**ERALDS of creation ! cry ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord most
high ;
Heaven and earth ! obey the call ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded ;—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love !
Sun and moon, your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise !

- 4 Earth ! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapour, wind and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.
- 5 Vales and mountains, burst in song ;
Rivers, roll with praise along !
Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple-door !
- 6 High above all height his throne ;
Excellent his name alone :
Him let all his works confess ;
Him let every being bless.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

D



50.

L. M. D.

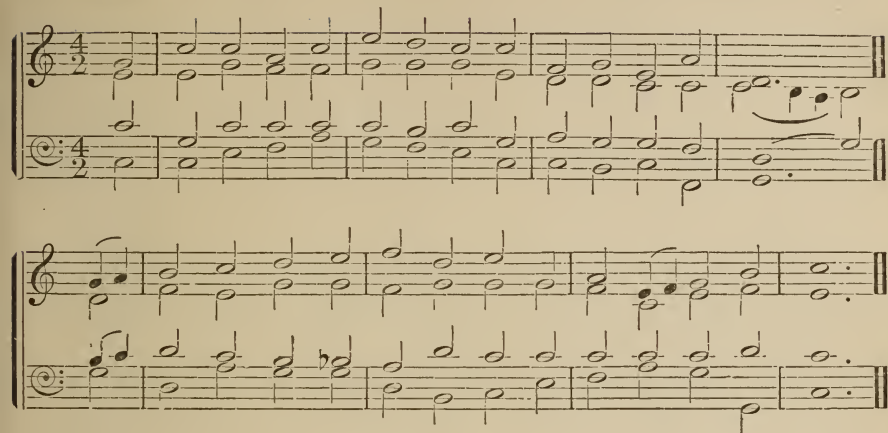
"The heavens declare the glory of God." Ps. 19.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.</p> | <p>2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

GOD THE CREATOR.

51. MORLEY. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



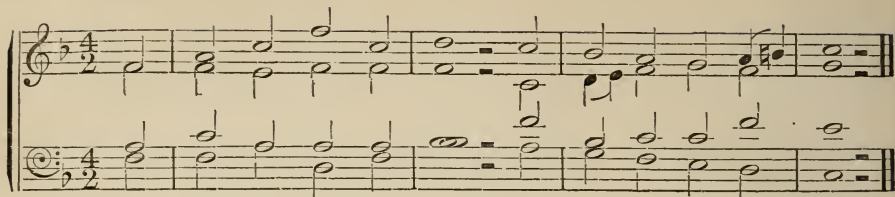
C. M.

51.

The glory of God in the world.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

52. LEEDS. S. M.

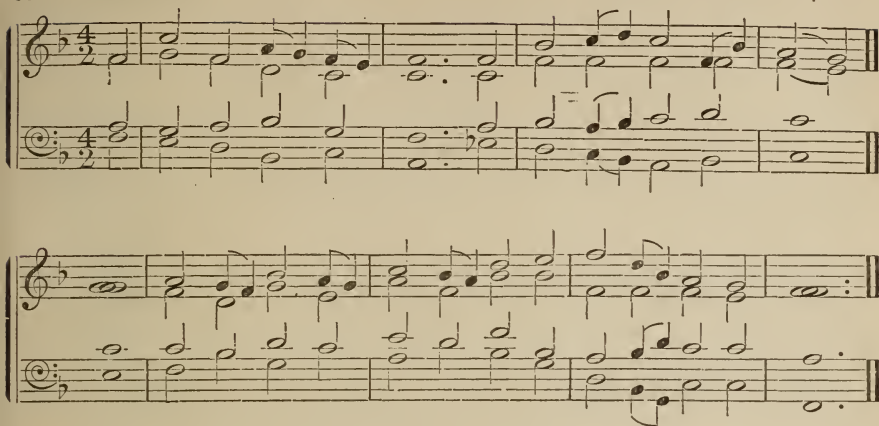


52.

S. M.

Universal praise to God. Ps. 148.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 4 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 5 By all his works above
His honours be exprest;
But they who know his heavenly love
Should sing his praises best.



Nature's praise to God.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name;
Thy glories how diffused abroad,
Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays;
And finds a thousand ways to express
Her undissembled praise.
- 3 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears his Maker's praise on high,
Upon an artless tongue.
- 5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
O for a heart inspired to bring
A praise sincere and true!
- 6 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

54.

SEASONS.

M. 7 & 6. M. 8 & 6.
I. 2. 3. 4.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)

54.

M. 7 & 6. M. 8 & 6.
I. 2. 3. 4.

The tribute of nature and of man to God.

- 1 **W**HEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.
- 2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

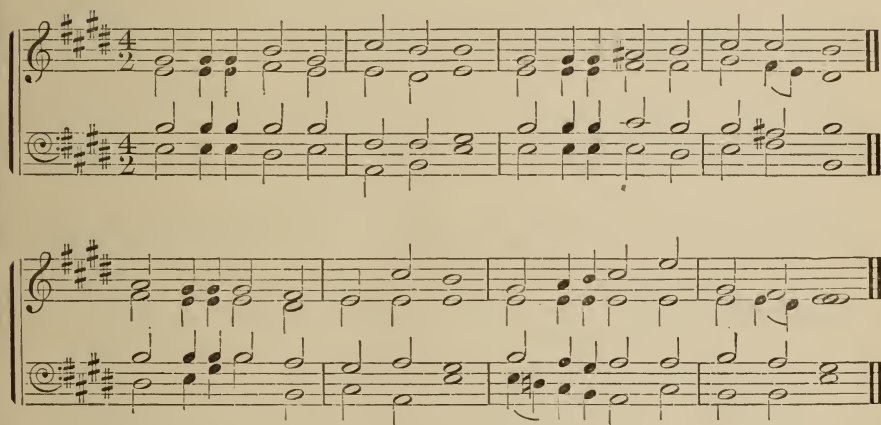
3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love,—Creator, honour thee.

4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade;
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their old decree;
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1816.

55. ST. AMBROSE. L. M.

JOHN FAWCETT.



L. M.

55.

"Sun, moon, and stars, praise ye the Lord." Ps. 148.

1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the
spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years!

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
Who dressed thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrowed
light
Are softer rivals of the noon!

4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

5 Ye twinkling stars, that climb the sky,
In silent watch to pace the night!
Praise him who placed your orbs on
high,
And out of darkness called up light.

6 O God of glory! God of love!
Thou art the sun that makes our
days;
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.



56.

8 & 7 M.

Praise to God from his works. Ps. 148.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him,
 Praise him, angels in the height,
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
 Praise him, all ye stars of light!
 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail:
 God hath made his saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail:
 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high! his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth and all creation!
 Praise and magnify his name.

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is marked *mf* and the second *fz*. The third system is marked *p* and the fourth *f*. The music is in 6/4 time and features a variety of chords and melodic lines.

M. 7 & 6.

"Day unto day uttereth speech." Ps. 19.

57.

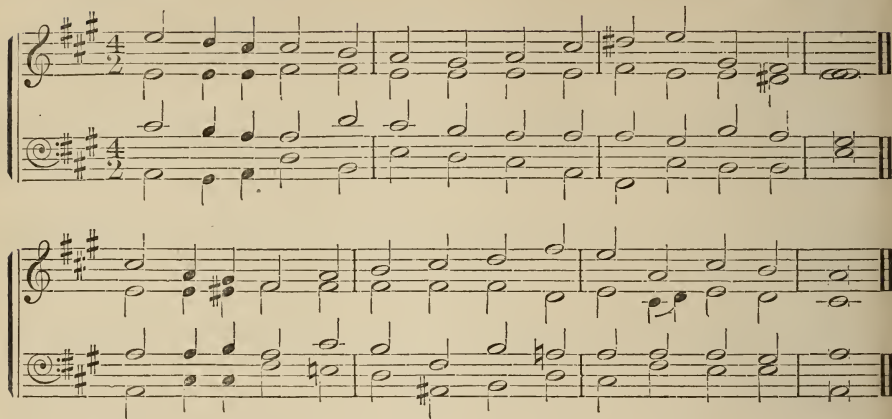
1 THE heavens declare his glory,
 Their Maker's skill the skies :
 Each day repeats the story,
 And night to night replies.
 Their silent proclamation
 Throughout the earth is heard ;
 The record of creation,
 The page of nature's word.

2 There, from his bright pavilion,
 Like eastern bridegroom clad,
 Hailed by earth's thousand million,
 The sun sets forth : right glad,
 His glorious race commencing,
 The mighty giant seems ;
 Through the vast round dispensing
 His all-pervading beams.

3 So pure, so soul-restoring
 Is truth's diviner ray ;
 A brighter radiance pouring
 Than all the pomp of day ;
 The wanderer surely guiding,
 It makes the simple wise ;
 And evermore abiding,
 Unfailing joy supplies.

58. ALLERTON. C. M.

PHILIP TAYLOR, (d. 1831.)

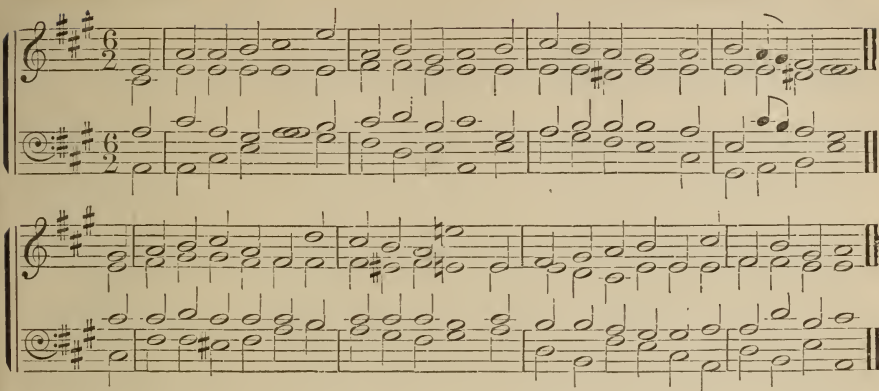


58.

C. M.

Praise from all creatures.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, in joyful choir,
Spirits of light above!
Sing; for he formed you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days!
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrowed rays.
- 3 Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these;—
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.
- 6 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.



M. — — | v v —

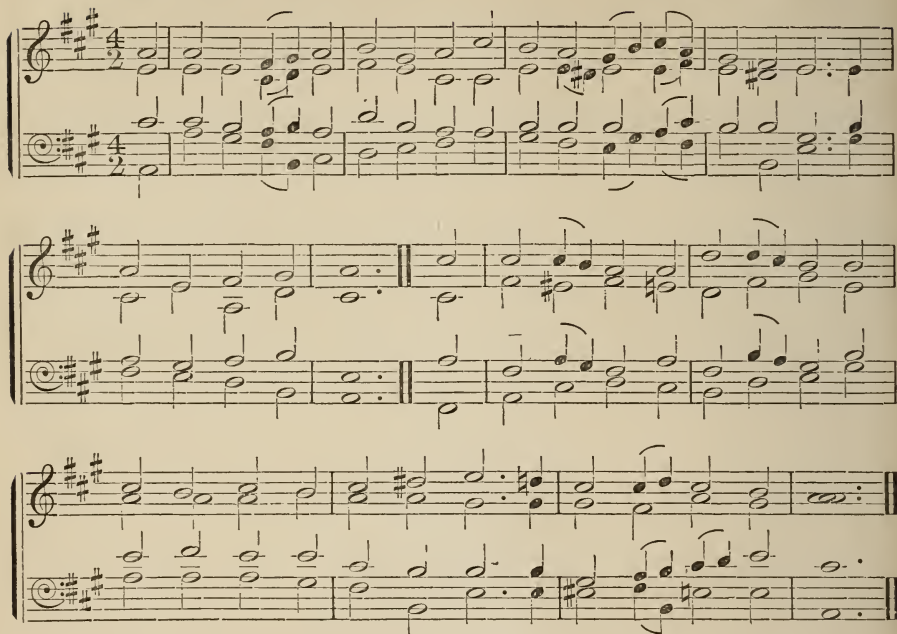
59.

Praise ye the Lord.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King,
 All glorious above ;
 O gratefully sing
 His power and his love ;
 Our shield and defender,
 The Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendour,
 And girded with praise.
- 2 The earth, with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty, thy power
 Hath founded of old,
 Hath stablished it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.
- 3 Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light ;
 It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.
- 4 O measureless Might !
 Ineffable Love !
 While angels delight
 To hymn thee above,
 The humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall lisp to thy praise.

60. CHRISTMAS HYMN. M. 8 | 6 D.

EDWARD HARWOOD, (d. 1787.)



60.

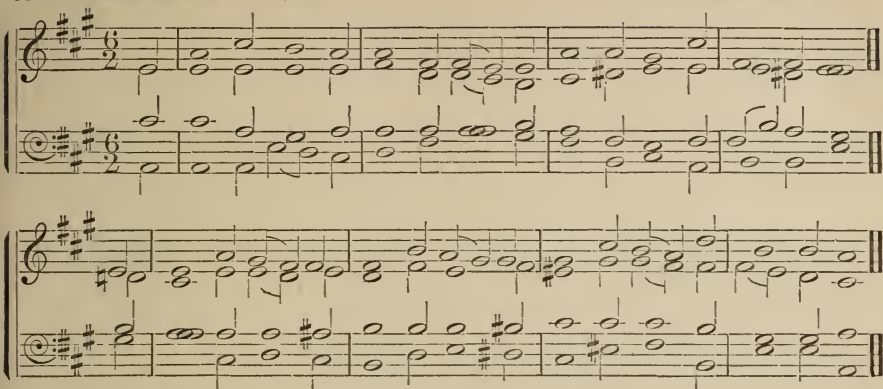
M. 8 | 6 D.

The universal providence of God.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine ;—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequered scene.
- 2 His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls ;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.
- 3 Eternal God ! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thy awful, glorious name ?
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days,
Nor limit for thy fame.

61-2. BETHSAIDA. L. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)



L. M.

61.

The universal providence of God.

1 **T**HE earth, and all the heavenly
frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft refreshing shower.

2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields its various fruits to men;
To men, who from his bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.

3 Nor to the human race alone
Is his paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.

4 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath
Till God permits the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call;
The Father and the Friend of all.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.

L. M.

"Miramur, O Deus, tuæ."

62.

The light that never wanes.

1 **O** GOD Supreme! in rapt amaze
On thy celestial works we gaze,
Adorning heaven's refulgent height
With brilliant orbs of sparkling light.

2 The glowing sun presides all day,
The moon o'er night with paler ray;
The starry host around the pole
In glittering ranks resplendent roll.

3 But e'en the sun, the radiant crown
Of heaven, doth know his going down;
The moon her certain periods knows,
The glistening stars their ordered close.

4 They, in their circling courses borne,
Extinguish and relight the morn:
But thou dost e'er unchanged remain;
Thy years, thy truth, can never wane!

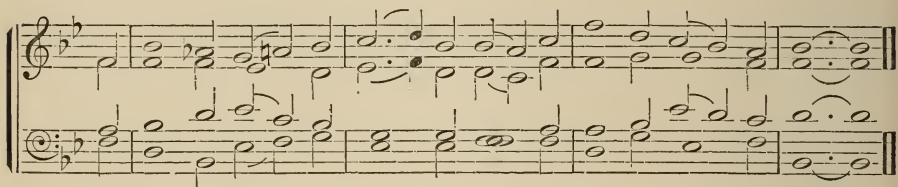
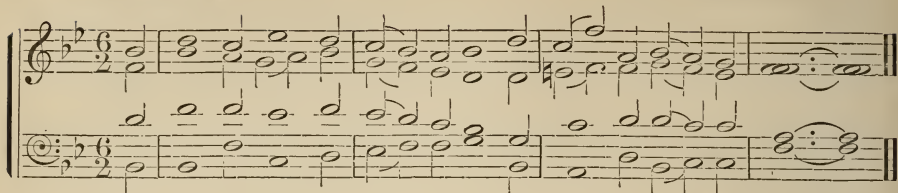
5 Watched o'er by thy paternal care,
My troubled heart shall not despair;
But in thine ear confiding pour
Its fears and griefs for evermore.

PARISIAN BRIEVARY:
tr. John David Chambers, 1857.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

63. ST. GREGORY. C. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1782.)



63.

C. M.

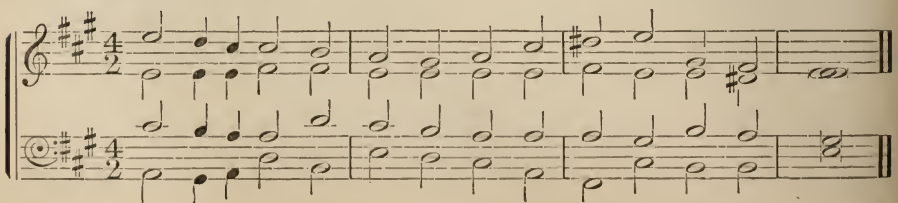
The earth full of the goodness of God.

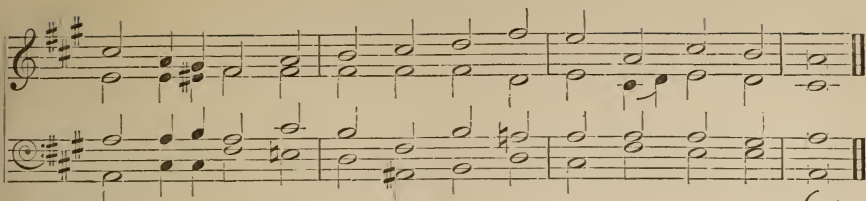
- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.</p> <p>2 He bows the heavens; the mountains
stand,
A highway for our God;
He walks amid the desert land;
'T is Eden where he trod.</p> <p>3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.</p> <p>[4] Here, on the hills, he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
—O could we catch their strains,—</p> | <p>[5] Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night!</p> <p>6 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.</p> <p>7 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and
flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.</p> <p>8 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

64. ALLERTON. C. M.

PHILIP TAYLOR, (d. 1831.)





C. M.

The glory of God.

64.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand
signs,
By thousand through the skies.

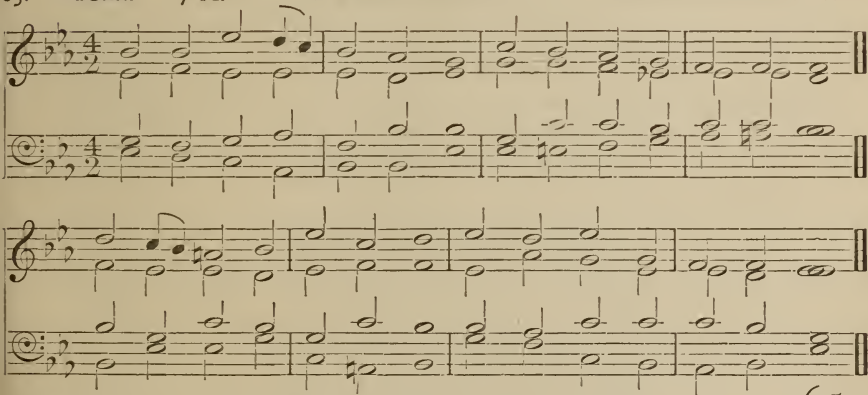
2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy will;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 O may I bear some humble part
In the immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

ISAAC WATTS, 1706.

65. BONN. 7 M. ("Wenn ich ihn nur habe.")

from BREIDENSTEIN, (1824.)



7 M.

Thanksgiving to the merciful Creator. Ps. 136.

65.

1 LET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye.
He by wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;

3 Did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;
And by all-commanding might
Fill the new-made world with light;—

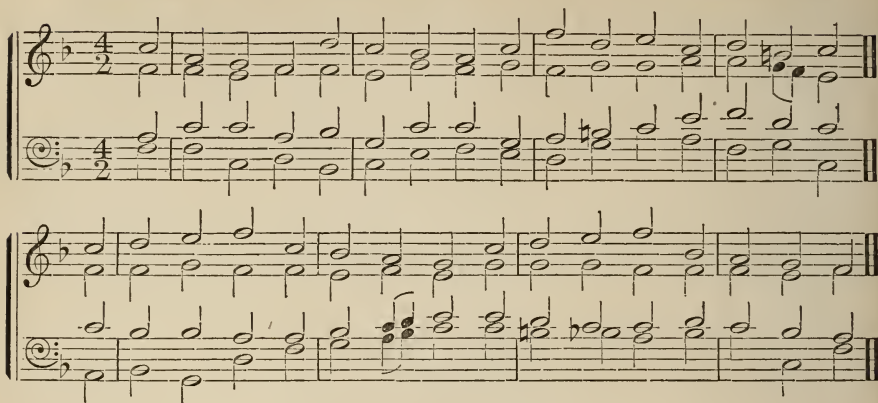
4 Cause the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run,
The horned moon to shine by night,
Mid her spangled sisters bright.

5 All his creatures he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
He hath with a pitying eye
Looked upon our misery.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1623.

66. **STRASBURG.** L. M. ("Gott, der zum Segen.") JOHANN FRIEDRICH REICHARDT, (d. 1814.)



66.

L. M.

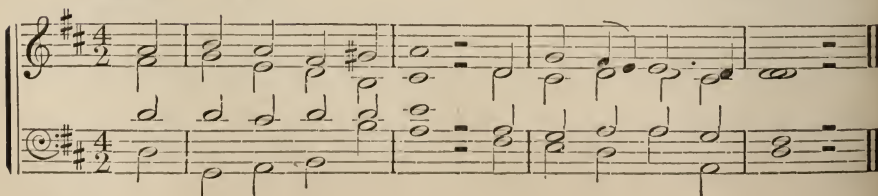
God, the ruler of nature and the soul. Ps. 93.

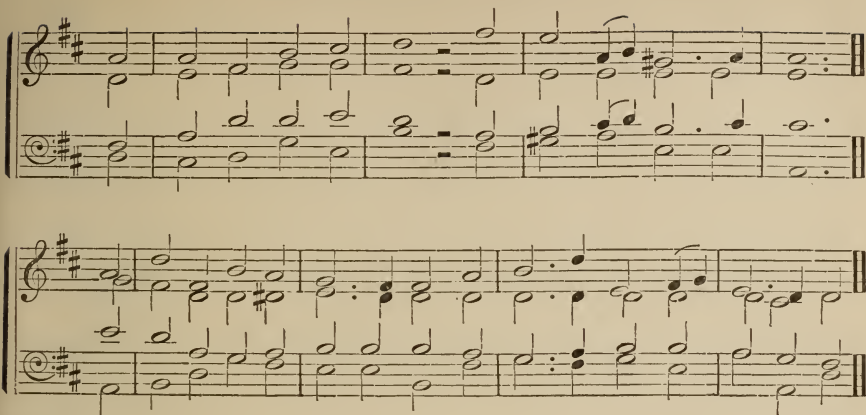
- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord who o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 The swelling floods in tumult rise;
Aloud the angry tempests roar;
They lift their surges to the skies,
And foam and lash the sounding shore.
- 3 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the wild and wintry seas:
He gives the word, their murmurs die,
And down they sink in silent peace.
- 4 O Father! make thy servants pure,
And calm our souls that proudly swell;
For all thy laws are fixed and sure,
And peace becomes thy temple well.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696:
alt. BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

67. **GOPSAL.** H. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, (d. 1759.)





H. M.

67.

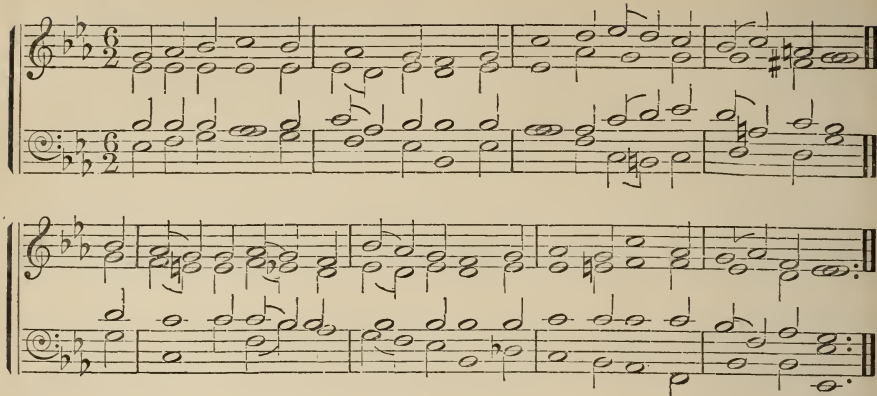
Providence acknowledged in the seasons.

- 1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is king :
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals ! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 2 His wintry north-winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 4 He leads the circling year ;
His flocks the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn :
O happy mortals ! raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 5 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, and months, and days !
O bring the eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

68. RAMAH. L. M.

SAMUEL WESLEY, (d. 1837.)



68.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

L. M.

1 CHILD of the earth! O lift thy
glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

2 Count o'er those lamps of quenchless
light,
That sparkle through the shades of night;
Behold them!—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

3 Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze:
Each is a world, by him sustained
Who from eternity hath reigned.

4 What then art *thou*, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!

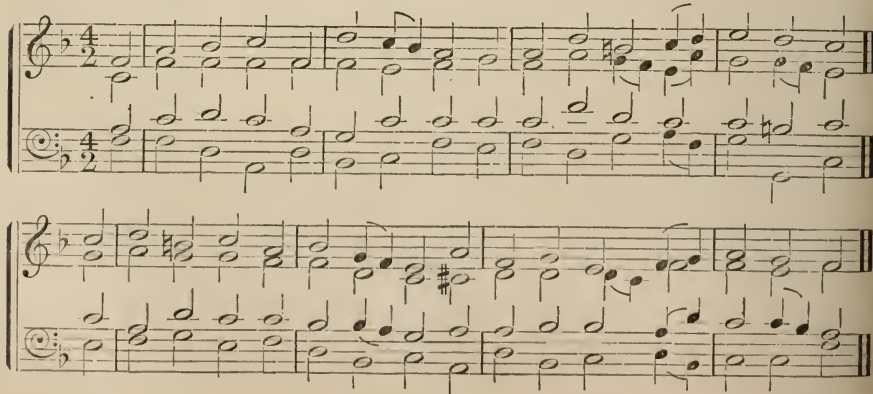
5 Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care.

6 Be thou at peace! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance which none may
flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

FELICIA HEMANS, 1827.

69. IVYBRIDGE. L. M.

VINCENT NOVELLO, (d. 1860.)



The world is full of God.

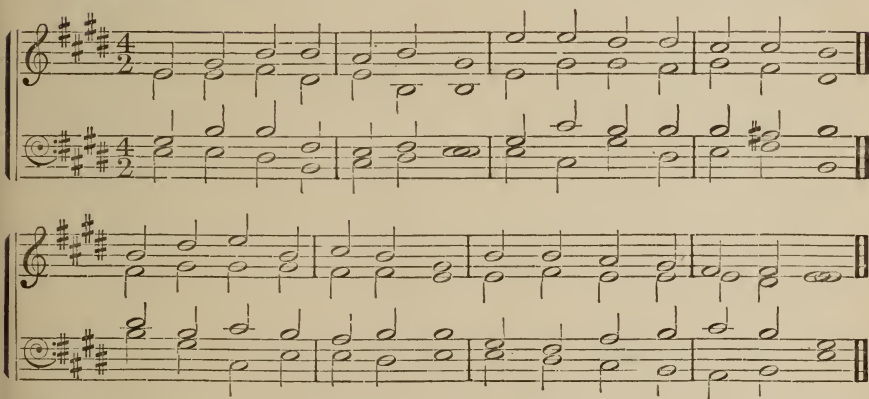
- 1 ALL that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee ;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround the way.
- 2 The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.
- 3 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them lessons from above.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1836.

70. CULBACH.

7 M.

TÖPLER'S Ant. Chor. Mel.



7 M.

Praise ye the Lord.

70.

- 1 HARK, my soul, how ev'rything
Strives to serve our bounteous
King :
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.
- 2 Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
- 3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

- 4 All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.
- 6 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and
flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

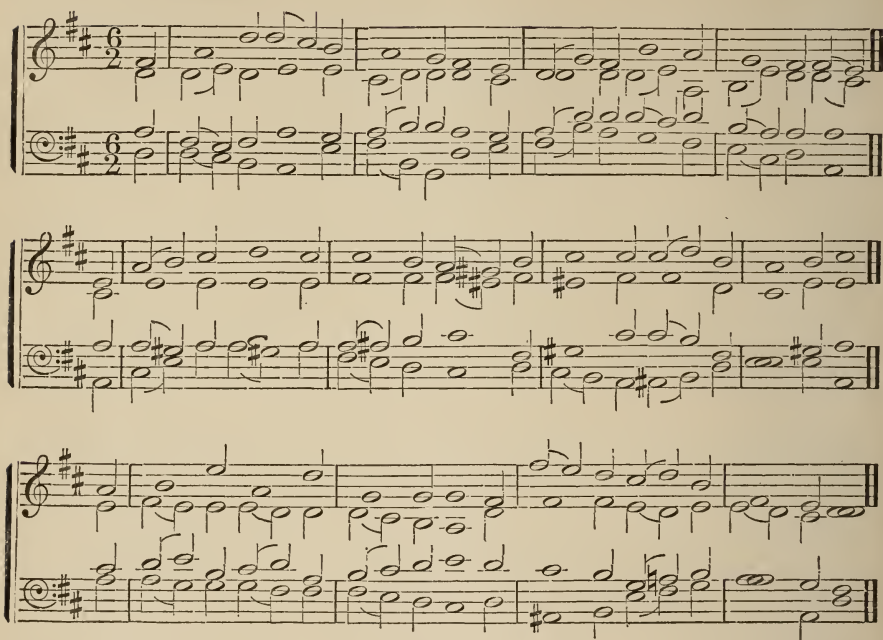
JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

E 2

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF BEAUTY.

71-2. SOUTHAMPTON. M. 8.

SAMUEL WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



71.

M. 8.

The visible world a shadow of the invisible.

- 1 **I** PRAISED the earth in beauty seen
 With garlands gay, of various green ;
 I praised the sea, whose ample field
 Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
 And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,
 'Our beauties are but for a day !'
- 2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
 On wheels of amber and of gold ;
 I praised the moon, whose softer eye
 Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky :
 And Moon and Sun in answer said,
 'Our days of light are numbered !'
- 3 O God ! O good beyond compare !
 If thus thy meaner works are fair ;
 If thus thy bounties gild the span
 Of sinful earth and mortal man ;
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

M. 8.

72.

The glory of God in the world.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from
thee :
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues, that make the sun's de-
cline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

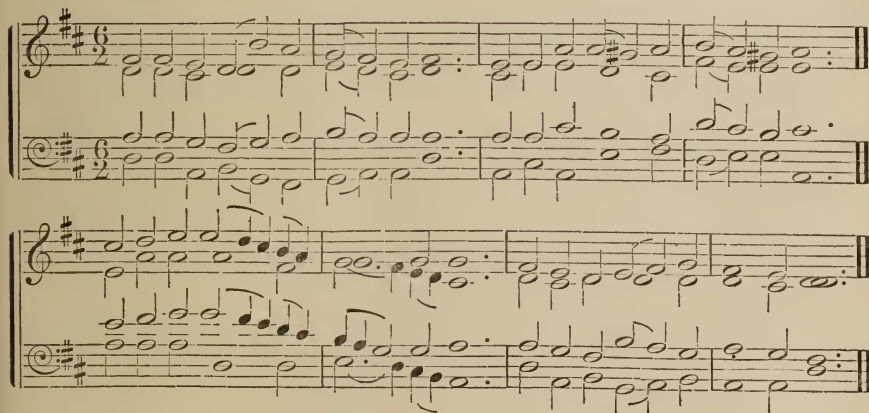
3 When night with wings of starry gloom
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us
breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

73. THANKFULNESS. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



L. M.

"O Gott, du Tiefte sonder Grund."

The beneficent dominion of God.

73.

1 PARENT of good ! thy bounteous
hand
Incessant blessings down distils ;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 All things in thee live, move, and are ;
Thy power infused doth all sustain ;
E'en those thy daily favours share,
Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

3 Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray,
Alike on all, impartial pour ;
To all who hate or bless thy sway
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful
shower.

4 All creatures bless the eternal name :
Ye hosts that to his court belong,—
Angelic choirs ! his praise proclaim ;
And wake the everlasting song :—

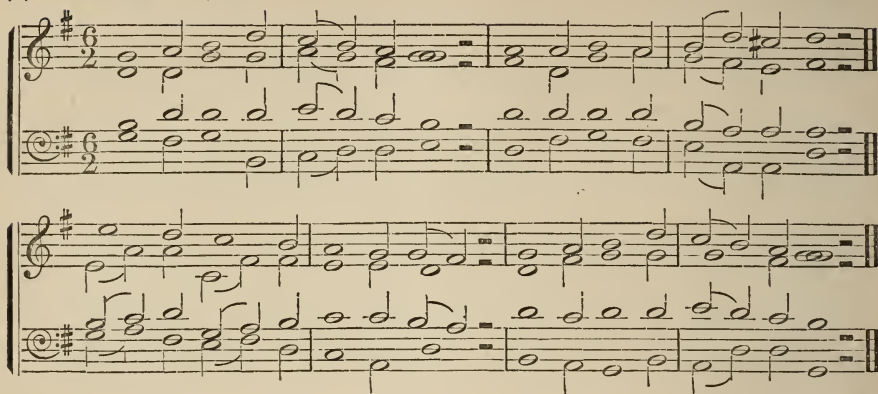
5 Thrice holy ! thine the kingdom is ;
The power, Omnipotent ! is thine ;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

ERNST LANGE, 1711 :
tr. John Wesley, 1739.

GOD THE ESSENCE OF ALL GOOD.

74. PILTON. 7 M.

JOHN WELDON, (d. 1736.)



74.

7 M.

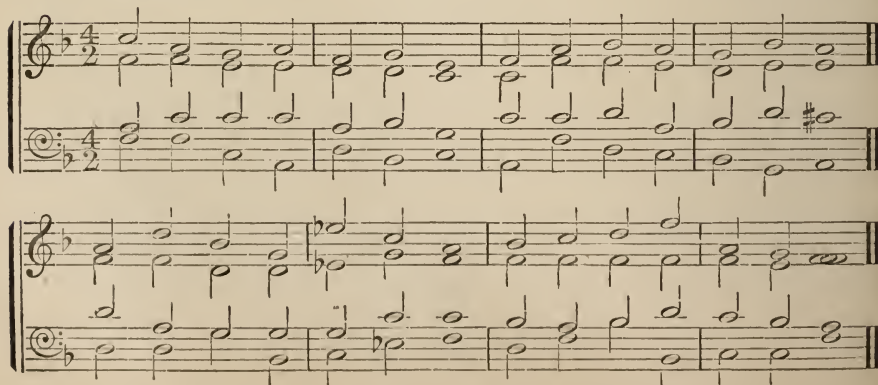
Praise to God for his bounties.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous Source of every joy !
Let thy praise our tongues employ ;—</p> <p>2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use :</p> | <p>3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :</p> <p>4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :—</p> <p>5 These to thee, my God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.</p> |
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ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, 1772.

75. DEVONPORT. 7 M.

J. H. HINTON, (d. 1874.)



7 M.

75.

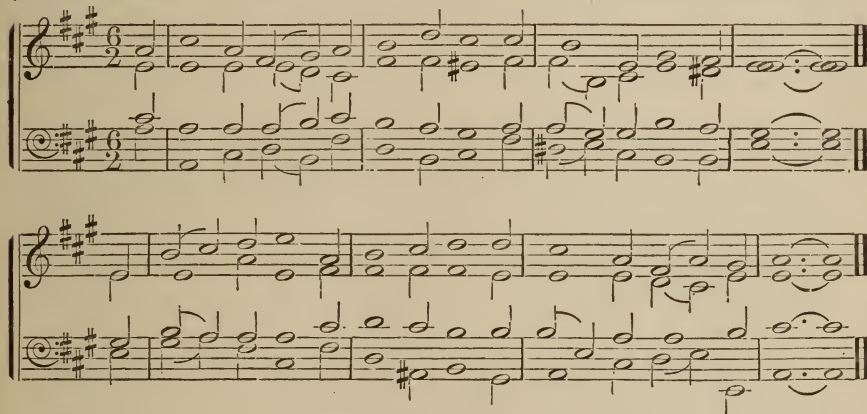
Love to God through all vicissitudes.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;</p> <p>2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;</p> | <p>3 Should thy altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;—</p> <p>4 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee,—for thyself alone.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1772.

76. **ASYLUM.** C. M.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, (d. 1858.)



C. M.

76.

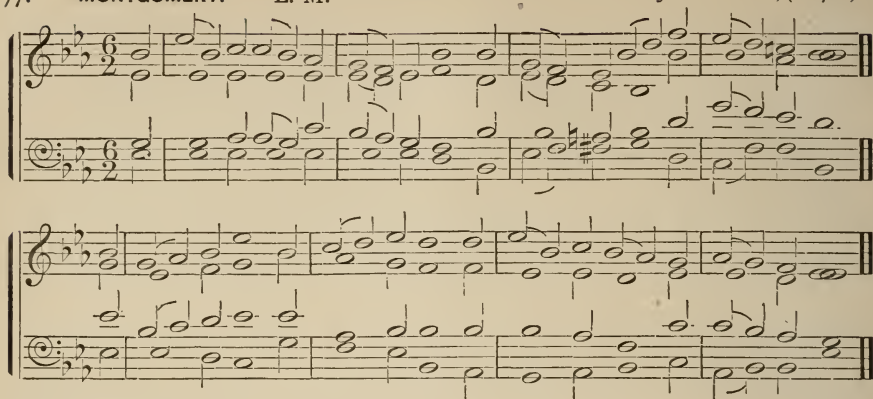
The silent Presence.

- 1 **U**NHEARD the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed ;
And, silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
- 2 Night reigns in silence o'er the pole,
And spreads her gems unheard ;
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word.
- 3 Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams ;
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.
- 4 O grant my soul an ear to hear
Thy deep and silent voice ;
To bend in lowly filial fear,
And in thy love rejoice.

G. W. BRIGGS's Hymns for Public Worship, 1845.

77. MONTGOMERY. L. M.

JOHN STANLEY, (d. 1786.)



77.

L. M.

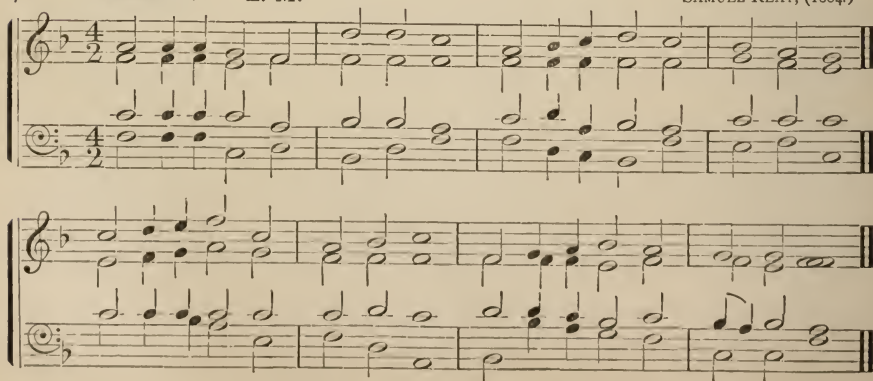
The Creatures and the Child of God.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining home of God.</p> <p>2 But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or paths where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.</p> <p>3 This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is his, no less than yonder spheres ;
And rain-drops weak and grains of sand
Are stamped by his immediate hand.</p> | <p>4 And is this all that man can claim ?
Is this our longing's final aim ?
To be like all things round,—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's grey shore ?</p> <p>5 Not this our doom, thou God benign !
Whose rays on us unclouded shine :
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome ;
But man is most thy favoured home.</p> <p>6 We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair ;
But dearer still to thee, O Lord !
Is he whose thoughts to thine accord.</p> |
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JOHN STERLING, 1840.

78. TRANMERE. L. M.

SAMUEL REAY, (1864.)



L. M.

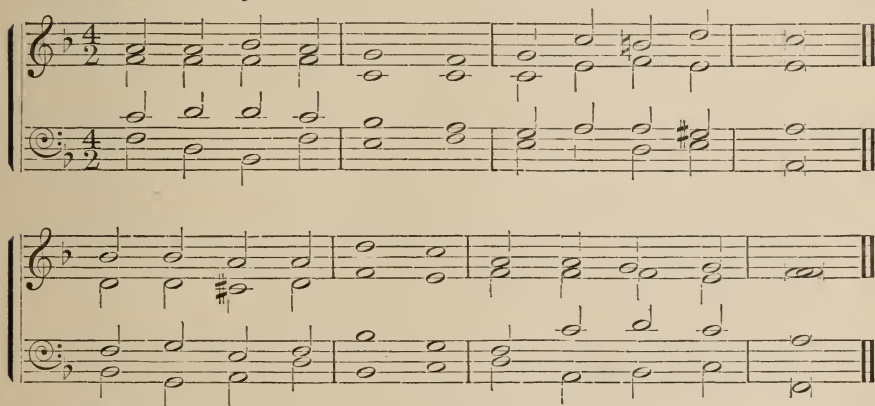
78.

"The Father of lights."

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless
might,
With uncreated glories bright !
His presence gilds the worlds above ;
The unchanging Source of light and love.</p> <p>2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.</p> <p>5 Shine, mighty God, more brightly shine
On this benighted heart of mine ;
Let a fresh morn, serene and fair,
Revive thy faded image there.</p> | <p>3 ' Let there be light,' Jehovah said ;
And light o'er all its face was spread :
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.</p> <p>4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.</p> |
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Philip Doddridge, 1735.

79. ELBE. 6 & 5 M.



6 & 5 M.

79.

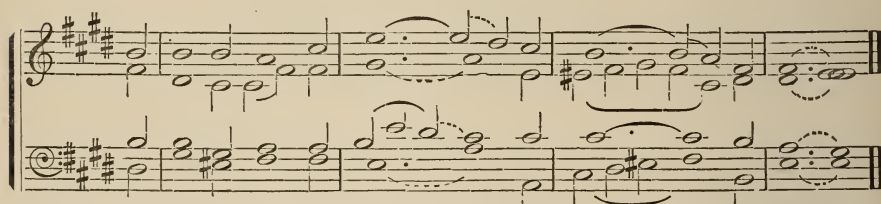
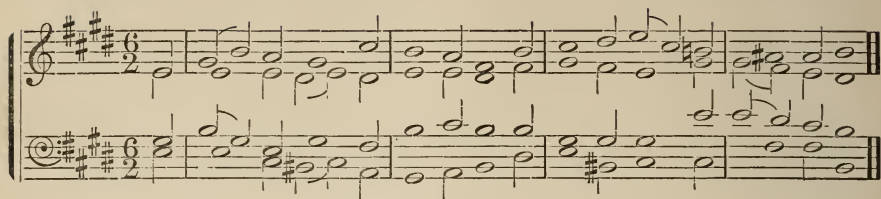
God in the soul.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER, gracious Father !
God of might and power !
Thou thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.</p> <p>2 Yea, the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.</p> <p>3 Father, gracious Father !
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness,
Till our hearts o'erflow.</p> | <p>4 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord ! the chiefest,—
Grace to persevere.</p> <p>5 O how can we thank thee
For a gift like this ?
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.</p> <p>6 Ah ! when wilt thou always
Make our hearts thy home ?
We must wait for heaven ;—
Then the day will come.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Frederick William Faber, 1854.

80. BRATHAY. M. 8 | 6 4.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



*N.B.—Take dotted ties for
all verses except 1 and 4.*

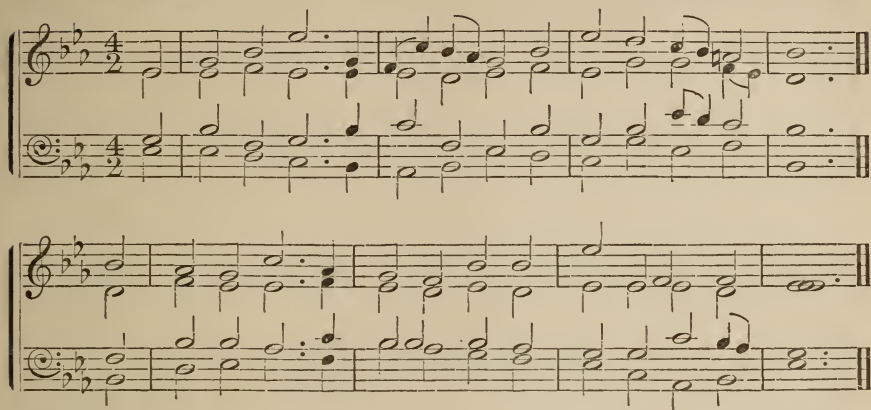
*N.B.—No ties
in verse 1.*

80.

M. 8 | 6 4.

God's two dwellings.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD ! thou hast told us that there
be
Two dwellings that belong to thee ;
And those two—that's the wonder—
Are far asunder.</p> <p>2 The one the highest heaven is,
The mansions of eternal bliss ;
The other's the contrite
And humble sprite.</p> <p>3 Not like the princes of the earth,
Who think it much below their birth
To come within the door
Of people poor.</p> <p>4 No, such is thy humility,
That though thy dwelling be on high,
Thou dost thyself abase
To the lowest place.</p> | <p>5 Where'er thou seest a sinful soul
Deploring his offences foul,
To him thou wilt descend,
And be his friend.</p> <p>6 Thou wilt come in, and with him sup,
And from a low state raise him up,
Till thou hast made him eat
Blest angels' meat.</p> <p>7 Thus thou wilt him with honour crown
Who in himself is first cast down,
And humbled for his sins :
That thy love wins.</p> <p>8 Though heaven be high, the gate is low,
And he that comes in there must bow ;
The lofty looks shall ne'er
Have entrance there.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 9 O God ! since thou delight'st to rest
Within the humble, contrite breast,
First make me so to be ;
Then dwell with me.



C. M.

81.

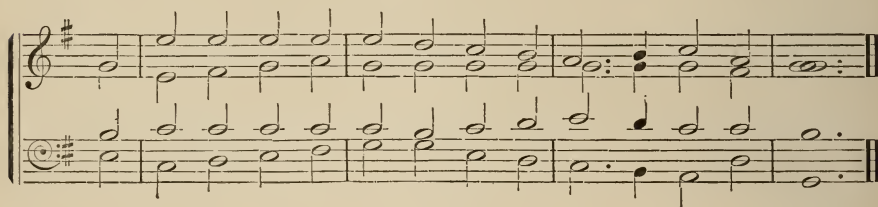
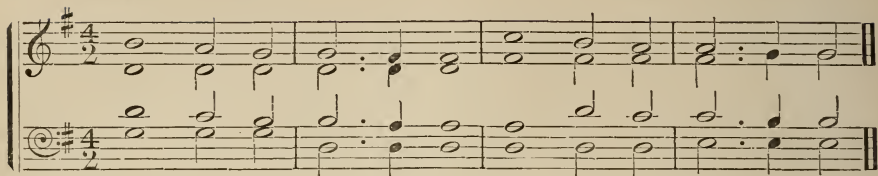
The outer and the inner world.

- 1 **T**HERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
- [5] The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy spirit's viewless way.
- 6 Two worlds are ours : 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
- 7 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee every where.

GOD WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

82. BAPTIST. S. M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, (1872.)



82.

S. M.

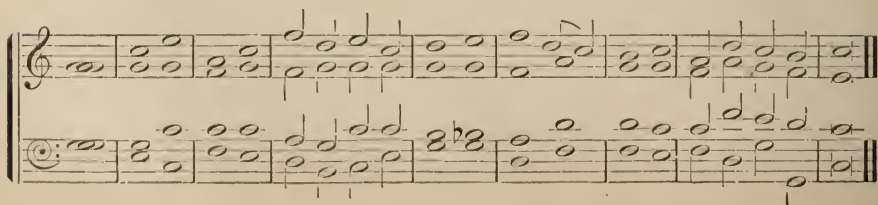
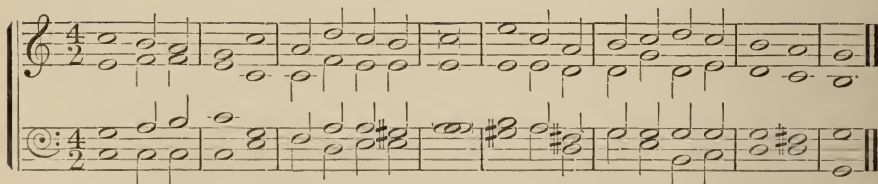
The pure in heart.

- 1 BLESSED are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

John Keble, 1827.

83-4. OSWESTRY. M. 10.

SAMUEL STANLEY, (d. 1822.)



The dignity of man.

- 1 **O** WHAT is man, great Maker of mankind,
That thou to him so great respect dost bear ;
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer ?
- 2 O what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire ;
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire !
- 3 Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image in his soul hast writ :
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite.
- 4 Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend :
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES, 1599.

" In thy light shall I see light."

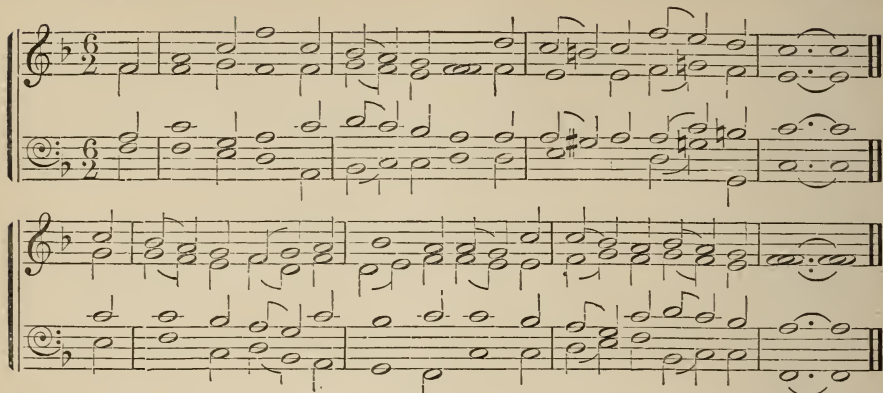
- 1 **F**ATHER ! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
- 2 In finding thee are all things round us found,
In losing thee are all things lost beside :
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
- 3 Open our eyes that we that world may see !
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear !
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near :
- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,
No more to suffer death or earthly change ;
But with the Christian's joy and faith sublime,
Through all thy vast eternal scenes to range.

JONES VERY, 1839 & 1846.

GOD'S GRACIOUSNESS TO MAN.

85. LIVERPOOL. C. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1782.)



85.

C. M.

God's graciousness to man. Ps. 8.

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

2 Yet are the humble dear to thee;
Thy praises are confessed
By infants lisping at the knee,
And nurselings at the breast.

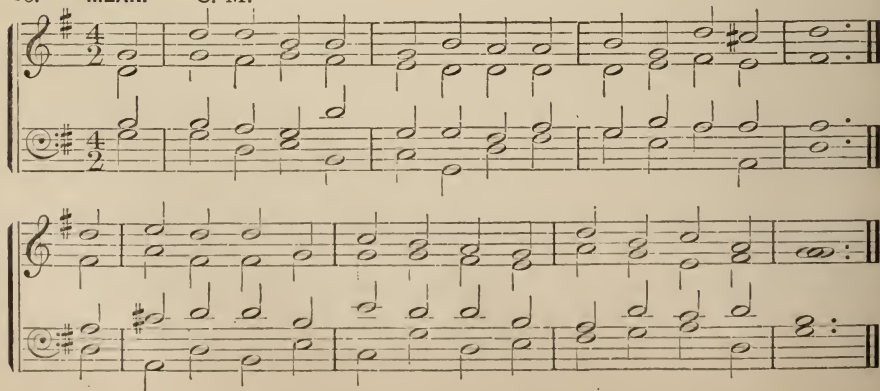
3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,—
Thy lights in every land:—

4 Lord! what is man, that thou should'st
deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
And then be thine above?

5 O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

James Montgomery, 1822.

86. MEAR. C. M.



C. M.

86.

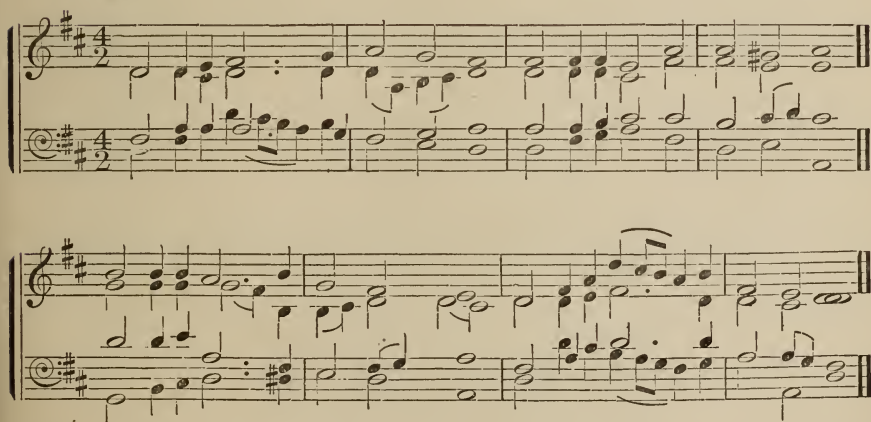
The sower goes forth to sow.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground;
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.</p> <p>2 The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.</p> <p>3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.</p> | <p>4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.</p> <p>5 But when the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield!</p> <p>6 Father of mercies ! we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

87. **PISGAH.** L. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



L. M.

87.

Praise to the God of the lowly. Ps. 138.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THEE will I praise, O Lord, in
light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne;
With heart and soul, with mind and
might,
Thee will I worship, thee alone.</p> <p>2 Thou, Lord, above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt thou dwell;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.</p> | <p>3 Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive;
Thou wilt thy suffering servants own,
And thou the contrite heart revive.</p> <p>4 Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
Forsake me not, for I am thine;
Perfect in me thine utmost will;
Whate'er it be, that will be mine.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

88. CLAPPERSGATE. P. M.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)

88.

P. M.

“ *Why sayest thou ‘ My way is hid from the Lord’ ?”*

NOT thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from thee.

1 When we are dark and dead,
And thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging about thee like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
O teach us that we do not say
“ Where is *thy* brightness fled ?”

2 But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame :
For thou remainest still the same ;
But earth’s own vapours earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

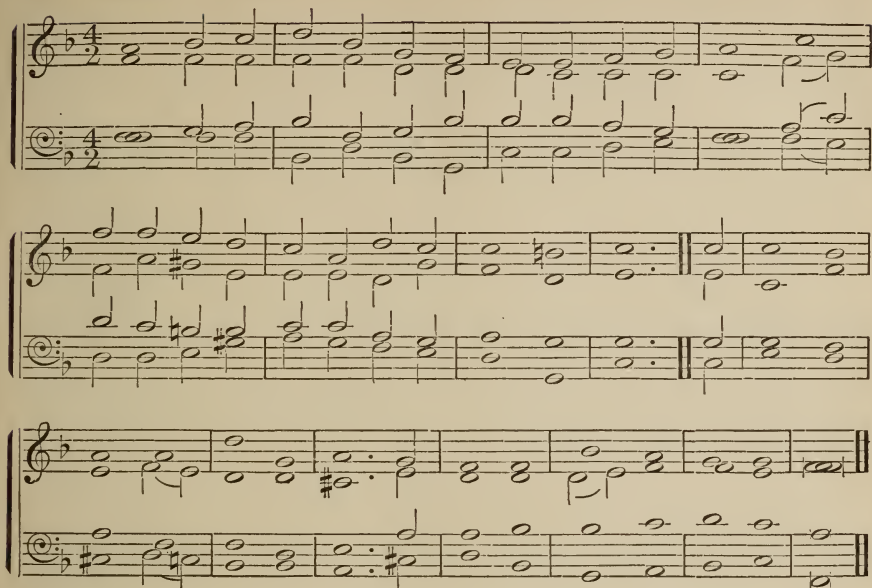
GOD'S LOVE IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

89.

RIVULET.

H. M.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



H. M.

89.

Streams from the rock.

- 1 **O**FT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task,
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?
- 2 This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams:
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.
- 3 We toil as in a field
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own:
And shall we of the toil complain,
That speedily will bring such gain?
- 4 We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then he within us lives:
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

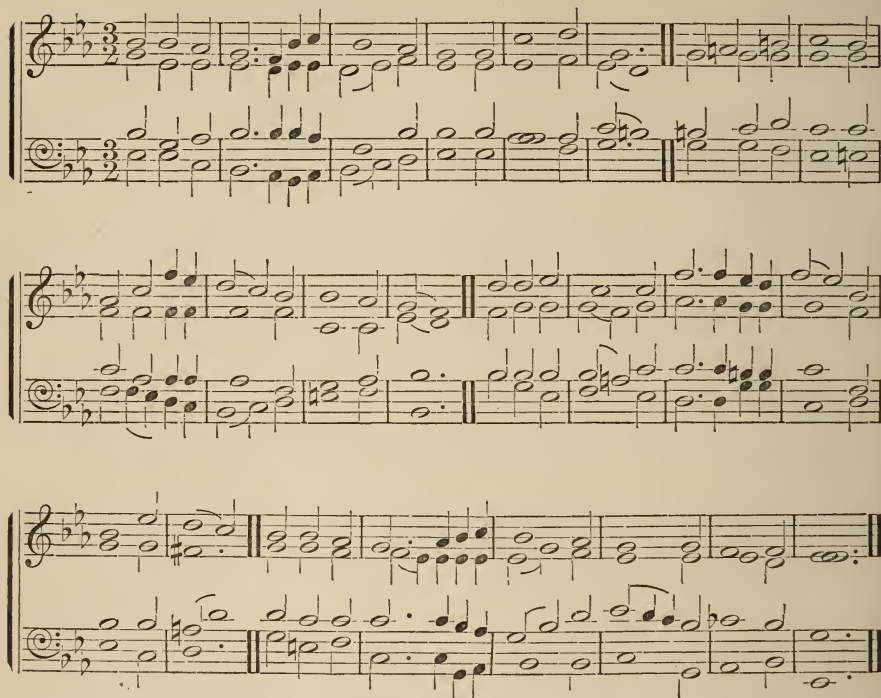
THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1855.

F

GOD'S LOVE IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

90. WILLOW HILL. M. 10 & 4.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



90.

M. 10 & 4.

Rest in the Lord.

- 1 **G**OD draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.
- 2 Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know
Its Calvary.
- 3 Yet must we crave for neither joy nor grief;
God chooses best:
He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
And gives us rest.
- 4 More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
That Father, in his tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

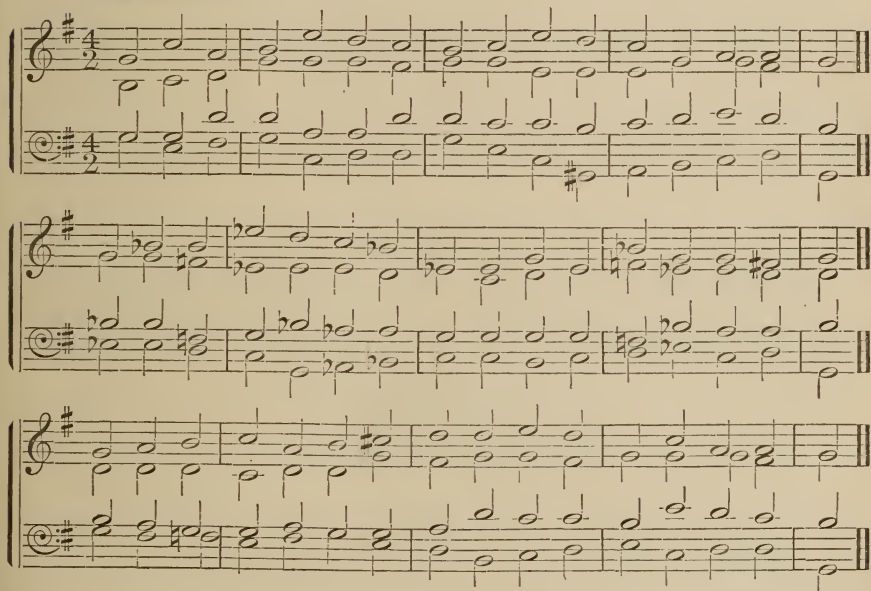
GOD AS SANCTIFYING SPIRIT.

- 5 What though we fall, and bruised and wounded lie,
Our lips in dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In him we trust.
- 6 For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From his great love.

FRANCES POWER COBBE, 1859.

91. "CREATOR SPIRIT." M. 8.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)



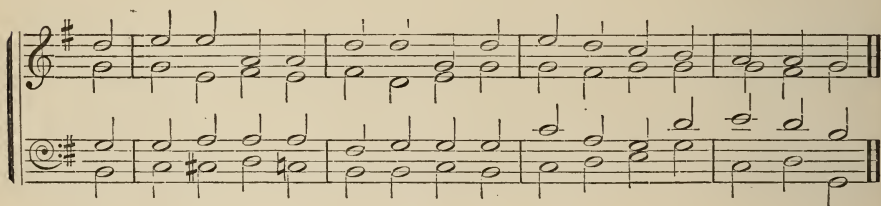
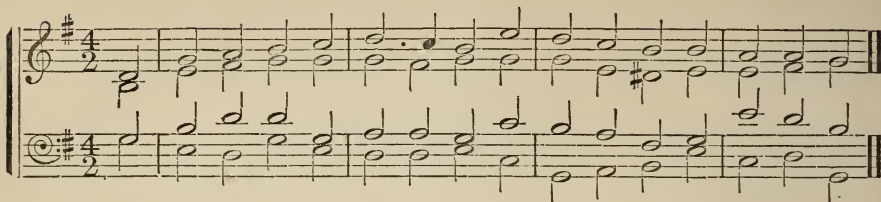
M. 8. "Veni, Creator Spiritus." 91.
The Divine Spirit implored.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called
from night!
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.</p> | <p>2 O Source of uncreated light,
By whom our souls emerge from night,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Chase from our minds each haunting
foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.</p> |
| <p>3 Plenteous in grace descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Our frailty help, our vice control,
Thou ruler of our secret soul!
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.</p> | |

Latin Hymn, tr. John Dryden, 1693.

GOD AS SANCTIFYING SPIRIT.

92. **BADEN (NO. 1.)** L. M. ("Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan.") JOH. PACHELBEL? (d. 1706.)



92.

L. M.

"The Spirit itself prayeth for us."

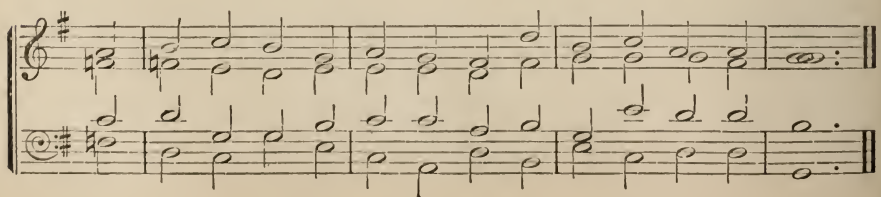
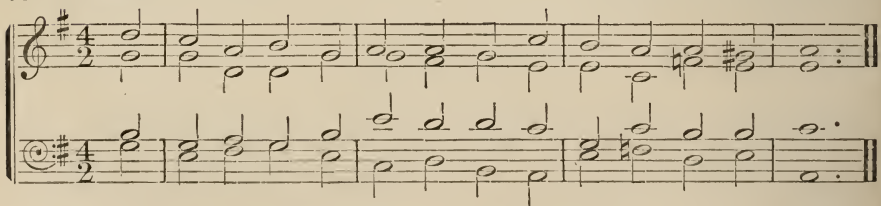
<p>1 OUR Father, God, who lovest all, Thesame through one eternal day, Attend thy children's yearning call; Instruct and move their hearts to pray.</p>	<p>2 We cannot think a gracious thought, We cannot feel a good desire, But thou who callest worlds from naught, The power dost in our hearts inspire.</p>
---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

3 Come in thy pleading spirit down
To us who for thy coming stay:
Of all thy gifts we ask but one,
We ask the constant power to pray.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

93. **BRISTOL.** C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M.

93.

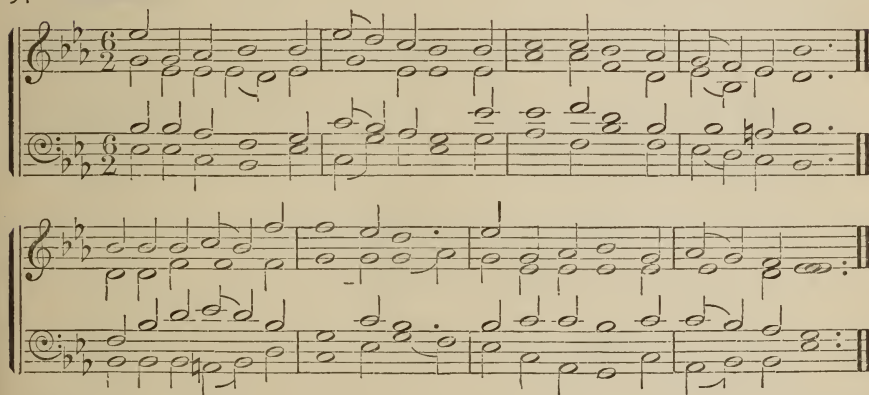
The Divine Spirit.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come!</p> <p>2 Come as the light; to waiting minds,
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.</p> | <p>3 Come as the fire; enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be
In love's redeeming name.</p> <p>4 Come as the dew; on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.</p> <p>5 Come as the wind; sweep clean away
What dead within us lies,
And search and freshen all our souls
With living energies.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANDREW REED, 1842 :
alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

94. BLENDON. L. M.

FELICE GIARDINI, (d. 1796.)



L. M.

94.

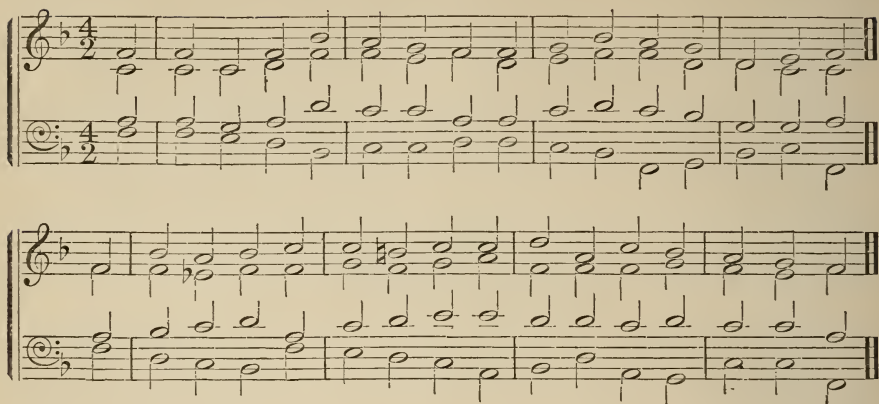
The sanctifying Spirit.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FOUNTAIN of life, most pure, most bright!
Sun of the soul, the spirit's light!
Great Source of joy, and End of rest,
For ever blessing, ever blest!</p> <p>2 As the young day's spring's glorious birth
Calls into life rejoicing earth,
And with new beauty, love, and power,
Robes field and stream and tree and flower:</p> | <p>3 As cooling dews, like gentle sleep
On hearts that bleed and eyes that weep,
In the sweet hour of evening's calm
On feverish earth shed heavenly balm:</p> <p>4 Shine on our souls, in mercy shine,
Thou living Beam, thou Fire divine!
Bid sin's distracting turmoil cease,
Thou Comforter, thou God of peace!</p> <p>5 Descend, Almighty, from above
On beams of light, on wings of love;
And every soul a temple be,
Meet, holy Lord, for heaven and thee!</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM PRESCOT SPARKS, 1842.

GOD AS SANCTIFYING SPIRIT.

95. **LUSATIA.** L. M. ("Nun freut euch, liebe Christen g'mein.") MARTIN LUTHER? (d. 1546.)



95.

L. M.

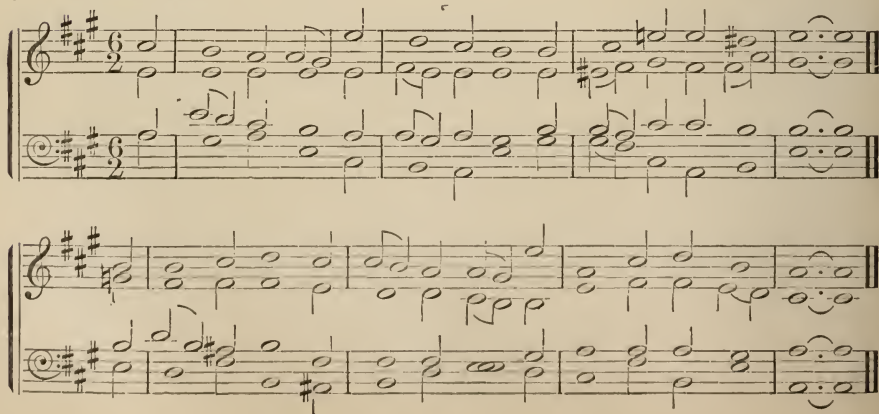
Prayer for spiritual strength.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU Power and Peace! in whom
we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove!</p> | <p>2 For ever lend thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us thine;
Nor leave the hearts which thou hast
made
Fit temples of thy grace divine.</p> |
| <p>3 Nor let us quench thy saving light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit, Comforter!</p> | |

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1858.

96. **NORTHAMPTON.** C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, (d. 1727.)



C. M.

The baptism of the Spirit.

96.

- 1 O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might!
Baptize me with the vital flame
Of purity and light.
- 2 Descend like heaven's self-kindled fire
On my heart's sacrifice,
Till self in flames of love expire,
In clouds of incense rise.

- 3 Spring up within this flinty heart,
Well-spring of life divine!
Health to my feeble pulse impart;
Light out of darkness shine.
- 4 O Light and Power! O Life and Love
Of every good the Source!
Send me sweet succour from above,
To speed me on my course.

- 5 Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet,
My every thought control:
Now, Holiest, thy work complete;
Possess and keep my soul.

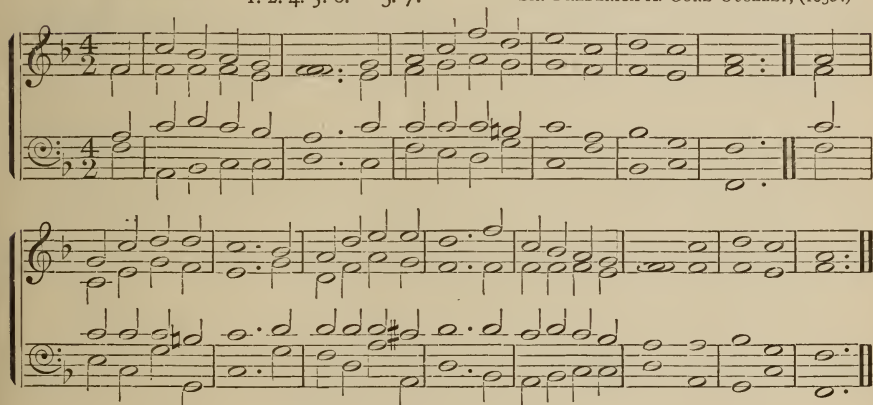
Josiah Conder, 1836.

97.

ST. AUSTIN.

M. 6. M. 4.
1. 2. 4. 5. 6. 3. 7.

SIR FREDERICK A. GORE OUSELEY, (1850?)



M. 6. M. 4.
1. 2. 4. 5. 6. 3. 7.

"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."

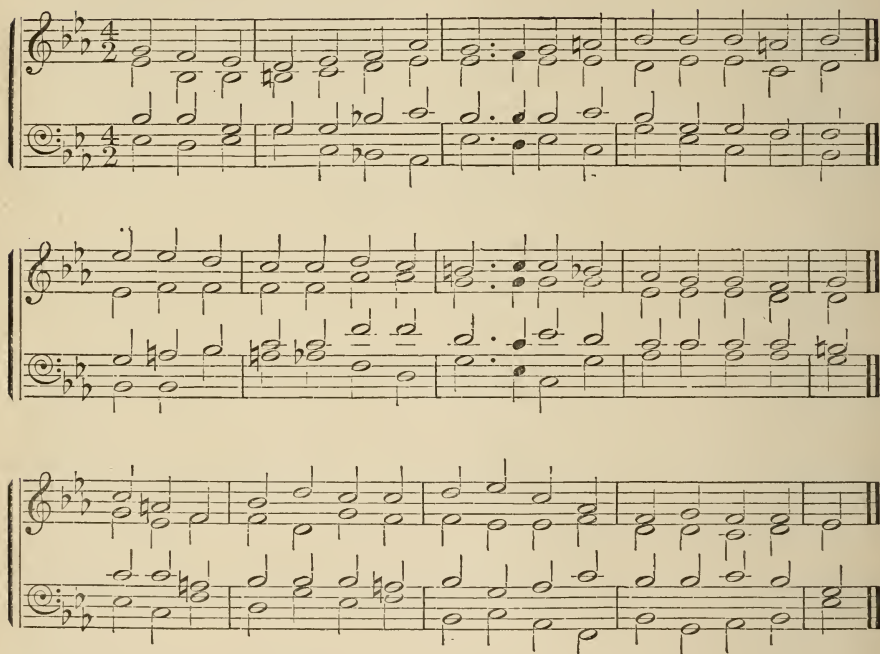
Prayer for the Spirit of God.

97.

- 1 COME, Holy One, in love;
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart,
O come today!
- 2 Come, truest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

- 3 Come, Light serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.
- 4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

From the Latin of ROBERT II. of France, 997-1031:
tr. Ray Palmer, 1858.



98.

"O Gott, O Geist, O Licht des Lebens."

M. 8.

The Spirit of God the light of life.

1 SPIRIT of grace, thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead!
Bright star, whereby through worldly
strife
The patient pilgrim still is led!
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to thee I come!

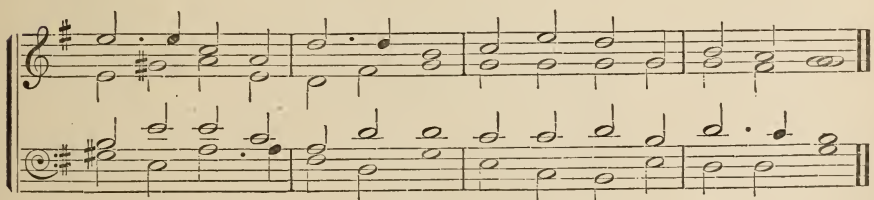
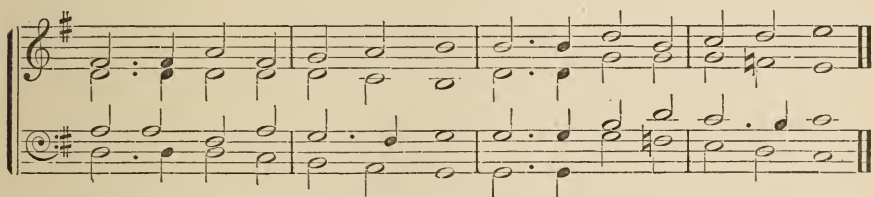
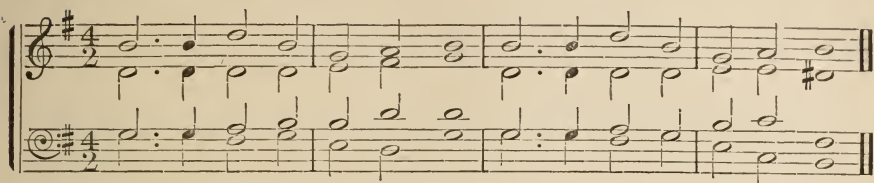
2 Thou Sacred Fire, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me;
Refine my secret heart within,
And golden streams of love set free!
Live thou in me, O Life Divine!
The new creation's work is thine.

3 O Breath from deep Eternity!
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert-sand;
And where thy living water flows,
The wild shall blossom as the rose.

4 Let me in will and deed and word
Obey thee as a little child,
And in thy love abide, O Lord,
For ever pure and undefiled:
Teach me to work and strive and
pray,
And keep me in thy heavenward way.

99. ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7 M.

SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY, (1860?)



7 M.

99.

The light of life.

1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart:
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.
Every mournful spirit cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Light of love, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come.

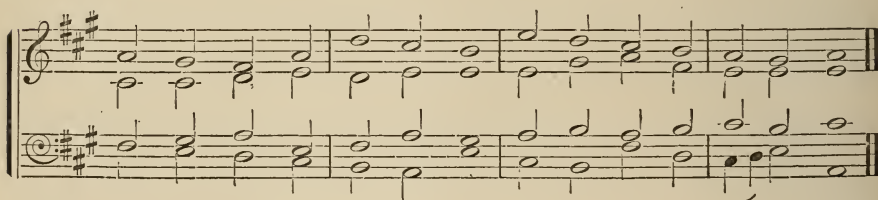
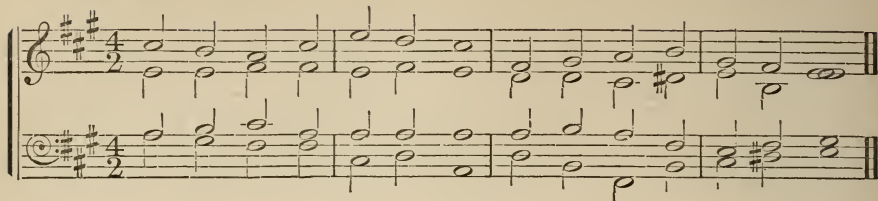
2 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.
Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

GOD AS SANCTIFYING SPIRIT.

100. VIENNA. 7 M.

J. H. KNECHT, (d. 1817.)



100.

7 M.

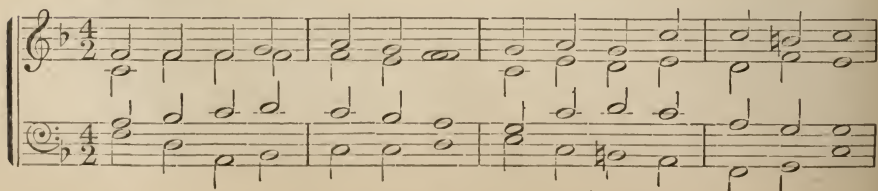
The Spirit of holiness.

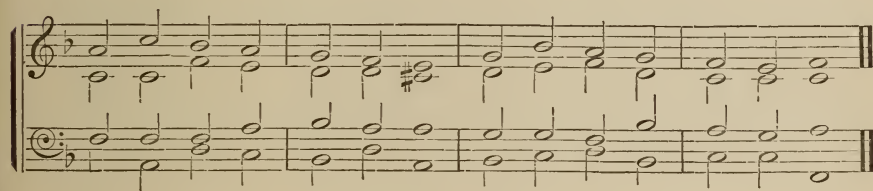
- 1 NOW the Holy Spirit dart
Quickening light through every heart !
Vainly does the altar rise,
Till he fire the sacrifice.
- 2 Softening as spring's genial showers
Are the dews he sweetly pours :
Grateful for the drops benign,
Meekened spirits drink them in.
- 3 Culture sacred they receive,
By his emanations live ;
Down in holy tempers shoot,
Upwards bear celestial fruit.
- 4 Every humble patient breast,
Of sweet charity possessed,
Is the throne of Deity,
Is a temple, Lord, for thee.

Samuel Pattison, 1792.

101. EXULTATION. 7 M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)





7 M.

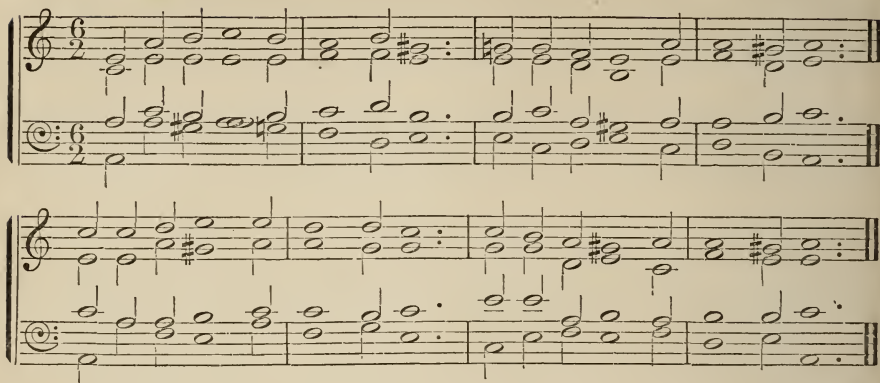
*"Veni, Sancte Spiritus."
Come, Holy Spirit.*

101.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit! Lord of light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, thou Light of all that live!
- 2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 3 Light immortal! light divine!
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill!
Guide the wanderer to the fold;
Melt the frozen, warm the cold;
Bend the stubborn mind and will.
- 4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Be our comfort when we die;
Grant us life with thee on high,
Light of an eternal day!

GOD AS SANCTIFYING SPIRIT.

102-3. **BREMEN.** L. M. ("Wer nur den lieben Gott lasst walten.") GEO. NEUMARK, (d. 1681.)



102.

L. M.

The Spirit that helpeth our infirmities.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SPIRIT of power, and truth, and love!
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above,
Descend, and bear us on thy wings
Far from these low and fleeting things.</p> <p>2 'Tis thine the wounded soul to heal:
'Tis thine to make the hardened feel;
Thine to give light to blinded eyes,
And bid the grovelling spirit rise.</p> <p>3 Compassed by foes on every side,
By sin and sore temptation tried,
Where can we look or whither flee,
If not, great Strengtheners, to thee?</p> | <p>4 Like captives at their prison grate,
We mourn our languishing estate:
Thou only canst our bonds untie;
Great Sanctifier, hear our cry.</p> <p>5 Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
With burning zeal our souls inspire:
Come, like the south wind, breathing
balm;
Our joys refresh, our passions calm:</p> <p>6 Come like the sun's enlightening beam;
Come like the cooling, cleansing
stream:
With all thy graces present be:
Spirit of God! we wait for thee.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, 1849.

103.

L. M.

The Lord of life.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and
star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!</p> <p>2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.</p> | <p>3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.</p> <p>4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
love;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1860.

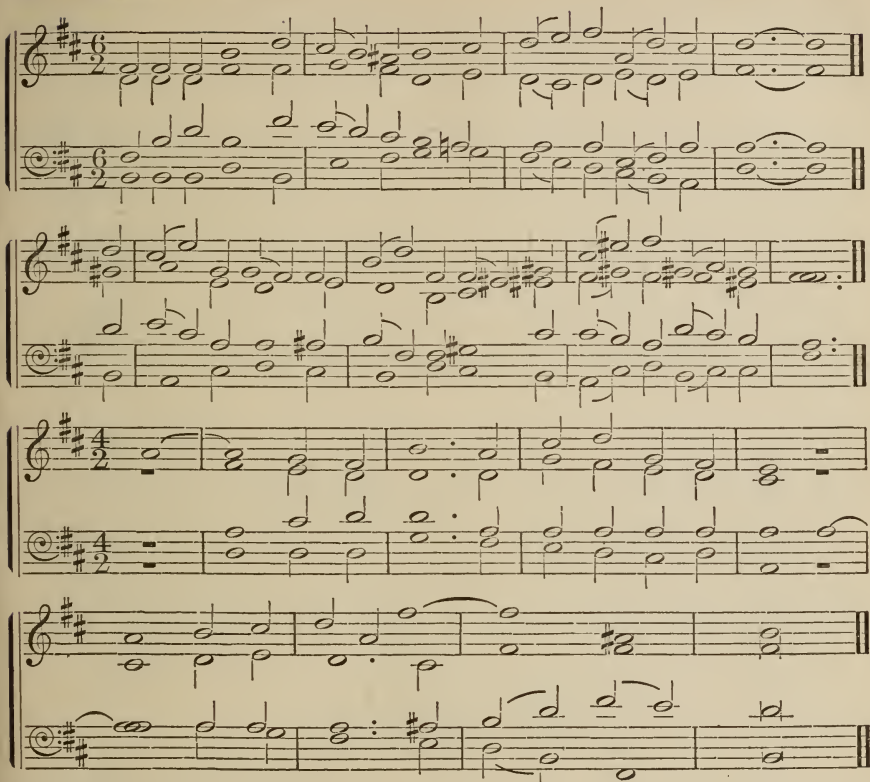
GOD IN HUMAN LIFE.

104.

CONWAY.

M. 8 & 6 | 10 8.

SAMUEL WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



M. 8 & 6 | 10 8.

104.

God in the changes of life.

1 FATHER divine! before thy view,
 All worlds, all creatures lie;
 No distance can elude thy search,
 No act escape thine eye:
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled
 praises hear;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

2 From thee our vital breath we drew;
 Our childhood was thy care;
 And vigorous youth, and feeble age,
 Thy kind protection share:
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled
 praises hear;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

3 What'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
 Oppressed with woe, when nature
 faints,
 Thy arm is our repose:
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled
 praises hear;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

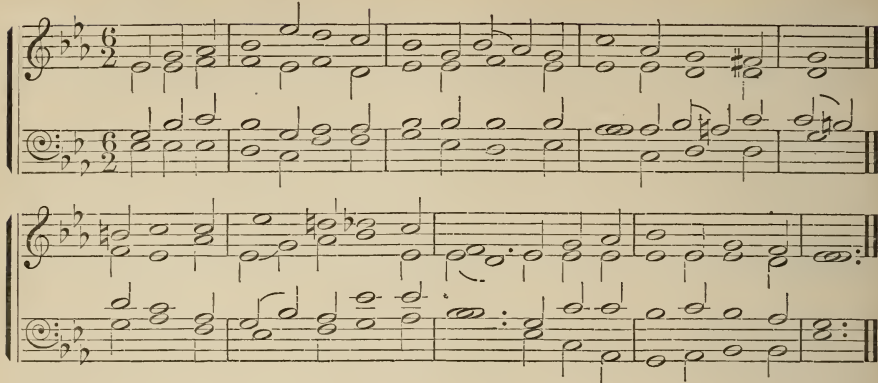
4 To thee we look, thou Power supreme,
 O still our wants supply!
 Safe in thy presence may we live,
 And in thy favour die:
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled
 praises hear;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear!

JOHN TAYLOR, 1795.

GOD IN HUMAN LIFE.

105. DIVINE VOICE. L. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



105.

L. M.

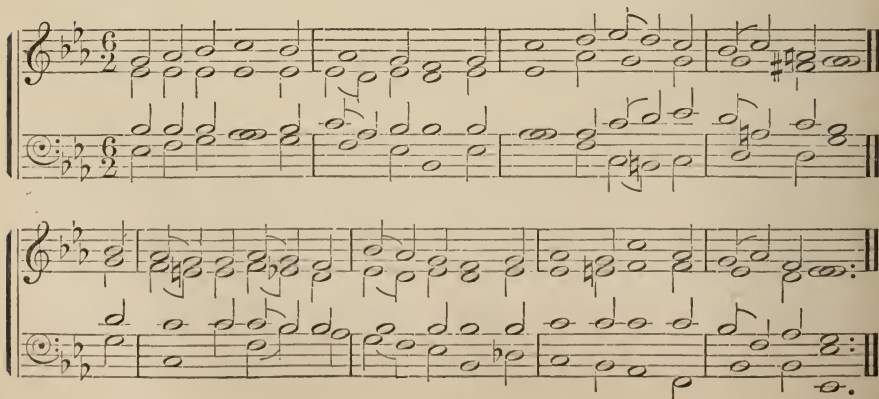
The voice of God.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HATH not thy heart within thee
burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier Power?</p> <p>2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?</p> | <p>3 And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?</p> <p>4 It was the voice of God, that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each holier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.</p> <p>5 Voice of our God, O yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here;
Then hid in heaven our wanderings cease.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH, 1832.

106. RAMAH. L. M.

SAMUEL WESLEY, (d. 1837.)



L. M.

106.

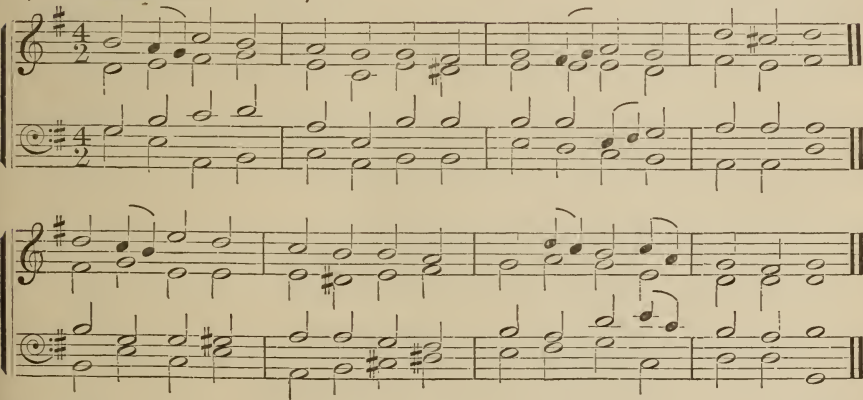
Man the subject of a paternal government.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GREATEST of beings! Source of life!
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.</p> <p>2 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward
driven;</p> <p>3 Those too who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb,
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come;</p> | <p>4 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And through each varying stage of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.</p> <p>5 And whether grief oppress the heart,
Or whether joy elate the breast,
Or life still keep its little course,
Or death invite the heart to rest;</p> <p>6 All are thy messengers; and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord! obey:
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

GEORGE DYER, 1791.

107. **BEERSHEBA.** 8 & 7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



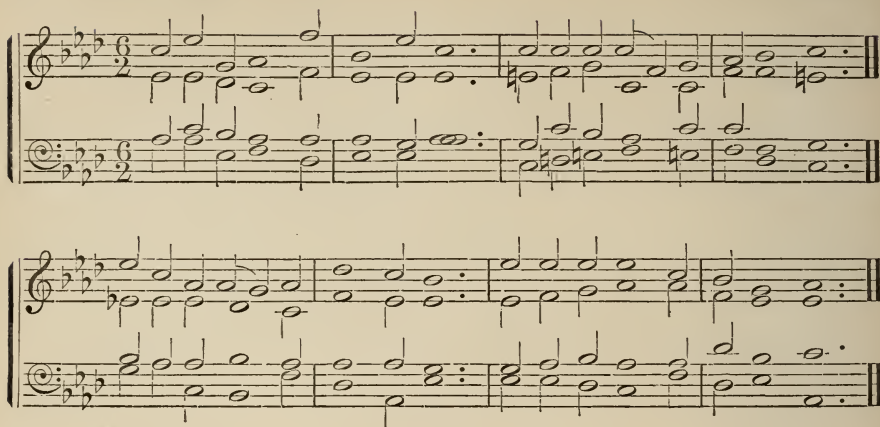
8 & 7 M.

107.

The trust of life.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
That our happy life-time gives,
The inestimable treasure
Of a soul that ever lives:—</p> <p>2 Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above;
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love:—</p> | <p>3 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer thee.</p> <p>4 Teach us so our days to number
That we may be lowly-wise;
Dreary mist or cloud of slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes.</p> <p>5 Hearty be our work and willing,
As to thee and not to men;
For we know our soul's fulfilling
Is in heaven,—not till then.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THOMAS WILLIAM JEX-BLAKE, 1855.



108.

L. M.

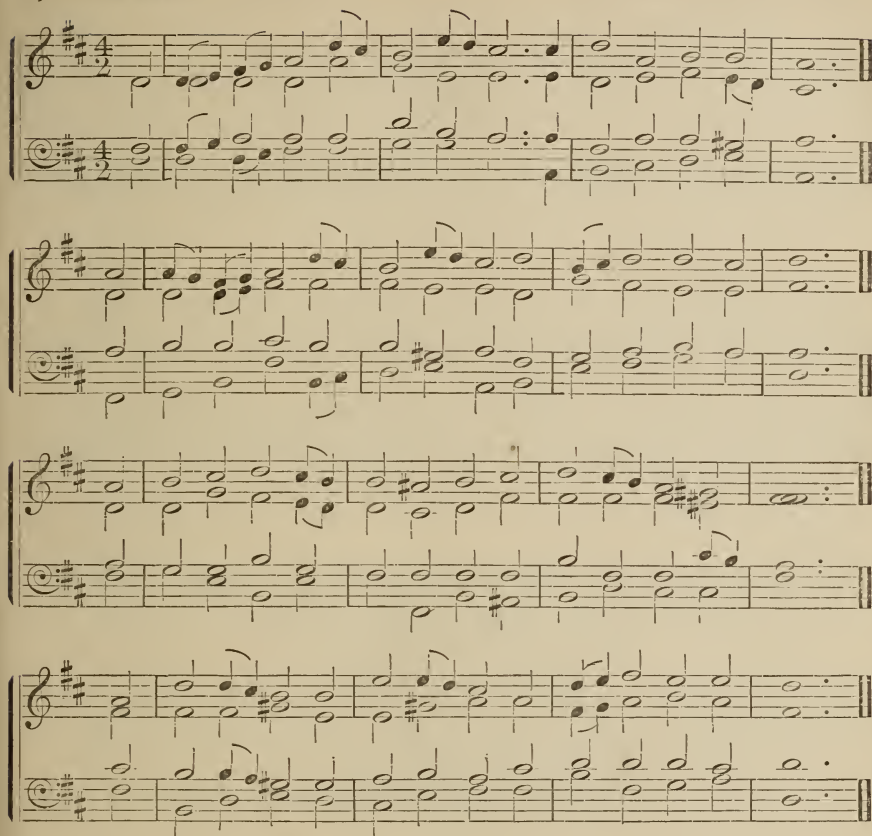
Praise to the guardian God. Ps. 107.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; he reigns above ;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love ;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 He feeds us on our earthly way ;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray ;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.
- 3 If e'er he bows us to the ground,
And no deliverer can be found ;
And sunk in grief we waste our breath
In darkness and the shades of death :
- 4 When to the Lord we raise our cries,
He makes a dawning light arise ;
And scatters all the dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round our head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the happy prisoners through ;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

GOD THE DISPOSER.

109. HALIFAX. C. M. D.

RAVENS CROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M.

109.

Mysteries and mercies of Providence.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

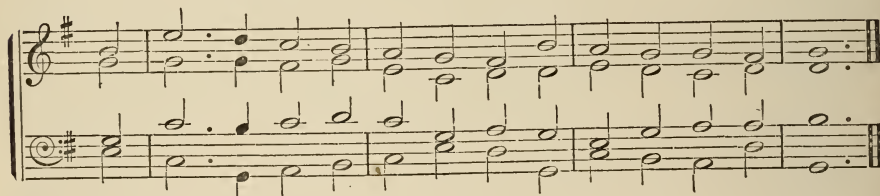
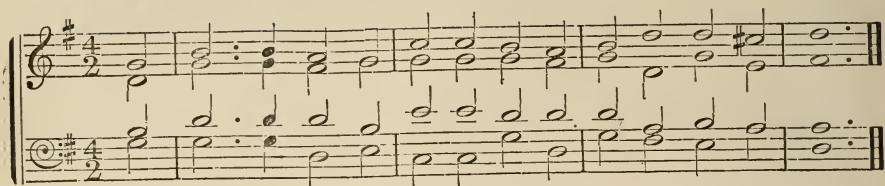
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

G

110. WINCHESTER. C. M.

R. ALLISON'S PSALTER, (1599.)



I 10.

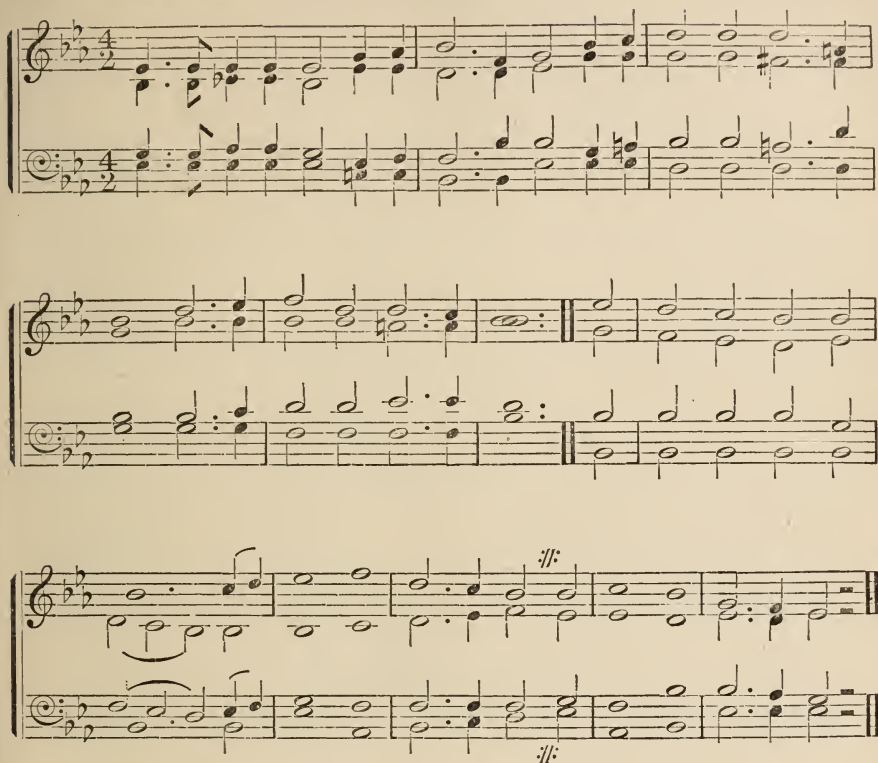
C. M.

God, the Disposer of events.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how tender is his love!
His justice how august!
Hence all her fears my soul derives;
There anchors all her trust.
- 2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.
- 4 For me, O Lord, whatever lot
The hours commissioned bring;
Should all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring;—
- 5 O grant that still, with grateful heart,
My years resigned may run,
'T is thine to give, or to resume;
And let thy will be done.

III. TRUMPET-CALL. 5 5 7 7 M | M. 6 6.

J. R. OGDEN, (1872.)



5 5 7 7 M | M. 6 6.

III.

The spirits of the past.

- 1 **C**ALL them from the dead
For our eyes to see!
Prophet-bards whose awful word
Shook the earth, "Thus saith the
Lord,"
And made the idols flee,—
A glorious company!
- 2 Call them from the dead
For our eyes to see!
Sons of wisdom, song, and power,
Giving earth her richest dower,
And making nations free,—
A glorious company!

- 3 Call them from the dead
For our eyes to see!
Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
"Sunshine in the shady place,"
That made it life to be,—
A blessed company!
- 4 Call them from the dead!—
Vain the call will be:
But the hand of death shall lay,
Like that of Christ, its healing clay
On eyes which then shall see
That glorious company!

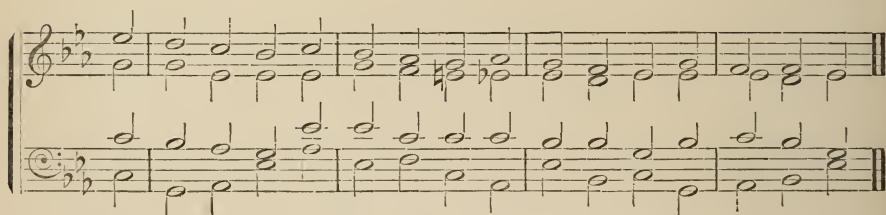
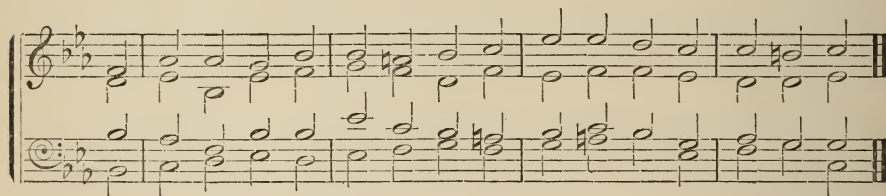
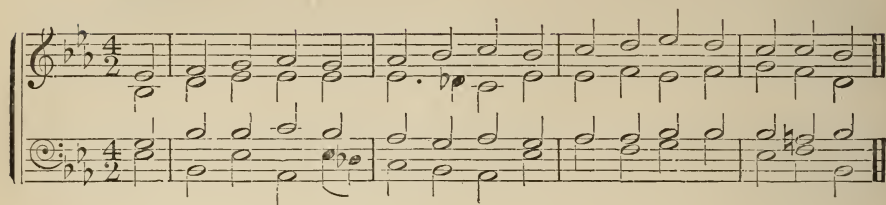
WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX, 1841.

112.

MERIBAH.

M. 8.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, (d. 1870.)



112.

M. 8.

The everlasting word.

1 **O**UT from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old :
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,
The canticles of love and woe.

2 The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind :
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1840.

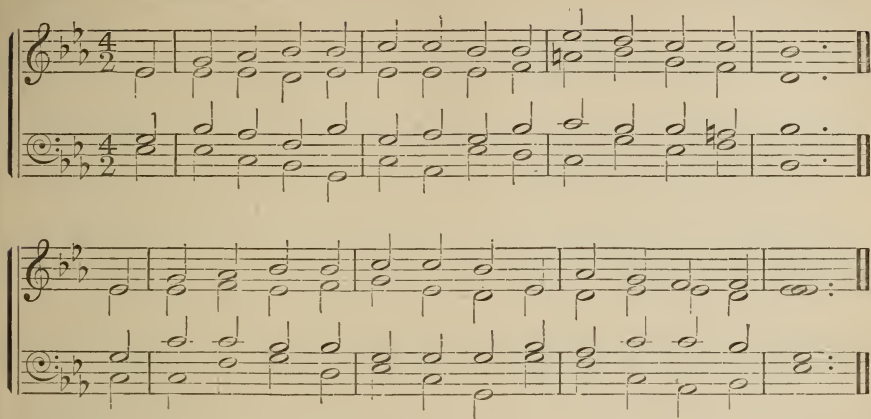
GOD IN THE PROPHETS AND SAINTS.

113-14.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL.

C. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, (d. 1535.)



C. M.

113.

"So shall my word be."

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THY Word, O Lord! like gentle
dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord! to thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly rain of thine.</p> | <p>2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns thy word;
Let its full work be done!</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- 3 Thy Word, a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise:
O guide the souls who wander far,
And make the simple wise!

FROM THE GERMAN:
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

C. M.

114.

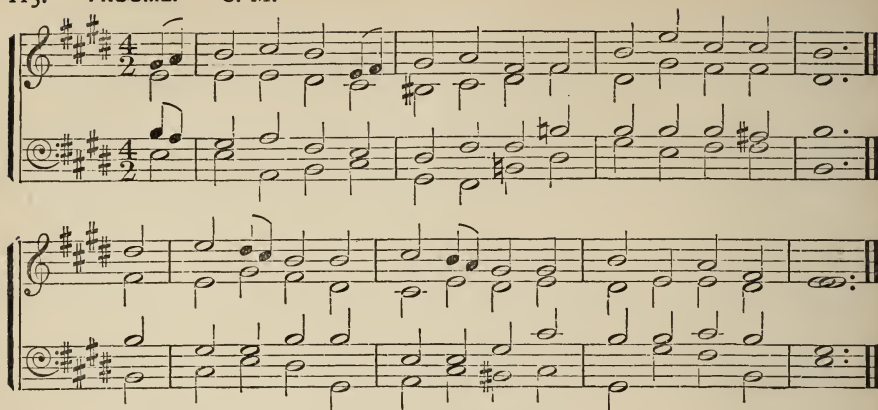
The city of God.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.</p> | <p>3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!</p> |
| <p>2 One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working hand, one harvest-
song,
One King Omnipotent!</p> | <p>4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the
night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!</p> |
| <p>5 In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands!</p> | |

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.

GOD IN THE PROPHETS AND SAINTS.

115. FROOME. C. M.



115.

"The salt of the earth."

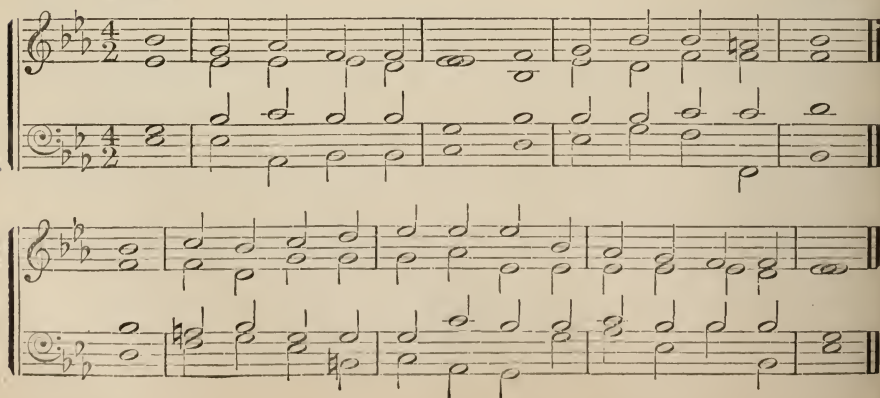
C. M.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SALT of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind!
Light of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind!</p> <p>2 Where Misery spreads her deepest
shade,
Your strong compassion glows;
From your blest lips the balm distils
That softens mortal woes.</p> <p>3 By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found;
Angels of love! you hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.</p> | <p>4 As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide;
Upward you steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.</p> <p>5 You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale.</p> <p>6 Proceed; your race of glory run;
Your virtuous toils endure:
You come, commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1795.

116. SUABIA. S. M.

GERMAN.



S. M.

116.

Thanks for all saints.

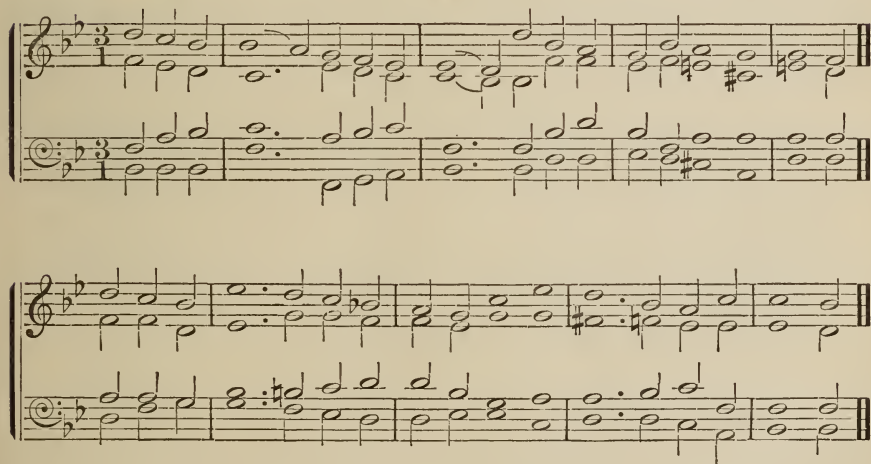
- 1 **F**OR all thy saints, O Lord!
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O Lord!
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

- 3 They all, in life and death,
With thee, Lord, in their view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

BISHOP RICHARD MANT, 1849.

117. **MOSES.** M. 8 & 9.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. 8 & 9.

117.

The prophet shall not fail.

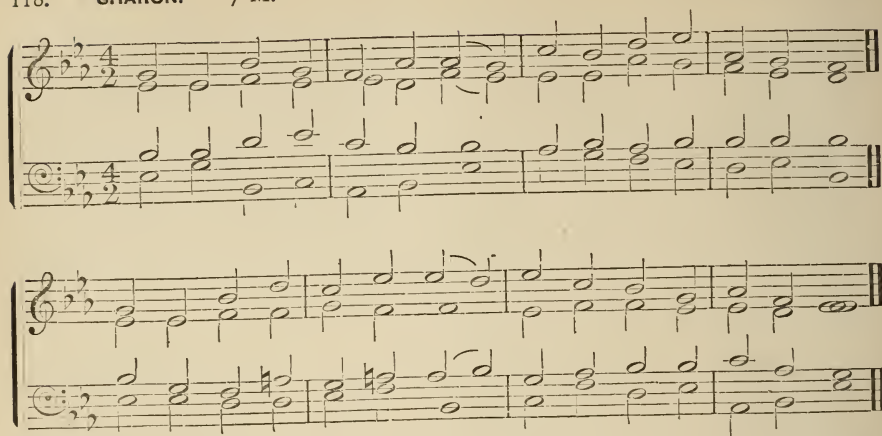
- 1 **A** LITTLE child, in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad
water;
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and
slaughter.
- 2 A little child for knowledge sought,
In Israel's temple, of its sages;
That child the world's religion brought,
And crushed the temples of past ages.

- 3 'Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts to freedom still aspir-
ing;
If, nursed in superstition's chain,
The human mind be still inquiring;—
- 4 Then, let not priest or tyrant dote
On dreams of long the world com-
manding;
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing.

WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX, 1841.

118. SHARON. 7 M.

WILLIAM BOYCE, (d. 1779.)



118.

7 M.

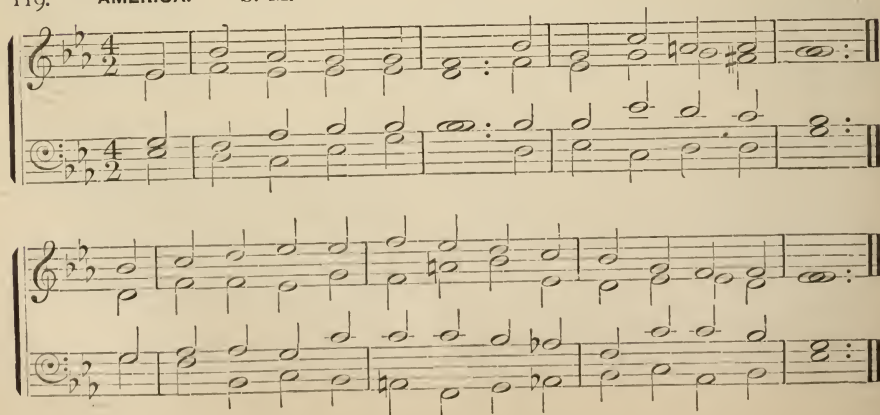
The day-spring welcomed.

- 1 SONS of men! behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guiding devious nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

119. AMERICA. S. M.



S. M.

119.

John and Jesus.

1 **A** VOICE by Jordan's shore!
A summons stern and clear;—
Reform! be just! and sin no more!
God's judgment draweth near!

2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear;—
Love God! thy neighbour love! for see,
God's mercy draweth near!

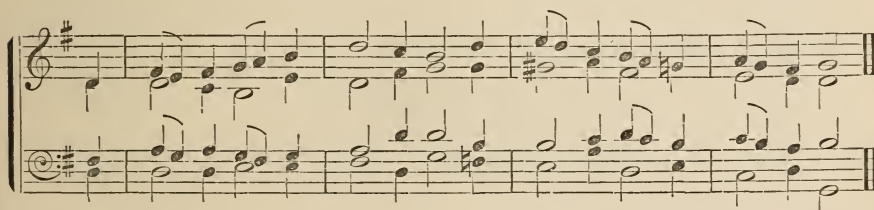
3 O voice of Duty! still
Speak forth; I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

4 Thou higher voice of Love!
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through Duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

120. LAUSANNE. L. M.

SWISS MELODY.



L. M.

120.

"Seeing the multitudes, he taught them."

1 **H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

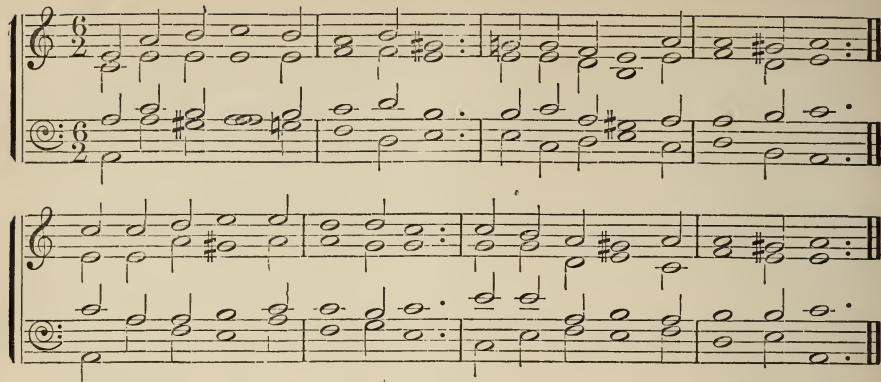
2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!'
Yes! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

GOD IN THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

121. BREMEN. L. M. ("Wer nur den lieben Gott lass walten.") GEO. NEUMARK, (d. 1681.)



I 2 I.

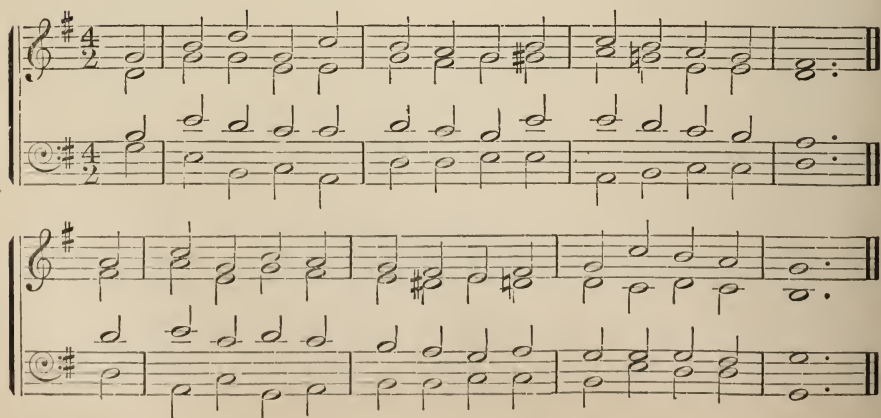
"That ye, through his poverty, might be rich."

L. M.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers
fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.</p> <p>2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his
lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.</p> <p>5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.</p> | <p>3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the
wind.</p> <p>4 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its
nest;
He hath not where to lay his head.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM RUSSELL, 1826.

122. OLD CHURCH. C. M. VINCENT NOVELLO, (d. 1860.)



C. M.

Christ's invitation.

I 22.

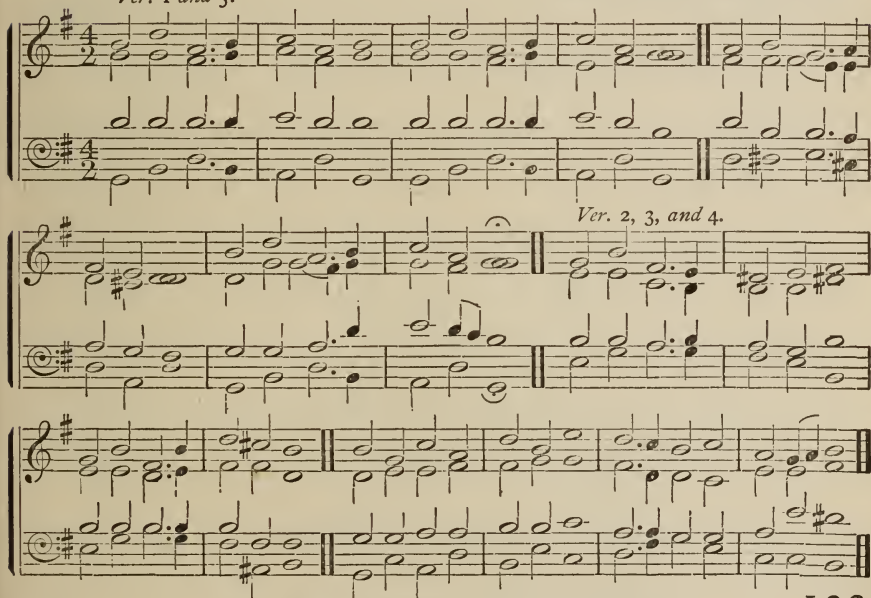
- 1 COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears oppress;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled soul
Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

ROBERT BLAIR, 1745.

123. GERMAN HYMN. 7 M.

Ver. 1 and 5.

1st part IGNAZ PLEYEL, (d. 1831.)
2nd part RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



7 M. "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden."

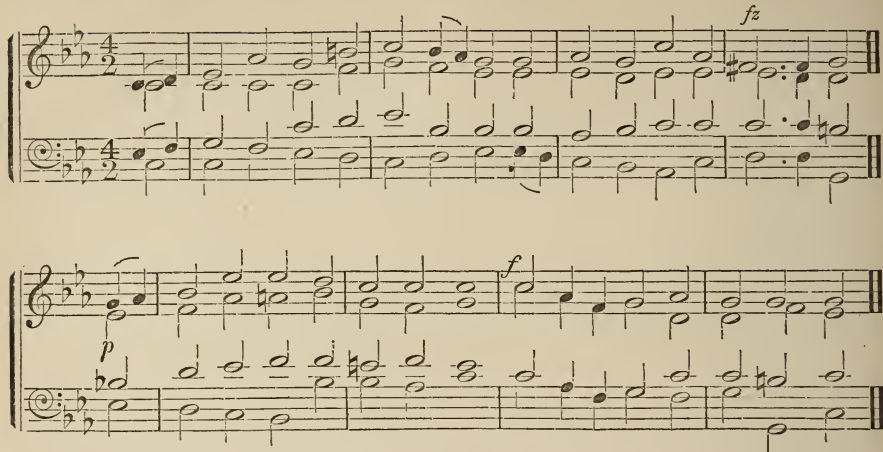
I 23.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your
I will guide you to your home; [choice:
Weary pilgrim, hither come!
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!
- 3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;
- 4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care;
A wounded spirit who can bear!
- 5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm, that flows for every wound;
Peace, that ever shall endure;
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1795.

124. TEMPEST. L. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1875.)



124.

L. M.

"It is I; be not afraid."

- 1 **W**HEN power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove;
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'
- 4 When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage;
Blest be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers, 'God is over all.'
- 5 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm;
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know, or know him not.
- 6 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall soothe the deepening shade,—
'Lo! it is I; be not afraid.'

GOD IN THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

125.

TIBERIAS.

7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

7 M.

"Peace, be still!"

125.

1 LORD! thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, 'Peace,'
And the tempest died away:
Down they sank, the foamy seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o'er all the glassy deep;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

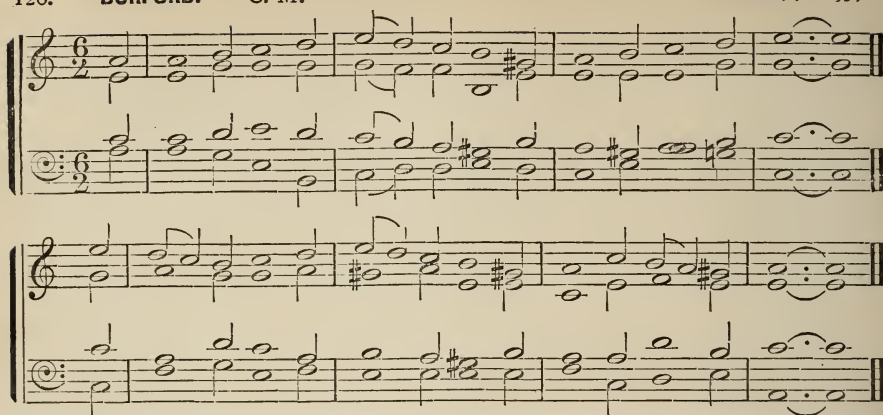
2 Lord! thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud:
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd:
Then the earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes;
And an imaged heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1827.

GOD IN THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

126. BURFORD. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL, (d. 1695.)



126.

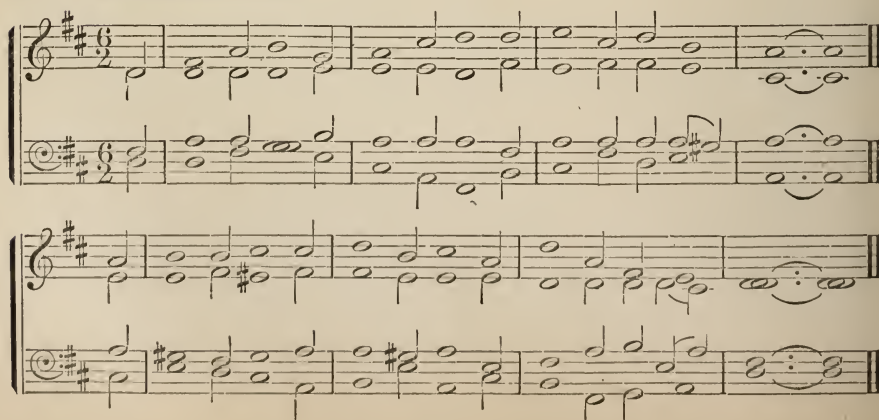
C. M.

The slighted invitations of the gospel.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE winds were howling o'er the
Each wave a watery hill: [deep,
The Saviour awakened from his sleep;
He spake, and all was still.</p> <p>2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footstep there!</p> <p>3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.</p> | <p>4 O madder than the raving man!
O deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me!</p> <p>5 Yet, could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.</p> <p>6 O God, that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer!
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 7 My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow;
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O Lord! I hear thee now.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

127. ST. GEORGE'S (NEW.) C. M.



C. M.

127.

"He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He goes to be baptized with blood;
He goes to meet the cross.

- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'T was love that urged him on.
- 4 And while his holy sorrows here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

William Cowper, 1779.

128. **HOSANNA.** L. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

The musical score for 'HOSANNA' is written in 6/4 time. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes a pedaling instruction (Ped.). The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a flowing, hymn-like quality. The accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in the left hand. The score concludes with a crescendo (cres.) leading to a final, sustained chord.

L. M.

128.

Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

- 1 **R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna
cry!
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments
strowed.
- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

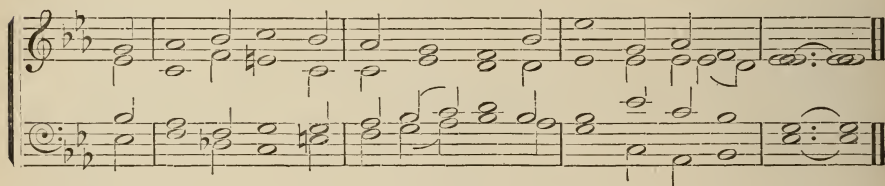
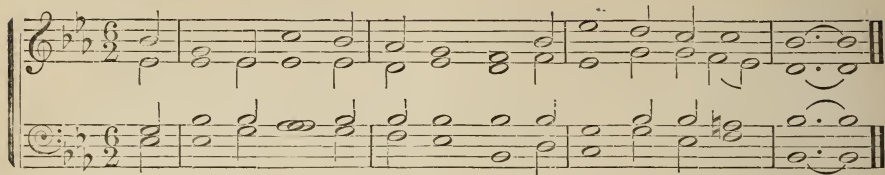
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering
eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and
reign!

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

GOD IN THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

129-30. BEDFORD. C. M.

WILLIAM WHEALL, (d. 1745.)



129.

C. M.

The new commandment.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BEHOOLD where, breathing love
divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.</p> <p>2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.</p> <p>3 'Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.</p> | <p>4 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.</p> <p>5 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe.</p> <p>6 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.'</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1772.

130.

C. M.

" A new commandment."

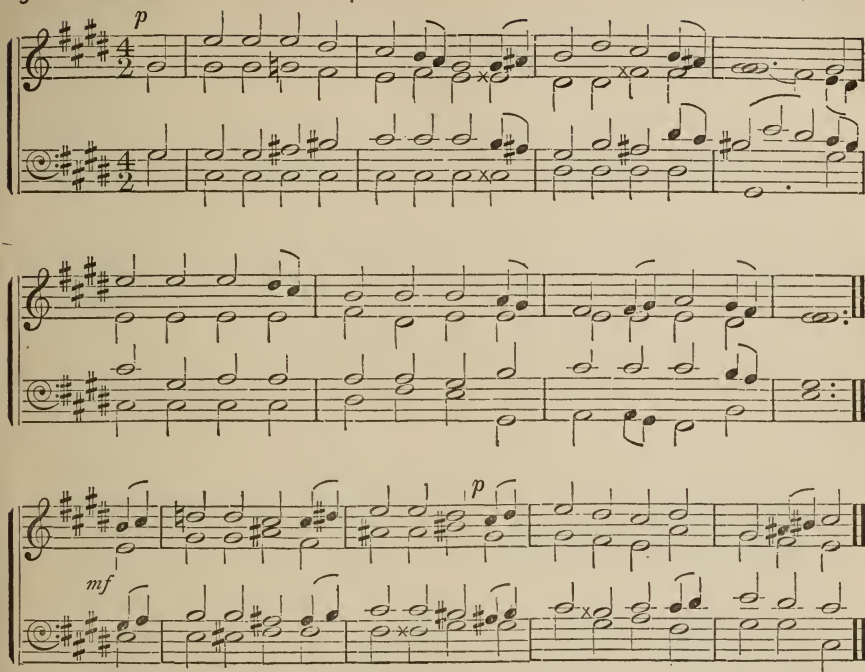
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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.</p> | <p>2 O bond of union, strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours ;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848.

GOD IN THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

131. CONFLICT. M. 8 & 6 | 8 8.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



M. 8 & 6 | 8 8.

131.

Gethsemane.

- 1 **H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but his Father's eye
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
 On that dread agony :
 The Sufferer cried with suppliant breath,
 Bowed down with sorrow unto death.
- 2 He proved them all,—the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread :
 The mists that hang o'er parting life
 All gathered round his head ;
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away !
- 3 And was the Sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark narrow way ?
 Through him, through him that path who trod,
 The Man of grief,—the Son of God !

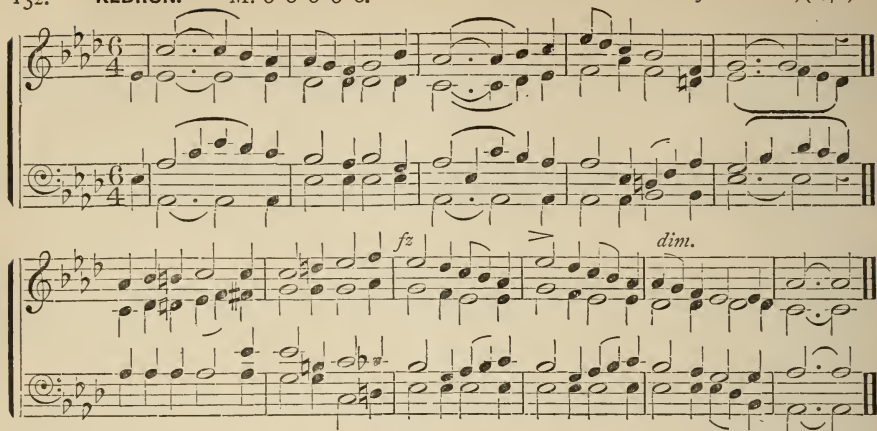
Felicia Hemans, 1834.

H

GOD IN THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST.

132. KEDRON. M. 8 6 8 8 6.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)



I 32.

The garden of Gethsemane.

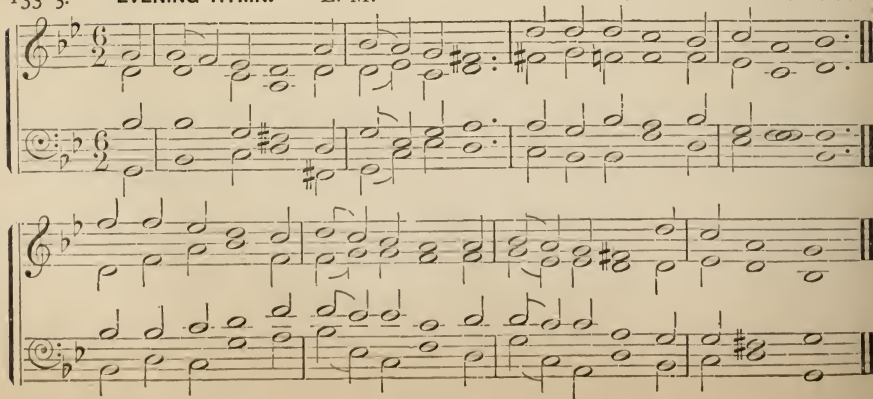
M. 8 6 8 8 6.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O 'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep ;—</p> <p>2 All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care,
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless ;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.</p> | <p>3 For those who shun the glare of day
There's a composing power,
That meets them, on their lonely way,
In the still air, the sober ray,
Of this religious hour.</p> <p>4 'T is a religious hour ;—for he
Who many a grief shall bear,
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.</p> <p>5 O Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer like him.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN PIERPONT, 1840.

133-5. EVENING HYMN. L. M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, (d. 1707.)



L. M.

I 33.

"With his stripes we are healed."

- 1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters
stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
'O Father! take this cup away!'
- 2 Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
'O God! take *not* this cup away!'
- 3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

- 4 Great Chief of faithful souls! arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave, how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.
- 5 O King of earth! the cross ascend:
O'er climes and ages 't is thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.
- 6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray;
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

ANONYMOUS, 1840.

L. M.

I 34.

From Gethsemane to Calvary.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in
prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face!
Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Brought forth to judgment, now he
stands
Arraigned, condemned at Pilate's bar;
Here, spurned by fierce prætorian bands,
There, mocked by Herod's men of war.

- 3 He bears their buffeting and scorn,—
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee,—
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,—
The scourge, the nail, the accursed
tree.
- 4 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb, 'mid his murderers he remains.

- 5 But hark! he prays; 't is for his foes:
He speaks; 't is comfort to his friends;
Answers; and Paradise bestows:
He bows his head: the conflict ends.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

L. M.

I 35.

Made perfect through suffering.

- 1 O SUFFERING friend of human
kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!
- 2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

- 3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn shuddering from the death of
shame?
- 4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and
dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise through death to endless day!

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH, 1832.

H 2

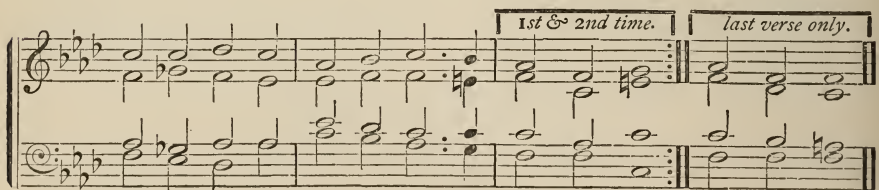
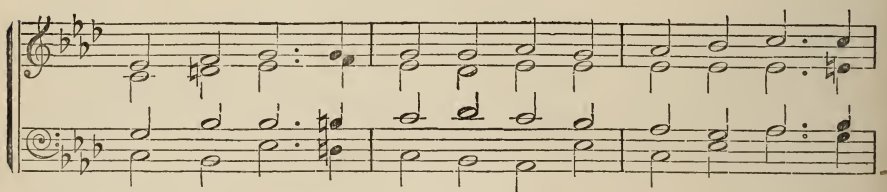
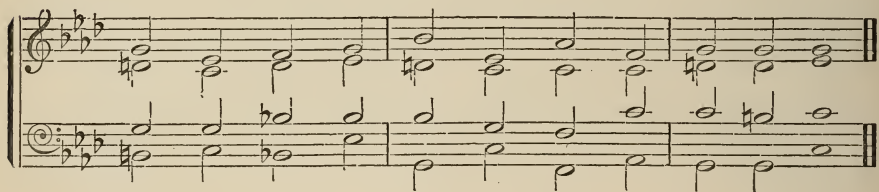
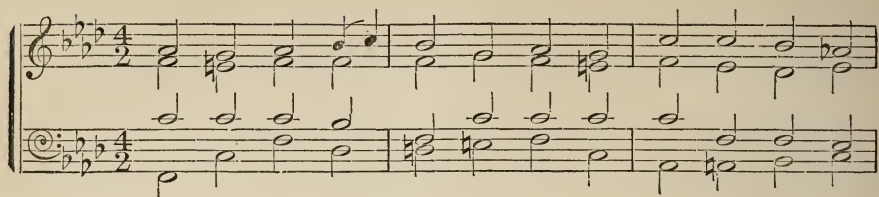
CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

136.

STABAT MATER.

8 | 7 M.

From the Gradual.



I 36.

8 | 7 M.

Strength from the cross.

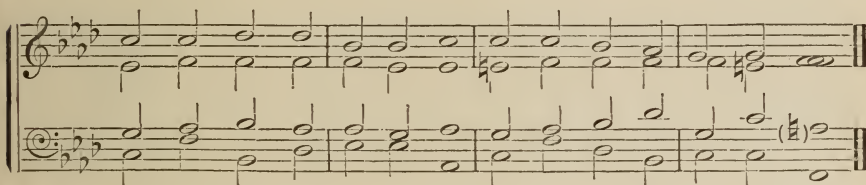
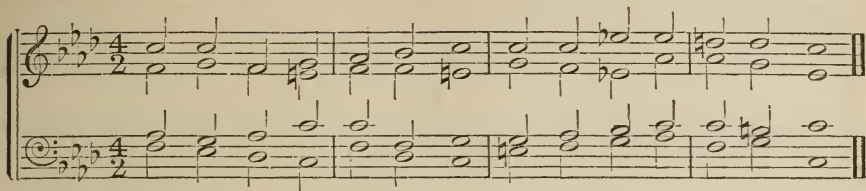
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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 'IT is finished!' Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.</p> <p>2 While exalted there we view thee,
Mighty sufferer! draw us to thee;
Sufferer victorious!</p> <p>3 Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred symbol be:</p> | <p>4 Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to thee!</p> <p>5 Still to thee! whose love unbounded
Sorrow's deep for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflict sore.</p> <p>6 Glory to thy cross for ever;
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither thou hast gone before.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Frederic Henry Hedge, 1843.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

137-8. HERNLEIN. 7 M.

GERMAN.



7 M.

I 37.

Gethsemane and Calvary.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!</p> <p>2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying there alone.</p> | <p>3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek;
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—</p> <p>4 There behold his agony
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.</p> <p>5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837:
alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848.

7 M.

I 38.

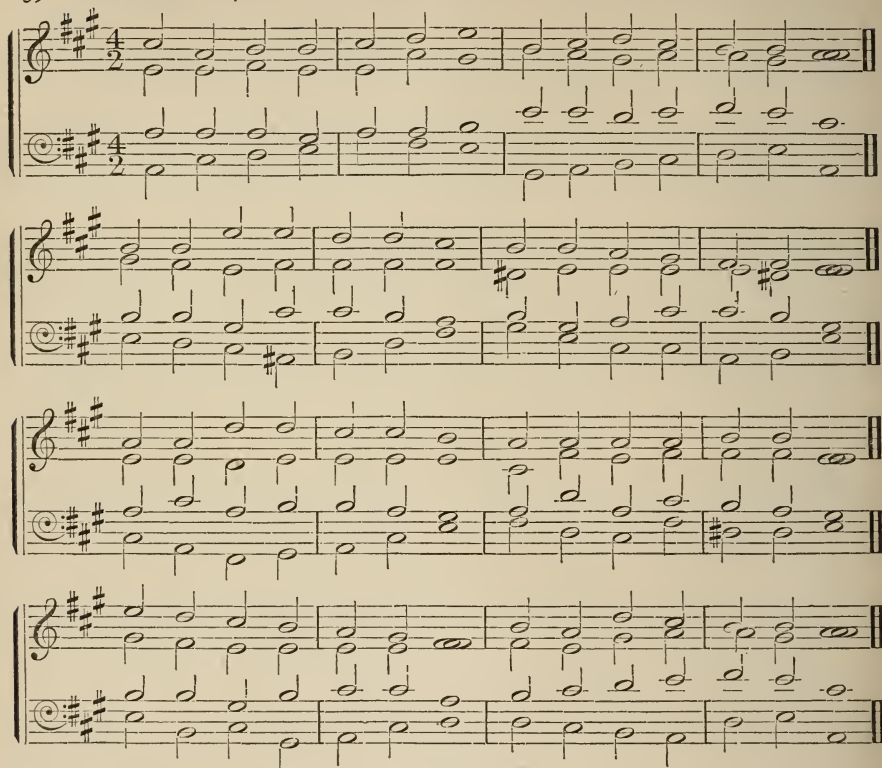
Jesus "touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN our heads are bowed with
woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.</p> <p>2 He our throbbing flesh hath worn,
He our mortal griefs hath borne,
He hath shed the human tear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.</p> <p>3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.</p> | <p>4 He hath bowed the dying head;
He the blood of life hath shed;
He hath filled a mortal bier:
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.</p> <p>5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
Gracious God of Jesus! hear.</p> <p>6 He the spirit's strife hath known,
He the spirit's victory won;
He hath now no grief to bear;
Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

CHRIST GLORIFIED.

139. ROSENBERG. 7 M. ("Jesu, der du selbstest wohl.") J. S. BACH's Vierst. Choralg. No. 169.



139.

7 M.

The Christ in heaven.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HE is gone ; a cloud of light
Has received him from our sight ;
High in heaven where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken :
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.</p> | <p>2 He is gone ; toward their goal
World and church must onward roll ;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast :
Still his words before us range
Through the ages as they change ;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.</p> |
| <p>3 He is gone ; but we once more
Shall behold him as before ;
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare ;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.</p> | |

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1862.

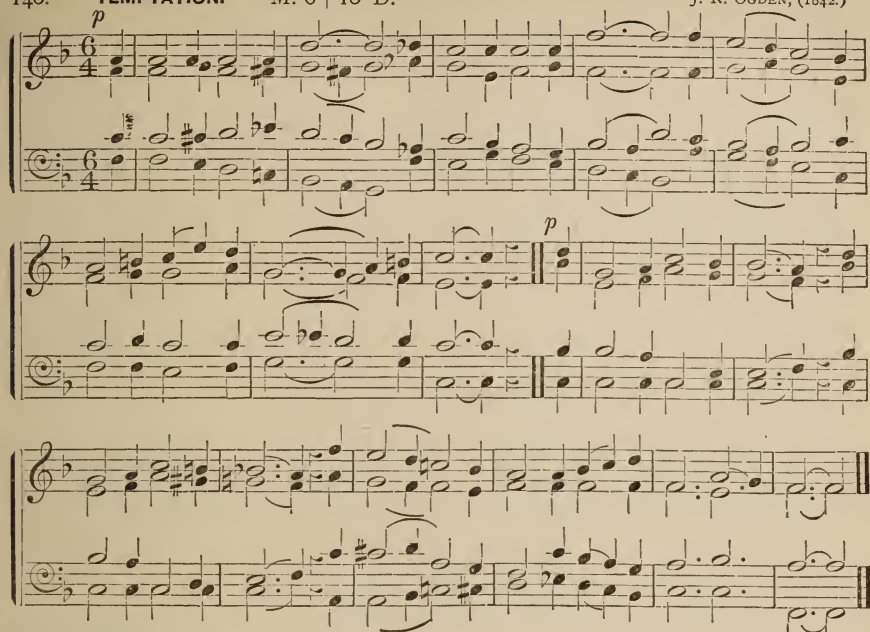
CHRIST GLORIFIED.

140.

TEMPTATION.

M. 6 | 10 D.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



M. 6 | 10 D.

"Looking unto Jesus."

140.

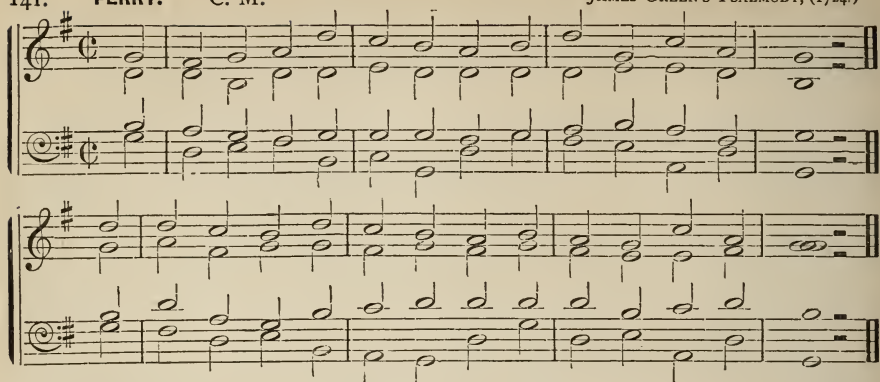
- 1 **T**HOU, who in life below
 Didst drain the cup of woe,
 And glorify the cross of agony,—
 Thy blessed labours done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on high.
- 2 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
 Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
 And shall we in dismay
 Shrink from the narrow way,
 When clouds and darkness are around it spread?
- 3 Dear image of our life,
 Look on us through the strife!
 Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
 Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.
- 4 E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb
 That light of love our guiding star shall be;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

Sarah Miles (née Appleton), 1827.

THE DISCIPLE'S PRAYER.

141. FERRY. C. M.

JAMES GREEN'S PSALMODY, (1724.)



141.

"O Christe, qui noster poli."
"Your life is hid with Christ in God."

C. M.

1 THE Crucified is gone before
To the blest realms of light:
O thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight;

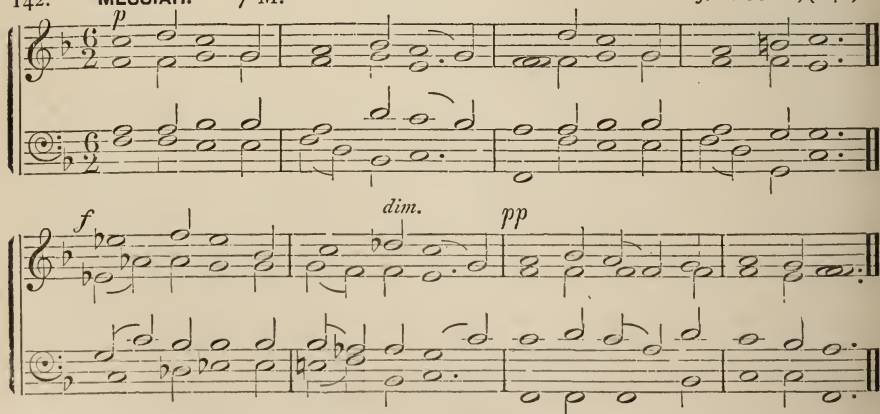
2 Lord! make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,—
And faith alone can see.

3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord!
To lift us to the sky,
O may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high!

PARISIAN BREVIARY:
tr. John Chandler, 1837.

142. MESSIAH. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)



142.

The disciple's prayer.

7 M.

1 GOD of Jesus! hear me now,
Take the meek disciple's vow;
Thou so good, so true, so kind,
Fill me with his holy mind.

2 Plant, and root, and fix in me
Trust, as of a child, in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find,
Like the quiet of his mind.

3 Anger then I ne'er shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined,
Like his consecrated mind.

4 I shall suffer and fulfil ·
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in every lot resigned,
Like his ever-patient mind.

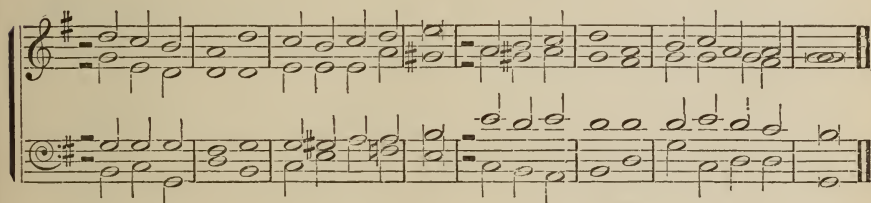
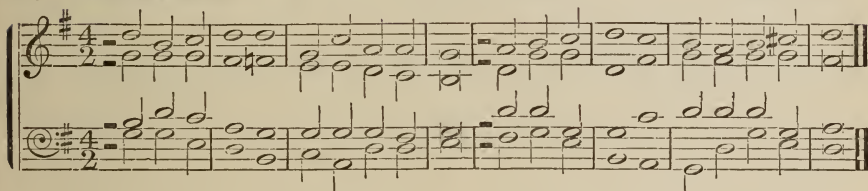
5 When his faith is rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind,
Not his self-transcending mind.

6 Lowly, loving, meek and pure,
May I to the end endure!
Be no more to ill inclined,
Like his all-victorious mind!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

143. REFORMATION. M. 10. ("Ich lieb den Herrn.")

GERMAN, 1552.



M. 10.

143.

"The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

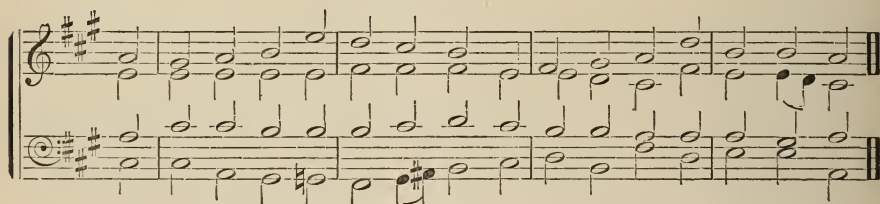
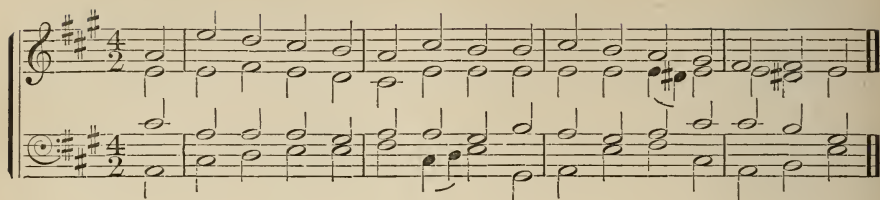
- 1 **O** THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!
- 2 We look to thee; thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
- 3 Yes! thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know;—Light, Life, and Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER, 1846.

THE LIGHT OF NATIONS.

144. WALDECK. L. M.

GERMAN.



144.

L. M.

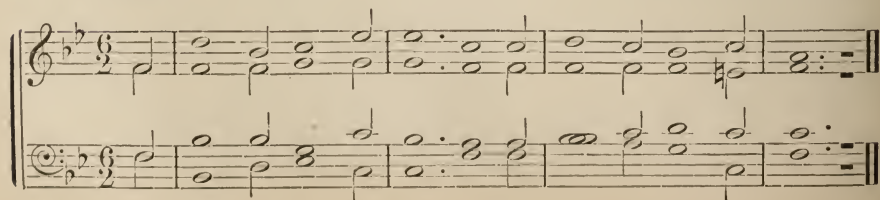
The permanence of the spirit of Jesus.

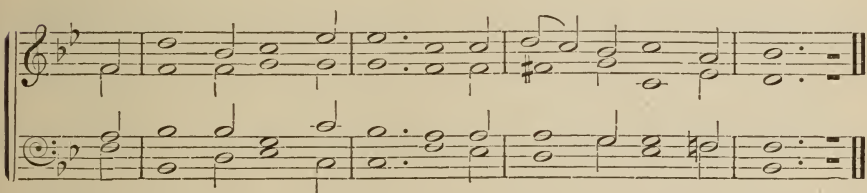
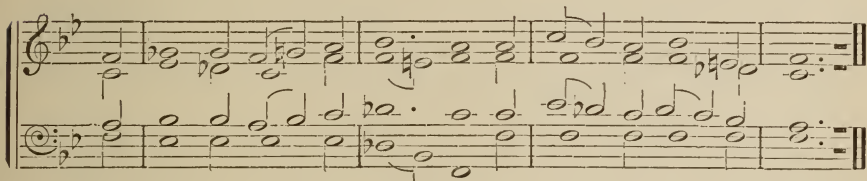
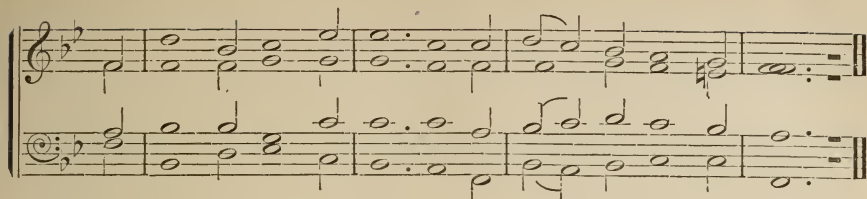
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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O FAIREST-BORN of Love and
Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear !</p> <p>2 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth !
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth !</p> | <p>3 Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him ;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.</p> <p>4 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to
know,
Christ spake thy mercy, O Most High,
Thy pity to each grievous woe.</p> <p>5 That voice's echo hath not died ;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1843.

145. DESIRE. M. 7 & 6.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)





M. 7 & 6.

145.

The Prince of peace. Ps. 72.

1 **R**ECEIVE Messiah gladly,
And lift the downcast eyes :
Ye people, speak not sadly ;
He makes the fallen rise :
In all your habitations,
Complaint and crying cease ;
The long desire of nations
Brings everlasting peace.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong :
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, in bondage lying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

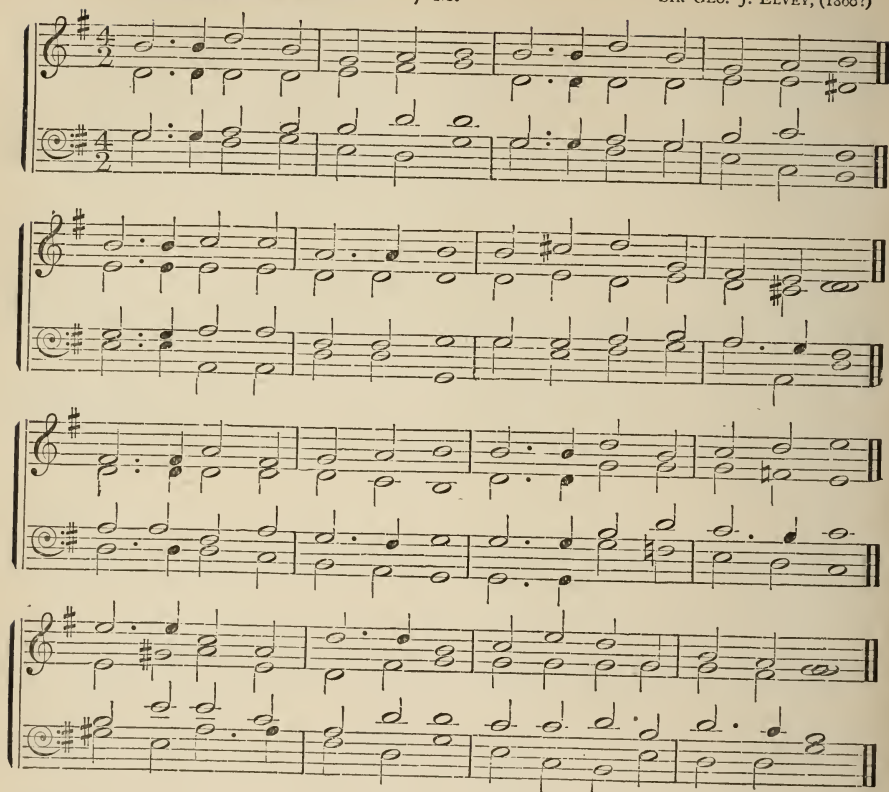
4 The mountain dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

James Montgomery, 1822.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

146. ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7 M.

SIR GEO. J. ELVEY, (1860?)



146.

The progress of the Gospel.

7 M.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came:
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

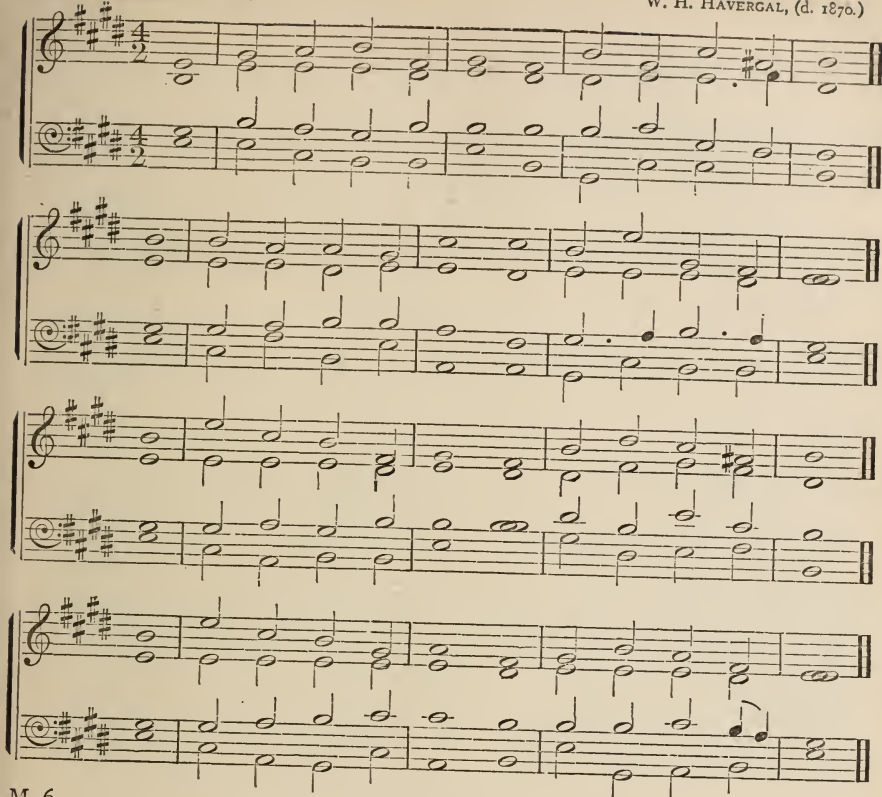
3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above!
Haste, O Lord, and quickly pour
All the spirit of thy love.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

THE MARTYRS' WITNESS.

147. SHEBA. M. 6.

W. H. HAVERGAL, (d. 1870.)



M. 6.

The martyrs' ashes.

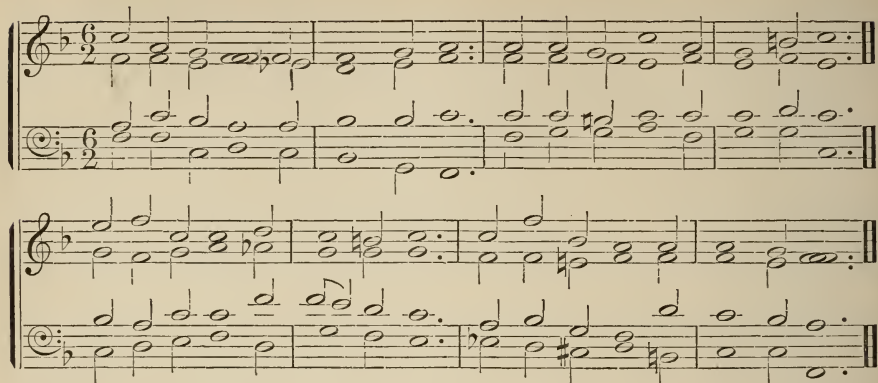
147.

- 1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 Their ashes shall be watched,
 And gathered at the last;
 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.
- 2 The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath;
 Yet vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death:
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And trumpet-tongued proclaim
 To many a wakening land
 The one prevailing name.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546:
 paraphrased in Cheshire Association's Christian Hymns (U.S.), 1845.

148. DIDBROOK. L. M.

ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK, (1860.)



148.

The primitive church.

L. M.

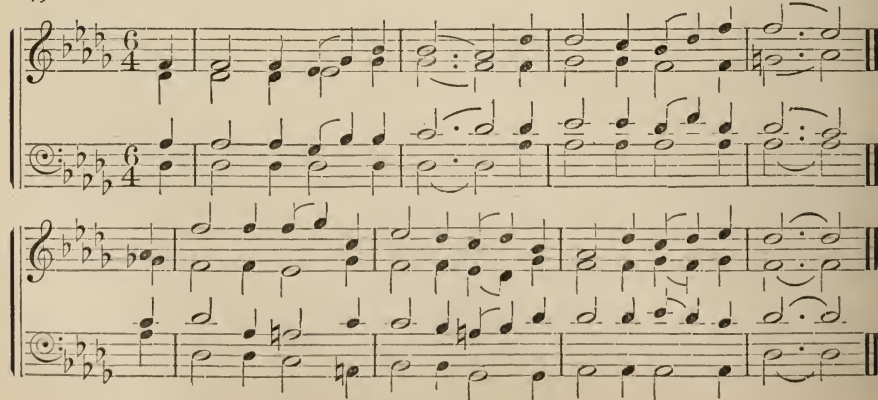
- 1 **H**APPY the souls who first
believed,—
To Jesus and each other cleaved,—
Joined by the spirit from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 On God they cast their every care,
Sheltered beneath the wings of prayer:
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.
- 3 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice and holy race!
Where shall we wander now to find
The faithful they have left behind?

- 4 Ye different sects, who all declare
Lo! here is Christ, or Christ is there!
Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love.
- 5 Scattered, O Lord, thy servants lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye,—
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 6 Join every soul that looks to thee
In bonds of perfect charity;
Greatest of gifts, thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

149. ZION'S HILL. S. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1865.)



S. M.

The voice of glad tidings.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

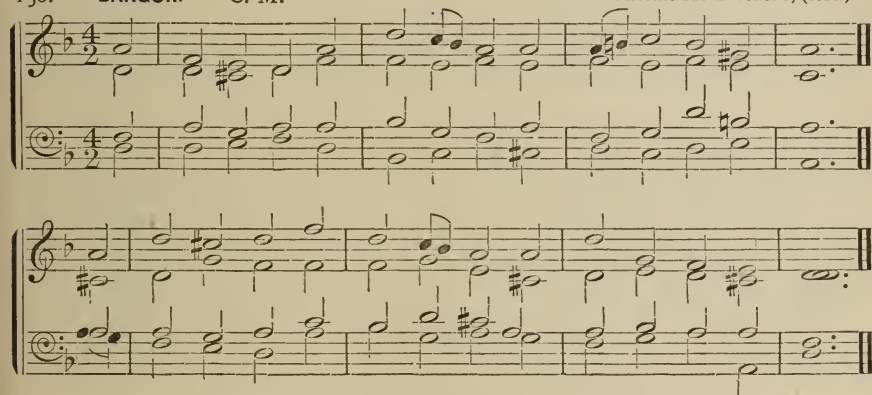
3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

4 Christians! unite your voice,
And cheerful notes employ;
Let the glad tidings swell your songs,
Till heathens learn the joy.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

150. BANGOR. C. M.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, (1621.)



C. M.

150.

"I, Paul, a prisoner of the Lord."

1 O COMRADE bold, of toil and pain!
Thy trial how severe,
When severed first by prisoner's chain
From thy loved labour-sphere!

2 Say, did impatience first impel
The heaven-sent bond to break?
Or could'st thou bear its hindrance well,
Loitering for Jesu's sake?

3 O might we know! for sore we feel
The languor of delay,
When sickness lets our fainter zeal,
Or foes block up our way.

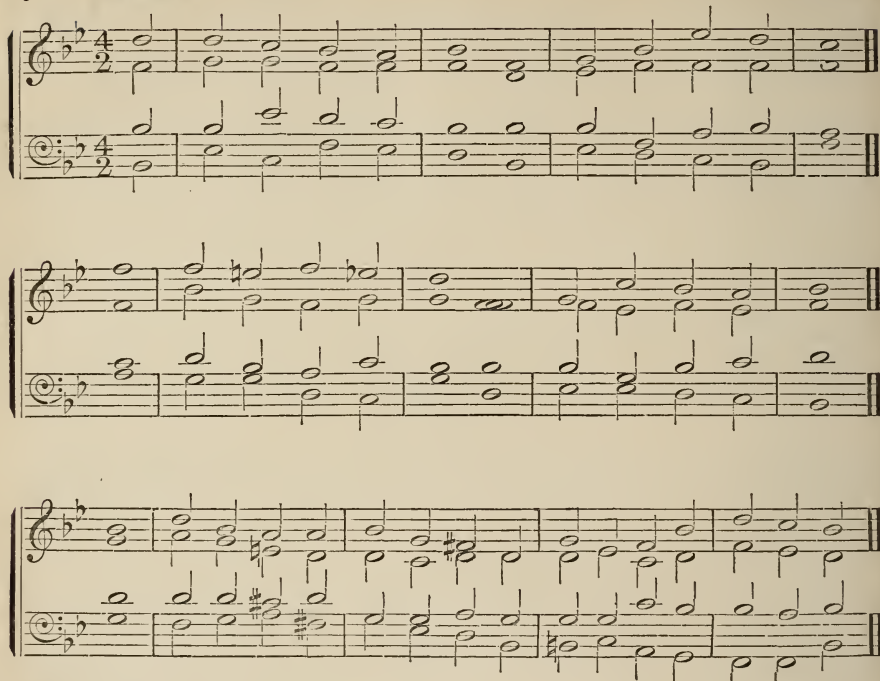
4 Lord! who thy thousand years dost wait,
To work the thousandth part
Of thy vast plan, for us create
With zeal a patient heart.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

HE SOFTENS THE FIELD WITH SHOWERS.

151. HESHBON. H. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



151.

H. M.

Fruitful showers, emblems of the gospel.

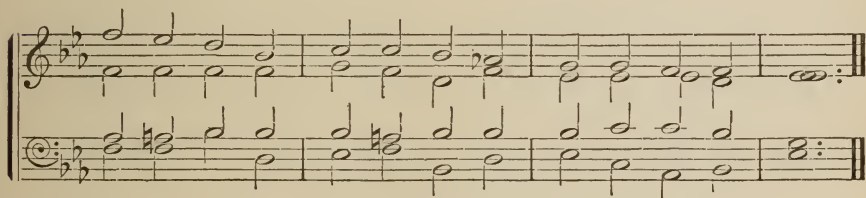
- 1 **M**ARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven from whence they fall
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

CHRIST'S WORD OF POWER.

152. AFRICA. M. 8 | 6 D.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)



M. 8 | 6 D.

152.

"It is I: be not afraid."

1 **O**FT, when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the
skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep;
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

2 But lo! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now he passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, 'Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 't is I.'

3 Ah Lord! if it be thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;—
Speak the kind word of power to
me,
Bid me believe, and come to thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.

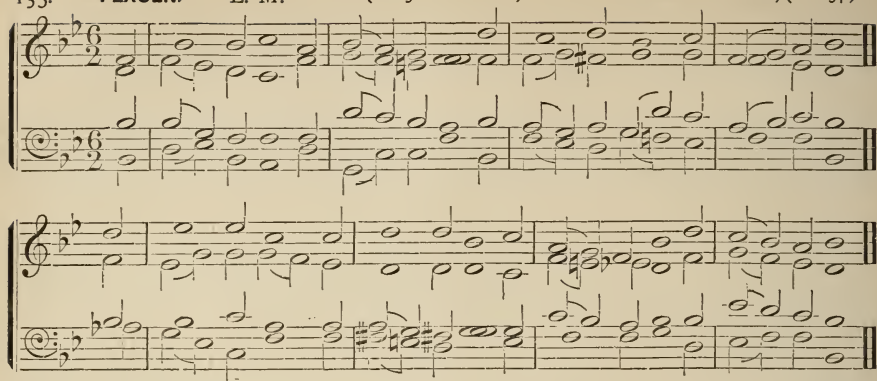
4 He bids me come! his voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock!

5 Come in, come in, thou Prince of peace!
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise:
O if thy spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

153. **PLAUFEN.** L. M. ("O Jesulein süß.") SAMUEL SCHEIDT, (d. 1654.)



I 53.

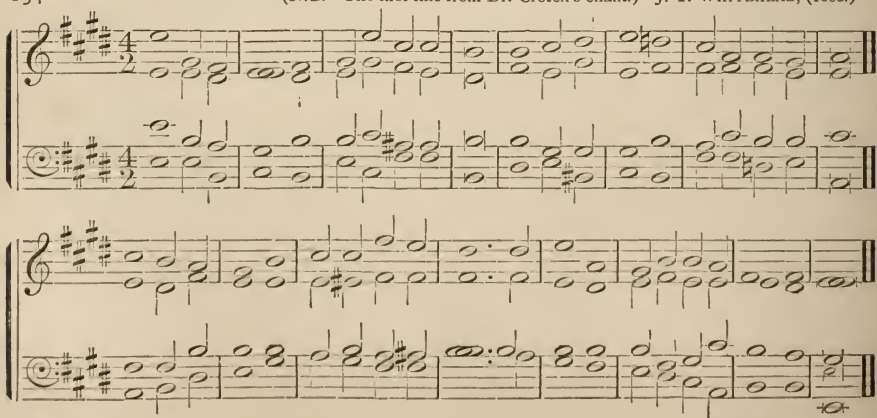
The stream of spiritual life.

L. M.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou Well of life to worlds above!
The countless joys we mortals know
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.</p> <p>2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.</p> | <p>3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,
Swell to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.</p> <p>4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.</p> <p>5 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

154. **GOSPEL.** M. 10. (N.B.—The first line from Dr. Crotch's chant.) J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)

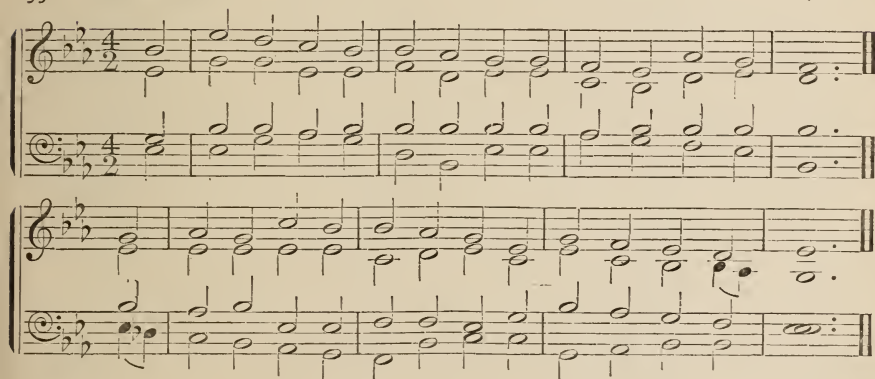


- 1 **P**OUR, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man!
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll:
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.
- 2 On, piercing Gospel, on! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key:
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee!
- 3 Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread!
With all the civil virtues in thy train:
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led;
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign!
- 4 Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land:
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:
Proclaim them all thine own;—'t is his command!

Thomas Alfred Ashworth, 1831.

155. **ST. PETER'S.** C. M.

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, (1860?)



C. M.

Life's water turned to wine.

155.

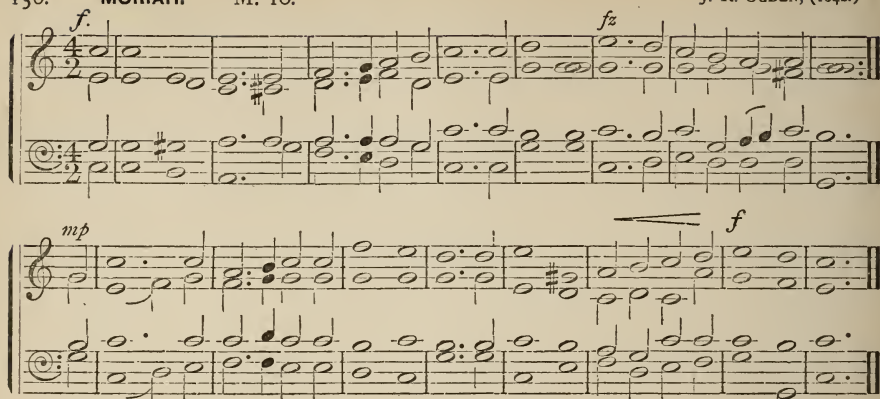
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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 DEAR Friend, whose presence in the
house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine, 2 Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine. 5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine or thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine. 4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1855.

THE CLEANSING POWER OF CHRIST.

156. MORIAH. M. 10.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



156.

M. 10.

The cleansing of the temple: "which temple ye are."

- 1 'DESCEND to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way!
- 2 Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths, made straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet!
- 3 Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?
- 4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.
- 5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

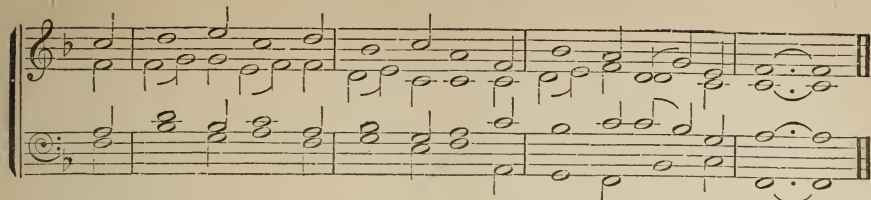
Bishop Jeremy Taylor, 1655.

157. BLACKWELL HALL. S. M.

TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, (1860?)



THE GOOD SEED IN THE FIELD.



S. M.

"The kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground."

157.

1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky.

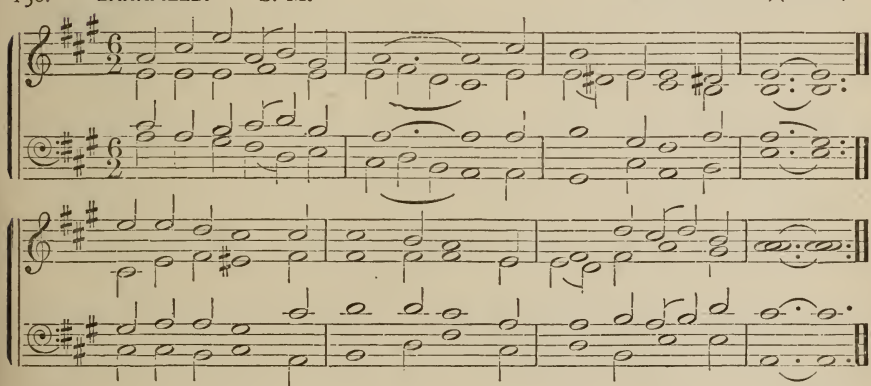
3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found ;
Go forth, then, every where.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

158. BANKFIELD. S. M.

RALPH HARRISON, (d. 1810.)



S. M.

Where is thy God ?

158.

1 WHERE is thy God, my soul ?
Is he within thy heart ?
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part ?

2 Where is thy God, my soul ?
Only in stars and sun ?
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one ?

3 Where is thy God, my soul ?
Confined to Scripture's page ?
Or does his Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age ?

4 O Ruler of the sky !
Rule thou within my heart :
O great Adorner of the world !
Thy light of life impart.

5 Giver of holy words !
Bestow thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

6 In thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had :
I'll trust thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve thee when I'm glad.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1855.

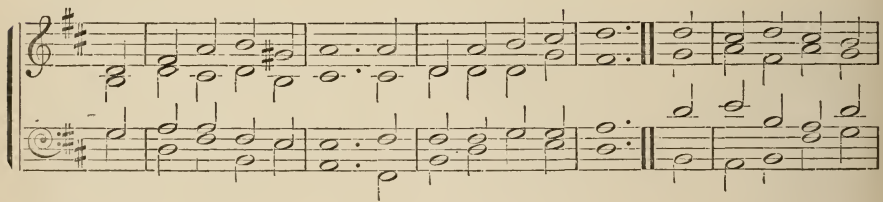
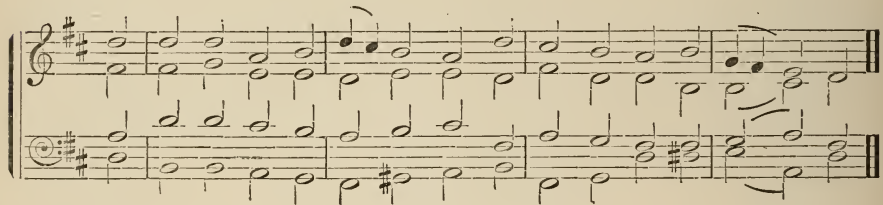
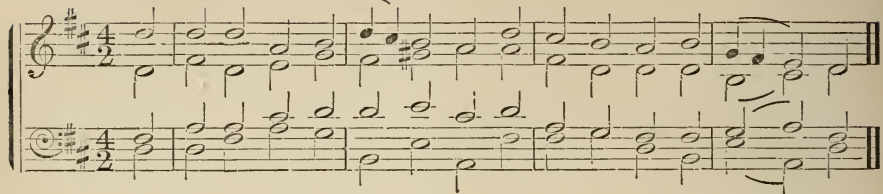
159.

WORMS.

M. 8. M. 7. M. 6.
1. 3. 2. 4. 9. 5. 6. 7. 8.

("Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.")

MARTIN LUTHER, (1529.)



159.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

God our fortress. Ps. 46.

M. 8. M. 7. M. 6.
1. 3. 2. 4. 9. 5. 6. 7. 8.

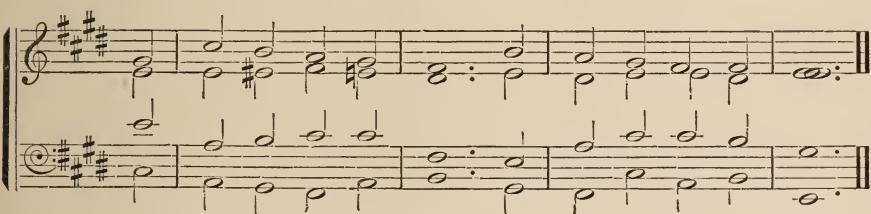
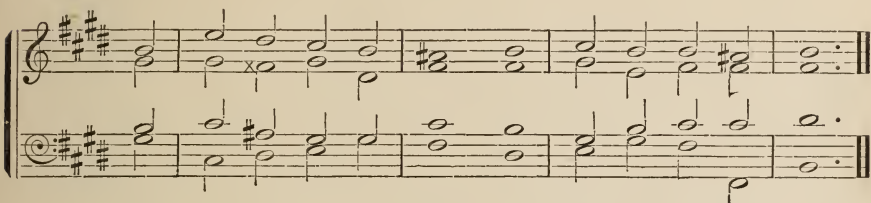
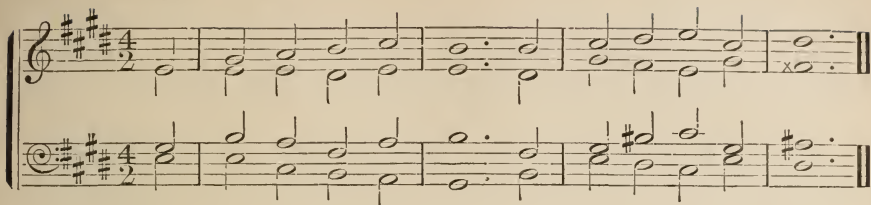
1 A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing ;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe ;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 God's word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth ;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also ;
The body they may kill ;
God's truth abideth still ;
His kingdom is for ever.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529 :
II. FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, 1853.

GOD'S KINGDOM NEAR.

160. OLD 120. M. 6.



M. 6.

160.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

1 **O** THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

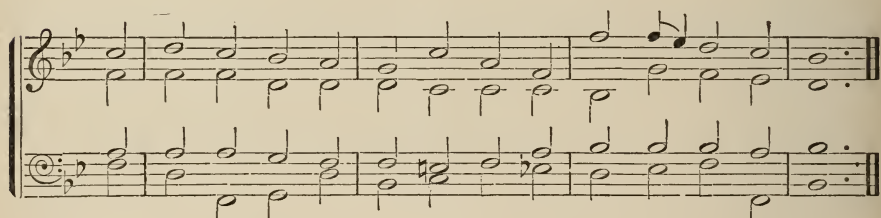
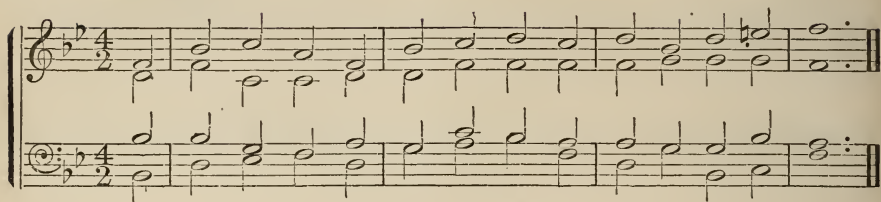
4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
When in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them
God's own Jerusalem!

GOD'S ARMY OF THE FAITHFUL.

161. NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

JER. CLARKE, (d. 1707.)



161.

C. M.

The soldier of the Cross.

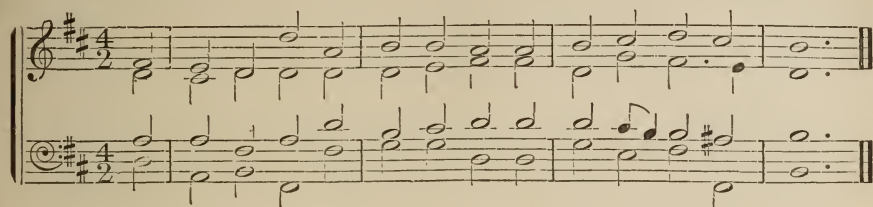
1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of brass!
Ye bars of iron, yield!
And let the King of glory pass;
The Cross is in the field!

2 A holy war his servants wage,
Mysteriously at strife;
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

3 Ye armies of the Living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

4 Follow the Cross; the ark of Peace
Accompany your path:
To souls imprisoned bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

5 Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass!
The Cross has won the field!



C. M.

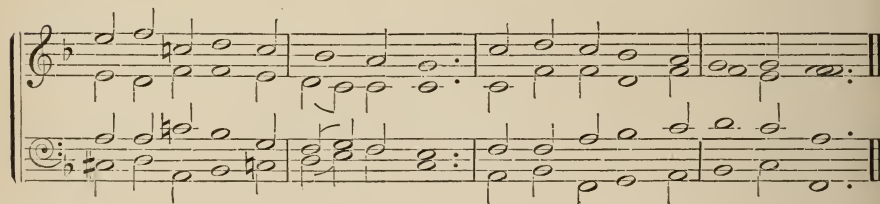
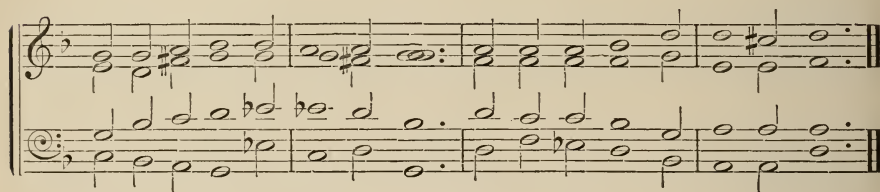
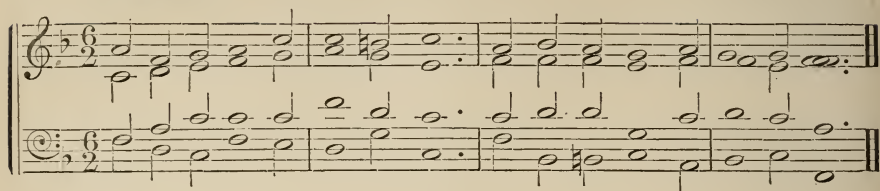
162.

The Church universal.

- 1 ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.
- 2 From oldest time, on furthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.
- 3 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.
- 4 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Do make her pilgrimage.
- 5 O living Church ! thine errand speed ;
Fulfil thy task sublime !
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time !

GOD'S NAMELESS MARTYRS.

163. DARMSTADT. M. 8. ("Ermuntre dich.") JOH. SCHOP, (1641.)



163.

M. 8.

The nameless Martyrs.

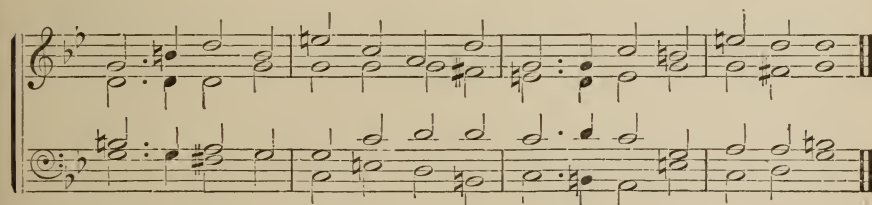
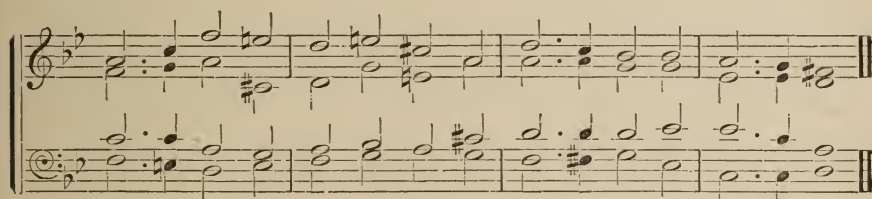
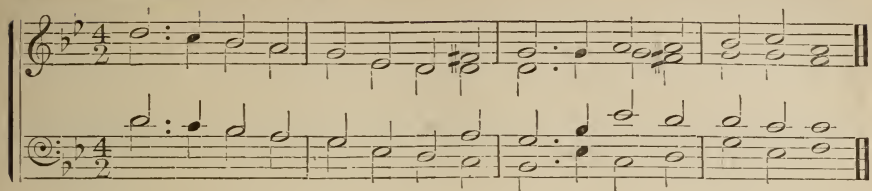
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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE kings of old have shrine and tomb
 In many a minster's haughty gloom ;
 And green along the ocean side
 The mounds arise where heroes died ;
 But show me on thy flowery breast,
 Earth ! where thy <i>nameless</i> Martyrs rest !</p> | <p>3 Where sleep they, Earth ? by no proud stone
 Their narrow couch of rest is known ;
 The still, sad glory of their name
 Hallows no fountain unto Fame ;
 No, not a tree the record bears
 Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.</p> |
| <p>2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
 Have made one offering of their days ;
 For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,
 Resigned the bitter cup to take ;
 And silently, in fearless faith,
 Bowing their noble souls to death :—</p> | <p>4 Yet what if no light footstep there
 In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
 And the old woods and sounding waves
 Are silent of those hidden graves ?
 They sleep in secret :—but their sod,
 Unknown to man, is marked of God.</p> |

FELICIA HEMANS, 1826.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

164. PROMISE. 8 & 7 M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)



8 & 7 M.

164.

"Comfort ye, my people."

1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:—

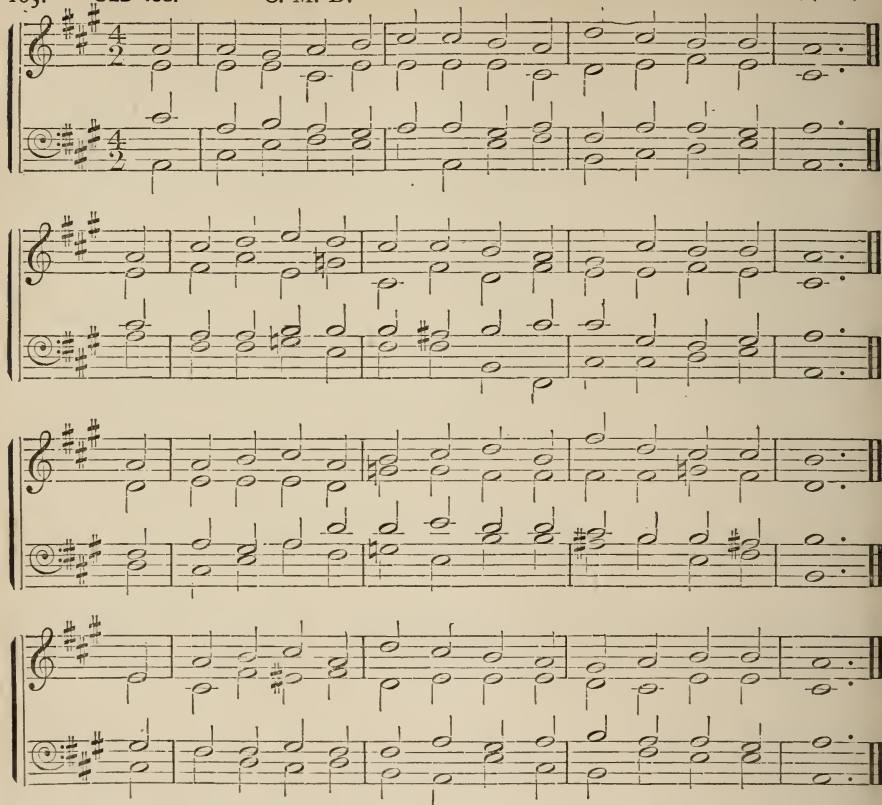
'O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you!
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 There, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er
you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

165. OLD 103. C. M. D. RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



165.

C. M. D.

Peace on earth.

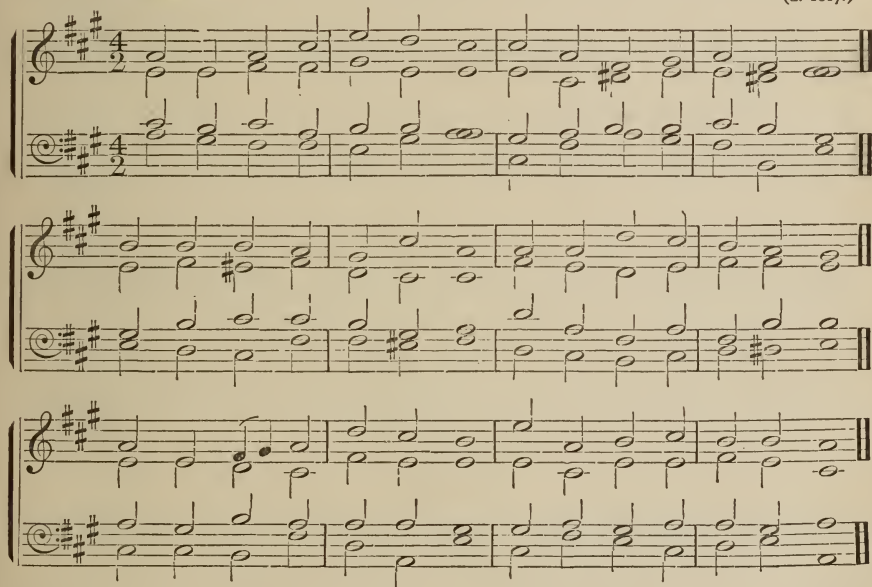
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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :—
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.</p> <p>2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.</p> | <p>3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long :
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.</p> <p>4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

5 For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, 1851.

166. HEILSBURG. 7 M. ("Preis dem Todes-überwinder.") JOHANN FRIEDRICH CHRISTMANN,
(d. 1817.)



7 M.

166.

"Thy kingdom come."

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

2 Let the people praise thee, Lord !
Let thy love on all be poured ;
Let awakened nations sing
Glory to their heavenly King,
At thy feet their tribute pay,
And thy holy will obey.

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

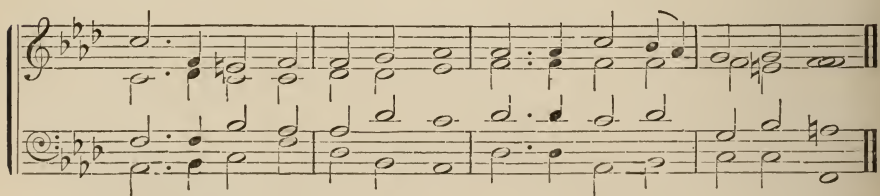
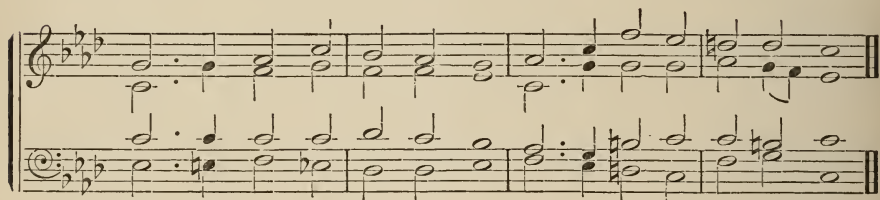
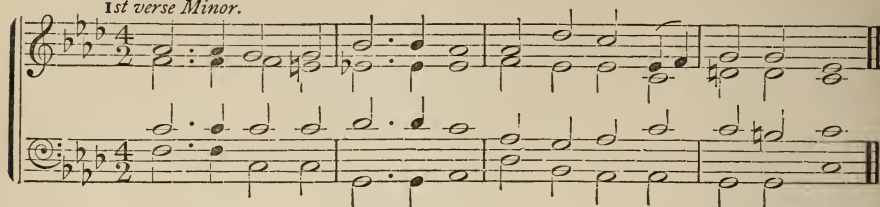
Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

167. DIDYMUS. 7 M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1875.)

1st verse Minor.



167.

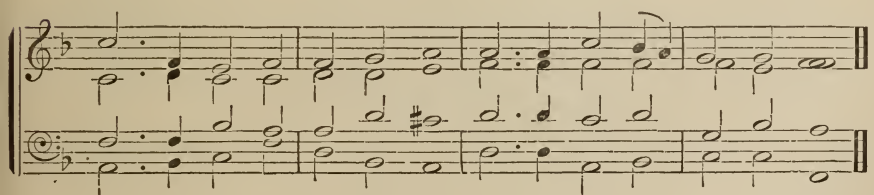
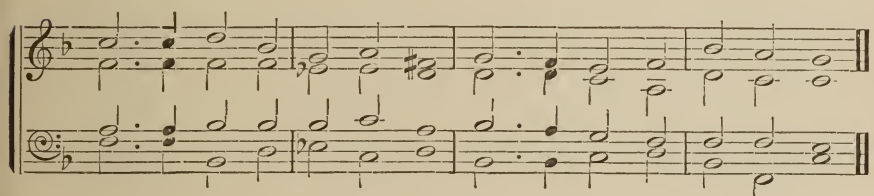
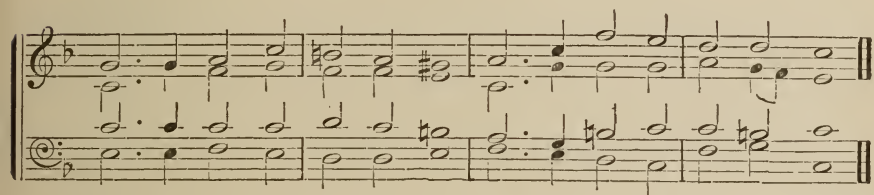
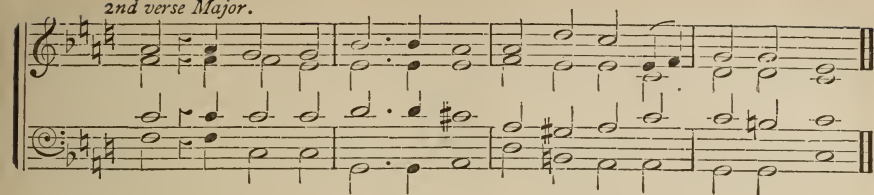
7 M.

The Prophet's Vision.

1 FAINT the earth, and parched with drought;
 Make the waters, Lord, gush out;
 Streams of love, our thirst to bless,
 Starting in the wilderness.
 Long we wait thy peace to know;
 Father, bid the waters flow;
 Make the thirsty land a pool;
 Make man's suffering spirit whole.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

2nd verse Major.



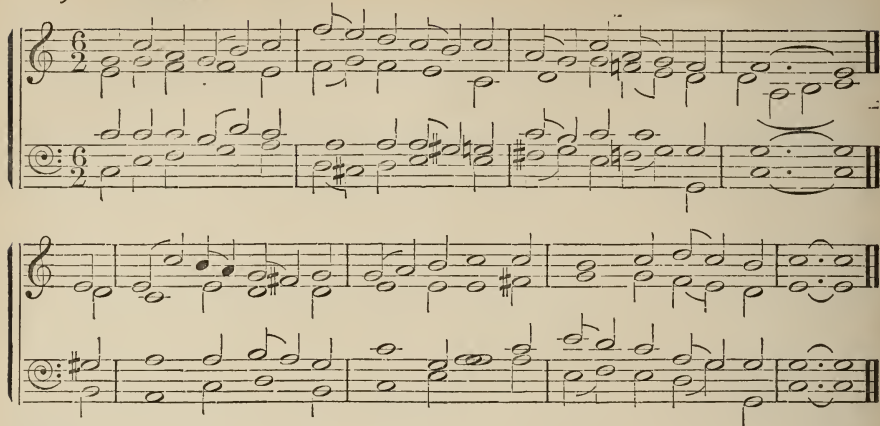
2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
 Lonely deserts now rejoice;
 When the Lord his presence shows,
 Lo, they blossom like the rose:
 See, this barren earth of ours,
 Buds and puts forth fruit and flowers,
 Flowers of Eden, fruits of peace,
 Love and Joy and Righteousness!

Charles Wesley, 1740.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

168-9. PRUSSIA. C. M.

CARL HEINRICH GRAUN, (d. 1760.)



168.

C. M.

The Spirit of Truth.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find ;—</p> <p>2 How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin !
Hail, Truth divine ! we know thee now ;
Angel of God, come in !</p> | <p>3 Come, though with purifying fire
And desolating sword,
Thou of all nations the desire !
Earth waits thy cleansing word.</p> <p>4 Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die :
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.</p> <p>5 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.</p> <p>6 Flood our dark life with golden day :
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.</p> |
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ELIZA SCUDDER, 1864.

169.

C. M.

The Spirit of Truth.

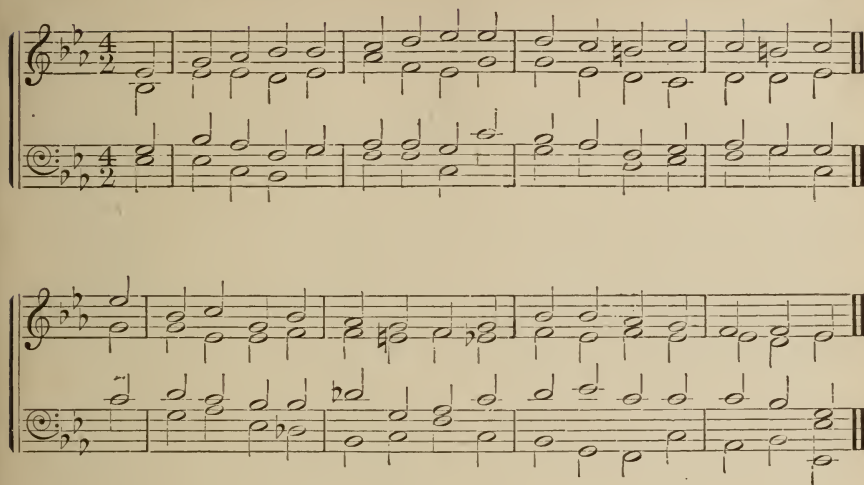
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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SPIRIT of Truth, be thou my guide !
O clasp my hand in thine,
And let me never quit thy side :
Thy comforts are divine.</p> <p>2 Pride scorns thee for thy lowly mien ;
But who like thee can rise
Above this toilsome sordid scene
Beyond the holy skies ?.</p> | <p>3 Weak is thine eye and soft thy voice ;
But wondrous is thy might
To make the wretched soul rejoice,
To give the simple light.</p> <p>4 And still to all that seek thy way
This magic power is given ;
E'en while their footsteps press the clay,
Their souls ascend to heaven.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANNE BRONTË, 1850.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

170-I. BAVARIA. L. M.

GERMAN.



L. M. 170.

The kingdom of God.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.</p> <p>2 Be darkness at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with
 might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.</p> | <p>3 O spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.</p> <p>4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
Thy name, O Father, glorify,
Till every kindred call thee Lord.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

James Montgomery, 1825.

L. M. 171.

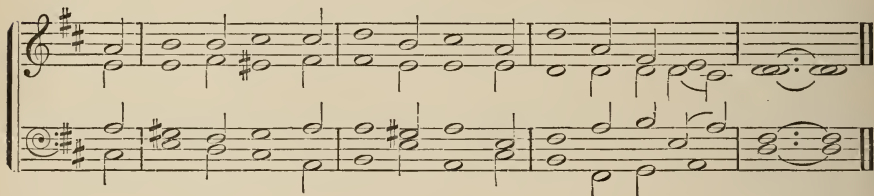
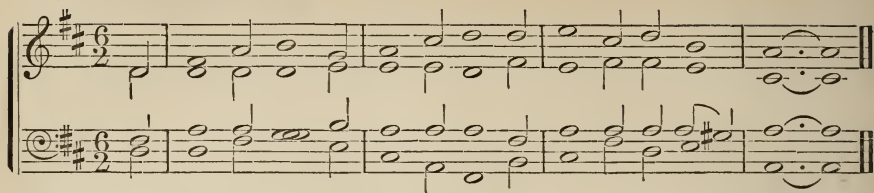
Righteousness on earth.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SING to the Lord a new, glad song!
He comes to overthrow all wrong:
Ye weary, lift your heads and sing!
Justice on earth he comes to bring.</p> | <p>2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But love and truth support his throne;
Though darkest clouds his ways sur-
 round,
Justice is their eternal ground.</p> <p>3 In awful beauty he appears;
The evil-doer shrinks and fears;
The righteous lifts his joyful song,—
 'He comes, he comes, to right all wrong.'</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HYMNS OF THE SPIRIT, 1864.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

172-3. ST. GEORGE'S (NEW). C. M.



172.

C. M.

The morning cometh.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
 Until the happy hour
 When God shall ope the morning gate
 By his almighty power.</p> <p>2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
 To where the daylight springs;
 Till he shall come earth's gloom to
 chase,
 With healing on his wings.</p> | <p>3 And even now, amid the grey,
 The east is brightening fast,
 And kindling to that perfect day
 Which never shall be past.</p> <p>4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
 Till that blest day shall shine,
 When earth shall fruits of Eden
 bear,
 And all, O God! be thine.</p> <p>5 O guide us till our night is done!
 Until, from shore to shore,
 Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
 Art shining evermore!</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Imitated from JOHN MASON NEALE,
 by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848.

173.

C. M.

The kingdom of God upon earth.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE Lord will come, and not be
 slow;
 His footsteps cannot err:
 Before him Righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.</p> <p>2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then;
 And Justice, from her heavenly bower
 Look down on mortal men.</p> | <p>3 Rise, Lord! judge thou the earth in
 might;
 This longing earth redress;
 For thou art he who shall by right
 The nations all possess.</p> <p>4 The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.</p> |
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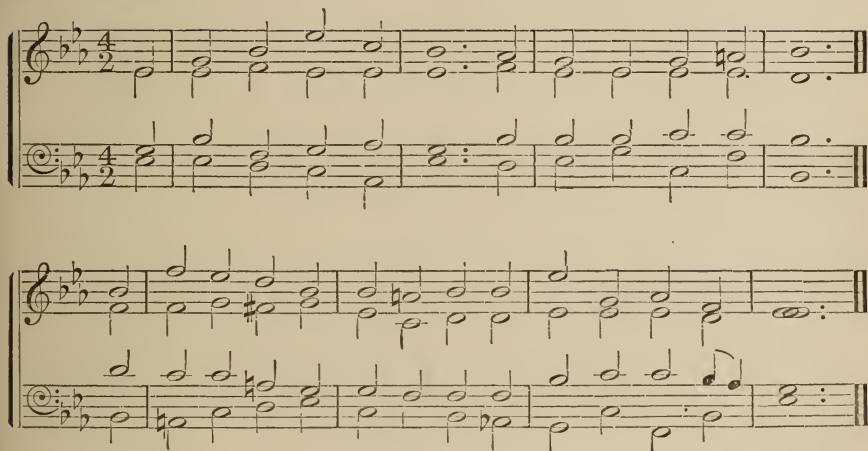
GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

5 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

John Milton, 1648.

174. PRAGUE. S. M.

LOUIS RENATUS WEST, (d. 1826.)



S. M.

174.

The kingdom of God.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own.

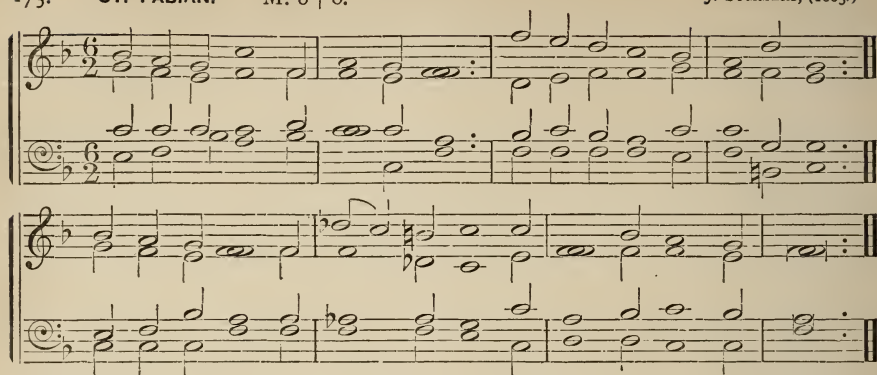
JOHN JOHNS, 1837.

K 2

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

175. ST. FABIAN. M. 8 | 6.

J. SUMMERS, (1863.)



I 75.

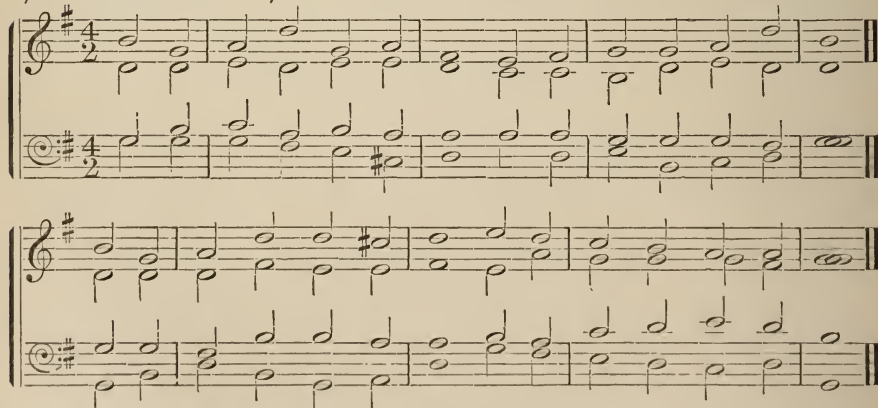
Peace on earth.

M. 8 | 6.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>I O FOR the coming of the end,
The last long Sabbath-day of time,
When peace from heaven shall descend,
Like light, on every clime;—</p> | <p>2 And men in ships far off at sea
Shall hear the happy nations raise
The song of peace and liberty,
And overflowing praise.</p> |
| <p>3 Mankind shall be one brotherhood;
One human soul shall fill the earth,
And God shall say 'The world is good
As when I gave it birth.'</p> | |

E. H. STRYPE, 1843.

176. FRANKFORT. 7 M. ("Komm, o komm, du Geist des Lebens.") J. CHR. BACH, (1680.)



I 76.

The soul's prophecy.

7 M.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>I ALL before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind:
All before us is the day;
Night and darkness are behind.</p> | <p>2 Eden, with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

3 In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

4 When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

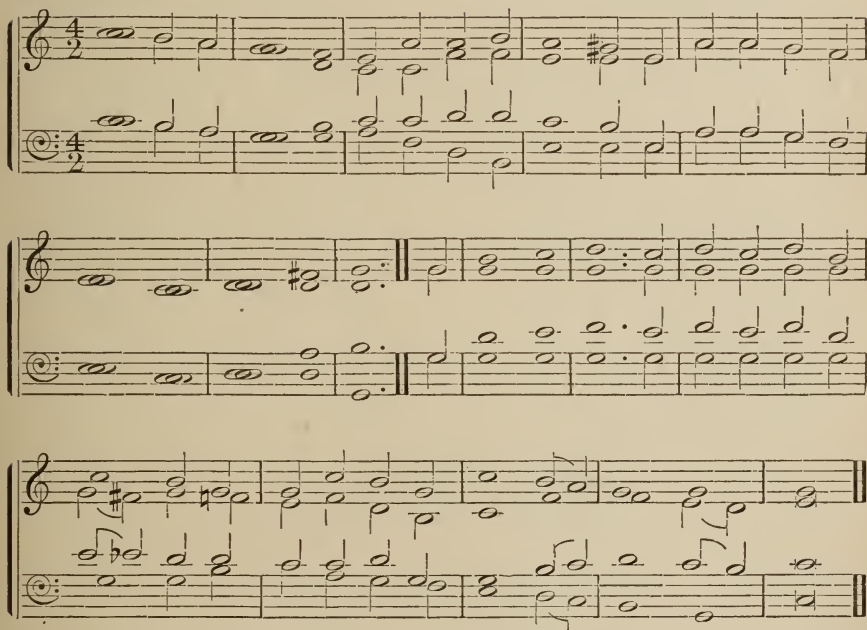
5 Then shall come the Eden-days,
Guardian watch from seraph-eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

6 From this spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1841.

177. PEACE. M. II & IO.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. II & IO.

177.

Peace on earth.

1 **D**OWN the dark future, through long generations,
The sounds of war grow fainter and then cease;
And, like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace'!

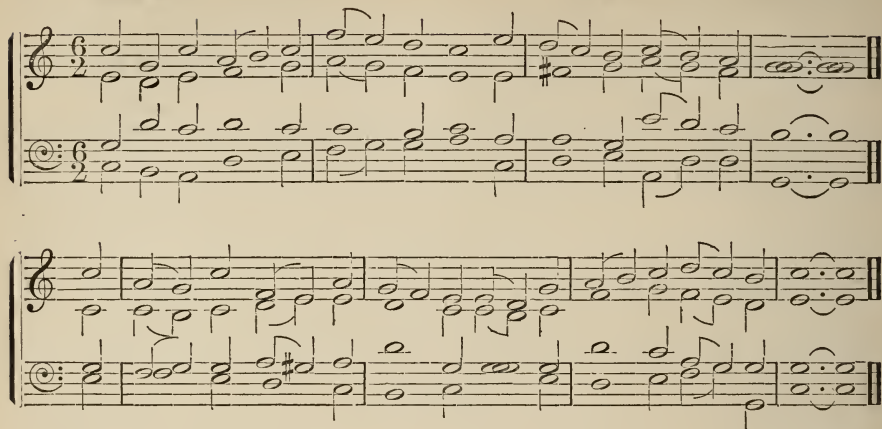
2 Peace ! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1844.

GOD'S KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

178. OXFORD. C. M.

JAMES MAURICE COOMBS, (d. 1820.)



178.

C. M.

Brightening unto the perfect day.

1 GONE is the hollow, murky night,
With all its shadows dun;
O shine upon us, heavenly Light,
As on the earth the sun.

2 Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam
In radiance sublime!
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time!

3 Lo! on the morn that now is here
No night shall ever fall;
But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,
Till God be all in all.

4 This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day will follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with fuller
breath,
And morn be lost in noon.

5 For to the seed that's sown today
A harvest-time is given,
When charity, with faith to stay,
Shall make on earth a heaven.

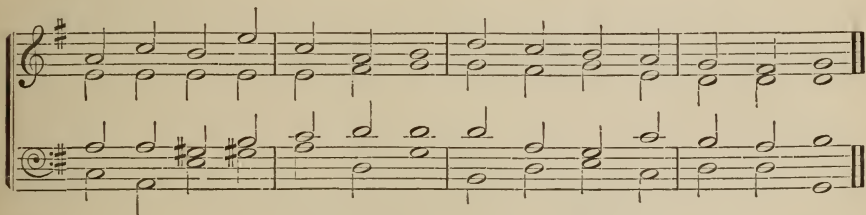
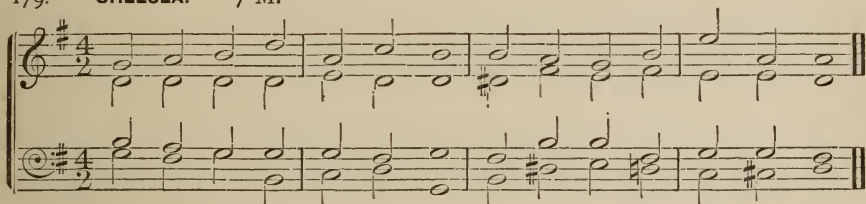
BREVIARY:
tr. BOOK OF HYMNS, 1848.

BOOK II.

MAN, IN HIS ASCENT TO GOD.



179. CHELSEA. 7 M.

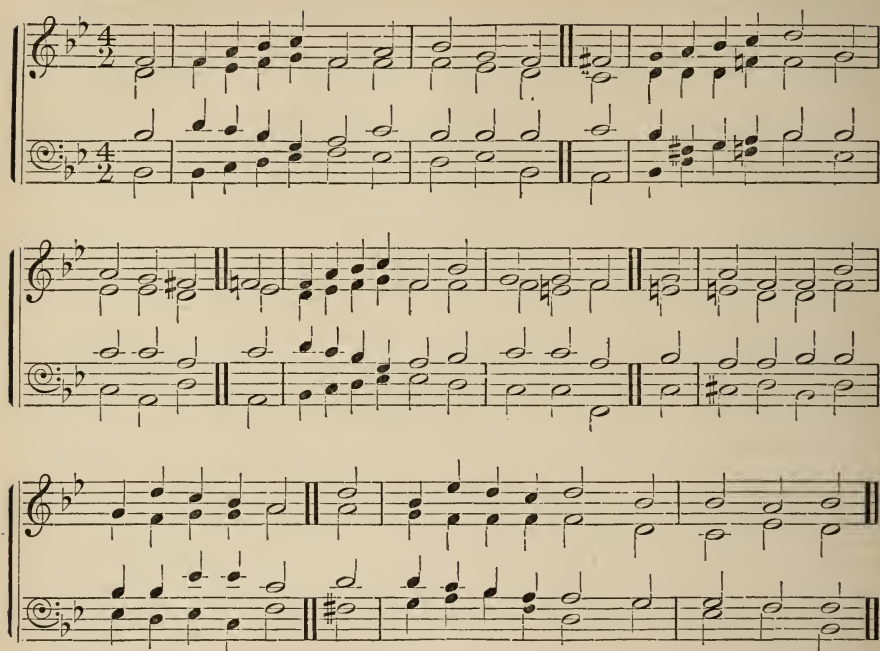


7 M.

The soul.

179.

- 1 **W**HAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?
- 2 What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?
- 3 'Tis the soul,—mysterious name;
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.
- 4 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.



180.

M. 10.

The inward light.

- 1 **I** HAVE a little trembling light, which still
 All tenderly I keep, and ever will.
 I think it never wholly dies away;
 But oft it seems as if it could not stay,
 And I do strive to keep it if I may.
- 2 Sometimes the wind-gusts push it sore aside:
 Then closely to my breast my light I hide:
 And for it make a tent of my two hands:
 And though it scarce might on the lamp abide,
 It soon recovers, and uprightly stands.
- 3 Sometimes it seems there is no flame at all;
 I look quite close, because it is so small:
 Then all for sorrow do I weep and sigh;
 But Some One seems to listen when I cry,
 And the light burns up, and I know not why.
- 4 Sometimes I think,—‘How could I live, what do,
 Without my dear light?’ then,—‘Does each of you,
 Dear friends’ (I think), ‘a little light have too?’
 But soon I tremble for my words, and sigh;
 And it will be my secret till I die.

WANDERING FROM GOD.

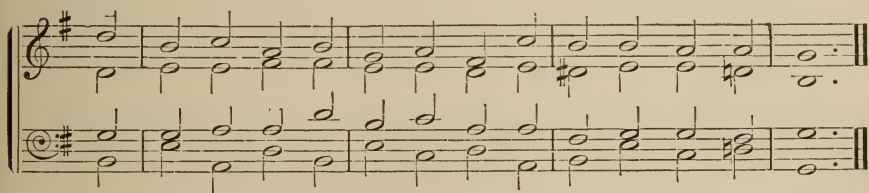
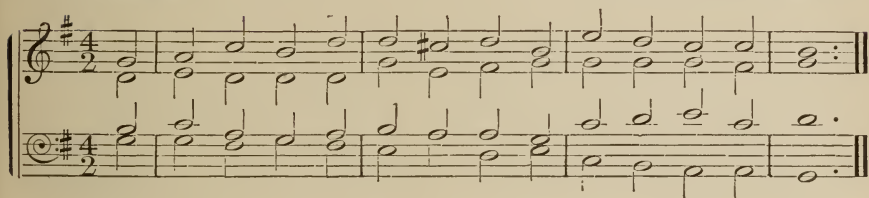
5 O God, O Father, hear thy child who cries!
Who would not quench thy flame; who would not dare
To let it dwindle in a sinful air;
Who inly feels how precious such a prize,
And yet, alas! is feeble, and not wise.

6 O hear, dear Father! for thou know'st the need:
Thou know'st what awful height there is in thee,
How very low I am: O do thou feed
Thy light, that it burn ever, and succeed
My life to deepest holiness to lead.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

181. SALISBURY. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1623.)



C. M.

181.

The constancy of nature and inconstancy of the soul

1 INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose to obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 Great God! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

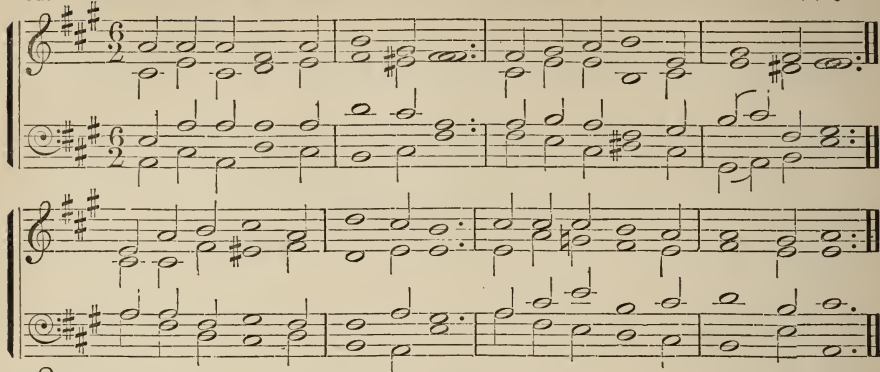
5 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

6 Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

THE CRY OF SPIRITUAL NEED.

182. **BRESLAU.** L. M. ("Herr Jesu Christ, mein Lebens-licht.") CLAUDERI PSALMODIA, (1636.)



182.

Prayer for guidance.

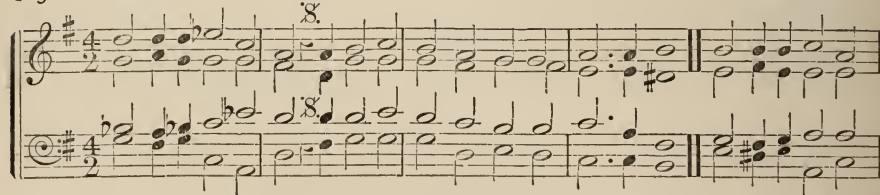
L. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light!
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!</p> <p>2 If in the darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.</p> | <p>3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
O God! thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.</p> <p>4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

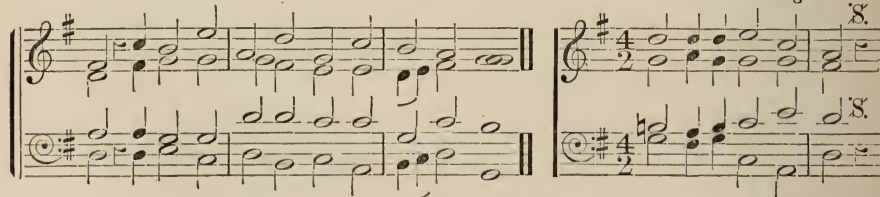
GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731:
tr. John Wesley, 1738.

183. **SHILOH.** M. 6 & 10.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)



N.B. Last verse to begin.



183.

Be not far from me.

M. 6 & 10.

1

WILT thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

THE CRY OF SPIRITUAL NEED.

- 2 Wilt thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lends but one voice, the voice of thee alone.
- 3 Come! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain:
Come, like thy holy dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.
- 4 Yes! thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very, 1839.

184. PRAYER FOR LIGHT. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1854.)

7 M.

184.

"Lord! that I may receive my sight."

1 LORD! we sit and cry to thee,
Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darkened souls to see
The glory of thy perfect day:
Lord! rebuke our sullen night,
And give thyself unto our sight.

2 Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run;
The glory of thy blest abode,
The uncreated light of God.

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

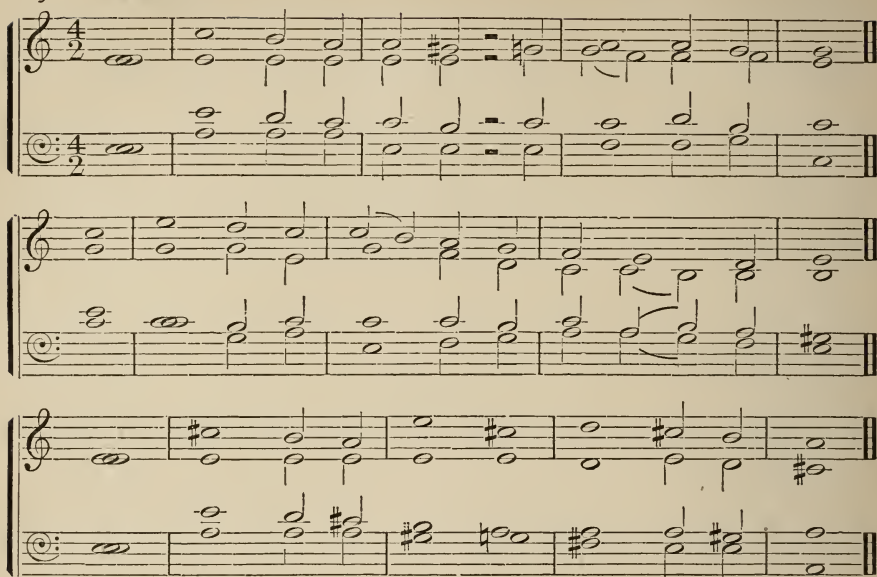
THE CRY OF SPIRITUAL NEED.

185.

WANDERER.

P. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



185.

Lead us aright.

P. M.

1 HAVE mercy, O Father!
To thee do we cry;
Faint, weary, and way-worn,
To thy wings we fly.
Speak peace to our souls:
Without thee we die.

2 We wander in darkness;
O grant us thy light!
We stray from the pathway,
Lost, lost in the night:
O be thou our Guide,
And lead us aright.

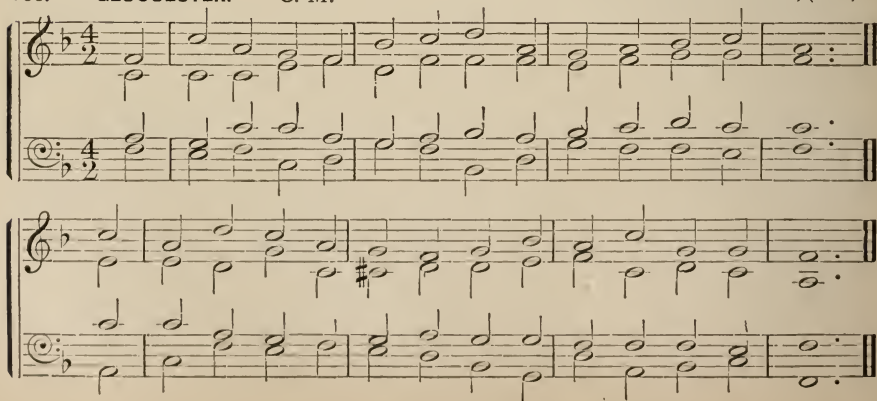
WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1873.

186.

GLOUCESTER.

C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M.

"Telluris alme Conditor."

186.

"Wilt thou not revive us again?"

1 O BOUNTEOUS Framers of the globe!

Who with thy mighty hand
Didst gather up the rolling seas,
And firmly base the land:

2 That so the freshly teeming earth
Might herb and seedling bear,
All in their early beauty gay
With flowers and fruitage fair:

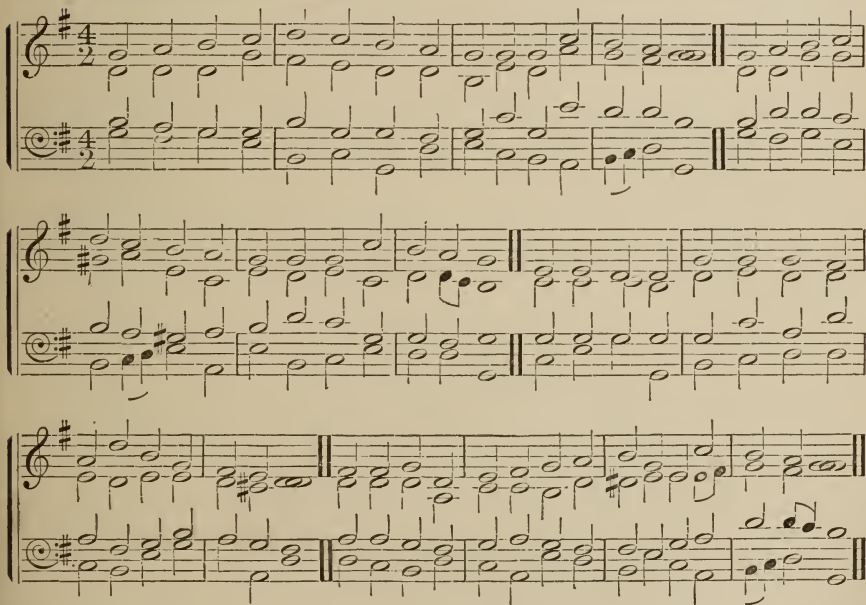
3 On our parched souls pour thou, O Lord,
The freshness of thy grace:
So penitence shall spring anew,
And all the past efface.

4 Grant us to fear thy holy law,
To feel thy goodness nigh:
Grant us through life thy peace; in
death
Thine immortality.

ROMAN BREVIARY:
tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.

187. ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN. 8 & 7 M.

JOH. MICHAEL HAYDN, (d. 1806.)



8 & 7 M.

187.

Neglected mercies.

1 O HOW kindly hast thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day!
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten,
With thy smile, or with thy rod,
'T was that still my step might hasten
Homeward, heavenward, to my God!

2 O how slowly have I often
Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soften!
How thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for thy rest more ready
As thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in thy friendship steady,
Till thou call me home, my God!

THOMAS GRINFIELD, 1836.

NEGLECTED GRACE.

188. GRACE. L. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)

Verses 1 and 4.

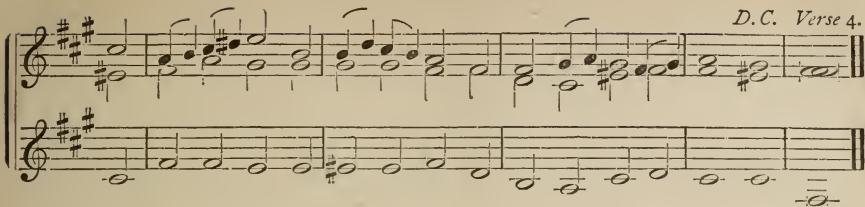
Verses 2 and 5.

FINE.

Verse 3. (S.S.A.)

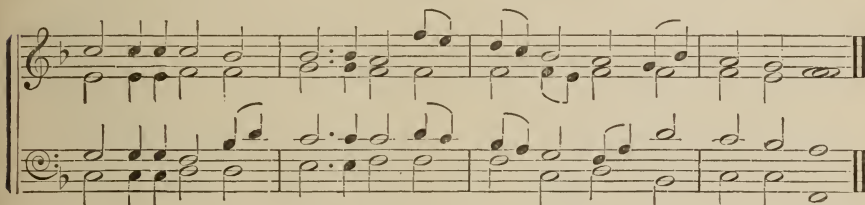
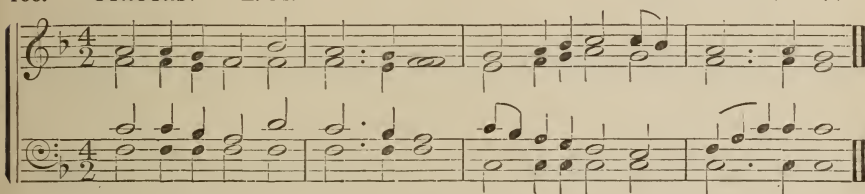
NEGLECTED GRACE.

D. C. Verse 4.



188. CONCORD. L. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



L. M.

For growth in grace.

188.

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shedd'st abroad;
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be the hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 But why does that celestial flower
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Too plain, alas! the languor shows
The unkindly soil in which it grows.
- 4 Unchanging Sun! thy beams display
To drive the fatal blight away;
Nor let the biting frost or storm
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 O thou blest spirit! deign to blow
Fresh gales on flowers of heaven below;
So shall they bloom, and from them rise
A fragrance grateful to the skies.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

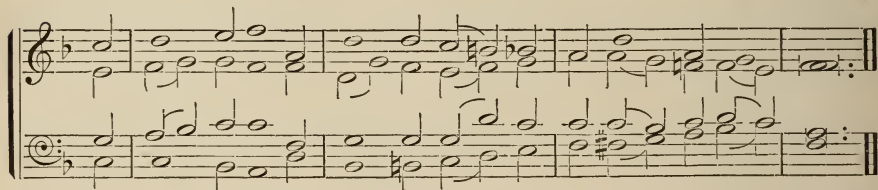
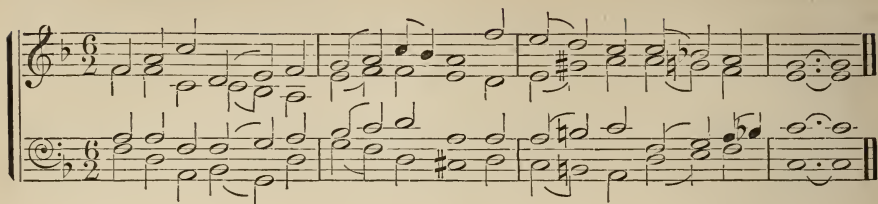
SHADOWS OF GUILT.

189-90.

EVERTON.

C. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



189.

C. M.

For increase of faith.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD ! I believe ; thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey :
 I wander comfortless and lone,
 When from thy truth I stray.</p> | <p>3 Lord ! I believe ; but thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak :
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.</p> |
| <p>2 Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight ;
 I look to thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.</p> | <p>4 Yes ! I believe ; and only thou
 Canst give my soul relief :
 Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow ;
 Help thou my unbelief !</p> |

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837.

190.

C. M.

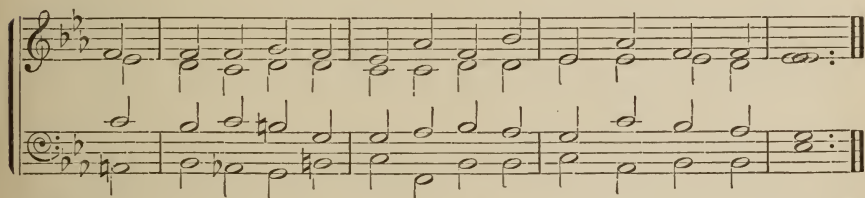
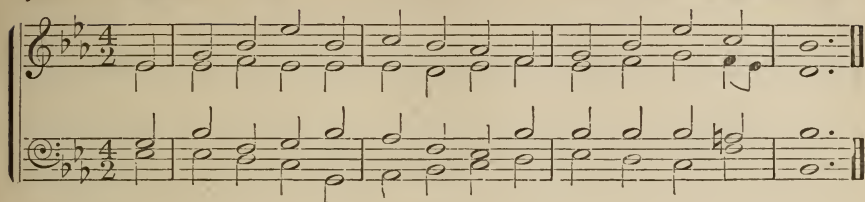
The shadow of guilt.

- 1 **M**ORTAL ! if e'er thy spirits faint,
 By grief or pain oppressed,
 Seek not vain hope or sour complaint,
 To cheer or ease thy breast :
- 2 But view thy bitterest pangs as sent
 A shadow of that doom,
 Which is the soul's just punishment
 In its own guilt's true home.
- 3 Be thine own judge : hate thy proud heart ;
 And while the sad drops flow,
 E'en let thy will attend the smart,
 And sanctify thy woe.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1832.

THE WAVERER'S LAMENT.

191-2. BRUNN. C. M. ("Ich will dich lieben.") J. B. KÖNIG's Liederschatz, (1738.)



C. M.

191.

The secret place of the Most High.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1720.

C. M.

192.

Inconstancy in religion lamented.

1 PERPETUAL Source of light and
grace!
We hail thy sacred name:
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

3 Inconstant service we repay;
And treacherous vows renew:
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn;
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all thy righteous ways.

5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.

6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

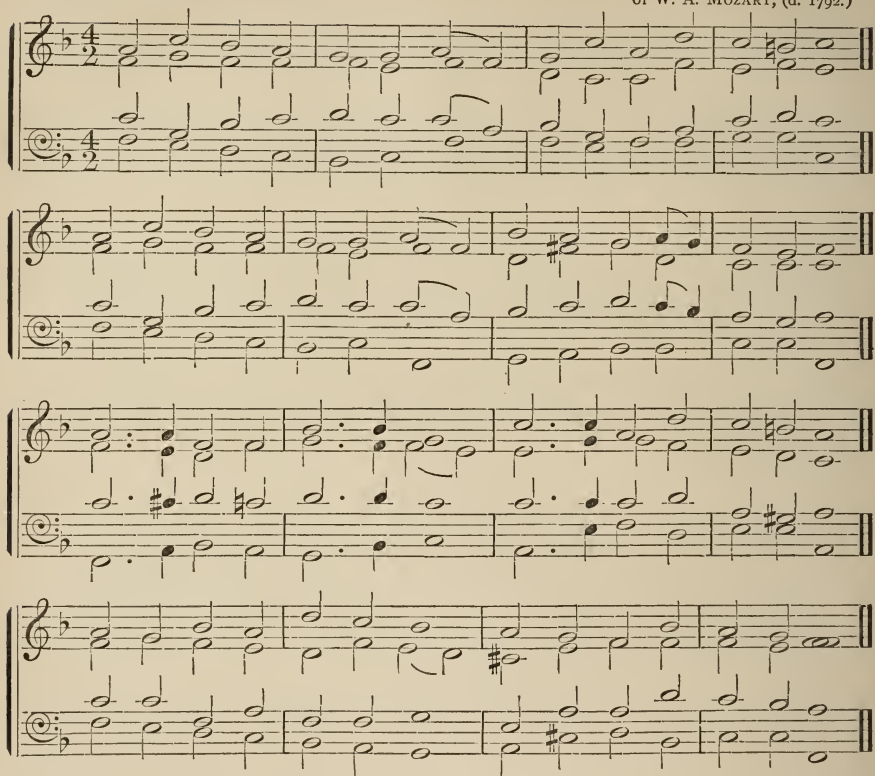
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

L

APPEAL FOR MERCY.

193. MANNHEIM. 7 M.

CHRISTIAN CANNABICH, (d. 1798.)
or W. A. MOZART, (d. 1792.)



193.

Prayer for mercy in spiritual need.

7 M.

1 LORD ! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin ;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale ;
When our tears bedew thy word ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

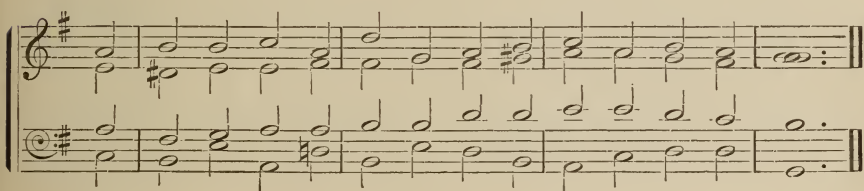
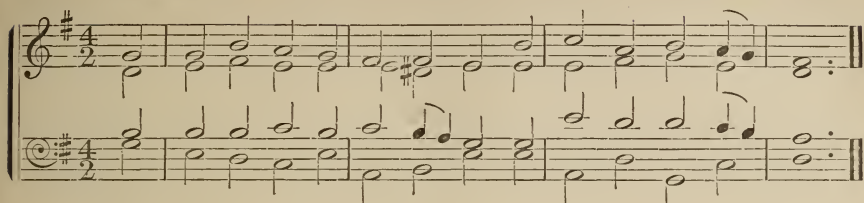
2 Lord ! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill ;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
When is loosed the silver cord ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

3 Lord ! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below ;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of thy bright but distant heaven ;
Then thy fostering grace afford ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

HE REVIVES THE CONTRITE.

194-5. PILSEN (NO. 2.) C. M. ("Herr Christ, der einig Gottsohn.") From "Enchiridion," (1524.)



C. M.

194.

Refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

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

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

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

4 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light :
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

JOHN MORRISON, 1770.

C. M.

*"Solenne nos Jejunii."
The true penitent.*

195.

1 O SINNER ! bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer :
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee :
Thy stubborn soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O let us then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.

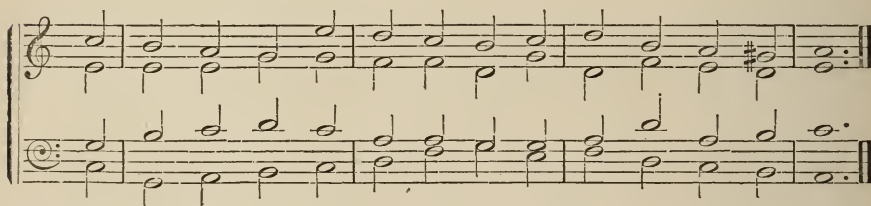
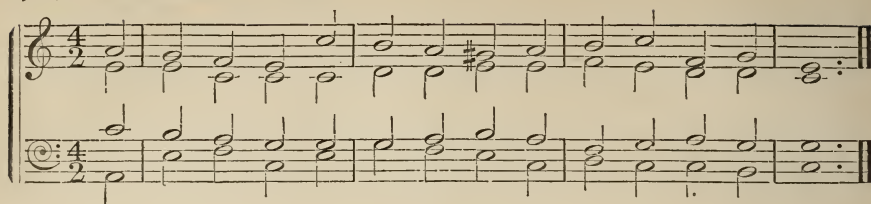
4 O righteous Judge ! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need ;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

PARISIAN BREVARY :
tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

L 2

HE WELCOMES THE PENITENT.

196-7. MIDHURST. C. M.



196.

C. M.

The penitent's cry for mercy.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU unknown, almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear;
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I may appear!</p> <p>2 If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast
Remonstrates I have done:</p> | <p>3 Thou know'st that thou hast formèd me
With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.</p> <p>4 Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
Do thou, All-good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.</p> <p>5 Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ROBERT BURNS, 1785.

197.

C. M.

The wanderer's return.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
These new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.</p> <p>2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.</p> | <p>3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Father bids thee live;
Take up thy cross, and grateful learn
How soon he can forgive.</p> <p>4 Repentant wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM BENO COLLYER, 1812:
alt. HENRY WARD BEECHER, 1869.

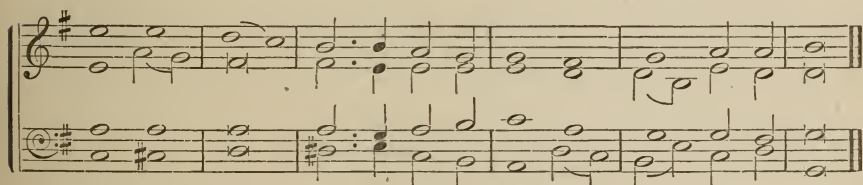
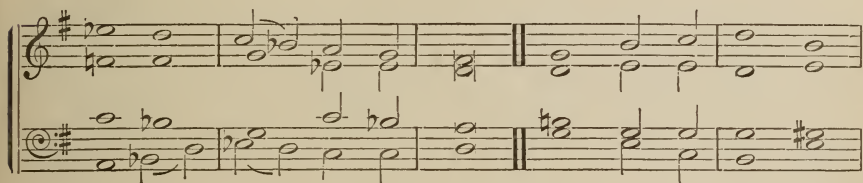
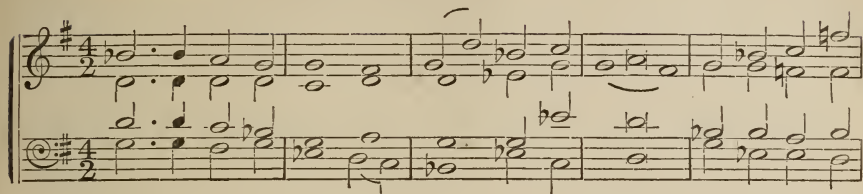
THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

198.

REPENTANCE.

6 M. M. 4.
1. 3. 7. 2. 4. 5. 6. 8.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



6 M. M. 4.
1. 3. 7. 2. 4. 5. 6. 8.

198.

Rise; He calleth thee.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day!
Heaven bids thee come
 While yet there's room:
Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear, and obey!

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high!
Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh!

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow,
 Or rushing tide!
Ere time is o'er,
 God's grace implore:
Child of sin and sorrow,
 In him confide.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

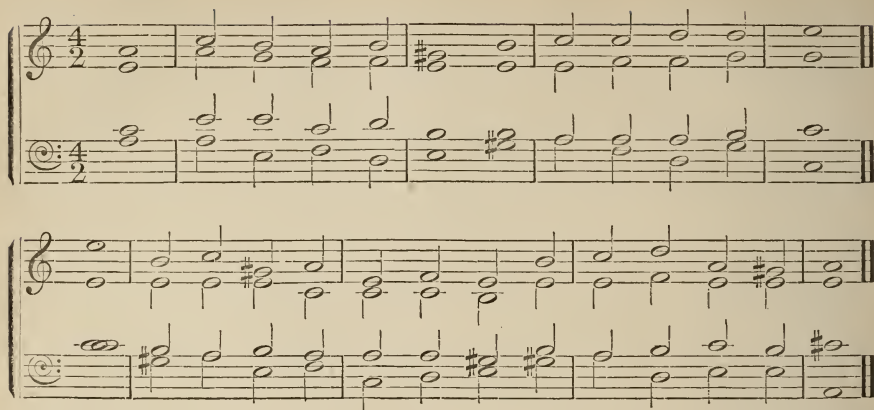
THE DIVIDED HEART.

199.

MARANO.

S. M.

"La Scala Santa," (1681.)



199.

S. M.

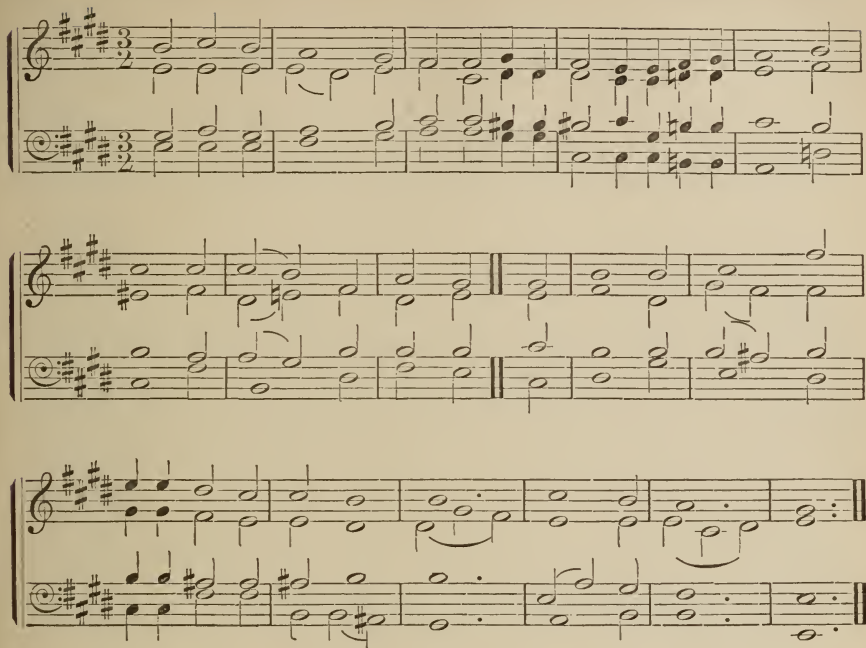
Complaint and aspiration.

- 1 NOT yet I love my God
With undivided heart;
Not yet I tread the heavenly road
With feet that ne'er depart.
- 2 Not yet is all thy will
Sweet to this heart of mine;
Not yet I hasten to fulfil
Each dear command of thine.
- 3 Not yet thy wondrous ways
I know as I desire,
Not yet upon those glories gaze
To which mine eyes aspire.
- 4 Not yet thy tasks divine
Alone my hands employ;
Not yet that presence sweet of thine
Maketh mine only joy.
- 5 But shall I not one day,
My God, be all thine own;
Rejoicing, all thy will obey,
And do thy works alone?
- 6 Will not my joy and love
Be endless and complete,
And all my blessedness above
Flow from thy presence sweet?

THE PRAYER OF THE LOWLY.

200. HUMILITY. M. 11 | 5.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. 11 | 5.

200.

The prayer of trust.

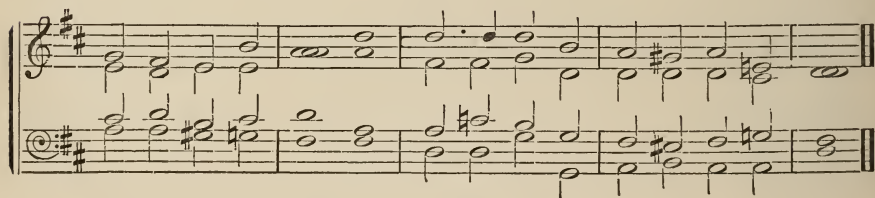
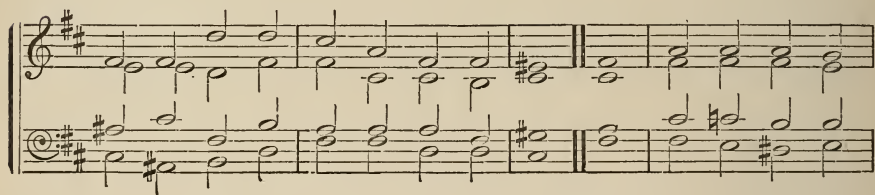
- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,
Up-soaring on the wings of awe and meekness:
Forgive its weakness!
- 2 We see thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:
We hear thy voice; it counsels and it courts us:
And then we turn away; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.
- 3 O how long-suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering; thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.
- 4 Father and Saviour! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

THE LOFTY LOOK IS HUMBLLED.

201. DALKEITH. M. 10.

THOS. HEWLETT, (1868.)



201.

M. 10.

The broken shield.

1 **O** SEND me not away! for I would drink,
 E'en I, the weakest, at the fount of life;
 Chide not my steps, that venture near the brink,
 Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

2 Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
 Strong in the majesty of human might?
 Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,
 My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

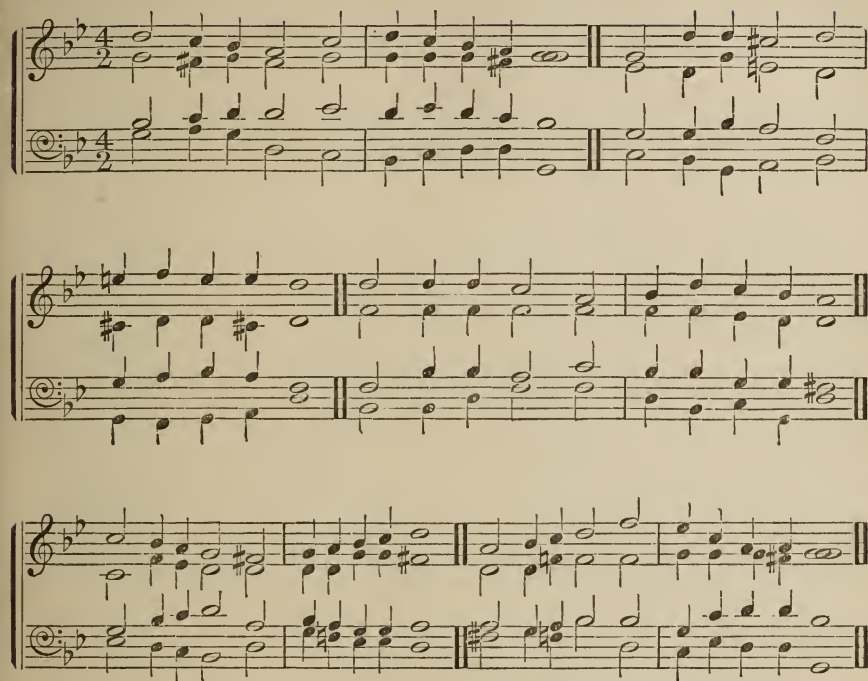
3 Was I not girded for the battle-field?
 Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
 Behold the fragments of my broken shield,
 And lend to me thy heavenly armour, Lord!

THE LOFTY LOOK IS HUMBLLED.

202.

OLD 50.

M. 10.



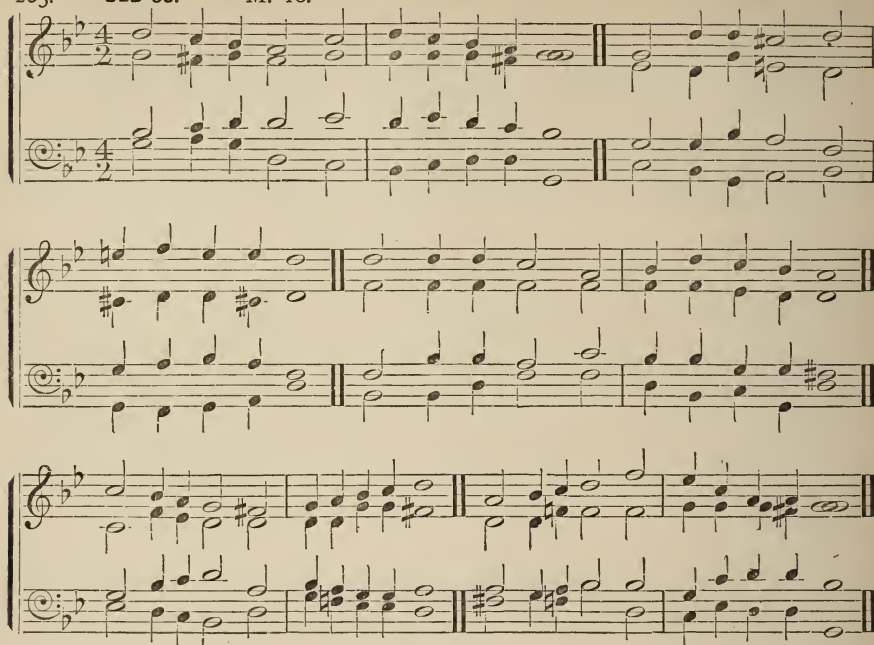
M. 10.

202.

Under the sense of sin.

- 1 **O** FATHER! I have sinnèd: I have done
The thing I thought I never more should do.
My days were set before me, light all through;
But I have made them dark,—alas! too true,—
And drawn dense clouds between me and my sun.
- 2 Forgive me not; for grievous is my sin;
Yea, very deep and dark: alas! I see
Such blackness in it, that I may not be
Forgiven of myself;—how then of thee?
Vile, vile, without;—black, utter black, within!
- 3 If my shut eyes should dare their lids to part,
I know how they must quail beneath the blaze
Of thy love's greatness. No; I dare not raise
One prayer, to look aloft, lest it should gaze
On such forgiveness as would break my heart!

203. OLD 50. M. 10.



203.

M. 10.

The sleep that longs for waking.

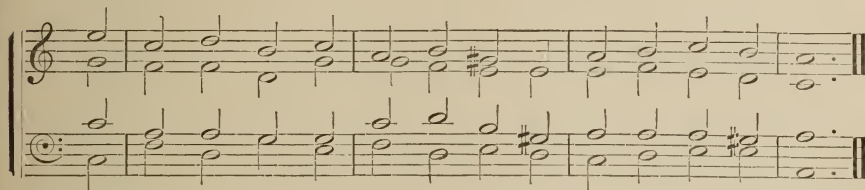
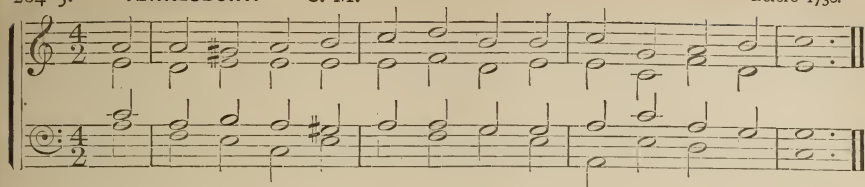
- 1 **W**HAT mean these slow returns of love; these days
Of withered prayer; of dead unflowering praise?
These bands of twilight laid on me, to keep
Dusk veils on holy vision? this most deep,
Most eyelid-heavy, lamentable sleep?
- 2 Lo! time is precious as it was before;
As sinful, sin; my goal, as unattained:
And yet I drowse and dream, and am not pained
At God far off as ever heretofore,
At sin as flagrant as of old, or more.
- 3 Dear Lord, what can I do? I come to thee;
I have no other helper. Thou art free
To save me, or to kill: but I appeal
To thy dear love, which cannot otherwise deal
Than prove thyself my friend, thy will my weal.
- 4 Wake, wake me, Lord! arouse me: let thy fire
Loosen these icicles, and make them drop
And run into warm tears: for I aspire
To hold thee faster, dearer, warmer, nigher,
And love and serve thee henceforth without stop.

204-5.

TEWKESBURY.

C. M.

Before 1730.



C. M.

"Search me, O God."

204.

- 1 **H**UMBLY, my God, with thee I
walk,
And sweet communion hold;
With thee in my soul's silence talk,
And all my heart unfold.
- 2 But what a heart, for thee to look
Into its depths and read,
As in the volume of a book,
The thoughts which thence proceed!—
- 3 Its vain imaginations, vain
Affections and desires,
Its thirst for glory, grandeur, gain,
False hopes, false fears, false fires:—

- 4 These would I not from thee conceal,
Nor thus myself deceive:
No; grant me, Lord, my sins to feel,
To feel them and to grieve;—
- 5 Grieve, and with penitence confess,
Till thou art pleased to show
Mercy on my unrighteousness,
And give me joy for woe.
- 6 How blest my lot no tongue can tell,
If such my walk might be,
As seeing thee, Invisible!
For ever seeing me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

C. M.

I remember my faults this day.

205.

- 1 **W**HEN shall I, Lord, a journey take
Through my departed years,
And not a mournful visit make,
And not return in tears?
- 2 If sad the thought of sweetness gone,
If pain past pleasures bring,
How shall my sins be gazed upon,
And not resume their sting?
- 3 Hath not thy mercy made me whole?
Hath not thy grace forgiven?
Yet still the grief regains my soul;
Yet still my heart is riven.

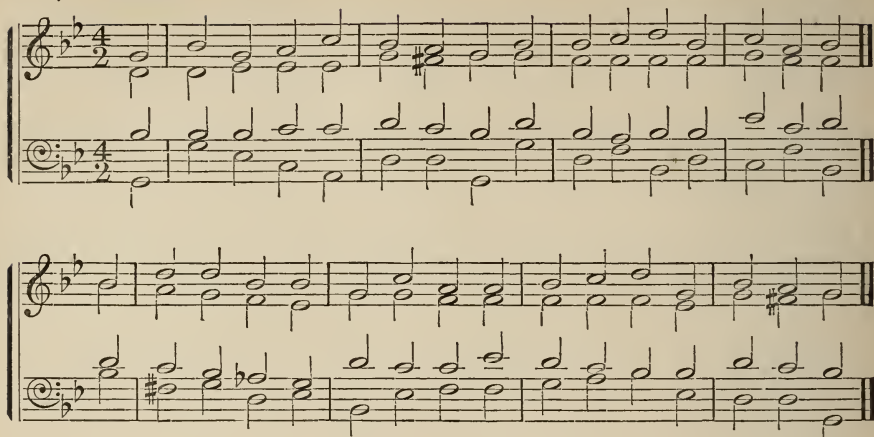
- 4 Those buried sins of mine arise:
Again my heart runs o'er:
Once more those deep, repentant
sighs,—
Those bitter tears once more!
- 5 O shall these drops of sadness make
The light celestial dim,
And Memory's mournful music break
On heaven's eternal hymn?
- 6 Those sins, so bitter to my soul,
Lord, let me not repeat!
So make my past less sorrowful:
So make my heaven more sweet!

THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL, 1869.

HEAL ME, FOR I HAVE SINNED.

206-7. DERBY. L. M.

EDWARD HARWOOD, (d. 1787.)



206.

L. M.

A penitent's prayer. Ps. 51.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!
 Lo! all my crimes before thee lie!
 Though I have grieved thy spirit, Lord,
 Thy help and comfort still afford.</p> <p>2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring:
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.</p> | <p>3 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin:
 Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.</p> <p>4 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banished from thy sight:
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore!
 And guard me that I fall no more.</p> |
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ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

207.

L. M.

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

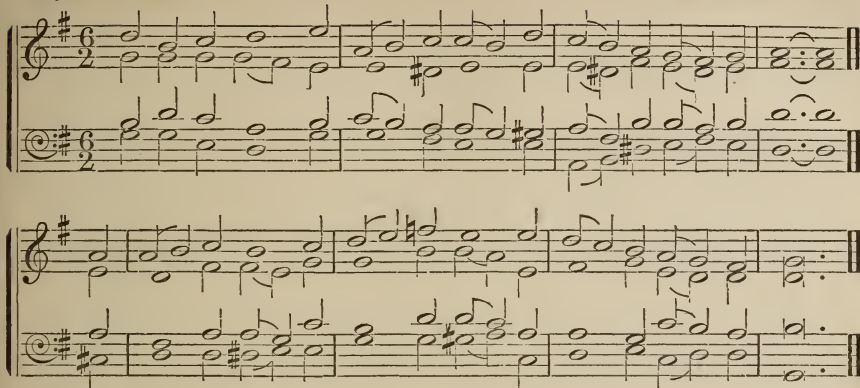
- 1 **L**ORD! we have wandered from the way;
 Like foolish sheep, have gone astray;
 Our pleasant pastures we have left,
 And of their guard our souls bereft:
- 2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
 Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm:
 Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
 Till thou reveal the paths of peace.
- 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord!
 Nor let us quite forget thy word:
 Our erring souls do thou restore,
 And keep us, that we stray no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

WILT THOU RETURN?

208-9. WESTHAM. C. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, (d. 1782.)



C. M.

208.

Times past reviewed.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOD of my life and all my powers,
The everlasting friend!
Shall life, so favoured in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end?</p> <p>2 To thee, O Lord, my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.</p> <p>3 From parent's eye, and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet;
It swelled the hymn, and sealed the
prayer;
'T was calm, and strange, and sweet!</p> | <p>4 Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood;—</p> <p>5 Thy dew came down,—my heart was
thine;
It knew nor doubt nor strife;
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.</p> <p>6 Still will I hope for voice and strength
To glorify thy name;
Though I must die to all that's mine,
And suffer all my shame.</p> |
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CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

C. M.

209.

"Return unto me, and I will return unto thee."

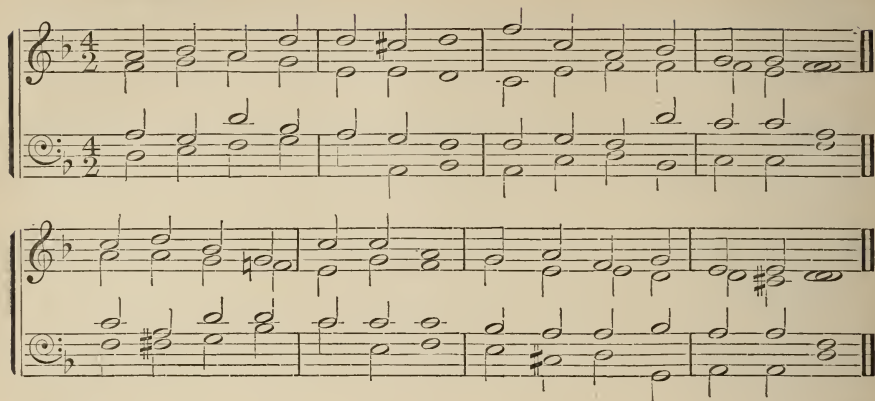
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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WILT thou return to me, O Lord,
If I return to thee?
O heavenly truth! O gracious word!
My hope and refuge be!</p> <p>2 Since from thy foot I dared to roam,
My soul has found no rest:
Chastised and contrite, back I come,
To seek it in thy breast.</p> | <p>3 And dost thou say thou wilt receive,
And call me still thy own?
My spirit, hear, accept, believe!
And melt, my heart of stone!</p> <p>4 Again that gracious word to me!
O speak that word again!
My guilt is pardoned?—can it be?—
And loosed my every chain?</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 No, blessed Lord! not every chain,
Not every bond, remove:
Let one, at least, unloosed remain,—
The bond of grateful love!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1833.

GOD BE MERCIFUL TO US.

210. LUXEMBURG. 7 M.

GERMAN.



210.

7 M.

A penitential prayer.

1 GOD of mercy, God of love!
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;

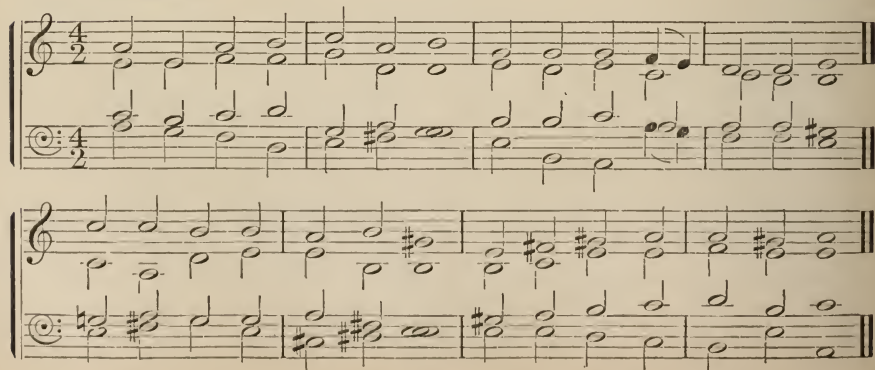
4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own:
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs!

JOHN TAYLOR, 1795.

211. THURINGIA. 7 M. ("Schwing dich auf.")

GERMAN.



7 M.

211.

"Father, I have sinned."

1 LOVE for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!

2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

3 I, who spurned his loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call,
I, the wilful prodigal!

4 I, who wasted and misspent
Every talent he had lent;
I, who sinned again, again,
Giving every passion rein!

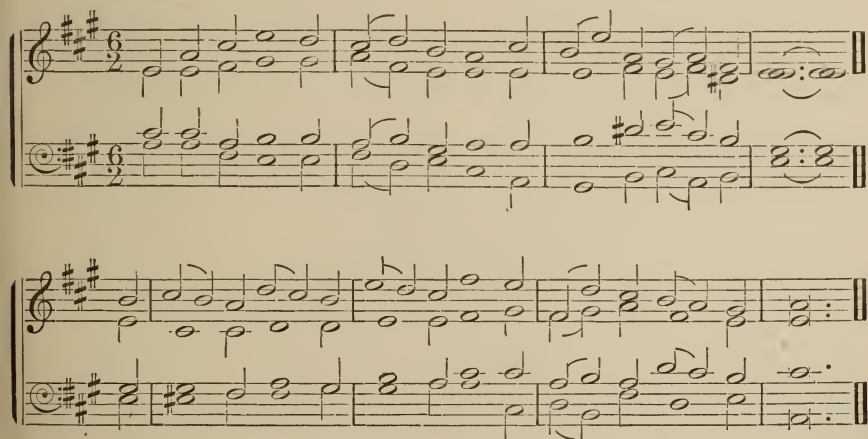
5 To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw;
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

6 See! my Father waiting stands;
See! he reaches out his hands;
God is love! I know, I see
There is love for me,—e'en me!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

212. RICHMOND. C. M.

THOMAS HAWEIS, (d. 1820.)



C. M.

212.

Peace to the penitent.

1 SWEET is the friendly voice which
speaks
The words of life and peace,
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal:
The broken heart 't is thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

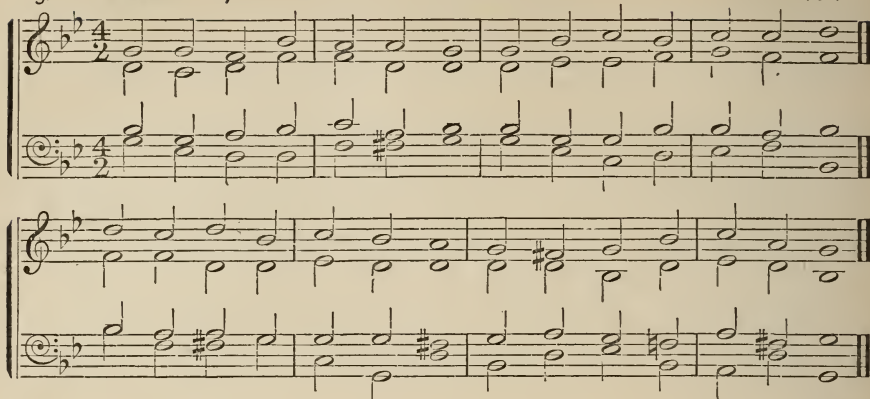
4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

THOMAS JERVIS, 1795.

WITH HIM THERE IS FORGIVENESS.

213. ERLACH. 7 M. ("Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.")

GERMAN, (1524.)



213.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

7 M.

1 LORD! forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay:
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have failed to shun:

2 Trespasses in word and thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude, distrust;
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.

3 Pardon, Lord!—and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

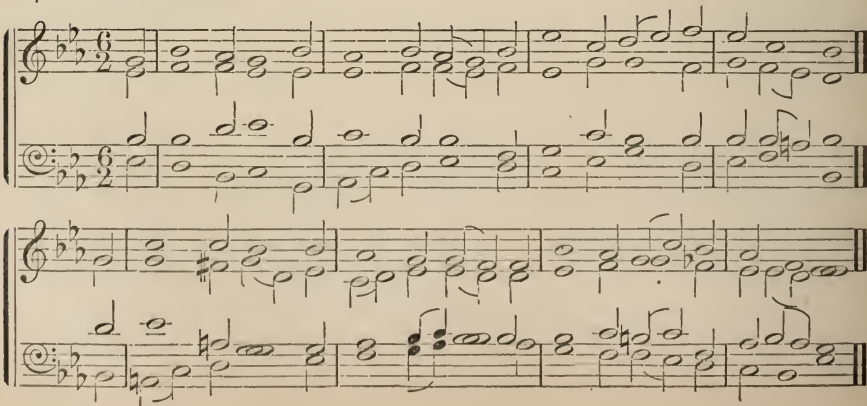
4 May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

5 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

214. NEW COLLEGE. L. M.

WILLIAM HAYES, (d. 1779.)



L. M.

214.

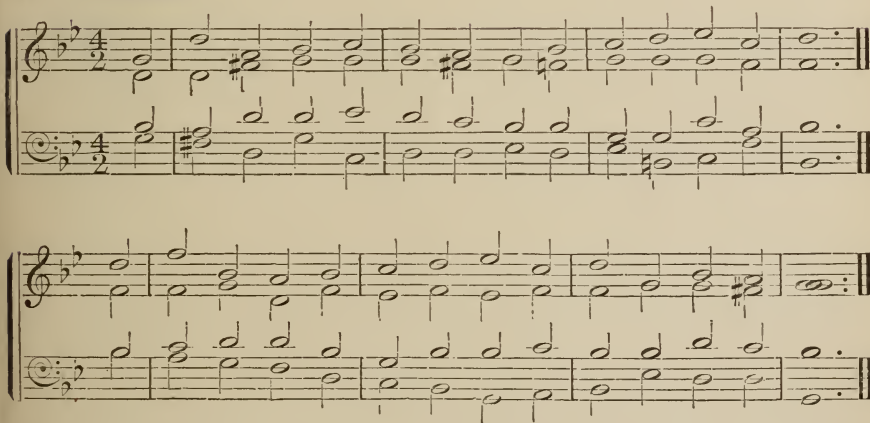
Peace after a storm.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, gracious Father, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn ;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine :
Thou therefore all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

William Cowper, 1779.

215. COVENTRY. C. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, (d. 1782.)



C. M.

215.

Vain repentances.

- 1 TIMES without number have I prayed
'This only once forgive ;'
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live.
- 2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore ;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

M

CLEANSE ME FROM MY SIN.

216. PENITENCE. M. 10.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

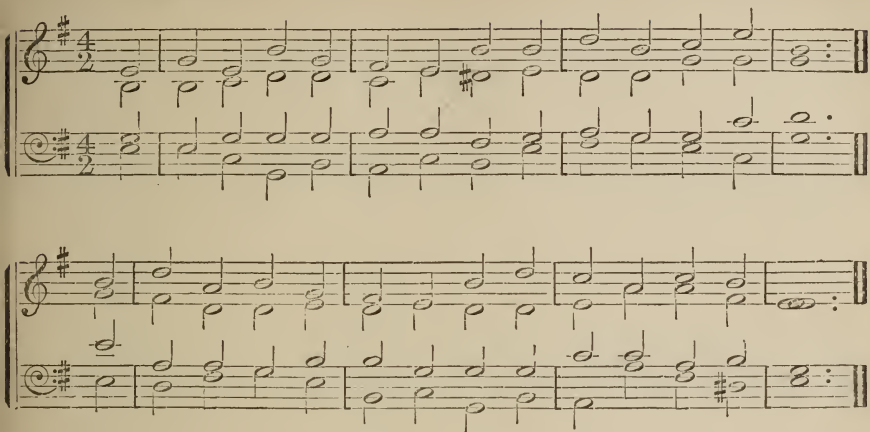
216.

M. 10.

"May be the Lord will look upon my tears."

DROP, drop, slow tears ! and bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven the news and Prince of peace :
Cease not, wet eyes ! for mercy to entreat ;
To cry for vengeance Sin doth never cease :
In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears ;
Nor let his eye see sin, but through my tears.

Phineas Fletcher, 1633;



C. M.

217.

Prayer for divine help.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.</p> <p>2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.</p> | <p>3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.</p> <p>4 O help us, Father, from on high ;
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

C. M.

218.

"Lead us not into temptation."

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LET bolder hearts the strife require,
And rush upon the foe :
O lowlier is our heart's desire ;
Our frailty, Lord, we know.</p> <p>2 We would not ask a sight of sin
Our steadfastness to prove,
Nor let the tempter audience win,
To show how strong our love.</p> <p>3 No ! closer let thy covering wing
Over thy tremblers fall !
More plenteous to thy pilgrims bring
The airs celestial !</p> | <p>4 We leave thee, Lord, our love to task,
Thee, thee, our strength to try ;
Thy trembling servants only ask
Their God to glorify.</p> <p>5 O well our yearning hearts may love
The everlasting home ;
There will our love-set feet ne'er rove,
There may no tempter come.</p> <p>6 O realm all bright, all hallowèd !
O journey safe and sweet !
On holy ground alone we tread,
And only angels meet !</p> |
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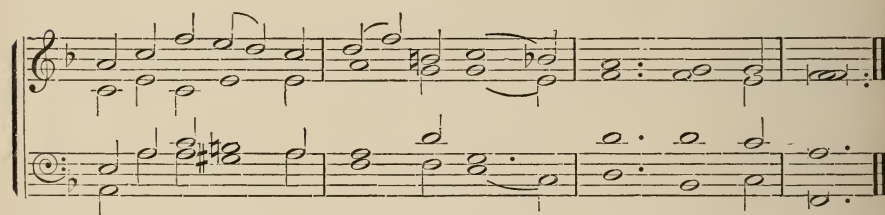
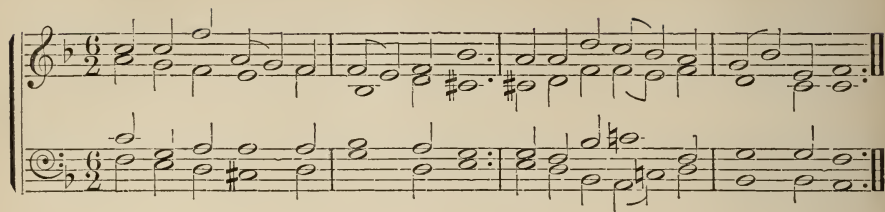
THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL, 1869.

M 2

PRAYER FOR GRACE.

219. ENDOR. M. 8 | 4.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



219.

M. 8 | 4.

"Though the stock die in the ground, at the scent of water it will bud."

1 MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above!

2 The dew doth every morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip thy Dove?
The dew for which grass cannot call
Drop from above.

3 Sin is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardness void of love:
Let suppling grace, to cross his art,
Drop from above.

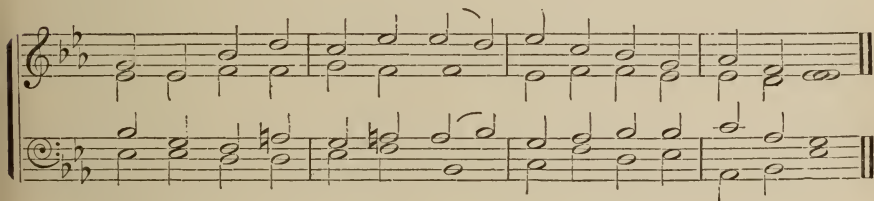
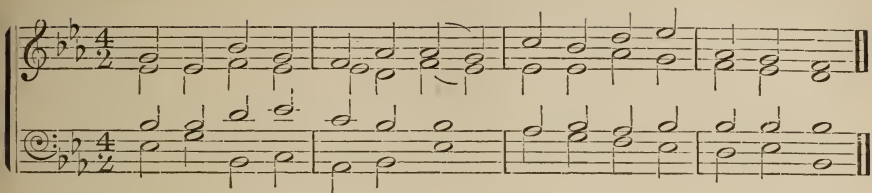
4 O come! for thou dost know the way:
Or, if to me thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say—
Drop from above!

GEORGE HERBERT, 1632.

PRAYER FOR GRACE.

220. SHARON. 7 M.

WILLIAM BOYCE, (d. 1779.)



7 M.

220.

The waverer's prayer.

- 1 SOURCE of love, and Light of day!
Tear me from myself away:
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of thine.
- 2 Can I grieve thee, whom I love,—
Thee, in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!
- 3 Still I choose thee,—follow still
Every notice of thy will:
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.
- 4 Thee relinquished,—how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Thou alone our comfort art,
Strengtheners of the trembling heart!

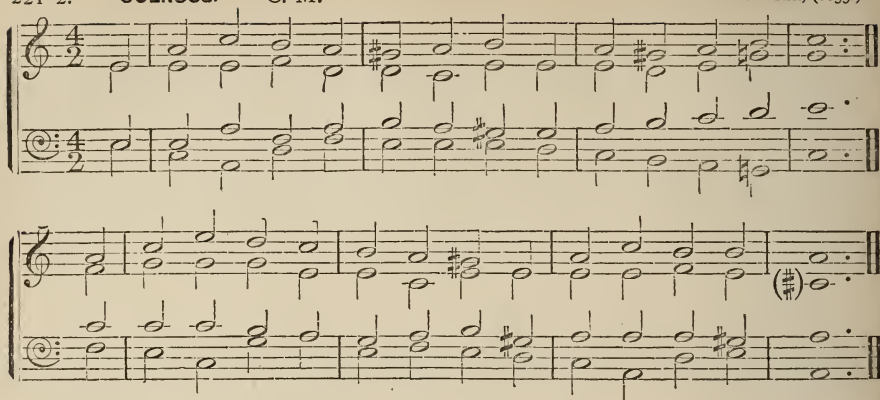
JEANNE MARIE BOUVIÈRE DE LA MOTHE GUION, c. 1689:

tr. WILLIAM COWPER, 1782.

WAIT PATIENTLY FOR HIM.

221-2. CULROSS. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, (1635.)



221.

C. M.

Teach us how to pray.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.</p> <p>2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.</p> <p>3 Sad with the shame of conscious sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?</p> | <p>4 God of all grace! we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts:
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:—</p> <p>5 Give deep humility,—the sense
Of godly sorrow give,—
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live:—</p> <p>6 Patience to watch, to wait, and weep,
Until thine own good day;—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

James Montgomery, 1825.

222.

C. M.

"Not my will, but thine, be done."

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 METHOUGHT my soul had learned
to love
Thy gracious sharpness, Lord:
Methought the glory from above
O'er all my lot was poured.</p> <p>2 Methought thine angels, Lord, were
sweet,
Whate'er the news they bore:
Methought thy pleasure I could greet,
Nor wait for grace in store.</p> <p>3 Have I not seen the desert drear
Bloom into holy ground?
And close beside the sepulchre
Thy brightest angels found?</p> | <p>4 O faithless soul, that would not take
Thy sad-robed angels in;
Whom the bright raiment glad must
make,
Ere access they may win!</p> <p>5 At once thy bidding to fulfil
My stricken soul was loth;
With the first sharpness of thy will
My rebel will was wroth.</p> <p>6 I waited till the sweetness came,
Till clear the glory shone:
Ah! then I glorified thy name;
Ah! then my God was known!</p> |
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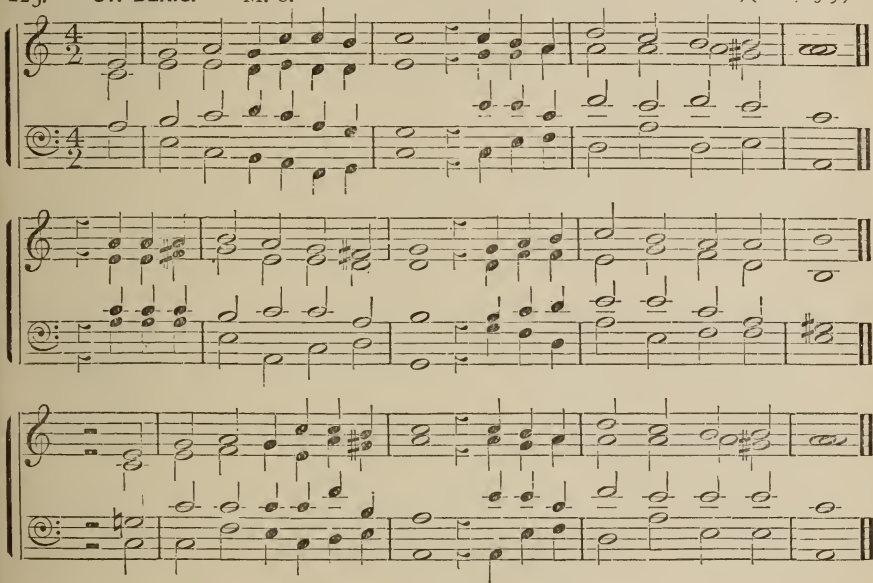
RETURN TO THY REST, O MY SOUL.

7 When in thy paths shall I delight,
Ere flowers make glad my feet?
When shall thy stroke upon me light,
And still my song be sweet?

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1859.

223. ST. DENIS. M. 8.

PIERRE ATTAIGNANT'S COLLECTION, (Paris, 1529.)



M. 8.

223.

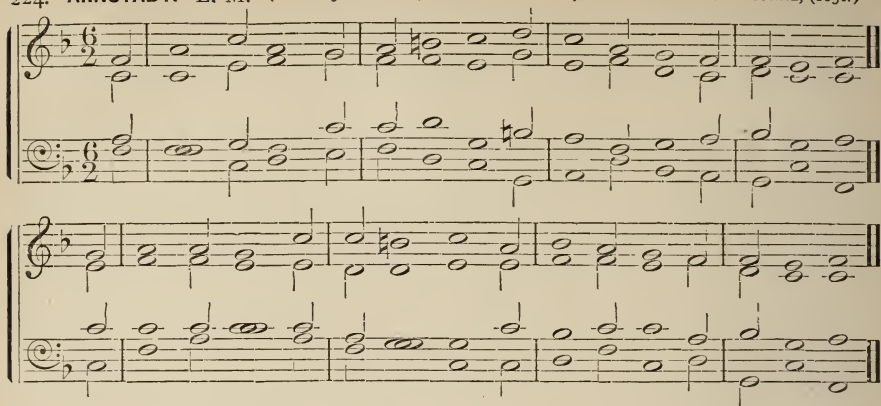
The return to God.

- 1 **P**ARTED from God and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
Back to my God at last I fly;
For O! the waters still are high!
- 2 The anxious strife, the eager race,
The cares of self, for thee I leave:
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
Into the ark of love receive;
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
And still it, Father, on thy breast.
- 3 Fill with inviolable peace;
'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease;
From thee no more may I depart:
Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

Charles Wesley, 1740.

RETURN TO THY REST, O MY SOUL.

224. ARNSTADT. L. M. ("Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend.") GOTHAISSCHES CANTIONAL, (1651.)



224.

"Commune with thine own heart."

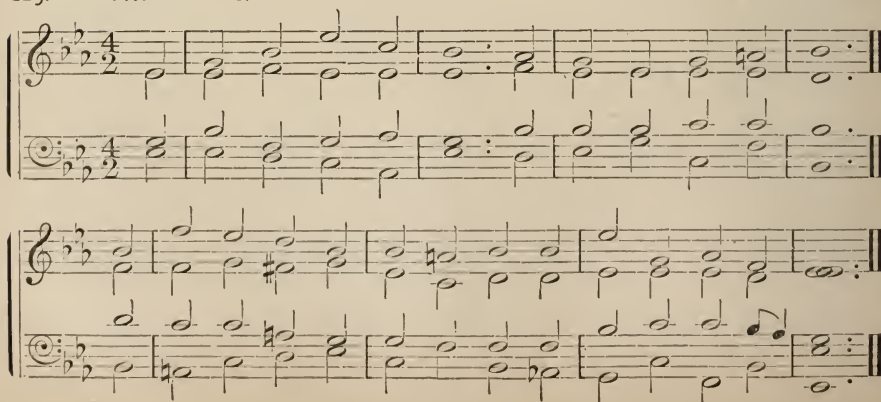
L. M.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms
no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.</p> <p>2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent seek them there:
True conquest is ourselves to o'ercome,
True strength, to break the tempter's
snare.</p> | <p>3 And thou, my God, whose piercing
eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.</p> <p>4 Through all the mazes of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom
guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.</p> <p>5 Then with the visits of thy love
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer:
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

225. PRAGUE. S. M.

LOUIS RENATUS WEST, (d. 1826.)



S. M.

225.

Strength in God.

1 **T**O keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord!"
But, 'grant I never may.'

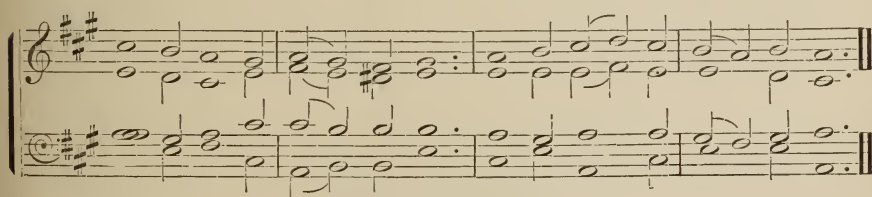
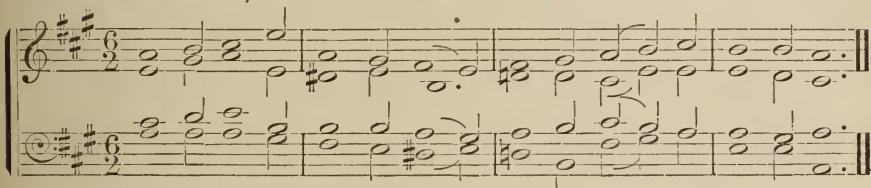
4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

6 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, 'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

William Cowper, 1779.

226. **GODESBERG.** 7 M. ("Gott des Himmels und der Erden.") HEINRICH ALBERT, (d. 1668.)



* Bow not wanted in verse 1.

7 M.

226.

My heart, Lord, would I give.

1 **K**ING of mercy, King of love,
In whom I live, in whom I move,
Perfect what thou hast begun;
Let no night put out this sun:

2 Grant I may,—my chief desire,—
Long for thee, to thee aspire!
Let my youth, my bloom of days,
Be my comfort, and thy praise:

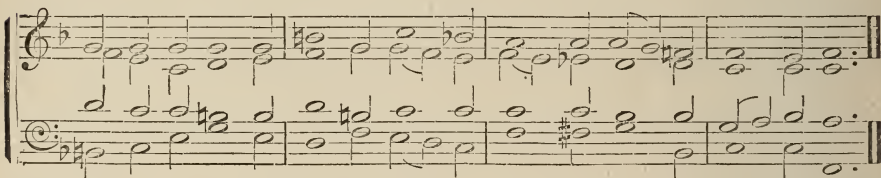
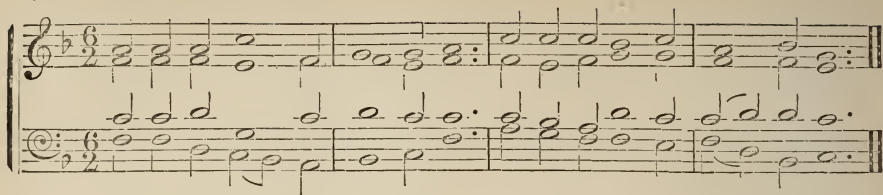
3 That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find thy hand therein,
Wiping out my shame and sin!

4 Only thine, O Lord, the art
To reduce a stubborn heart;
And since thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to thee.

5 Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot:
Since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be thine!

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1650.

227-8. HESPERUS. L. M.



227.

L. M.

Prayer for guidance.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOD of my life, whose gracious
power
Through various deaths my soul hath
led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!</p> <p>2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see:
O help me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.</p> | <p>3 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may
find,
The heaven of loving thee alone;</p> <p>4 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay:
The crooked then shall straight be-
come,
The darkness shall be lost in day.</p> |
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CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

228.

L. M.

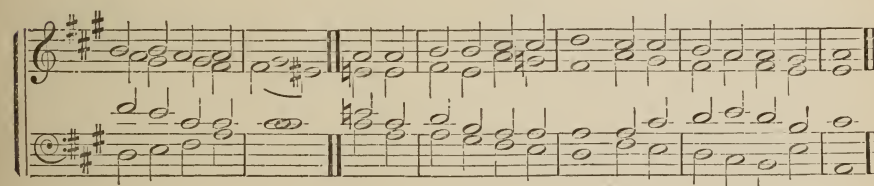
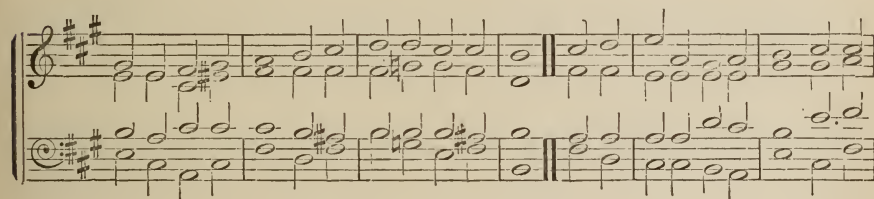
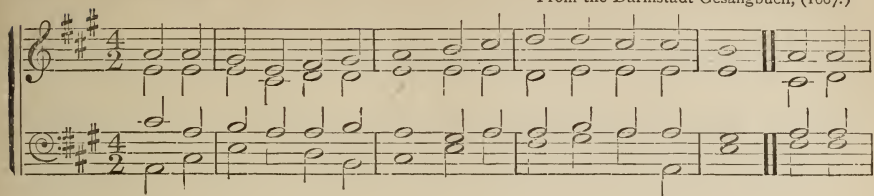
Entire subjection to the will of God.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.</p> <p>2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and
thee.</p> <p>3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to
thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.</p> | <p>4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear:
And, each vain-glorious thought to
quell,
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.</p> <p>5 Yet may we, feeble, weak and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail:
Thy word, our safety from alarm;
Our strength, thine everlasting arm.</p> <p>6 And, while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.</p> |
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MRS. JOSEPH COTTERILL, 1808.

HE SHALL STRENGTHEN THY HEART.

229. ZÜRICH (NO. 2.) 7 M. ("Jesu, der du meine Seele.") J. SCHOP? (1640.)
From the Darmstadt Gesangbuch, (1687.)



7 M.

"Brunnquell aller Güter."
The spirit of God invoked.

229.

1 SOURCE of good, whose power
controls
Every movement of our souls;
Wind that quickens where it blows;
Comforter of human woes;
Flame of pure and holy love;
Strength of all that live and move;
Come! thy gifts and fire impart;
Make me love thee from the heart!

2 As the hart, with longing, looks
For refreshing water-brooks,
Heated in the burning chase;
So my soul desires thy grace;
So my heavy-laden breast,
By the cares of life oppressed,
Longs thy cooling streams to taste
In this dry and barren waste.

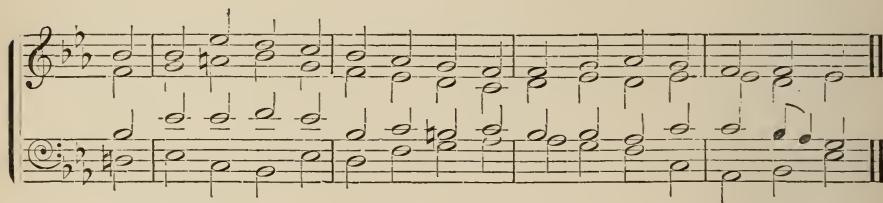
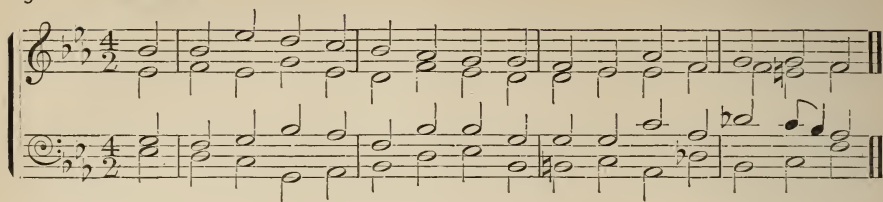
3 Mighty Spirit! by whose aid
Man a living soul was made;
Everlasting God! whose fire
Kindles chaste and pure desire;
Grant, in every grief and loss,
I may calmly bear the cross,
And surrender all to thee,
Comforting and strengthening me!

JOHANN FRANK, 1653:
tr. RICHARD MASSIE, 1854.

IN THY LIGHT I SHALL SEE LIGHT.

230. TÜBINGEN. L. M.

C. PH. E. BACH, (d. 1778.)



230.

"Hier legt mein Sinn sich vor Dir nieder."

L. M.

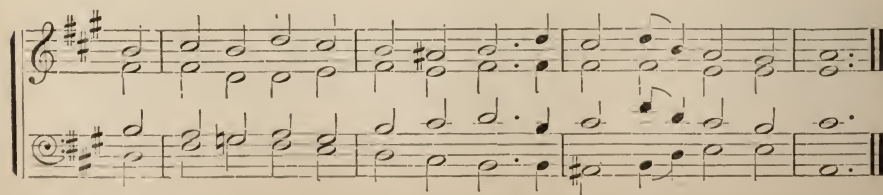
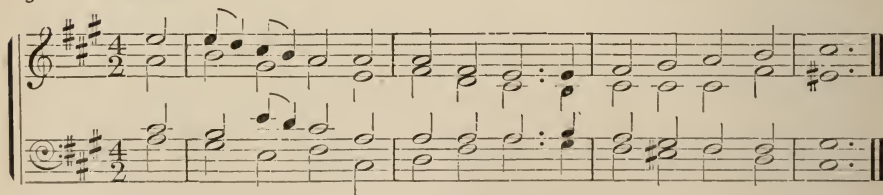
Submissive prayer for grace.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies :
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O let thy presence set me free !</p> <p>2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore :
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.</p> | <p>3 Take full possession of my heart ;
The lowly mind of Christ impart :
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.</p> <p>4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do :
Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH RICHTER, 1704 :
tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

231. MILFORD. C. M.

EDWARD TAYLOR, (d. 1863.)



C. M.

231.

- *Prayer for a holy mind.*

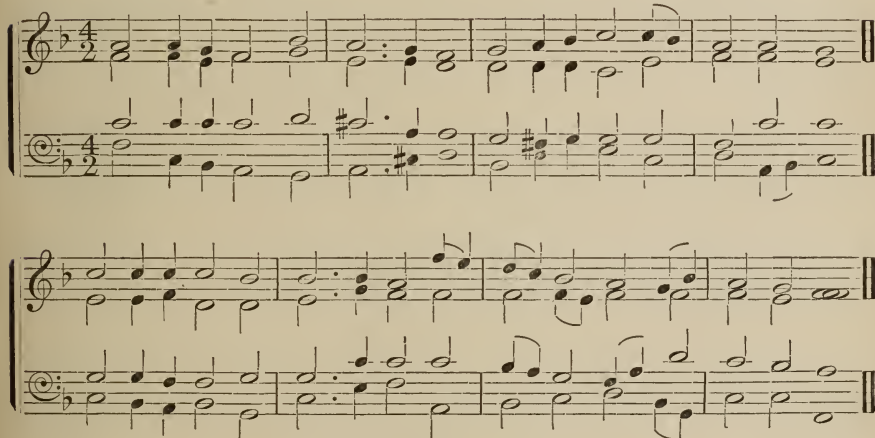
- 1 FATHER in heaven ! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer,
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord ;
Each moment is itself a gift,
To bear me on to God.

- 3 Help me to break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown :
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.
- 4 And do thou kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1822.

232. CONCORD. L. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



L. M.

232.

"Seek, and ye shall find."

- 1 O SOURCE of good ! around me spread
Ten thousand thousand blessings lie ;
By night thy mercy guards my head,
By day I feel thee ever nigh.
- 2 Yet if to taste thy gifts were all
Thy bounteous hand bestowed on me,—
No leave upon thy name to call,
And gain access by prayer to thee :
- 3 How would my spirit sorrowing,
'Mid all those gifts, have sighed to feel
It knew not the refreshing spring,
That ceaseless flows to soothe and heal !

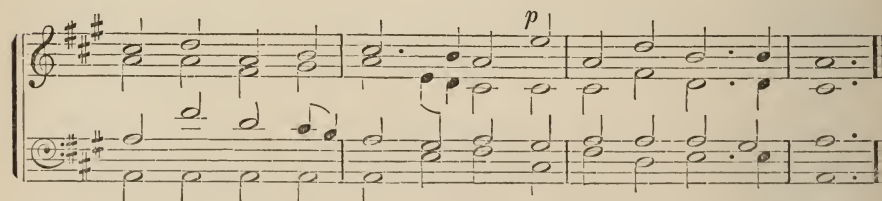
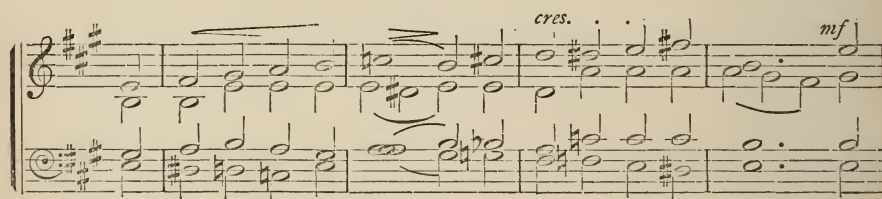
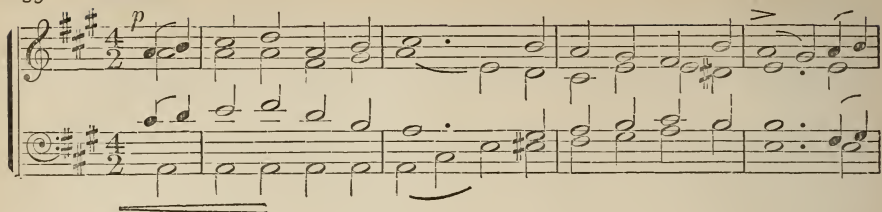
- 4 No chain to bind the wandering soul,
No link, connecting earth and heaven,
No Father's pitying, kind control,
No child, repenting and forgiven !
- 5 But God reveals his mercy-seat,
And beams of light the gloom dispel :
He gives ;—from him the gift is sweet ;
He takes away,—and all is well.
- 6 The voice of prayer in heaven is heard !
Let strength depart and comforts flee,
If man may act upon that word,—
'Seek, and he shall be found of thee.'

EMILY TAYLOR, 1826.

WATCHING UNTO PRAYER.

233. RESCUE. S. M. D.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)



233.

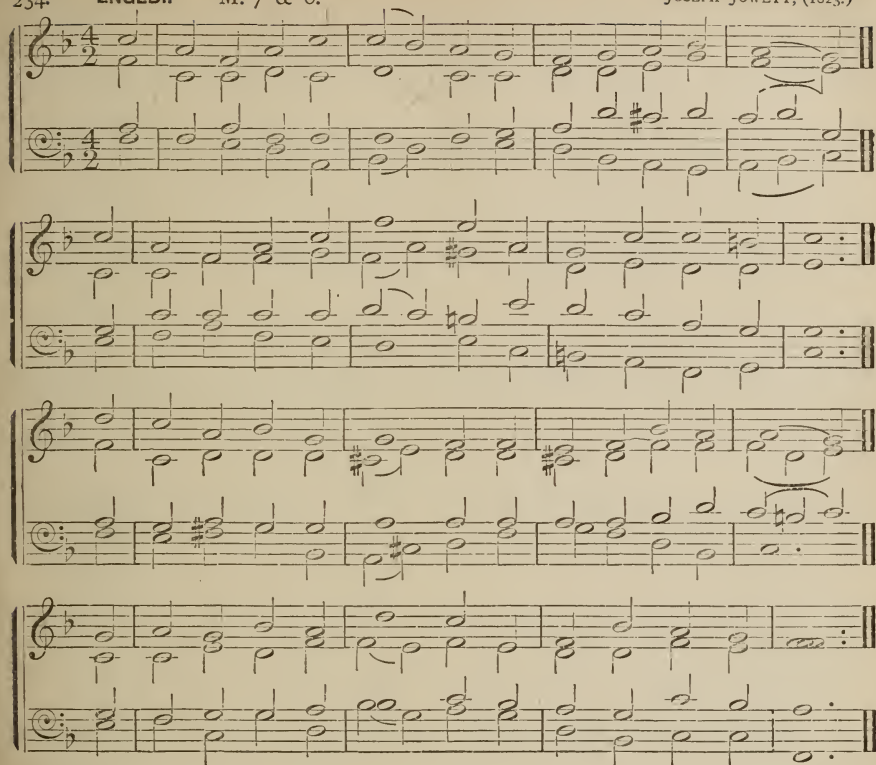
S. M. D.

Prayer for self-dedication amid cares.

1 THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart!
From all entanglements beneath
Cail off my anxious heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed:
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come!
Thine own this moment seize!
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace;
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1743.



M. 7 & 6.

234.

Pray without ceasing.

1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright;
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

2 Or if 't is e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way;
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Of thy spirit raised above
 May reach his throne of glory
 Who is mercy, truth, and love.

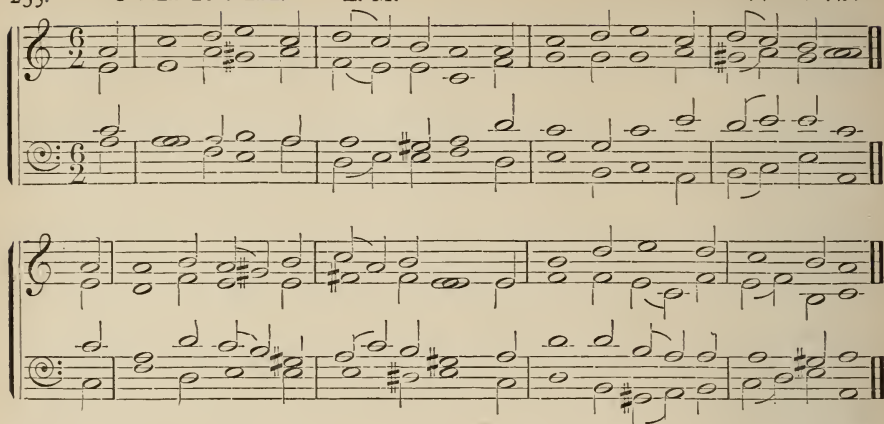
3 O not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that he hath given us
 To pour our hearts in prayer!
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall,
 And remember, in thy gladness,
 His grace who gave thee all.

235.

"O FILII ET FILIÆ."

L. M.

From LA FEILLÉE, (Paris, 1745.)



235.

L. M.

Exhortation to prayer.

1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of
prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright.

3 Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you com-
plain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

4 Were half the breath, thus vainly
spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord hath done for
me.'

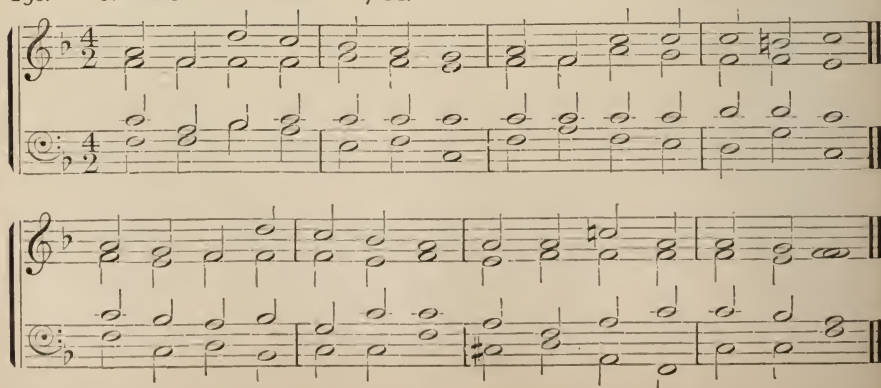
WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

236.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

7 M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, (1850.)

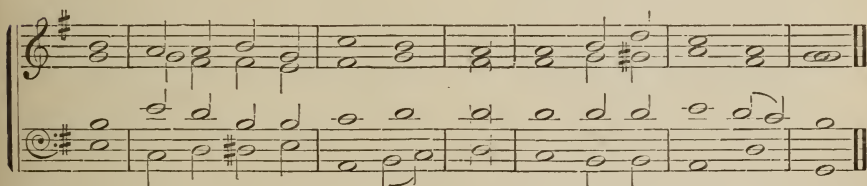
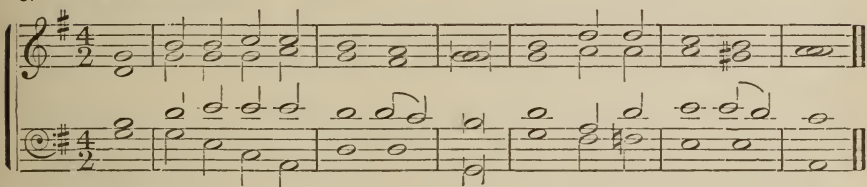


7 M.

236.

Divine presence.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.</p> <p>2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.</p> | <p>3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every where.</p> <p>4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present every where.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

*Oliver Holden, 1808.*237. **PETERBOROUGH.** C. M.

C. M.

237.

What is prayer?

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.</p> <p>2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.</p> <p>3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.</p> | <p>4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword in the hour of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.</p> <p>5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'</p> <p>6 True bond of hearts below, above!
The spirits here, and there,
Live in communion of love
Through links of secret prayer!</p> |
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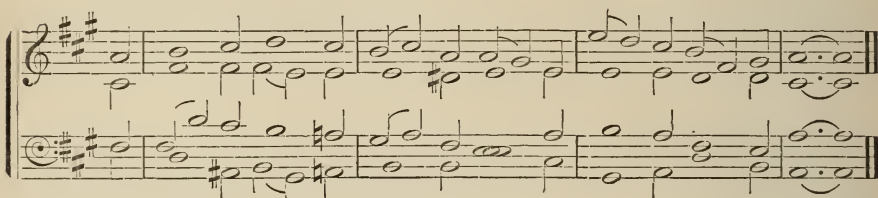
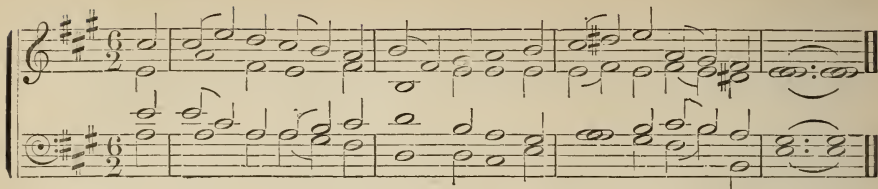
James Montgomery, 1825.

N

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

238. STEVENSON. C. M.

SIR JOHN A. STEVENSON, (d. 1833.)



238.

C. M.

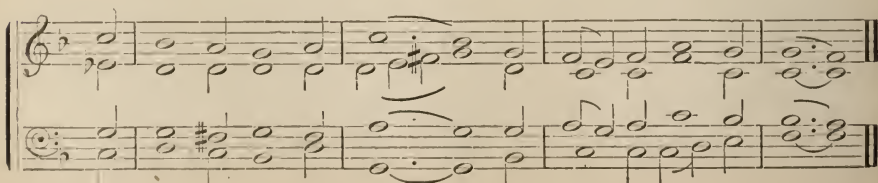
Secret prayer.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SWEET is the prayer, whose holy
stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.</p> <p>2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.</p> | <p>3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear;
When God has made the heart
rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.</p> <p>4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts, the prayer.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

MANCHESTER (MOSLEY ST.) SEL., 1829.

239. "SURSUM CORDA." M. 6.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. 6.

Sursum corda.

239.

1 **G**O up, go up, my heart,
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give all thy love.

2 Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifle here:
Ascend above these clouds;
Dwell in a higher sphere.

3 Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to heaven and God;
Take up thy love to him.

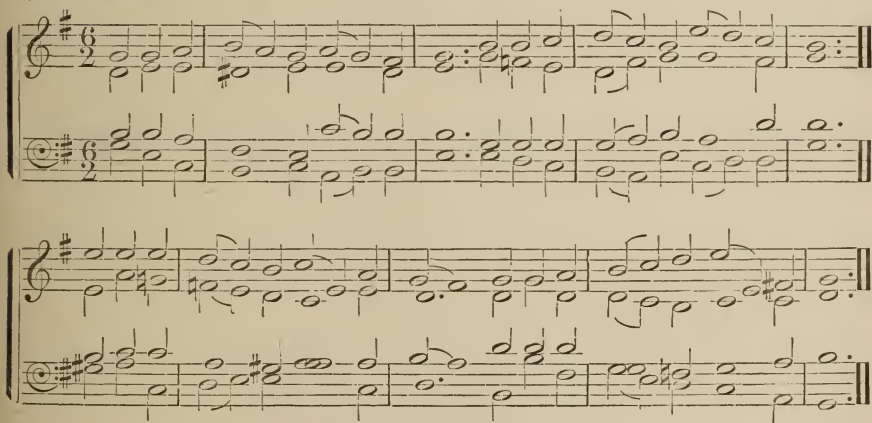
4 Waste not thy precious stores
On transient love below;
To God that wealth belongs;
On him that wealth bestow.

5 Go up, reluctant heart;
Take up thy rest above:
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts;
Ascend, my lingering love!

Horatius Bonar, 1856.

240. **AARON.** L. M.

ARNOLD.



L. M.

Self-consecration to God.

240.

1 **T**HUS shalt thou love the Almighty
Lord,—
With all thy heart and soul and mind.
So speaks to man that sacred word
For counsel and reproof designed.

2 'With all thy heart;' each idol thing,
To God must all the sway resign,
Nor o'er thy breast a shadow fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

3 'With all thy mind;' each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.

4 'With soul and strength;' thy days of
ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to him.

5 O Power supreme, in whom we move!
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

EMILY TAYLOR, 1826.

N 2

SEEK HIM BY PRAYER.

241. INCENSE. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)

241.

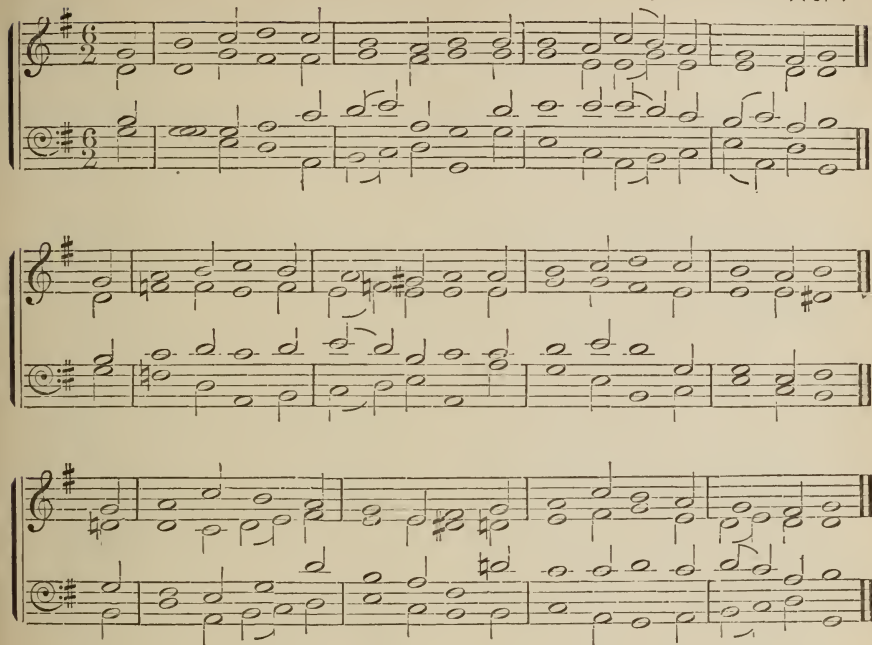
"That men pray every where."

7 M.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave;—
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!</p> | <p>2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.

242. HALLE. M. 8. ("Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr.") Old "Gloria" arranged by (?)
JOH. KÜGELMANN, (1540.)



M. 8.

242.

Self-abandonment to God.

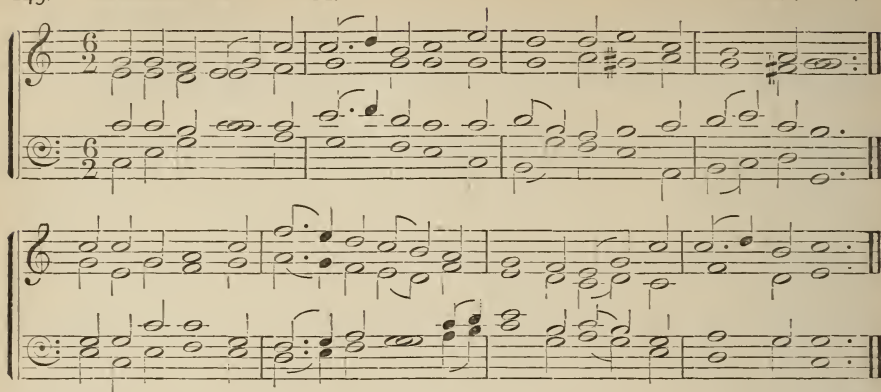
- 1 FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade!
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade.
Appoint the remnant of my days,
To see thy power, and sing thy praise.
- 2 Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire ! O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to thee ?
We have no offering to impart
But praises, and a wounded heart.
- 3 Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel,—and live!
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To *know*,—Lord, teach me to *admire*.

JOHN QUARLES, 1654.

THY FACE, LORD, WILL I SEEK.

243. WARRINGTON. L. M.

RALPH HARRISON, (d. 1810.)



243.

Praise to God through the whole of existence.

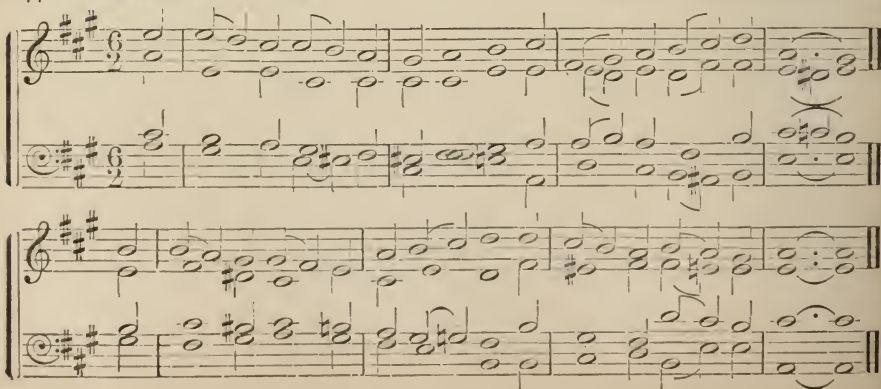
L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life ! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound
thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the silent hours of night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my
rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing
breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall pre-
vail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall
break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O ! when that last conflict's
o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

244. BROMFIELD. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTUS ARNE, (d. 1778.)



C. M.

244.

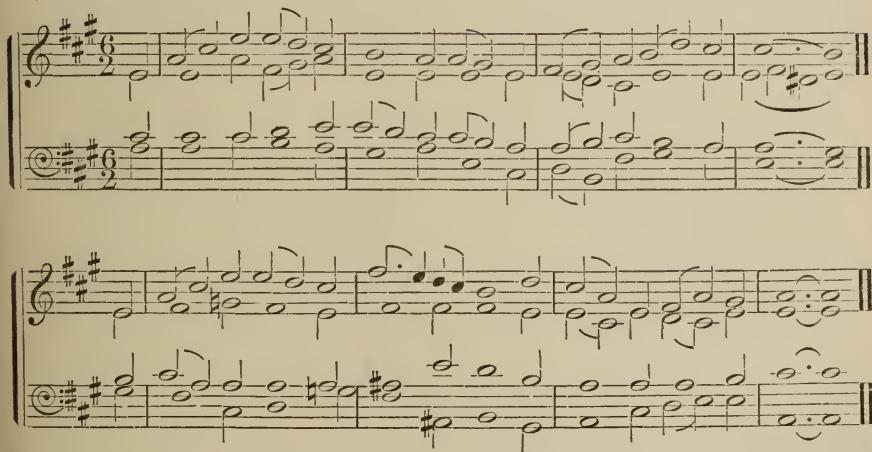
"Followers of God, as dear children."

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! I address thy heavenly throne:
Call me a child of thine:
Send down the spirit of thy son,
To form my heart divine.</p> <p>2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Thy children do thy will;
But with the noblest powers they have
Thy welcome word fulfil.</p> | <p>3 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil:
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.</p> <p>4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see him 'face to face.'</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Isaac Watts, 1709.

245. GATH. C. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



C. M.

245.

Retirement.

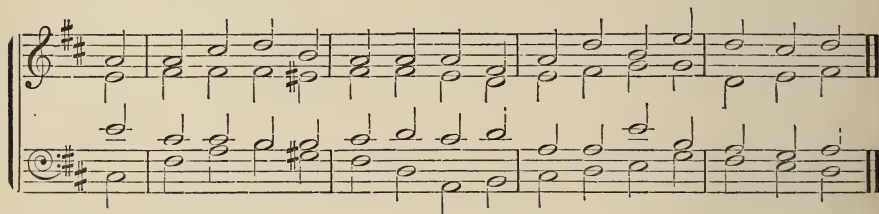
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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee;
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Sin is waging still
His most successful war.</p> <p>2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.</p> <p>3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!</p> | <p>4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.</p> <p>5 Author and guardian of my life!
Sweet source of light divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
MY FATHER—thou art mine!</p> <p>6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

William Couper, 1779.

O LORD, I WOULD BE THINE.

246. TIMSBURY. L. M.

ISAAC SMITH, (d. 1800?)



246.

L. M.

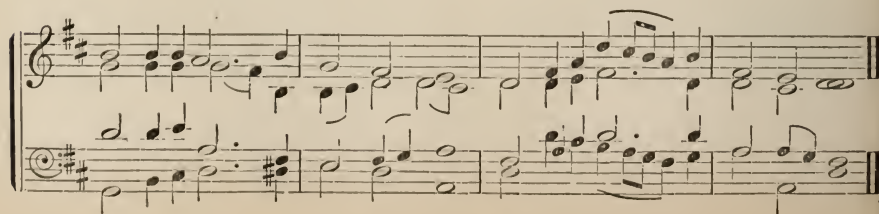
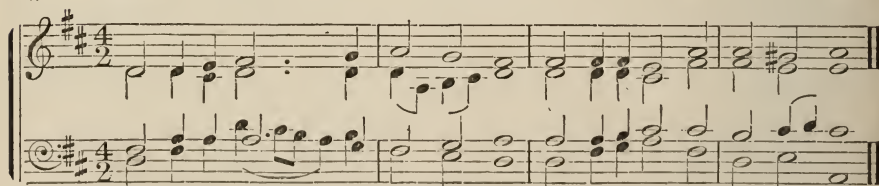
Self-consecration to God.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU, who deignest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.</p> <p>2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With unextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.</p> | <p>3 O Lord! confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.</p> <p>4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Charles Wesley, 1762.

247. PISGAH. L. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



L. M.

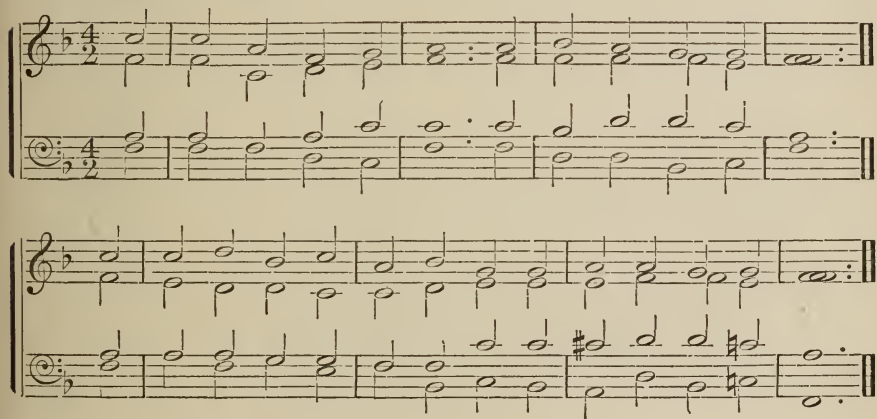
247.

God the pilgrim's joy. Ps. 63.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O GOD ! thou art my God alone ;
Early to thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.</p> <p>2 Thee in the watches of the night
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my
head.</p> | <p>3 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee ?</p> <p>4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my
voice,
For all thy mercy will I give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

248. **BADEA.** S. M.



S. M.

248.

The fountain of life.

- 1 **T**HE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears ;
The further it pursues its course
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply :
The morning sees them amply filled ;
At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of bliss, for thee ;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

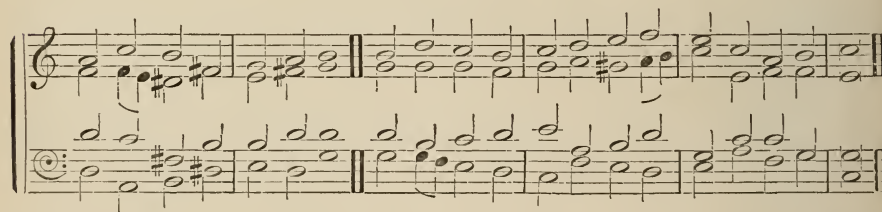
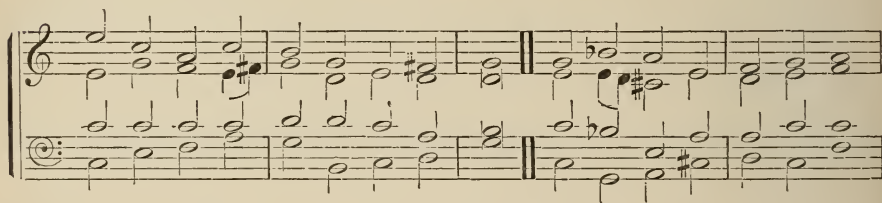
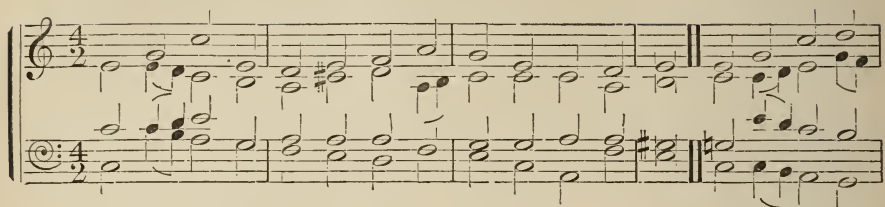
JEANNE MARIE BOUVIÈRE DE LA MOTHE GUION, c. 1689 :
tr. WILLIAM COWPER, 1782 :
3rd verse WILLIAM BENGOLLYER, 1812.

249.

ST. SAVIOUR'S.

7 M.	M. 6.
1. 3. 5. 6. 7.	2. 4. 8.

C. E. STEPHENS, (1865.)



249.

7 M.	M. 6.
1. 3. 5. 6. 7.	2. 4. 8.

Self-dedication.

1 **T**HOU, my hidden life, appear,
 Soul of my inmost soul!
 Light of life, the mourner cheer,
 And make the sinner whole!
 Now in me thyself display;
 Surely thou in all things art;
 I from all things turn away
 To seek thee in my heart!

2 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice!
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place;
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace!

3 From the world of sin, and noise,
 And hurry, I withdraw;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe:
 Silent am I now and still;
 Dare not in thy presence move:
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love!

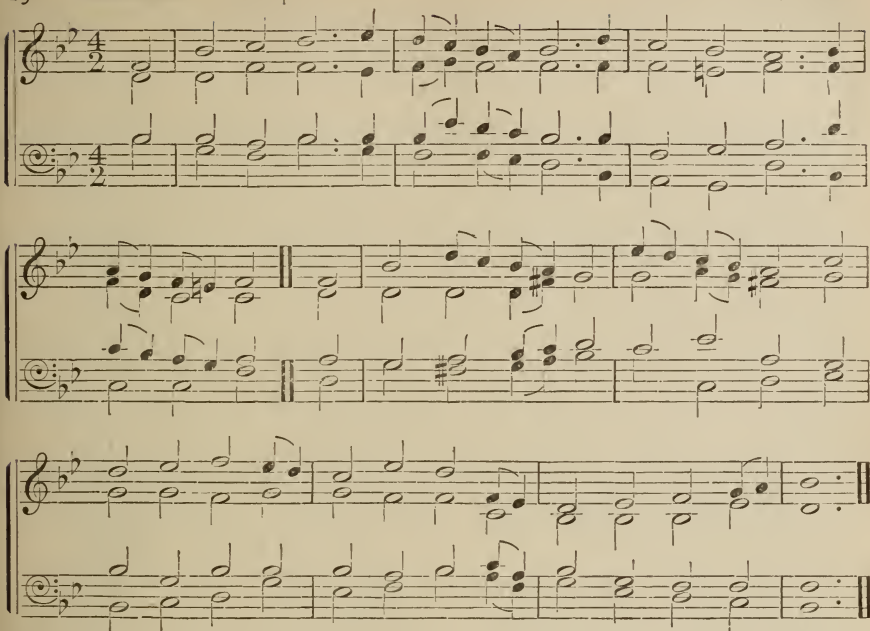
4 Lord, my time is in thy hand;
 My soul to thee convert!
 Thou canst make me understand,
 Though I am slow of heart.
 Thine, in whom I live and move,
 Thine the work, the praise is thine!
 Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love;
 And all thou art is mine!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

HARMONY WITH GOD.

250. BENHAM. M. 8 | 6.

PHILIP TAYLOR, (d. 1831.)



M. 8 | 6.

Self-dedication.

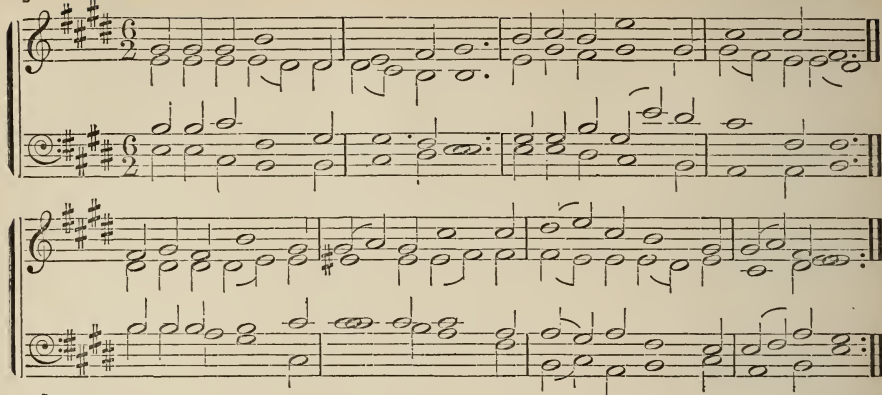
250.

- 1 **O** LORD! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee:
To thee, my God! to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee:
On thee, my God! on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee:
To thee, my God! to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want, I find in thee:
In thee, my God! in thee.

PRAYER FOR DIVINE COMMUNION.

251. HOPE. L. M.

altered from HERBERT S. IRONS, (1860?)



251.

Prayer for the Spirit of God.

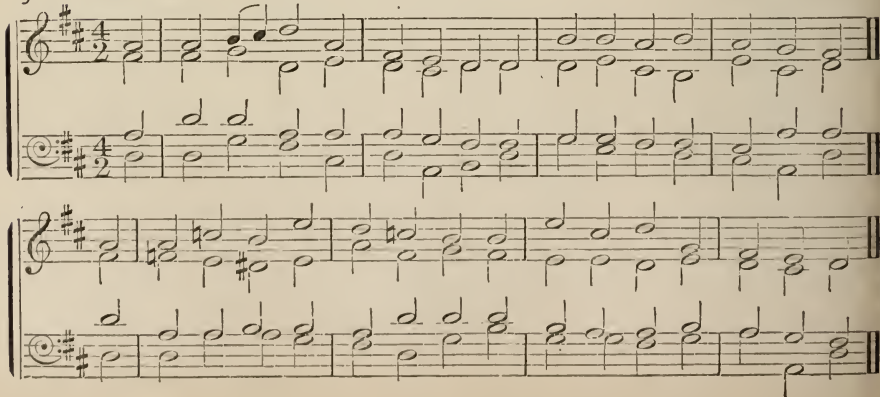
L. M.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SPIRIT of Truth ! who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly
light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine ;
Descend, and be my Guide divine.</p> <p>2 Spirit of Power ! whose might doth
dwell
Full in the souls thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near,
And be my daily Quickener.</p> | <p>3 Spirit of Joy ! who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on this mourning soul thy
cheer ;
Give me to bless my Comforter.</p> <p>4 O tender Spirit ! who dost mourn
Whene'er from thee thy people turn,
Give me each day to grieve thee
less, —
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness :</p> <p>5 Till thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss !</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THOMAS HORNBLLOWER GILL, 1860.

252. WHALLEY. L. M.

S. WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



L. M.

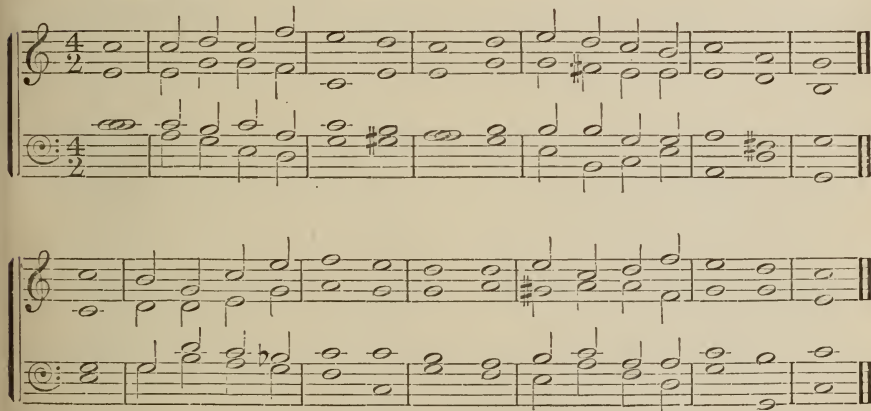
252.

The sacrifice of Love.

- 1 THE uplifted eye, the bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 'Love God and Man,'—that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thy ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

Thomas Scott, 1772.

253. BRAMCOATE. L. M.



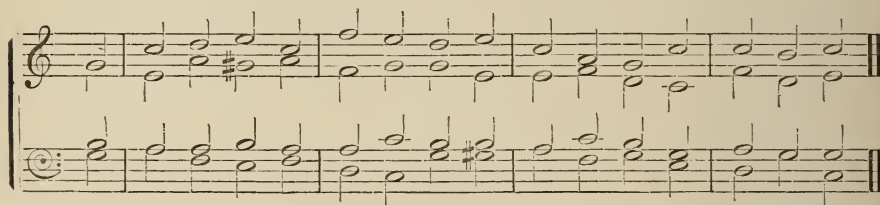
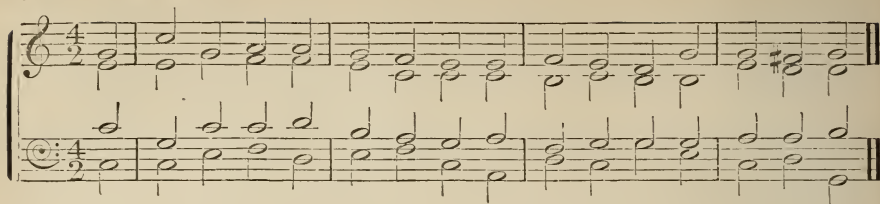
L. M.

253.

Desire of active obedience.

- 1 GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 Lord! thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.



254.

L. M.

Self-dedication.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.</p> <p>2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.</p> | <p>3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost spirit see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.</p> <p>4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:</p> <p>5 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Charles Wesley, 1749.

255.

L. M.

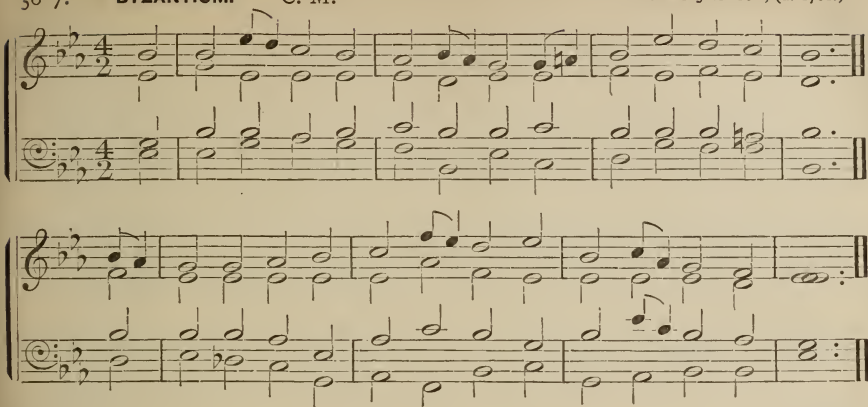
Choosing the better part.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine! diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.</p> <p>2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.</p> | <p>3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.</p> <p>4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

56-7. **BYZANTIUM.** C. M.

THOMAS JACKSON, (d. 1781.)



C. M.

256.

"They who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."

1 **Y**OUNG souls, so strong the race to run,
And win each height sublime!
Unweary still would ye march on,
And still exulting climb?

2 Walk with the Lord! along the road
Your strength he will renew!
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will wait on you.

3 Burn with his love! your fading fire
An endless flame will glow:
Life from the Well of Life require!
The stream will ever flow.

4 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong:
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

5 Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore:
Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze;
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

6 Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above;—
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1863.

C. M.

257.

The soldier of the cross.

1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
And pledged to bear its shame?
And shall I fear to own Christ's cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Shall sloth and faintness win thy peace,
O thou, the Martyrs' God?

4 The fearless heart thou wilt sustain;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

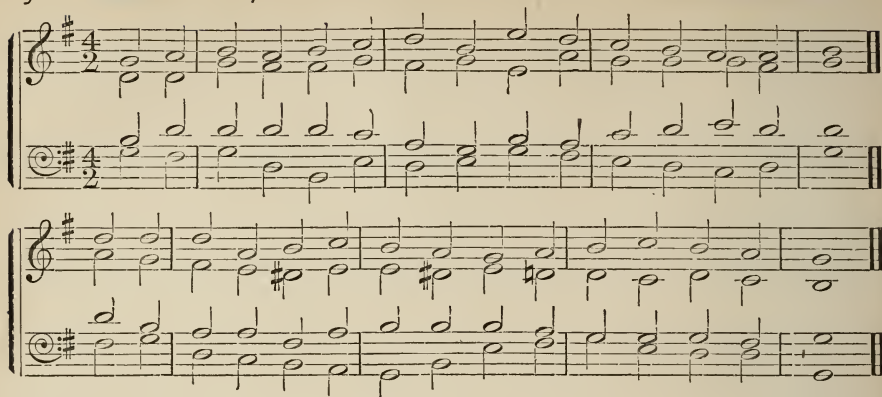
5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1721.

IN EACH MOMENT'S GRACE,

258. **TURNAU.** 8 & 7 M. ("Seelenweide, meine Freude.") J. B. KÖNIG'S Liederschatz, (1738.)



258.

The links of life.

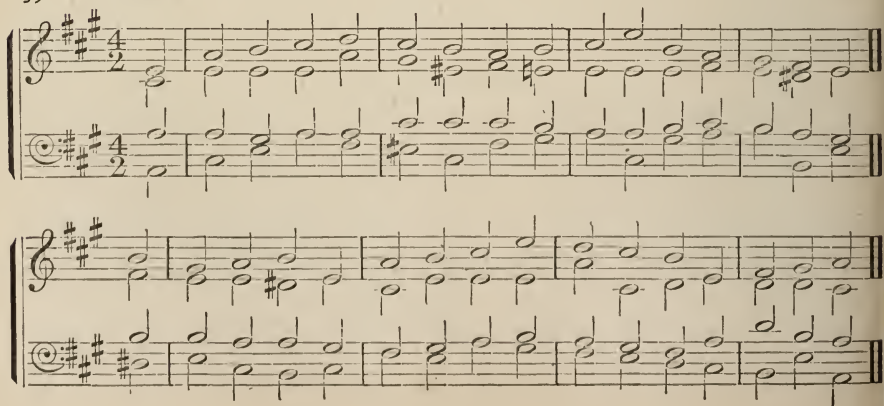
8 & 7 M.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.</p> <p>2 One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.</p> <p>3 One by one,—bright gifts of heaven,—
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given;
Ready be to let them go.</p> | <p>4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.</p> <p>5 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
When each gem is set with care.</p> <p>6 Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858.

259. **NORFOLK.** L. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, (d. 1782.)



L. M.

259.

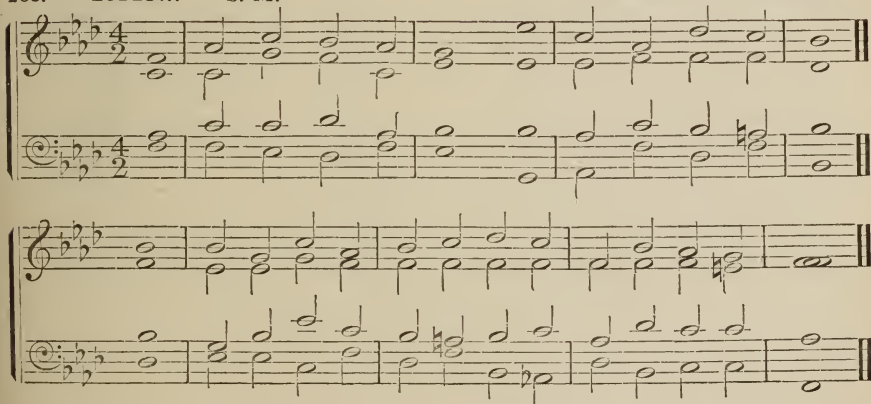
"The great Task-master."

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to
year;
And warns us each with awful sound,
'No longer stand ye idle here!</p> <p>2 Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts
are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light;
Ah fools! why stand ye idle here?</p> <p>3 O as the griefs you would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here!</p> | <p>4 And ye, whose locks of scanty grey
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day!
And stand ye yet so idle here?</p> <p>5 One hour remains, there is but one!
But many a cry and many a tear
Too late the bitter guilt must mourn
Of moments lost and wasted here!</p> <p>6 O thou, by all thy works adored!
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord!
And grant us grace to please thee
here!</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

260. **LUDLOW.** S. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



S. M.

260.

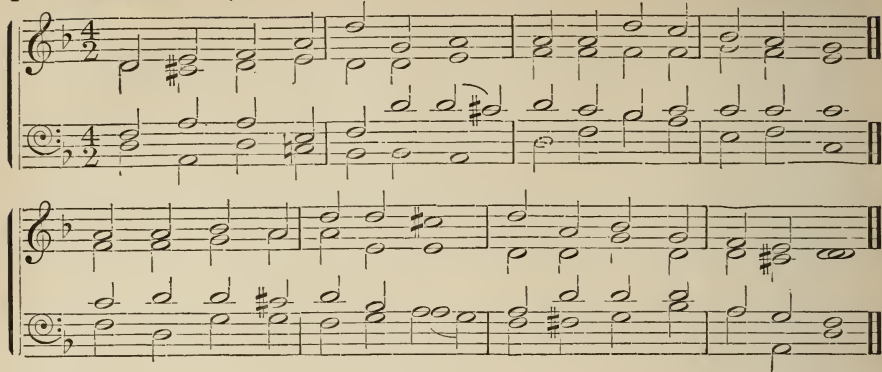
The prayer of the weak.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU seest my feebleness;
Father, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower!</p> <p>2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest into shame surprised I fall,
And cast my shield away.</p> | <p>3 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.</p> <p>4 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.</p> <p>5 My soul to thee alone
Now therefore I commend;
O take me, Father, for thine own,
And keep me to the end.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Charles Wesley, 1749.

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

261. MISERERE. 7 M. ("Wenn der Erde Gründe beben.") Württemberg Gesangbuch, (1841.)



261.

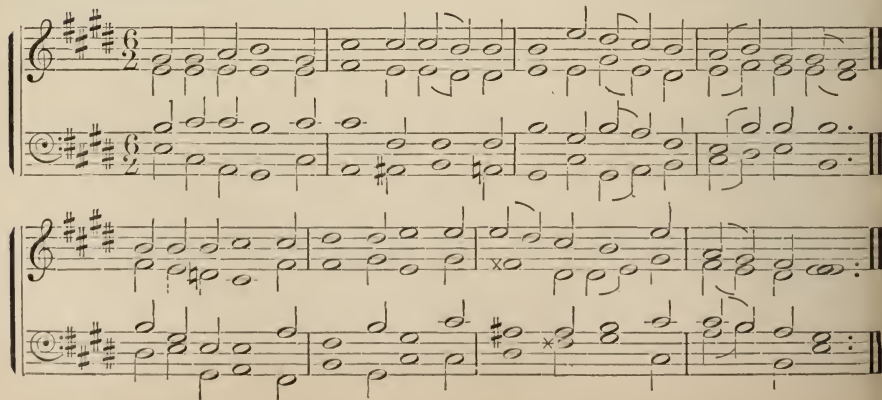
The Christian strife.

7 M.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward. Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.</p> <p>2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.</p> <p>3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?</p> | <p>4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.</p> <p>5 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.</p> <p>6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806:
and FANNY FULLER MAITLAND, 1827.

262. PETERSHAM. L. M. JONATHAN BATTISHILL, (d. 1801.)



L. M.

The Christian pilgrimage and warfare.

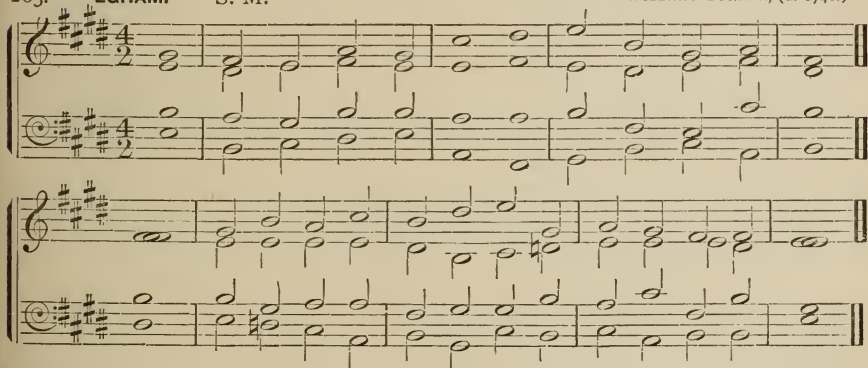
262.

- 1 **G**O, suffering habitant of earth!
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,
And, midst the storms that round thee
rise,
Retrace thy journey to the skies.
- 2 What though the wild winds rage around,
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound;
What though the waters o'er thee roll,
They touch not thine immortal soul.
- 3 See, where arrayed on either hand
The direful train of passions stand;
See hatred, envy, bar thy way,
And foes more dangerous still than they.
- 4 But robed in innocence and truth,
Thou from temptation guard thy youth;
And from thy vestment's sacred bound
Shake the dread fiends that cling around.
- 5 Against thee though they all conspire,
With taunt, and threat, and flood, and
fire,
Thou all their empty rage disdain,
That raves, and burns, and rolls, in vain.
- 6 Go, with pure heart and steadfast eyes,
Till on thee that bright morn shall rise
That gives thee to thy blest abode,
To rest for ever with thy God.

WILLIAM ROSCOE, 1818.

263. EGHAM. S. M.

WILLIAM TURNER, (d. 1740.)



S. M.

Wait and trust.

263.

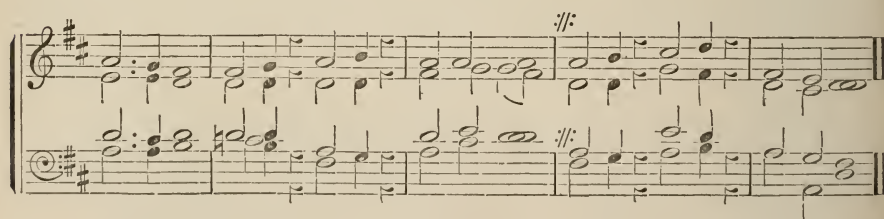
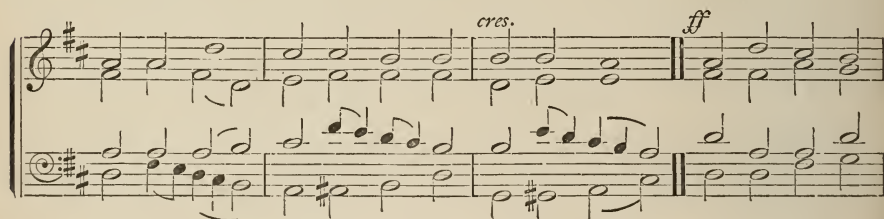
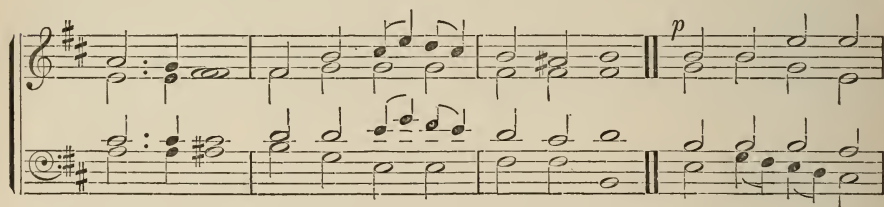
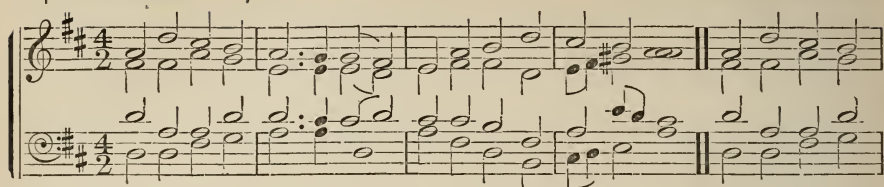
- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love Divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.
- 4 Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
- 5 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 6 Wait, till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait, till the Shepherd of thy soul
Reveal his love with power.
- 7 Tarry his leisure, then,
Although he seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with him
Thy grief will overpay.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1772.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

264. **WARRIOR.** 7 M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)



264.

7 M.

The Christian warrior.

WARRIOR! to thy duty stand,
Faithful to thy Captain's call;
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, though thy comrades fall:
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way;
In thy leader's victory boast :—
Never, never leave thy post.

Nicolaus Ludwig Count v. Zinzendorf, 1735.

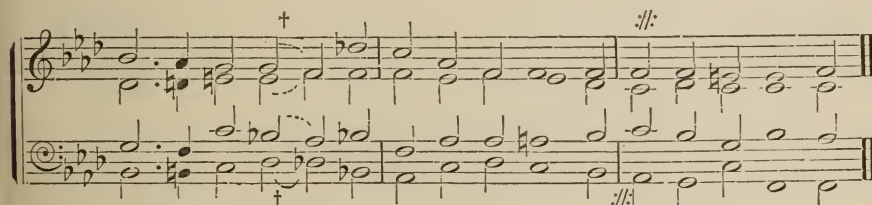
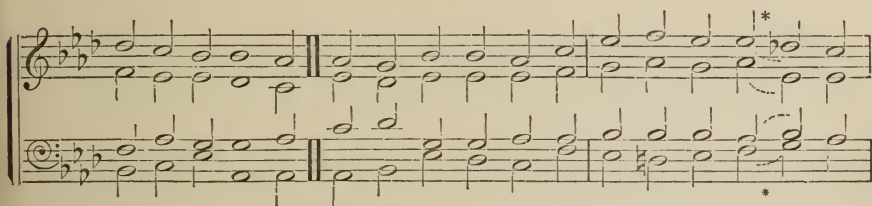
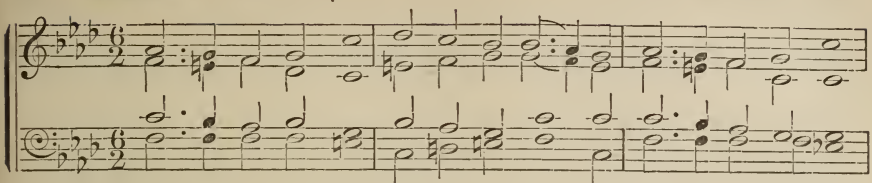
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

265.

HEROISM.

M. - ♩ ♩ | - ♩

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



* Bow only in vv. 2 and 3,

† Bow only in v. 1.

M. - ♩ ♩ | - ♩

265.

Christian courage.

1 **B**REAST 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,
Heaven is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He who hath promised
Faltereth never;
Love from 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 God
Nothing shall sever;
Mount when thy work is done,
Praise him for ever.

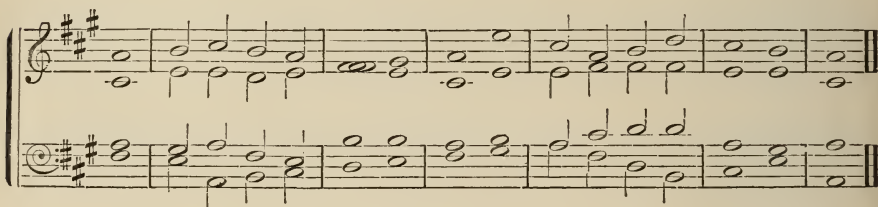
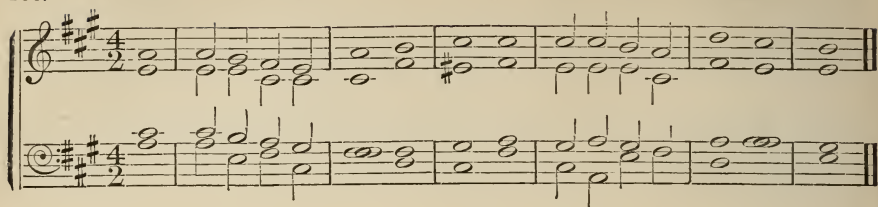
Joseph Stammers, 1830.

LOOK UNTO HIM AND FAINT NOT.

266. OLD 100.

L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, (Geneva, c. 1643.)



266.

L. M.

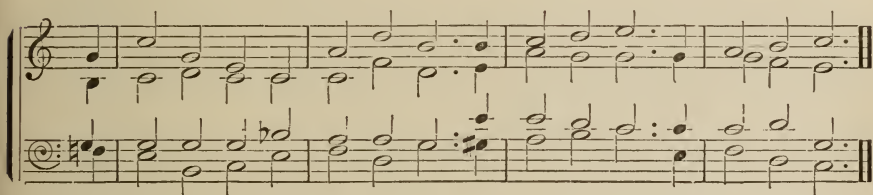
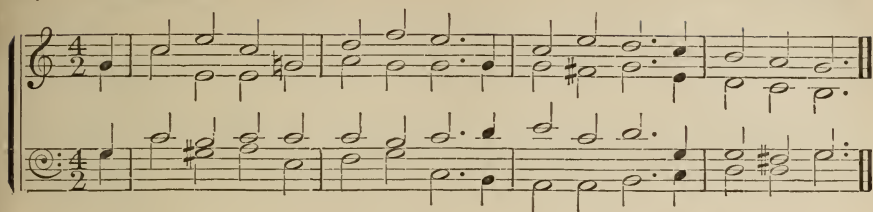
The Christian race.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought begone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:—
- 3 Thee,—mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

267. WIMBLEDON. L. M.

HANCOX.



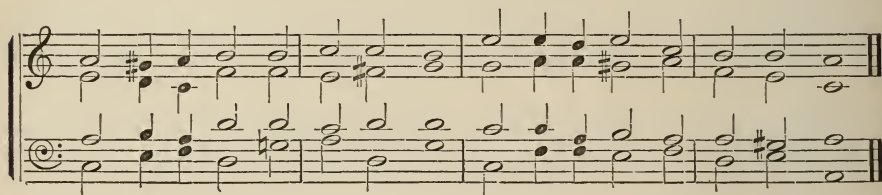
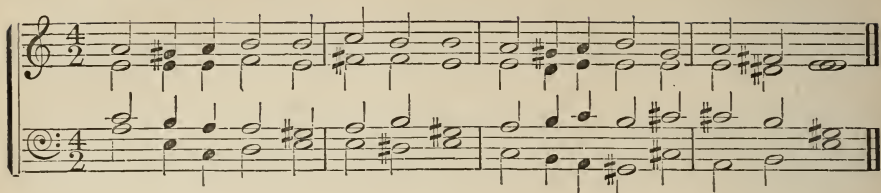
L. M. 267.

The Christian warfare.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise
In long array, a numerous host;—
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant Danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale terrific bands;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground!
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The man of Calvary triumphed here;—
Why should his faithful followers fear?

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

268. ST. GOAR. L. M.



268.

L. M.

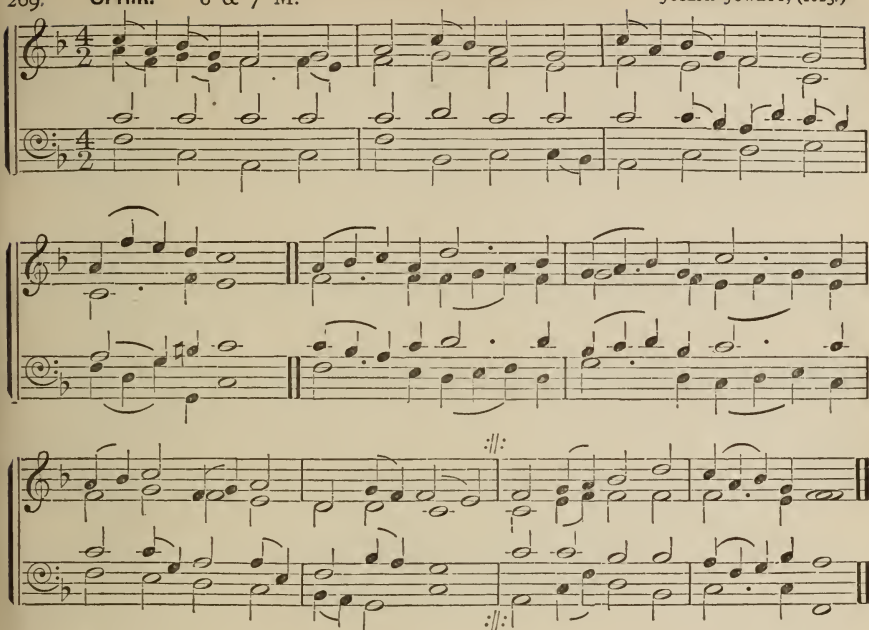
The march of life.

- 1 **S**ILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.
- 2 We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win :
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.
- 3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight ;—
- 4 No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please ;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.
- 5 What though with weariness oppressed ?
'T is but a little, and we rest :
Finished the toil,—the race is run !
The battle fought,—the field is won !

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

269. OPHIR. 8 & 7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



8 & 7 M.

269.

The Christian warfare.

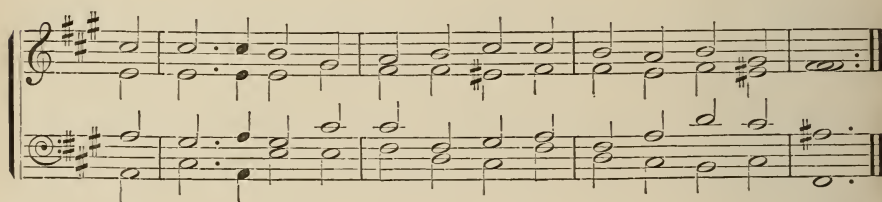
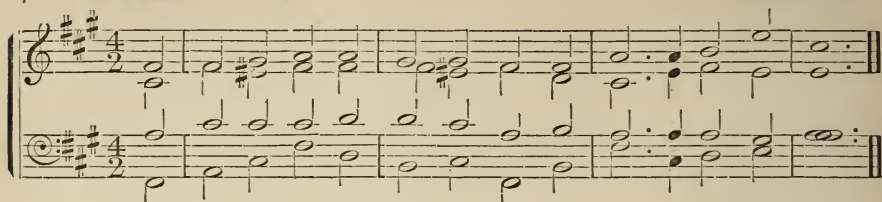
- 1 CHRISTIAN warrior! faint not, fear not!
Though thy foes press thickly round:
Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
The glad gospel's trumpet sound!
- 2 Christian warrior! ne'er unarm thee,
When, in flattering pleasure's guise,
The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee;—
Christian sentinel, be wise!
- 3 Wearied warrior! still assure thee,
'As thy day, thy strength shall be;'
When thou'st borne the battle's fury,
Turn not at its close and flee!
- 4 Lo! the clouds of war are clearing;
Foes are waxing faint and few;
Through their scattered ranks appearing,
Zion's towers expand to view!
- 5 Christian warrior! grace protect thee!
Watch and pray and onward hie;
Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
Angel bards of victory!

THOMAS ALFRED ASHWORTH, 1831.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

270. CHESHIRE. C. M.

JOHN DOWLAND, (1592.)



270.

C. M.

The right must win.

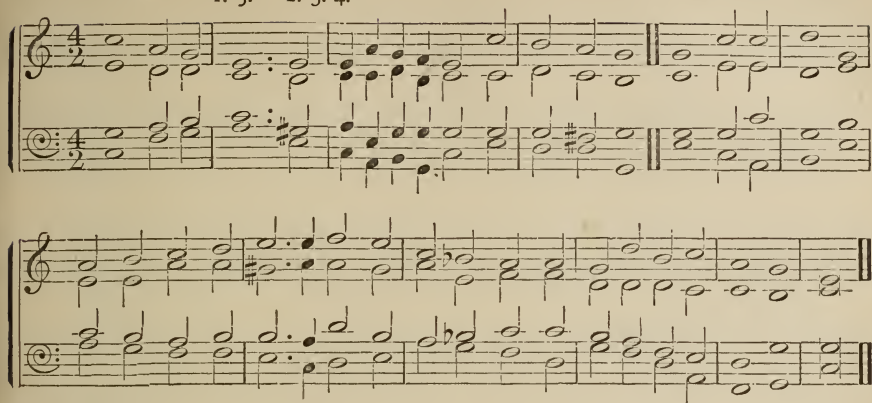
- 1 **O** IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.
- 4 Muse on his justice, downcast soul !
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.
- 5 Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 6 For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

WORK OF THE VINEYARD.

271. WORK.

M. 4. M. 10.
1. 5. 2. 3. 4.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)

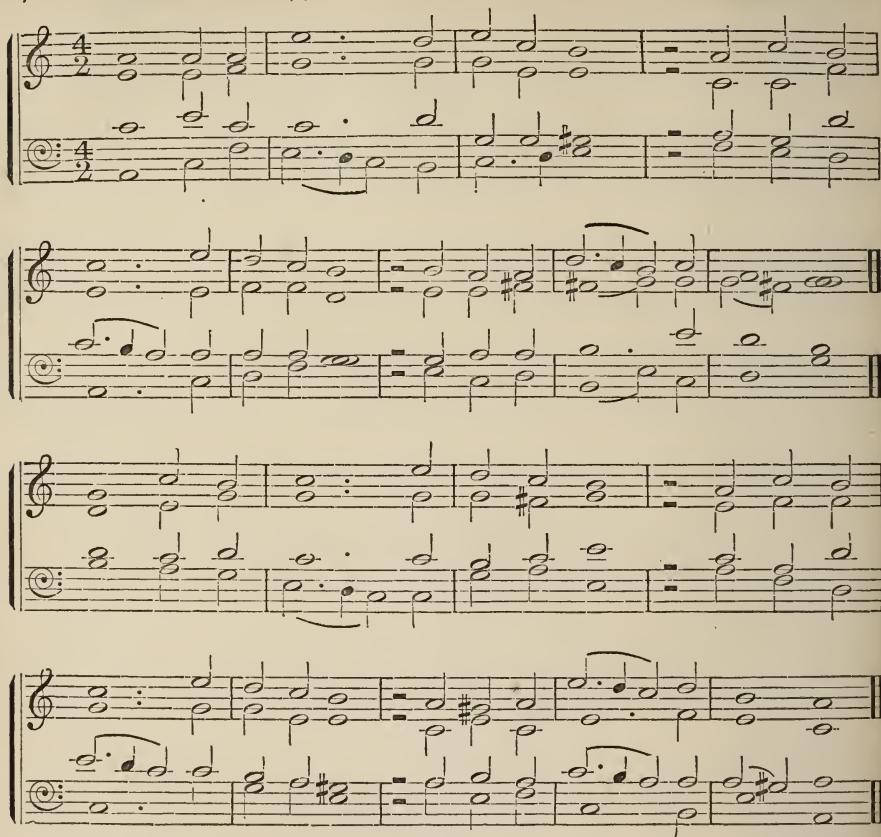


M. 4. M. 10.
1. 5. 2. 3. 4.

"He that sleepeth in harvest bringeth shame."

271.

- 1 COME, labour on :
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
'Go, work to-day?'
- 2 COME, labour on :
The labourers are few, the field is wide ;
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied :
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is 'Come.'
- 3 COME, labour on :
The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away :
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbereth not.
- 4 COME, labour on :
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear !
No arm so weak but may do service here ;
By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil
His righteous will.
- 5 COME, labour on :
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done !'
- 6 COME, labour on :
The toil is pleasant and the harvest sure ;
Blessed are those who to the end endure ;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee !



272.

M. 8 | 7 D.

Pressing forward towards the mark.

1 LOOK up, look up, my soul, still
higher;

On to the heavenly goal aspire,

On God's love ever leaning:

Burst this dull earth's control, and wing

Thy way where no clouds roll, and sing

Thy deep heart's inner meaning.

2 What though thy way be dark, and earth

With ceaseless care do cark, till mirth

To thee no sweet strain singeth;

Still hide thy life above, and still

Believe that God is love; fulfil

Whatever lot he bringeth.

3 For this is best for thee, and best

The meaning not to see, to rest

Thy helplessness confessing;

Whereby thine eager heart may learn

A lesson in life's art, and turn

E'en sorrow into blessing.

4 A little longer wait; be brave

To bear what men call fate: the
grave

Stands open as heaven's portal:

Narrow indeed that gate, and so

The way it shows is strait;—but lo!

It brings thee joy immortal.

PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

273. HEYWOOD. M. 10 & 4 | 10 10.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)

M. 10 & 4 | 10 10.

273.

Prayer for holiness.

O MAKE us apt to seek, and quick to find,
 Thou God, most kind!
 Give love, and hope, and faith in thee to trust,
 Thou God, most just!
 Remit all our offences, we intreat,
 Most good, most great!
 Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
 May, through thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest!

THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1635.

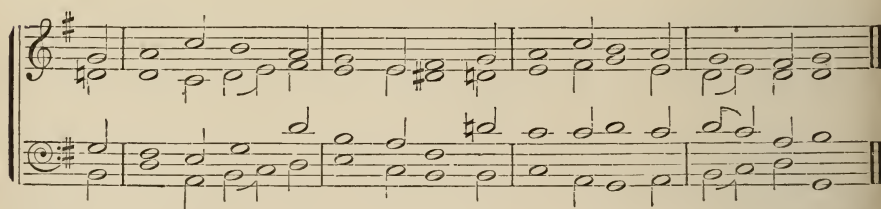
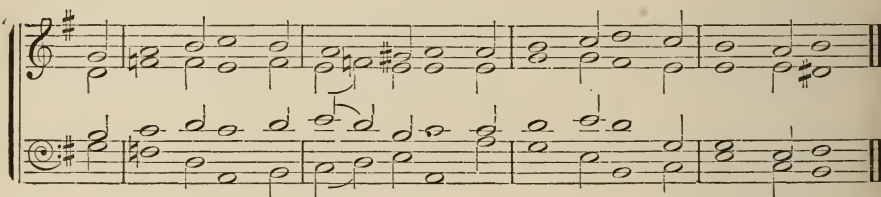
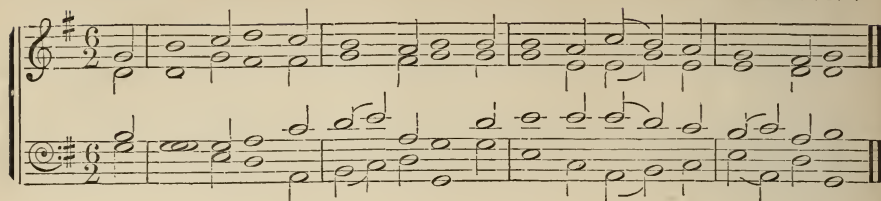
274.

HALLE.

M. 8. ("Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr.")

Old "Gloria," arranged by (?)

JOH. KÜGELMANN, (1540.)



274.

M. 8.

Subjection of the soul to God.

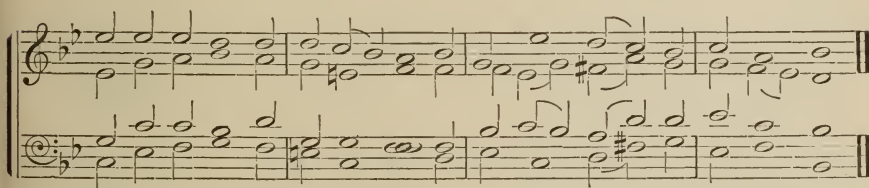
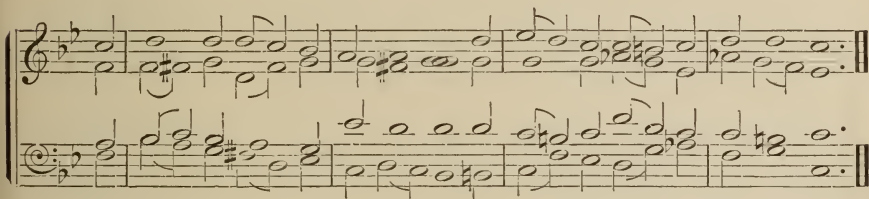
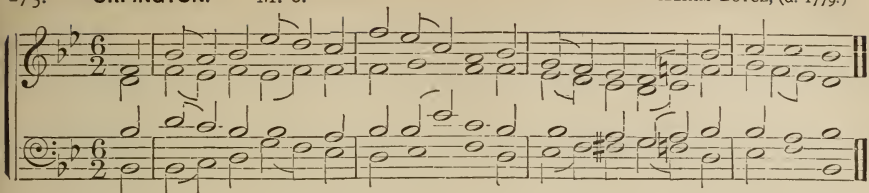
- 1 **O** THOU that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be thou my Prince, be thou my Priest;
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to thee.
- 2 What I possess, or what I crave;
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possessed and blest in thee:
What I enjoy,—O make it mine
In making me—that have it—thine.
- 3 When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends; when eyes grow strange;
When plighted faith forgets its vows;
When earth and all things in it change;—
O Lord! thy mercies fail me never;
Where once thou lov'st, thou lov'st for ever.

JOHN QUARLES, 1654.

GODLY FEAR.

275. ORPINGTON. M. 8.

WILLIAM BOYCE, (d. 1779.)



M. 8.

275.

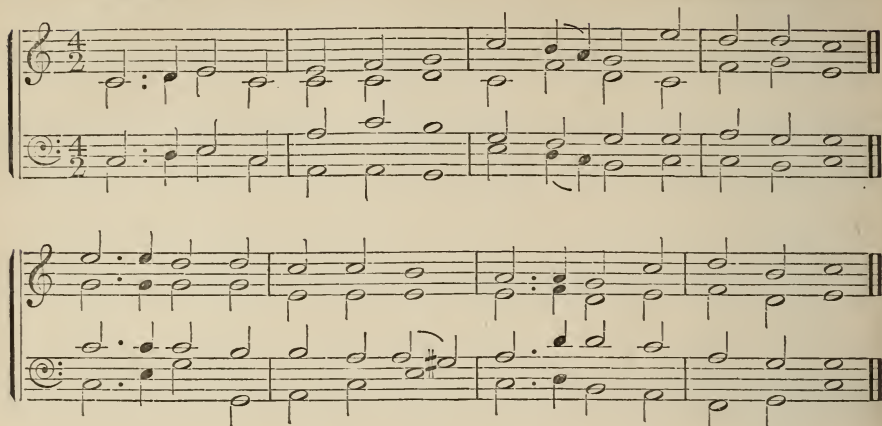
Prayer for a watchful mind.

- 1 **O** WOULD'ST thou, Lord, thy servant guard
From every known and secret foe!
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober, vigilant mind bestow,
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight, and when to fly!
- 2 O never suffer me to sleep
Secure within the verge of hell;
But still my watchful spirit keep
In lowly awe, and loving zeal;
And bless me with a godly fear;
And plant that guardian angel here!
- 3 Attended by the sacred dread,
And wise from evil to depart,
Let me from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to purity of heart;
Through all the paths of duty move,
From humble faith to perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

STEADFASTNESS.

276. NEANDER. 7 M. ("Unser Herrscher, unser König.") JOACHIM NEANDER, (d. 1680.)



276.

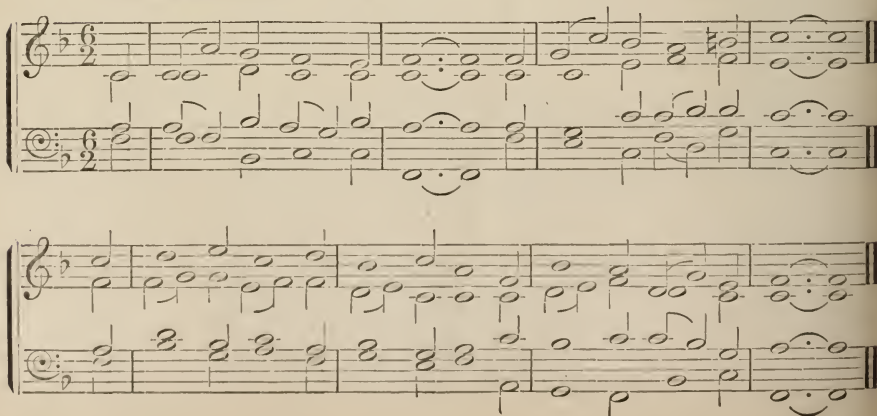
7 M.

Steadfastness.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOD of truth! thy sons should be
Firmly grounded upon thee;
Ever on the rock abide,
High above the changing tide.</p> <p>2 Theirs is the unwavering mind,
No more tossed with every wind;
No more doth their 'stablished heart
From the living God depart.</p> | <p>3 Father! strengthen thou my will,
With thy steadfast purpose fill;
Rooted, grounded, may I be,
Fixed in thy stability.</p> <p>4 Henceforth may I nobly stand;
Build no longer on the sand;
But defy temptation's shock,
Firmly grounded on the rock.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Imitated from CHARLES WESLEY, 1742:
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

277. BLACKWELL HALL. S. M. T. R. MATTHEWS, (1860?)



THE SACRED CHARGE.

S. M.

277.

Christian watchfulness.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

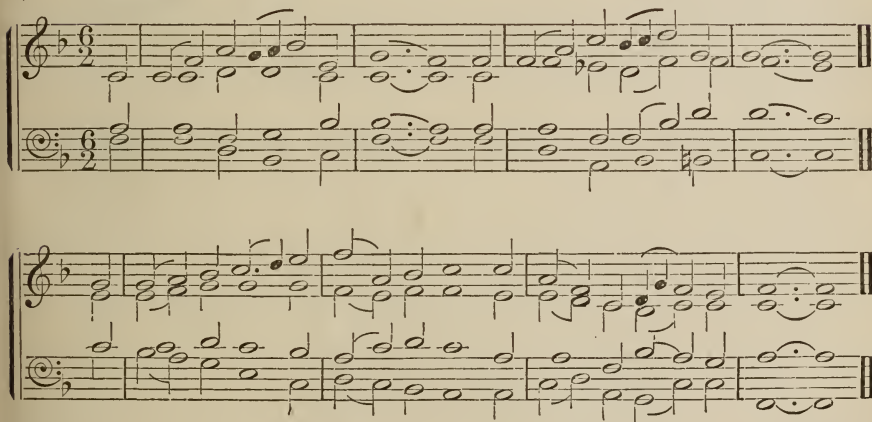
2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

278. KIRKDALE. S. M.

S. WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



S. M.

278.

The Christian charge.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

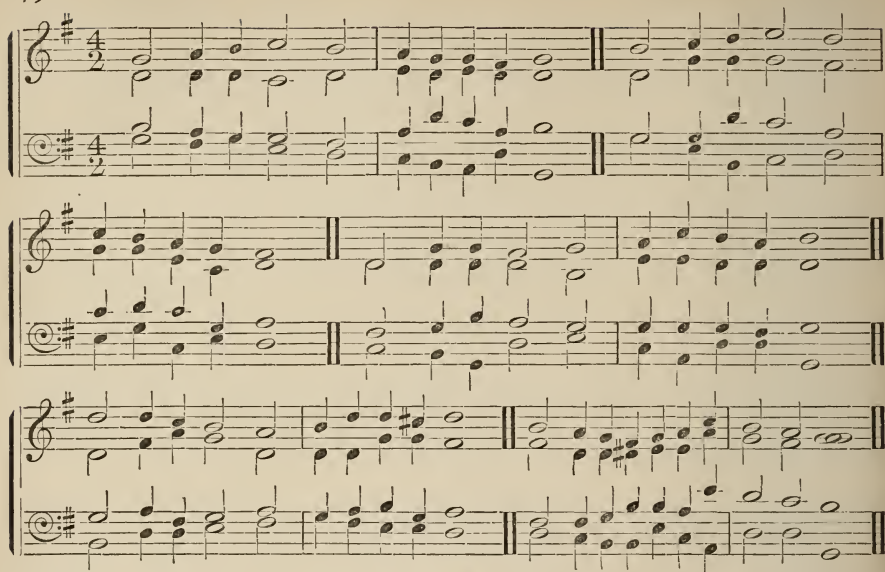
CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

P

THE SACRED CHARGE.

279. MONTAGUE. M. 10.

GOUDIMEL'S PSALTER, (1565.)



279.

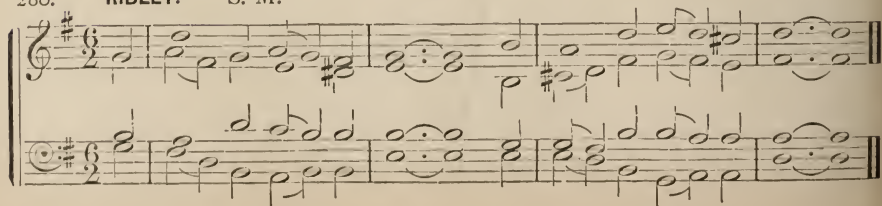
M. 10.

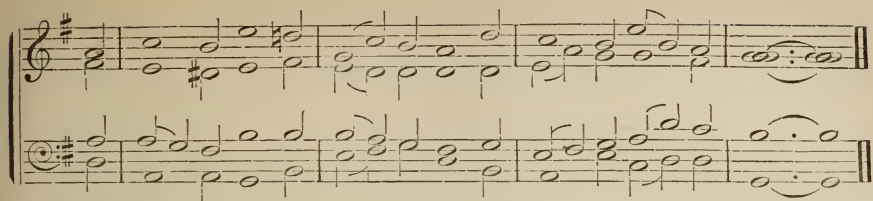
"Ah, Lord God! I cannot speak; for I am a child."

- 1 **P**UT not on me, O Lord, this work divine;
For I am too unworthy, and thy speech
Would be defrauded through such lips as mine:
I have not learned thee yet, and shall I teach?
O choose some other instrument of thine!
- 2 The great, the noble ones, the royal saints,
These all are thine, and these will speak for thee.
No one who undertakes thy words but faints;
Yet if that man is noble and sin-free,
Self-preached through him thou, O our Lord, wilt be.
- 3 But how shall I say anything,—a child,
Not fit for such a work;—O how shall I
Say what in speaking must not be defiled?
And yet,—and yet,—if I refuse to try,
The light that burns for my own life will die.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON, 1854.

280. RIDLEY. S. M.





S. M.

Prayer for faithfulness.

280.

1 THE pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,
The patient will to thine resigned,
God of all power impart!

2 Lord! make us timely wise,
To know thy call of grace;
And with the moment, as it flies,
Run our appointed race:—

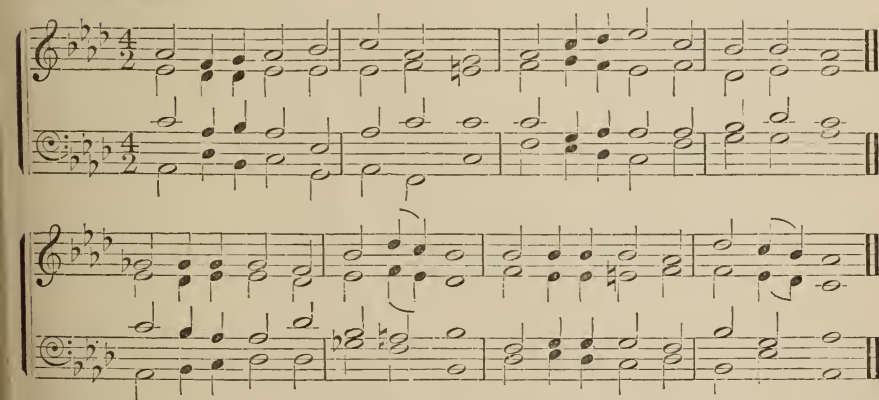
3 Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside;
Perils, allurements, bonds, break
through,
Most faithful when most tried!

4 Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else to count but loss;
Nor, till we gain the prize,—our soul,—
Grow weary of the cross.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

281. SAMARIA. L. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)



L. M.

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

281.

1 FAITH, Hope, and Charity,—these
three;
Yet is the greatest Charity!
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart;—

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail;
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name; for 'God is love.'

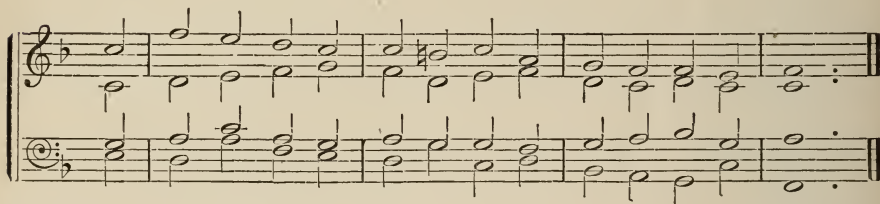
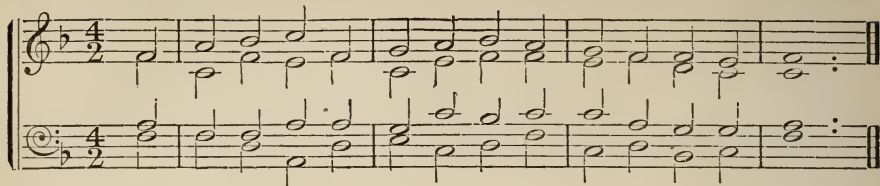
3 The morning star is lost in light:
Faith vanishes at perfect sight:
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form;—

4 But Charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its em-
brace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

282-3. DUNDEE. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, (1615.)



282.

C. M.

Prayer for wisdom.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 ALmighty God ! in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.</p> <p>2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.</p> | <p>3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.</p> <p>4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord ! impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.</p> <p>5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

283.

C. M.

Flowers without fruit.

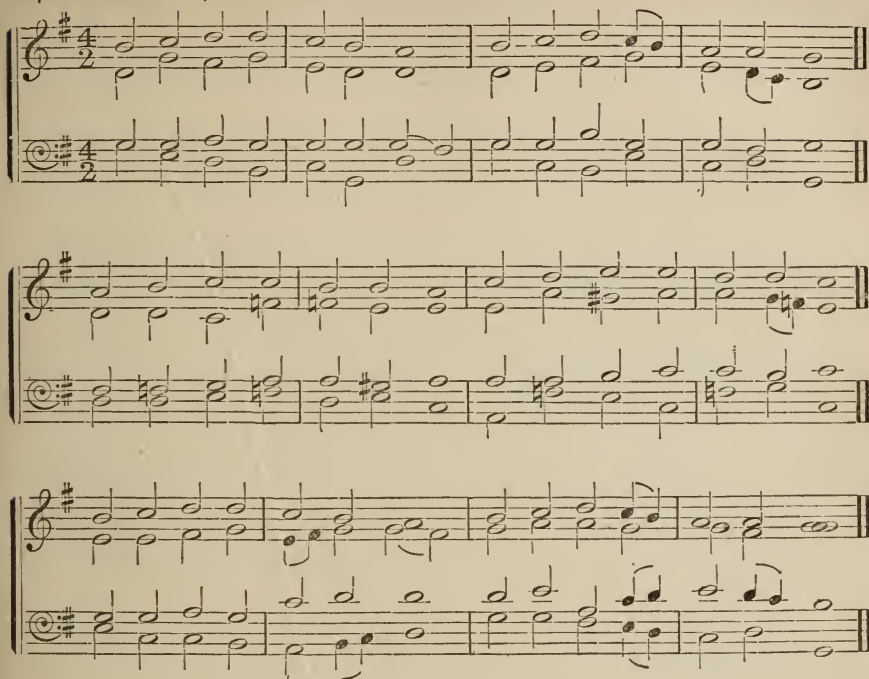
- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts
control
That o'er thee swell and throng :
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.</p> | <p>2 But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be
done,
And faints at every woe.</p> <p>3 Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour, and fade.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME.

284. LEIPZIG. 7 M. ("Werde munter, mein Gemüthe.")

J. SCHOP, (1641.)



7 M.

284.

Prayer for grace.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GRACIOUS spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek
Christ's own gracious spirit speak.</p> <p>2 Truthful spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Follow Christ's sincerity.</p> <p>3 Tender spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.</p> | <p>4 Silent spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.</p> <p>5 Mighty spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.</p> <p>6 Holy spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be,
Give to him who gave me thee.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Thomas Toke Lynch, 1855.

THE VOW OF THE FAITHFUL.

285.

DISCIPLE'S VOW.

M. 8.
1. 3. 5-8.

M. 6.
2. 4.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

285.

The vow of the faithful.

M. 8. M. 6.
1. 3. 5-8. 2. 4.

WE covenant with hand and heart
To serve thy will, O Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And live in sweet accord:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity;
And under cross, reproach, and shame,
To glorify thy holy name.

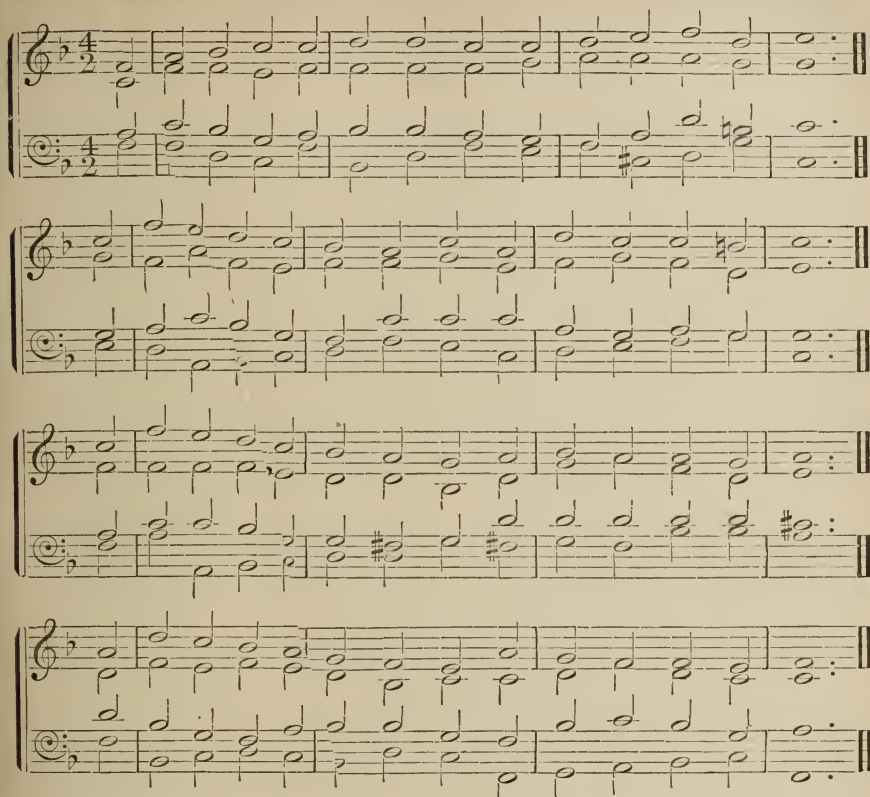
THY WILL BE DONE.

286.

OLD 81.

C. M. D.

RICHARD ALLISON, (1599.)



C. M.

286.

"Thy will, not mine, be done."

- 1 ONE prayer I have,—all praers in
one,
When I am wholly thine ;—
Thy will, my God, thy will be doe,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good !
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 Is life with many comforts crowned
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around :—
Lord ! in my time of wealth,

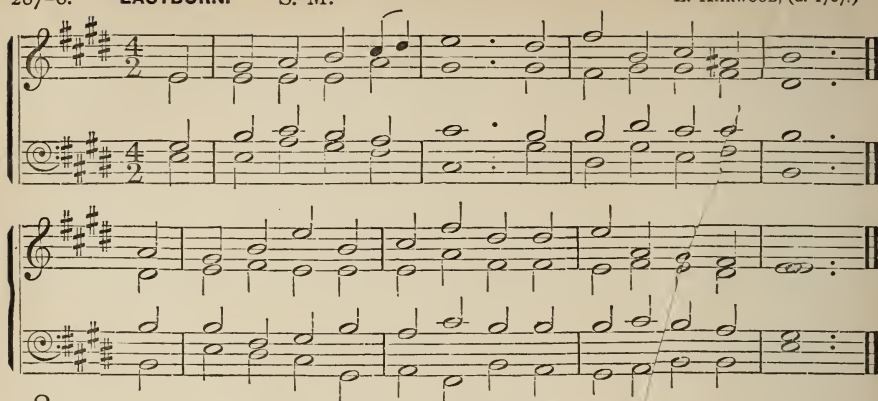
- 4 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.
- 5 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.
- 6 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No ! let me bless thy name, and say,
'The Lord is gracious still.'

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

SELF-DEDICATION.

287-8. EASTBURN. S. M.

E. HARWOOD, (d. 1787.)



287.

Prayer for self-consecration.

S. M.

1 O God, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 O for a godly fear,—
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!—

3 Lord! let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watchung unto prayer!—

4 A soul invet to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to tak up, firm to sustain,
The conſecrated cross!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

288.

Self-abandonment to God.

S. M.

1 LORD! bring me to resign
My doubting heart to thee;
And, whether cheerful or distressed,
Thine, thine alone to be.

2 My only aim be this,—
Thy purpose to fulfil,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

3 Lord! thy all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care:
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my needy prayer.

4 Scwill I firmly trust,
T'at thou wilt guide me still,
Anguard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

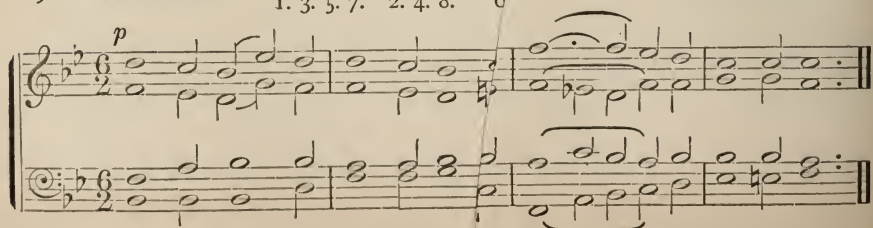
ESTHER RÜNBECK, 1739 : tr. Charles Kinchen, 1789.

289.

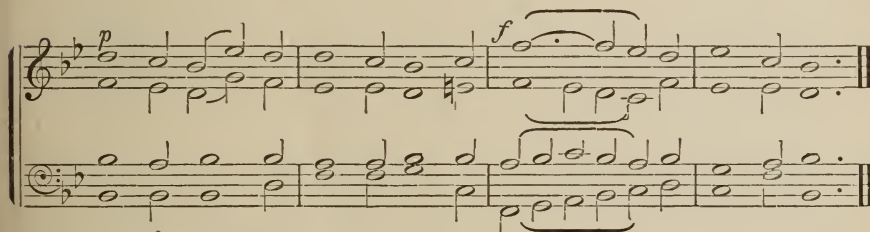
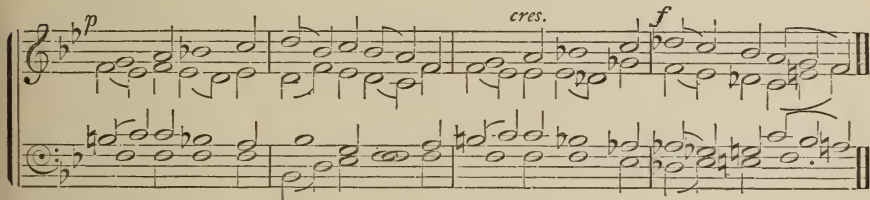
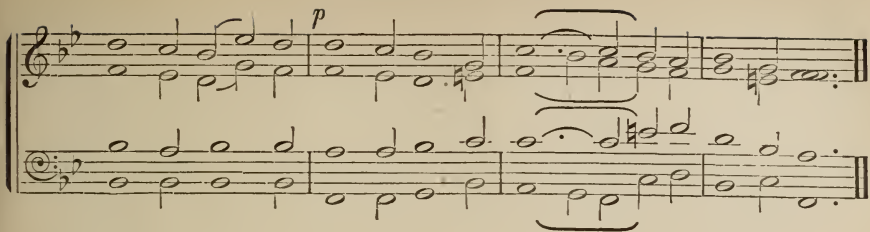
DEDICATION.

7 M. M. 6. M.
1. 3. 5. 7. 2. 4. 8. 6

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



SELF-DEDICATION.



7 M. M. 6. M. 8.
1. 3. 5. 7. 2. 4. 8. 6.

289.

Joyful self-dedication.

1 **L**O! I come with joy to do,
My God, thy blessed will!
Thee in outward works pursue
And serve thy pleasure still.
Faithful to thy known commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

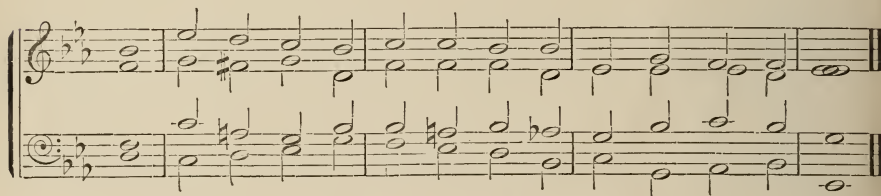
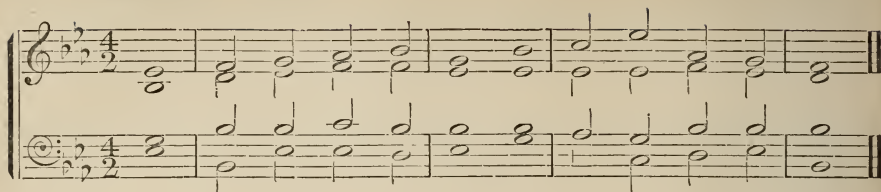
2 Careful without care I live,
Nor feel my happy toil;
Every wish to thee I give,
Contented with thy smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find thy service my reward;
While each work I do below,
I do unto the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear.
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
Midst busy multitudes alone,
Meekly waiting at thy feet
Till all thy will be done.

SELF-DEDICATION.

290. FRANCONIA. S. M.

GERMAN, (c. 1720.)



290.

S. M.

"Seeing him who is invisible."

1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see:
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

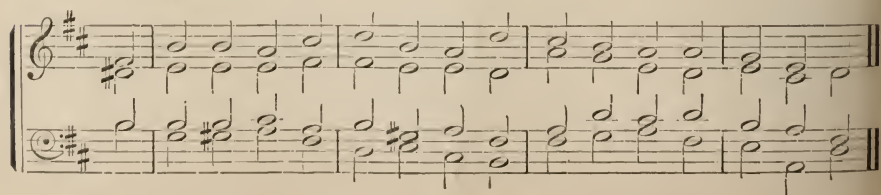
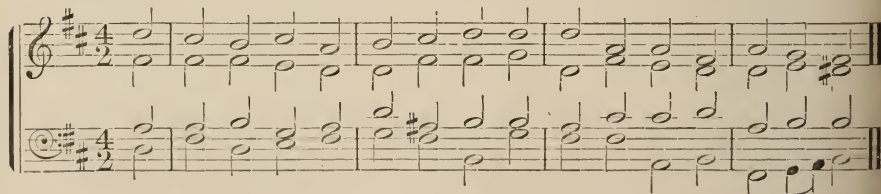
3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

*George Herbert, 1632:
alt. John Wesley, 1739.*

291. ERFURT. L. M. ("Von Himmel hoch da komm ich her.")

M. LUTHER, (1540.)



L. M.

291.

Confidence in God.

1 O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys!
To thee, my only rock, I fly;
Thy mercy, in thy justice, praise.

2 The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal does is right.

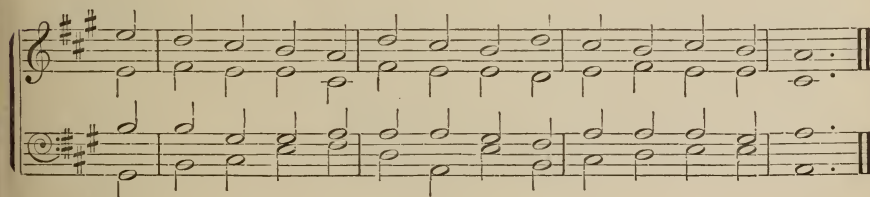
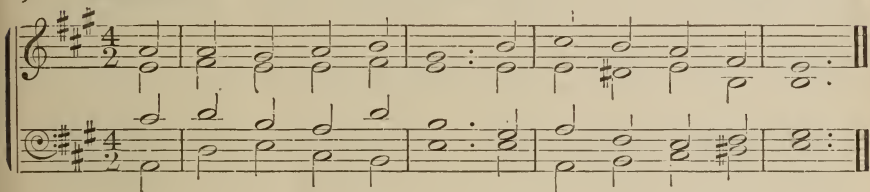
3 O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

4 The gloomy mantle of the night,
That on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my orient sun, reveals.

Thomas Chatterton, 1768.

292. **MORGARTEN.** S. M. ("Befehl du deine Wege.")

GERMAN, (1528.)



S. M.

"Befehl du deine Wege."

"Trust in Him at all times."

292.

1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care
Who heaven and earth commands.

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

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care be gone.

4 Thou on the Lord rely;
So, safe shalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye;
So shall thy work be done.

5 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

6 When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
Whate'er thy children want thou giv'st;
And who shall stay thy hand?

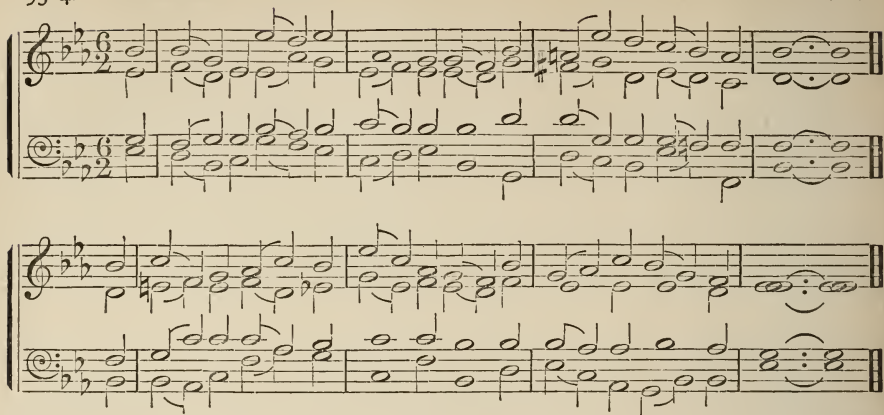
PAUL GERHARDT, 1659:
tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

293-4.

STAFFORD.

C. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1782.)



293.

C. M.

Gratitude and resignation.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,—
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.</p> <p>2 Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.</p> | <p>3 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.</p> <p>4 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise ;—</p> <p>5 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

294.

C. M.

Submission.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O LORD ! my best desire fulfil ;
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.</p> <p>2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?</p> | <p>3 No ! rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.</p> <p>4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !</p> <p>5 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,—
'Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.'</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

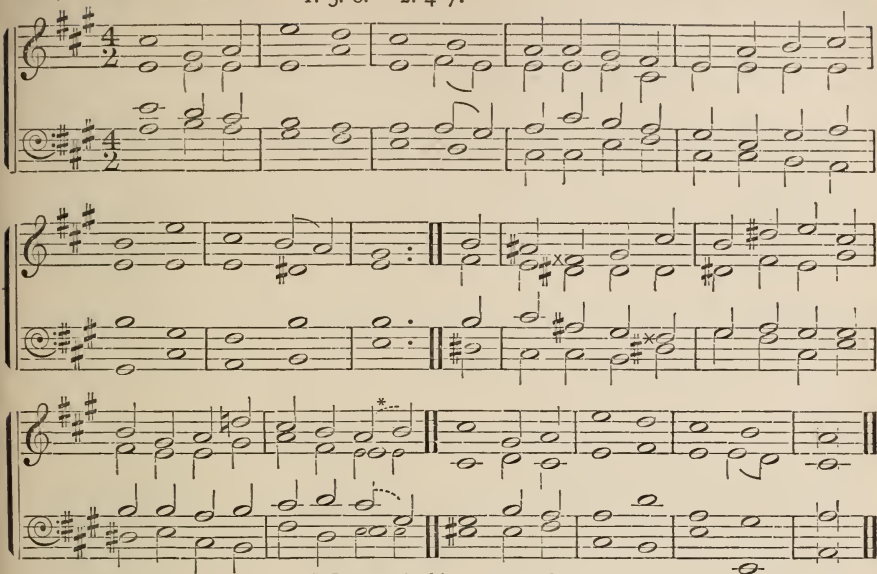
CHEERFULNESS.

295.

CHEERFULNESS.

M. 8. M. 4.
1. 3. 8. 2. 4-7.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



* Bow required in verses 2 and 3.

M. 8. M. 4.
1. 3. 8. 2. 4-7.

Cheerfulness.

295.

- 1 **L**ORD, with what courage and delight
I do each thing
When thy least breath sustains my wing!
I shine, and move,
Like those above,
And with much gladness
Quitting sadness,
Make me fair days of every night.
- 2 Affliction thus mere pleasure is;
And hap what will,
If thou be in 't, 't is welcome still.
But since thy rays
In sunny days
Thou dost thus lend,
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this?
- 3 O that I were all soul! that thou
Wouldst make each part
Of this poor sinful frame, pure heart!
Then would I drown
My single one;
And to thy praise
A concert raise
Of hallelujahs here below.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1650.

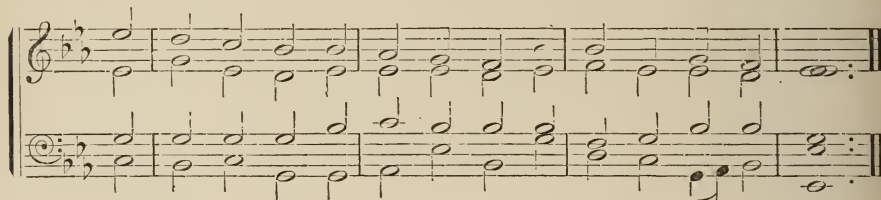
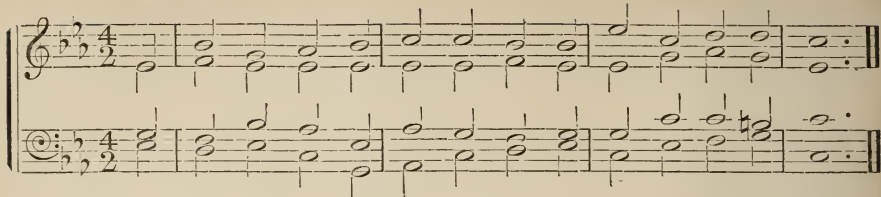
UNITY.

296.

ST. MATTHIAS.

C. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, (d. 1625.)



296.

Unity.

C. M.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.</p> <p>2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree ;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.</p> <p>3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might ;
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.</p> | <p>4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.</p> <p>5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song ;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.</p> <p>6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice-happy whole ;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

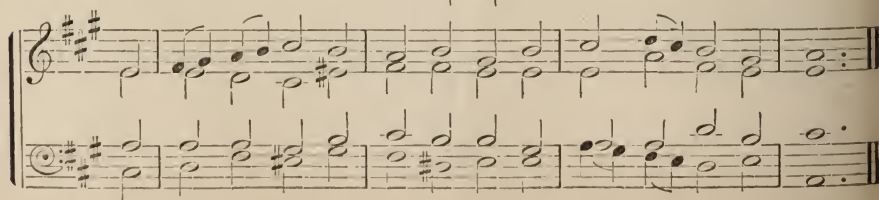
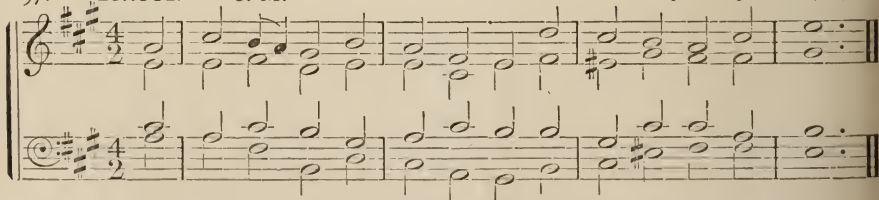
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

297.

ESHCOL.

C. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



C. M.

297.

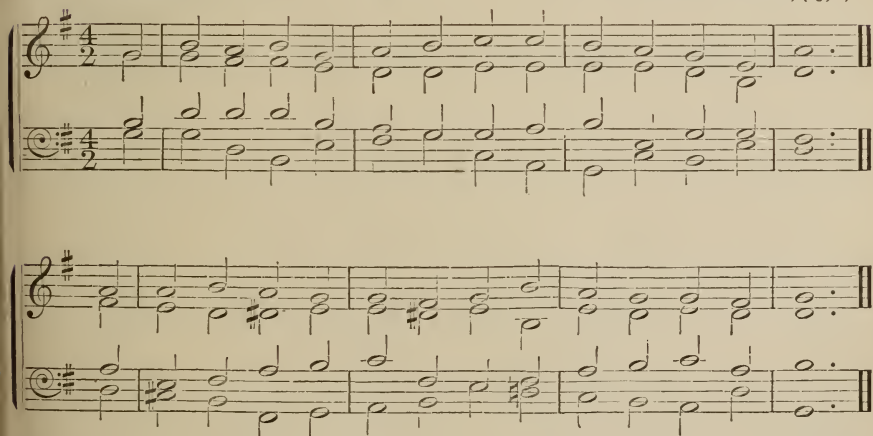
Thinking no evil.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O GOD! whose thoughts are brightest
light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!</p> <p>2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.</p> <p>3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.</p> | <p>4 When we ourselves least kindly are,
We deem the world unkind;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey
lies,
Only the poison find.</p> <p>5 But they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.</p> <p>6 All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from thee;
Dear God! for evermore be thou
Fountain and fire in me!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1861.

298. CANTERBURY (NO. 1). C. M.

E. BLANCKS, or THOMAS RAVENSCROFT,
in ESTE'S PSALTER, (1592.)



C. M.

298.

The law of love.

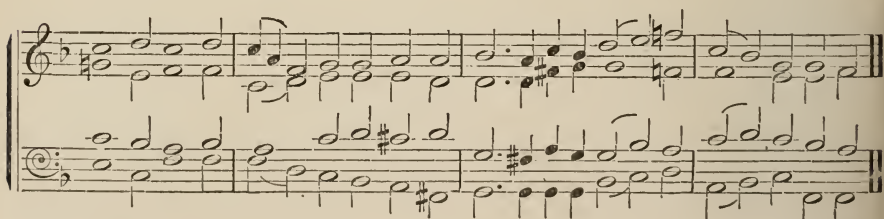
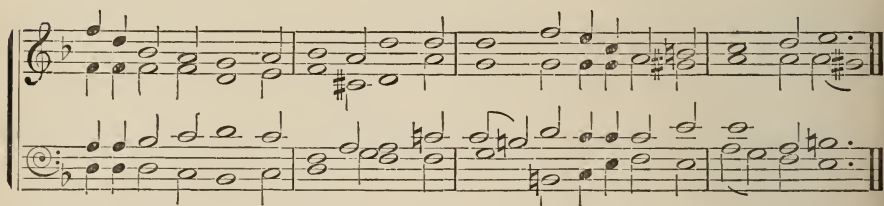
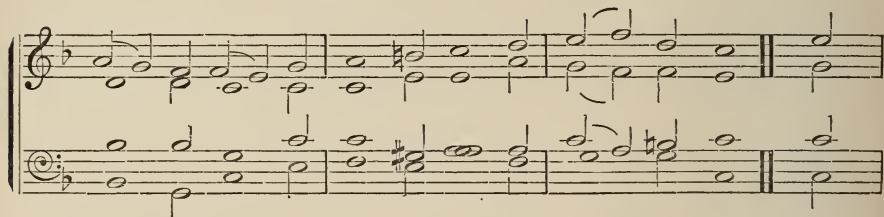
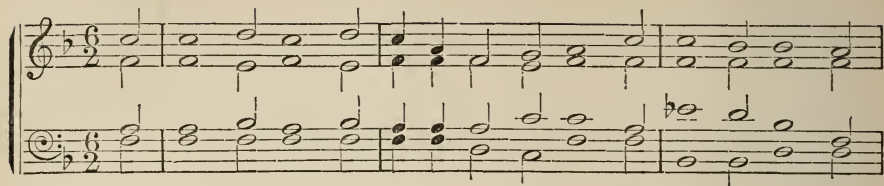
- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 POUR forth the oil,—pour boldly
forth:
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.</p> <p>2 Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.</p> | <p>3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.</p> <p>4 For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give we cease to have;—
Such is the law of love.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ARCHBISHOP RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, 1838.

LOVE IS OF GOD.

299. SACRED LOVE. P. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



299.

P. M.

The fire of Charity.

L ORD, let the flames of holy Charity,
 And all her gifts and graces, slide
 Into our hearts, and there abide;
 That, thus refinèd, we may soar above
 With it unto the element of Love,
 Even unto thee, dear Spirit,
 And there eternal peace and rest inherit.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR, 1655.

LOVE, THE TRUE WORSHIP.

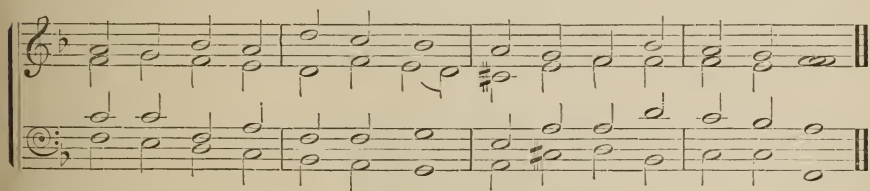
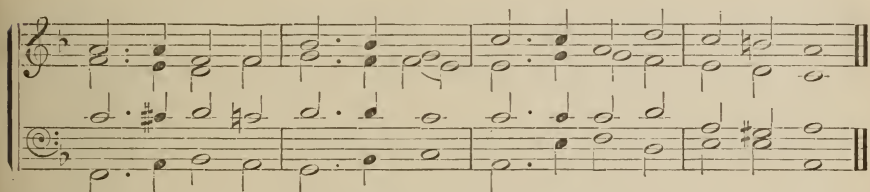
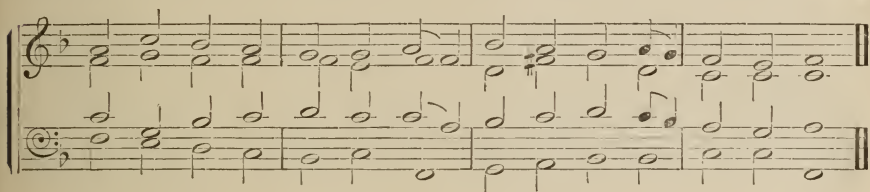
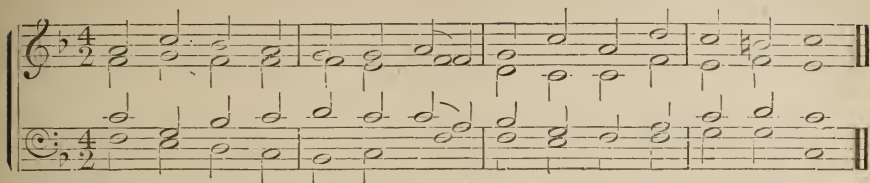
300.

MANNHEIM.

7 M.

CHRISTIAN CANNABICH, (d. 1798.)

or W. A. MOZART, (d. 1792.)



7 M.

Kind affections an acceptable offering.

300.

1 FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

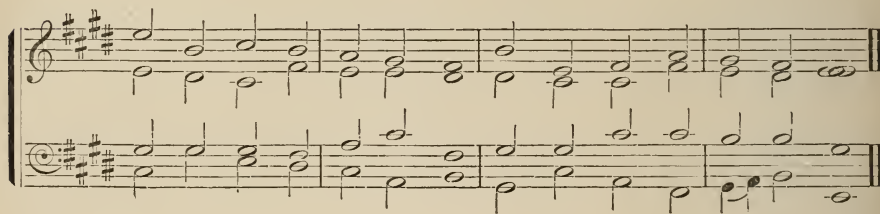
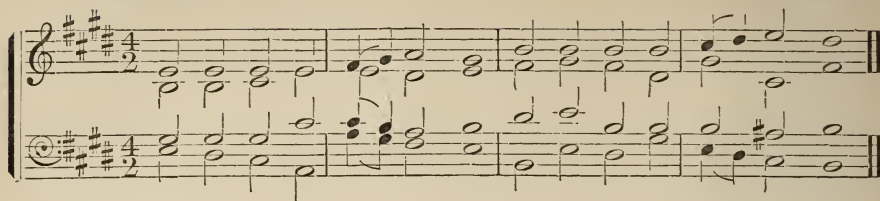
JOHN TAYLOR, 1795.

Q

SIMPLICITY.

301. STRATTNER. 7 M.

G. C. STRATTNER, (1691.)



301.

7 M.

The simplicity of Christ.

1 LORD! that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

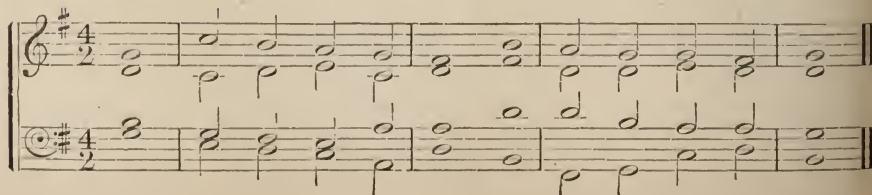
2 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child;
Only seeing in thy light,
Only walking in thy might.

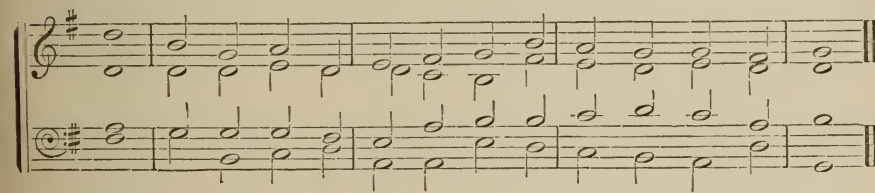
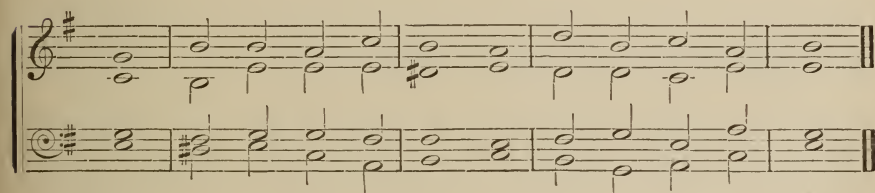
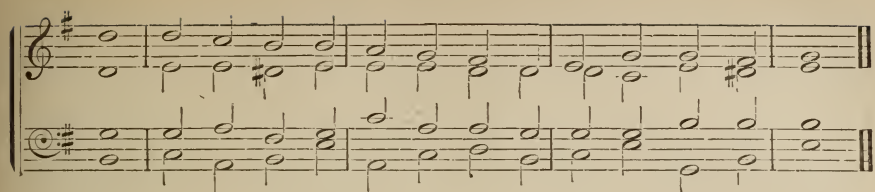
3 Then infuse the living grace,
Truthful soul of righteousness;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,—
Life eternal to my heart.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

302. DUDLEY. S. M. D.

DAY'S PSALTER, (1563.)





S. M. D.

302.

"Thou desirest truth."

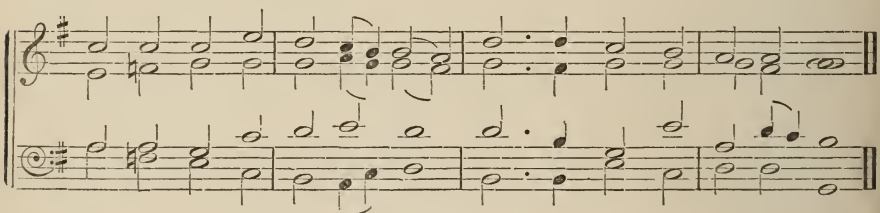
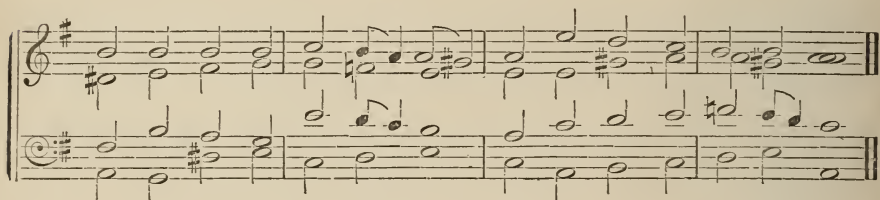
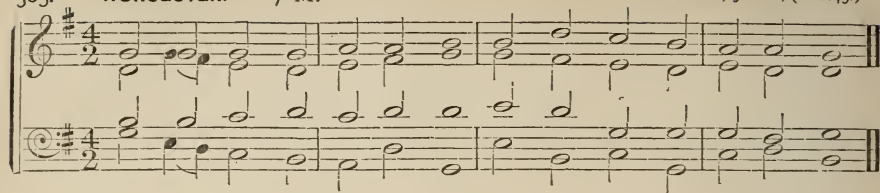
1 **H**ELP me, my God, to speak
 True words to thee each day;
 Real let my voice be when I praise,
 And trustful when I pray.
 Thy words are true to me;
 Let mine to thee be true,
 The speech of my whole heart and soul,
 However low and few.

2 True words of grief for sin,
 Of longing to be free,
 Of groaning for deliverance,
 And likeness, Lord, to thee:
 True words of faith and hope,
 Of godly joy and grief.
 Lord, I believe; O hear my cry;
 Help thou mine unbelief!

THE CONFIDING HEART.

303. WORCESTER. 7 M.

S. WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



303

7 M.

Docility and trust.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

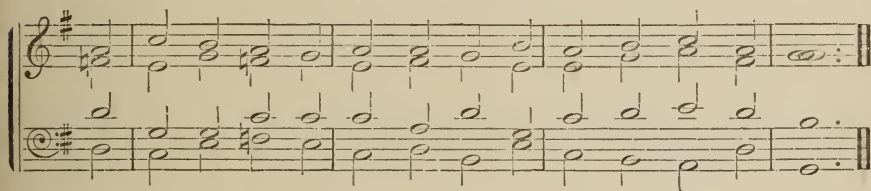
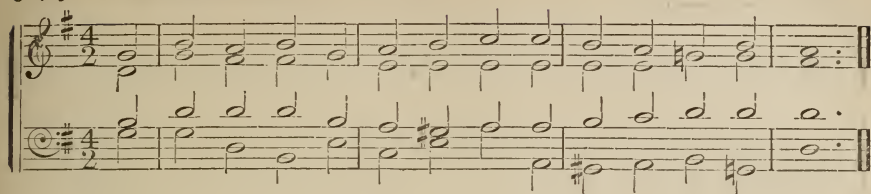
THE NEAREST TO GOD ARE LOWLIEST.

304-5.

CANTERBURY, (NO. 2.)

C. M.

PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, (1671.)



C. M.

304.

The desire of the humble.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! when I all things would possess,
I crave but to be thine :
O lowly is the loftiness
Of these desires divine.</p> <p>2 Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store ;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my helper, more.</p> | <p>3 How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray ?</p> <p>4 The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee ;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.</p> <p>5 The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see ;
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
Thou Holy One, for thee.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1859.

C. M.

305.

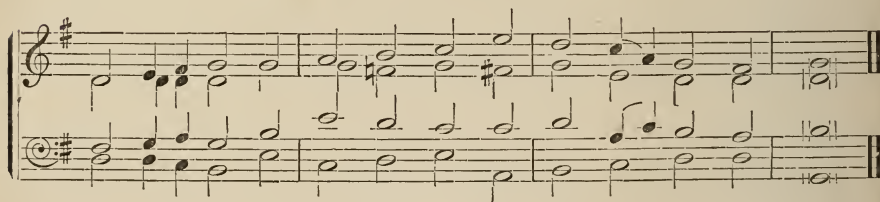
The lowly are His delight.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THY home is with the humble, Lord !
The simple are thy rest :
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;
Thou makest there thy nest.</p> | <p>2 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for thee.</p> <p>3 Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly guest ?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy nest.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1849.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

306-7. TOTTENHAM. C. M.



306.

C. M.

Prayer for kind affections.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.</p> <p>2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe !</p> | <p>3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.</p> <p>4 O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought !
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot !</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

307.

C. M.

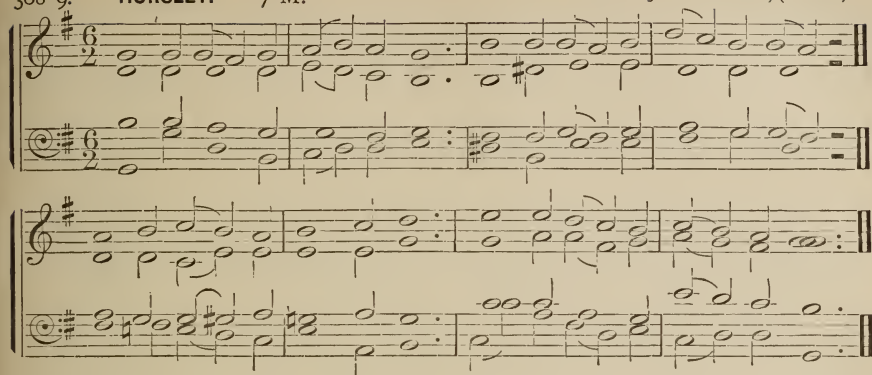
"Bear ye one another's burdens."

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 TRY us, O God, and search the
ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.</p> <p>2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.</p> | <p>3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.</p> <p>4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve :
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

308-9. HURSLEY. 7 M.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, (d. 1810.)



7 M. 308.

The unity of the spirit.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER! we look up to thee!
 Let us in thy love agree:
 Thou, who art the God of peace,
 Bid contention ever cease.</p> <p>2 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, merciful, and kind;
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Ne'er by fretful passion stirred.</p> | <p>3 Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear;
 Ready, when reviled, to bless;
 Studious of the law of peace.</p> <p>4 Father! all our souls inspire;
 Fill us with love's sacred fire!
 Guided by that blessed light,
 Order all our steps aright.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Free from anger, free from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide;
 All the depth of love express,—
 All the height of holiness.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

7 M. 309.

"That they also may be one in us."

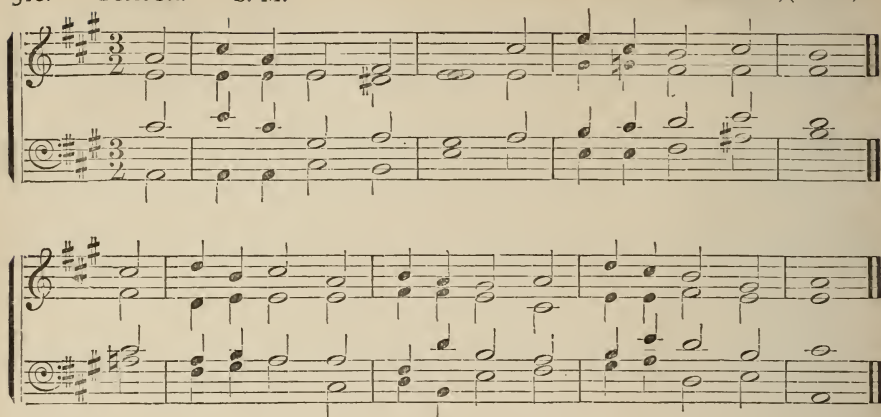
- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER! at thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in thee!
 Each to each unite, and bless;
 Keep us in thy perfect peace.</p> <p>2 Plant in us the humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind;
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.</p> | <p>3 Lord of our supreme desire!
 Fill us now with heavenly fire:
 Nobly may we bear the strife,—
 Keep the holiness, of life;—</p> <p>4 Still forget the things behind,—
 Follow Christ in heart and mind;
 To the mark unwearied press,—
 Seize the crown of righteousness.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Father! fill us with thy love;
 Never from our souls remove;
 Dwell with us, and we shall be
 Thine through all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

KNIT TOGETHER IN LOVE.

310. **BUXTON.** S. M.

WILLIAM MATHER, (d. 1808.)



310.

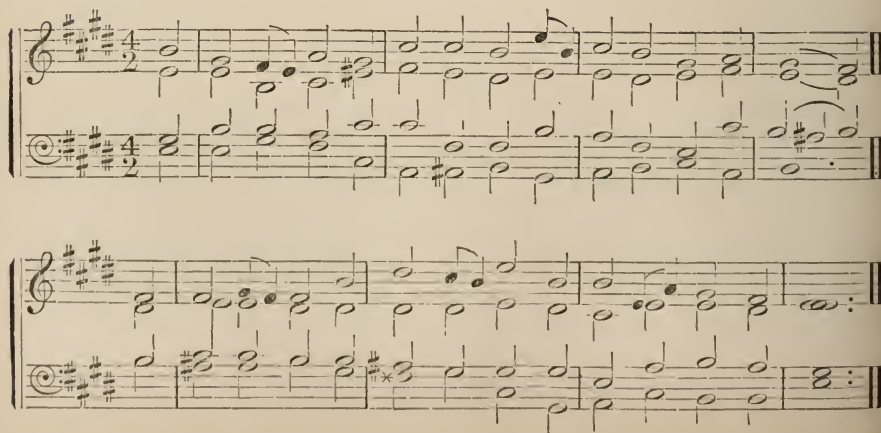
S. M.

The bond of love.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.</p> <p>2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.</p> | <p>3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.</p> <p>4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

311. **ROME.** C. M.



C. M.

311.

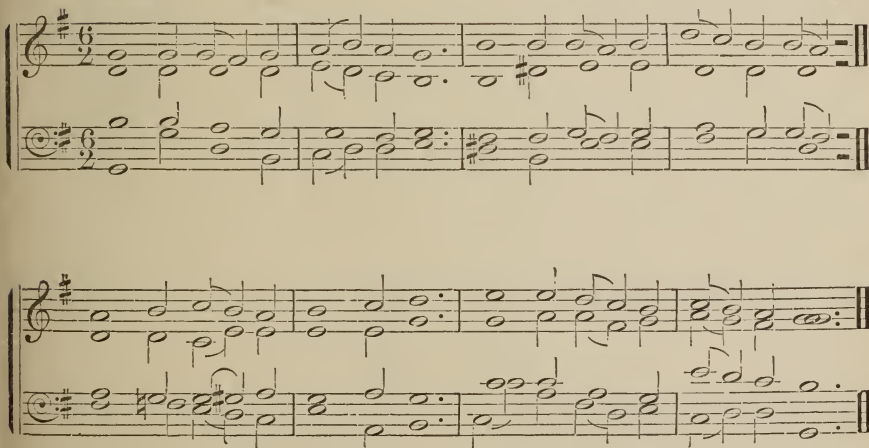
The sweetener of the fountain.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHERE is the tree the prophet
threw
Into the bitter wave?
Left it no scion where it grew,
The thirsting soul to save?</p> <p>2 Hath Nature lost the hidden power
Its precious foliage shed?
Is there no distant eastern bower,
With such sweet leaves o'erspread?</p> | <p>3 Nay, wherefore ask? since gifts are ours,
Which yet may well imbue
Earth's many troubled founts with
showers,
Of heaven's own balmy dew.</p> <p>4 O mingled with the cup of grief
Let faith's deep spirit be;
And every prayer shall win a leaf
From that blest healing tree!</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

FELICIA HEMANS, 1830.

312. **HURSLEY.** 7 M.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, (d. 1810.)



7 M.

312.

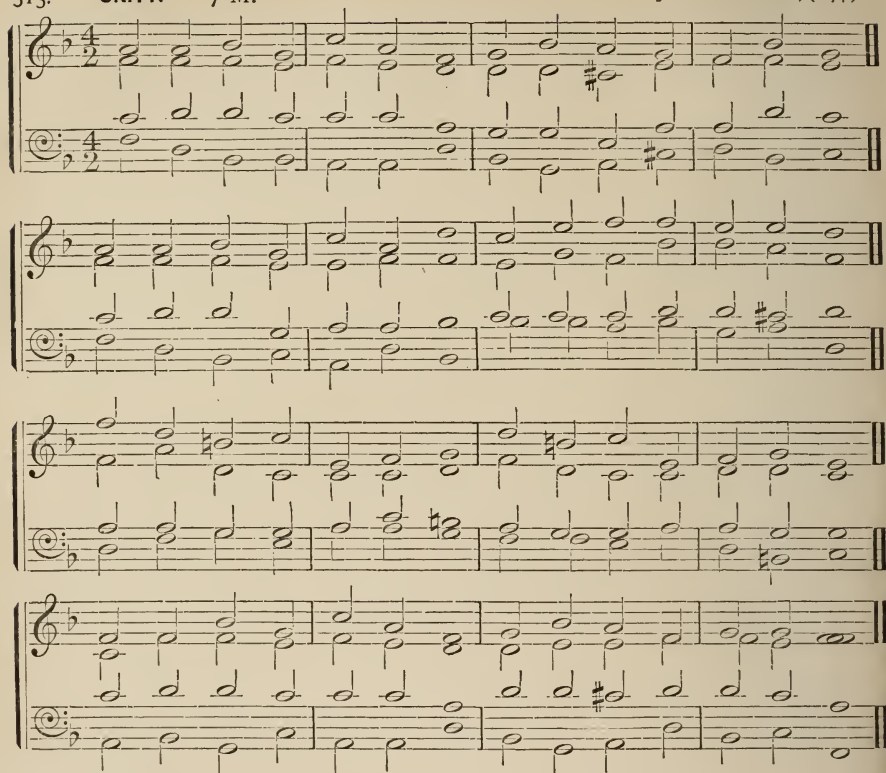
The harmony of love.

- 1 **L**ORD! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
- 2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings:
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

313. UNITY. 7 M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1874.)



313.

"That they also may be one in us."

7 M.

1 LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to thee;
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

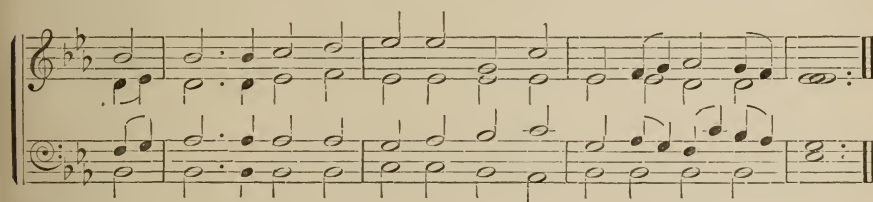
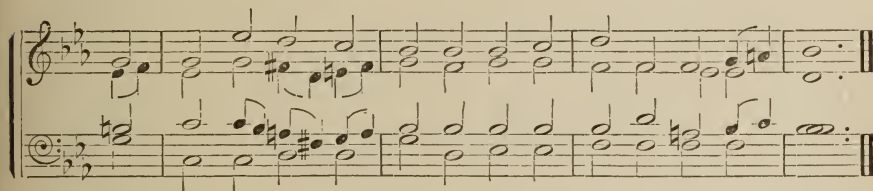
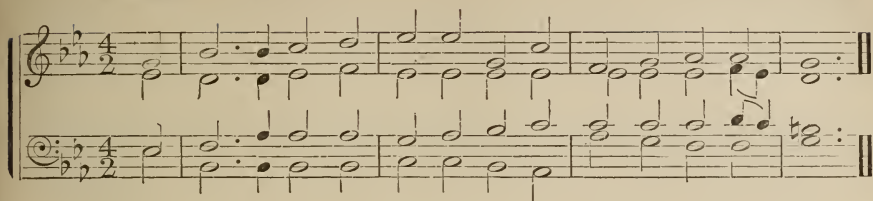
2 Move, and actuate and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil:
Never from our office move;—
Needful to each other prove;—
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God!

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee:
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names and sects and parties fall:
Thou, O Lord, art all in all!

THE HEART SET FREE.

314. SLINGSBY. M. 8 & 6.

J. B. DYKES, (1865?)



M. 8 & 6.

314.

My times are in thy hand.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 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.

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

5 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 LÆTITIA WARING, 1850.

THE HEART SET FREE.

315. SEEDFIELD. M. 10 | 11 11.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



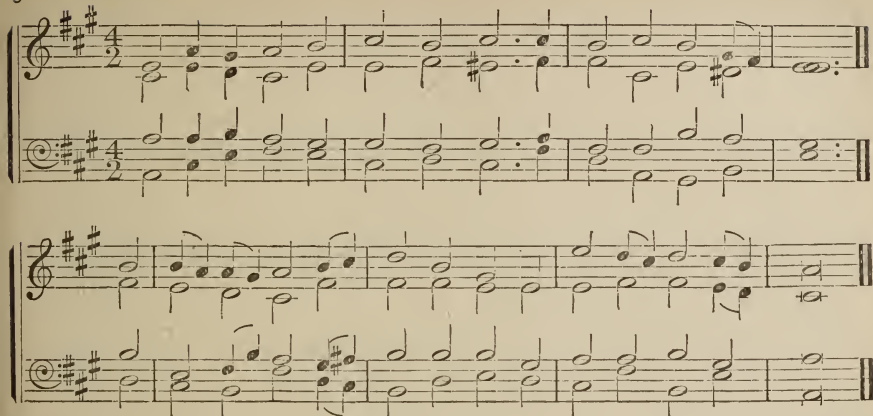
315.

M. 10 | 11 11.

The mellowed heart.

- 1 **O** BREAK my heart; but break it as a field
Is by the plough up-broken for the corn:
O break it as the buds, by green leaf sealed,
Are, to unloose the golden blossom, torn:
Love would I offer unto love's great Master,
Set free the odour, break the alabaster.
- 2 O break my heart; break it, victorious God,
That life's eternal well may flash abroad:
O let it break, as when the captive trees,
Breaking cold bonds, regain their liberties:
And, as thought's sacred grove to life is springing,
Be joys, like birds, their hope—thy victory—singing.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1855.



C. M.

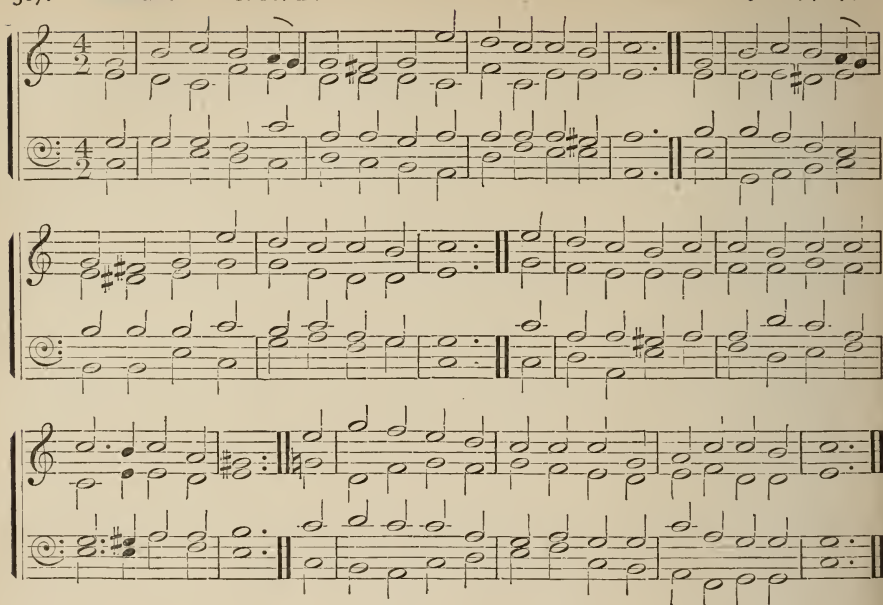
316.

Perfection.

- 1 **O** HOW the thought of God attracts,
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
- 2 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.
- 3 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above:
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?
- 4 How little of that road, my soul!
How little hast thou gone!
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.
- 5 Press forward to the perfect mind;
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say.
- 6 Then keep thy conscience sensitive;
No inward token miss;
And go where grace entices thee:—
Perfection lies in this.
- 7 Be docile to thine unseen Guide;
Love him as he loves thee:
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.

317. BRUGES. C. M. D.

CLAUDE LE JEUNE, (1627.)



317.

C. M.

The constant walk with God.

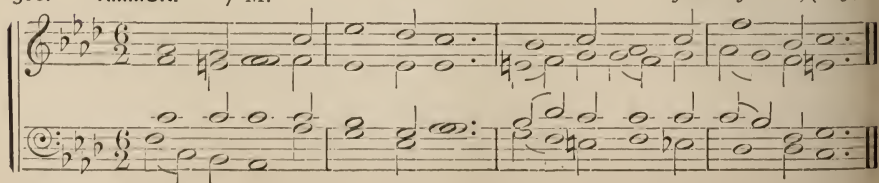
- 1 O NOT alone in saddest plight
My Lord do I require;
Not only in the thickest fight
And in the seven-fold fire :—
- 2 Not only when the world invites,
In all its pomp arrayed;
Not only when the tempter fights,
In all his terrors clad.
- 3 When forth I go, not then alone,
Lord, would I walk with thee;
Not only when the sun goes down
I crave thy company.

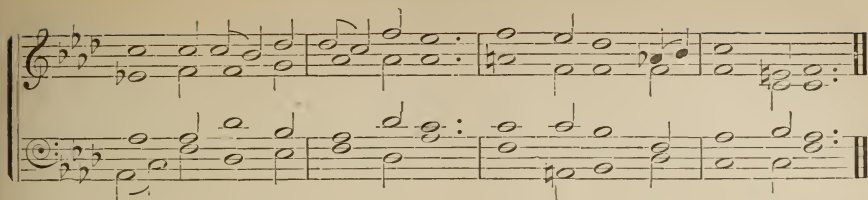
- 4 Not only for some task sublime
Thy succour I implore;
Not only on some solemn time
Thy Holy Spirit pour!
- 5 I want each joy from thee to spring,
Each joy for thee more bright;
Each footstep of thine ordering;
All light seen in thy light.
- 6 I want thee through the vale of tears,
All up the heavenly road;
Each moment of the eternal years
Shall I possess my God.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1869.

318. AMMON. 7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)





7 M.

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

318.

1 IN the midst do thou appear,—
Lord! reveal thy presence here:
Sanctify us now, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace.

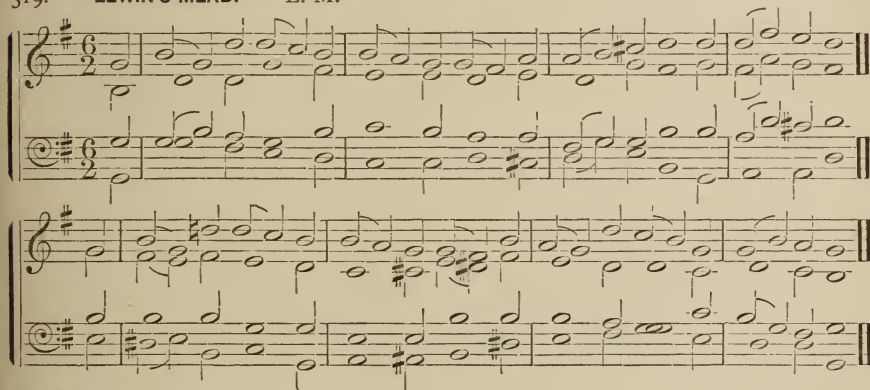
3 Father! still our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee!

2 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;—
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.

4 Mutual love the token be,
Lord! that we belong to thee:
Only love to us be given;
Lord! we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

319. LEWIN'S MEAD. L. M.



L. M.

Pious friendship.

319.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one!

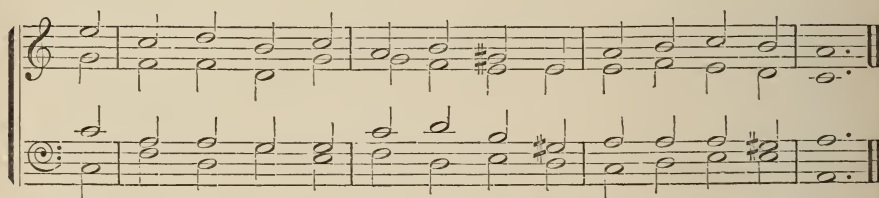
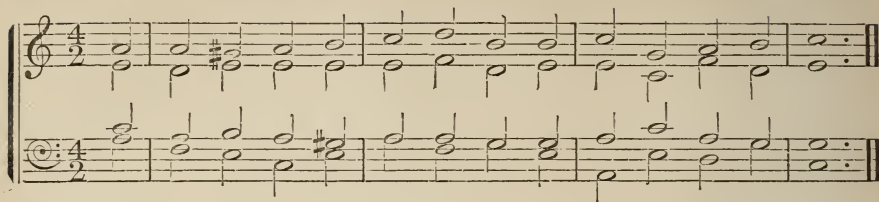
3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures
swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When Nature droops her sickening fire:
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1795.



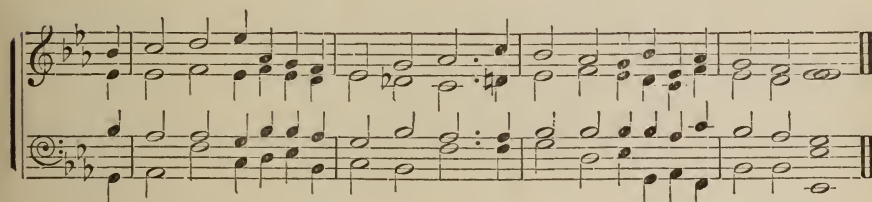
320.

C. M.

The escape from darkness into light.

- 1 VOICES are round me ; smiles are near ;
Kind welcomes to be had ;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.
- 2 Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work,
As thou hast done before ;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.
- 3 O there is music in that thought
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time
Most musically rung.
- 4 Sweet thought ! lie closer to my heart,
That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
In some nocturnal fear.
- 5 The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

321. **MOLDAU.** M. 10. ("Wie herrlich ist's, ein Schäfflein.") Brüder-choralbuch. (1784.)



M. 10.

321.

"If He giveth quiet, who can make trouble?"

- 1 **Q**UIET from God! how blessed 't is to keep
This treasure the All-Merciful hath given;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven!
- 2 To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;
To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which his spirit doth reveal!
- 3 Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil minds
Which, like a shadow, o'er creation lower:
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.
- 4 What shall make trouble? Not the holy thought
Of loved ones lost; for that will be a part
Of those undying things which peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.
- 5 What shall make trouble? Not slow wasting pain,
Nor e'en th' impending certain stroke of death:
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

Sarah Johanna Williams, 1834.

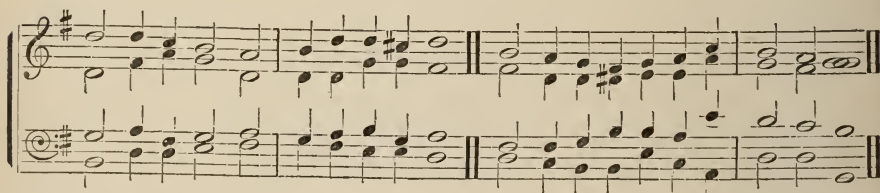
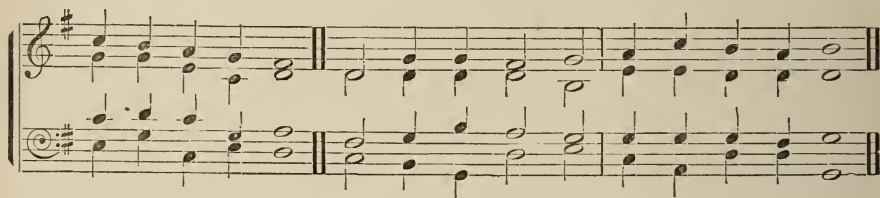
R

322.

MONTAGUE.

M. 10.

GOUDIMEL'S PSALTER, (1565.)



322.

M. 1c.

The outer and the inner sunshine.

- 1 **T**HE day with light its genial self engirds ;
The trees are glad with fluty voices dear :—
' *Thou art my God !* '—When I say o'er those words,
I see a light beyond the day ; and hear
Voices far richer than the songs of birds.
- 2 Mine eyes with happy tears then over-swim ;
The thoughts I have are sweetest that can be ;
My mind's a cup with love above the brim ;
Fine incense circles around all I see ;
In every sound I hear a holy hymn.
- 3 ' *Thou art my God !* thou, Father, thou, my Friend,—
My Saviour thou, the eternal Lord of all ! '—
O thought which doth all deepest thoughts transcend !
Beneath whose painful stress I well may fall
In love and wonder which shall know no end !

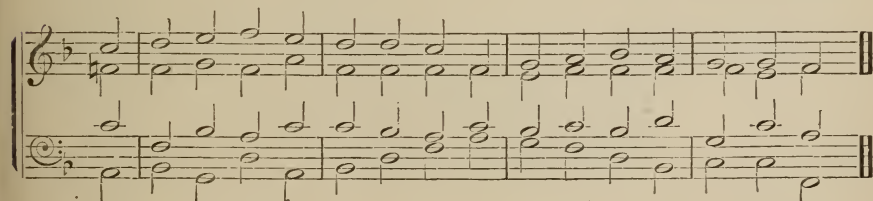
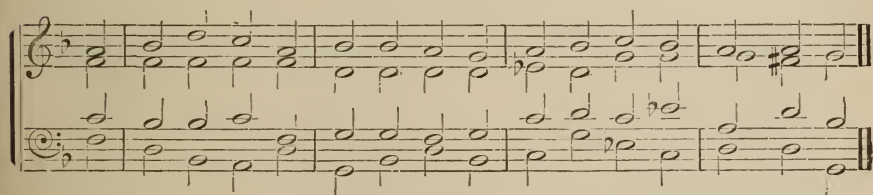
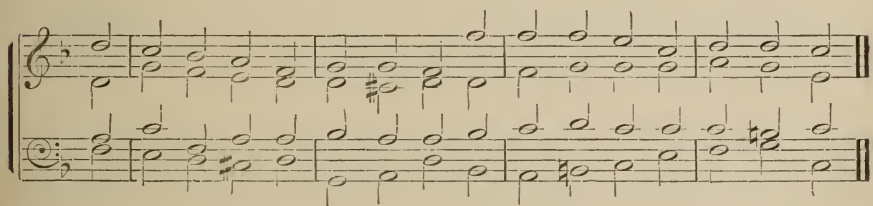
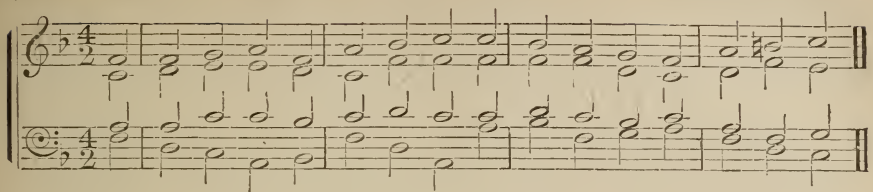
GOD, THE SOURCE OF PEACE.

323.

OLD 113.

L. M. D. ("Es sind doch selig.")

Genevan Psalter, (1562.)



L. M.

323.

Sacred peace.

1 COME, sacred peace, delightful guest,
Diffuse thy heaven within my
breast!
Thy soothing power, thy gladdening ray
God gives, and none can take away.

2 A stormy world, a heart of sin,
Make strife without and fear within;
But God can give the soul repose,
Though tossed by storms and pressed
by foes.

3 Perpetual summer, cloudless skies,
A gushing spring which never dies,
A table in the desert spread,
A pillow for the weary head,—

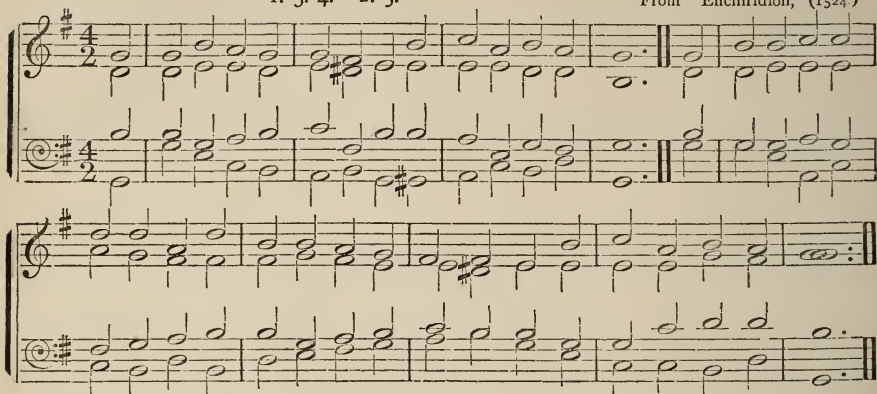
4 Such is the peace which God can
give,
My sweetest portion while I live;
And when the last dark hour draws
nigh,
My sweetest solace as I die.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1844.

R 2

GOD, THE RESTORER OF CALM.

324. PILSEN, (NO. 1.) M. 8. M. 6.
1. 3. 4. 2. 5. ("Herr Christ, der einig Gotts Sohn.")
From "Enchiridion," (1524.)



324.

The pure and peaceful mind.

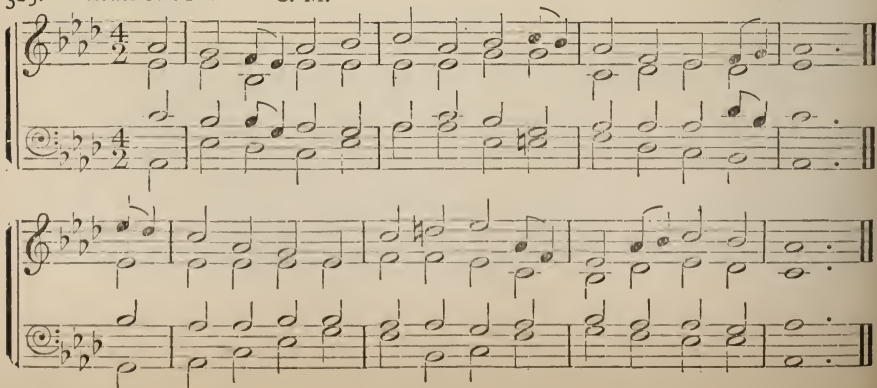
M. 8. M. 6.
1. 3. 4. 2. 5.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways !
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.</p> <p>2 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above !
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love !</p> | <p>3 With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whisper of thy call,
 As noiseless let thy blessing fall
 As fell thy manna down.</p> <p>4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and stress ;
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.</p> <p>5 Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire :
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm !</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872.

325. WARBURTON. C. M.

G. WHARTON.



C. M.

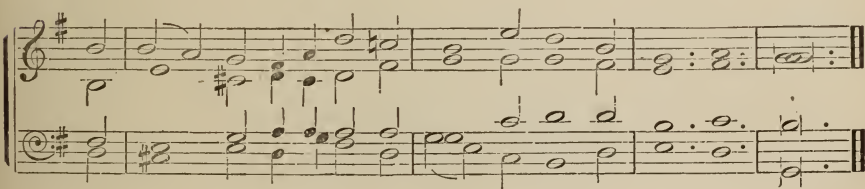
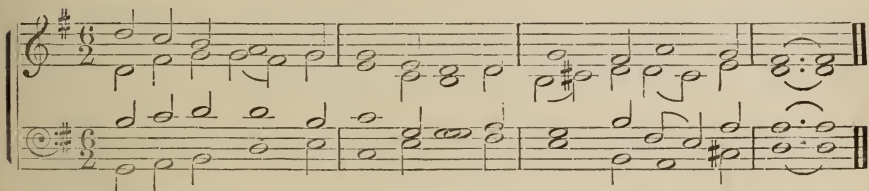
325.

The hidden life of a Christian.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high
While yet he sojourns here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.</p> <p>2 His conscience knows no secret stings;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.</p> | <p>3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.</p> <p>4 His pleasures rise from things unseen
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eye nor ear hath been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

*Isaac Watts, 1709.*326. **SIMPLICITY.** M. 8. 6. 10. 4.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. 8. 6. 10. 4.

326.

In God's sight.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHY should we vex our foolish
minds
So much, from day to day,
With what an idle world concerning us
May think or say?</p> <p>2 Do we not know there sits a Judge,
Before whose searching eyes
Our inmost hidden being cleft in twain
And open lies?</p> <p>3 O my omniscient Lord and God!
Enough, enough for me,
That thou the evil in me and the good
Dost wholly see.</p> | <p>4 Let others please to think of me
Or say what'er they will:
Such as I am before thy judgment-seat,
So am I still.</p> <p>5 Praise they my good beyond desert,
And all my bad ignore;—
That am I which in thy pure sight I am,
No less, no more!</p> <p>6 Decry they all my good, and blame
My evil in excess;—
That am I which in thy pure sight I am,
No more, no less.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Edward Caswall, 1858.

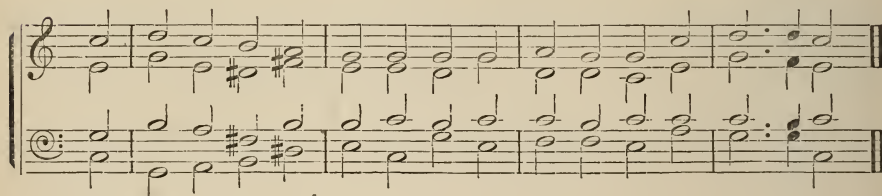
THE SECRET OF PEACE.

327.

VENI CREATOR.

L. M. ("Komm Gott Schöpfer.")

German, 1535, from an old "Veni Creator," (apparently of the 8th century.)



327.

L. M.

The rest of the weary.

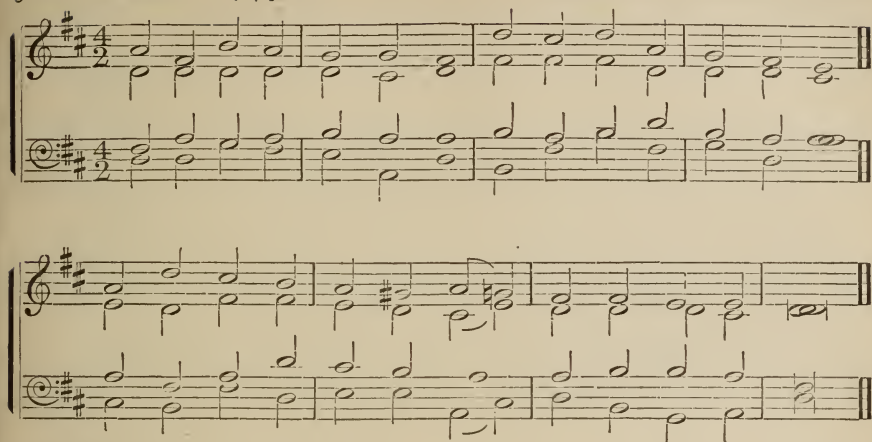
- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of light divine!
Fountain of unexhausted love!
O let thy glories on me shine
In earth beneath, from heaven above!
- 2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me thy easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions, Peace!
Speak to my troubled heart, Be still:
Thy power my strength and fortress is;
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

REST AND LIGHT AT LAST.

328. DANTZIG. 7 | 5 M.

From FRIEDR. FILITZ's Choralb., (1846.)



7 | 5 M.

328.

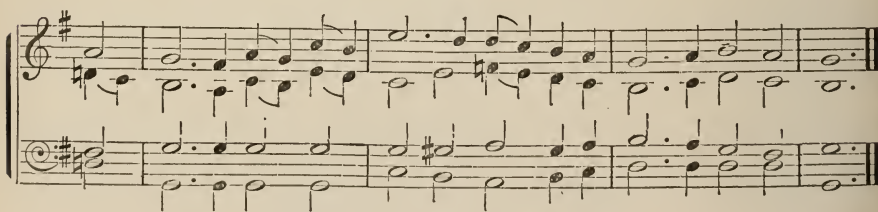
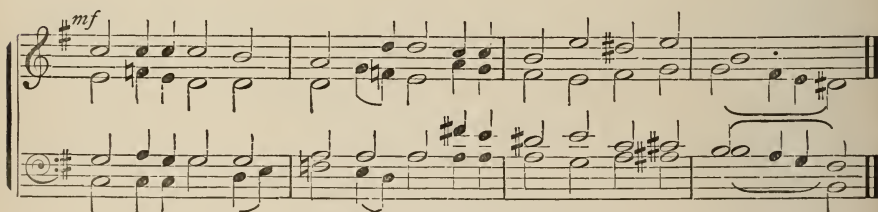
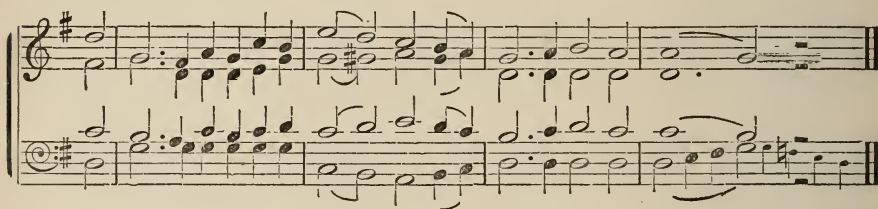
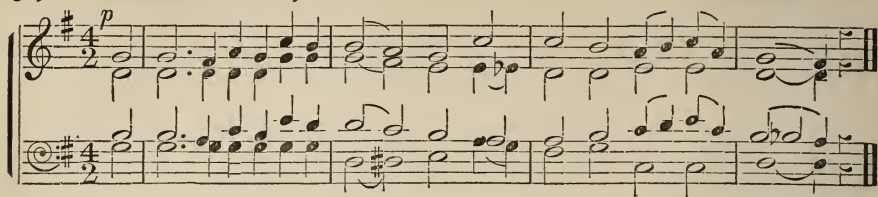
Unwasting treasures.

- 1 **W**HEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore!
- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled—
Peace for evermore!
- 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray;—
Light for evermore!
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore!
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore!
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life! be ours thy crown—
Life for evermore!

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

329. GUIDANCE. M. 9 & 6.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



329.

M. 9 & 6.

Prayer for guidance.

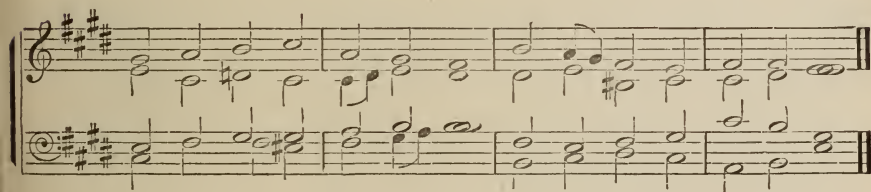
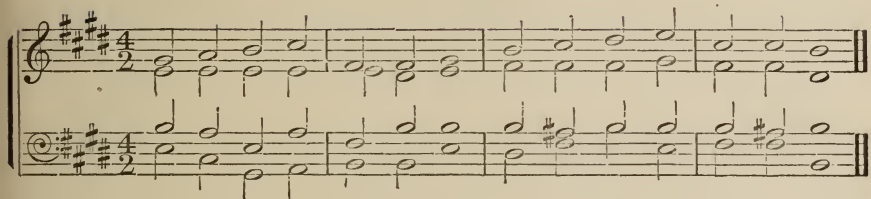
O GOD! protector of the lowly,
Of all that trust in thee;
Without whom nothing strong or holy,
And nothing good can be!
Guide thou our steps to heavenly glory,
And teach us so to choose,
As not for pleasures transitory
Eternal bliss to lose.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

330. GIBBONS. 7 M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, (d. 1625.)



7 M.

330.

Life of holiness.

1 FATHER of eternal love!
Glorify thyself in me;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart alone on thee.

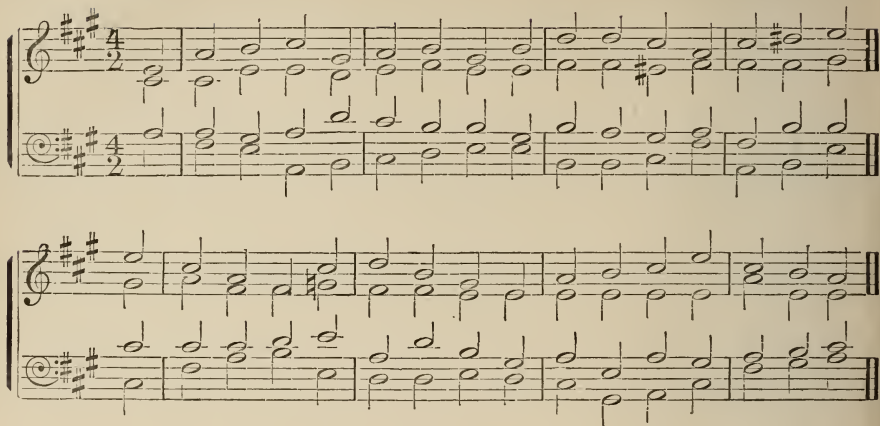
2 Humble, holy, all-resigned,
May I say 'Thy will be done';
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

3 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

PURIFYING COMMUNION WITH GOD.

331-2. AVON. L. M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, (d. 1707.)



331.

*"Veni, veni, Rex gloriæ."
Cleanse thou me, O Lord.*

L. M.

1 **G**IVE us, O Fount of Purity,
A conscience clear, without of-
fence,
That thou in us, unceasingly,
May'st deign to keep thy residence.

2 Between us and thyself remove
Whatever hindrances may be,
That so our inmost heart may prove
A holy temple, meet for thee.

3 Still grant us, by thy godly strength,
A mind more perfectly renewed;
All failings rooted out at length;
Ourselves with new-born powers en-
dued.

4 Let coward fear to hope give place;
And meekness reign, like mother mild;
And charity, the chiefest grace,—
Pureness of spirit undefiled,—

5 Regard thee with a filial love;
No slavish fear within us be;
That so our cherished thoughts, above
Aught else, may always rest on thee.

Karlsruhe Latin MS. of the 15th Century:
tr. THOMAS GEORGE CRIPPEN, 1868.

332.

"As seeing Him who is invisible."

L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendours none can
bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see:
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates—wears.

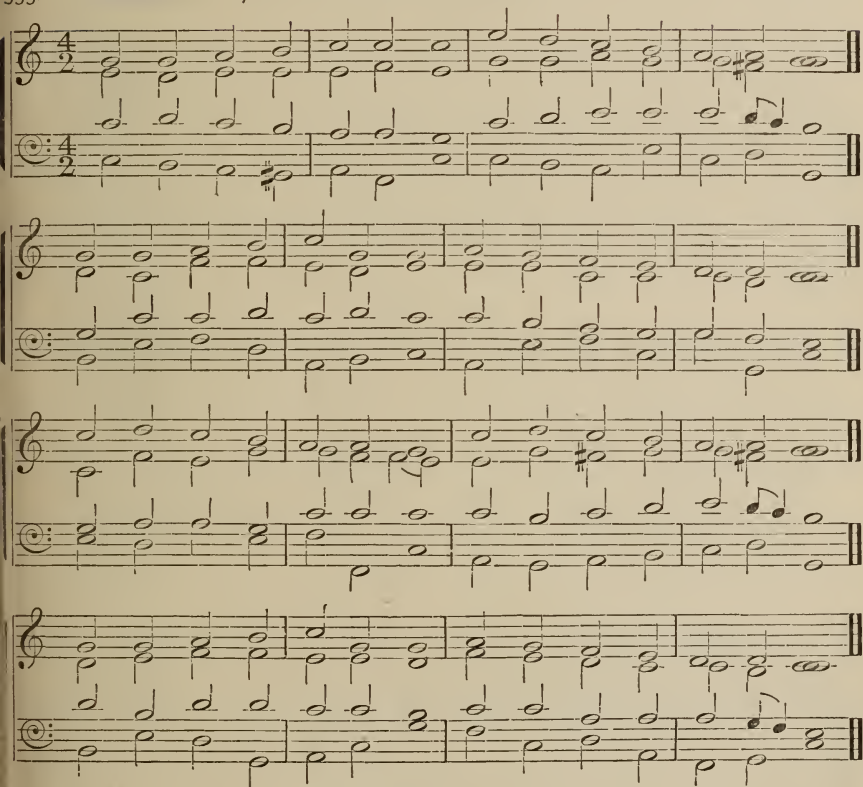
4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire!
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly
fire!

GOD'S PRESENCE THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

5 This one petition would it urge,—
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

333. **ERLANGEN.** 7 M. ("Den Vater dort oben.") German.



7 M.

333.

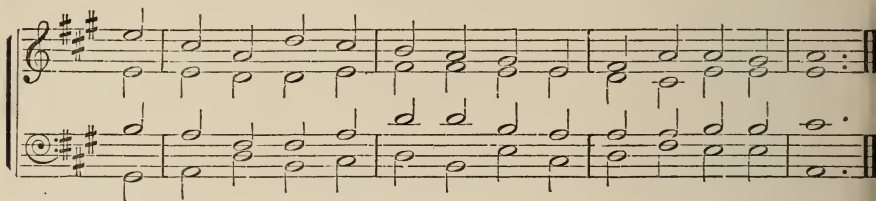
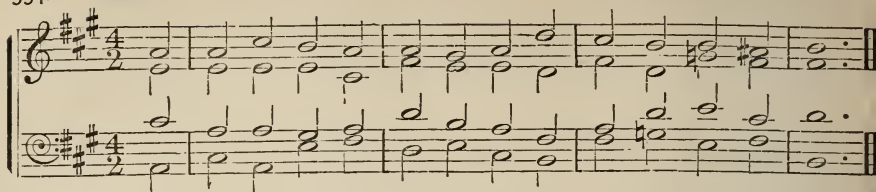
The supreme good.

LORD! it is not life to live
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord! if thou thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.
Source and giver of repose!
Singly from thy smile it flows:
Thee to see and thee to love
Perfects bliss below, above.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1774.

334. ABBEY. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, (1615.)



334.

C. M.

A rest remaineth.

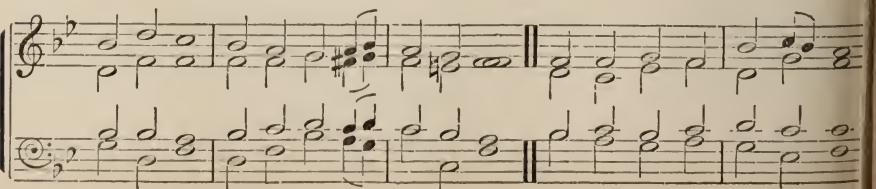
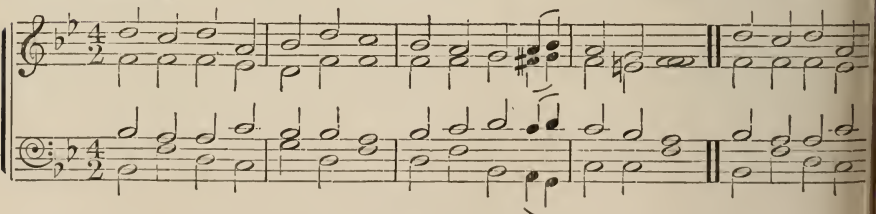
- 1 **L**ORD! we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns;—
For thou art served alone:—
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

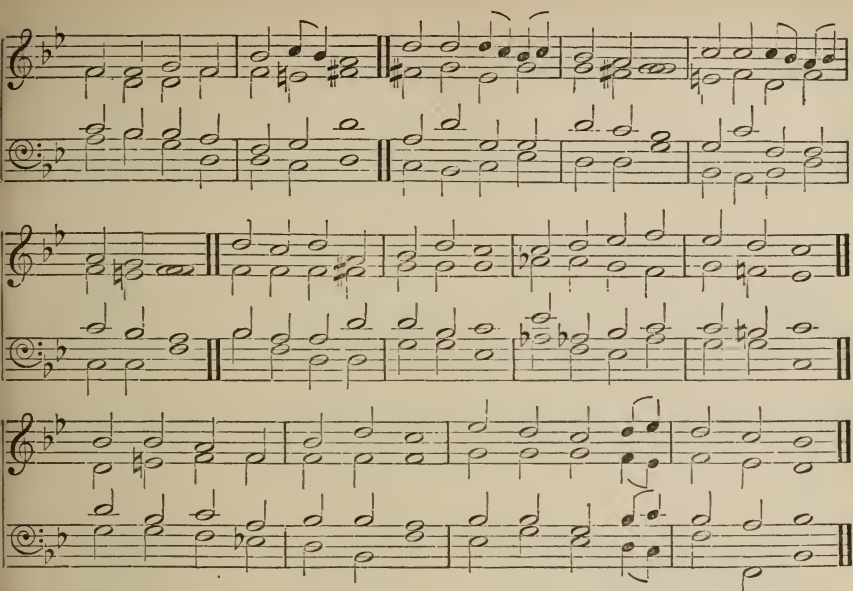
- 3 O that we now that rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Thou Holiest! now the power bestow,
And let us cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from our heart,
This unbelief remove:
The rest of perfect faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

335. GIESSEN. 7 M.

J. A. FREILINGHAUSEN, (1704-14.)





7 M.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"

335.

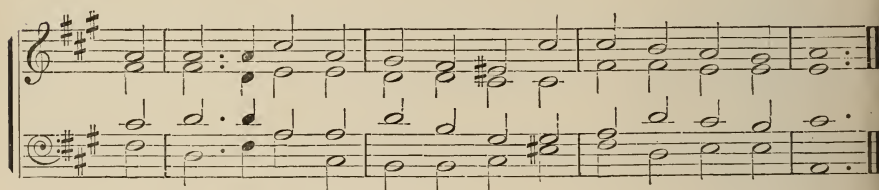
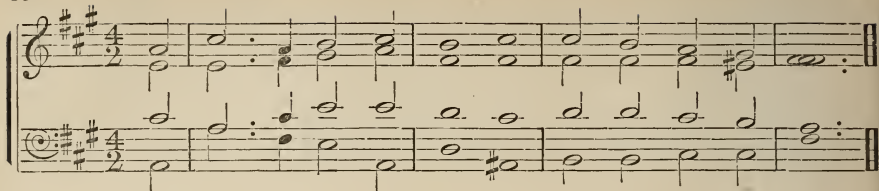
LORD of earth! thy forming hand
Well this 'beauteous frame hath
planned,—
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;
Friendship,—gem transcending price,
Love, a flower from Paradise.
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should' I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light:
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings.
O that world is passing fair:
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest.
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child:
I was blind; thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

336-7. SILOA. S. M.

JOSEPH MAJOR, (c. 1820.)



336.

S. M.

Still with Thee.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 STILL with thee, O my God!
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:—</p> <p>2 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart:</p> | <p>3 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find:</p> <p>4 With thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of thy wings
Mine eyelids I would close:</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding would I be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1857.

337.

S. M.

This is the love of God.

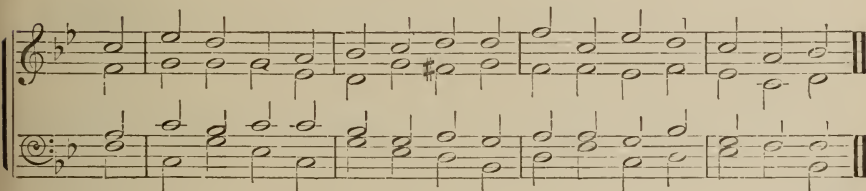
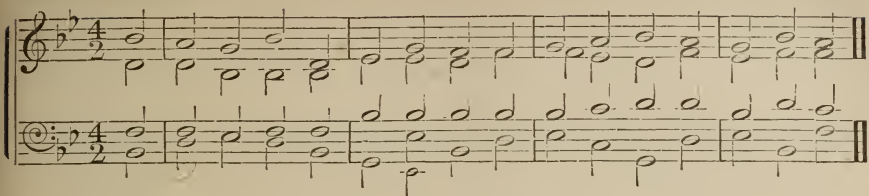
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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.</p> <p>2 O thou, our souls' chief hope!
We to thy mercy fly:
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.</p> | <p>3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.</p> <p>4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

LOVE TO GOD THE SUPREME REPOSE.

338-9. CRIPPLEGATE. L. M.

HENRY LAWES, (d. 1662.)



L. M.

"O Deus, ego amo te."

Love to God the supreme repose.

338.

1 **D**O I not love thee, Lord most High,
In answer to thy love for me?
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to thee.

2 May memory no thought suggest
But shall to thy pure glory tend;
My understanding find no rest
Except in thee, its only end.

3 My God, I here protest to thee,
No other will I have than thine;
Whatever thou hast given me
I here again to thee resign.

4 All mine is thine; say but the word,
Whate'er thou willest,—be it done;
I know thy love, all-gracious Lord;
I know it seeks my good alone.

5 Apart from thee all things are nought:
Then grant, O my supremest bliss!
Grant me to love thee as I ought:—
Thou givest all in giving this!

IGNATIUS LOYOLA, 1521-1556:
tr. *Edward Caswall*, 1858.

L. M.

The love of God, the end of life.

339.

1 **I**F life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it;—I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succours in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered;—let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'T is thine to number out our days;
'T is ours to give them to thy praise.

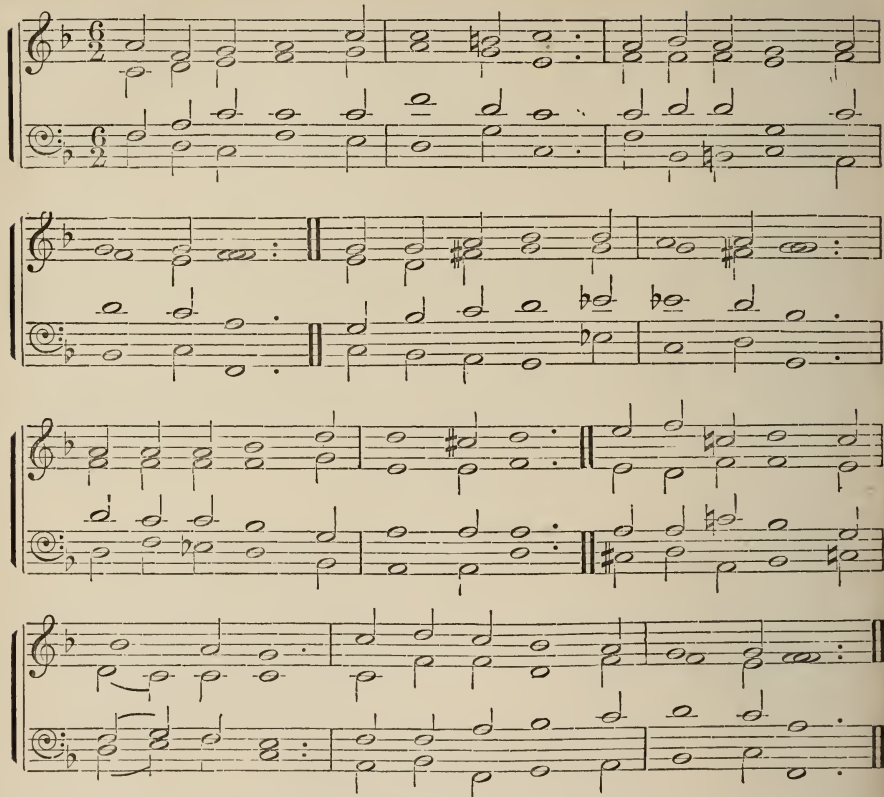
4 Faith is our only business here,—
Faith simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessed days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing thee.

JEANNE MARIE BOUVIÈRE DE LA MOTHE GUION, c. 1689:
tr. *William Cowper*, 1782.

THE SERVICE OF LOVE.

340. DARMSTADT. M. 8. ("Ermuntre dich.")

JOH. SCHOP, (1641.)



340.

"Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke."

M. 8.

Prayer for a loving service of God.

THEE would I love, my strength,
my tower !
Thee would I love, my Lord, my God !
Thee would I serve with all my power,
And kiss thy sceptre, or thy rod :
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way :
My soul and mind, O Lord of might !
Replenish with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes repentant tears ;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires :
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

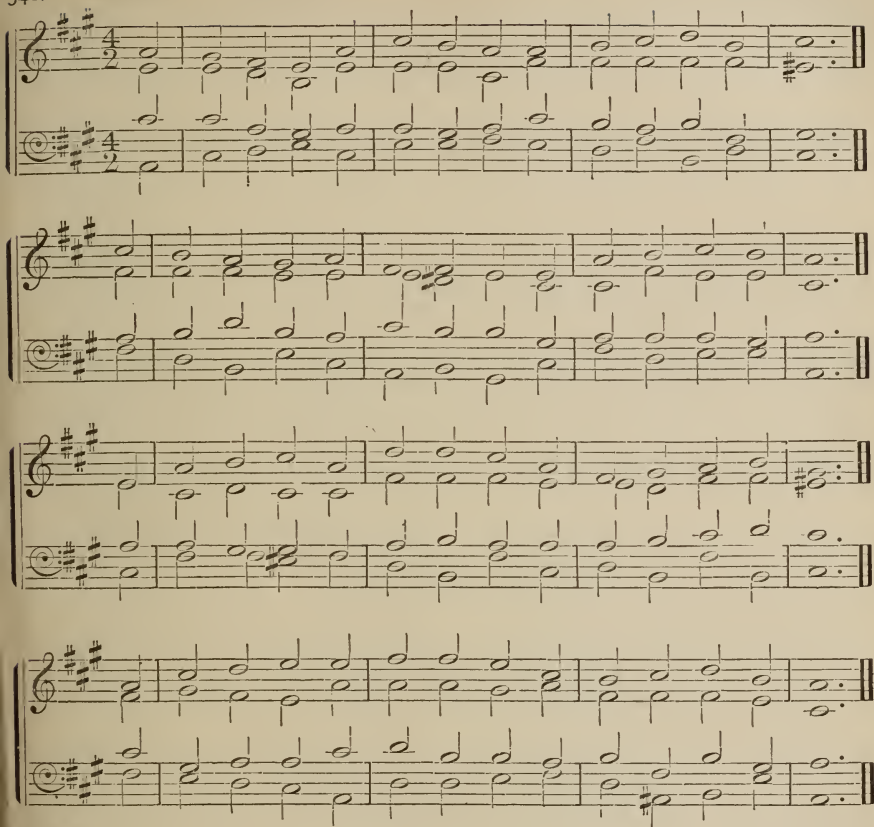
JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1657 :
tr. John Wesley, 1739.

THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

341. OLD 137.

C. M. D.

DAY'S PSALTER, (1563.)



C. M.

The thought of God.

341.

1 **T**HE thought of God, the thought of thee,
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art ;—

2 The thought of thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.

3 It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
And is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.

4 One while it bids the tears to flow,
Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our souls with joy,
And always sanctifies.

5 To think of thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise ;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.

6 All murmurs lie inside thy will
Which are to thee addressed ;
To suffer for thee is our work,
To think of thee our rest.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1851.

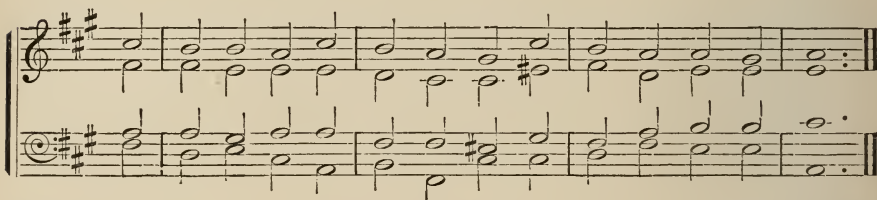
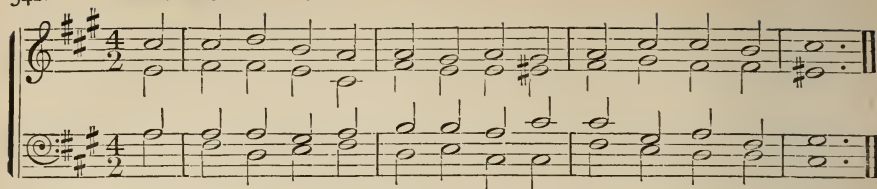
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RESTING IN GOD.

342.

NORTHWOLD.

C. M.



342.

C. M.

Waiting on God.

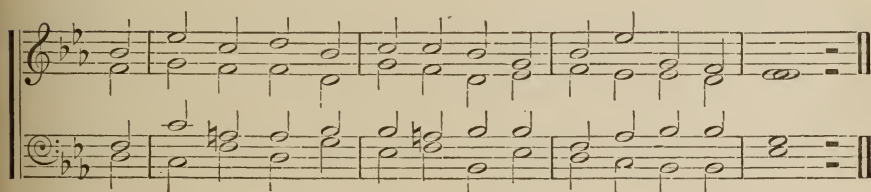
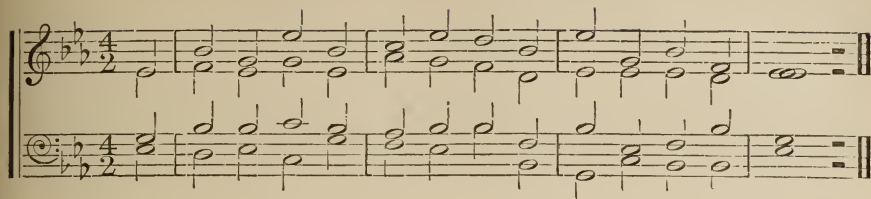
- 1 MY heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise:
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
- 3 Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,—
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.
- 4 Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on thee;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;
- 5 The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.
- 6 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding everywhere.

343-4-

LONDON NEW.

C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, (1635.)



C. M.

343.

Conversing with God.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SPEAK with us, Lord ! thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.</p> <p>2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.</p> | <p>3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.</p> <p>4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
'T is all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

C. M.

344.

Our helper God. Ps. 121.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 UP to those bright and glad some hills
Whence flow my weal and mirth,
I look and sigh for him who fills,
Unseen, both heaven and earth.</p> <p>2 He is alone my help and hope
That I shall not be moved ;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.</p> | <p>3 The glorious God is my sole stay ;
He is my sun, and shade ;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.</p> <p>4 Whether abroad amidst the crowd
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud
Now and for evermore.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1650.

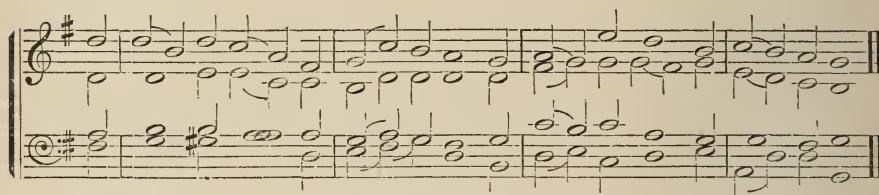
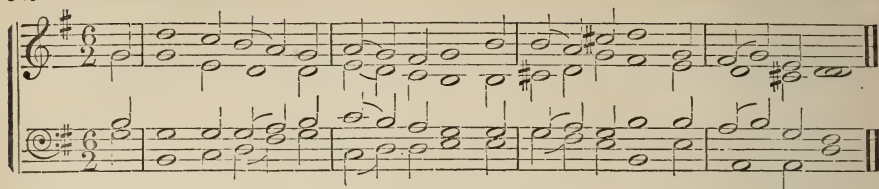
GOD, THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

345.

KAYE STREET.

L. M.

PHILIP TAYLOR. (d. 1831.)



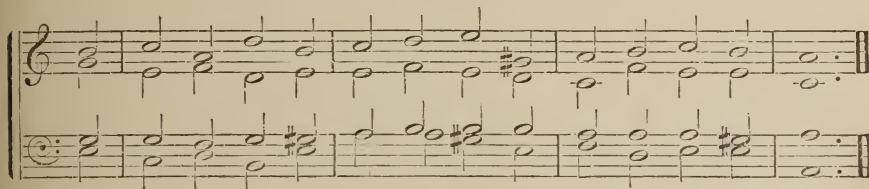
345.

L. M.

The omnipresent peace of God.

- 1 **O** THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;—
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To them remains nor place nor time;
Their country is in every clime;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

346-7. MARCHMONT. S. M.



S. M.

"My soul panteth after thee, O God."

346.

1 **H**ERE in a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode,
O how my heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God!

2 As for the water-brooks
The hart expiring pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.

3 I know thy joys, O earth!
The sweetness of thy cup;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.

4 But ah! how woes and fears
Those hollow joys succeed!
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.

5 What have I then below,
Or what but thee on high?
Thee, thee, O Father, would I know,
And in thee live and die!

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1840.

S. M.

"My soul thirsteth for God."

347.

1 **F**AR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry 'Blest Spirit! come
And speed me to my rest!'

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung:
How shall I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road:
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life, be near!
On thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

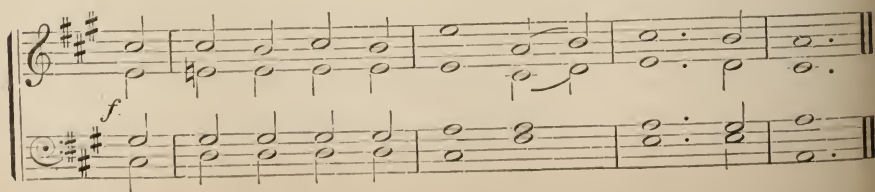
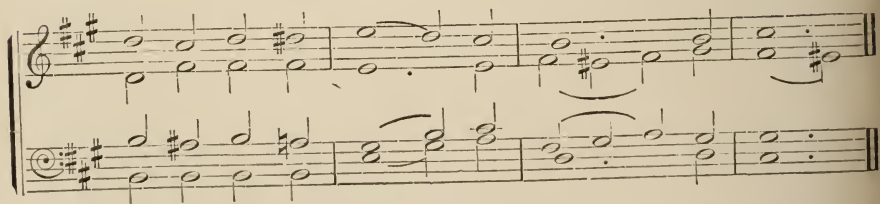
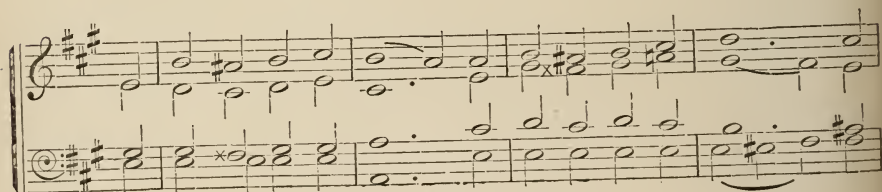
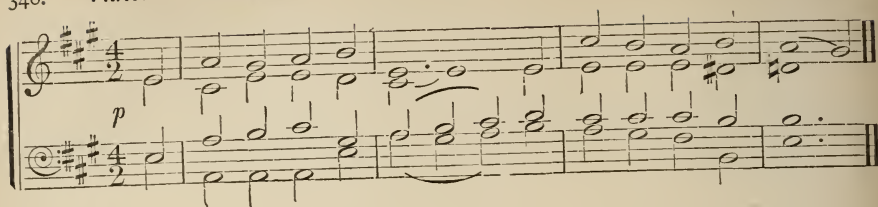
THE PEACE OF GOD.

348.

PRAYER FOR PEACE.

M. 6 | 4 10.

J. R. OGDEN, (1872.)



The Peace of God.

- 1 **W**E ask for Peace, O Lord !
 Thy children ask thy Peace ;
 Not what the world calls rest,
 That toil and care should cease,
 That through bright sunny hours
 Calm life should fleet away,
 And tranquil night should fade
 In smiling day ;—
 It is not for such Peace that we would pray.
- 2 We ask for Peace, O Lord !
 Yet not to stand secure,
 Girt round with iron pride,
 Contented to endure ;
 Crushing the gentle strings,
 That human hearts should know ;
 Untouched by others' joy
 Or others' woe ;—
 Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.
- 3 We ask thy Peace, O Lord !
 Through storm, and fear, and strife,
 To light and guide us on
 Through a long struggling life :
 While no success or gain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve what the world calls
 Our wasted might ;—
 Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.
- 4 It is thine own, O Lord !
 Who toil while others sleep,
 Who sow with loving care
 What other hands shall reap,—
 They lean on thee entranced,
 In calm and perfect rest :
 Give us that Peace, O Lord,
 Divine and blest,
 Thou keepest for those hearts who love thee best.

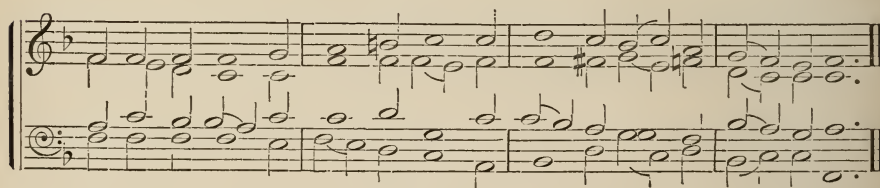
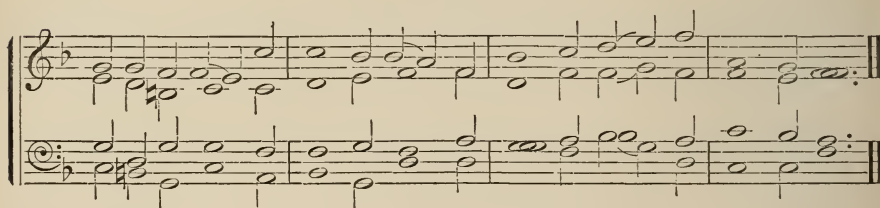
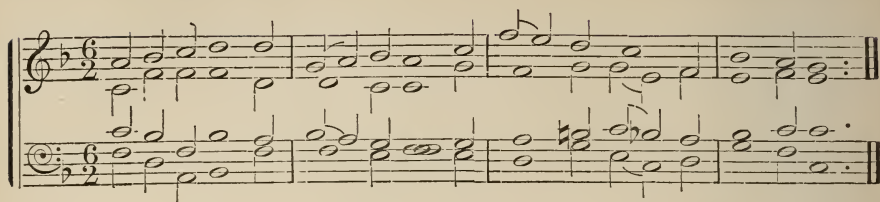
THE REFUGE OF DIVINE LOVE.

349-50.

HOREB.

M. 8.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



349.

"Verborgne Gottes Liebe du."

M. 8.

Peace and freedom of a divine love.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light;
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
Then shall my heart from care be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 2 Father! thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care!
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry.
- 3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
'I am thy life, thy God, thy all!'
Thy love to reach, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to feel, be all my prayer.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731:
tr. John Wesley, 1738.

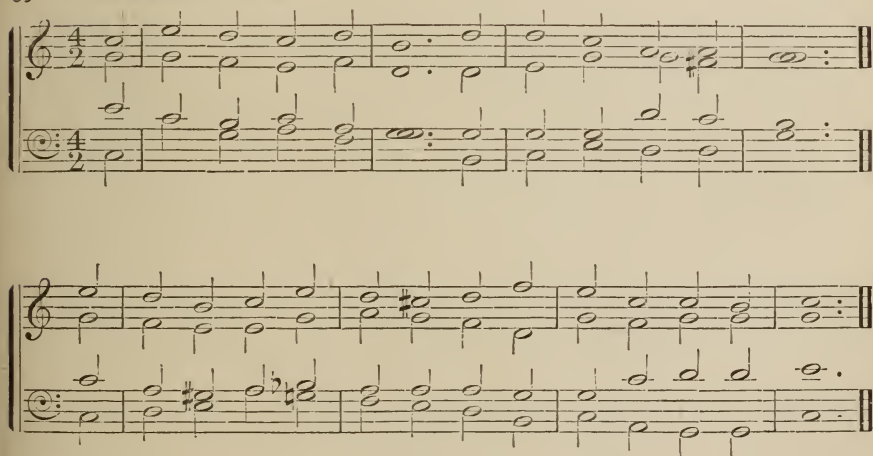
"If any comfort of love."

- 1 **I** HAVE no comfort but thy love ;
Without it, life is death to me ;
Joyless through all its joys I move,
Hopeless through all its misery :
Yet, trusting thee, I daily prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.
- 2 Thou art the rock on which I stand,
When round me rages life's rough sea,
Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand,
The haven where my soul would be :
Daily I feel, and nightly prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.
- 3 O lift me higher, nearer thee,
And as I rise more pure and meet,
O let my soul's humility
Make me lie lower at thy feet ;
Less trusting self, the more I prove
The blessed comfort of thy love.
- 4 Grateful my songs arise to thee,
With morning's dawn and evening's fall ;
For thou hast ever been to me
My light, my life, mine all in all :
My day is night, if thou remove ;
I have no comfort but thy love.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1863.

351. MEEKNESS. S. M.

J. BOOTHBY.



S. M.

351.

The home of the soul.

- 1 **L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found ;
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam :
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door !
Hasten to gain that clear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MÜHLENBERG, 1826.

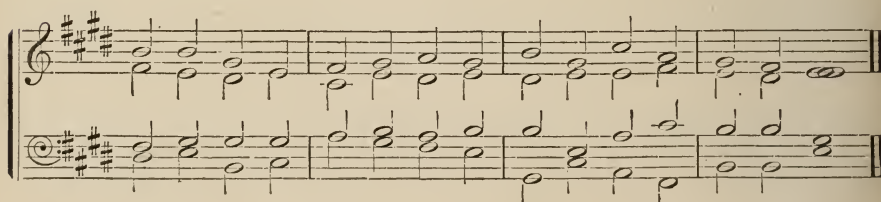
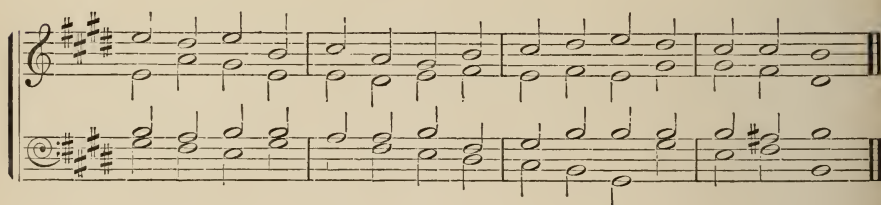
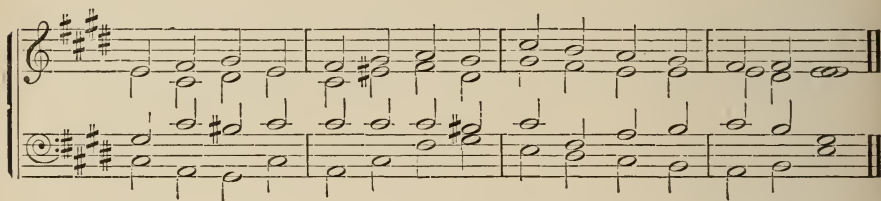
THE REFUGE OF DIVINE LOVE.

352.

ST. THOMAS.

8 & 7 M.

(?) S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



352.

8 & 7 M.

"Every one that loveth is born of God."

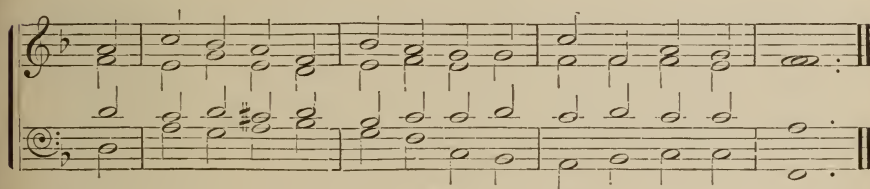
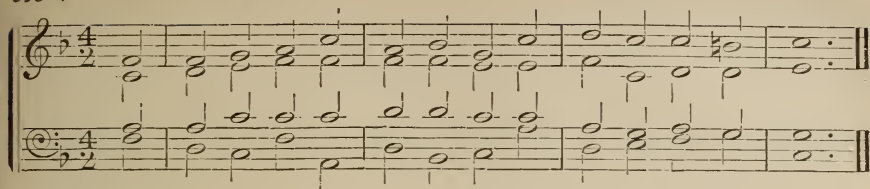
LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown!
 Father! thou art all compassion!
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation:
 Come with peace to every heart.

Charles Wesley, 1746.

THE REFUGE OF DIVINE LOVE.

353-4. ELY. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M. 353.

The will of God.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.</p> <p>2 I have no cares, O blessed Will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.</p> <p>3 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.</p> | <p>4 And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gaily waits on thee.</p> <p>5 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will! ride on;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.</p> <p>6 Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1849.

C. M. 354.

*"Supreme Motor Cordium."
The perpetuity of love.*

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SUPREME Disposer of the heart!
Thou, since the world began,
With heavenly grace hast sanctified
And cheered the heart of man.</p> <p>2 Here faith, and hope, and love, unite
To lift the soul above;
But love alone for aye abides,
Eternal, changeless love!</p> | <p>3 O holy love! unfading light!
O shall it ever be,
That after all our sorrows here,
Thy sabbath we shall see?</p> <p>4 Here, yet awhile, with many a tear
The precious seed we sow:
There, treasured lie the promised fruits,
The harvest of our woe.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PARISIAN BREVARY:
tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

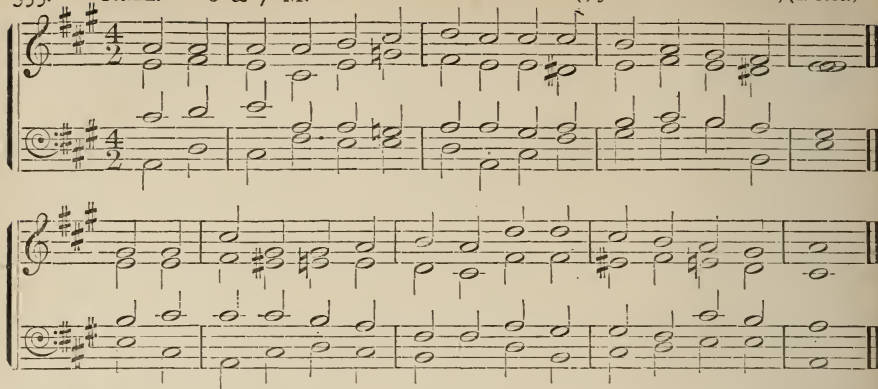
THE REFUGE OF DIVINE LOVE.

355.

ORIEL.

8 & 7 M.

(?) JOH. MICHAEL HAYDN, (d. 1806.)



355.

The Lord is my refuge. Ps. 91.

8 & 7 M.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 CALL the Lord thy sure salvation;
Rest beneath the Almighty's
shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.</p> <p>2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden
snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee
In eternal safeguard there.</p> | <p>3 There, though winds and waves are
swelling,
God shall bear thee safe through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thydwellling;
Thee no evil shall befall.</p> <p>4 He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile
regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.</p> <p>5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

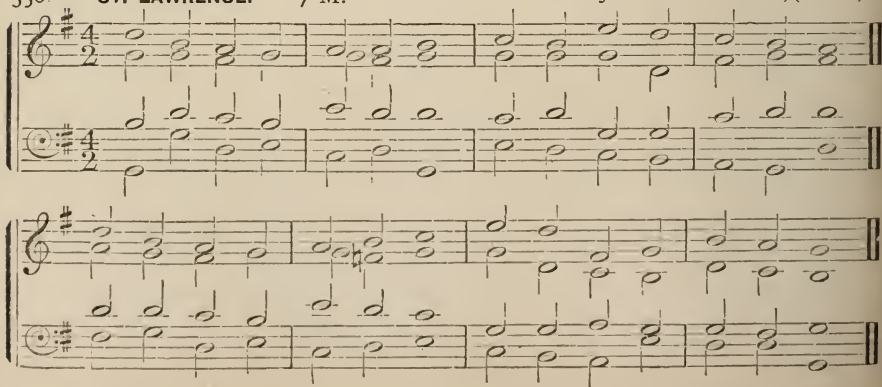
James Montgomery, 1822.

356.

ST. LAWRENCE.

7 M.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL, (d. 1801.)



7 M.

Devout joy.

356.

- 1 'JOY to those that love the Lord!'
Saith the sure eternal word.
Not of earth the joy it brings,
Tempered in celestial springs:
- 2 'T is the joy of pardoned sin,
When we feel 't is well within;
'T is the joy that fills the breast
When the passions sink to rest.
- 3 'T is a joy that, seated deep,
Leaves not when we sigh and weep;
Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.

- 4 Stern and awful are its tones
When the patriot martyr groans,
And the throbbing pulse beats high,
To rapture mixed with agony.
- 5 Tenderer is the form it wears,
Touched with love, dissolved in tears,
When, subdued at Jesus' feet,
Sinners clasp the mercy-seat.
- 6 'T is joy e'en here! a budding flower,
Struggling with the storm and shower,
Till its season to expand
Planted in its native land.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, c. 1820.

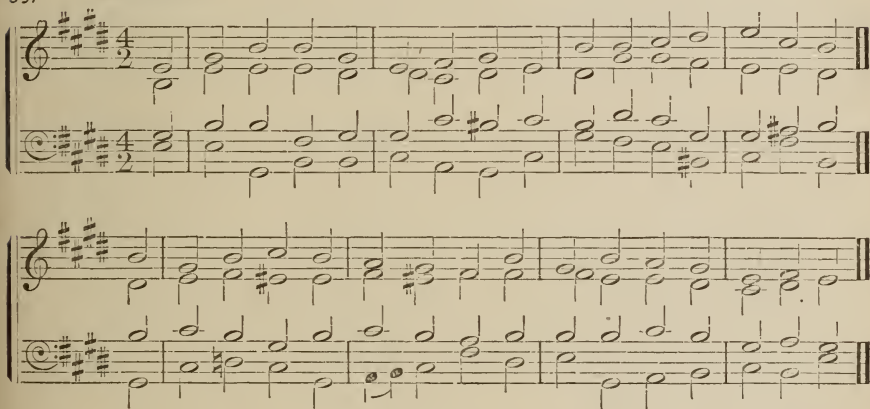
357.

MALSBURG.

L. M.

("Das walt Gott.")

J. S. BACH's Vierst. Choralg. (No. 224.)



L. M.

"The blessed life."

357.

- 1 O BLESSED life! the heart at rest,
When all without tumultuous
seems;
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.
- 2 O blessed life! the mind that sees,—
Whatever change the years may
bring,—
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.
- 3 O blessed life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond, to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly
doors.
- 4 O blessed life! heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes
free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.
- 5 O life! how blessed! how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Father! fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine!

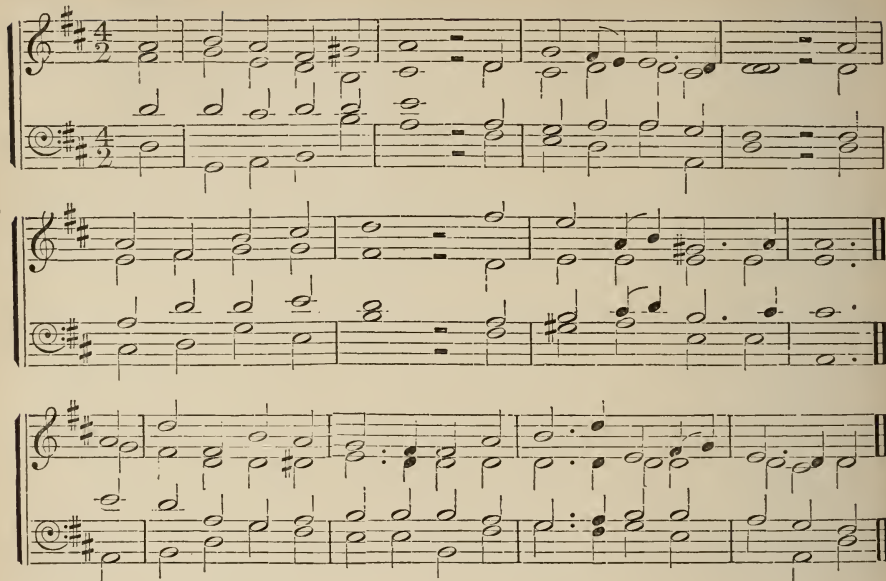
William Tidd Matson, 1866.

358-9.

GOPSAL.

H. M.

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL, (d. 1759.)



358

"My trust is in the Lord." Ps. II.

H. M.

1 MY trust is in the Lord,
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on his heavenly throne,
And he will shield and save his own.

2 The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in his holy shrine,
And I am strong while he is mine.

3 His flock to him is dear,
He watches them from high;
He sends them trials here
To form them for the sky;
But safely will he tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest, of his sheep.

4 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near
When all their hopes must fail;
While, like the sun, his saints shall rise,
And shine with him above the skies.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

359.

God the refuge of his children.

H. M.

1 UPWARD I lift my eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears;
Those wakeful eyes
Which never sleep
My life shall keep,
When dangers rise.

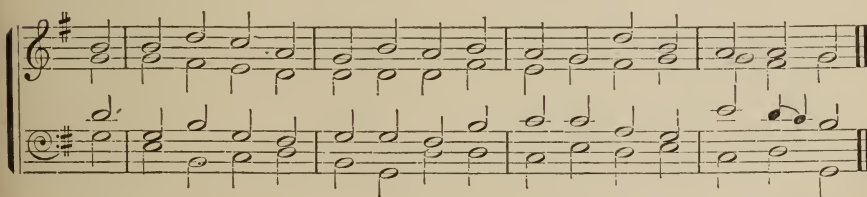
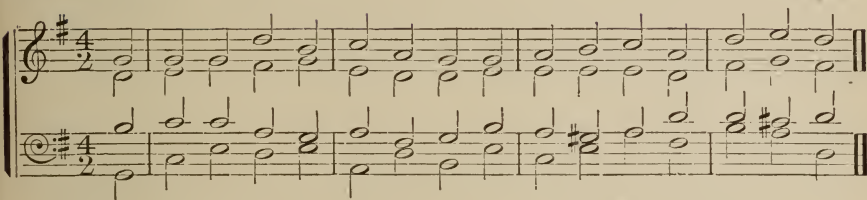
GOD OUR REFUGE.

- 3 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come;
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

360. BERLIN. L. M.

GERMAN, (ab. 1550.)



L. M.

360.

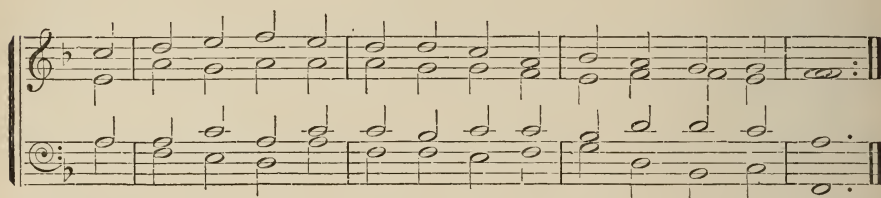
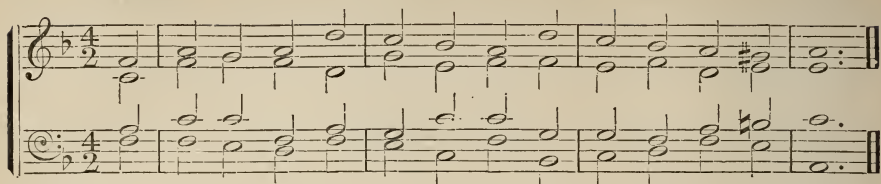
God our refuge. Ps. 46.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOD is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid?</p> <p>2 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly
plains:
There, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.</p> | <p>3 O for a seraph's wing of fire!
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer
We reach that home of pure desire,
And feel his cloudless presence there.</p> <p>4 But soon, how soon! our spirits
droop,
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe:
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell himself with men beneath.</p> <p>5 Come to thy living temples, then;
As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be Paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here!</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

James Montgomery, 1822.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

361. **GOLDBACH.** C. M. ("Christus, der ist mein Leben.") MELCHIOR VULPIUS, (1609.)



361.

C. M.

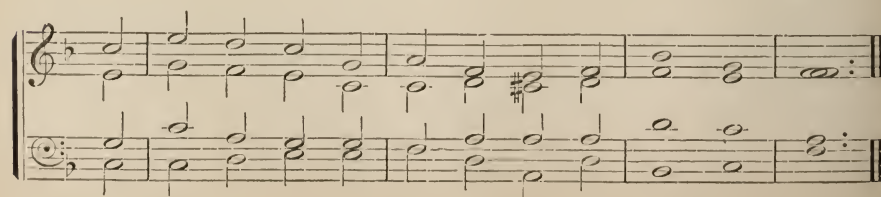
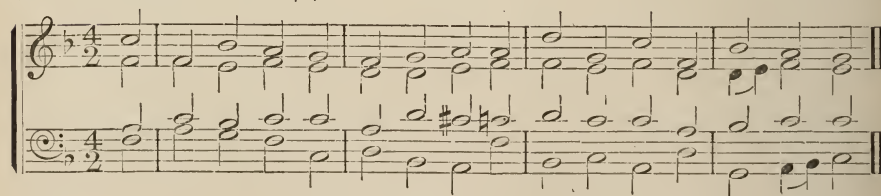
God our refuge in trouble.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near?</p> <p>2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the
earth
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?</p> | <p>3 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death must smile,
If God be with me there.</p> <p>4 While I his gracious succour prove
'Midst all my various ways,
The darkest shades through which I
pass
Shall echo with his praise.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PHILIP CODDRIDGE, 1755.

362. **JEZREEL.** M. 8 | 4.

W. H. HAVERGAL, (d. 1870.)



M. 8 | 4

"Thy will be done."

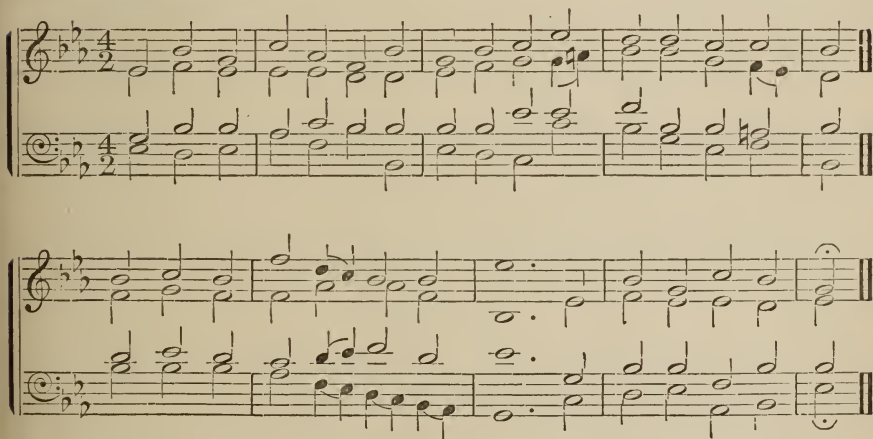
362.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's
rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
'Thy will be done!'</p> <p>2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done!'</p> <p>5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
'Thy will be done!'</p> | <p>3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was
mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
'Thy will be done!'</p> <p>4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest;
'Thy will be done!'</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

363. HOME-SICKNESS. M. 8 | 6.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. 8 | 6.

363.

Seeking rest.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 TODAY, beneath thy chastening
eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest;
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.</p> <p>2 A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.</p> | <p>3 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father! unto thee.</p> <p>4 Though oft, like letters traced on
sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer today.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1850.

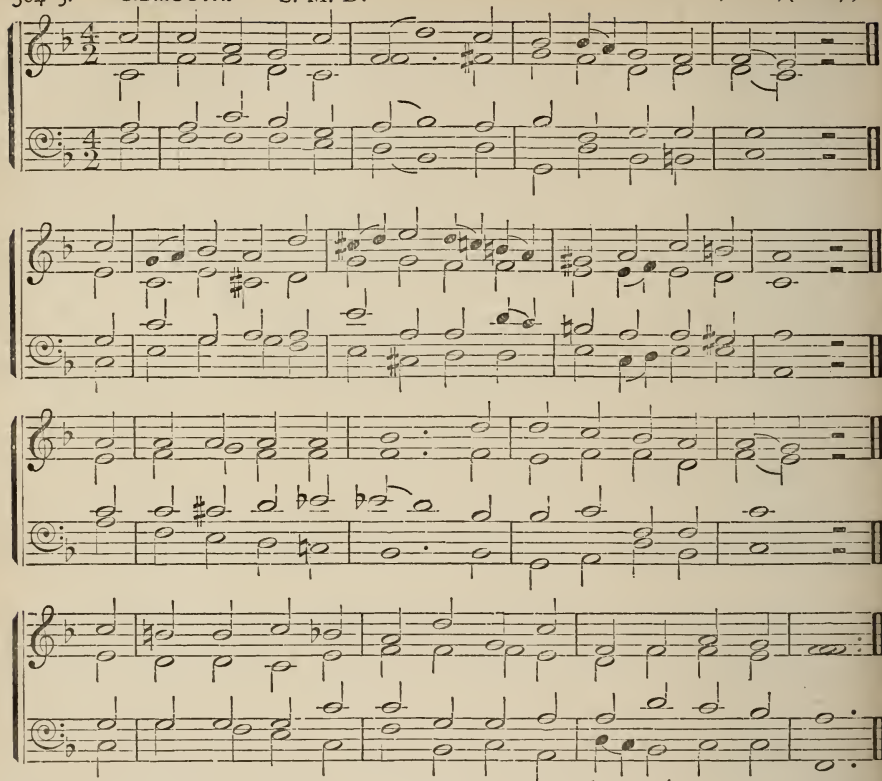
LEANING ON GOD.

364-5.

SIDMOUTH.

S. M. D.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



364.

Rest in God.

S. M. D.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU very present aid
 In suffering and distress!
 The soul which still on thee is stayed
 Is kept in perfect peace;
 The soul by faith reclined
 On thy paternal breast,
 Mistraging storms exults to find
 An everlasting rest.</p> <p>2 Sorrow and fear are gone
 Where'er thy face appears;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.
 It hallows every cross,
 It sweetly comforts me,
 And makes me now forget my loss,
 And lose myself in thee.</p> | <p>3 Peace to the troubled heart,
 Health to the sin-sick mind,
 The wounded spirit's balm thou art,
 The Healer of mankind.
 In deep affliction blessed
 With thee I mount above,
 And sing, triumphantly distressed,
 Thine all-sufficient love.</p> <p>4 My God to whom I fly
 Doth all my wishes fill;
 In vain the creature-streams are dry,
 I have the Fountain still:
 Stripped of my earthly friends,
 I find them all in One,
 And peace, and joy that never ends,
 And heaven, in God alone.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Charles Wesley, 1749.

S. M. D.

"Befehl du deine Wege."
Christian trust.

365.

1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and
storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might:
His every act pure blessing is;
His path, unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

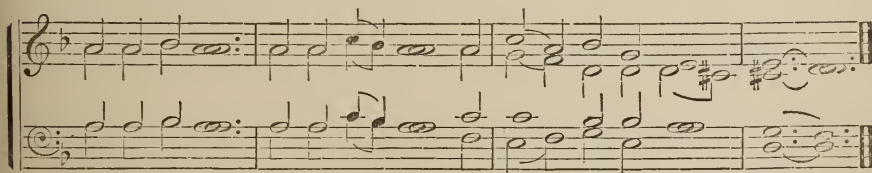
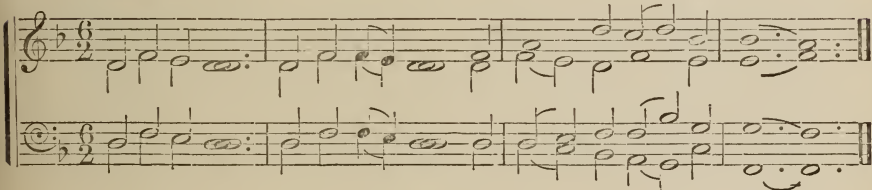
3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt
own,
How wise, how strong his hand.
Thou comprehend'st him not:
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to thee:
O lift thou up the sinking hand;
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1659:
tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

366. BURNS. C. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1875.)



C. M.

366.

Trust amid the severities of God.

1 **T**HOU Power supreme! whose
mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest; they must be best,
Because they are thy will!

2 Then all I want, (O do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

ROBERT BURNS, 1785.

T 2

367-8.

CAMBRIDGE.

S. M.

RALPH HARRISON, (d. 1810.)



367.

S. M.

The loving-kindness of God.

1 HOW gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are!
'Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.'

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell:
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

368.

S. M.

Rest in God. Ps. 13.

1 MY spirit on thy care,
My Father, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art Love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

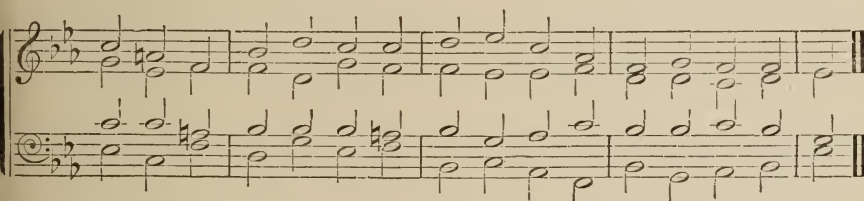
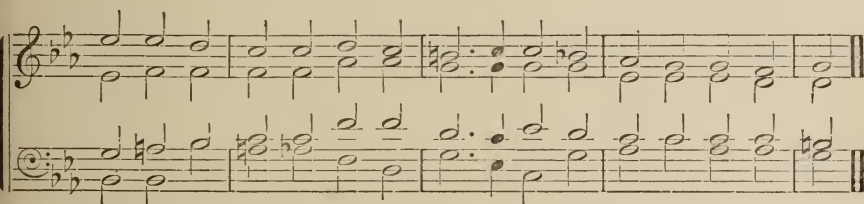
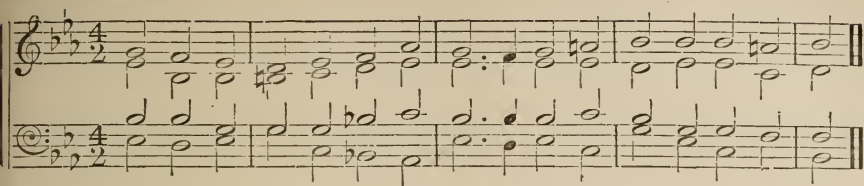
THE REFUGE OF HIS MERCY.

369.

LAMBETH.

M. 8.

ROBERT KING, (1695.)



M. 8.

"Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden."

Comfort of the divine mercy.

369.

1 **O** LORD! thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth
far:
Thou show'st paternal tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are:
Thy mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled
away.

2 By faith I plunge into this sea;
Its living waters cool my breast;
Hither when ill assails I flee,
And find, O Lord, my perfect rest:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that dwelleth here.

3 Though waves and storms go o'er my
head;
Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies;
Father! thy mercy never dies.

4 Fixed in this faith may I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay:
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

JOHANN ANDREAS ROTHE, 1728:
tr. John Wesley, 1740.

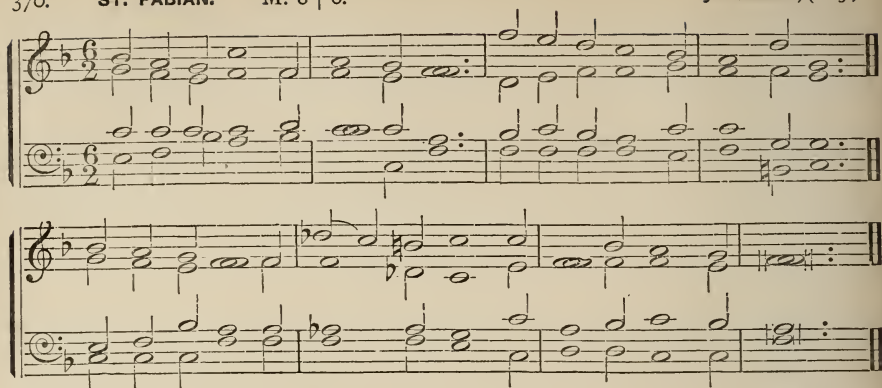
CLINGING TO GOD.

370.

ST. FABIAN.

M. 8 | 6.

J. SUMMERS, (1863.)



370.

The stay unseen.

M. 8 | 6.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O HOLY Father, Friend unseen!
 Since on thine arm thou bidst me
 lean,
 Help me, throughout life's varying
 scene,
 By faith to cling to thee.</p> <p>2 Blest with the fellowship divine,
 Take what thou wilt I'll ne'er repine;
 E'en as the branches to the vine,
 My soul would cling to thee.</p> <p>3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
 Here she has found a place of rest;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
 While she can cling to thee.</p> | <p>4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
 Some barren waste with thorns o'er-
 grown,
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
 Whispers 'Still cling to me.'</p> <p>5 Though faith and hope may long be
 tried,
 I ask not, need not, aught beside:
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
 The souls that cling to thee!</p> <p>6 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
 What can disturb me, who appal,
 While as my strength, my rock, my all,
 Father, I cling to thee?</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

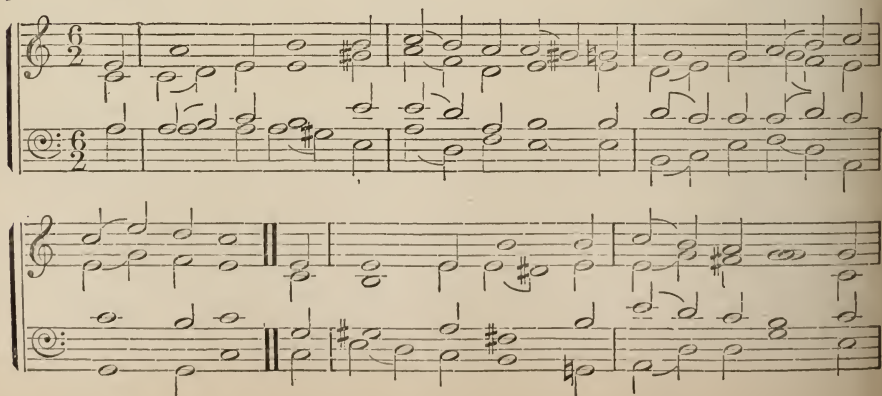
Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

371.

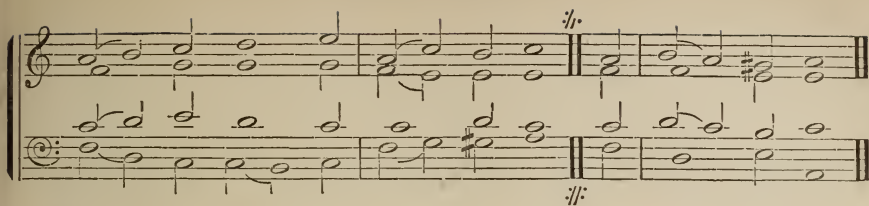
ZOAR.

L. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



FILIAL TRUST.



L. M.

371.

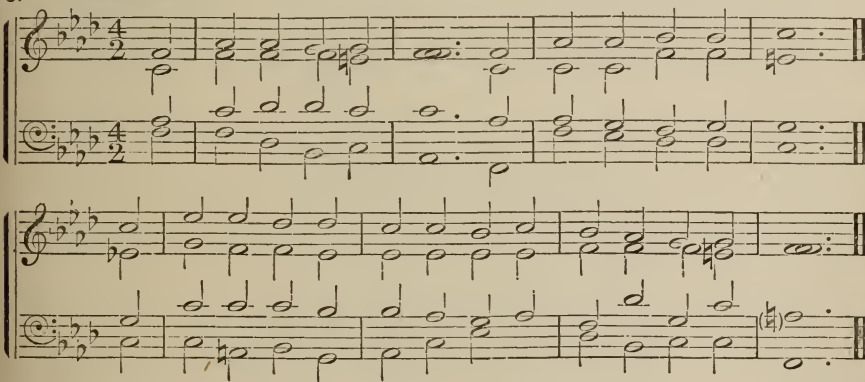
Filial trust in divine love.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY God! I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.</p> <p>2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.</p> | <p>3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.</p> <p>4 Thy various messengers employ!
Thy purposes of love fulfil!
And mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANDREWS NORTON, 1809.

372. SOUTHWELL. S. M.

HENRY DENHAM'S PSALTER, (1588.)



S. M.

372.

Safety in God. Ps. 61.

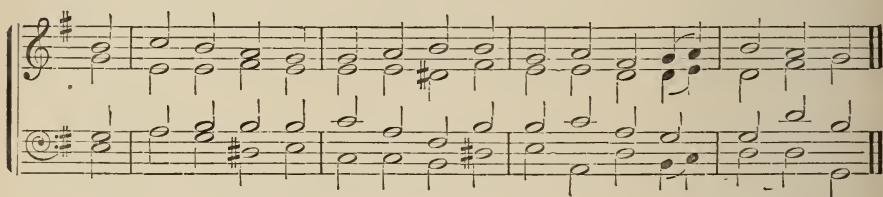
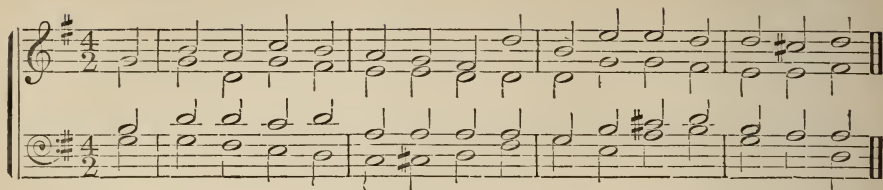
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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.</p> | <p>2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter, and my shade.</p> |
| <p>3 Within thy presence, Lord,
I ever would abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.</p> | |

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

TRUSTFUL CONVERSE WITH GOD.

373. ELSTREE. L. M.

W. HORSLEY, (d. 1858.)

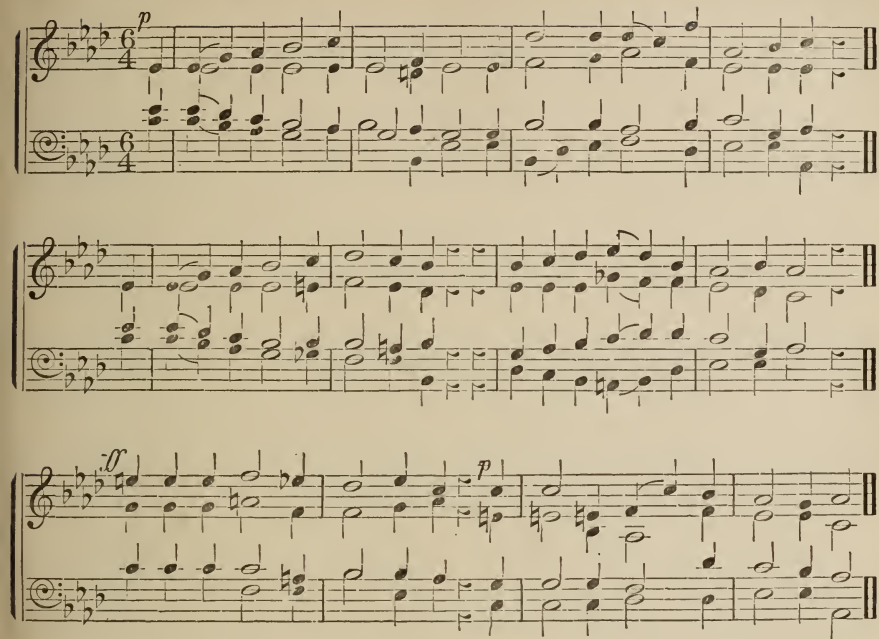


373.

L. M.

Communion with God.

- 1 O GOD, most merciful and just,
Shall we not put in thee our trust,
Whom, though thou art the Lord of all,
Our heavenly Father we may call?
- 2 All times, and every where, thine eye
Looks down upon us from the sky;
Could we look up, by light divine,
Ours might be ever fixed on thine.
- 3 While every word we speak thine ear
Through all creation's sounds can hear,
By ours, if open to thy word,
Thy voice from heaven would here be heard.
- 4 Moment on moment, breath by breath,
Our pilgrim life draws nearer death:
Each breath, each moment, make us be
More meet for immortality.
- 5 Death-partings then from earth shall be
Life-meetings in that world above,
Where life is immortality,
An immortality of love.



M. 8.

374.

Safety in God.

1 **F**OR ever nigh me, Father, stand;
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour:
 Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
 Show forth, O Lord, thy saving power:
 Still be thy arm my sure defence;
 Nor life nor death shall pluck me thence.

2 When passing through the watery deep,
 I ask in faith thy promised aid,
 The waves an awful distance keep,
 And shrink from my devoted head;
 Fearless their violence I dare;
 They cannot harm; for God is there!

3 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll;
 When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul:
 My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, 'Peace, be still.'

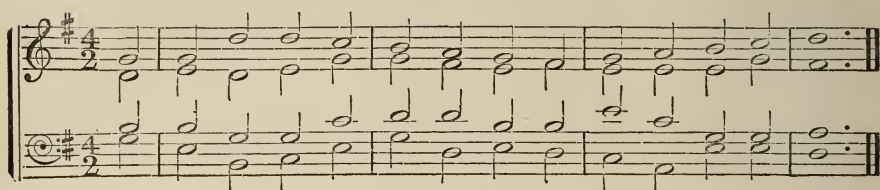
BE NOT FAR FROM ME, O LORD.

375.

BEDALE.

M. 8 & 6.

OLD ENGLISH.



375.

M. 8 & 6.

"Trust in Him at all times."

1 GO not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not thou away,—
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

2 On thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
O't is a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness.

3 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song;
The darkness shines like day.

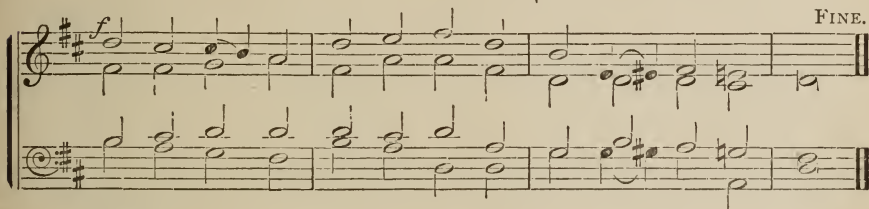
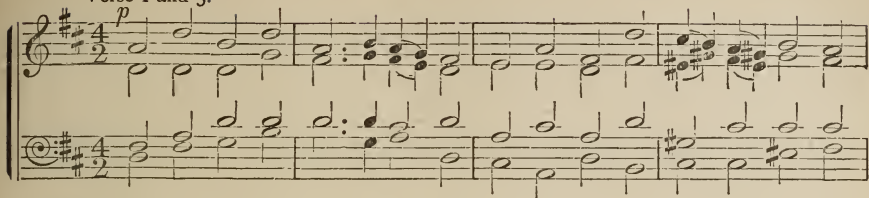
4 Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart can say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away:
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

GOD OUR REFUGE AND DEFENCE.

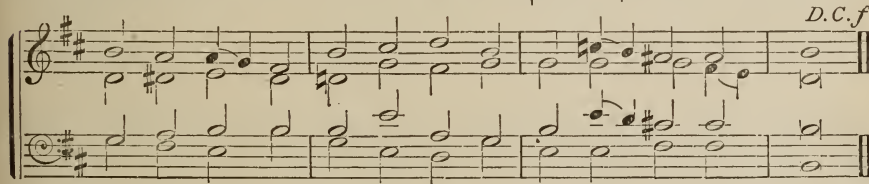
376. COMFORT. M. 8 | 5.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)

Verse 1 and 3.



Verse 2.



M. 8 | 5.

376.

Nothing is able to separate us from His love.

- 1 **L**IFE nor death shall us dis sever
From his love who reigns for ever;
Will he fail us? never! never!
When to him we cry!
- 2 Wily sin may seek to snare us;
Fury-passion strive to tear us;
Toil and sorrow waste and wear us:—
Is no helper nigh?
- 3 Yes! his might shall still defend us;
And his blessed Son befriend us;
And his holy spirit send us
Comfort ere we die.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

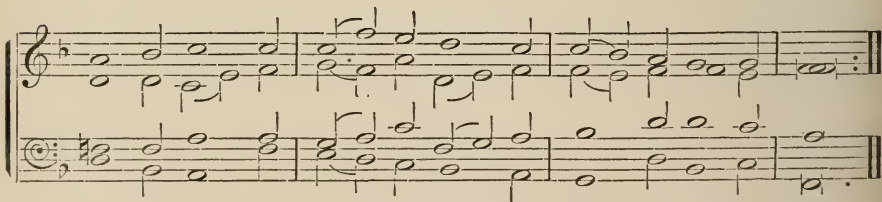
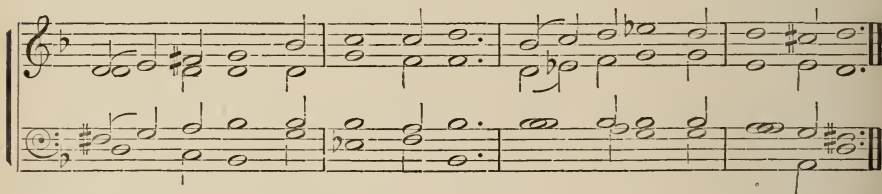
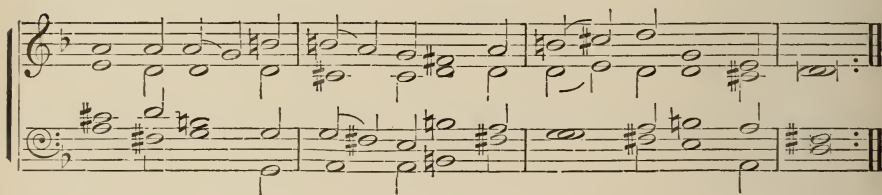
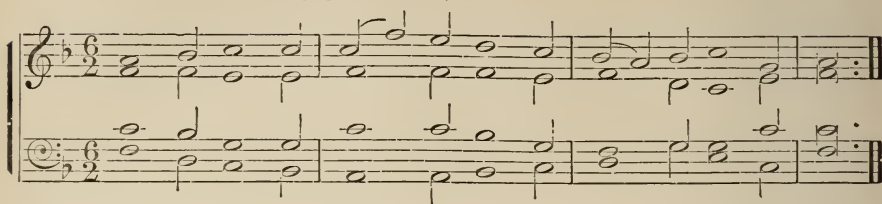
GOD OUR REFUGE AND DEFENCE.

377.

PROTECTION.

7 M. M. 6.
1. 3. 5. 6. 7. 2. 4. 8.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



377.

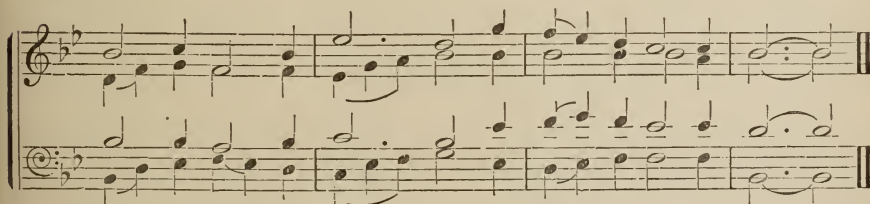
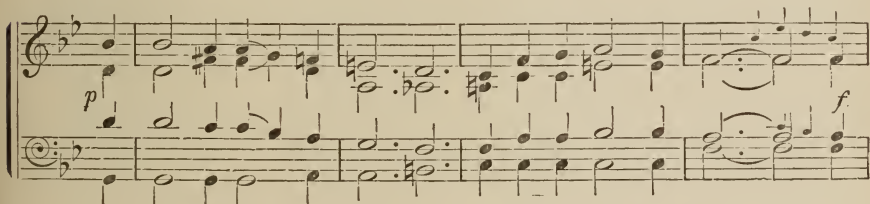
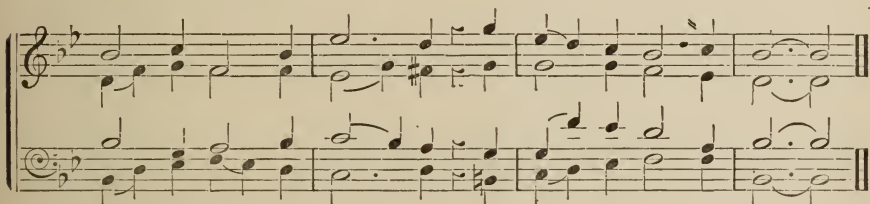
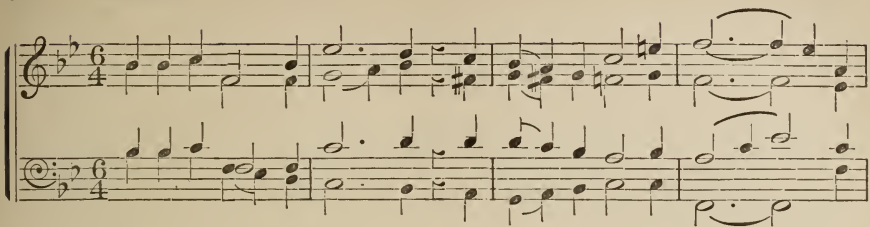
7 M. M. 6.
1. 3. 5. 6. 7. 2. 4. 8.

The Lord is thy keeper.

1 SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms:
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

2 God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in,
Kindly compass thee about,
And save thee from thy sin.
He is still thy sure defence;
Thou his constant care shall prove,
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking Love.

Charles Wesley, 1743.



M. 7 & 6.

378.

God our reliance. Ps. 27.

1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

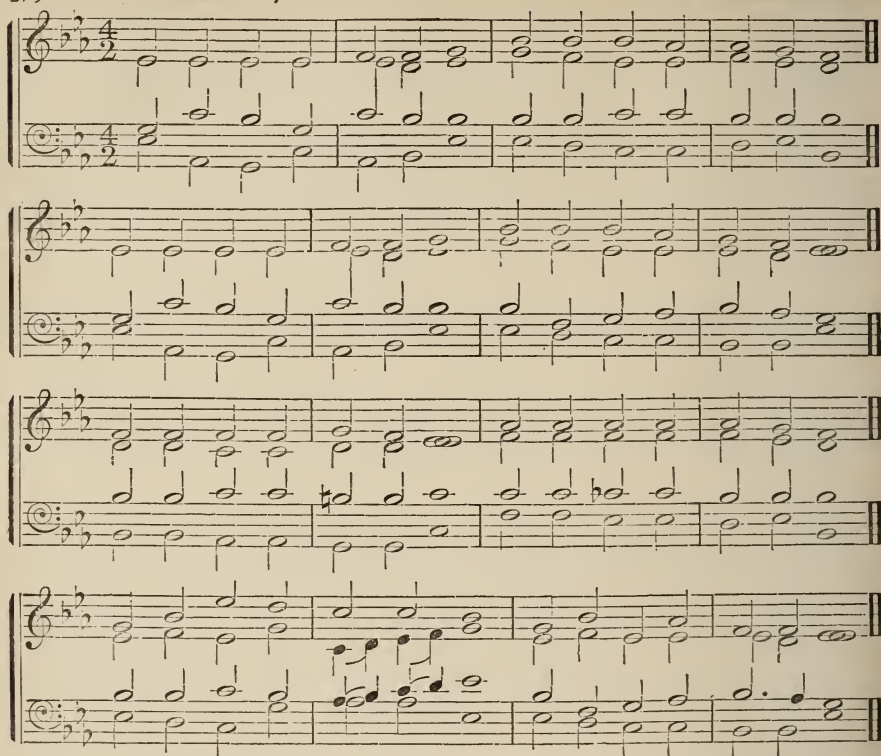
GOD OUR REFUGE AND DEFENCE.

379-80.

HONIDON.

7 M.

T. R. MATTHEWS, (1860?)



379.

7 M.

God our only refuge.

1 **F**ATHER, refuge of my soul!
 Let me to thy shelter fly:
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Father! hide,
 Till the storm of life be past:
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last!

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

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found;
 Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

Rest in God. Ps. 91.

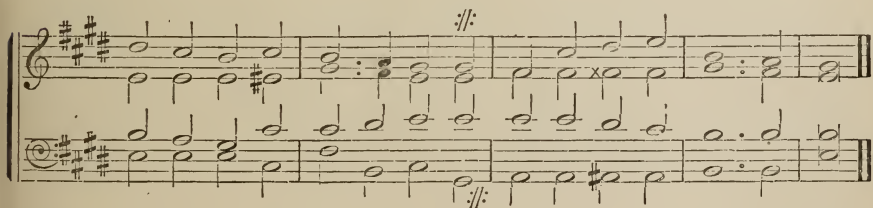
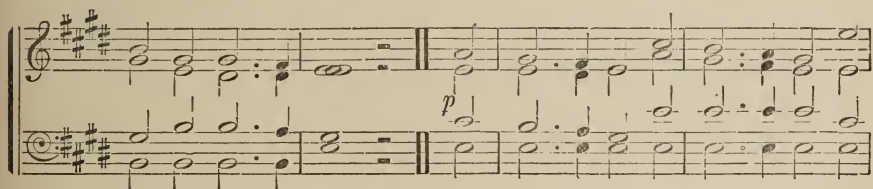
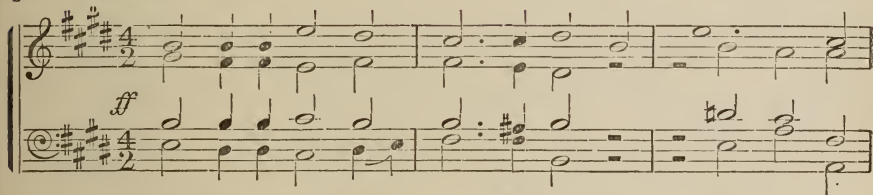
1 **O** HOW safe, how happy he,
 Lord of hosts, who dwells with
 thee!
 Sheltered 'neath Almighty wings,
 Guarded by the King of kings!
 How to him should evil come
 Who has found in thee a home?
 In the refuge of thy breast
 Give me, Lord, eternal rest.

2 Hark the voice of love divine!—
 'Fear not, trembler! thou art mine!
 Fear not! I am at thy side,
 Strong to succour, sure to guide.
 Call on me in want and woe;
 I will keep thee here below;
 And, thy day of conflict past,
 Bear thee to myself at last.'

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

381. REPOSE. L. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1865.)



L. M.

381.

Safety in God.

1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God
 Shall find a most secure abode;
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
 And safe at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, 'My God! thy power
 Shall be my fortress, and my tower:
 I that am formed of feeble dust
 Make thine almighty arm my trust.'

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

SAFETY IN GOD.

382.

BIRD'S WING.

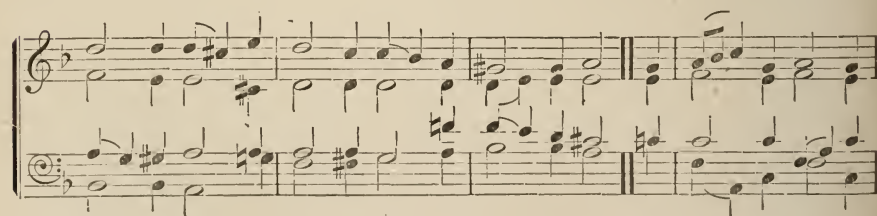
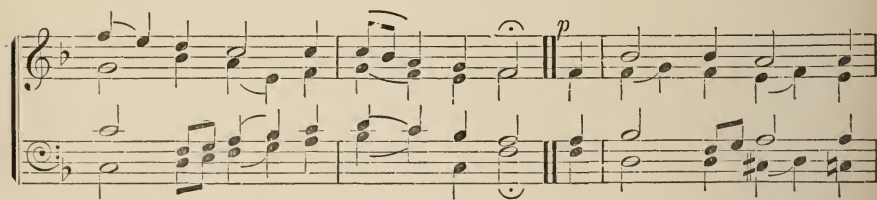
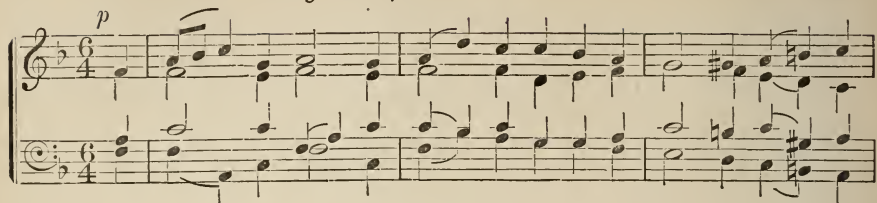
M. 9.

1. 3.

M. 8.

2. 4-8.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



THE JOY OF TRUST.

M. 9. M. 8.
I. 3. 2. 4-8.

"Gleich wie sich fein ein Vögelein."
"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

382.

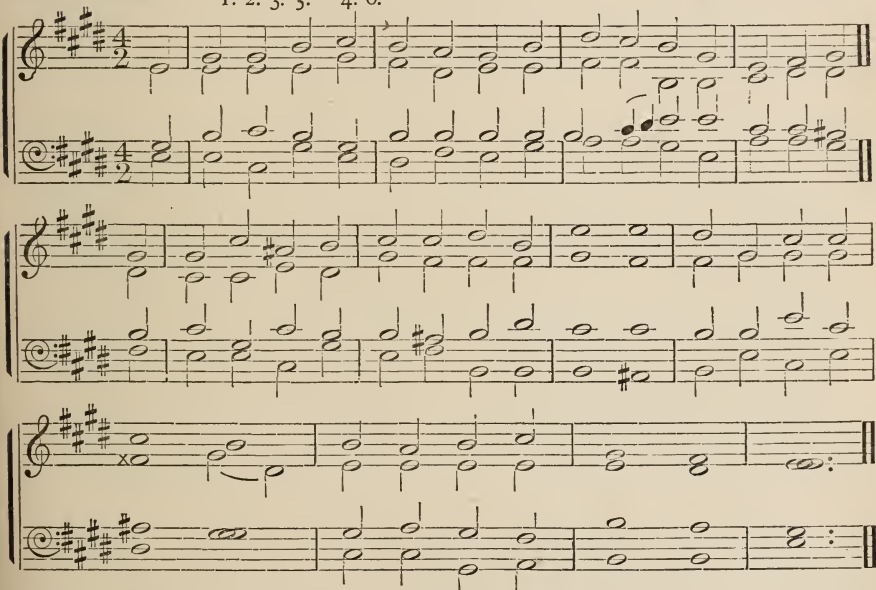
WHEN rising winds, and rain descending,
A near-approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed their wings extending,
The birds to sheltering trees repair:
Thy children thus, with grief oppressed,
Their refuge seek, O Lord, in thee:
Thy love,—O hiding-place most blest!
From every evil covers me.

JOHANN GROSS, 1627 :
tr. Thomas Dutton, 1789.

383. TRUST.

M. 8. M. 4.
I. 2. 3. 5. 4. 6.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. 8. M. 4.
I. 2. 3. 5. 4. 6.

"Behold the fowls of the air."

383.

1 THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

2 He has no store, he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

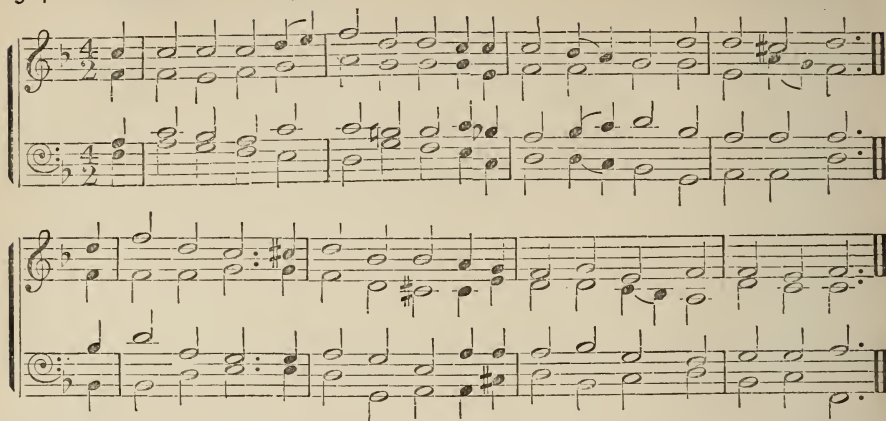
3 The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good or ill,
Whate'er today, tomorrow brings,
It is his will!

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1842

THE JOY OF TRUST.

384. EBENEZER. M. 9 & 8.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



384.

"Wie wohl ist mir, O Freund der Seelen."
"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

M. 9 & 8.

1 **W**HAT comforts, Lord, to those are
given,
Who seek in thee their home and
rest!
They rest on earth an opening heaven,
And in thy peace are amply blest.

2 Their tranquil joy no troubles banish;
Their hiding-place is safe above!
The dismal clouds of night must vanish
At dawning of thy light of love!

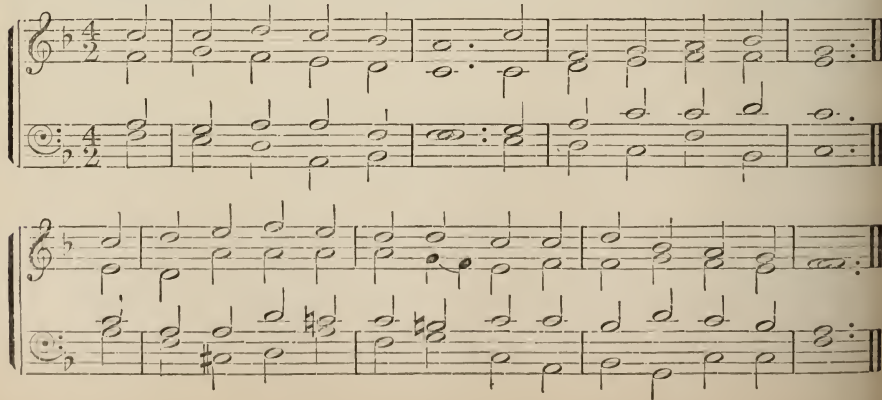
3 In thee, O Lord, I seek protection;
To thee I take my eager flight:
I yield my feet to thy direction;
Behold! my ways are in thy sight!

4 If thou through thorny paths wilt lead
me,
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord!
The clouds at thy command must feed
me,
And rocks refreshing drink afford.

Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, 1692.

385. OBERSTEIN. S. M. ("Herr Jesu, ew'ges Licht.")

GERMAN.



S. M.

385.

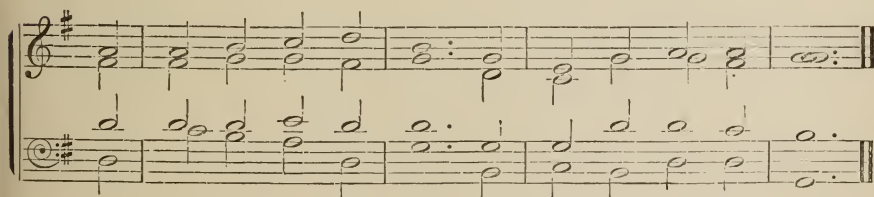
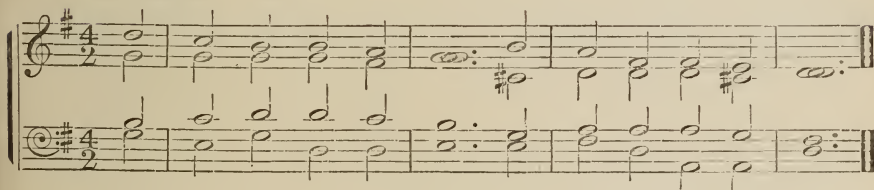
"O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me."

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!</p> <p>2 O Everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,—
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To thee my spirit clings!</p> | <p>3 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too!</p> <p>4 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day!</p> <p>5 O Everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace;
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HORATIUS BONAR, 1861.

386. ST. CECILIA. M. 6.

L. G. HAYNE.



M. 6. 386.

"My soul longeth for thee."

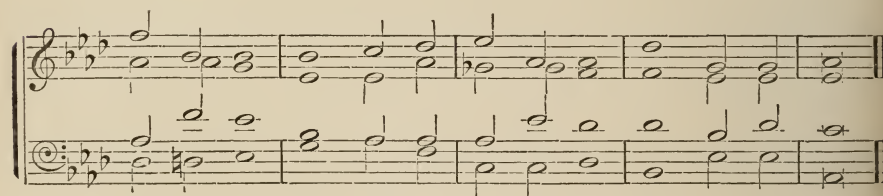
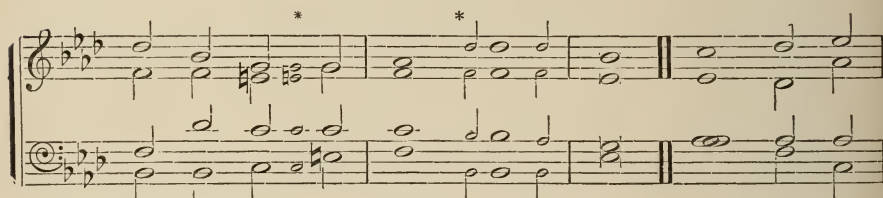
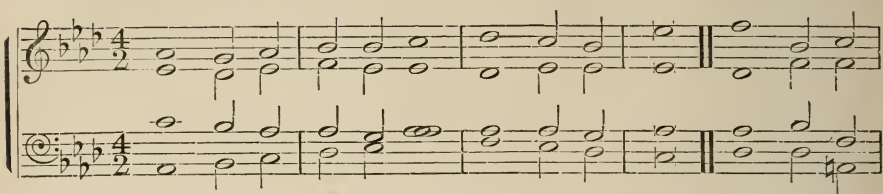
- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest:</p> <p>2 Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee:</p> | <p>3 Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around:
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:</p> <p>4 No rest is to be found,
But in thy blessed love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!</p> |
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JOHN BYROM, 1691-1763.

LONGING FOR GOD.

387. "NEARER TO THEE." M. 6 & 4 | 6 6 4.

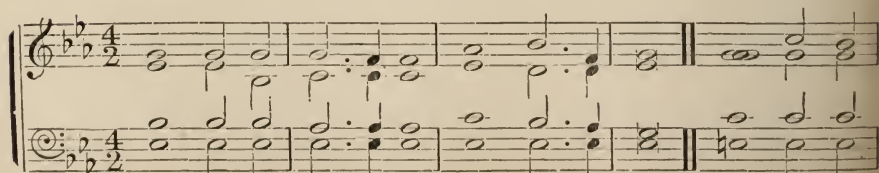
J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1874.)



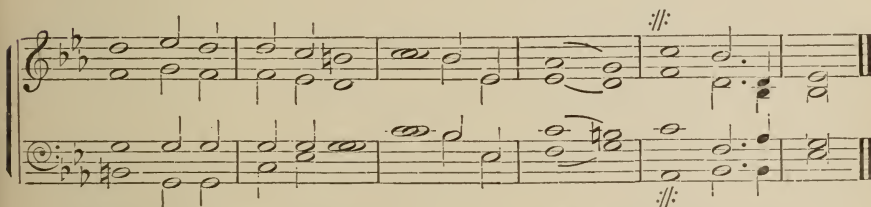
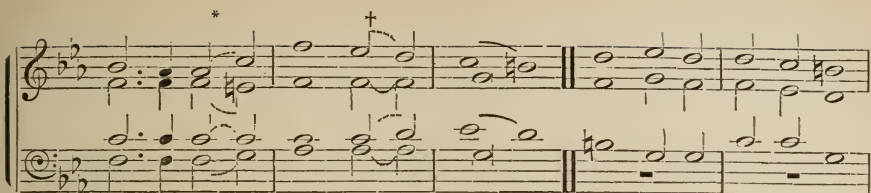
* Small notes only in verses 4 and 5.

387. HOUSE OF GOD. M. 6 & 4 | 6 6 4.

J. R. OGDEN, (1865.)



LONGING FOR GOD.



* Dotted bow only in verses 4 and 5.

† Dotted bow only in verses 1-3.

M. 6 & 4 | 6 6 4.

Nearer to thee.

387.

1 **N**EARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

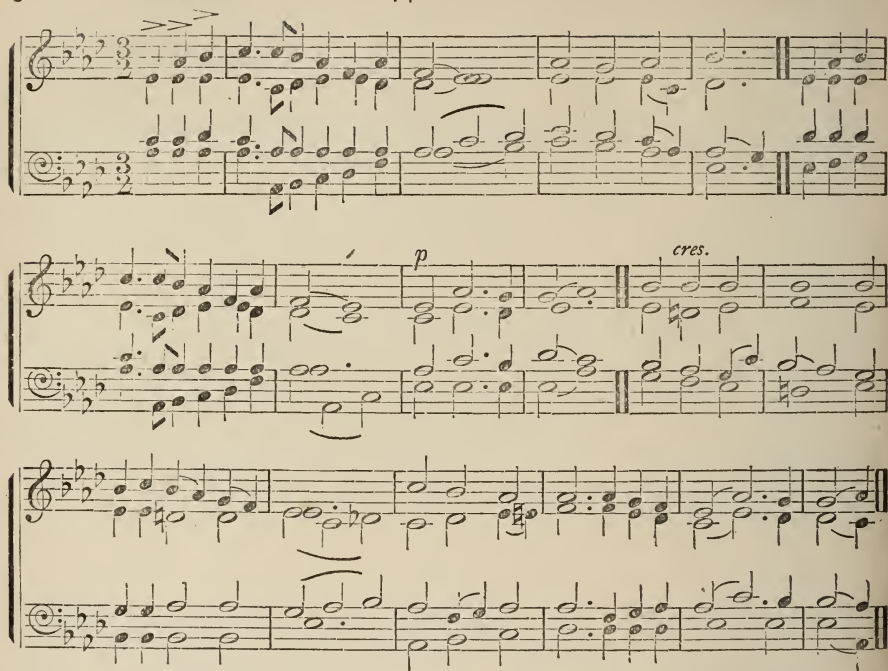
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

ORDER MY STEPS.

388. LUX BENIGNA. M. 10 & 4 | 10 10.

J. B. DYKES, (1865?)



388.

M. 10 & 4 | 10 10.

The cloud by day and fire by night.

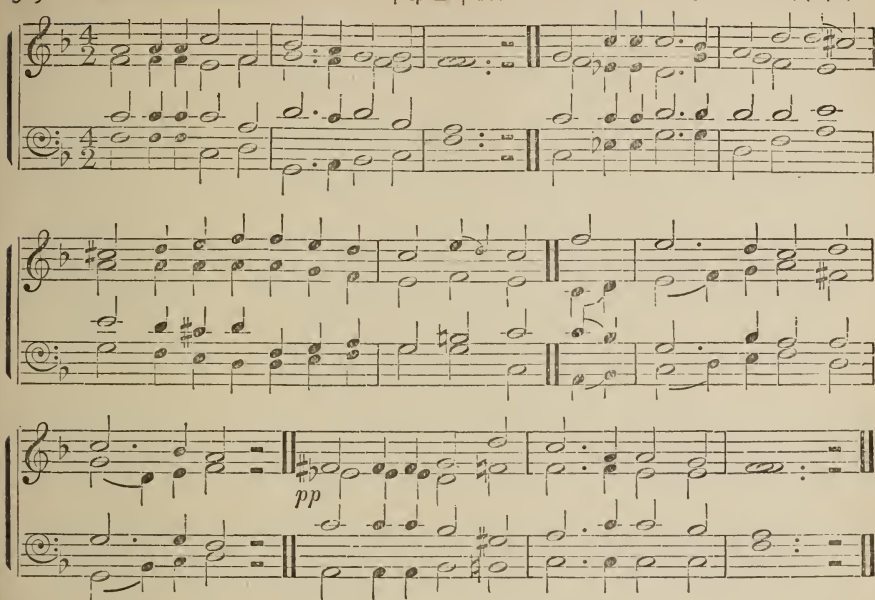
- 1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
 Lead thou me on!
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path;—but now,
 Lead thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

I WOULD BE THINE.

389. SELF-SURRENDER. M. 10 4 4 D | 10.

J. R. OGDEN, (1872.)



M. 10 4 4 D | 10.

389.

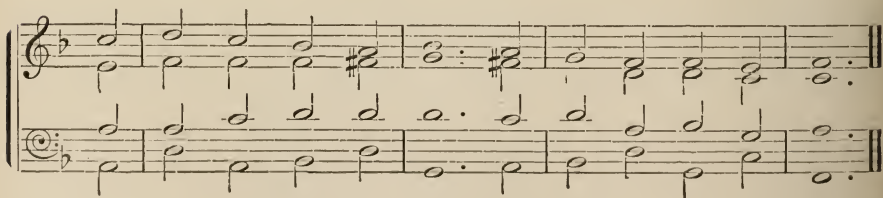
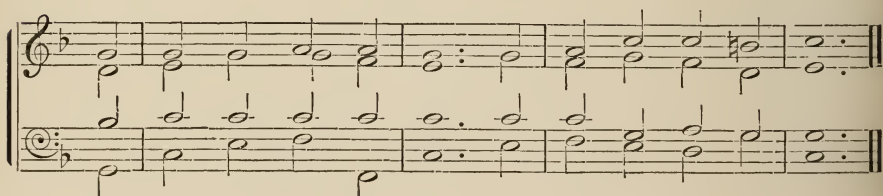
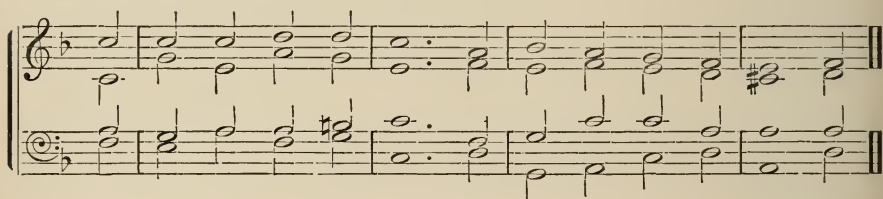
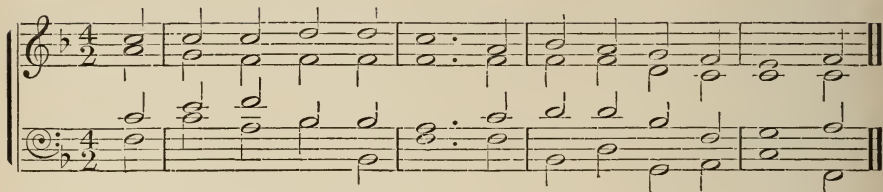
I would be thine.

- 1 **L**IVING or dying, Lord, I would be thine!
 O what is life?
 A toil, a strife,
 Were it not lighted by thy love divine.
 I ask not wealth,
 I crave not health;—
 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!
- 2 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!
 O what is death,
 When the poor breath
 In parting can the soul to thee resign?
 While patient love
 Her trust doth prove;—
 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!
- 3 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!
 Throughout my days
 Be constant praise
 Uplift to thee from out this heart of mine;
 So shall I be
 Brought nearer thee:—
 Living or dying, Lord, I would be thine!

paraphrased from FÉNELON by SARAH FULLER ADAMS (née FLOWER), 1841.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

390. WITTENBERG. $\frac{\text{M. 6.}}{1. \ 3. \ 5-8.}$ $\frac{\text{M. 7.}}{2. \ 4.}$ ("Nun danket alle Gott.") M. RINKART, (1644.)



M. 6.	M. 7.
1. 3. 5-8.	2. 4.

390.

The inward witness of God.

- 1 'WHERE is your God?' they say:
 Answer them, Lord most Holy!
 Reveal thy secret way
 Of visiting the lowly:
 Not wrapped in moving cloud,
 Or nightly-resting fire;
 But veiled within the shroud
 Of silent high desire.

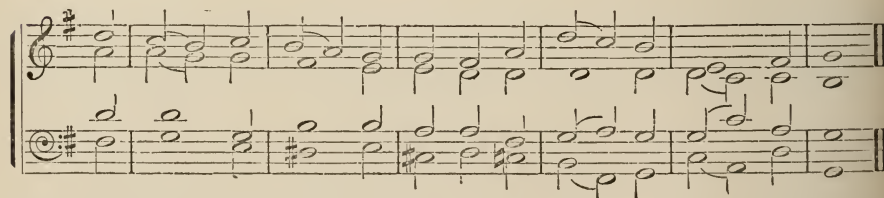
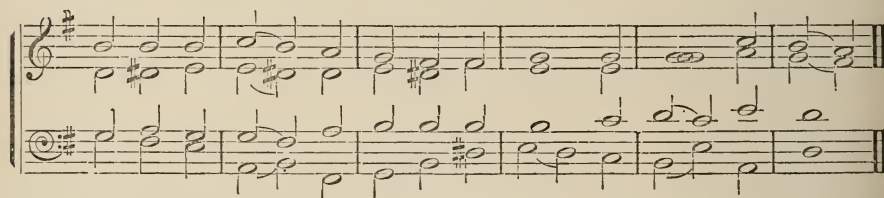
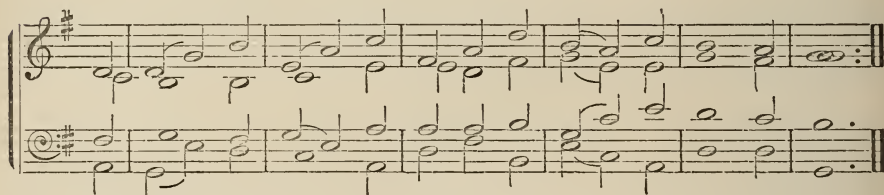
- 2 Come not in flashing storm,
 Or bursting frown of thunder:
 Come in the viewless form
 Of wakening love and wonder;—
 Of duty grown divine,
 The restless spirit, still;
 Of sorrows taught to shine,
 As shadows of thy will.

- 3 O God! the pure alone,—
 E'en in their deep confessing,—
 Can see thee as their own,
 And find the perfect blessing:
 Yet to each waiting soul
 Speak in thy still small voice,
 Till broken love's made whole,
 And saddened hearts rejoice.

THE HEART SET FREE.

391-2. MIDIAN. M. 7 & 6.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



391.

M. 7 & 6.

Joy and peace in believing.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.'

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
Its wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there.
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

M. 7 & 6.

392.

"*Rejoice evermore.*"

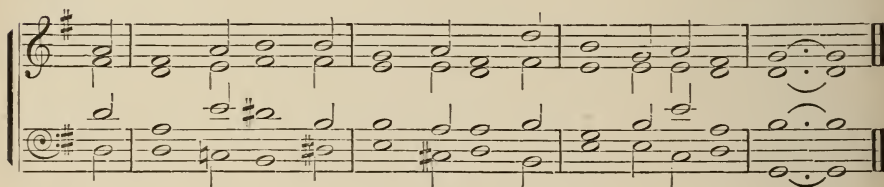
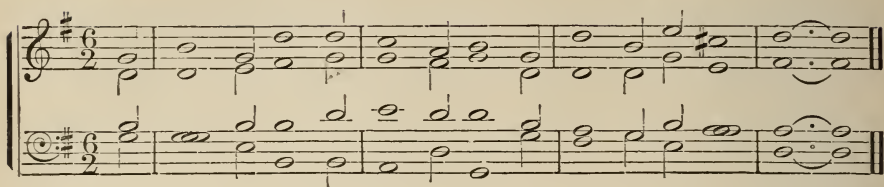
1 REJOICE, though storms assail thee;
Rejoice, when skies are bright;
Rejoice, though round thy pathway
Is spread the gloom of night:
If the good hope be in thee
That all at last is well,
Then let thy happy spirit
With joyful feeling swell!

2 Look back on early childhood,
And let thy soul rejoice!
Who then upheld thy goings,
And tuned thy feeble voice?
Look back on youth's gay visions,
When life one glory seemed!
Who poured those rays of gladness,
Which on thy prospect beamed?

3 E'en midst the notes of sorrow
A still, small, peaceful voice
Mingled its heavenly accents,
And bade thy soul 'Rejoice'!
Was not the bow of promise
Still seen amidst the gloom,
Shedding its hallowed lustre
E'en round the silent tomb?

4 Rejoice, rejoice for ever,
Though earthly friends be gone!
For silently and swiftly
The wheels of time roll on;
And still they bear thee forward
Nearer that happy shore,
Where the triumphant song is
'Rejoice for evermore'!

Henry Fletcher, 1825.



393.

C. M.

"Rejoice evermore."

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! comes this bidding strange
to us?
How may this wonder be?
What! ever glad and rapturous
These weary pilgrims, we!</p> <p>2 Lord! in each stricken, bleeding heart
May endless joy arise?
And none but tears of gladness start
From these oft-drownèd eyes?</p> <p>3 Our eyes may rain; yet shineth clear
The brightness of thy face:
Our hearts may faint; yet still is near
Our mighty God of grace.</p> | <p>4 O then the bitter tears may flow,
And still the weeper smile;
The heart may heavy be with woe,
And yet be glad the while.</p> <p>5 O mighty joy of sorrow born!
Grief's holy, happy store!
O blessed tears to smiles that turn!
O gladness evermore!</p> <p>6 But, Lord! not always must we
mourn
Ere joy divine be given:
Not hardly won, not sorrow-born,
The dear delights of heaven.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 7 There glory is to glory knit;
From joy to joy we soar:
Life everlasting,—what is it
But gladness evermore?

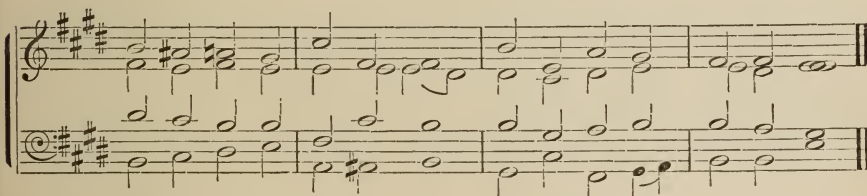
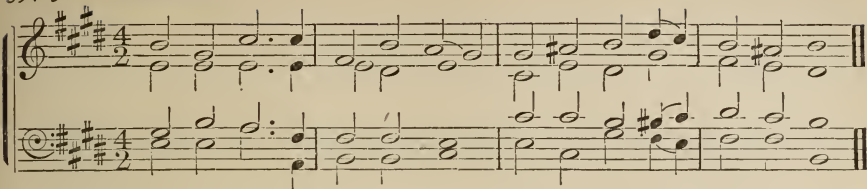
THE REPOSE OF FAITH.

394-5.

WIESBADEN.

7 M.

C. H. RINCK, (1829.)



7 M.

394.

The repose of faith.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HAPPY soul, that free from harm
Rests within his Shepherd's arm!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?</p> <p>2 Seek, O Lord, thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.</p> | <p>3 Let me know thy gracious voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy spirit live:—</p> <p>4 Live, till all thy love I know,
Perfect in my Lord below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Charles Wesley, 1749.

7 M.

395.

The only refuge.

- 1 **H**OLY Father, heavenly King,
O'er me spread thy guardian wing:
When by trembling fears distressed
Let me flee to thee and rest.
- 2 Call me, keep me by thy side,
Teach me there alone to hide:
Where for safety should I flee,
If my footsteps strayed from thee?
- 3 Warn me with thy gentle voice;
Point my path, and guide my choice;
Let me, Lord, in thee possess
Wisdom, peace, and righteousness.

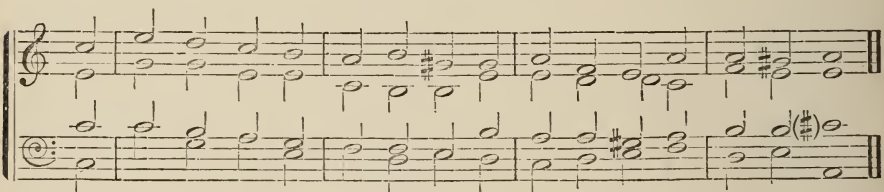
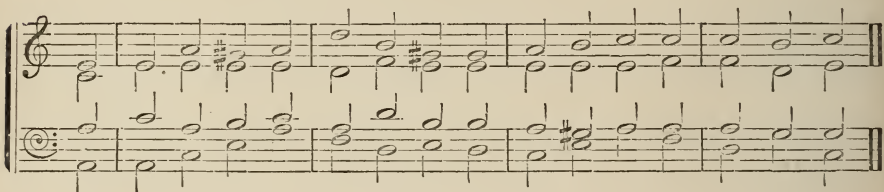
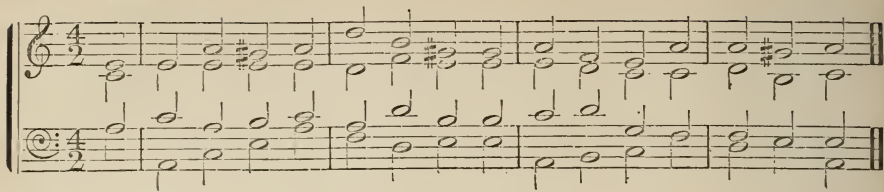
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA, 1832.

395.

LEICESTER.

M. 8.

Before 1730.



396.

M. 8.

God our refuge through all generations.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
 Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
 Through every age, eternal God,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode:
 In thee our fathers sought their rest;
 In thee our fathers still are blest.

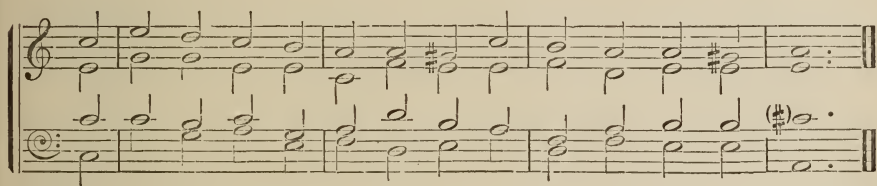
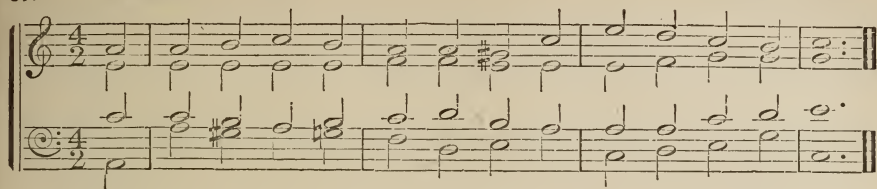
2 Lo! we are risen, a feeble race,
 Awhile to fill our fathers' place:
 Our helpless state with pity view,
 And let us share their refuge too;
 When friends desert, and foes invade,
 Be thou, O Lord, our present aid.

3 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
 And we must dwell on earth no more,
 To thee our infant race we leave;
 Them may their fathers' God receive;
 That voices, yet unformed, may raise
 Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

THE ETERNAL REFUGE.

397. WINDSOR. C. M.

G. KIRBY, (1592.)



C. M.

397.

Man frail, God eternal. Ps. 90.

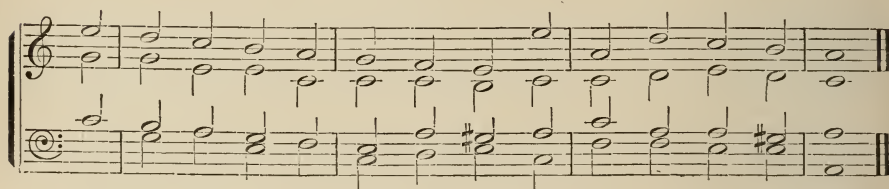
- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
- 2 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 3 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their hopes and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fall forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 't is night.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

398.

ST. BRIDE'S.

S. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, (d. 1732.)

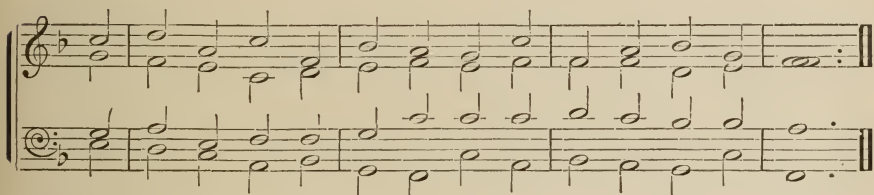
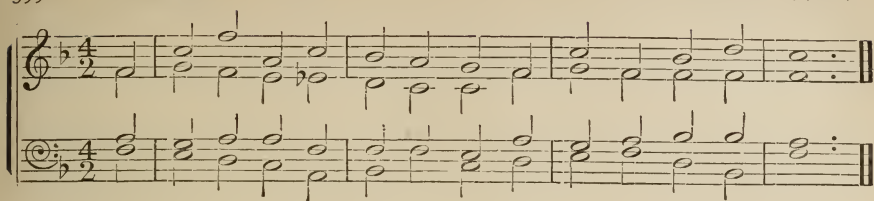


398.

S. M.

The allotments of life, divine.

- 1 **A**S various as the moon
Is man's estate below;
To his bright day of gladness soon
Succeeds a night of woe.
- 2 The night of woe resigns
Its darkness and its grief;
Again the morn of comfort shines,
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance
Is man's condition given;
His dark and shining hours advance
By the fixed laws of heaven.
- 4 God measures unto all
Their lot of good or ill;
Nor this too great, nor that too small,
Ordained by wisest will.
- 5 Let man conform his mind
To every changing state;
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,
And the great issue wait.
- 6 Hopeful and humble bear
Thine evil and thy good:
Nor by presumption, nor despair,
Weak mortal, be subdued.



C. M.

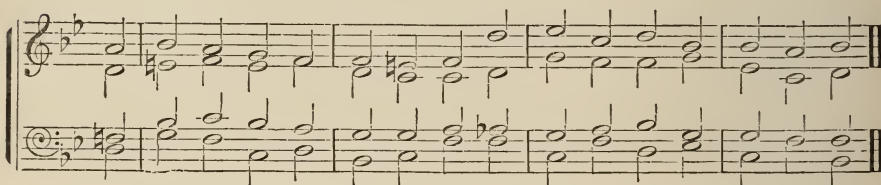
399.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

400-I. HAMBURG. L. M. ("Herzlich lieb hab' ich dich.")

GERMAN, (1577.)



400.

L. M.

The allotments of life, divine.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THROUGH all the various shifting
scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.</p> <p>2 Thou givest with a Father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.</p> | <p>3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.</p> <p>4 Be this my care ; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be :
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on
thee !</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SAMUEL COLLETT, 1763.

401.

L. M.

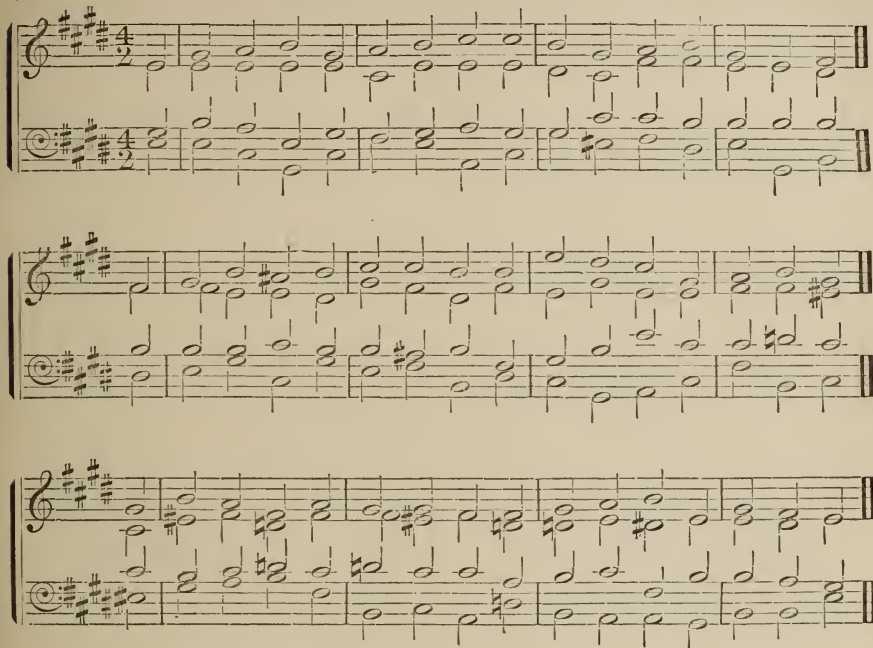
Walking with God.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THROUGH all this life's eventful
road,
Fain would I walk with thee, my God ;
And find thy presence light around,
And every step on holy ground.</p> | <p>2 Each blessing would I trace to thee,
In every grief thy mercy see ;
And through the paths of duty move,
Conscious of thine encircling love.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 And when the angel Death stands by,
Be this my strength, that thou art nigh ;
And this my joy, that I shall be
With those who dwell in light with thee.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

402. BRIDGEWATER. M. 8.

HENRY LAWES, (d. 1662.)



M. 8.

402.

"Thy will be done."

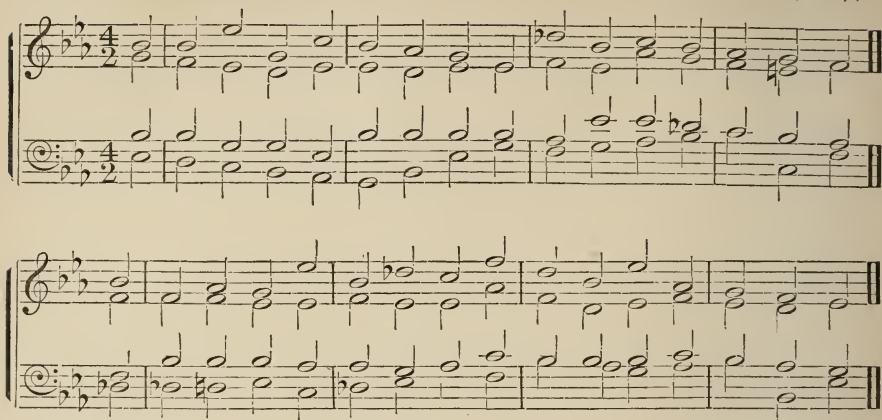
- 1 **H**E sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
 Alike they're needful for the flower;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment.
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs whom they trust and love?
 Creator! I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to thee:
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.
- 3 O ne'er will I at life repine!
 Enough that thou hast made it mine.
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing with parting breath,
 'As comes to me or shade or sun,
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.'

SARAH FULLER ADAMS (née FLOWER), 1841.

THE ALLOTMENTS OF LIFE, DIVINE.

403-4. **THANKSGIVING.** L. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



403.

L. M.

God in all.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THERE'S nothing bright, above,
 below,
 From flowers that bloom to stars that
 glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of the Deity.</p> | <p>2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy love,
 And meekly wait the moment when
 Thy touch shall make all bright
 again.</p> |
| <p>3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
 Shall be one pure and shining book,
 Where I may read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.</p> | |

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

404.

L. M.

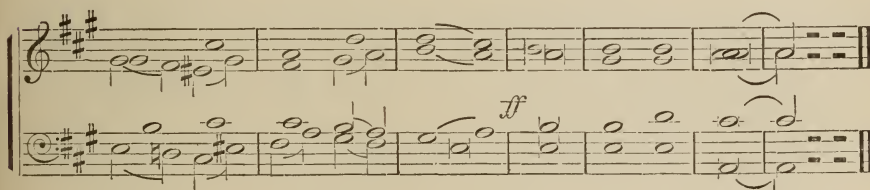
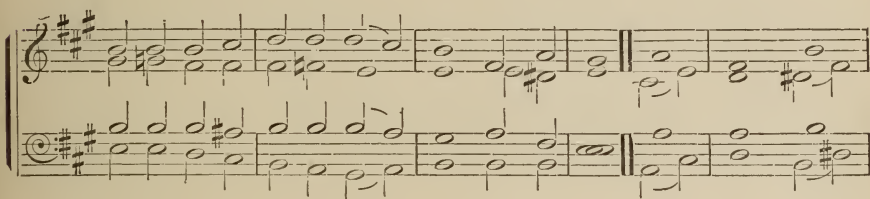
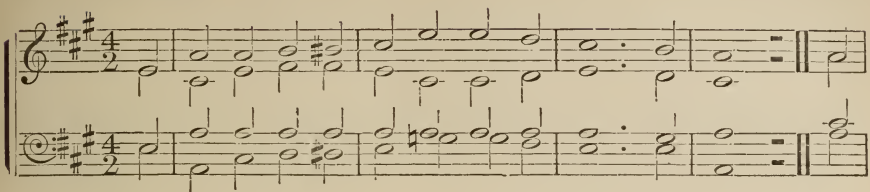
The providence of life.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 ALmighty King! whose wondrous
 hand
 Supports the weight of sea and land,
 Whose grace is such a boundless store,
 No heart shall break that sighs for
 more!</p> | <p>3 My streams of outward comfort came
 From him who built this earthly
 frame;
 Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
 By whom my soul for ever lives.</p> |
| <p>2 Thy providence supplies my food,
 And 't is thy blessing makes it good:
 My soul is nourished by thy word;
 Let soul and body praise the Lord.</p> | <p>4 Either his hand preserves from pain,
 Or, if I feel it, heals again;
 From strife and sorrow shields my
 breast,
 Or overrules them for the best.</p> |
| <p>5 Forgive the song, that falls so low
 Beneath the gratitude I owe:
 It means thy praise, however poor;
 An angel's song can do no more.</p> | |

William Cowper, 1779.

405. GRATITUDE. M. 8 & 4.

J. R. OGDEN, (1872.)



M. 8 & 4.

405.

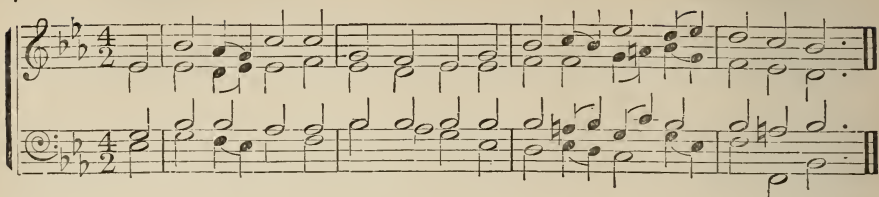
Thankfulness.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!</p> <p>2 I thank thee too that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.</p> | <p>3 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.</p> <p>4 For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.</p> <p>5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;—
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE MERCIES OF GOD PERPETUAL.

406. ALFRETON. L. M.

WILLIAM BEASTALL



406.

L. M.

"Giving thanks to God in all things."

1 GREAT God! my joyful thanks to thee
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be;
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor intermission knows.

2 Thy kindness all my comforts gives;
My numerous wants thy hand relieves;
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thy exhaustless store.

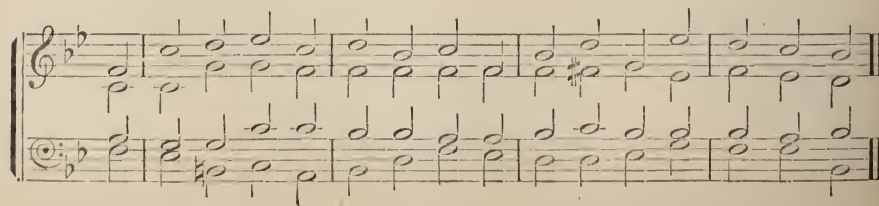
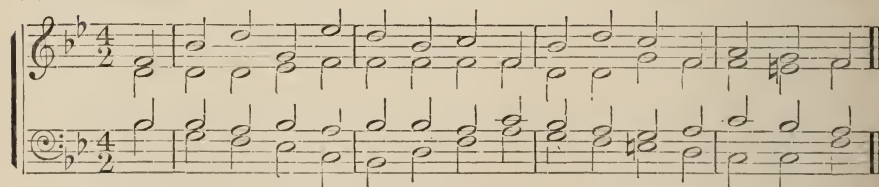
3 If what I wish thy will denies,
It is that thou art good and wise;
Afflictions which may make me mourn
Thou canst, thou dost, to blessings turn.

4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast
Let all thy favours be impressed;
And though withdrawn thy gifts should
be,
In all things I'll give thanks to thee.

Simon Browne, 1720.

407. SUSANNA. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY, (d. 1788.)



L. M.

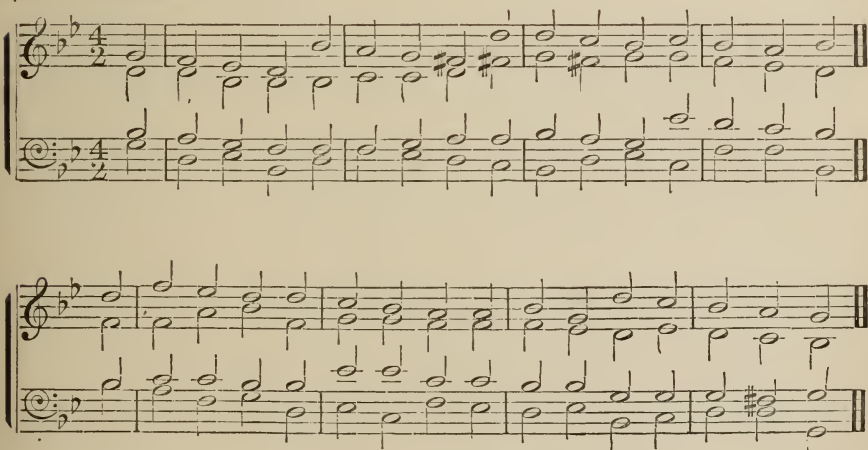
407.

The soul in perfect peace.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
For ever be thy name adored!
I blush, in all things to abound:
The servant is above his Lord!</p> <p>2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The son of God, the son of man,—
He had not where to lay his head!</p> | <p>3 But lo! a place thou hast prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, thou thyself wilt be my guard,
To smooth my bed, and give me sleep.</p> <p>4 The Lord protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.</p> <p>5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Charles Wesley, 1740.

408. **RADCLIFFE.** L. M.



L. M.

408.

Turn to God at all times.

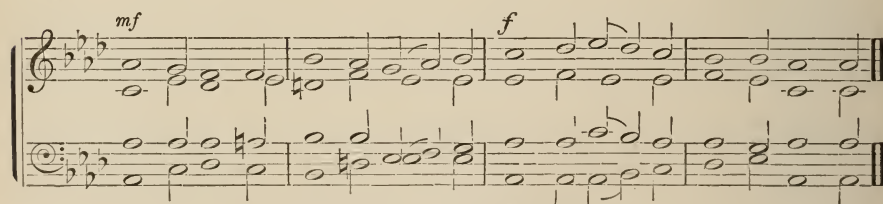
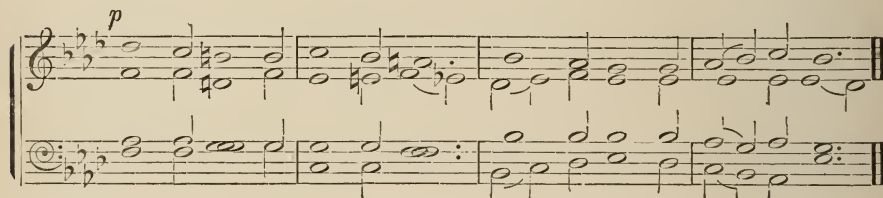
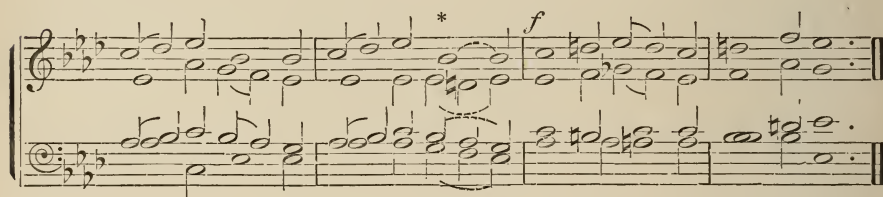
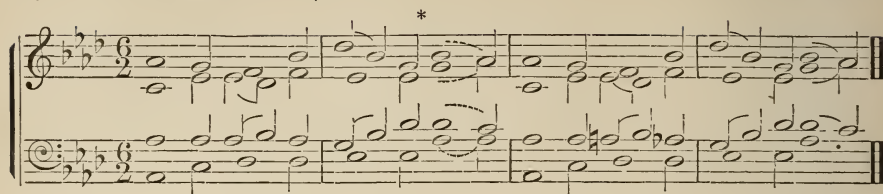
- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IS there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power?
My Father! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.</p> <p>2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.</p> | <p>3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ?
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.</p> <p>4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CAROLINE GILMAN (née HOWARD), 1821.

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

409. **FIELD-FLOWER.** 7 | 8 8 M.

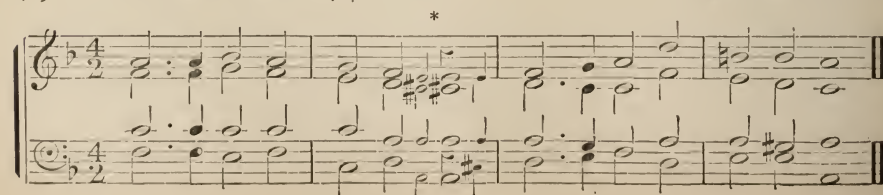
J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

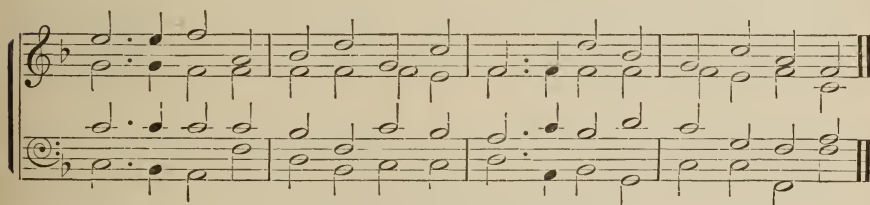
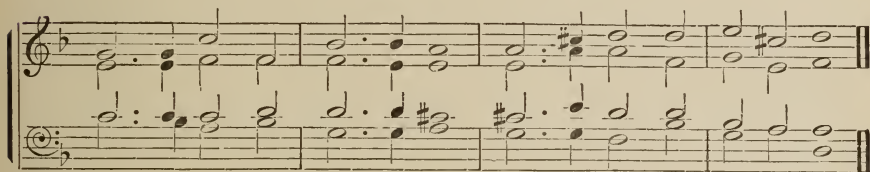
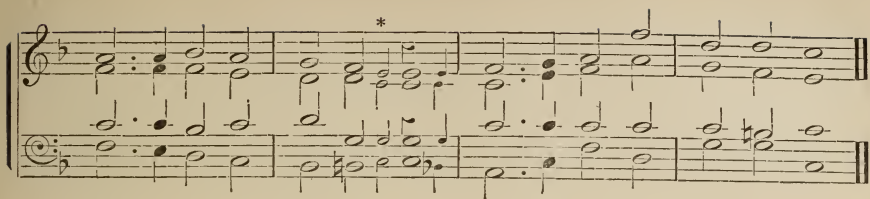


* This dotted bow is required in verses 1 and 3.

409. **"LO! THE LILIES."** 7 | 8 8 M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1871.)





* The small notes required for verse 2 only.

7 | 8 8 M.

409.

"Consider the lilies of the field!"

1 **L**O! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

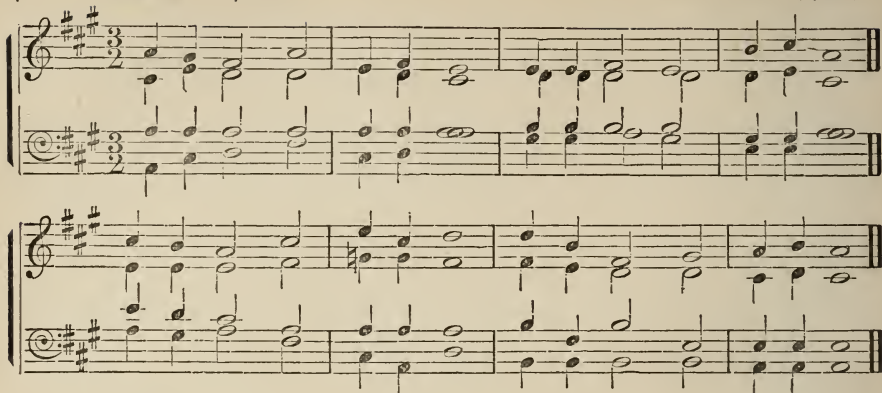
2 Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

3 One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

410. HERMON 7 M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)



410.

7 M.

"Give us day by day our daily bread."

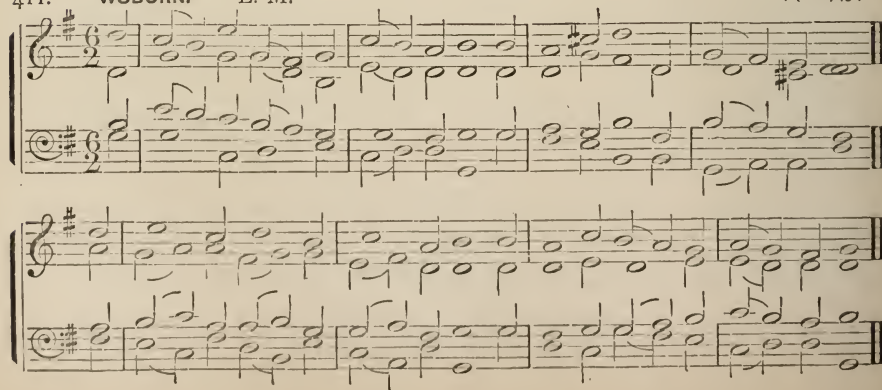
- 1 DAY by day the manna fell :
O to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 'Day by day,' the promise reads ;
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord ! my times are in thy hand :
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give :
Day by day to thee I live :
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.
- 5 Fond ambition, whisper not ;
Happy is my humble lot :
Anxious, busy cares, away ;
I'm provided for to-day.
- 6 O to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer :
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

411. WOBURN. L. M.

HENRY CAREY, (d. 1743.)



L. M.

411.

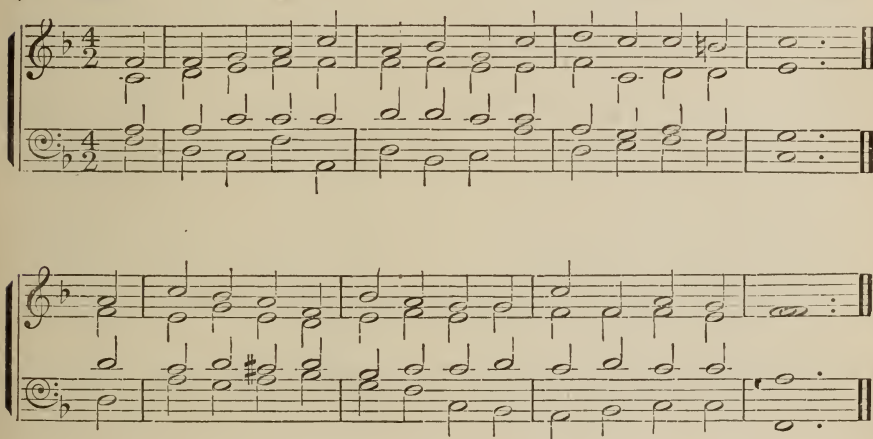
The daily mercies of God.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new,
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.</p> | <p>2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.</p> |
| <p>3 I yield my powers to thy command;
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.</p> | |

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

412. ELY. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M.

412.

God acknowledged in all vicissitudes.

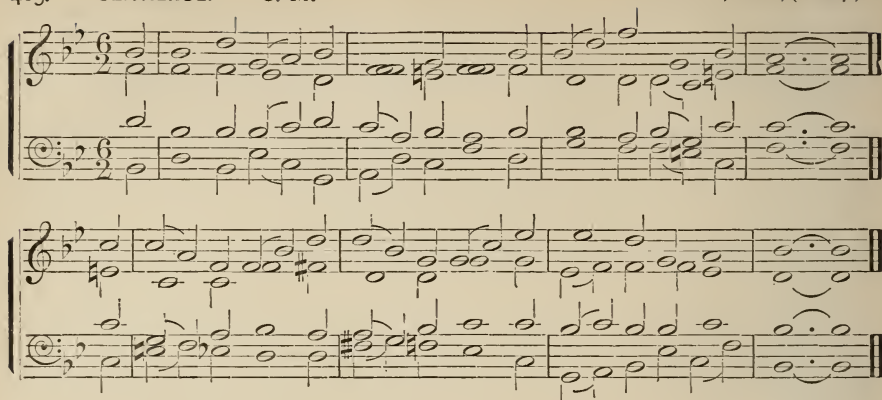
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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
 My Father, and my God!
 I'll sing the honours of thy name,
 And spread thy praise abroad.</p> | <p>4 Teach me, in time of deep distress,
 To own thy hand, my God!
 And in submissive silence hear
 The lessons of thy rod.</p> |
| <p>2 In every period of my life
 Thy thoughts of love appear;
 Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
 And crown each circling year.</p> | <p>5 In every varying mortal state,
 Each bright, each gloomy scene,
 Give me a meek and humble mind,
 Still equal and serene.</p> |
| <p>3 In all these mercies may my soul
 A Father's bounty see;
 Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
 Estrange my heart from thee.</p> | <p>6 Then shall I close mine eyes in death,
 Without one anxious fear;
 For death itself is life, my God,
 If thou art with me there.</p> |

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1772.

THE PROVIDENCE OF LIFE.

413. CLITHEROE. C. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



413.

Grateful review of life.

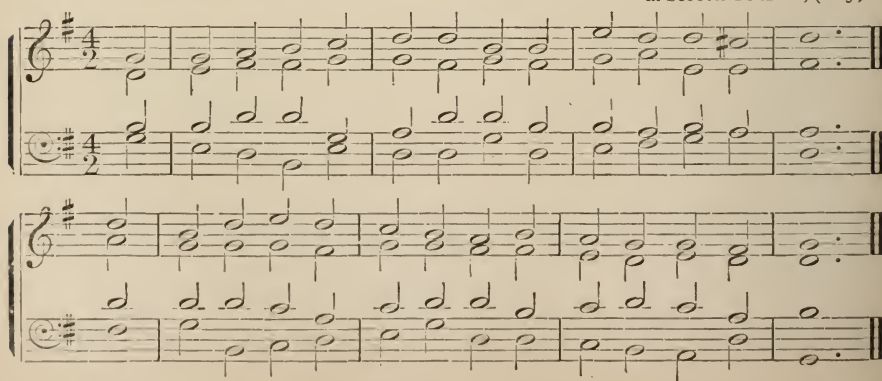
C. M.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.</p> <p>2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.</p> <p>3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.</p> | <p>4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.</p> <p>5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.</p> <p>6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

414-16. DUNFERMLINE. C. M.

THOMAS TOMKINS?
in SCOTCH PSALTER, (1615.)



C. M.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

414.

- 1 **L**ORD, in this dust thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine;
I am all thine,—thy care and choice;
My very praise is thine.
- 2 I praise thee, while thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan thy grace:—
- 3 Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour;
Bright dreams and fancies strange;
Blessings when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range:—
- 4 Blessings of friends which to my door
Unasked, unhop'd, have come;
And, choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

- 5 Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw thy face
In kind austereness clad.
- 6 I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang or throbbing brow:
Sweet was the chastisement severe;
And sweet its memory now.
- 7 And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray;
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.
- 8 Deny me wealth; far, far remove
The lure of power or name:
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness
Love,
And Faith, in this world's shame.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1829.

C. M.

My refuge is in Thee.

415.

- 1 **N**OW to the haven of thy breast,
Soul of my soul, I fly:
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O! the storm is high.
- 2 Protect me from the furious blast;
My shield and shelter be:
Hide me, my Father, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.
- 3 As welcome as the water spring
Is to a barren place,
Let thy clear spirit come and bring
Its sweet refreshing grace.

- 4 As o'er a parched and weary land
A rock extends its shade,
So hide me, Father, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 5 In all the times of my distress
Thou hast my succour been;
Still, in my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin.
- 6 How swift to save me didst thou move
In every trying hour;
O still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power!

Charles Wesley, 1742.

C. M.

Acquiescence in the divine will.

416.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of good! to thee I turn;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

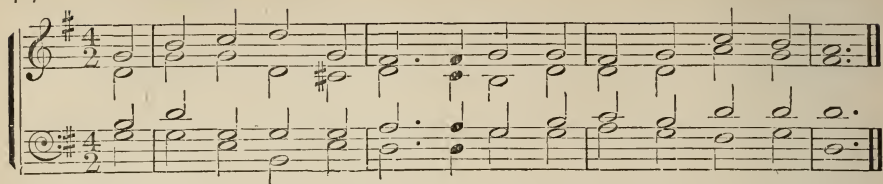
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;
- 4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts supply;
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

JAMES MERRICK, 1763.

BE THOU OUR PORTION.

417. ST. ALPHEGE. C. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, (1848.)



417.

C. M.

"Be thou our portion."

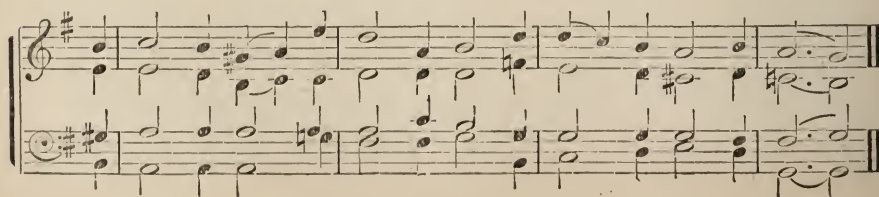
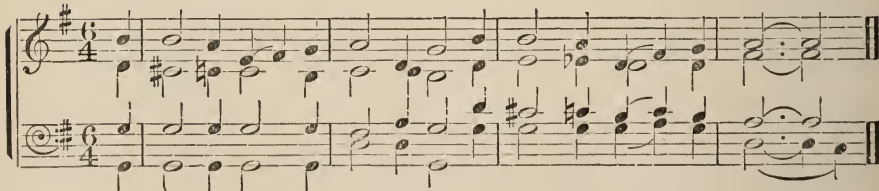
1 **F**OOD, raiment, dwelling, health and friends,
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot;
With thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are thine, or not.

2 For these we bend the humble knee,
Our thankful spirits bow;
Yet from thy gifts we turn to thee:—
Be thou our portion, thou!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

418. SILOAM. C. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1854.)



C. M.

418.

The years of innocence, and of temptation.

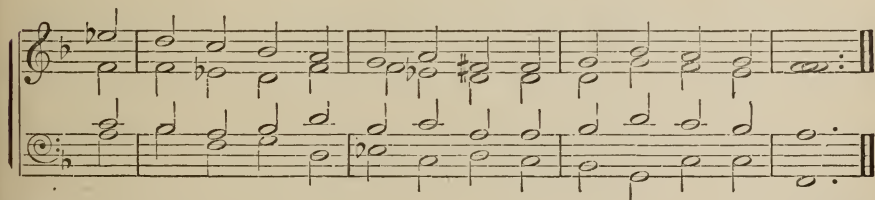
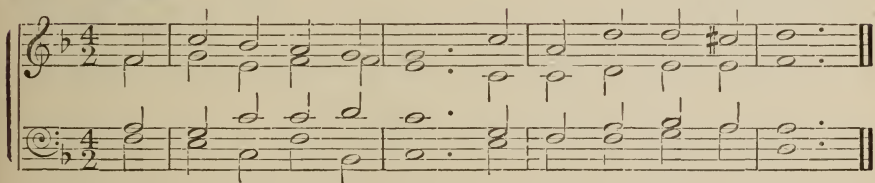
- 1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the
hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the
hill
Must shortly fade away.

- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's
power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou who fann'st the early fire
Of souls that yield to thee,
Till their enkindled years aspire
Thy lights of love to be :—
- 6 We seek thy spirit's bounteous breath,
We ask thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and
death,
To keep us still thine own !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1812.

419. HEBRON. S. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)



S. M.

419.

"Now is the accepted time."

- 1 TOMORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live today.

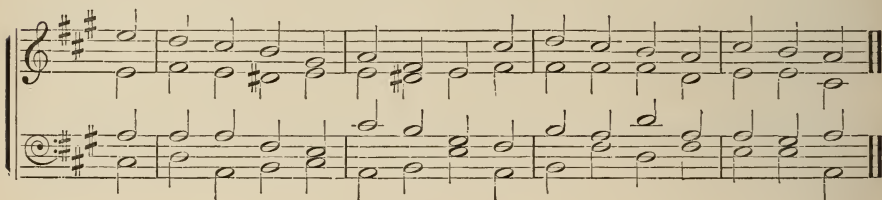
- 3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

PRAISE AND TRUST.

420. TEN COMMANDMENTS. L. M.

FRENCH Ps. (ab. 1550.)



420.

L. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

1 **L**ORD! how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be:
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care:
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

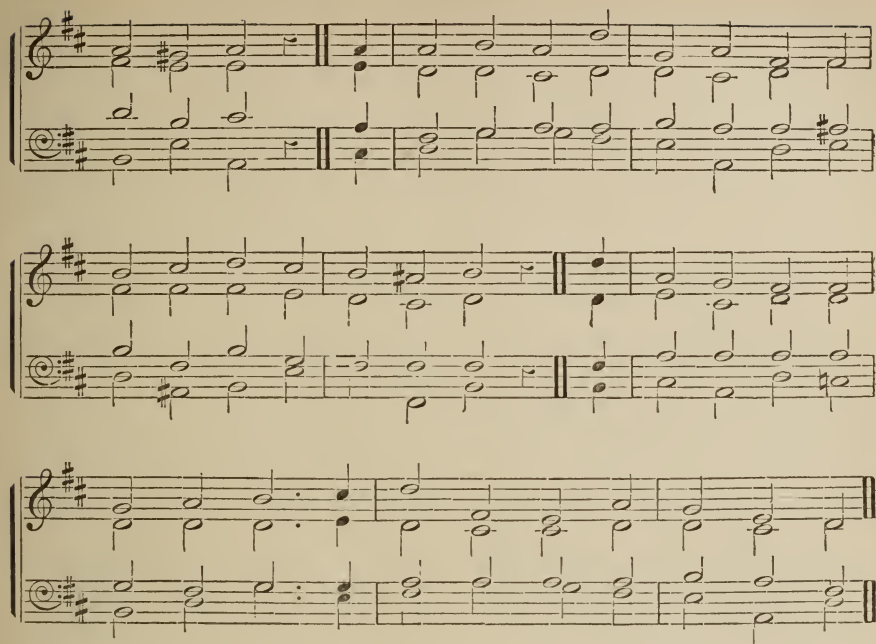
ANNE STEELE, 1760.

421. BOOTHAM. M. 8.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, (before 1740.)



REJOICE, BUT FORGET NOT.



M. 8.

42 I.

Remember thy Creator, while the evil days come not.

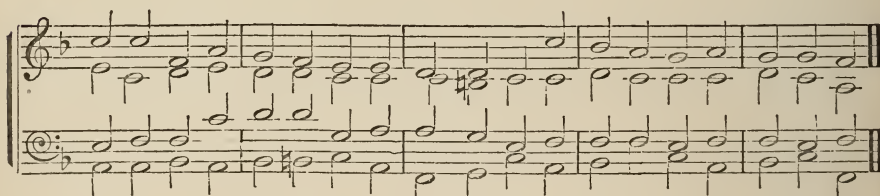
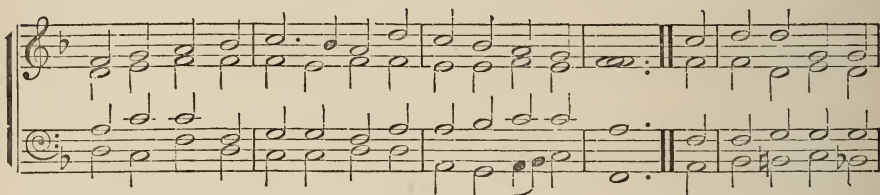
1 **T**RULY the light of morn is sweet,
And sweet it is to see the sun :
But though the cheerful hours may fleet,
And years pass gaily one by one,—
O blot not eager from thy mind
The thought of darker days behind.

2 Rejoice, O child of mortal birth !
In all the pride of youth rejoice ;
And let the beauteous things of earth
Allure thine eye, invite thy choice :
Yet know, for blessings freely given,
Thine is a large account with heaven.

3 And O remember, ere the day,
The evil day, of grief shall come,
When all the joy is passed away,
And nought is left but gathering gloom ;
Remember, ere the creatures fall,
Him, first and last, who gave them all.

HIS WILL IS BEST.

422. BADEN (NO. 2.) M. 8 & 6 | 4 4 8 8. ("Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan.")
JOHANN PACHELBEL, (d. 1706.)



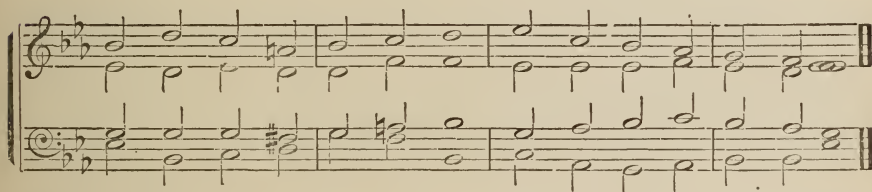
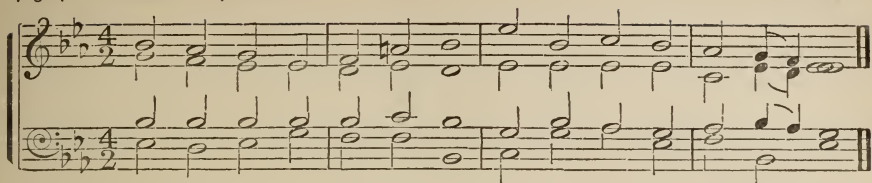
422. "Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan." M. 8 & 6 | 4 4 8 8.
His will is best.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHATE'ER my God ordains is right;
His will is ever just;
Howe'er he orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust.
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
Wherefore to him I leave it all.</p> <p>2 What'e'r my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.</p> | <p>3 What'e'r my God ordains is right;
My light, my life is he,
Who cannot will me aught but good:
I trust him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe
We soon shall see as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our guardian here.</p> <p>4 What'e'r my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to him I leave it all.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

423-4. BURY. 7 M.

TAYLOR.



7 M.

423.

"My times are in Thy hand."

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command :

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth :
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief.

3 O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just !
In thy hands my life I trust :
Have I something dearer still :
I resign it to thy will.

4 May I always own thy hand ;
Still to the surrender stand ;
Know that thou art God alone ;
I and mine are all thy own.

5 Thee at all times will I bless ;
Having thee I all possess :
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee ?

JOHN RYLAND, 1777.

7 M.

424.

The pilgrim's song.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing :
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren ; lo ! we stand
On the borders of our land :
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

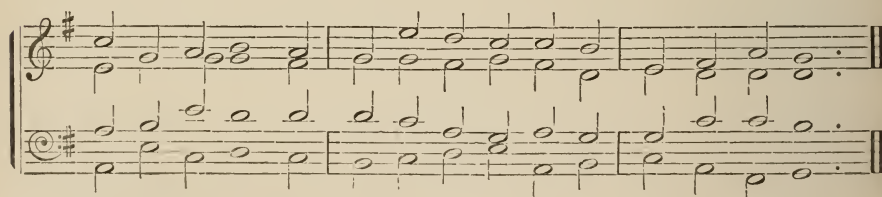
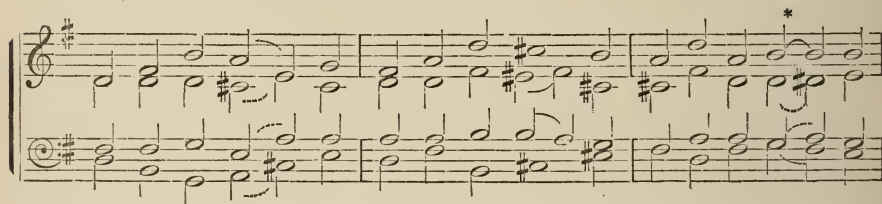
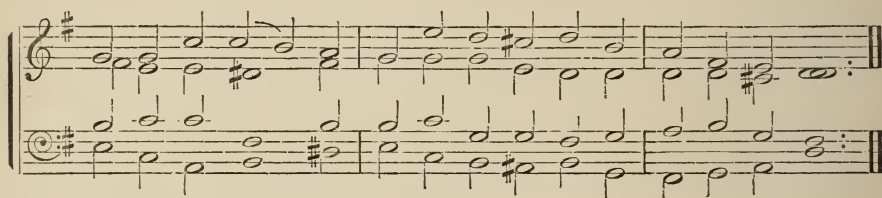
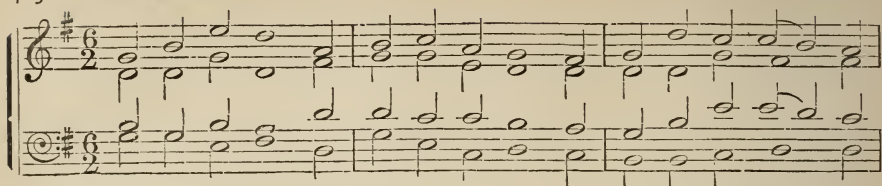
4 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick, 1743.

LIFE IS FULL OF THY MERCIES.

425. DIVINE MERCY. P. M.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



* This bow is required only in verse 3.

425.

"Die goldne Sonne."

P. M.

Thy mercies never fail.

1
EVENING and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace, and gladness,
Comfort in sadness,—
These are thy works ; all the glory be
thine.
Times without number,
Awake or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us,
Causing thy mercy upon us to shine.

2
Father, O hear me !
Pardon and spare me !
Quench all my terrors,
Blot out my errors,
That by thine eyes they may no more
be scanned.
Order my goings,
Direct all my doings ;
As it may please thee,
Retain or release me ;
All I commit to thy Fatherly hand.

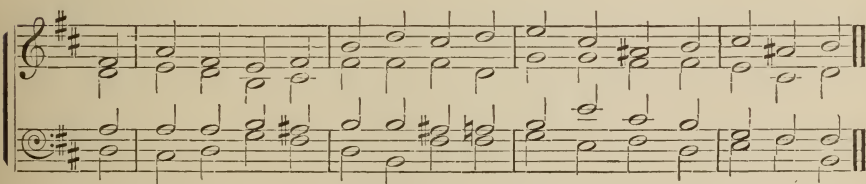
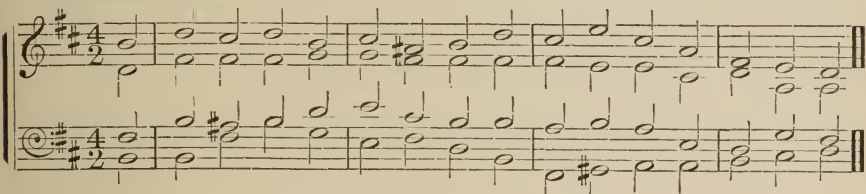
THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

- 3 Griefs of God's sending
 All have an ending ;
 Clouds may be pouring,
 Wind and wave roaring ;
 Sunshine will come when the tempest has passed.
 Joys still increasing,
 Peace never-ceasing,
 Faith lost in vision,
 Hope in fruition,—
 These are the portion I look for at last.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1660 : tr. *Richard Massie*, 1864.

426. WINTERBOURNE. L. M.

Before 1766.



L. M.

426.

The pilgrimage of life.

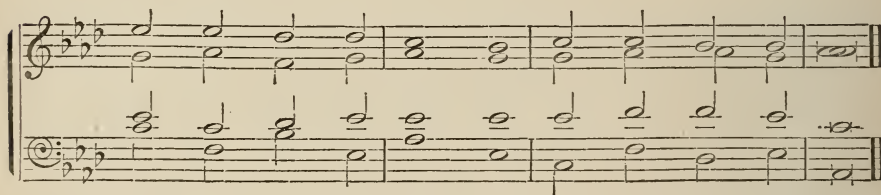
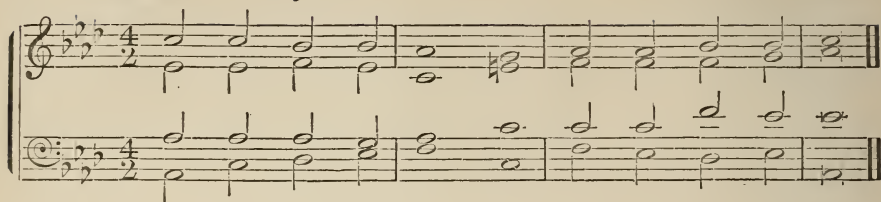
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| <p>1 AS travellers, when the twilight's
 come,
 And in the sky the stars appear,
 The past day's accidents do sum
 With 'Thus we saw there, and thus
 here';—</p> <p>2 Then pitch their tent in some chance
 place,
 And make their pillow of a stone,
 Where, till the day restore the race,
 They rest, and dream homes of their
 own ;—</p> <p>3 So for this night I linger here
 And, full of tossings to and fro,
 Expect still when thou wilt appear,
 That I may get me up and go.</p> | <p>4 As birds robbed of their native wood,
 Although their diet may be fine,
 Yet neither sing, nor like their food,
 But with the thought of home do
 pine ;</p> <p>5 So do I mourn and hang my head ;
 And though thou dost me fulness
 give,
 Yet look I for far better bread,
 Because by this man cannot live.</p> <p>6 O feed me then ! and since I may
 Have yet more days, more nights to
 count,
 So strengthen me, Lord, all the way,
 That I may travel to thy mount.</p> |
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Henry Vaughan, 1650.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

427. CASWALL. 6 & 5 M.

FILITZ's Choralb. (1846.)



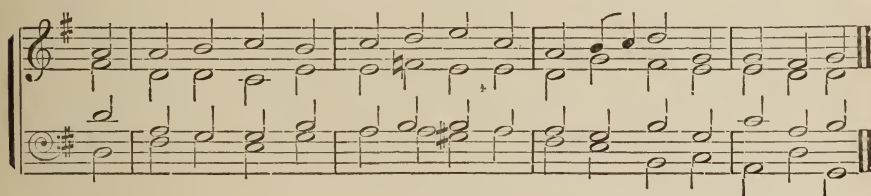
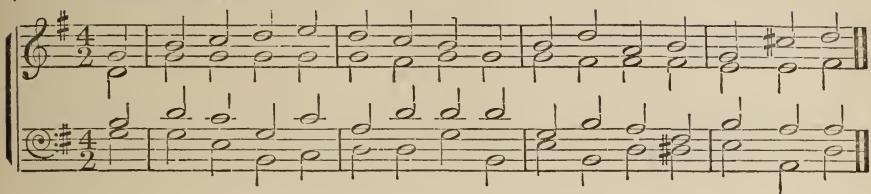
427.

6 & 5 M.

The desert journey.

- 1 **S**AFE across the waters,
Here in peace we stand ;
See the wrecks of Egypt
Strewed along the sand.
- 2 Safe across the waters,
Foes for ever gone,
Now we march in safety,
God our guide alone.
- 3 'T is the silent desert,
Sand, and rock, and waste :
But the chain is broken,
And the peril past.
- 4 Onward, then, right onward !
This our watchword still,
Till we reach the glory
Of the wondrous hill.
- 5 For the journey girded,
Haste we on our way,—
The pillar-cloud above us,
Guide by night and day.
- 6 On through waste and blackness,
O'er our desert road ;
On till Salem greets us,
City of our God !

428. QUEENSTOWN. L. M.



L. M.

428.

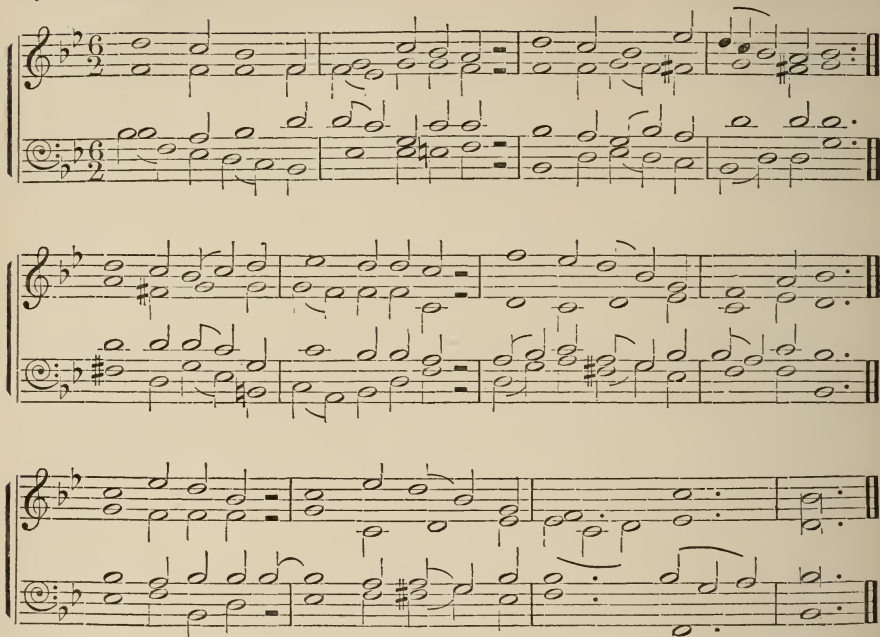
God our preserver.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet ; he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while nature sleeps.
- 4 Divinely are his children blest ;
They rise secure, securely rest ;
Safe in the Lord, whose heavenly care
Defends their life from every snare.
- 5 On them nor ill nor death hath power ;
And in their last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear them homeward to their God.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

429. EDOM. 8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



429.

8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

The pilgrim's prayer.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven !
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow :
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 Cleave the flood, and stay the waters ;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

430. GOD-SPEED. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1854.)

7 M.

430.

The pilgrimage of life.

1 **L**EAD us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led ;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul ;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Father's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

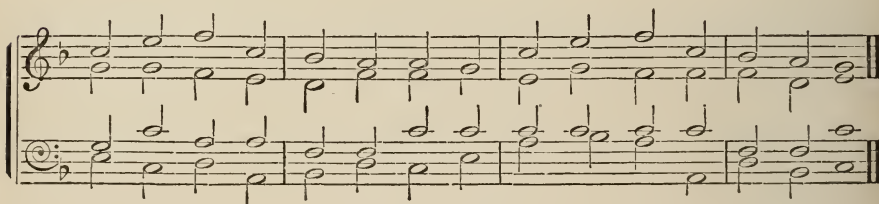
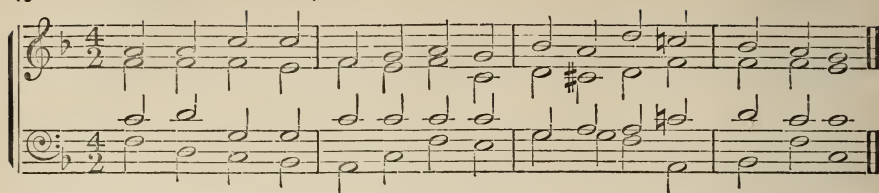
3 Lead us thither ! thou dost know
All the way ; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee ;
Guide us,—save us,—and prepare
Our appointed mansion there !

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

THE PILGRIM'S SHELTER.

431. ST. HILARY. 8 & 7 M.

GANTHER.



431.

8 & 7 M.

Rest in God.

1 FATHER, lead us with thy power
Safe into the promised rest ;
Hide our souls within thy shelter,
In thine arms securely blest.
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
Bread of angel-life above ;
Send us from the holy fountain
Draughts of everlasting love.

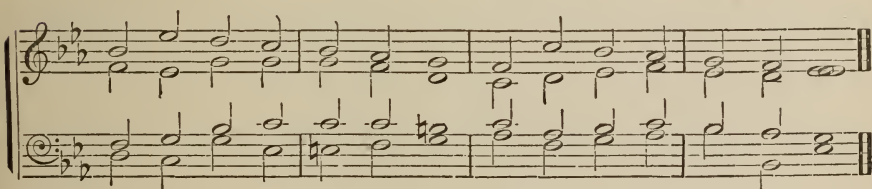
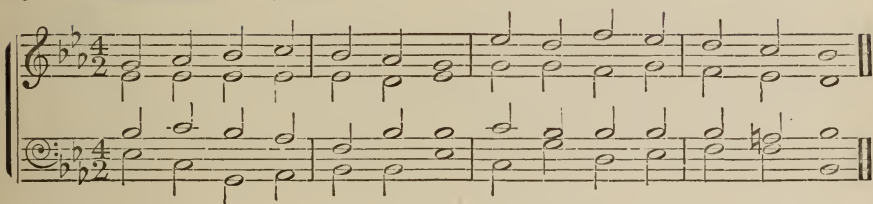
2 Through the desert wild conduct us
With a glorious pillar bright,—
In the day a cooling comfort,
And a cheering fire by night.
Be our guide in every peril ;
Watch us hourly, night and day ;
Never leave us, lest we wander
From thy spirit far away.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

- 3 In thy presence we are happy,
 In thy presence we're secure ;
 In thy presence all afflictions
 We can patiently endure ;
 In thy presence we can conquer,
 We can suffer, we can die :
 Far from thee we faint and languish ;
 Fount of blessing ! keep us nigh.

William Williams, 1772.

432. WENTWORTH. 7 M.



7 M.

432.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

1 AS his flock the shepherd leads
 Gently through the flowery meads,
 Where, 'mid verdant landscapes, flow
 Peaceful rivers, soft and slow :

2 So doth God conduct my feet
 Where the tranquil waters meet ;
 Streams of life, that never fail,
 Winding silent through the vale.

3 When I wander from his care,
 Lured by many a specious snare,
 He pursues my devious track,
 And in mercy brings me back.

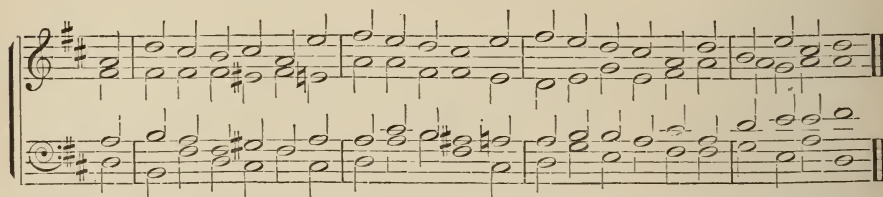
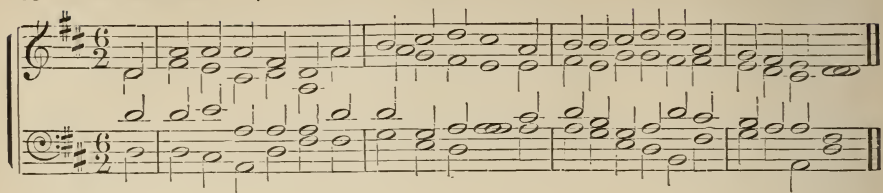
4 Where the shades of darkness spread
 Gloom impervious o'er my head,
 Where the king of terrors reigns,
 He my fainting soul sustains.

5 Heavenly Shepherd ! lead me still
 Upwards to thy holy hill,
 Where untainted breezes blow,
 Where unwithering pastures grow.

WILLIAM LAMPART, 1825.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

433. **OLDENBURG.** 4 ♩ - - ("O Ursprung des Lebens.") from THOMAS SELLÈ, (1655.)



433.

4 ♩ - -

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Ps. 23.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest :
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head :
O what shall I ask of thy providence more ?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

434. **PASTORAL.** 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)





7 M.

434.

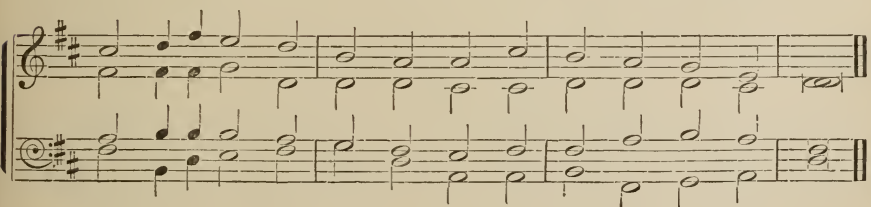
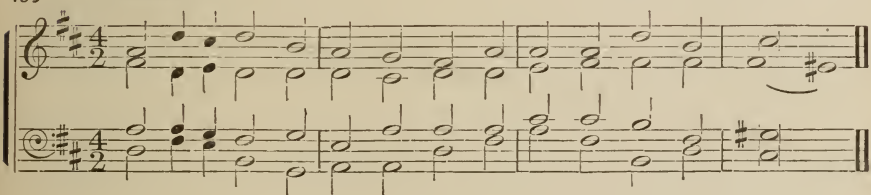
"The Lord is my Shepherd." Ps. 23.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LO! my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine;
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge.</p> <p>2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.</p> | <p>3 He my soul anew shall frame;
And his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.</p> <p>4 Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free,
Still protected, Lord, by thee.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MERRICK, 1765.

435. **HORNCASTLE.** C. M.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1768.)



C. M.

435.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SHEPHERD of Israel! hear my
prayer,
And to my cry give heed;
Shepherd of Israel, lead me where
Thy flocks in safety feed.</p> <p>2 Whether upon the barren hills,
Or in the desert bare,
Strike but thy rod, the purest rills
And greenest herbs are there.</p> | <p>3 The shadow of a mighty rock
Is in that weary land;
And heavenly dews fall on the flock
Protected by thy hand.</p> <p>4 Lead me, O lead me to thy fold;
Earth has no rest beside:
Shepherd of Israel, known of old,
Be thou my only guide.</p> |
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SARAH ELLIS (née STICKNEY), 1833.

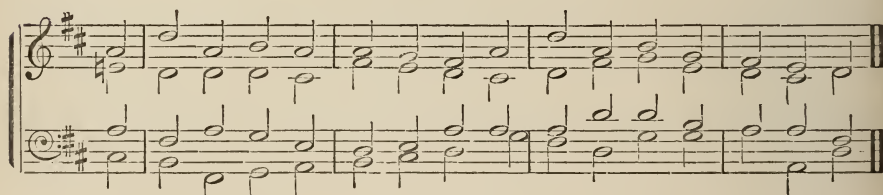
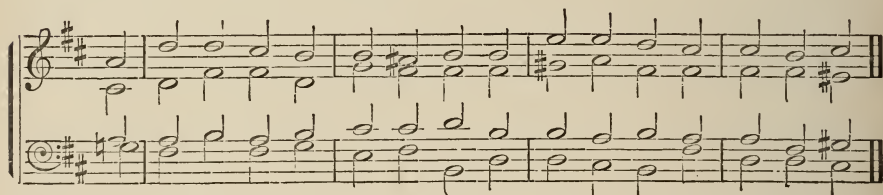
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

436.

CARLSRUHE.

M. 8.

MARTIN LUTHER, (1535.)



436.

M. 8.

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Ps 23.

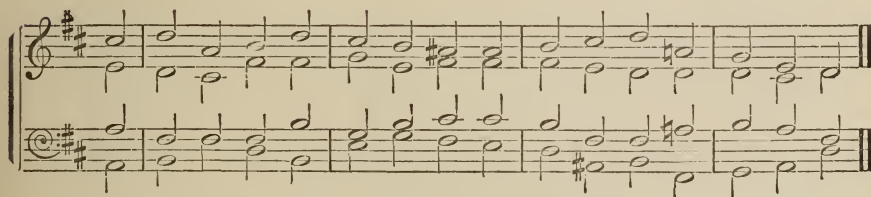
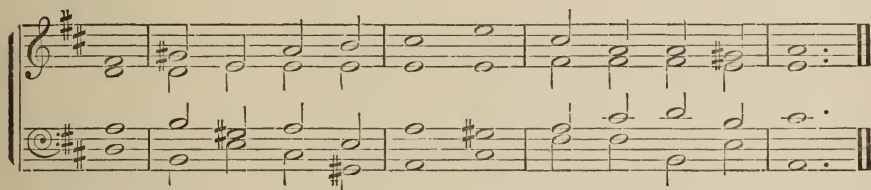
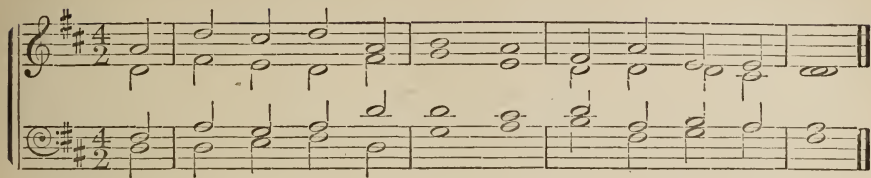
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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's
 care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.</p> | <p>3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage
 crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.</p> |
| <p>2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.</p> | <p>4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful
 shade.</p> |

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

437. CROFT'S 148. H. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, (d. 1727.)



H. M.

437.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Ps. 23.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep :
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear :
I cannot want while he is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed :
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet ; and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer
home.

3 He leads, himself, the way
His faithful flock should take :
Them who his voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake ;
And surely truth and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

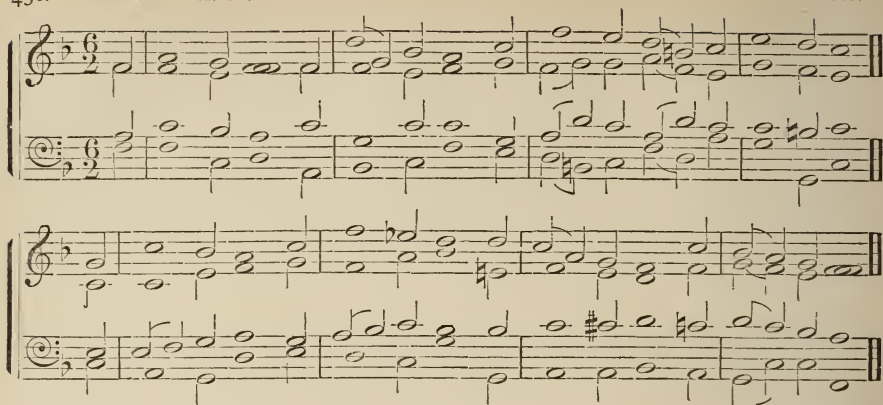
4 Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through :
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me
there.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

438. NAIN. L. M.

Wood.



438.

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Ps. 23.

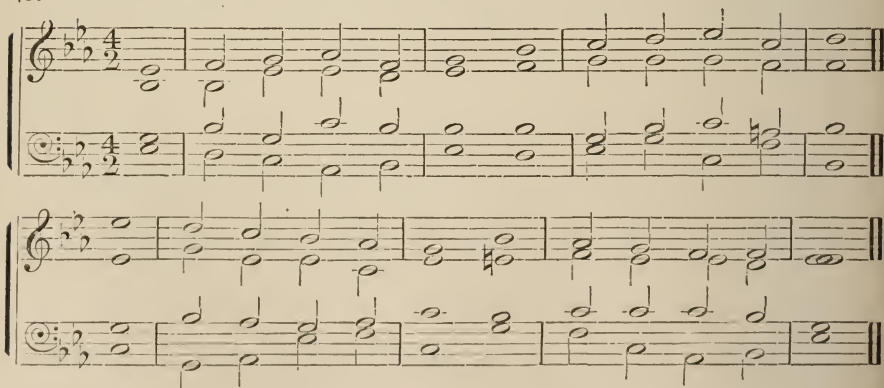
L. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE Lord of all my Shepherd is ;
What can I want, while I am his?
In greenest fields my soul he feeds,
My steps by stillest waters leads.</p> <p>2 He guides me in his holy way ;
He brings me back when'er I stray :
The vale of death without a fear
I walk,—for he is kind and near.</p> | <p>3 Yes ! thou art with me night and day,
Thy rod my guide, thy staff my stay :
By thee my table still is spread ;
Thy oil of gladness crowns my head.</p> <p>4 Where'er I rest, where'er I go,
I meet thy mercies here below ;
When to thy presence shall I soar,
To see and praise thee evermore ?</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

439. ULM. M. 6.

SIGILLUS, (1657.)



439.

Choose thou my path.

M. 6.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by thine own hand ;
Choose out the path for me.</p> | <p>2 Smooth let it be, or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

LEAD ME AND KEEP ME.

3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not, if I might :
Choose thou for me, my God ;
So shall I walk aright.

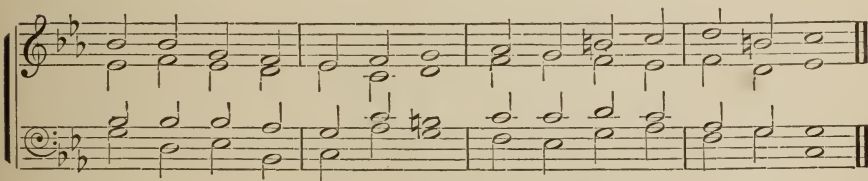
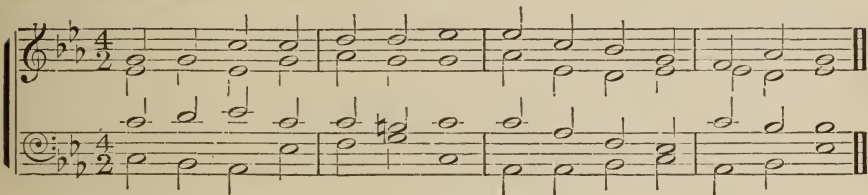
4 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small :
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

440. ST. FRANCIS. 7 M.

C. I. LATROBE, (1795.)



7 M.

440.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

1 **H** EAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie !
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail :
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Lord ! uphold me day by day ;
Shed a light upon my way :
Guide me through perplexing snares :
Care for me in all my cares.

4 All I ask for is,—enough :
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

5 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father ! glorify thy name.

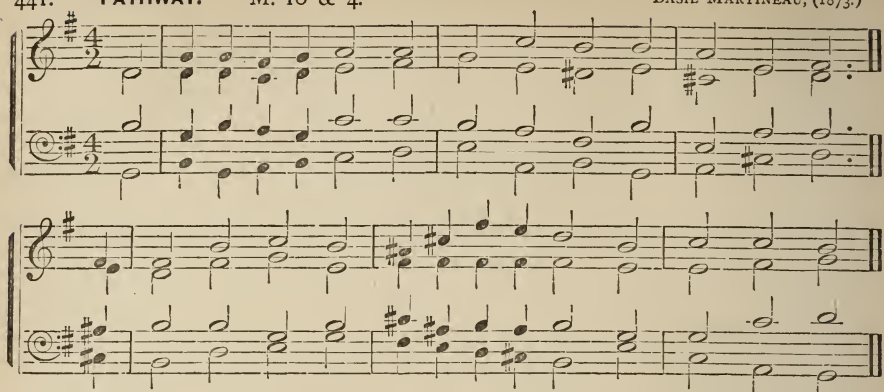
6 Feeling still that thou art near,
Let me neither faint nor fear ;
But along the dolorous way
Lean on thee, my only stay !

Josiah Conder, 1836.

LEAD ME AND KEEP ME.

441. **PATHWAY.** M. 10 & 4.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



441.

Through peace to light.

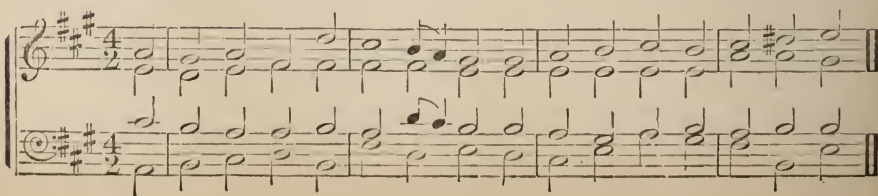
M. 10 & 4.

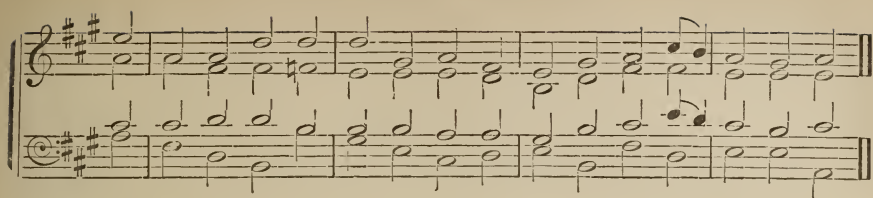
- 1 I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet :
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright,—
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,—
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1862.

442. **WESTBURY.** L. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)





L. M.

The bread of life from day to day.

442.

1 O KING of earth and air and sea !
The hungry ravens cry to thee ;
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep.

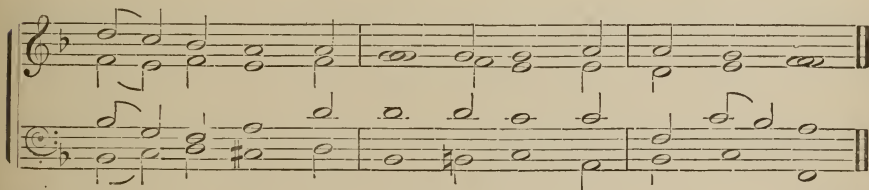
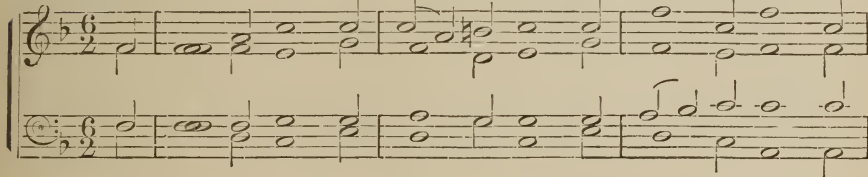
2 Thy bounteous hand with food can
bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And O, when through the wilds we
roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow :

4 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

443. JENA. M. 8. ("Resurrexit Dominus.") Old Melody, arranged by G. VOPELIUS, (1682.)



M. 8.

Love and discipline.

443.

1 SINCE in a land not barren still,—
Because thou dost thy grace distil,—
My lot is fallen, blest be thy will !

2 And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill
That seed thou sow'st, blest be thy skill !

3 Blest be thy dew, and blest thy frost,
And happy I to be so crossed,
And cured by crosses at thy cost.

4 The dew doth cheer what is distressed,
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest ;
In both thou work'st unto the best.

5 Thus while thy several mercies plot,
And work on me now cold, now hot,
The work goes on and slacketh not :

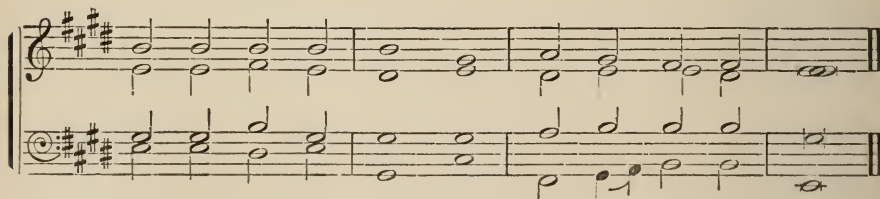
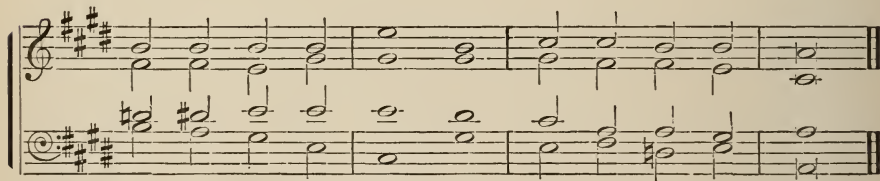
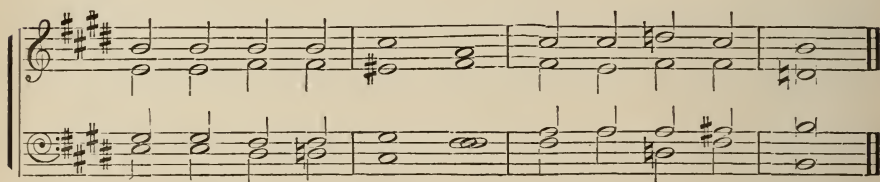
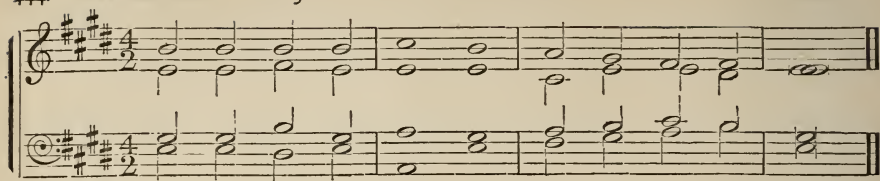
6 For as thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1650.

THOU ART OUR HELPER.

444. OFFENBURG. 6 & 5 M. ("O wir armen Sünder.")

(15th Century.)



444.

6 & 5 M.

"God is my strength and my song." Ps. 30.

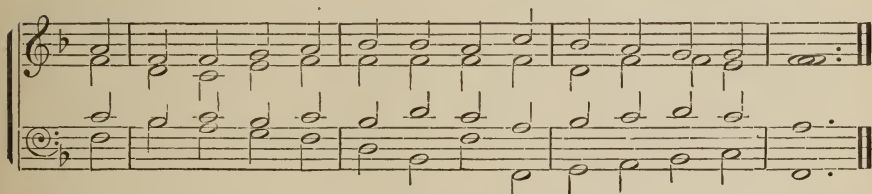
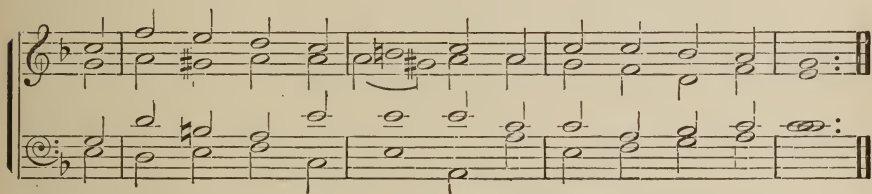
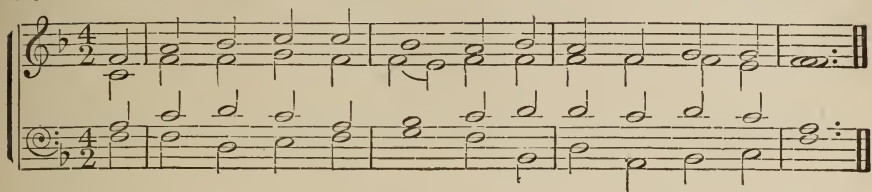
1 YEA, I will extol thee,
Lord of life and light !
For thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight :
I implored thy succour ;
Thou wert swift to hear,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Deliver me from fear.

2 Trust him for his mercy,
Call his love to mind,
For a moment hidden,
But for ever kind :
Grief may, like a stranger,
Through the night sojourn ;
Yet shall joy, tomorrow,
With the sun return.

James Montgomery, 1822.

445. ADVENT. M. 7 & 6 | 4 4 6.

JOHANN CRÜGER, (d. 1662.)



M. 7 & 6 | 4 4 6.

445.

The covert from the storm.

1 WHEN clouds are hovering o'er us,
And tempests chafe the sea;
When death frowns dark before us,
Where shall thy children flee?
Where shall the heart
Its fears impart?—
To thee, our God, to thee!

2 Safe, safe, amidst the hurricane,
Thy servants shall not fear;
The rending sky, the roaring main,
Are music to the ear:
For he who binds
The waves and winds,
Our God, is ever near!

3 Our frail bark shall not founder:
Subdued at thy behest,
The storm that howls around her
Thy look can lull to rest:
Our faith in thee
The helm shall be,—
The sunshine of the breast!

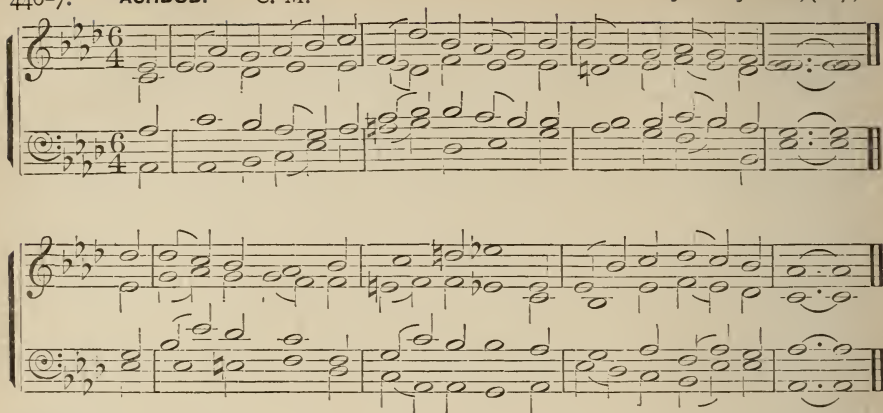
4 Through every fiery trial
Be thou our shield and stay!
Till, fading from life's dial,
The shadows fleet away;
Then, Father, come,
And call us home
To realms of endless day!

William Beattie, 1866.

IN TROUBLE THOU ART NEAR.

446-7. ASHDOD. C. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



446.

C. M.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THY way is in the deep, O Lord !
 E'en there we'll go with thee :
 We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
 And walk upon the sea !</p> <p>2 Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
 Why do we doubt him so ?—
 Who gives the storm a path, will find
 The way our feet shall go.</p> <p>3 A moment may his hand be lost,—
 Dread moment of delay !—
 We cry, 'Lord ! help the tempest-
 tost, —
 And safe we're borne away.</p> | <p>4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
 And flies from selfish care ;
 But comes himself, where'er he hears
 The voice of loving prayer.</p> <p>5 O happy soul of faith divine !
 Thy victory how sure !
 The love that kindles joy is thine,—
 The patience to endure.</p> <p>6 Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dis-
 pel ;
 And wipe our tears away :
 'Tis thine, to order all things well,
 And ours, to bless the sway.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANONYMOUS, 1840.

447.

C. M.

The only comforter.

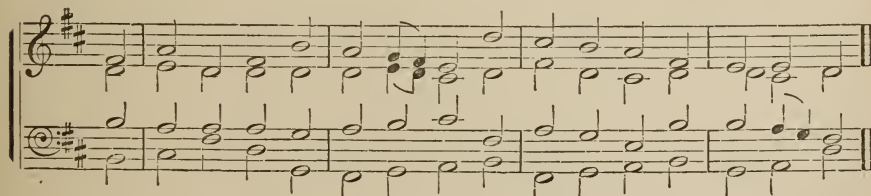
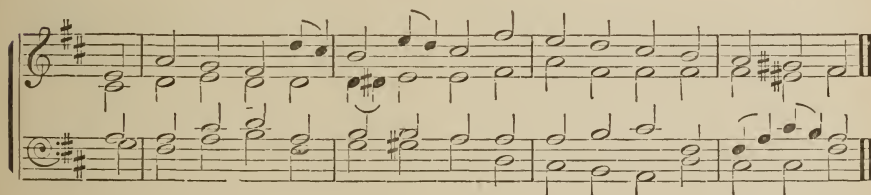
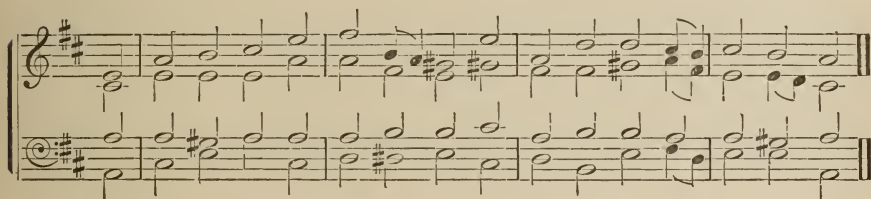
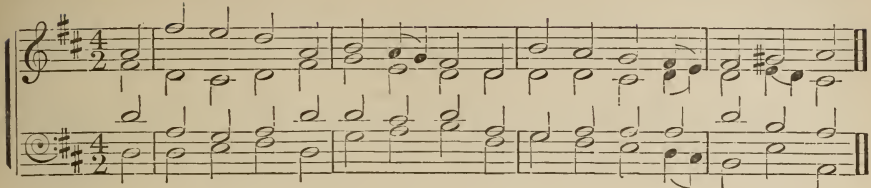
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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU who dry'st the mourner's
 tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee !</p> <p>2 When joy no longer soothes or
 cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too :—</p> | <p>3 O who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the
 gloom
 Our peace-branch from above ?</p> <p>4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows
 bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

IN TROUBLE THOU ART NEAR.

448. SINAI. L. M. D.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



L. M. D.

448.

"He will be our guide."

1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage
 came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

2 Thus present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous
 day,
 Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
 To temper the deceitful ray!
 And O! when gathers on our path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1820.

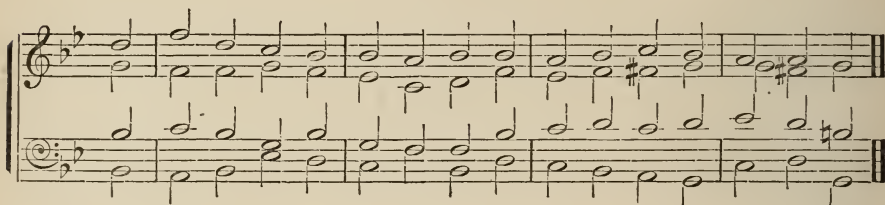
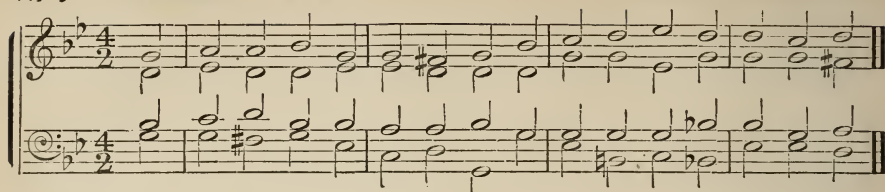
I TURN TO THEE.

449-50.

PLAYFORD.

L. M.

PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, (1671.)



449.

L. M.

Thou art near.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O LOVE divine, that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.</p> <p>2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering 'Thou art near.'</p> | <p>3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us 'Thou art near.'</p> <p>4 On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.</p> |
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Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859.

450.

L. M.

The peace of God in affliction.

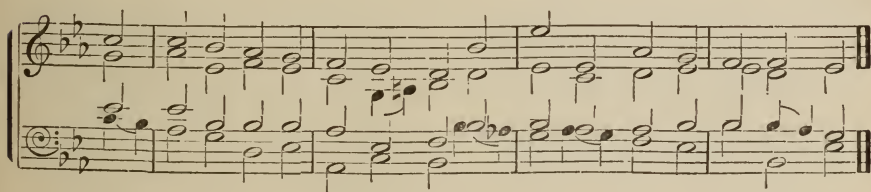
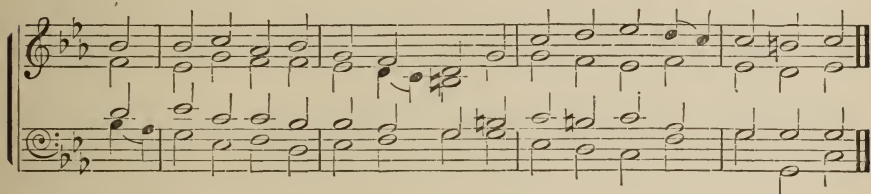
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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY Father! when around me spread
I see the shadows of the tomb,
And life's bright visions droop and fade,
And darkness veils my future doom;</p> <p>2 O in that anguished hour I turn
With a still trusting heart to thee,
And holy thoughts still shine and burn
Amid that cold, sad destiny.</p> <p>3 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dim with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone;
But are not ours the immortal years?</p> | <p>4 Father! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the joys of time;
And bid my soul on angel wings
Ascend into a purer clime.</p> <p>5 There shall no doubt disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love;
But these afflictions of the dust
Like shadows of the night remove.</p> <p>6 That glorious hour will well repay
A life of toil and care and woe:
O Father! joyful on my way
To drink thy bitter cup I go.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JANE ELIZABETH HORNBLLOWER (née ROSCOE), 1832.

WHOM HE LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

451. ST. MARTIN. M. 8.

SIR G. J. ELVEY, (1860?)



M. 8.

451.

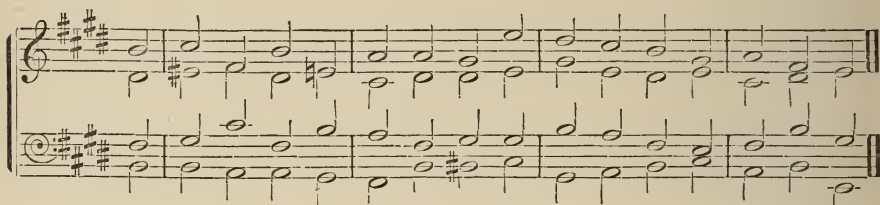
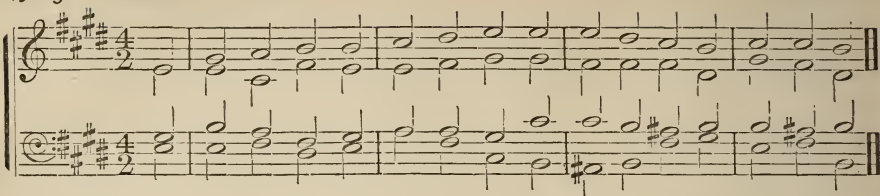
"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

- 1 **T**HOUGH sorrows rise, and dangers roll
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Though friends are false, and love decays,
And few and evil are my days;
Yet e'en in nature's utmost ill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!
- 2 Though conscience, sharper than my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes;
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!
- 3 O by the woes thy saints have borne,—
Thy mark of love their piercing thorn;—
By these my pangs, whose healing smart
Thy grace hath planted in my heart,
I know, I feel, thy bounteous will!
Thou lov'st me, Lord! thou lov'st me still!

THE HOPE OF SORROW.

452-3. ISTRIA. L. M.

GERMAN.



452.

L. M.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor
keep:
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.</p> <p>2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.</p> <p>3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.</p> | <p>4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain!
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.</p> <p>5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken
heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.</p> <p>6 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1836.

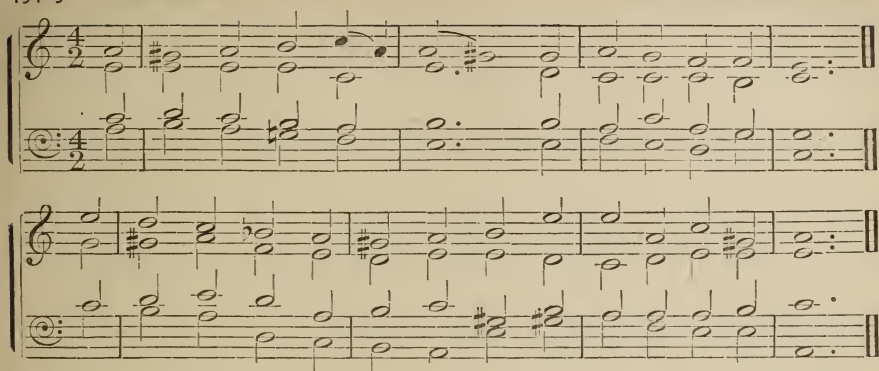
453.

L. M.

Made perfect through suffering.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human
power;
For now, my shallow cisterns spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.</p> <p>2 I take thy hand,—my fears are still;
Behold thy face,—my doubts remove:
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love?</p> | <p>3 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.</p> <p>4 O be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious
hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to love and power.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.



S. M.

454.

"Why sayest thou—my way is hid from the Lord."

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 A LONG my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.</p> <p>2 Yet, Father, thou art love:
O hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through!</p> | <p>3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where thou wilt lead.</p> <p>4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 And O from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

James Edmeston, 1822.

S. M.

455.

God the hope and light of the afflicted. Ps. 130.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN, from the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.</p> <p>2 Then hearken to my voice;
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice;
Thou comfortest the faint.</p> <p>3 Like them whose longing eyes
Watch till the morning star,
Though late and seen through tempests,
rise
Heaven's portals to unbar;—</p> | <p>4 Like them I watch and pray;
And though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome
day;
Then burst into a song.</p> <p>5 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.</p> <p>6 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure;
His bow is in the cloud.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

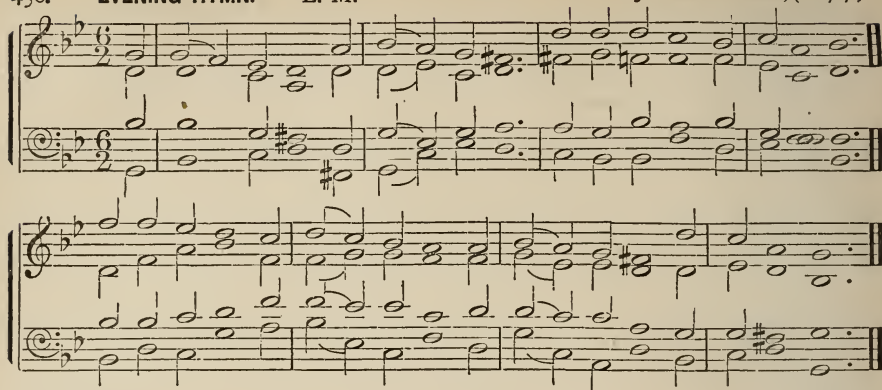
SOW IN TEARS AND REAP IN JOY.

456.

EVENING HYMN.

L. M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, (d. 1707.)



456.

"They who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

L. M.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
 Troubled with storms, and big with showers;
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,
 But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of God revive:
 He bids the soul that seeks him live;
 And from the gloomiest shade of night
 Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
 Are in these watered furrows sown;
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
 Unnumbered ears of golden grain:
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
 And find his sheaves, and bear them home:
 The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
 Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

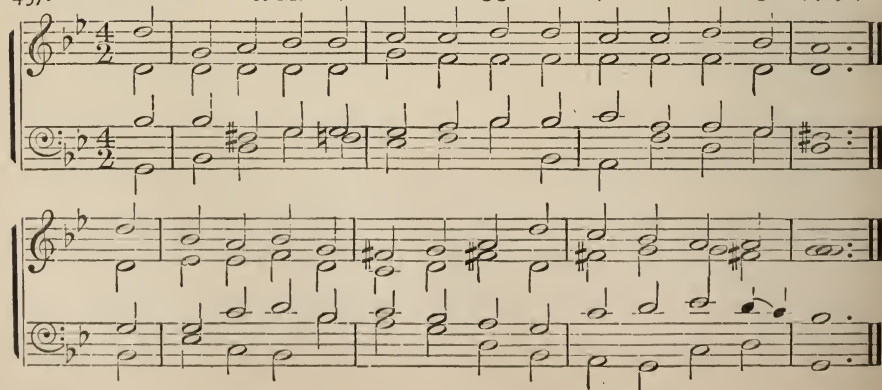
457.

WINTERFELD.

C. M.

("Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.")

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, (1693.)



C. M.

457.

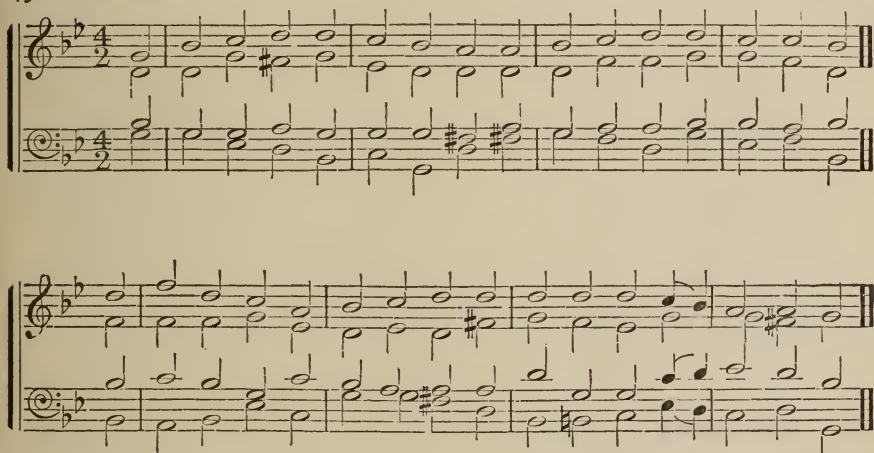
Stayed upon thee.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IN time of fear, when trouble's near,
 I look to thine abode:
 Though helpers fail and foes prevail,
 I'll put my trust in God.</p> | <p>2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?
 What terror has the grave?
 Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,
 The trembling soul will save.</p> |
| <p>3 In darkest skies, though storms arise,
 I will not be dismayed:
 O God of light and boundless might,
 My soul on thee is stayed!</p> | |

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1850.

458. **BABYLON.** L. M.

T. CAMPAN, (c. 1600.)



L. M.

"Te laeta Mundi Conditor."

Worship above and below.

458.

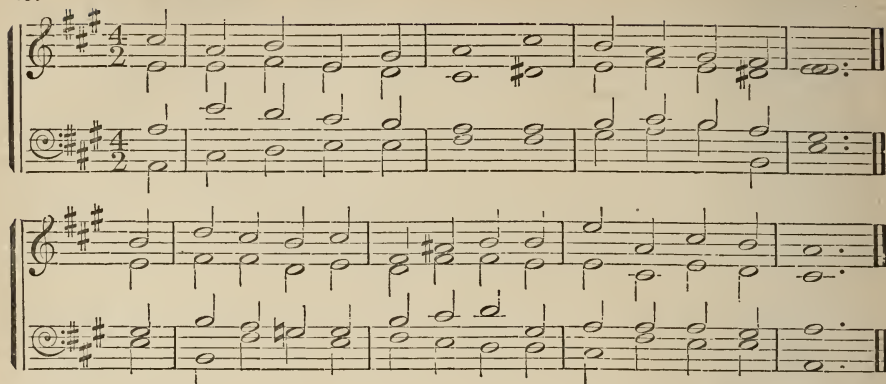
- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU, great Creator, art possessed,
 And thou alone, of endless rest:
 To angels only it belongs
 To lift to thee their ceaseless songs.</p> | <p>2 But we must toil and toil again,
 With weary strength and frequent pain;
 And how can we, in exile debar,
 Lift the glad song of glory here?</p> |
| <p>3 And yet our hearts, that love thee well,
 Still long with thee in peace to dwell:
 O Lord! forbid our souls to roam;
 And fix them on our future home.</p> | |

PARISIAN BREVIARY:
 tr. John Chandler, 1837.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

459. ST. KATHERINE. S. M.

J. H. LEFFLER, (d. 1819.)



459.

S. M.

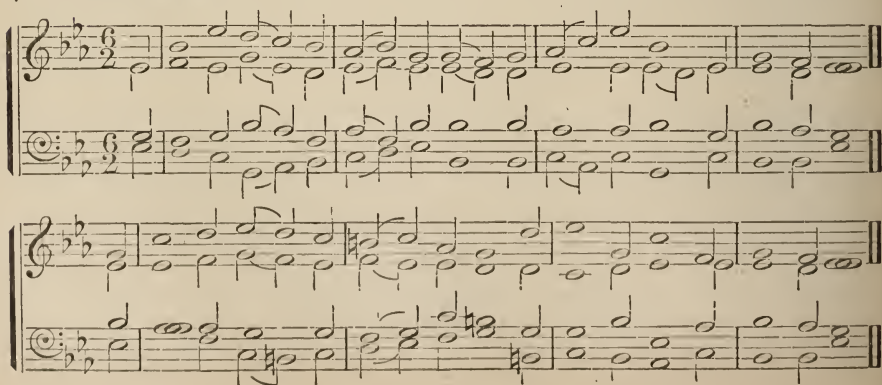
The homeward pilgrimage.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 'FOR ever with the Lord !'—
Amen ! so let it be :
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'T is immortality.</p> <p>2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.</p> <p>3 'For ever with the Lord !'—
Father ! if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.</p> | <p>4 Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.</p> <p>5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.</p> <p>6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,—
'For ever with the Lord !'</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

460. ST. PANCRAS. L. M.

JONATHAN BATTISHILL, (d. 1801.)



L. M.

460.

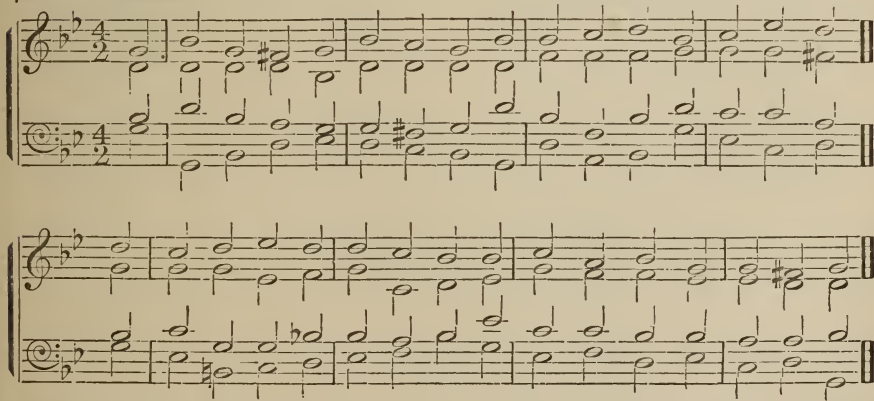
"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 AFFLICTED saint! to God draw
near;
Thy Father's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee,
That 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'</p> <p>2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
'How shall I stand the trying day?'
He has engaged by firm decree,
That 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'</p> | <p>3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee;
For 'as thy day, thy strength shall
be.'</p> <p>4 When called by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'</p> <p>5 When death at length appears in view,
His presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Fawcett, 1782.

461. **READING.** L. M.

W. PARSONS, in DAY'S PSALTER, (1563.)



L. M.

461.

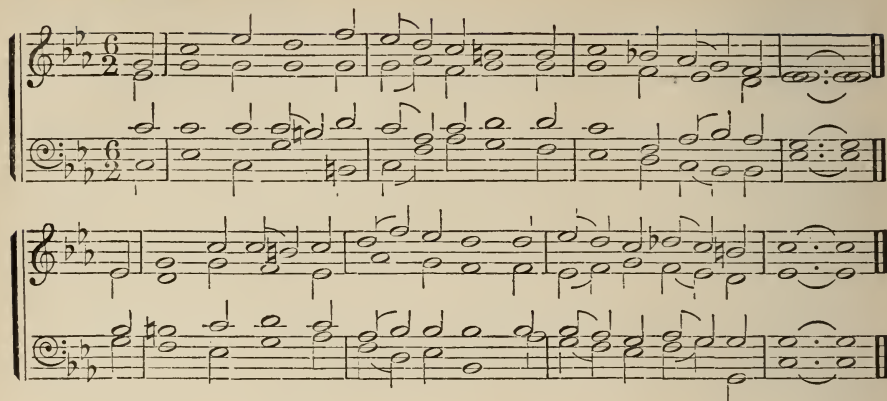
The refuge in storm.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE billows swell, the winds are
high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.</p> <p>2 O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the
storm:
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say 'Peace, be still.'</p> | <p>3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on
thee:
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.</p> <p>4 Though tempest-tossed and half a
wreck,
My haven through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

William Cowper, 1779.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

462. IRELAND. C. M.



462.

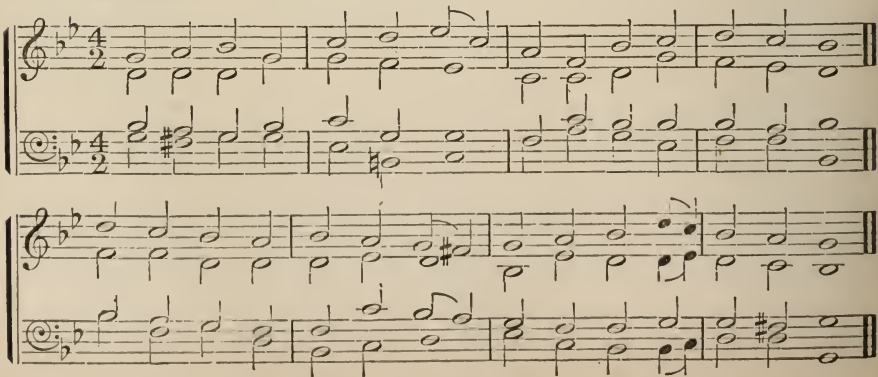
Prayer in grief.

C. M.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 TO thee, my God, whose presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To thee, whose name, whose heart is
love,
With all my powers I rise.</p> <p>2 Troubles in long succession roll;
Wave rushes upon wave;
Pity, O pity my distress!
Thy child, thy suppliant, save!</p> | <p>3 O bid the roaring tempest cease;
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair!</p> <p>4 To thee, my God, alone I look,
On thee alone confide;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on thy grace relied.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Though oft thy ways are wrapped in clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand
The pillars of thy throne.

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1784.

463. MEININGEN. 7 M. ("Sieh, hier bin ich.") JOH. GOTTFR. SCHICHT, (d. 1823.)



7 M.

463.

In temptation. Ps. 70.

1 **H**ASTEN, Lord, to my release;
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes like armèd bands increase:—
Turn them back the way they trod.

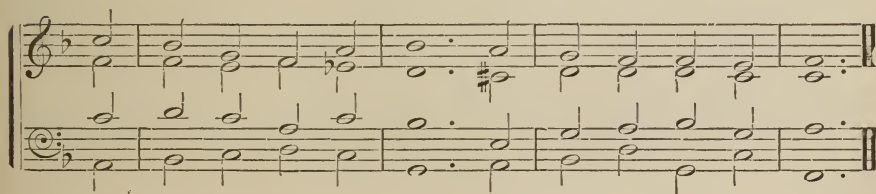
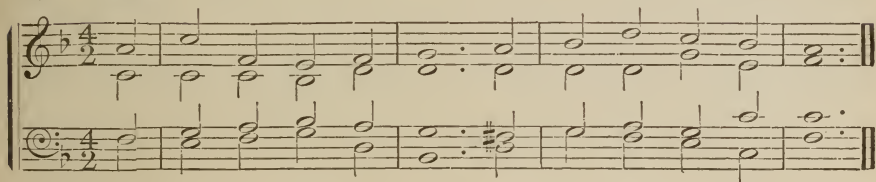
2 Dark temptations round me press;
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise till flesh and spirit fail.

3 Thou mine only helper art,
My redeemer from the grave:
Strength of my desiring heart,
Father! Helper! haste to save!

James Montgomery, 1822.

464 KILSBY. M. 6.

WILLIAM JONES, (d. 1800.)



M. 6.

464.

Prayer for mercy.

1 **M**Y God, thy suppliant hear;
Afford a gentle ear:
For I am comfortless,
And labour in distress.

2 Thy servant, Lord, defend,
Whose hopes on thee depend:
From wasting sorrow free
The heart long vowed to thee.

3 For thou art God alone,
To tender pity prone,
Propitious unto all
Who on thy mercy call.

4 But, O thou King of kings,
From whom sweet mercy springs,—
Then ready to be found
When troubles most abound;—

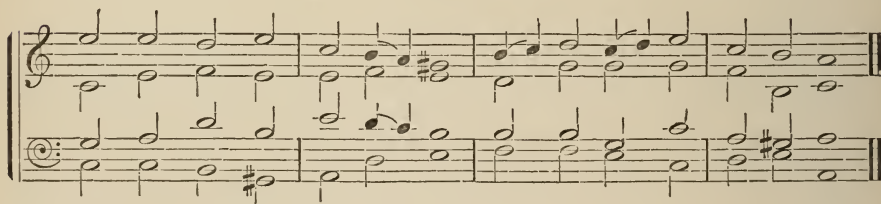
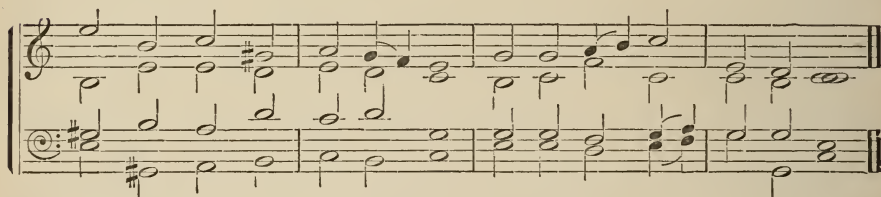
5 O hear my fervent prayer,
And take me to thy care;
Direct me in thy way;
So shall I never stray.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636.

A A

465. PRESBURG. 7 M.

GERMAN.



465.

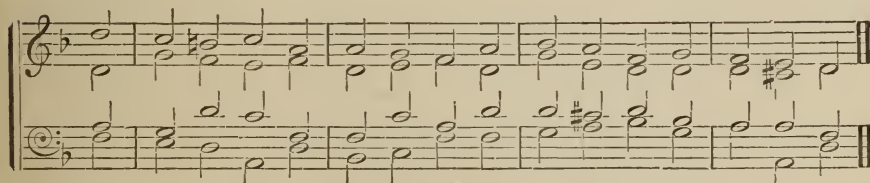
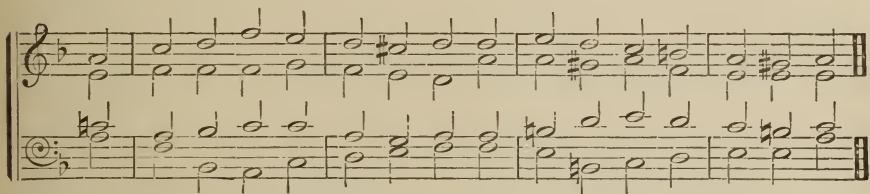
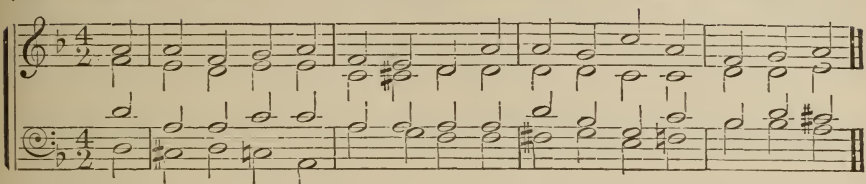
7 M.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" Ps. 42.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
 For my soul within me faints;
 Thee far off I call to mind,
 In the land I left behind,
 Where the streams of Jordan flow,
 Where the heights of Hermon glow.</p> <p>2 Tempest-tossed my failing bark
 Founders on the ocean dark;
 Deep to deep around me calls,
 With the rush of waterfalls,
 While I plunge to lower caves,
 Overwhelmed by all thy waves.</p> | <p>3 Once the morning's earliest light
 Brought thy mercy to my sight,
 And my wakeful song was heard,
 Later than the evening bird:
 Hast thou all my prayers forgot?
 Dost thou scorn, or hear them not?</p> <p>4 Why, my soul, art thou perplexed?
 Why with faithless troubles vexed?
 Hope in God, whose saving name
 Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
 When his countenance shall shine
 Through the clouds that darken thine.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

466. OLD 112. M. 8. ("Vater unser im Himmelreich.") ? MARTIN LUTHER, (1540.)



M. 8.

466.

The angel of patience.

1 TO weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes :
No power hath he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

2 There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance ;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's
ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

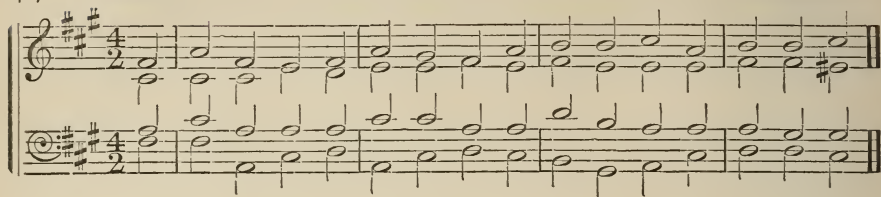
3 Angel of patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear,
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

4 O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers ' Be resigned !
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things
well.'

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, from the German, 1845.

PRAVER IN SPIRITUAL SLEEP.

467. SPIRES. L. M. ("Erhalt uns Herr.") From "Geistliche Lieder," (Wittenberg, 1543.)



467.

"Ach, treib aus meiner Seele."
In spiritual deadness.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU, who all things canst control,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul!
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O let one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night!
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
And holy conquering zeal inspire!
- 3 This deadly slumber when I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal,
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quickening power,
And wake me, that I sleep no more!
- 4 Single of heart O may I be!
Nothing may I desire but thee:
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from thy love.

FROM THE GERMAN:
tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

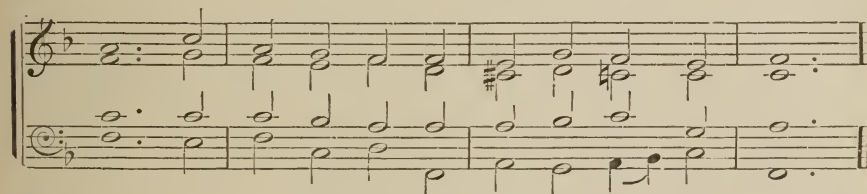
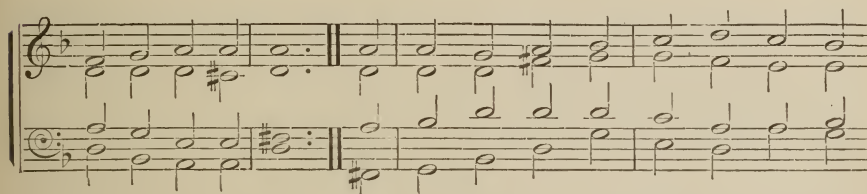
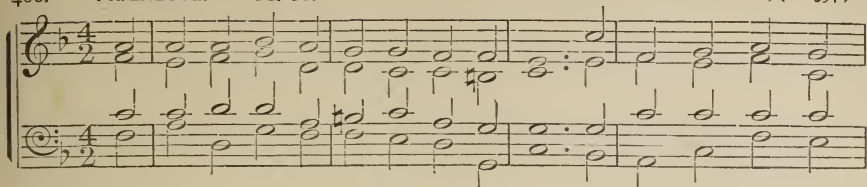
IN NATURAL SORROW.

468.

PRÆNESTE.

M. 10.

GIOVANNI P. A. DA PALESTRINA, (d. 1594.)



M. 10.

468.

In affliction.

- 1 **T**HOU that art strong to comfort, look on me!
I sit in darkness and behold no light:
Over my soul the waves of agony
Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.
- 2 A bruised and broken reed sustain! sustain!
Divinest comforter, to thee I fly,
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain:
Support me with thy love, or else I die.
- 3 Father! whate'er I had, it all was thine;
A God of mercy thou hast ever been:
What I most loved O help me to resign,
And if I murmur count it not for sin.
- 4 My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear
All that remains, whatever it may be;
And from the very depths of my despair
I will look up, O God! and trust in thee.

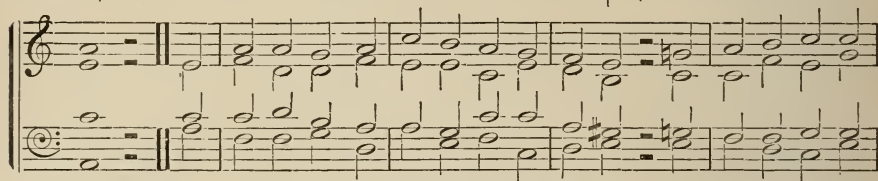
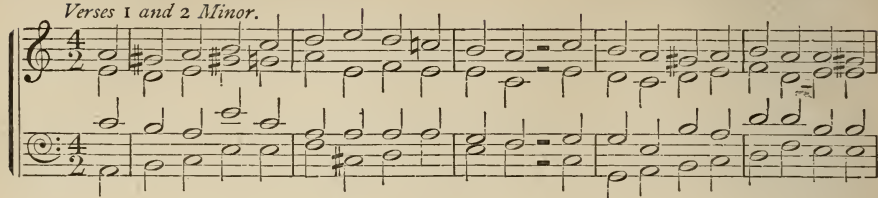
MARY HOWITT, 1834:
alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

IN NATURAL SORROW.

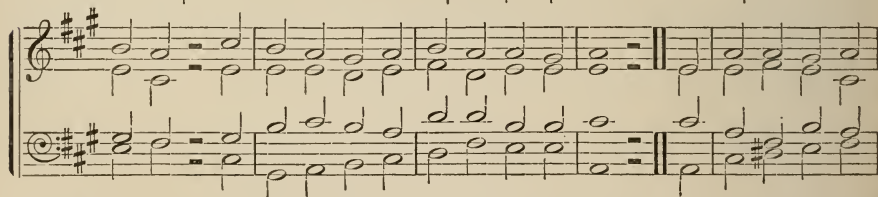
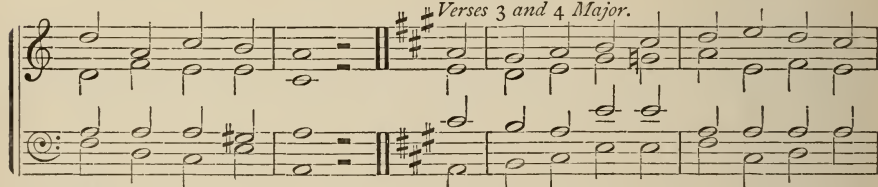
469. OLD 110. M. 11 & 10.

(?) CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, (d. 1572.)

Verses 1 and 2 Minor.



Verses 3 and 4 Major.



469.

"Come unto me."

M. 11 & 10.

- 1 COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father:
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,—

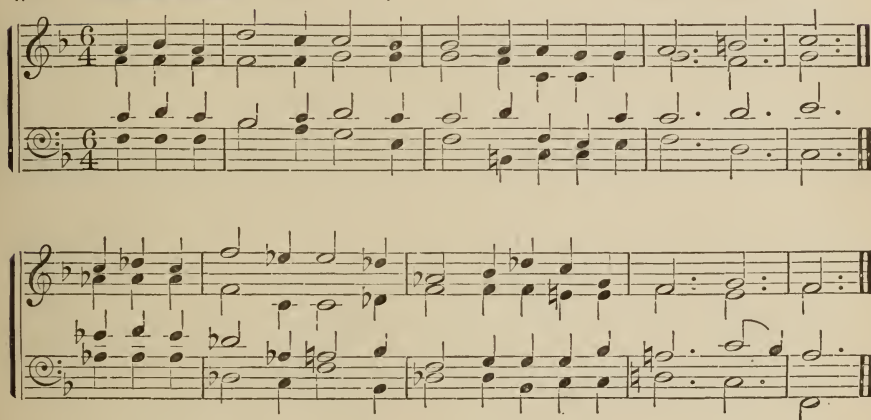
ANGELS OF CONSOLATION.

- 3 Large are the mansions in the Father's dwelling;
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling;
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

CATHERINE H. WATERMAN, 1839.

470. CONSOLATION. M. 11 & 4.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



M. 11 & 4.

470.

Angels of consolation.

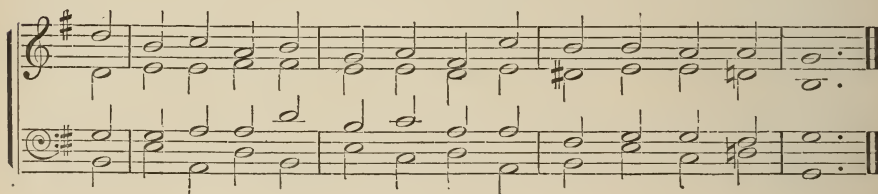
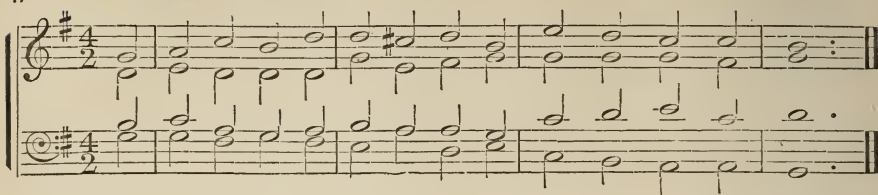
- 1 WITH silence only as their benediction
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;
The good die not!
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he has given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in his heaven.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1845.

MAN PERISHABLE, GOD ETERNAL.

471. SALISBURY. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



471.

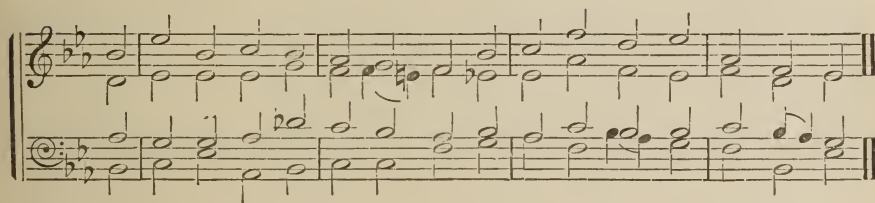
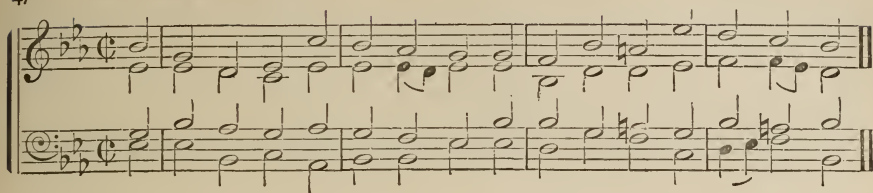
C. M.

Man perishable, God eternal. Ps. 90.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU, the first, the greatest
friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right-hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!</p> <p>2 Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command;</p> | <p>3 That Power which raised and still
upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.</p> <p>4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'
- 6 Thou lay'st them fast, with all their cares,
In adamant sleep:
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.
- [7] They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed.

472. ST. PAUL'S. L. M.

J. F. LAMPE, (d. 1751.)



L. M.

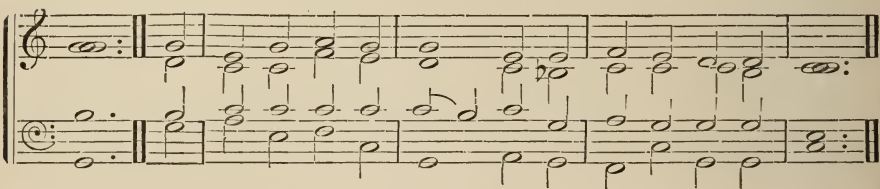
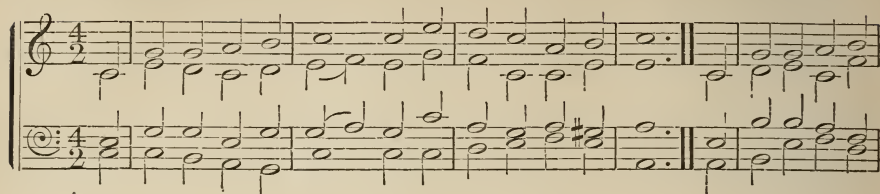
472.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

- 1 GOD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time its being draw ;
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 The thoughtless tribes of mortal men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS.

473. **FRAUSTADT.** M. 7 & 6. ("Valet will ich dir geben.") MELCHIOR TESCHNER, (1613.)



473.

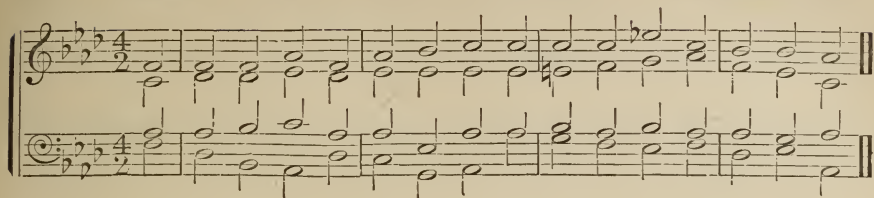
M. 7 & 6.

"Teach us to number our days."

1 O GOD, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene;
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting thou !

2 Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed.

474-5. **SAXONY.** L. M. ("Christ, der du bist der helle Tag.") **GERMAN, (before 1588.)**

L. M.

474.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years; and he died."

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.</p> <p>2 Vain is the boast of lengthened years,
The patriarch's full maturity;
'T is but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.</p> | <p>3 'He lived,—he died;' behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page;
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.</p> <p>4 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly:</p> <p>5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN TAYLOR, 1810.

L. M.

475.

What is your life?

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 AT every motion of our breath
Life trembles on the brink of
death,—
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.</p> | <p>2 A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of
earth;
Moment by moment years are past,
And one, ere long, will be our last.</p> <p>3 Time past and time to come are not;
Time present is our only lot:
O God! henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

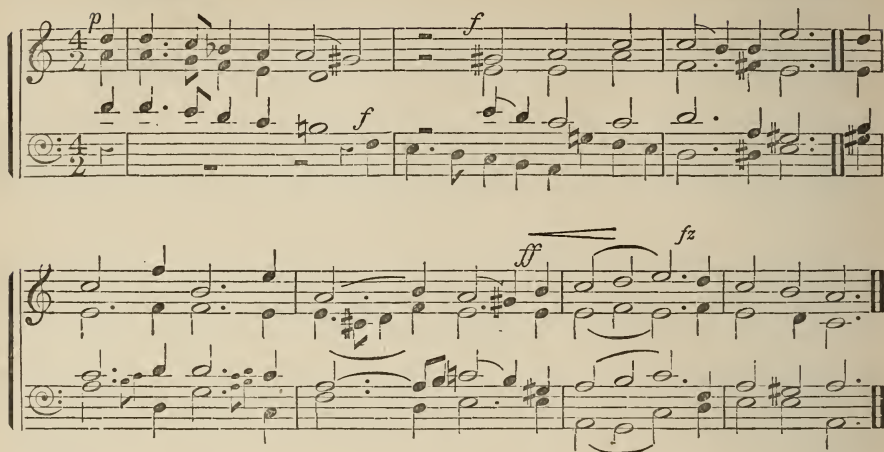
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

476.

LIFE-STREAM.

S. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)



476.

S. M.

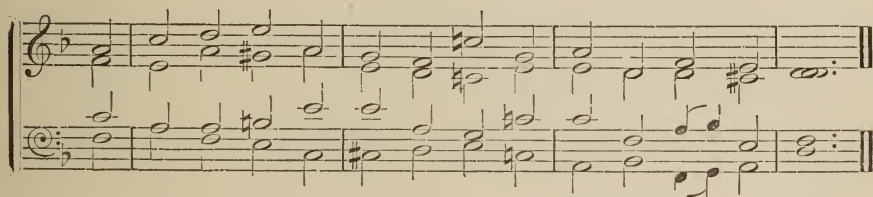
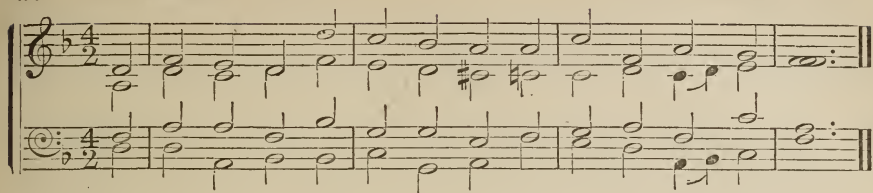
The passage of human generations to eternity.

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour gone!
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought;
While the poor remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell:
Nor other heritage possess
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear!
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

WASTING AND UNWASTING LIFE.

477. ST. MARY'S. C. M.

PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, (1671.)



C. M.

477.

The frailty and importance of life.

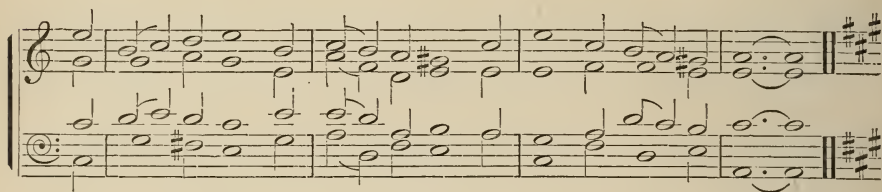
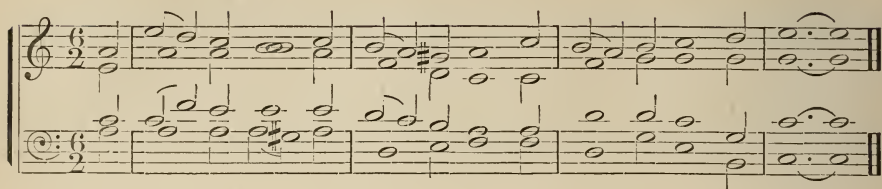
- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.
- 2 Our life contains a thousand springs;
We die if one be gone:
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!
- 3 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
But leaves the number less.
- 4 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stay,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

WASTING AND UNWASTING LIFE.

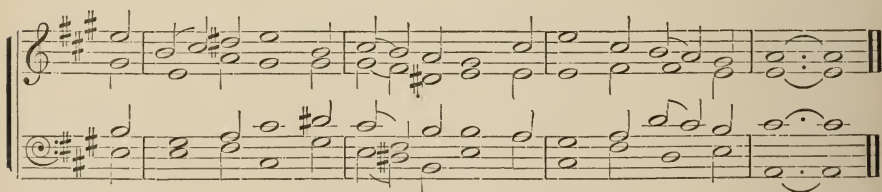
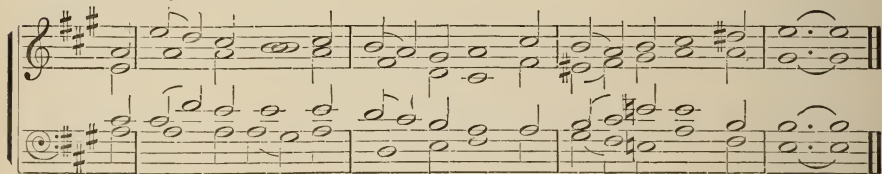
478. CROWLE. C. M.

MAURICE GREENE, (d. 1755.)

Verses 1 and 2, Minor.



Verses 3 and 4, Major.



478.

C. M.

Perishable and eternal treasures.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they
fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.</p> <p>2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.</p> | <p>3 But there are joys which cannot
die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.</p> <p>4 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

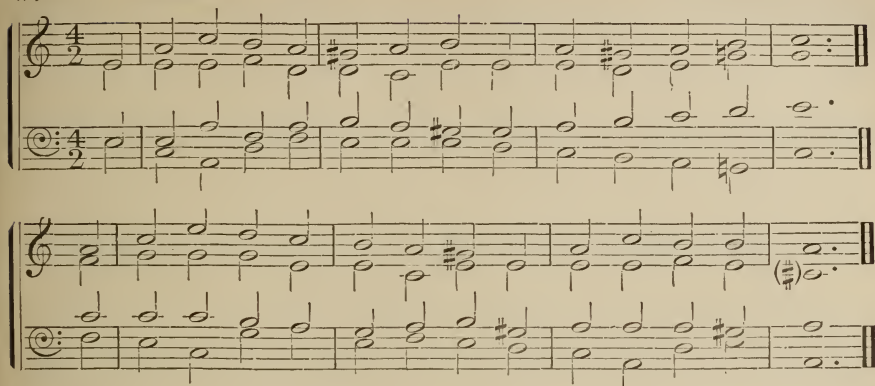
FRAILTY LEANS ON THE EVERLASTING.

479-80.

CULROSS.

C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, (1635.)



C. M.

479.

God's compassion to human frailty.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.</p> <p>2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day,
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.</p> | <p>3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose;
That he by whom our frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.</p> <p>4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.</p> <p>5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

C. M.

480.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

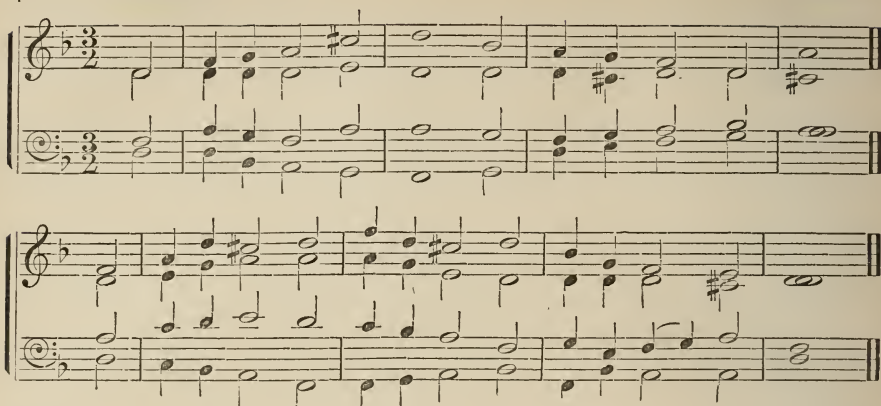
- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 TIME, what an empty vapour 't is!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.</p> <p>2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.</p> | <p>3 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou crown'st the rolling year.</p> <p>4 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name adored!</p> <p>5 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

DEATH CONDUCTS TO LIFE.

481-2. INVERARY. S. M.

HANCOX.



481.

S. M.

The wisdom of numbering our days. Ps. 90.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! what a fleeting breath
Is this our mortal day!
Our life, a winter's frosty wreath
That noontide melts away!</p> <p>2 Alas! how frail the clay
That built our bodies first!
And every month, and every day,
'T is mouldering back to dust.</p> | <p>3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.</p> <p>4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

482.

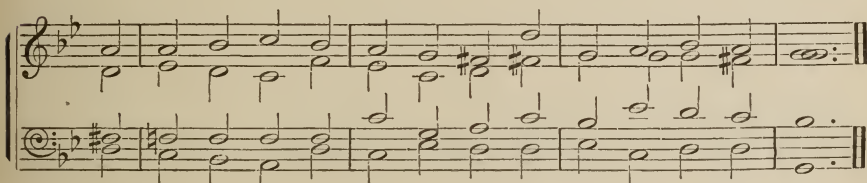
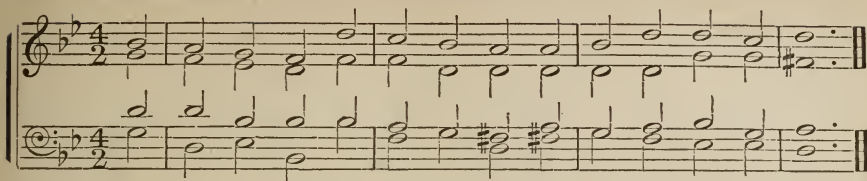
S. M.

Life, frail and brief. Ps. 39.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.</p> <p>2 My life is but a span;
Mine age is nought with thee;
Man in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.</p> <p>3 At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.</p> | <p>4 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.</p> <p>5 A stranger, Lord, with thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourned from age to age.</p> <p>6 O spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

483. NORTHAMPTON. C. M. (Minor: major to h. 96.) From WILLIAM CROFT, (d. 1727.)



C. M.

483.

Warnings of frailty and immortality.

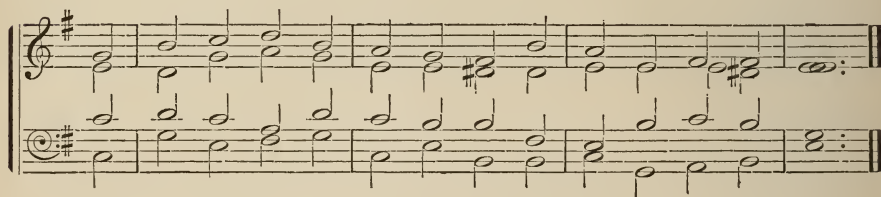
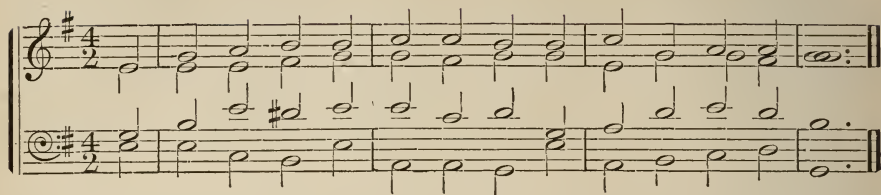
- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead;
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 6 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The boundless fields of light on high
Remind thee of thy heaven.

484.

NORWICH.

C. M.

JOHN MILTON, SENR., (1621.)



484.

C. M.

Prayer for support in death.

1 **W**HEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command :

2 When every long-loved scene of life
Stands ready to depart ;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart :

3 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save !
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

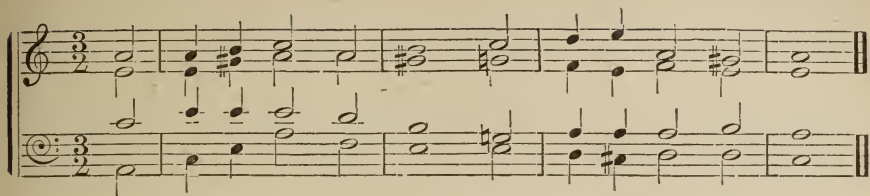
4 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head,
And let a beam of light divine
Illume my dying bed.

WILLIAM BENGOLLYER, 1812.

SUPPORT IN DEATH.

485. KIDDERMINSTER. S. M.

ENGLISH, (before 1766.)



S. M.

485.

Support in death.

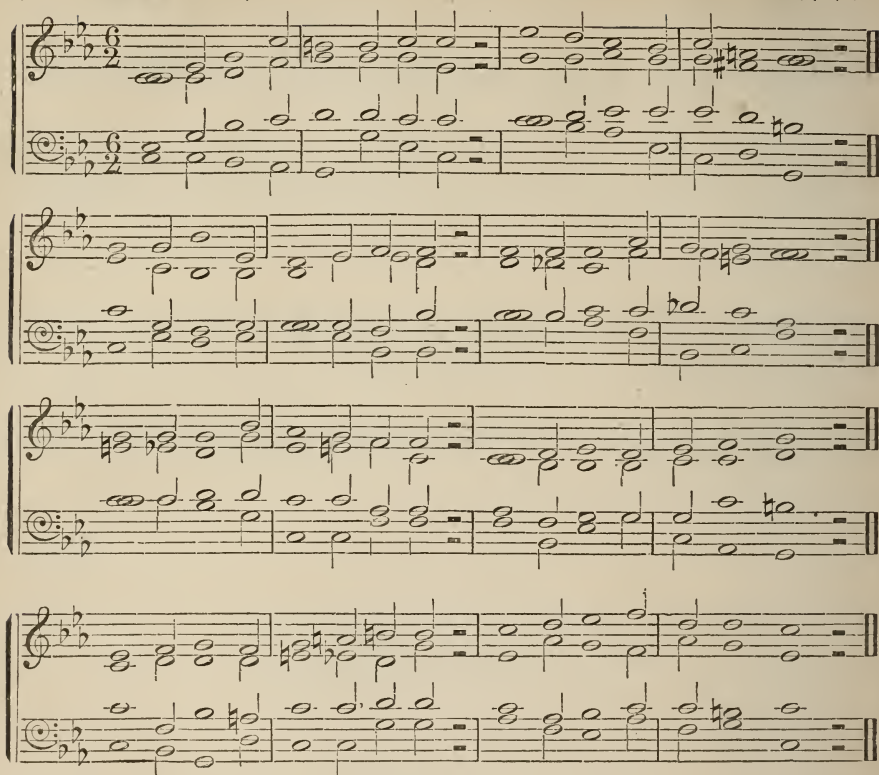
- I BEHOLD the gloomy vale
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead!
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known;
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.
- 3 But see! a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks through these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.
- 4 Where death in darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.
- 5 Dear Shepherd! lead me on;
My soul disdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great Lord is near.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

READY TO DEPART.

486. DAHLEN. 8 & 7 M. ("Lasset uns den Herren preisen.")

JOHANN SCHOP, (1641.)



486.

"I wait till my change come."

8 & 7 M.

1 ONLY waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown:
Till the light of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

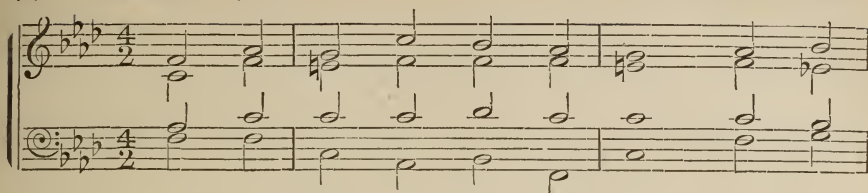
2 Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

FRANCES L. MACE (née LAWTON), 1852.

487. LEMBERG. 7 M.

JOHANN CRÜGER, (d. 1662.)



7 M.

487.

The day of death.

1 **T**HOU inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
'Thou must rise and come away:

2 'All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last.'

3 Day, deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright?

4 Art thou distant, art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear?

5 Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying light and life are o'er?

6 Or with such a gradual pace
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face?

7 Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap? round my bed
Prayer be made, and tears be shed?

8 Or, at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan?

9 Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must
 cleave,
From which parting, it must grieve?

10 Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore?

11 Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

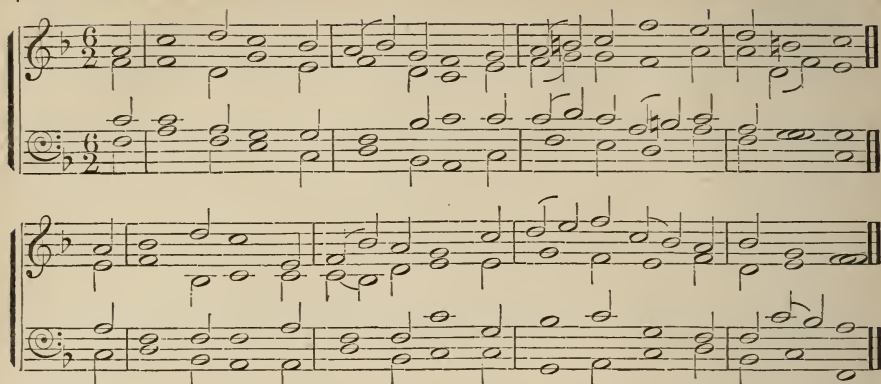
12 Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain,
From its half-divided chain?

13 Little skills it when or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow:

14 Come thou must, and we must die:
God our helper! stand thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

THE ASPECTS OF DEATH.

488. ST. MARK'S. L. M.



488.

L. M.

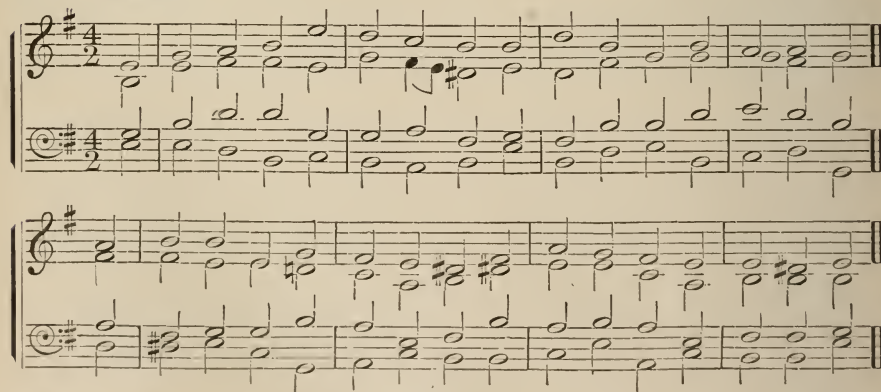
The happiness of the aged Christian.

<p>1 HOW blest is he whose tranquil mind, When life declines, recalls again The years that time has cast behind, And reaps delight from toil and pain !</p>	<p>2 So when the transient storm is past, The sudden gloom, and driving shower, The sweetest sunshine is the last ; The loveliest is the evening hour.</p>
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OLD BRISTOL COLL, 1806.

489. BAMBERG. L. M.

JOHANN CRÜGER, (d. 1662.)



489.

L. M.

A thought on death.

<p>1 WHEN life as opening buds is sweet, And golden hopes the fancy greet, And youth prepares his joys to meet,— Alas ! how hard it is to die !</p>	<p>2 When just is seized some valued prize,— And duties press, and tender ties Forbid the soul from earth to rise,— How awful then it is to die !</p>
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DEATH IN PEACE.

3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched
forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah then, how easy 't is to die!

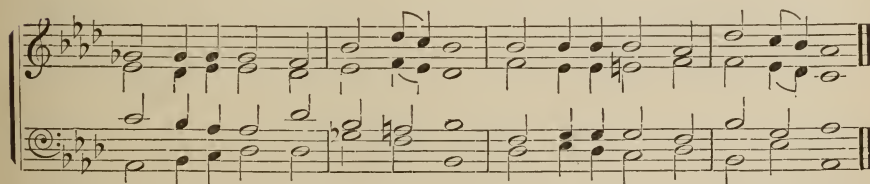
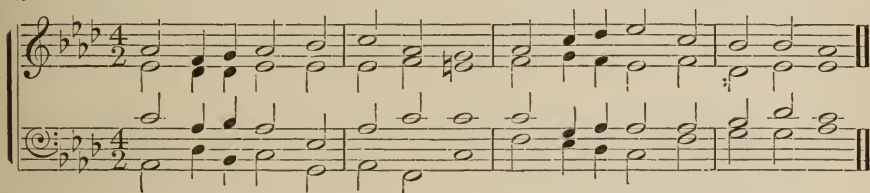
4 When faith is firm, and conscience
clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,—
'T is joy, 't is triumph then to die.

5 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'T is nature's precious boon to die.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1814.

490. SAMARIA. L. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1860.)



L. M.

490.

The death of the righteous.

1 SWEET is the scene when virtue
dies;
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Triumphant smiles the victor-brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
Where is, O Grave, thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death, thy sting?

4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn ap-
pears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

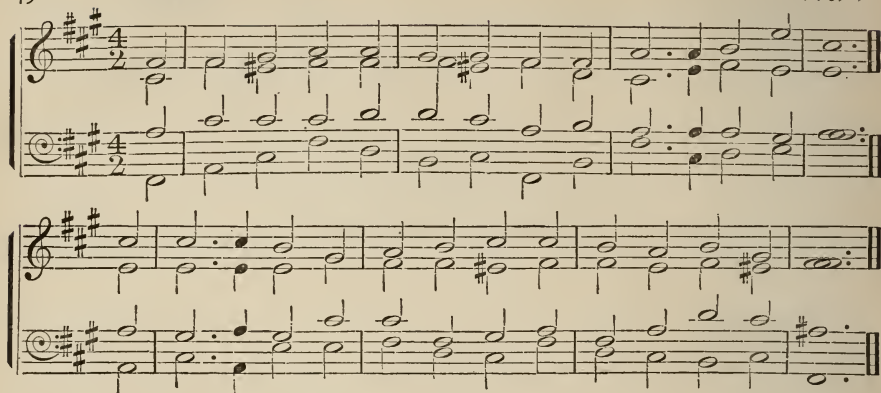
5 Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'Sweet is the scene when virtue dies.'

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1823.

READY FOR THE LONELY WAY.

491-2. CHESHIRE. C. M.

JOHN DOWLAND, (1592.)



491.

The Christian's release.

C. M.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O MOST delightful hour, by man
Experienced here below;
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his woe!</p> <p>2 Worlds should not bribe me back, to
tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.</p> | <p>3 My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to mine eyes,
I have no sight for you.</p> <p>4 So speaks the Christian, firm pos-
sessed
Of faith's supporting rod;
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM COWPER, 1789.

492.

Alone in death.

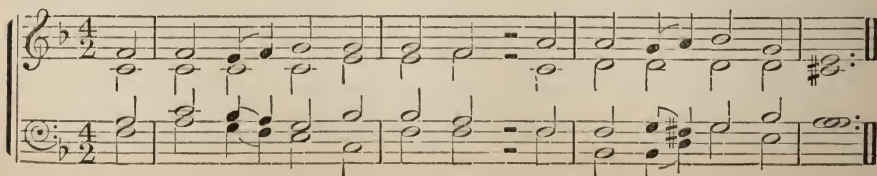
C. M.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU must go forth alone, my soul,
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.</p> <p>2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale;
But he whose word is sure hath said
His comforts shall not fail.</p> | <p>3 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God above;
But shrink not; he hath said, my soul,
He is a God of love.</p> <p>4 His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

MARY ANNE JEVONS (née ROSCOE), 1845.

493-4. KOCHER. M. 7 & 6.

? KONRAD KOCHER, (1838.)





M. 7 & 6.

493.

"He turneth the shadow of death into morning."

1 NOW slowly, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloud-land
Will sink my setting sun.

2 Around my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.

3 Yet still amid the darkness
I feel the light is near;
And in the awful silence
God's voice I seem to hear:—

4 But hear it as the thunder,
Or murmuring of the sea;
The secret it is telling,—
It tells it not to me.

5 Yet hark! a voice above me,
Which says—"Wait, trust, and pray:
The night will soon be over;
And light will come with day."

6 Amen! the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee:
Then to thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.

7 That great unending future!
I cannot pierce its shroud;
But I nothing doubt, nor tremble:—
God's bow is on the cloud.

8 To him I yield my spirit;
On him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death: beyond it
I nothing see but God.

9 Thus moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait his call;
Seeing, fearing, nothing;
Hoping, trusting, all!

SAMUEL GREG, 1868.

M. 7 & 6.

494.

Adieu to a departed Christian friend.

1 FAREWELL, thou once a mortal!
Our poor afflicted friend!
Go! pass the heavenly portal,
To God, thy glorious end!

2 The Author of thy being
Hath summoned thee away;
And faith is lost in seeing,
And night in endless day.

3 With those that went before thee,
The saints of ancient days,
Who shine in sacred story,
Thy soul hath found its place:

4 Acquainted with their sadness,
While in the weeping vale,
Thou sharest now their gladness,
And joys that never fail.

5 No loss of friends shall grieve thee,
That we alone must bear,
They cannot, cannot leave thee,
Thy kind companions there.

6 From all thy care and sorrow
Thou art escaped *today*,—
And we shall mount *tomorrow*,
And soar to thee away.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

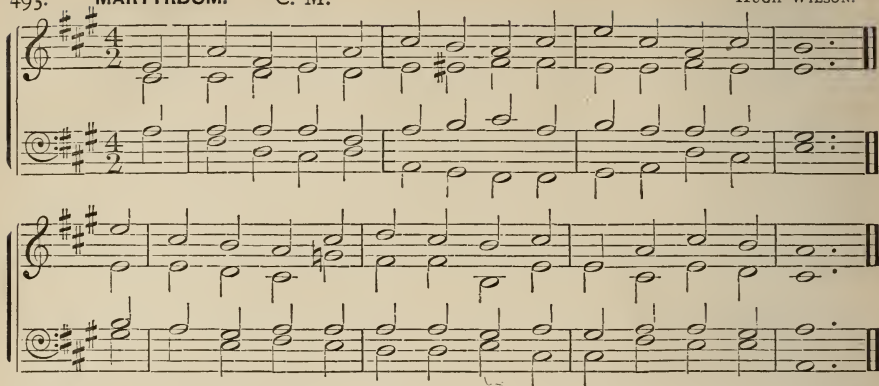
THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

495.

MARTYRDOM.

C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



495.

C. M.

The Christian's evening of life.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.</p> <p>2 The winds breathe low,—the yellow
leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree!
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.</p> <p>3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.</p> | <p>4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.</p> <p>5 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.</p> <p>6 Night falls, but soon the morning
light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY, 1823.

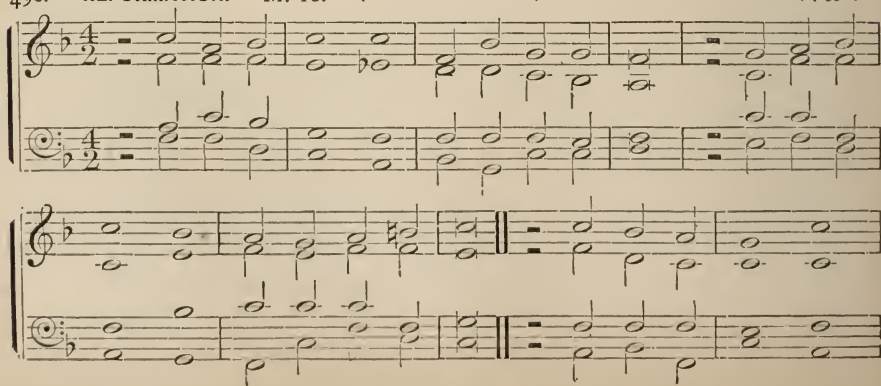
496.

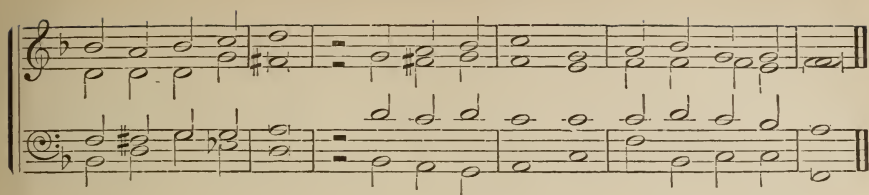
REFORMATION.

M. 10.

("Ich lieb den Herrn.")

GERMAN, (1552.)





M. 10.

496.

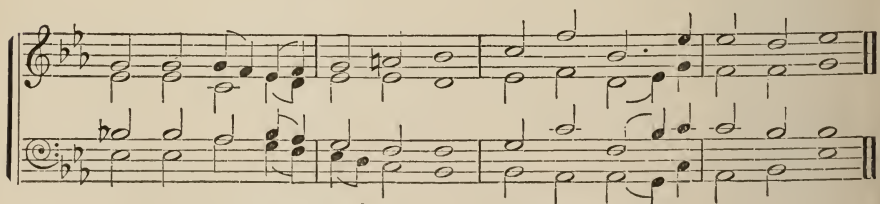
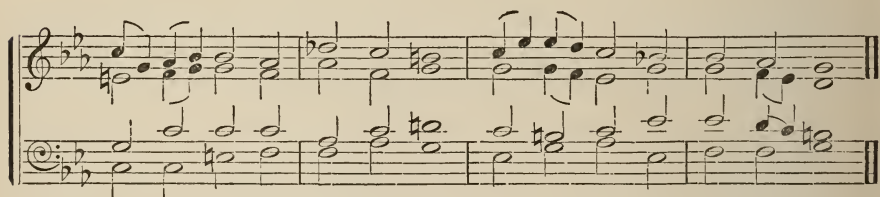
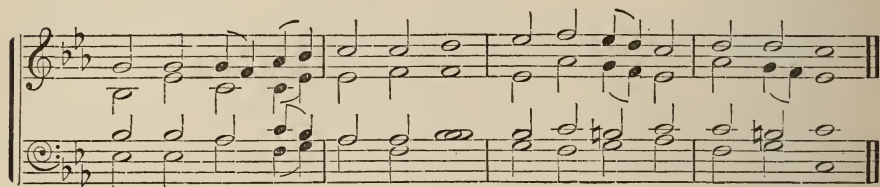
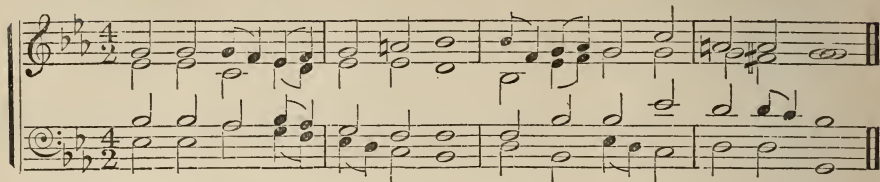
The gathering of the shadows.

- 1 **A**BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But, as a father with his children, Lord,
Tender, compassionate, to access free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Pity for tears, a heart for every plea;
Come, God of mercy, thus abide with me!
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee!
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!
- 6 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 7 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!
- 8 Come then in light 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 and death, O Lord, abide with me!

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEPARTURE.

497. CHRISTIAN'S DEATH. 7 M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1874.)



497.

7 M.

Death.

1 'SPIRIT! leave thy house of clay:
Lingering dust! resign thy
breath:
Spirit! cast thy chains away;
Dust! be thou dissolved in death.
Thus the almighty Father speaks
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 'Prisoner, long detained below!
Prisoner, now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1803.

O DEATH! WHERE IS THY STING?

498. "VITAL SPARK." P. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1874.)

The dying Christian to his soul.

Verse 1.

Vi - tal spark of heav - en - ly flame ! Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame !

The first system of music for Verse 1, first system. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Tremb - ling, ho - ping, linger - ing, fly - ing ; O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing !

The second system of music for Verse 1. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Cease, fond na - ture ! cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life !

The third system of music for Verse 1. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Verse 2.

Hark ! they whis - per ! — an - gels say, 'Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way !'

The first system of music for Verse 2. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

What is this ab - sorbs me quite, Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight,

The second system of music for Verse 2. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the notes.

O DEATH! WHERE IS THY STING?

Drowns my spi - rits, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

Verse 3.

The world re - cedes ! it dis - ap - pears ! Heaven o - pens on my eyes ! my ears With

sounds se - raph - ic ring ; Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly ; O

grave ! where is thy vic - to - ry ? O death ! where is thy sting ?

498.

P. M.

The dying Christian to his soul.

I VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature ! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

2 Hark, they whisper !—angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away !'
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul,—can this be death ?

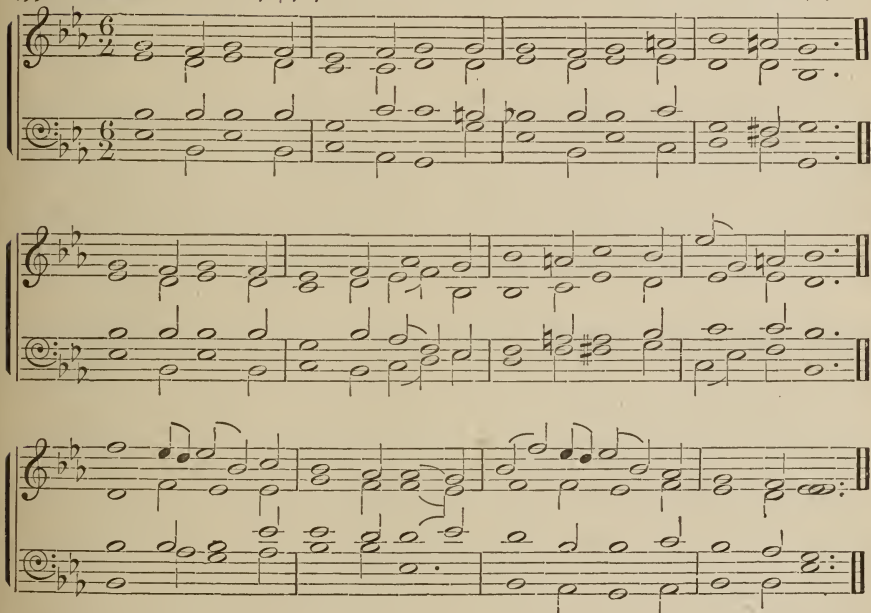
THE NIGHT IS SPENT.

- 3 The world recedes! it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly;
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE, 1712.

499. MERCY. 8 & 7 | 7 7 M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)



8 & 7 | 7 7 M.

499.

The break of day.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LET me go, the day is breaking,—
Dear companions, let me go;
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below:
Upward now I bend my way:
Part we here at break of day.</p> <p>2 We have travelled long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through calm and stormy weather,
And 't is hard, 't is hard to part;
While I sigh 'Farewell!' to you,
Answer, one and all, 'Adieu!'</p> | <p>3 'T is not darkness gathering round me
Which withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me;
But, translated into light,
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.</p> <p>4 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky:
Am I dead? nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die:
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither,—come and see!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

James Montgomery, 1853.

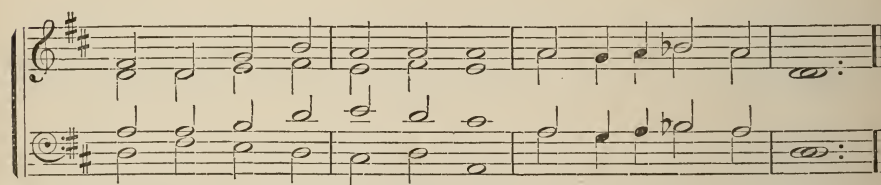
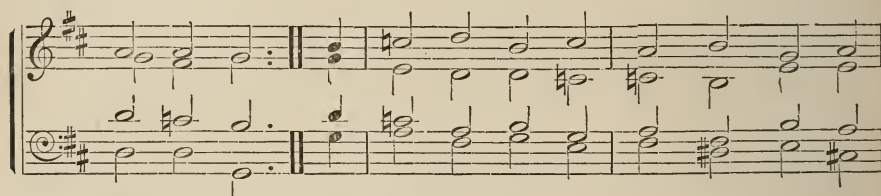
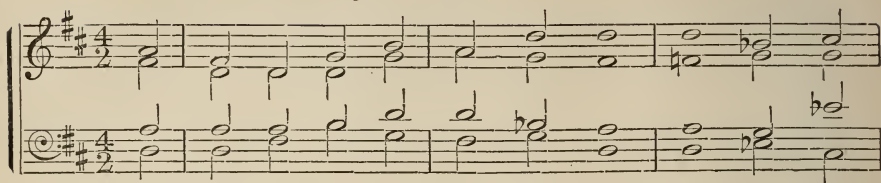
THE PATHS OF DEATH.

500.

PATHS OF DEATH.

M. 8. M. 6.
1. 3. 4. 2. 5.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



500.

M. 8. M. 6.
1. 3. 4. 2. 5.

The paths of death.

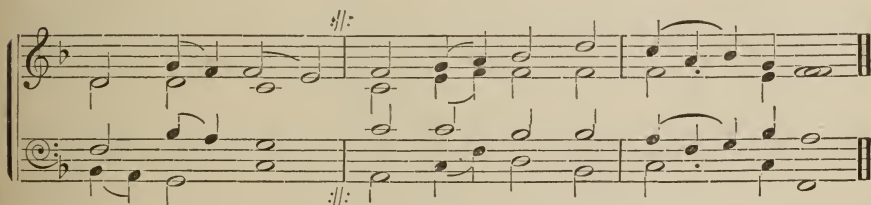
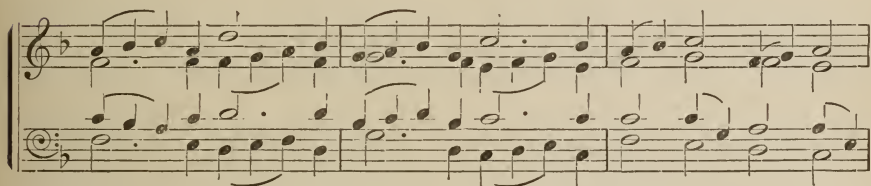
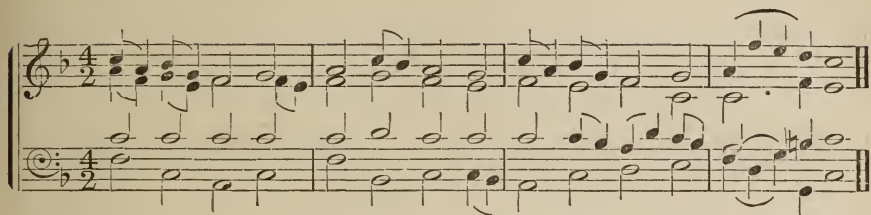
- 1 HOW pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Like the bright slanting west,
Thou ledest down into the glow,
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets
go,
Ever from toil to rest.
- 2 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
Softly and silently we haste,
Into a land of peace.
- 3 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.
- 4 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
The old, the very old
Smile when their slumbrous eye grows
dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each
limb;
Their age was not less cold.
- 5 How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
Straight to our Father's home;
All loss were gain that gained us this,—
The sight of God, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1861.

THE DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS.

501. OPHIR. 8 & 7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



8 & 7 M.

501.

"They rest from their labours."

1 **H**APPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the home of spirits go!

2 Conquer once; then go for ever
Where the weary are at peace;
Nothing there from God can sever;
Troubles of the wicked cease.

3 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, for an endless gain.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

C C

THE DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS.

502. SUPPLIANT. M. 6 | 4 D.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

502.

M. 6 | 4 D.

Funeral prayer.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine!
- 2 O Father! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down;
Sustain us, Thou!

- 3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for thy sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God!
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine!

Felicia Hemans, 1832.

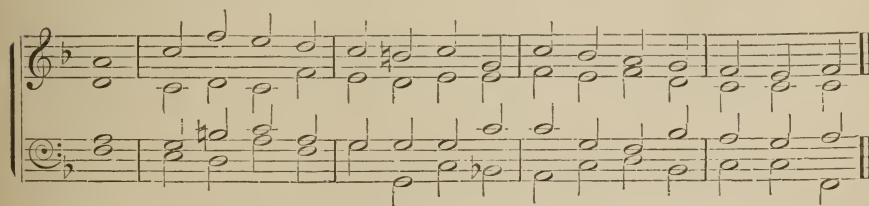
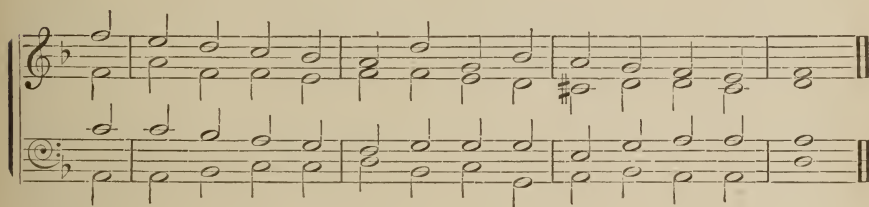
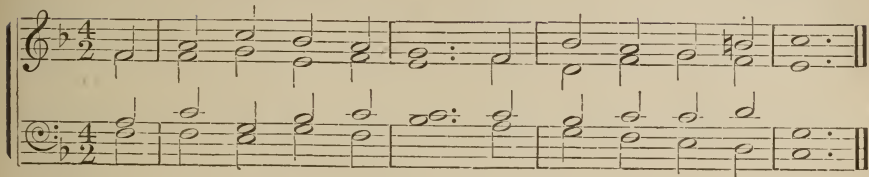
THE DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS.

503.

MOAB.

M. 6. M. 8.
1. 2. 4. 3. 5. 6.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



M. 6. M. 8.
1. 2. 4. 3. 5. 6.

503.

The departure of friends.

1. **F**RRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
—They hide themselves in heaven's
own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1827.

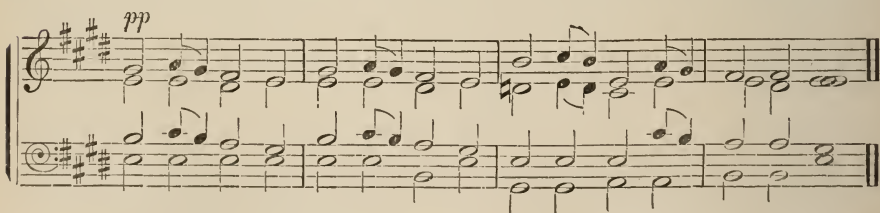
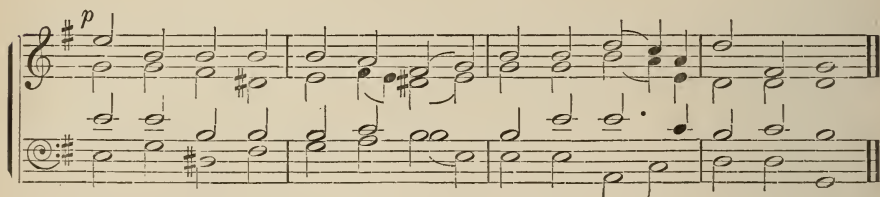
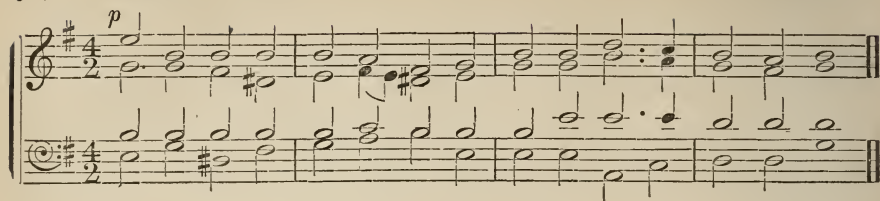
THE DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS.

504.

ANTIOCH.

P. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



504.

P. M.

Funeral hymn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BROTHER! thou art gone before us,
 And thy saintly soul is flown,
 Where the tear is wiped away,
 And the sigh of grief unknown;
 From the burden of the flesh,
 And from care and fear released,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.</p> | <p>2 Thou hast trod the toilsome way,
 Thou hast borne the heavy load;
 But the Christ has taught thy feet
 How to reach his blest abode:
 Now thou sleep'st, like Lazarus,
 Carried to his Father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Doubt, no more thy faith assail;
Nor thy trust in Jesus Christ,
And the Holy Spirit fail:
There thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lov'dst the best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

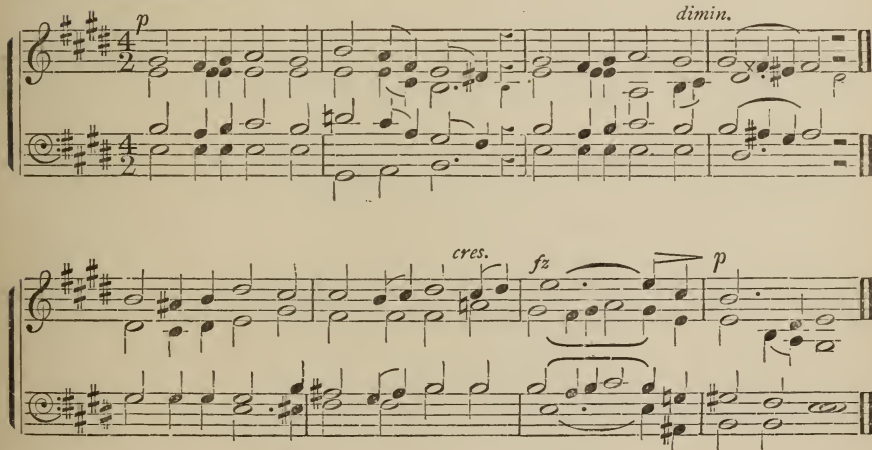
4 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Now the solemn Priest has said;
So we lay the turf above thee,
And we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soareth
Free among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 When the Lord shall summon us
Here in sadness left behind,
O may we,—as pure from evil,—
As secure a welcome find;—
Each, like thee, depart in peace,
There to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Henry Hart Milman, 1822.

505. **HOMEWARDS.** C. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)



C. M.

505.

The eternal rest in God.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

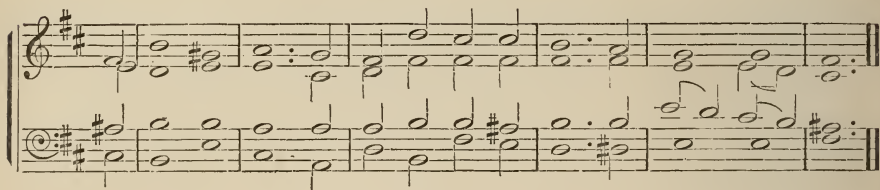
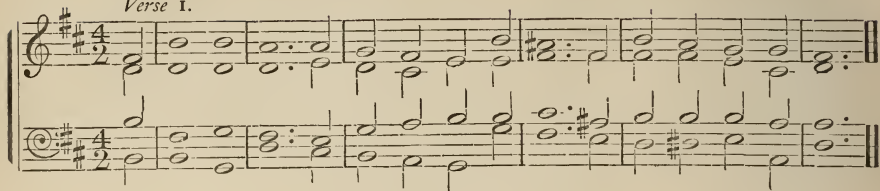
FELICIA HEMANS, 1822.

THE DEPARTURE OF FRIENDS.

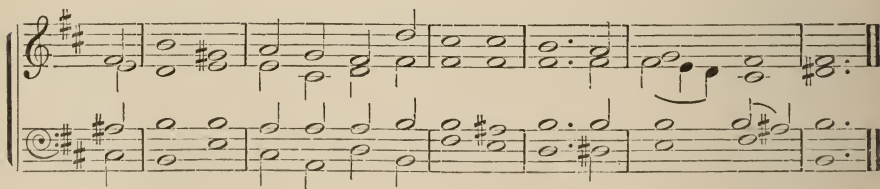
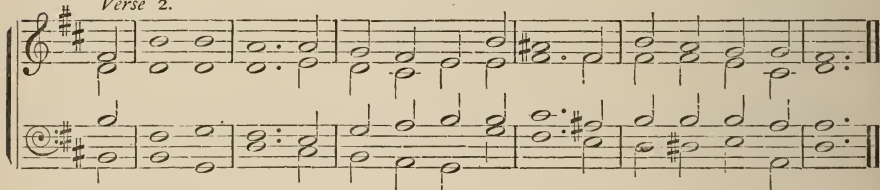
506. FAREWELL. M. 10 & 6 | 4.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)

Verse 1.



Verse 2.



506.

M. 10 & 6 | 4.

The holy dead.

1 **T**HOU God of love, beneath thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope: from this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled.

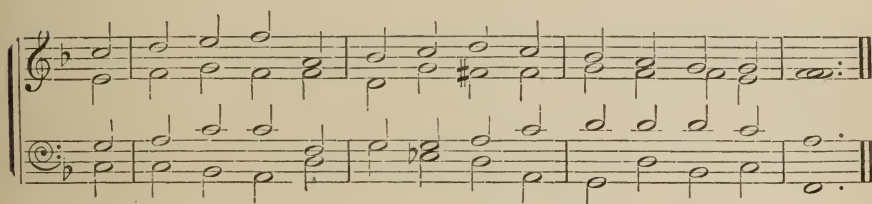
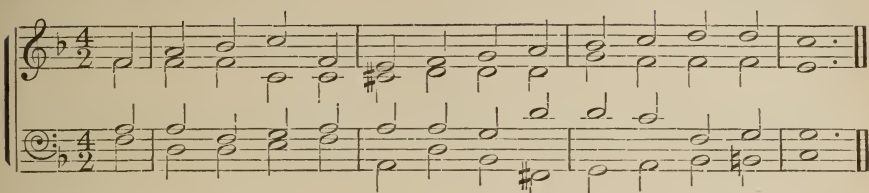
2 O when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close.

JANE EUPHEMIA SANBY (née BROWNE), 1841.

THE DIVINE LIGHT OF DEATH.

507. CAITHNESS. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, (1635.)



C. M.

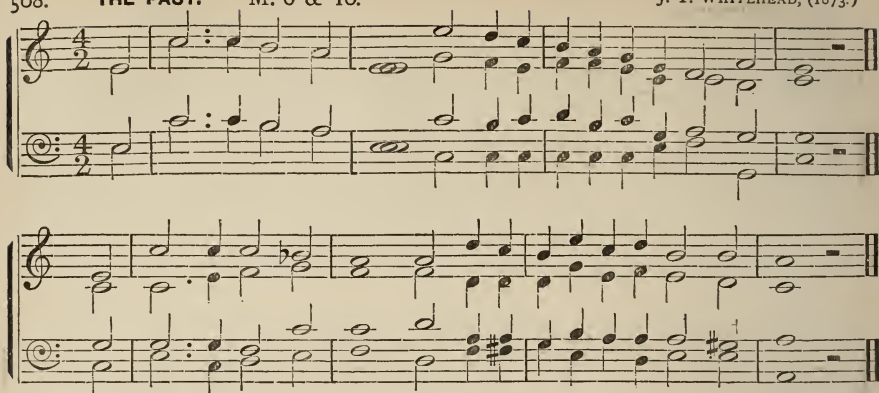
507.

Angels.

- 1 **O** NOT when the death-prayer is said,
The life of life departs !
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.
- 2 At holy midnight, voices sweet,
Like fragrance, fill the room :
And happy spirits' noiseless feet
Come brightening through the gloom.
- 3 We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came ;
We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Father's name !
- 4 This frame, O God ! this feeble breath,
A moment may destroy :
We think of thee, and feel in death
A deep and holy joy.
- 5 Dim is the light of vanished years
In glory yet to come ;
O idle grief, O foolish tears,
When God doth call us home !

508. THE PAST. M. 6 & 10.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)



508.

The past.

M. 6 & 10.

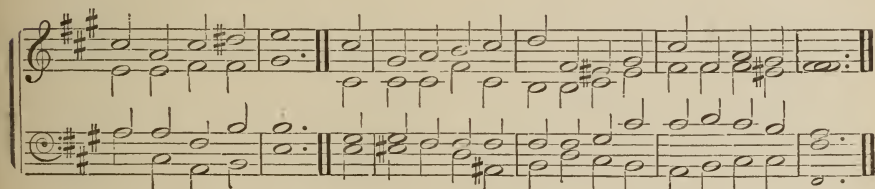
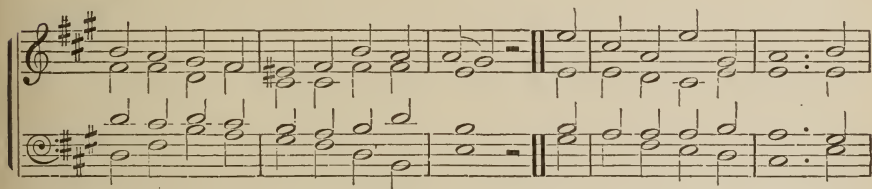
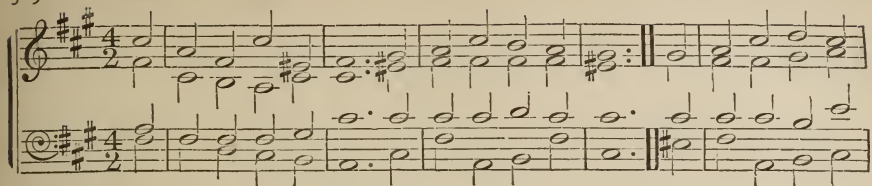
- 1 **T**HOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
- 2 Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends,— the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears,—
The venerable form,—the exalted mind.
- 3 My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back,—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.
- 4 In vain :—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart ;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back,—nor to the broken heart.
- 5 Thine for a space are they ;—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last :
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !
- 6 All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.
- 7 They have not perished ;—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat :—
- 8 All shall come back ; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again :
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 1836.

MOURN NOT THE HOLY DEAD.

509. CYRENE. S. M. D.

? J. F. LAMPE, (d. 1751.)



S. M. D.

509.

" Weep for yourselves, and for your children."

1 WE mourn for those who toil,
The slave who ploughs the
main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
Beneath the stripe and chain:
For those who, in the race,
O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase;—
Why mourn for those who rest?

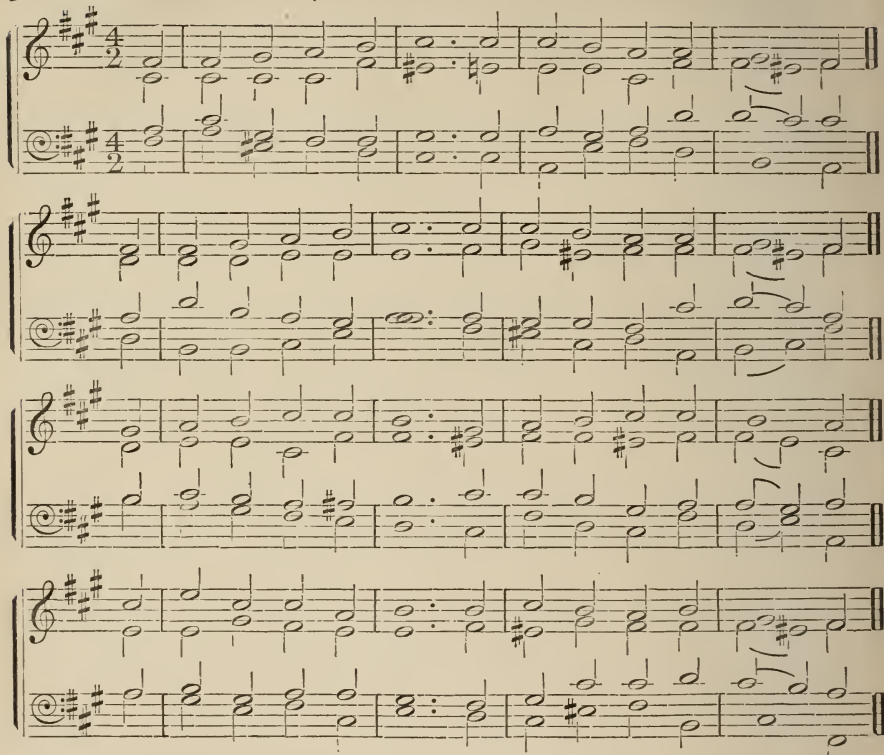
2 We mourn for those who sin,
Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckons in
To prisons of despair;
Whose hearts, by passions torn,
Are wrecked on folly's shore;—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
For those who sin no more?

3 We mourn for those who weep;
Whom stern afflictions bend
With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
Of lover or of friend:
But they to whom the sway
Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
O mourn for them no more!

Lydia Sigourney (née Huntley), 1841.

THE DEAD CONSECRATE LIFE.

510. GÖTTINGEN. M. 6 & 7. ("Auf meinen lieben Gott.") JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, (1627.)



510.

M. 6 & 7.

The memory of the dead.

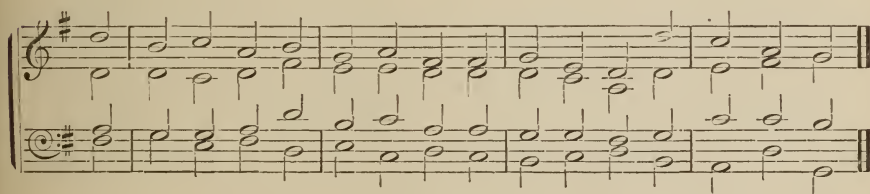
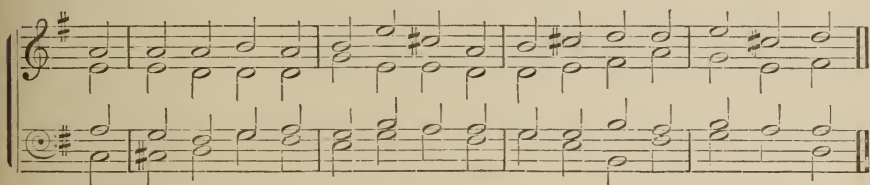
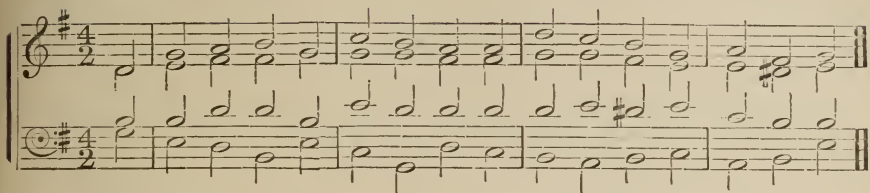
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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O IT is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While whispered yearnings sink
To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.</p> | <p>3 They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.</p> |
| <p>2 Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us:
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places:
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.</p> | <p>4 O dearest dead! to heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you
To him,—be doubts forgiven!—
Who took you there to save you:
O for his grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly!</p> |

Frederick William Faber, 1834.

ALL LIVE UNTO HIM.

511. ALTHORPE. M. 8.

JAMES GREEN'S PSALMODY, (1724.)



M. 8.

511.

"All live unto Him."

1 **G**OD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation
lies!
All souls are thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away:
From earthly toil and strife set free,
They are but living unto thee.

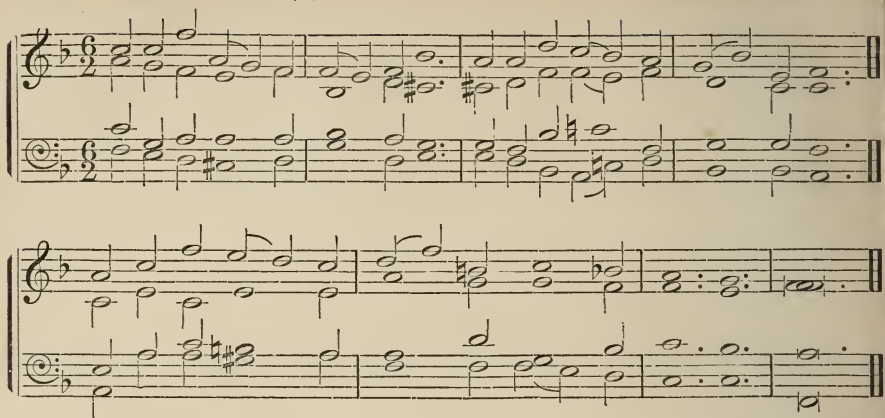
2 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep pro-
found;
Not wandering in unknown despair,
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

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

THE MOURNER'S HOPE.

512-13. ENDOR. M. 8 | 4.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



512.

M. 8 | 4.

The grave.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.</p> <p>2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.</p> <p>3 Ah mourner, long of storms the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam!
Hope! thou shalt reach a sheltering
port,
A quiet home.</p> | <p>4 Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.</p> <p>5 A bruised reed God will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal!</p> <p>6 O traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of
years,
Pursue thy flight.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1804.

513.

M. 8 | 4.

The departing spirit.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground;</p> <p>3 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die!</p> | <p>2 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from
clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1804.

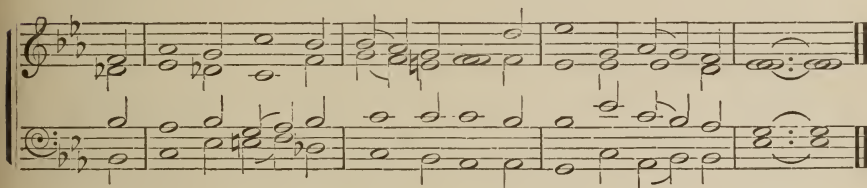
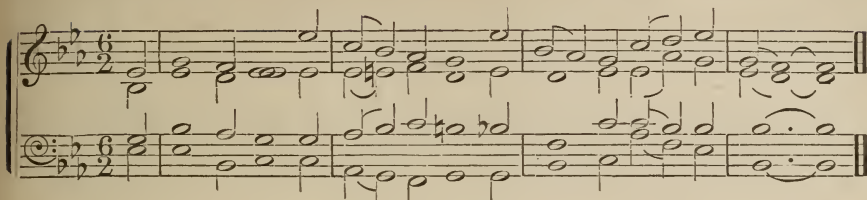
THE SOUL CALLED HOME.

514

MANCHESTER.

C. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1782)



C. M.

514.

The soul called to immortality by its Creator.

- 1 ADORE, my soul, that awful name
To which the angels bow,
By which the worlds from nothing came,
The heaven of heavens, and thou.
- 2 The God who sits enthroned above
Thy breath of life has given :
His voice, in thunder and in love,
Calls thee from earth to heaven.
- 3 This speck of earth is not thy home,
Nor mortal joys thine end :
Beyond the starry-spangled dome
Thy boundless views extend.
- 4 Why fondly pluck the withering flowers
That only deck thy tomb,
While amaranthine wreaths and bowers
For thee immortal bloom ?
- 5 Resign thy joys and hopes to God ;
Cast flesh and sin away :
Pursue the path the Saviour trod,
And rise to endless day.

THE SOUL CALLED HOME.

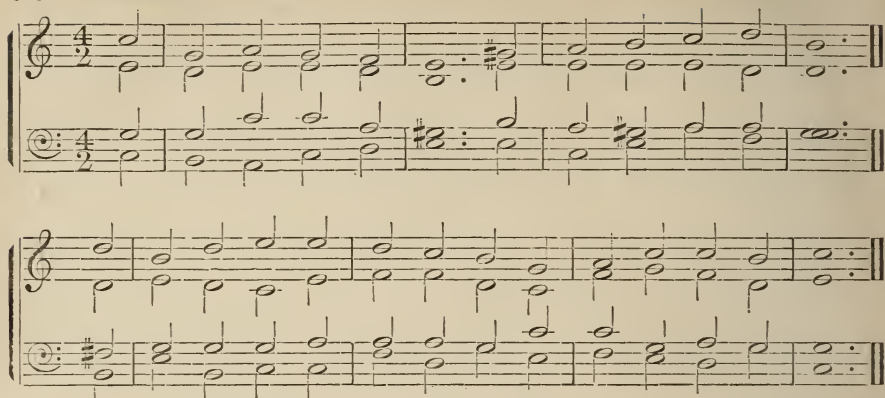
515.

DRESDEN.

S. M.

("Ich freue mich in dir.")

GERMAN, (c. 1700.)



515.

S. M.

The hopes of faith.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOW dark, how desolate,
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring, on hope's bright
wing,
O God, to heaven and thee!</p> <p>2 And sometimes streaks of light
And sunny beams we see;
They shine so bright through sorrow's
night,
They needs must come from thee.</p> | <p>3 So shall a morning dawn,
When earthly shades are o'er,
Whose smiling ray shall wake a
day
That night shall cloud no more.</p> <p>4 Blest hope! and sure as blest!
Life's shades of misery
Shall soon be past, and joy at last
Give us to heaven and thee!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

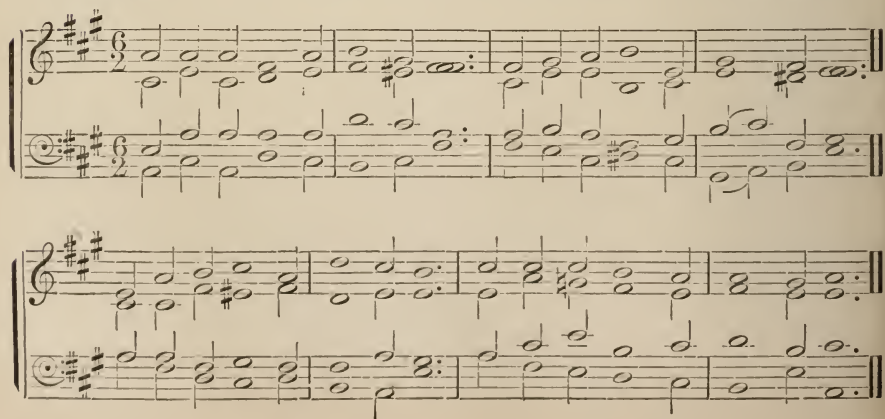
516.

BRESLAU.

L. M.

("Herr Jesu Christ, mein Lebens-licht.")

CLAUDERI PSALMODIA, (1636.)



L. M.

516.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

1 O STAY thy tears! for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil
is done:

Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noon-day sun.

2 How blest are they, whose transient
years

Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded,
bright!

3 O cheerless were our lengthened
way;

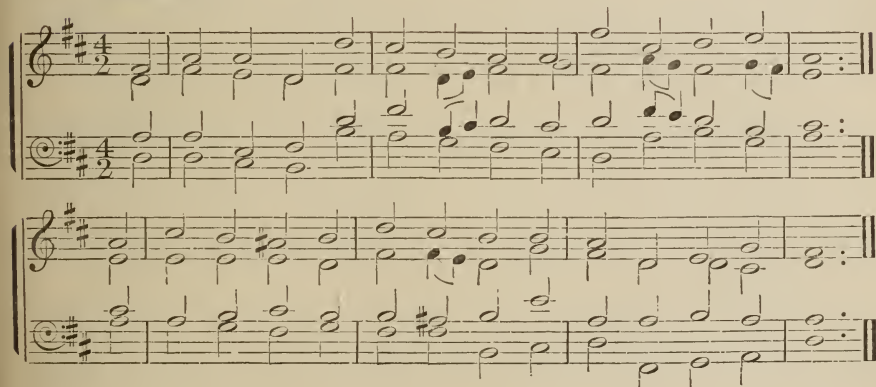
But heaven's own light dispels the
gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 Then stay thy tears: the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
And why should anguish reign on
earth?

ANDREWS NORTON, 1812.

517. WESTMINSTER. C. M.

JAMES TURLE, (1835.)



C. M.

517.

Nature transitory; the soul immortal.

1 HOW glorious are those orbs of
light,
In all their bright array,
That gem the ebon brow of night,
Or pour the blaze of day!

2 See lovely Nature raise her head,
In various graces dressed;
Her lucid robe by ocean spread,
Her verdant, flowery vest.

3 Unnumbered tribes obey her will;
Her bounty each displays:
She smiles, and every grove and hill
Is vocal in her praise.

4 One gem, of purest ray, divine,
Alone disclaims her power;
Still brighter shall its glories shine,
When hers are seen no more.

5 Her pageants pass, nor leave a trace;
The soul no change shall fear;
The God of nature and of grace
Has stamped his image there.

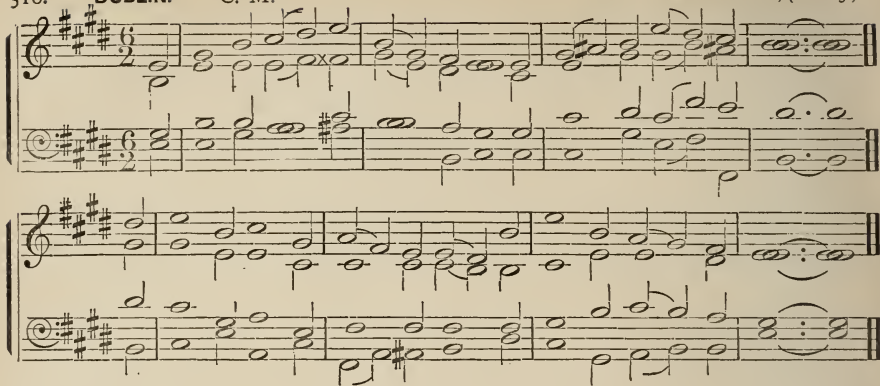
6 Nor life, nor death, its trust shall
move,
Nor powers, nor worlds unknown;
Responsive to its Maker's love,
And prostrate at his throne.

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, 1826.

NOT ALL IS TRANSIENT.

518. DUBLIN. C. M.

RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1825.)



518.

C. M.

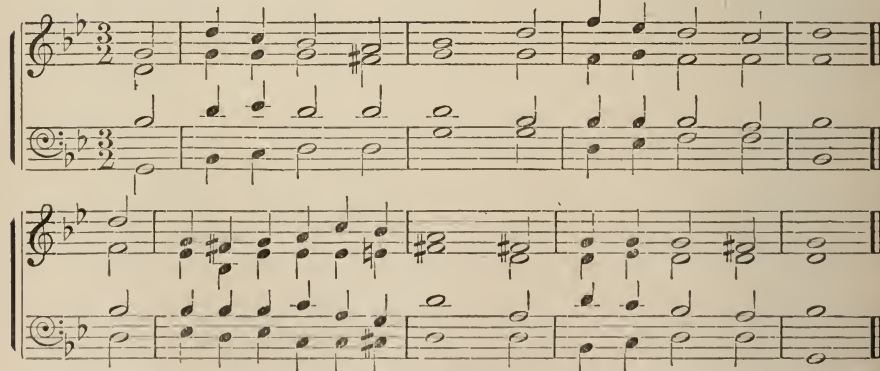
Changes of nature types of immortality.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 A S' twilight's gradual veil is spread
 Across the evening sky;
 So man's bright hours decline in shade,
 And mortal comforts die.</p> <p>2 Fair summer's bloom and autumn's
 glow
 In vain pale winter brave;
 Nor youth, nor age, nor wisdom know
 A ransom from the grave.</p> | <p>3 But morning dawns and spring re-
 vives,
 And genial hours return;
 So man's immortal soul survives,
 And scorns the mouldering urn.</p> <p>4 When this vain scene no longer charms,
 Or swiftly fades away,
 He sinks into a Father's arms,
 Nor dreads the coming day.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, 1814.

519. AYLESBURY. S. M.

JAMES GREEN'S PSALMODY, (1724.)



519.

S. M.

The issues of life and death.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole:</p> | <p>2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'T is not the <i>whole</i> of life, to live,—
 Nor <i>all</i> of death, to die.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

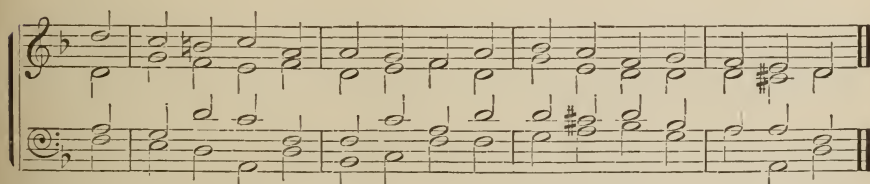
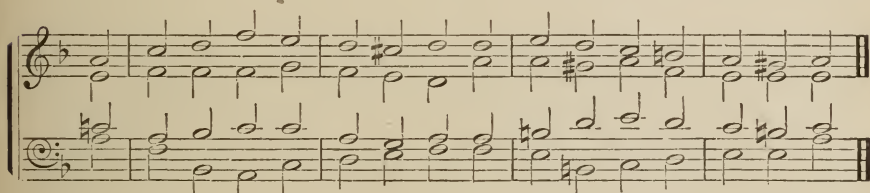
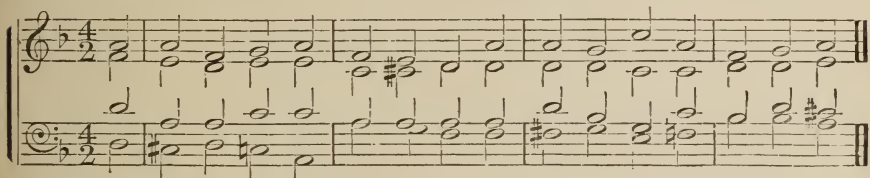
THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

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

4 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

520. OLD 112. M. 8. ("Vater unser im Himmelreich.") MARTIN LUTHER (?), (1540.)



M. 8.

520.

The angel by the tomb.

1 THE mourners came at break of
day
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With darkened hearts to weep and
pray
For him, the loved one buried there:
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

2 The earth doth mourn her treasures
lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low:
The spring returns, the flowerets
bloom;—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

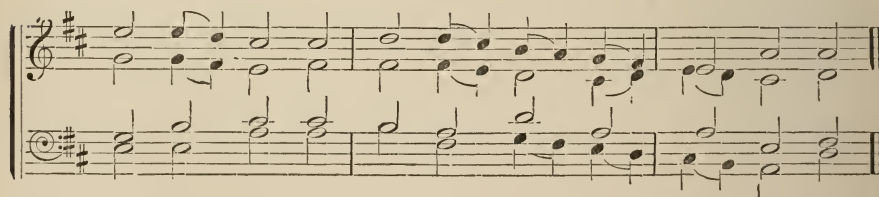
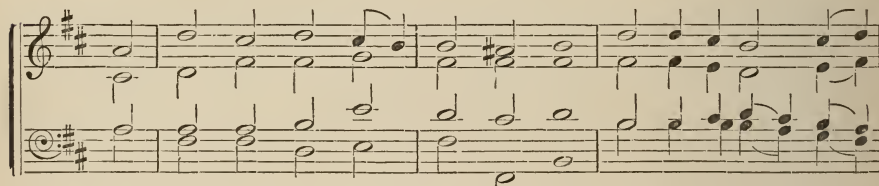
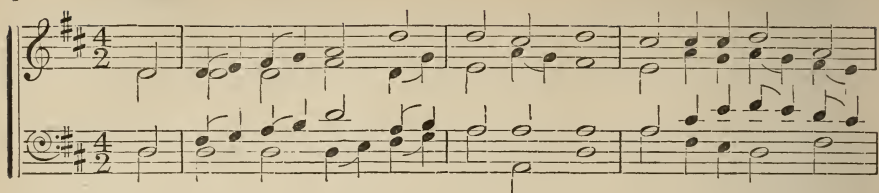
3 Then mourn we not beloved dead;
E'en while we come to weep and pray,
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day:
Immortal hope dispels the gloom!
An angel sits beside the tomb.

SARAH FULLER ADAMS (née FLOWER), 1840.

THE AWFUL HOPE.

521. DIDSBURY. M. 8 D.

CHETHAM'S PSALMODY, (1736.)



521.

M. 8 D.

The awful hope.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! in prayer to thee
 I bow the head, and bend the knee,
 With trembling lips, and soul resigned:
 Ere long this heart must glow no more;
 This fleeting life will soon be o'er,
 And vanish as the passing wind.
- 2 But thou, O Spirit, prompt to save,
 Wilt brood upon the shrouded grave,
 While wrapt in earth thy offspring sleeps:
 As o'er her infant's midnight bed,
 With bosomed breath, and silent tread,
 Her secret watch the mother keeps.

THE SOUL'S NATIVE AIR.

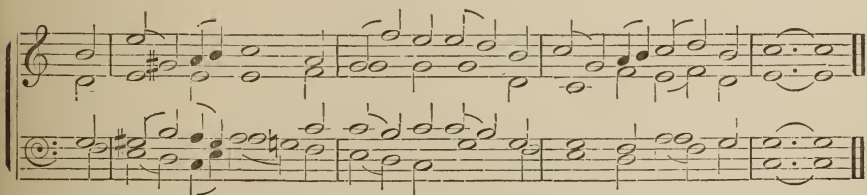
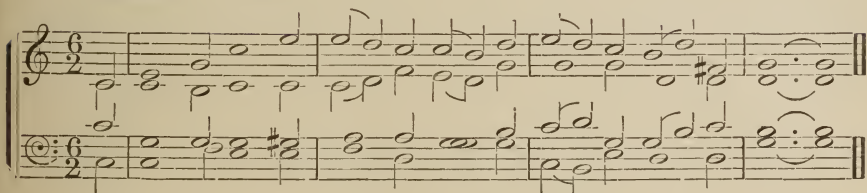
3 O thou that dwell'st enthroned on high!
 O God of heaven! we shall not die;
 Omnipotent, All-wise, and Just!
 Death shall resign his iron sway,
 And love, that beams eternal day,
 Shall warm our ashes in the dust.

4 But how shall man abide with thee
 Through ages of eternity,
 When suns shall shed their beams no more?
 With awe-struck soul I fear the birth,
 And sinking on my mother earth,
 I faint, I tremble, and adore!

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE, 1826.

522. SPRING. C. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



C. M.

522.

The imperishable blessedness of the good.

1 SWEET Day! so cool, so calm, so
 bright,
 Bridal of earth and sky;
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou, alas! must die.

2 Sweet Rose! in air whose odours wave,
 And colour charms the eye;
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou, alas! must die.

3 Sweet Spring! of days and roses made,
 Whose charms for beauty vie;
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
 Thou too, alas! must die.

4 Only a sweet and holy soul
 Hath tints that never fly:
 While flowers decay, and seasons
 roll,
 It lives, and cannot die.

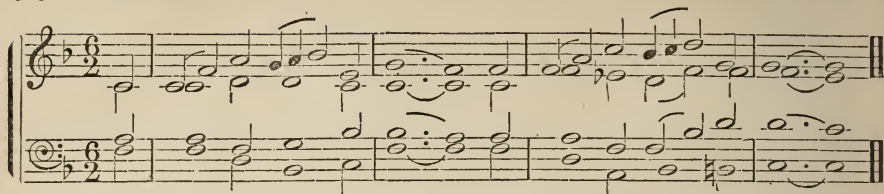
GEORGE HERBERT, 1632:
 alt. (chiefly by) Bishop George Horne, 1795.

D D 2

THE SOUL'S NATIVE AIR.

523. KIRKDALE. S. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



523.

S. M.

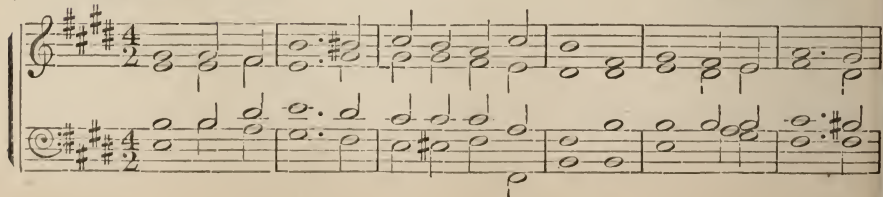
Looking upward.

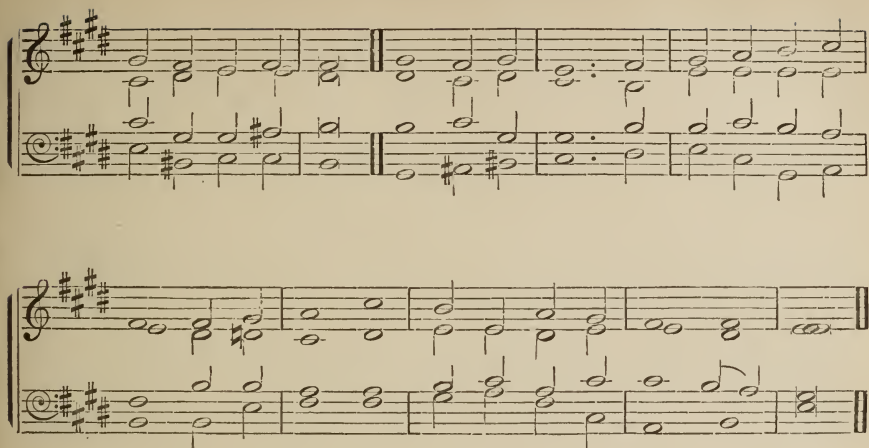
- 1 THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round;
Father! I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grovelling on the ground.
- 2 My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high,—
- 3 Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.
- 4 Vain world, farewell to you!
Heaven is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

524. HEAVENLY CHOIR. M. 11 & 10.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)





M. 11 & 10.

524.

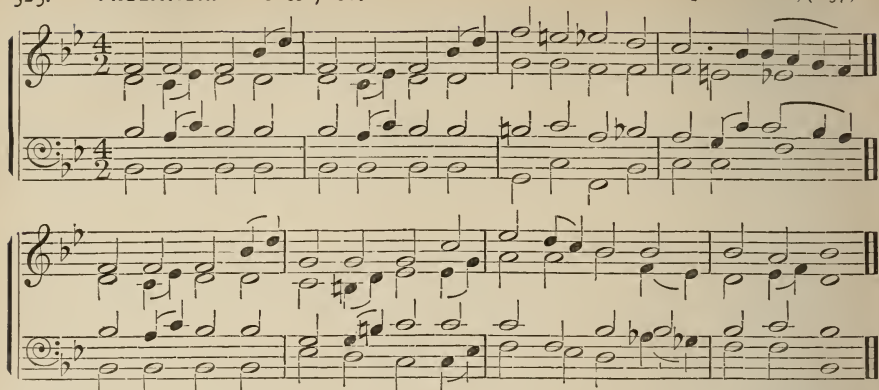
The strains of heaven.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !
- 2 Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
 And, like benighted men, we miss our mark :
 God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
 Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.
- 3 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past :
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- 4 Cheer up, my soul ! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
 Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea ;
 And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
 To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
- 5 Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping ;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
 Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

I WILL WAIT TILL MY CHANGE COME.

525. PROBATION. 8 & 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1854.)



525.

Heaven welcome only to the prepared.

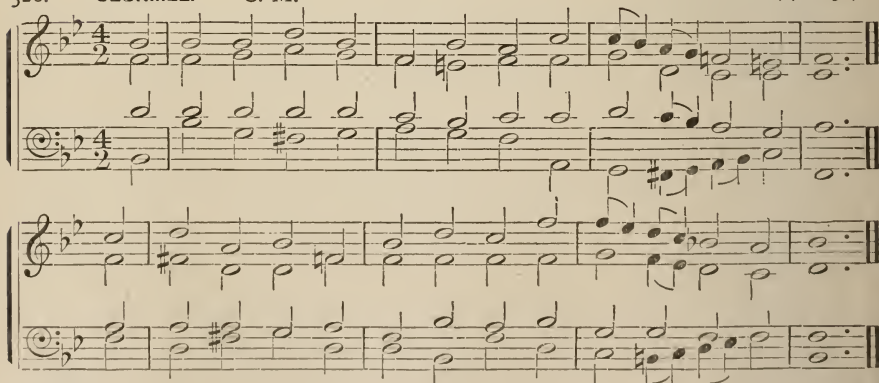
8 & 7 M.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! have mercy, and remove us
Early to thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
And as calm each sainted breast.</p> | <p>2 Holiest; yet if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord! suspend thy fatal sentence;
Leave us still in sadness here.</p> |
| <p>3 Leave us, Father, till our spirit
From each earthly taint is free;
Fit thy kingdom to inherit,
Fit to take its rest with thee.</p> | |

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

526. CLONMEL. C. M.

PHILIP TAYLOR, (d. 1831.)



526.

God the everlasting light of Heaven.

C. M.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 YE golden lamps of heaven, fare-
well,
With all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!</p> | <p>2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed!
My soul, that springs beyond thy
sphere,
No more demands thine aid.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE HOLY LAND.

3 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

4 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

527. HILL-TOP. C M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1854.)



C. M.

527.

The prospect of heaven a support in death.

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

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
'T was thus to Israel Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes;—

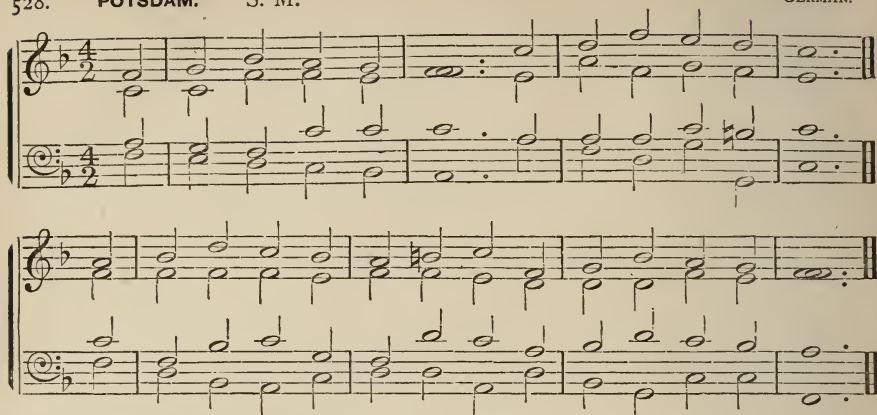
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

THE HOME BEHIND THE STORMS.

528. POTSDAM. S. M.

GERMAN.



528.

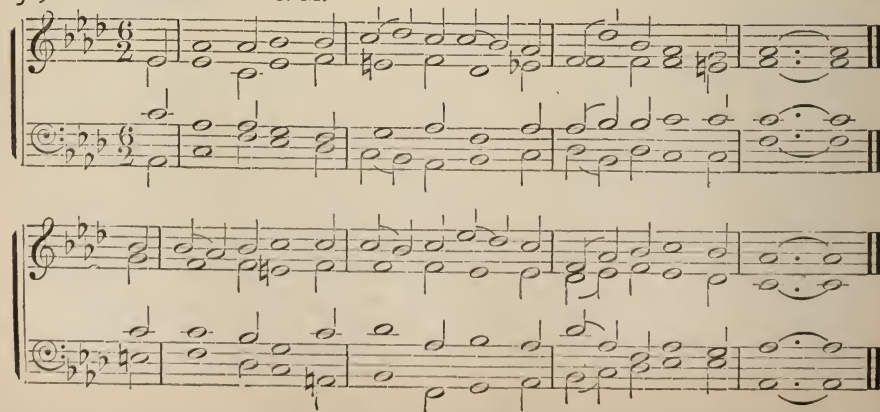
Glimpse of the home in heaven.

S. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near.
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!</p> <p>2 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.</p> <p>3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.</p> | <p>4 Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease:
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.</p> <p>5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.</p> <p>6 Then, then I feel that He,—
Remembered or forgot,—
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

529. JERUSALEM. C. M.



C. M.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

529.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 JERUSALEM, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?</p> <p>2 O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No death, no care, nor toil.</p> <p>3 We that are here in banishment
Our vigil still must keep;
Must stand and wait, and often long
These tears no more to weep.</p> | <p>4 But blessed are the pure in heart
That find their home in thee,
Where weary spirits are at rest
In God eternally.</p> <p>5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.</p> <p>6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
In holy converse stand:
And soon my saintly friends below
Will join the glorious band.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Latin of the 9th Century, altered in the 16th:
tr. Anonymous, 1616.

530. **RELEASE.** S. M. J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)

S. M.

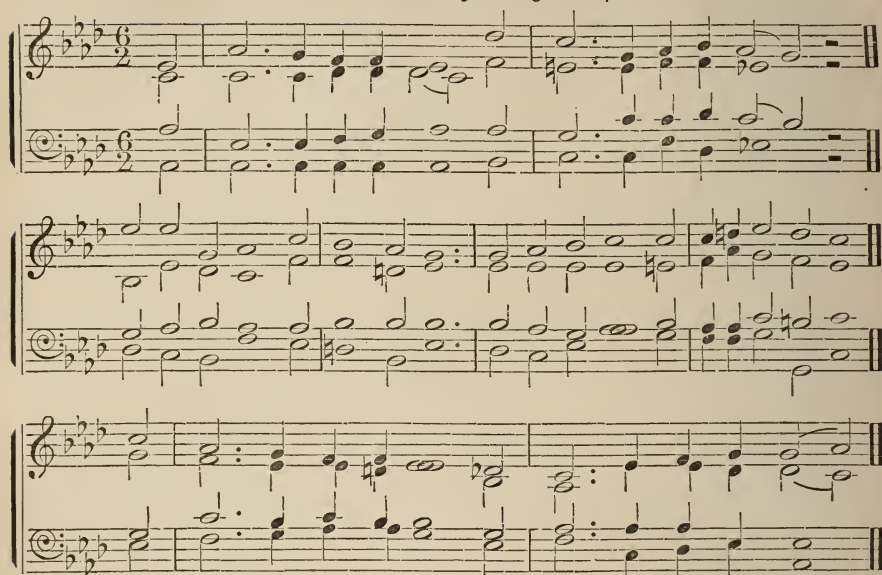
The prisoner released.

530.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun!</p> <p>2 Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win;
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within!</p> | <p>3 Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime:
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time!</p> <p>4 Awake, lift up thine eyes!
See, all heaven's host appears!
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou who hast done with tears!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Ascend! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth:
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth!

MARY HOWITT, 1834:
alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

531. "THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA." $\frac{\text{M. 6.}}{1. 2. 5. 6.}$ $\frac{\text{M. 8.}}{3.}$ $\frac{\text{M. 10.}}{4.}$ J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)



531.

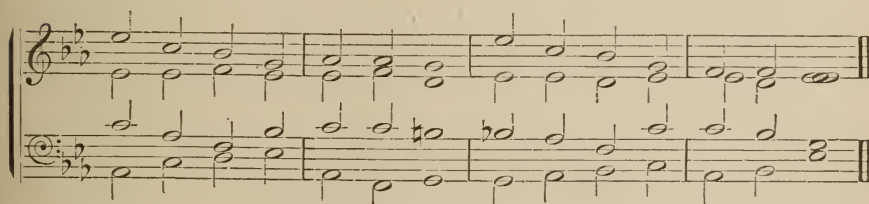
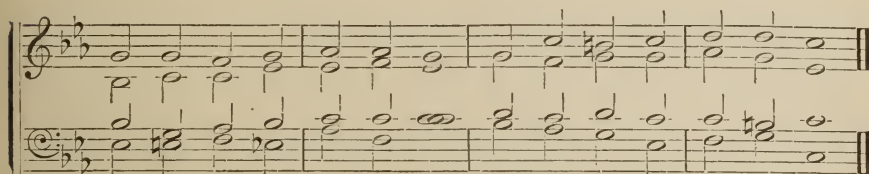
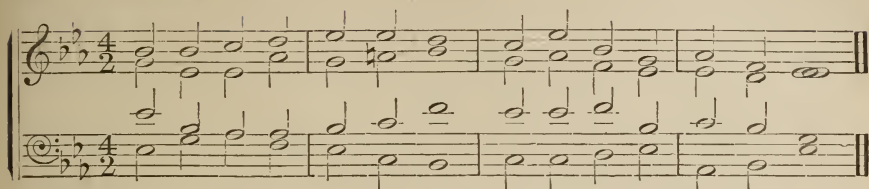
$\frac{\text{M. 6.}}{1. 2. 5. 6.}$ $\frac{\text{M. 8.}}{3.}$ $\frac{\text{M. 10.}}{4.}$

The land beyond the sea.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE land beyond the sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue
shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam
and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?</p> | <p>3 The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle
gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem
to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!</p> |
| <p>2 The land beyond the sea!
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful
gleams!
The wistful heart looks o'er the strait
and dreams:
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!</p> | <p>4 The land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years! more swiftly
run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Home-sick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!</p> |
| <p>5 The land beyond the sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen towards night?
Dear land! look always plain, look always bright;
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!</p> | |

THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

532. **RATISBON.** 7 M. ("Eins ist Noth.") JOACHIM NEANDER, (d. 1630)



7 M.

532.

The abode of saints.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 NEEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth towards the skies;
Thinking of the souls that rest
In the mansions of the blest;
Lest we faint in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.</p> <p>2 Thee in them, O Lord most high,
Them in thee we glorify:—
Noble athletes, that went home
Through the sea of martyrdom;
And the saints, through toil and shame
Brave confessors of thy name.</p> | <p>3 Glory, Lord, to thee alone,
Who hast glorified thine own;
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips and fearless breast,
Love and beauty, toils and rest!</p> <p>4 Let their praises, heavenly King,
Let the blessed hymn they sing
Some, though faintest, echo gain
In our own poor broken strain;
Till one day shall join all powers
In one anthem,—theirs and ours.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Mason Neale, 1866.

PARTING HERE AND GREETING THERE.

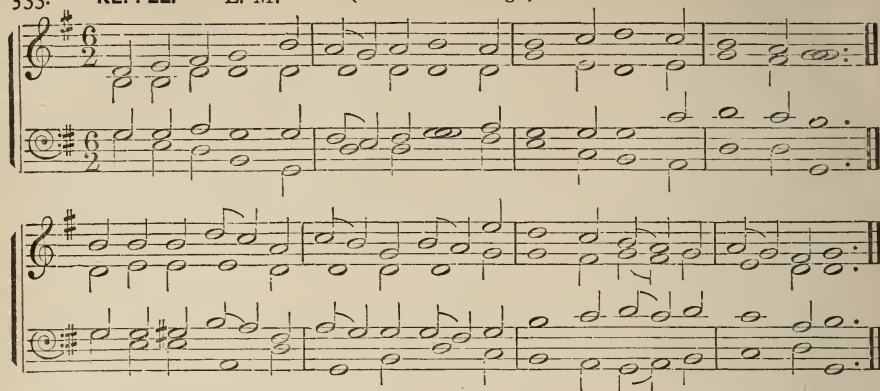
533.

KEPPEL.

L. M.

("Mir ist Erbarmung.")

SOUTH GERMAN.



533.

The parting here, the greeting there.

L. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOD giveth quietness at last!
The common way once more is
passed
From pleading tears and lingerings
fond
To fuller life and love beyond.</p> <p>2 Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
Dear ones familiar with the place!
While to the gentle greetings there
We answer here with murmured prayer.</p> | <p>3 What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
What hear the ears that death has
sealed?
What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know?</p> <p>4 O silent land to which we move!
Enough, if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!</p> <p>5 O pure soul! from that far off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er;
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel.
With the dear voice we loved so well!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

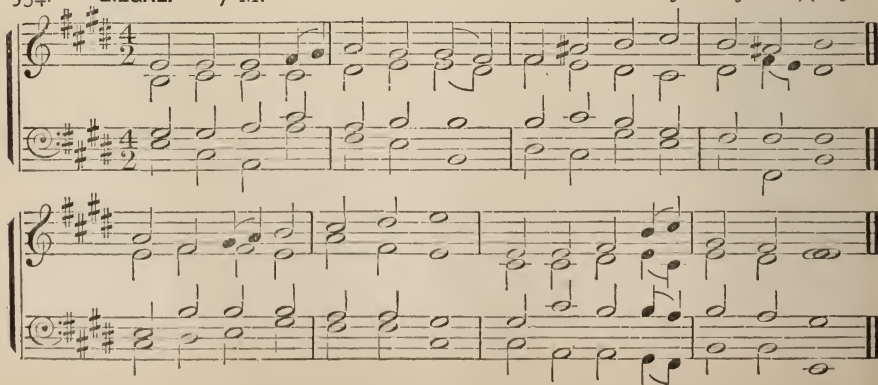
John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872.

534.

GILGAL.

7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



7 M.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

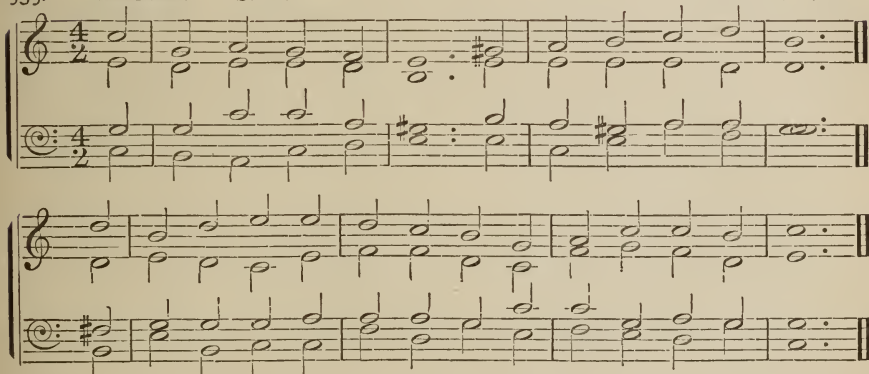
534.

- 1 **H**ARK! a voice divides the sky!
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed.
- 2 Ready for their glorious crown,—
Sorrows past and sins forgiven,—
Here they lay their burden down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Yes! the Christian's course is run;
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life.
- 4 Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his heavy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God!
- 5 When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry—'a man is dead!'
Angels sing—'a child is born!'

Charles Wesley, 1742.

535. DRESDEN. S. M.

GERMAN, (c. 1700.)



S. M.

"He has fought the good fight; he has finished his course."

535.

- 1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
'The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy master's joy.
- [2] The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear:
- [3] Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke,—and caught his captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
- 5 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.
- 6 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 7 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ:
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Father's joy.

James Montgomery, 1825.

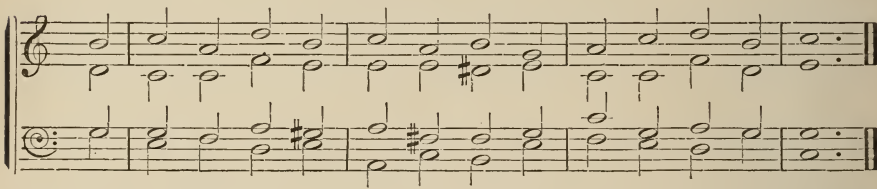
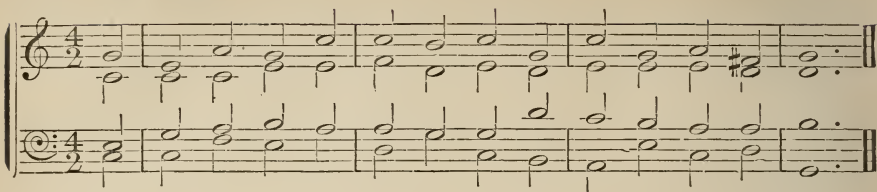
THE GATHERING AT HOME.

536-7.

ST. ANN'S.

C. M.

DENBY, (1687.)



536.

C. M.

The whole family in heaven and earth.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SO heaven is gathering, one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent
And beautiful and blest.</p> <p>2 The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart;
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.</p> | <p>3 But who can speak the rapture, when
The number is complete;
And all the children sundered now
Around one Father meet?</p> <p>4 One fold, one shepherd, one employ;
One everlasting home,
Our Father's house, from whose dear rest
No wanderer e'er shall roam.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

BISHOP FREDERICK DENISON HUNTINGTON'S "ELIM," 1867?

537.

C. M.

Communion of the living and the dead.

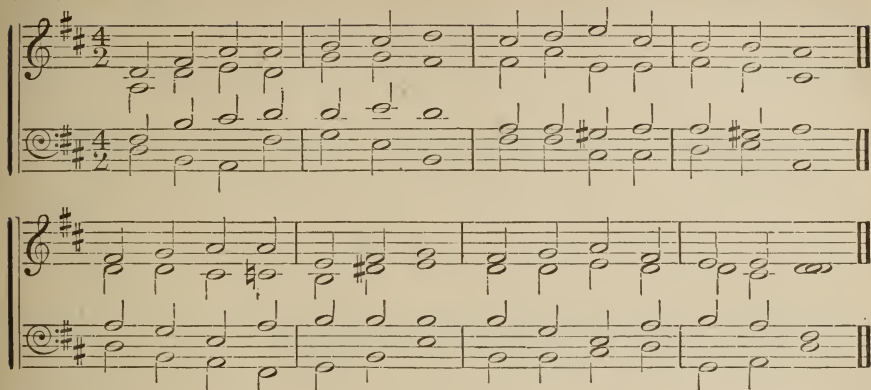
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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE saints on earth and those
above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.</p> <p>2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.</p> | <p>3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the
flood,
And part are crossing now.</p> <p>4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 O God! be thou our constant guide:
Then, when thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1759.

THE FINAL PEACE.

538-9. LUBECK. 7 M.

FREILINGHAUSEN'S Gesangbuch, (1704.)



7 M.

All souls.

538.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren
more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?</p> <p>2 Yea, the holy dead have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
One in heart, and one in love;
We below and they above.</p> <p>3 Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?</p> | <p>4 Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may
speak;
One be strong, and one be weak:</p> <p>5 Yet in tear and sigh and prayer
Each with other hath a share;
With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt, and fear.</p> <p>6 So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise;
Blessed pledge that we shall be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with thee.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Mason Neale, 1866.

7 M.

The peace of heaven.

539.

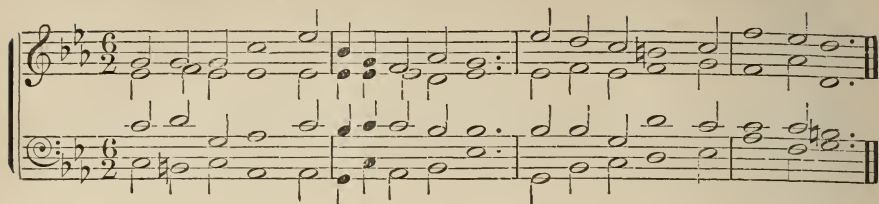
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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HAIL! the heavenly scenes of
peace,
Where the storms of passion cease!
Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
Wearied nature weeps no more!</p> <p>2 Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
Smiles of everlasting day!</p> | <p>3 Where the choral seraph-choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;—
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lulled by distant symphonies!</p> <p>4 O to think of meeting there
Friends whose graves received our
tear;—
Child beloved, and wife adored,
To our widowed arms restored!—</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 All the joys which death did sever
Given to us again for ever!
Hail! the calm reality,—
Glorious immortality!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

540. "BEYOND THE VEIL." M. 10 & 8 | 6.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)



540.

M. 10 & 8 | 6.

Beyond the veil.

- 1 **T**HEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.
- 2 It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.
- 3 Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!
- 4 He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.
- 5 And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

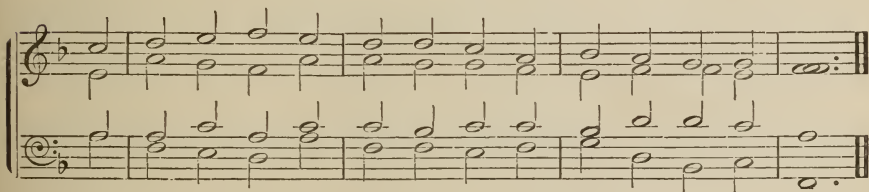
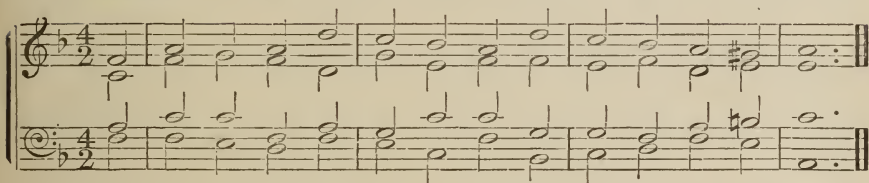
FINAL REUNION.

6 O Father of eternal life and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

7 Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective still, as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1655.

541. **GOLDBACH.** C. M. ("Christus der ist mein Leben.") MELCHIOR VULPIUS, (1609).



C. M.

541.

The reunion of friends after death.

1 **B**LEST be the hour when friends
shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore.

2 Sweet hope, deep cherished, not in
vain,
Now art thou richly crowned!
All that was dead revives again;
All that was lost is found!

3 The parent eyes his long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze:
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

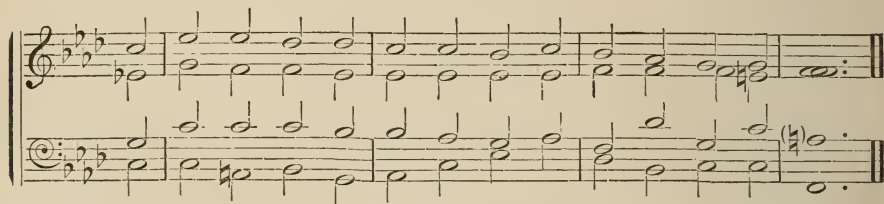
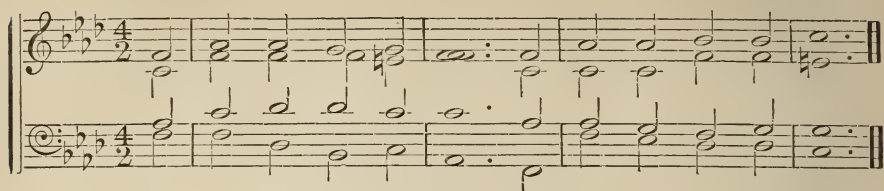
4 And while remembrance, lingering
still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours,
New prospects rise, new pleasures
fill
The soul's capacious powers.

5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
On wings of love to range.

6 Their Father fans their generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim
Is their immortal crown.

PENDLEBURY HOUGHTON, 1815.

E E



542.

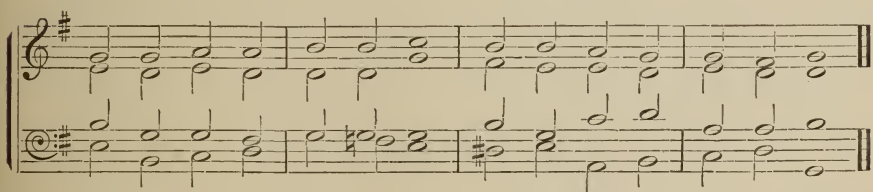
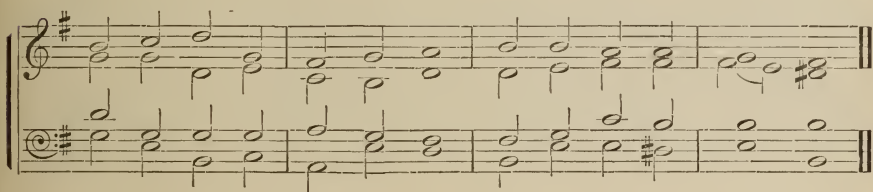
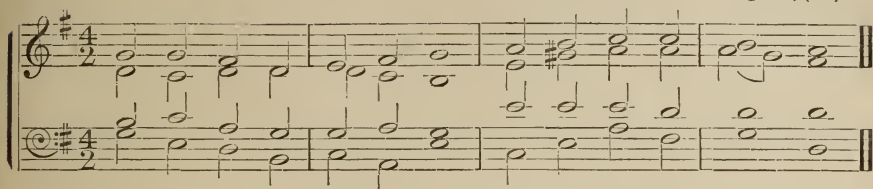
S. M.

There shall be no more sorrow, nor crying.

- 1 **L**ORD of the souls above,
 Who only canst restore!
 O take us to the friends we love,
 To meet and part no more!
- 2 In yonder blissful seat
 Waiting for us they are;—
 And *thou* shalt there a husband meet,
 And *I* a parent there!
- 3 There all our griefs are spent;
 There all our sufferings end;
 We cannot there the fall lament
 Of a departed friend.
- 4 No brother, dead to God,
 By sin, alas! undone;
 No father, there, in passion loud,
 Cries—'O my son, my son!'
- 5 Nor slightest touch of pain,
 Nor sorrow's least alloy,
 Can violate our rest, or stain
 Our purity of joy.
- 6 In that eternal day
 No clouds or tempests rise:
 These gushing tears are wiped away
 For ever from our eyes.

FINAL REUNION.

543. ZURICH (NO. 1.) 7 & 6 | 7 7 M. ("Jesu der du meine Seele.") (?) J. SCHOP, (1640.)
From the Darmstadt Gesangbuch, (1687.)



7 & 6 | 7 7 M.

Not lost, but gone before.

543.

1 **W**HEN for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

2 Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?—
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

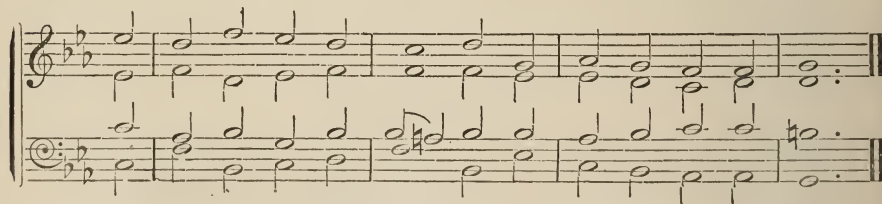
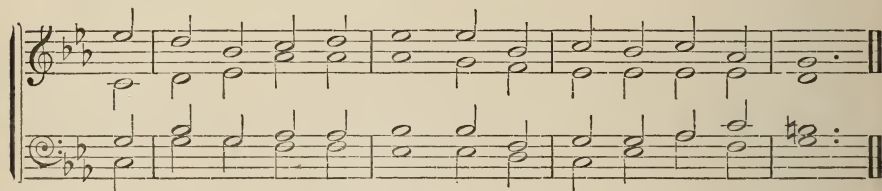
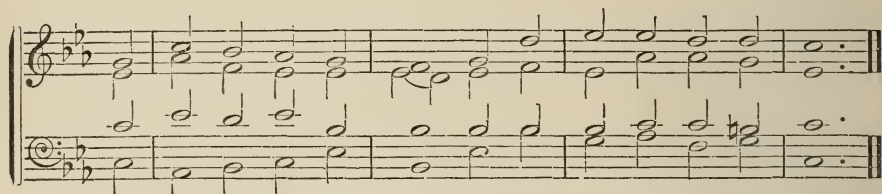
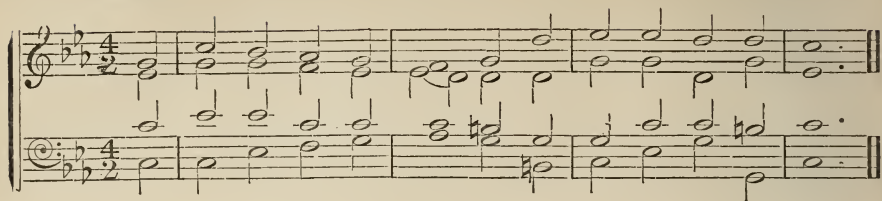
3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river:
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou life-giver!
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

LUCY LARCOM, 1858.

FINAL REUNION.

544. **BERNBURG.** M. 7 & 6. ("O Haupt voll Blut u. Wunden.") HANS LEO HASSLER, (d. 1612.)



544.

M. 7 & 6.

Reunion in heaven.

1 NO seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene,
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.
Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

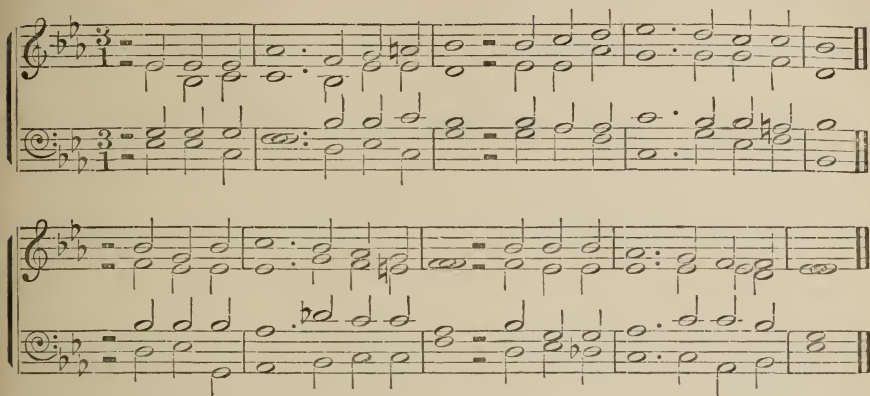
2 No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.
No death, our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

545. STOLBERG. L. M.

From MICHAEL PRÆTORIUS, (d. 1621.)



L. M.

545.

The rest that remaineth.

1 **O** WHEN the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest;
'T is glory opening to the blest.

2 There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
There grief find rest, and nevermore
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

3 No storms shall ride the troubled air;
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe and die.

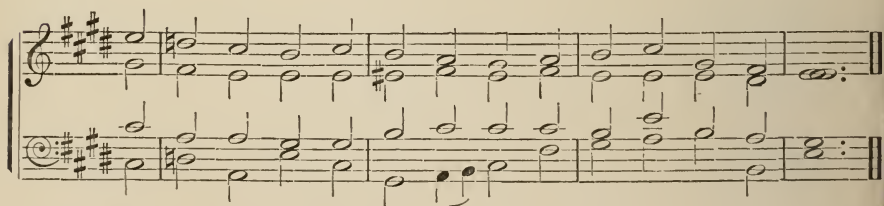
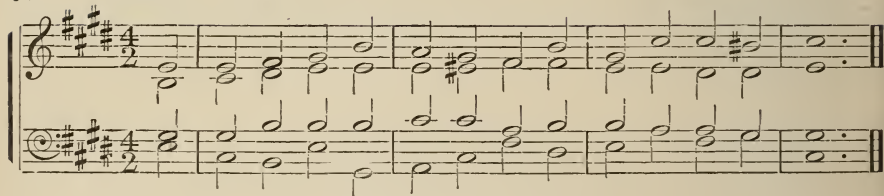
WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY, 1823.

BOOK III.

DIVINE SEASONS AND CRISES.

546. JUDÆA. C. M.

DR. WM. CROTCH, (d. 1847.)

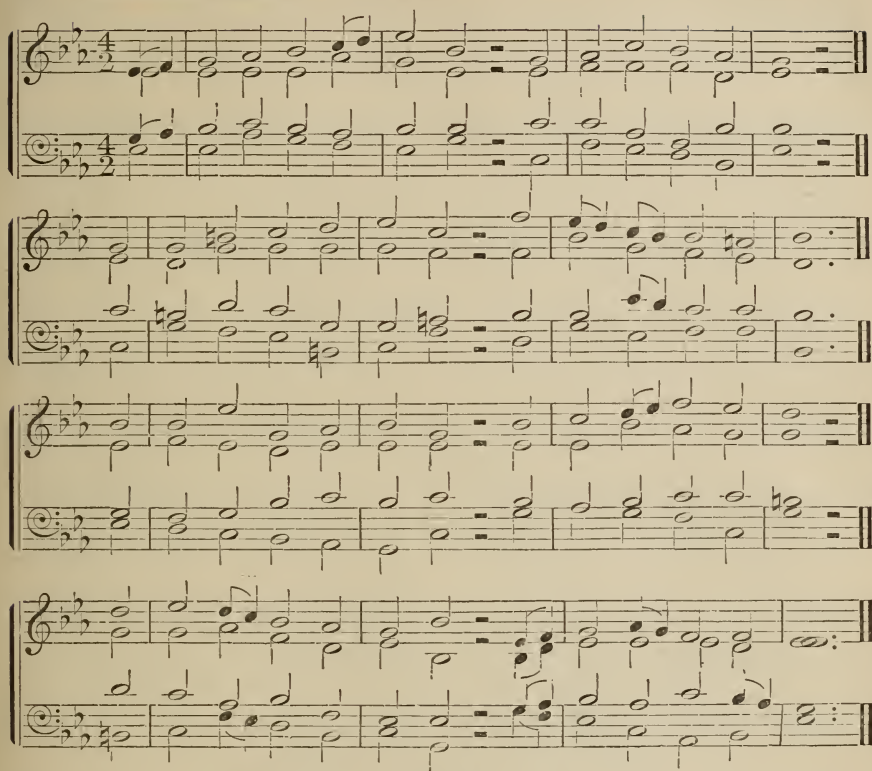


546.

C. M.

Morning thoughts.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 A GAIN, O Lord, I ope mine eyes
Thy glorious light to see,
And share the gifts so largely lent
To thankless man by thee.</p> <p>2 And wherefore do I live and breathe ?
And wherefore have I still
The mind to know, the sense to choose,
The strength to do thy will ?</p> | <p>3 Is it to waste another day
In folly, sin, and shame ?
To give to these my heart and hand,
And spurn my Maker's claim ?</p> <p>4 Is it to grow unto the world,
As glides the world from me ;
Be one day nearer to the grave,
And further, Lord, from thee ?</p> <p>5 No! thus too many days I've spent :
To thee, then, this be given :
Teach what I owe to man below,
And to thyself in heaven.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

547. **MISSIONARY HYMN.** M. 7 & 6.

M. 7 & 6.

Ever with me.

547.

1. **T**HOU'RT with me, O my Father,
 At early dawn of day:
 It is thy glory bright'neth
 The upward streaming ray:
 It calls me by its beauty
 To rise and worship thee:
 I feel thy glorious presence,
 Thy face I may not see.

2 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
 In changing scenes of life,
 In loneliness of spirit,
 In weariness of strife;
 My sufferings, my comforts,
 Alternate at thy will:
 I trust thee, O my Father;
 I trust thee, and am still.

3 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
 In evening's darkening gloom:
 When earth in night is shrouded,
 Thy presence fills my room:
 The little stars bring tidings
 Of kindness from above:
 I love thee, O my Father,
 And feel that thou art love.

* Bow in verse 1. † Bow in verse 2. ‡ Bow in verse 3.

548.

Morning praise to the guardian God.

7 M.

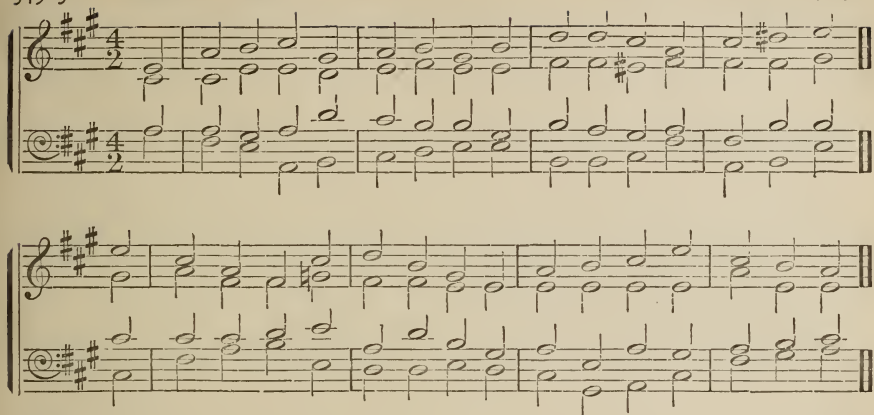
- 1 BLESSED be thy name for ever,
 Thou of life the guard and giver!
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
 All the fury subject keep
 Of boiling cloud and chafed deep:
 We have seen thy wondrous might
 Through the shadows of the night.
- 2 God of evening's yellow ray!
 God of silver-dawning day,
 That rises from the distant sea
 Like breathings of eternity!
 God of stillness and of motion,—
 Of the rainbow and the ocean,—
 Of the mountain, rock, and river!
 Blessed be thy name for ever!
- 3 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest!
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest:
 Thine the flaming sphere of light!
 Thine the darkness of the night!
 Thine are all the gems of even,
 God of angels, God of heaven!
 God of life that fadeth never!
 Glory to thy name for ever!

MORNING.

549-50.

AVON. L. M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, (d. 1707.)



L. M.

549.

Morning hymn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.</p> <p>2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to
thee.</p> | <p>3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting
blaze,
When dangers press around my head.</p> <p>4 A deeper shade shall soon impend;
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.</p> <p>5 That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love the rapture of the skies.</p> |
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JOHN HAWKESWORTH, 1773.

L. M.

"Lux ecce surgit aurea."

Children of the day.

550.

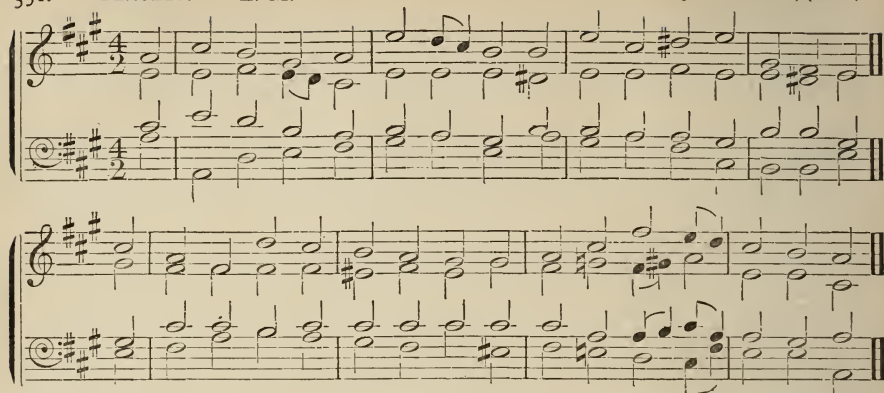
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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 NOW with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose
strong,
The works of darkness cast away.</p> <p>2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.</p> | <p>3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and
eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.</p> <p>4 Grant us, O God! in love to thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below,
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, thee in all to know.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ROMAN BREVIARY:
tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848:
alt. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

MORNING.

551. BENTLEY. L. M.

JOHN ASHTON, (1800 ?)



551.

Morning hymn.

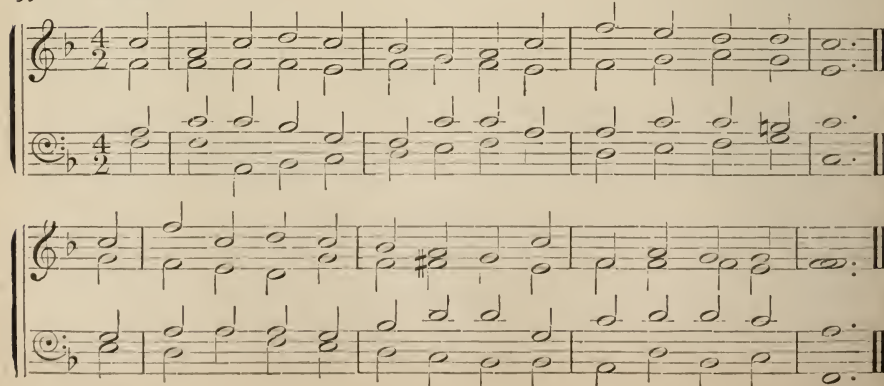
L. M.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD God of morning and of night !
We thank thee for thy gift of light :
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.</p> <p>2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part ;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength re-
store
A thousand-fold to serve thee more.</p> | <p>3 Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do ;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.</p> <p>4 O Lord of lights ! 't is thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine
own :
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God ! we cry for thee !</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend ;
Praise him through time, till time shall end ;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1862.

552. EZEKIEL. C. M.

SCHNEIDER'S Handbuch, (1829)



MORNING.

C. M.

"*Somno refectis artubus.*"

Morning hymn.

552.

1 **B**E thou the first on every tongue,
The first in every heart;
That all our doings, all day long,
Holiest! from thee may start.

2 Our bosoms, Lord, unburden thou,
Let nothing there offend;
That those who hymn thy praises now
May hymn them to the end.

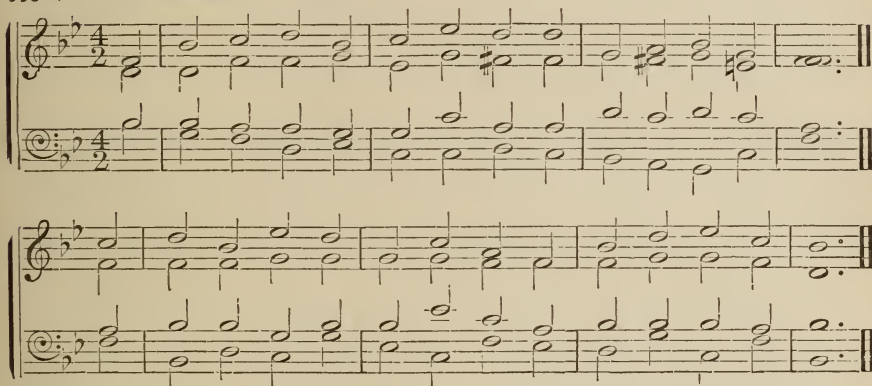
ROMAN BREVIARY:
tr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1836-8.

553-4.

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE, (1702.)



C. M.

Morning hymn.

553.

1 **M**Y God was with me all this night,
And gave me sweet repose:
My God did watch, e'en whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.

2 Lord! for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay:
And unto thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.

3 Let this day praise thee, O my God!
And so let all my days:
And O let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

JOHN MASON, 1683.

C. M.

"*Jam lucis orto sidere.*"

Hymn for dawn.

554.

1 **N**OW that the day-star glimmers
bright,
We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And, while the hours in order flow,
O Lord, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,—
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to thine honour,
Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end.

PARISIAN BREVIARY:
tr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1842.

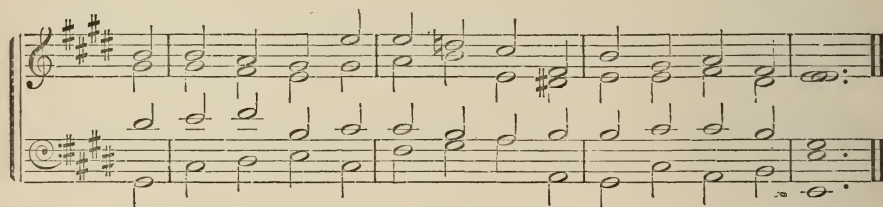
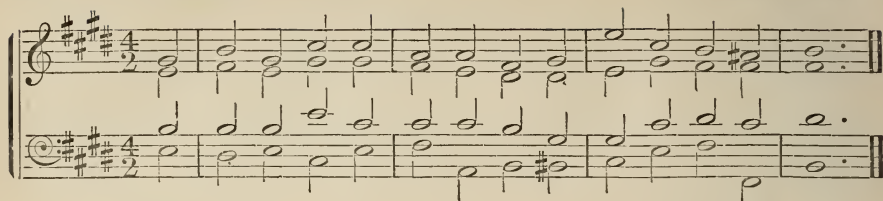
MORNING.

555-6.

COLCHESTER.

C. M.

SAMUEL WESLEY, (d. 1837.)



555.

C. M.

Morning hymn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BE thou, O God, by night, by
day,
My guide, my guard from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within :—</p> | <p>2 Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines ;
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its
plumes :—</p> |
| <p>3 So may my soul upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
Midst light from Paradise.</p> | |

CHAPEL HYMN BOOK (Boston, U. S.), 1836.

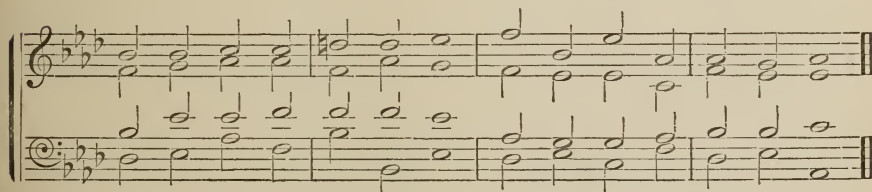
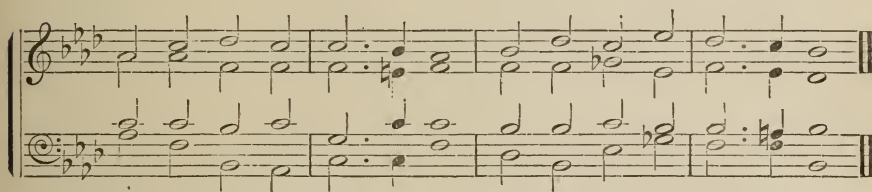
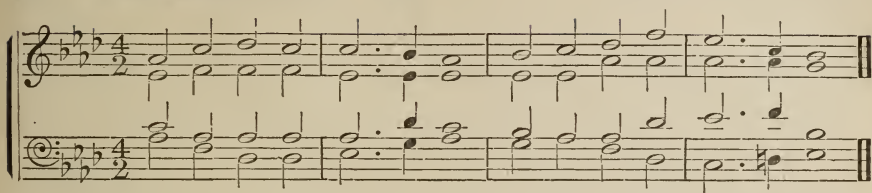
556.

C. M.

Morning hymn.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHAT secret hand, at morning
light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?</p> | <p>4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat ;
That bare me oft through flood and
flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.</p> |
| <p>2 'T is thine, my God!—the same that
kept
My resting hours from harm :
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.</p> | <p>5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.</p> |
| <p>3 'T is thine,—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.</p> | <p>6 May that dear hand uphold me
still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.</p> |

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.



7 M.

557.

Morning hymn.

1 **M**ORNING breaks! the kingly sun
 Issueth forth, a glorious one!
 Fount of gladness, nature's crown,
 Now, at noon, or going down!
 First and universal Light!
 Make my shadowy spirit bright.

2 Morning breathes! the sleeping flowers
 Wake before her gentle powers,
 And the dewy plants inhale
 Blessings from the sunny gale.
 Thou that breakest nature's rest!
 Stir and animate my breast.

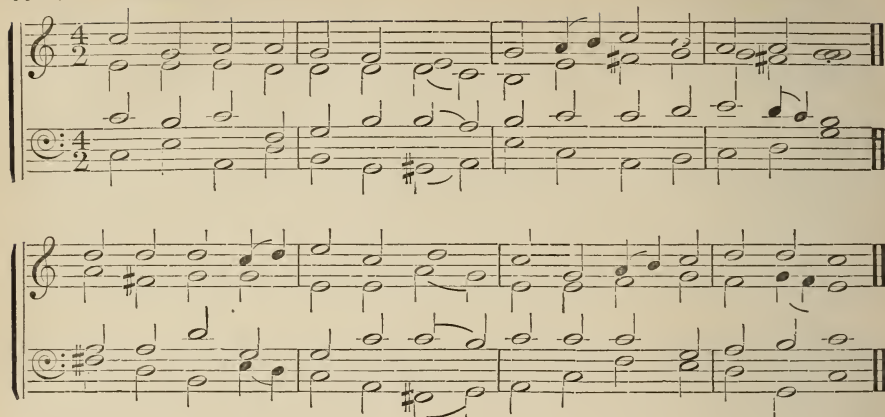
3 Morning calls! the rustic starts
 To the work of sturdy hearts:
 Daily toils the fields shall tell,
 Soon begun hath ended well.
 For the work of faith this hour
 Nerve my spirit, God of power!

4 Morning smiles! the choral bird
 And the shepherd's chant is heard;
 Grazing herds, and lambs at play,
 Welcome in the rising day.
 Gladdener of the blissful throng!
 Bid me join the general song.

MORNING.

558-9. COBURG. 7 M.

Württemberg, Gesangb., (1864.)



558.

7 M.

Morning hymn.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IN the morning I will raise
To my God the voice of praise;
With his kind protection blest,
Sweet and deep has been my rest.</p> <p>2 In the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.</p> <p>3 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine!</p> | <p>4 Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.</p> <p>5 Keep my feet from hidden snares,
And my eyes, O God, from tears;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.</p> <p>6 Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1840.

559.

7 M.

The daily walk with God.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IN the morning hear my voice;
Let me in thy light rejoice;
God, my Sun! my strength renew;
Send thy blessing down like dew.</p> <p>2 Through the duties of the day
Grant me grace to watch and pray,
Live as always seeing thee,
Knowing thou, God, seest me.</p> | <p>3 When the evening skies display
Richer pomp than noon's array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.</p> <p>4 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Thus with thee, my God, my Friend!
Time begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

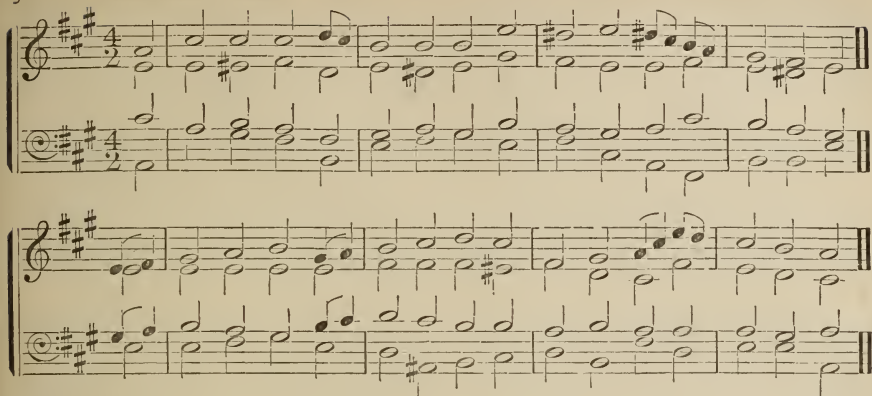
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

560-1.

MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

FRANÇOIS HIPPOLYTE BARTHÉLEMON, (d. 1808.)



L. M.

Morning hymn.

560.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 A WAKE, my soul! awake, mine eyes!
'T is time for morning sacrifice!
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of
night!</p> <p>2 Look up, and see the unwearied sun
Already hath his race begun:
The pretty lark is mounted high,
And sings her matins in the sky.</p> | <p>3 Arise, my soul! and thou, my voice,
In songs of early praise rejoice!
O great Creator! heavenly King!
Thy praises ever let me sing.</p> <p>4 Thy power hath made, thy goodness
kept
This fencelless body while I slept;—
Yet one day more hath lent to me,
From all the powers of darkness free.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 O keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure;
That, when my last of days is come,
Serenely I may wait my doom.

Thomas Flatman, 1674.

L. M.

Morning hymn.

561.

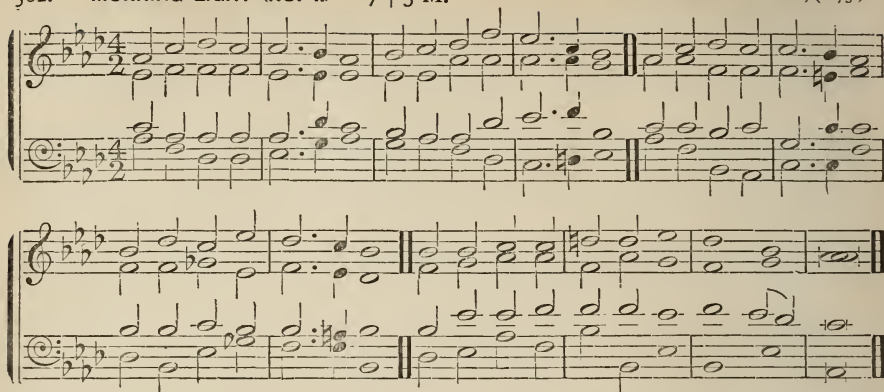
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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 A WAKE, my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.</p> <p>2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.</p> <p>3 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless light partake.</p> | <p>4 Lord! I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.</p> <p>5 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.</p> <p>6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, ye heavenly host above!
Praise him, my soul! for all his love.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1697 & 1709.

MORNING.

562. MORNING LIGHT (NO. 1.) 7 | 3 M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



562.

"Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit."
Morning hymn.

7 | 3 M.

1 **D**AYSPRING of eternity!
Dawn on us this morning-tide:
Light from light's exhaustless sea,
Now no more thy radiance hide;
Scatter with thy glorious might
All our night.

2 Let the morning dew of love
On our sleeping conscience rain;
Gentle comfort from above
Flow through life's long-parchèd plain;
Water daily us thy flock
From the rock.

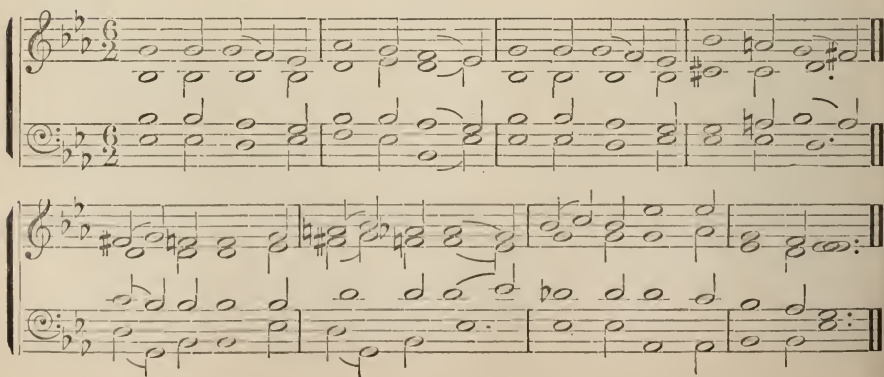
3 Let the glow of love destroy
Cold obedience faintly given;
Wake our hearts to strength and joy
With the flushing eastern heaven:
Let us truly rise ere yet
Life hath set.

4 To yon world be thou our light,
O thou glorious Sun of grace!
Lead us through the tearful night,
To yon fair and blessed place,
Where to joy that never dies
We shall rise.

CHRISTIAN KNORR VON ROSENROTH, 1684:
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.

563. MORNING-SONG. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1865.)

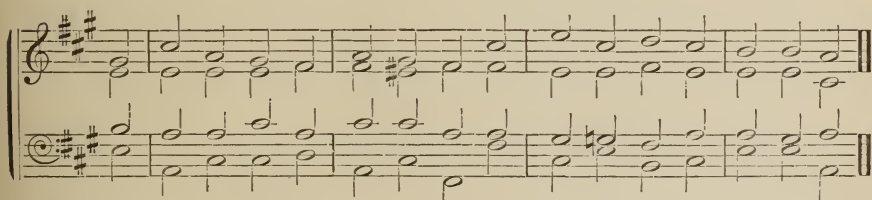
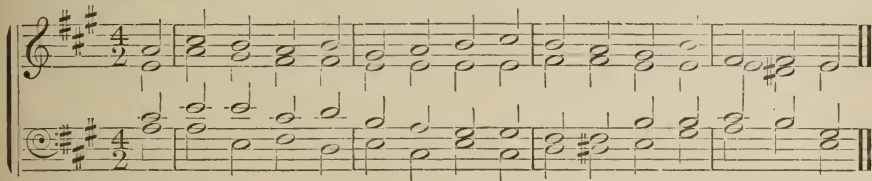


Morning hymn.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
 Now the morning light is come:
 Lord! may we be thine to-day;
 Drive the shades of sin away.</p> <p>2 Fill our souls with heavenly light;
 Banish doubt, and clear our sight:
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 May we stand, and watch, and pray.</p> | <p>3 Keep our haughty passions bound:
 Save us from our foes around:
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep us safe from every sin.</p> <p>4 When our work of life is past,
 O receive us then at last:
 Night and sin will be no more,
 When we reach the heavenly shore.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

*Samson Occum, 1770.*564. **LAUENBURG.** L. M.

J. A. FREILINGHAUSEN, (1704.)



L. M.

564.

Mid-day.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHEN at mid-day my task I ply
 With labouring hand or watchful
 eye,
 I need the timely aid of prayer
 To guard my soul from worldly care.</p> <p>2 Sun of my soul, thyself display!
 Quicken me, Lord, and cheer my way!
 Till, borne upon thy healing wing,
 Upward I soar thy praise to sing.</p> <p>3 E'en now, when far from thy blest light,
 At morn and eve, at noon and night,
 I tune my heart betimes, to join
 Where angels in thy presence shine.</p> | <p>4 Yet angels, in their loftiest song,
 Fail in their flight, and do thee
 wrong;
 Like as their veiled adoring face
 Tells of a glory none can trace!</p> <p>5 And now, my mid-day homage paid,
 Life's busy path again I tread;
 Yet happier far its task I ply
 From surer trust that thou art nigh:</p> <p>6 Nigh to defend, assist, and bless,
 Making my cares and dangers less,
 And daily duteous toil the road,
 That leads to perfect peace in God.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES FORD, 1856.

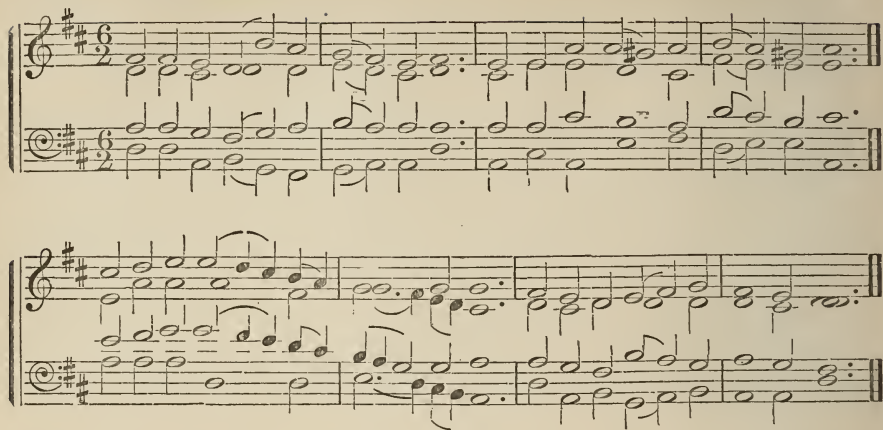
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565-6.

THANKFULNESS.

L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



565.

"Rector potens, verax Deus."

Noon-day hymn.

L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, who canst not change nor fail,
Guiding the hours as they roll by,
Brightening with beams the morning pale,
And burning in the mid-day sky!
- 2 Quench thou the fires of hate and strife,
The wasting fever of the heart;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And to our souls thy peace impart.

ROMAN BREVIARY:
tr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1836-8.

566.

Noon-day hymn.

L. M.

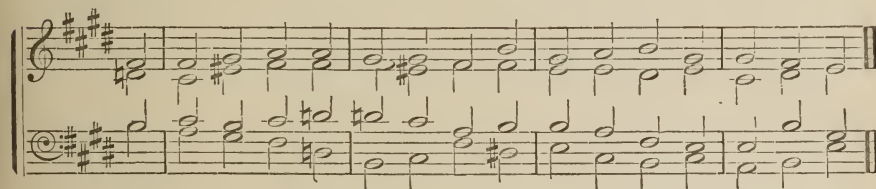
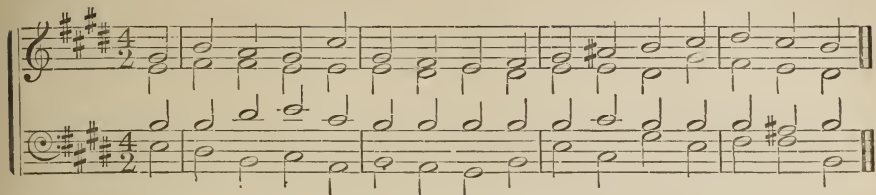
- 1 **L**OOK up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run:
He cannot halt, nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
- 2 Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:
- 3 Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1834.

EVENING.

567-8. FREILINGHAUSEN. L. M.

J. A. FREILINGHAUSEN, (1704.)



L. M.

"*Cæli Deus sanctissime.*"

Evening hymn.

567.

1 **L**ORD of eternal purity!
Who dost the world with light
adorn,
And paint the fields of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn:

2 Who didst command the sun to light
His fiery wheel's effulgent blaze;
Didst set the moon her circuit bright,
The stars their ever-winding maze:

3 That, each within its ordered sphere,
They might divide the night from
day,
And of the seasons, through the year,
The well-remembered signs display:—

4 Scatter our night, eternal God,
And kindle thy pure beam within:
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,
And break the deadly bonds of sin.

ROMAN BREVIARY:
tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.

L. M.

"*Rerum Deus tenax vigor.*"

Evening hymn.

568.

1 **O** THOU true life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day!

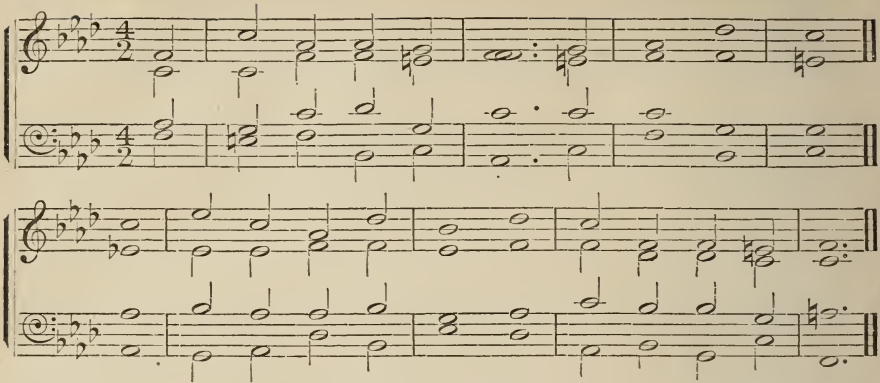
2 Thy light upon our evening pour;
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

ROMAN BREVIARY:
tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1848.

EVENING.

569. **SUNSET.** M. 6 & 4 | 6.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



569.

"Sol p̄æceptis rapitur, proxima nox adest."
Vesper thoughts.

M. 6 & 4 | 6.

1 **T**HE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross,
In death reclined,
Into his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge
In whom all spirits live:

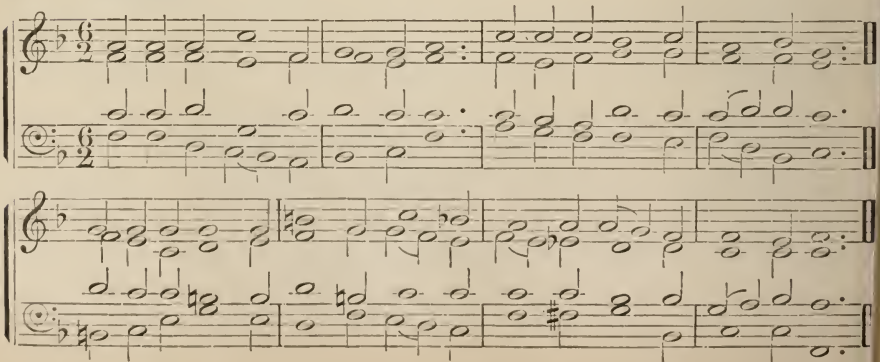
4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast:

5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

FROM THE LATIN:
tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

570. **HESPERUS.** L. M.



L. M.

"Even the night shall be light about me."

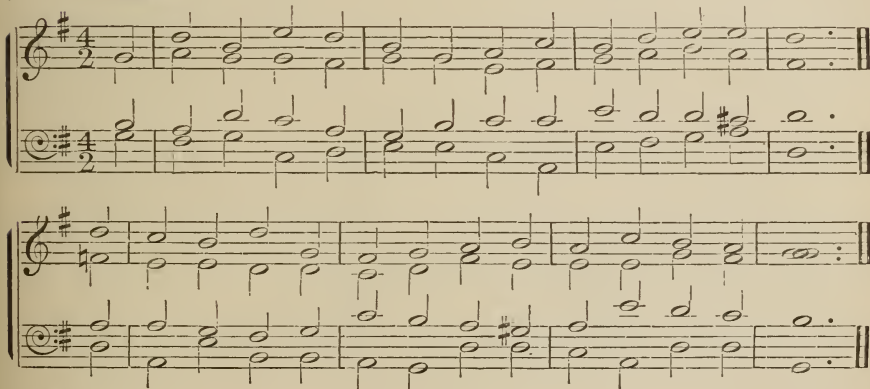
570.

- 1 'T IS gone, that bright and orbèd
blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul, for ever near!
It is not night, if thou be here:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When round thy wondrous works be-
low
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I thee discern.
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

571. DURHAM. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M.

Evening hymn.

571.

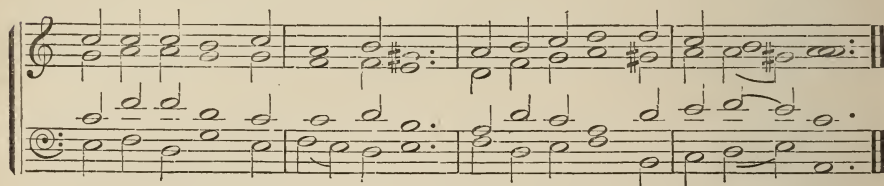
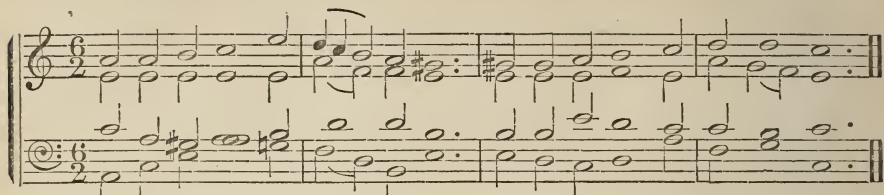
- 1 ALL praise to him who dwells in
bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss
Of uncreated light.
- 2 Each thought and deed his piercing
eyes
With lightful search survey;
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom thou dost guard, O King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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741.

EVENING.

572-3. - DORCHESTER. L. M.

BENJAMIN ROGERS, (1669.)



572.

L. M.

Evening hymn.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my
days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.</p> <p>2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.</p> | <p>3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my
bed.</p> <p>4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Lord! may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning may I hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Isaac Watts, 1709.

573.

"Grates peracto jam die."

L. M.

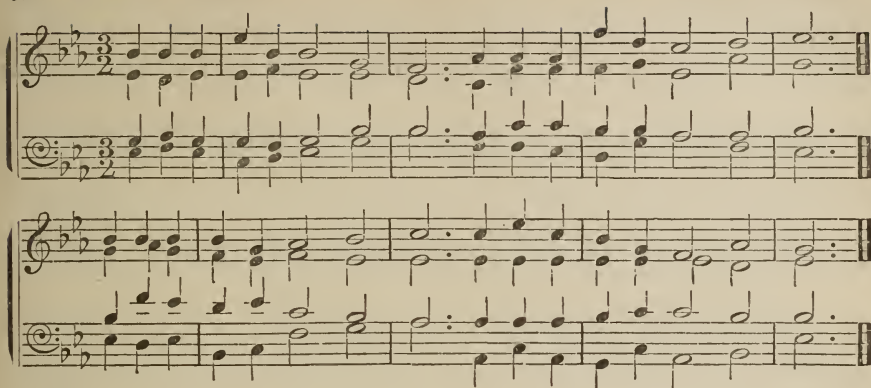
Evening hymn.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 OUR thanks for this completed day,
O God! to thee we meekly pay;
And as the glooms of night descend,
Before thy footstool suppliant bend.</p> <p>2 Thy pardon for the day's offence
To us thy penitents dispense;
And while our eyes to slumber yield,
Thy children from all evil shield.</p> | <p>3 Since dangers round our earthly home
Cease not in secret still to roam,
We rest beneath thy sheltering wings;
Protect thy servants, King of kings!</p> <p>4 Till that bright morn at length appear
Which hath no eve, no darkening fear,—
That heavenly home, that living rest,
Found in the mansions of the blest.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PARISIAN BREVIARY:
John David Chambers, 1857.

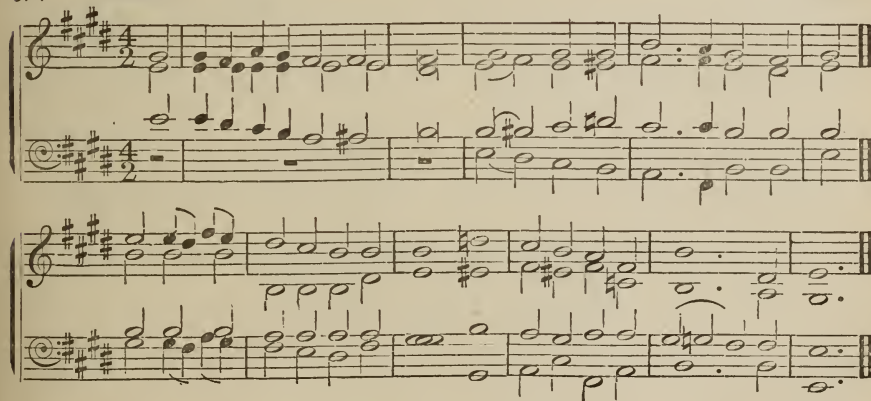
574. REST. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



574. VESPER. L. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)



L. M.

The departure of day.

574.

- 1 **A**NOTHER fleeting day is gone;
 Slow o'er the west the shadows
 rise;
 Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
 Swept from the records of the year;
 And still, with each successive sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone
 To join the fugitives before;
 And I, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, to wake on earth no more.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone;
 But soon a fairer day shall rise,
 A day whose never-setting sun
 Shall pour his light o'er cloudless
 skies.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone;
 In solemn silence rest, my soul!
 Bow down before his awful throne
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

WILLIAM BENGOL COLLVER, 1812.

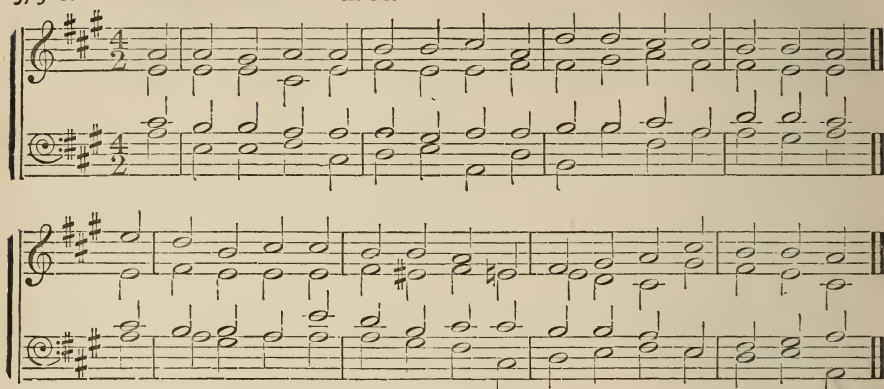
EVENING.

575-6.

TALLIS'S CANON.

L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, (d. 1585.)



575.

Evening hymn.

L. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 ALL praise to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.</p> <p>2 The moments that to waste have run,
The ills that I this day have done,
Forgive, that with the world and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> | <p>3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake!</p> <p>4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the endless day.</p> <p>5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, ye heavenly host above!
Praise him, my soul! for all his love.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1697 & 1709.

576.

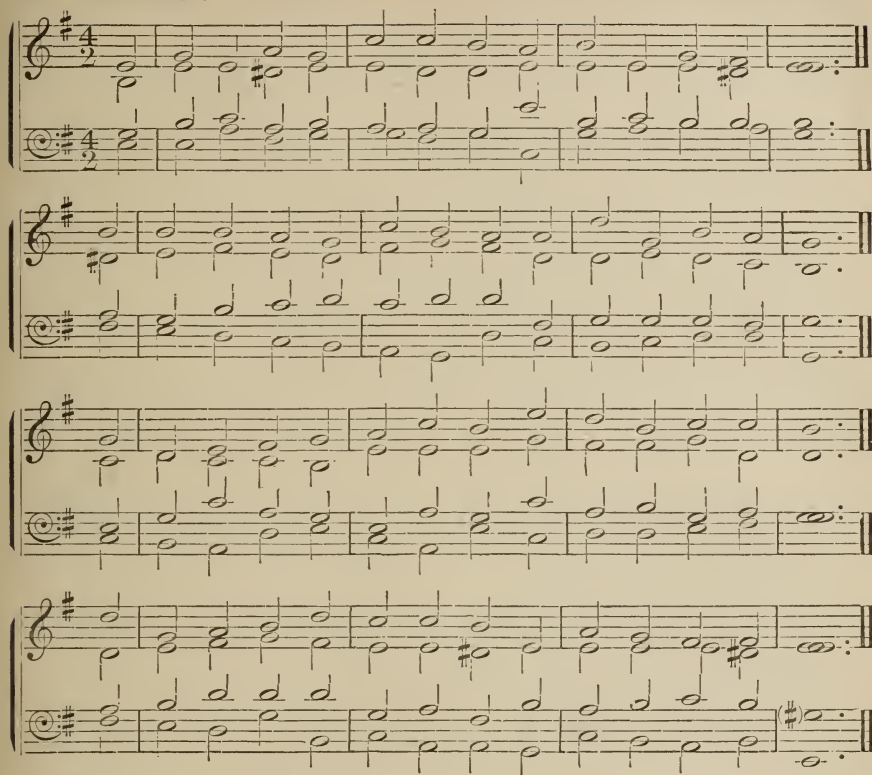
"Deus Creator omnium."

L. M.

Evening hymn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MAKER of all things! God most high!
Great ruler of the starry sky!
Who, robing day with beauteous light,
Hast clothed in soft repose the night,</p> <p>2 That sleep may wearied limbs restore
And fit for toil and use once more;
May gently soothe the care-worn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest;</p> | <p>3 We thank thee for the day that's gone,
We pray thee now the night comes on;
To thee our rapt affections soar,
And thee our chastened souls adore.</p> <p>4 And while the parting beams of day
In evening's shadow fade away,
Let faith no wildering darkness know,
But night with thy effulgence glow.</p> <p>5 O sleepless ever keep the mind!
But guilt in lasting slumber bind;
From every evil passion free,
O may our hearts repose in thee!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

FROM THE LATIN:
fr. John David Chambers, 1837.



C. M. D.

577.

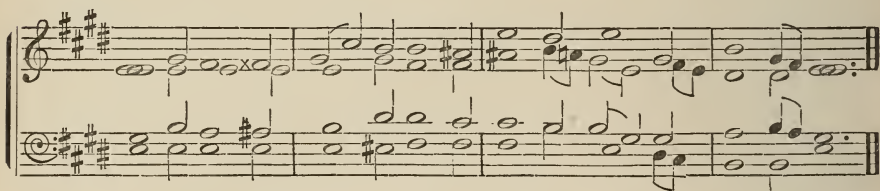
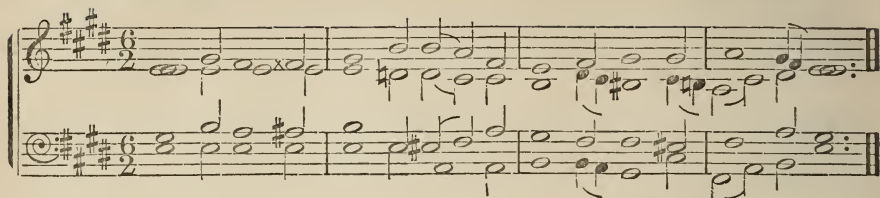
Evening hymn.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie:
 Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
 We kneel at close of day:
 Look on thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.</p> | <p>3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
 So fade within our heart
 The hopes in earthly love and joy
 That one by one depart:
 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine;
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
 And trust in things divine.</p> |
| <p>2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
 O do not thou despise;
 But let the incense of our prayers
 Before thy mercy rise:
 The brightness of the coming night
 Upon the darkness rolls;
 With hopes of future glory chase
 The shadows on our souls.</p> | <p>4 Let peace, O Lord,—thy peace, O God,—
 Upon our souls descend;
 From midnight fears and perils thou
 Our trembling hearts defend:
 Give us a respite from our toil;
 Calm and subdue our woes;
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
 O give us now repose.</p> |

EVENING.

578. EVENING REST. 8 & 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1854.)



578.

8 & 7 M.

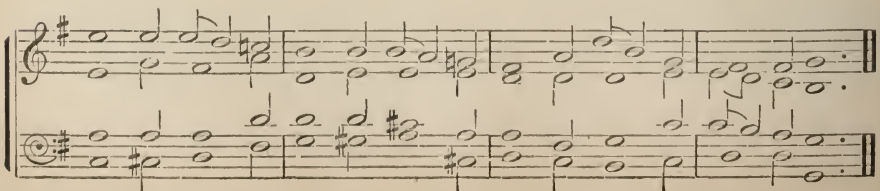
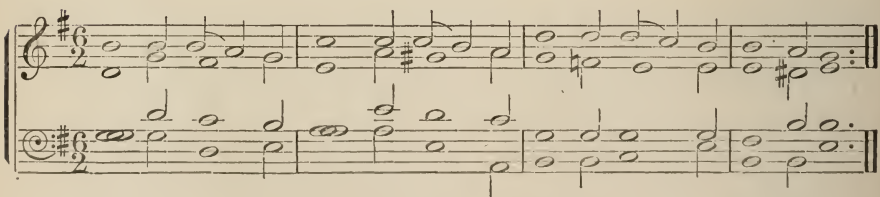
Evening hymn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOLIELST! breathe an evening blessing
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.</p> <p>2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.</p> | <p>3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.</p> <p>4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
 us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

James Edmeston, 1820.

579. LEBANON. 8 & 7 M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1865.)



Evening hymn.

1 ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,—
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—
Incense of our hearts to thee.

3 Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless;
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

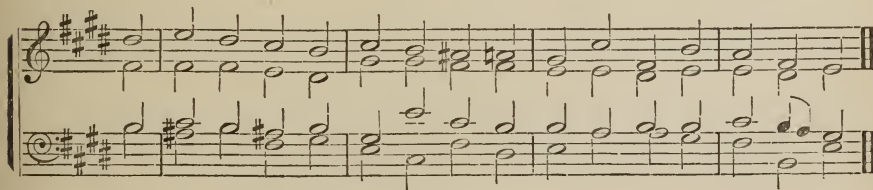
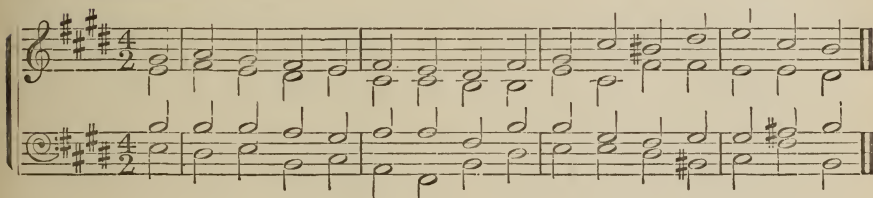
4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping
Calm we rest in placid faith.

5 Lord! when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know thee,—feel thee near!

JULIA ANN ELLIOTT (née MARSHALL, 1836.)

580. **ASCALON.** L. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1871.)



L. M.

580.

Evening hymn.

1 SWEET slumbers, come and chase
away
The toils and follies of the day!
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world and learn to die.

2 O Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
The tents of angels round my bed:
And save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.

3 Clouds and thick darkness are thy
throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion:
O dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!

4 Thus when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks through the windows of the east,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise,
Like clouds of morning sacrifice!

THOMAS FLATMAN, 1674.

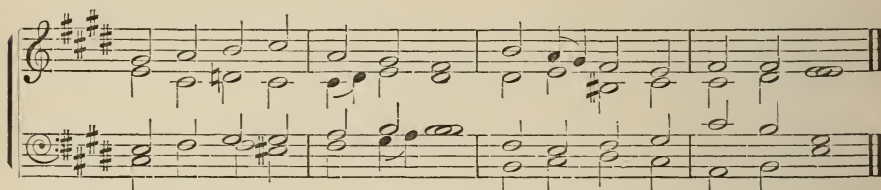
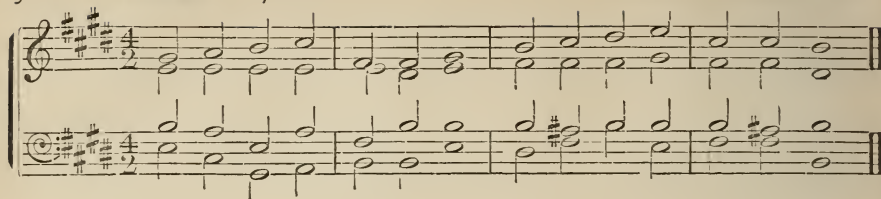
EVENING.

581-2.

GIBBONS.

7 M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, (d. 1625.)



581.

"*Lucis Creator optime.*"

7 M.

Evensong.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SOURCE of light and life divine!
 Thou didst cause the light to
 shine;
 Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
 O'er thy new-created earth.</p> <p>2 Shade of night, and morning ray,
 Took from thee the name of day:
 Now again the shades are nigh,
 Listen to our mournful cry.</p> | <p>3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
 Lose the way to endless rest;
 May no thoughts corrupt and vain
 Draw our souls to earth again.</p> <p>4 Rather lift them to the skies,
 Where our much-loved treasure lies;
 Help us in our daily strife,
 Make us struggle into life.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ST. GREGORY, 6th Cent. :
 tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837.

582.

Evening hymn.

7 M.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SLOWLY by thy hand unfurled,
 Down around the weary world
 Falls the darkness; O how still
 Is the working of thy will!</p> <p>2 Mighty Maker! here am I;
 Work in me as silently;
 Veil the day's distracting sights,
 Show me heaven's eternal lights.</p> <p>3 From the darkened sky come forth
 Countless stars, a wondrous birth:
 So may gleams of glory dart
 From this dim abyss, my heart.</p> | <p>4 Living worlds to view be brought
 In the boundless realms of thought;
 High and infinite desires,
 Flaming like those upper fires.</p> <p>5 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
 Let them break upon my sight;
 Let them shine, serene and still,
 And with light my being fill.</p> <p>6 Thou who dwellest there, I know,
 Dwellest here within me too;
 May the perfect peace of God
 Here, as there, be shed abroad.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 7 Let my life attuned be
 To the heavenly harmony
 Which, beyond the power of sound,
 Fills the universe around.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1840.

EVENING.

583.

EVENSONG.

8 M. M. 4.
1. 3. 5. 6. 7. 2. 4. 8.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

8 M. M. 4.
1. 3. 5. 6. 7. 2. 4. 8.

Evening hymn.

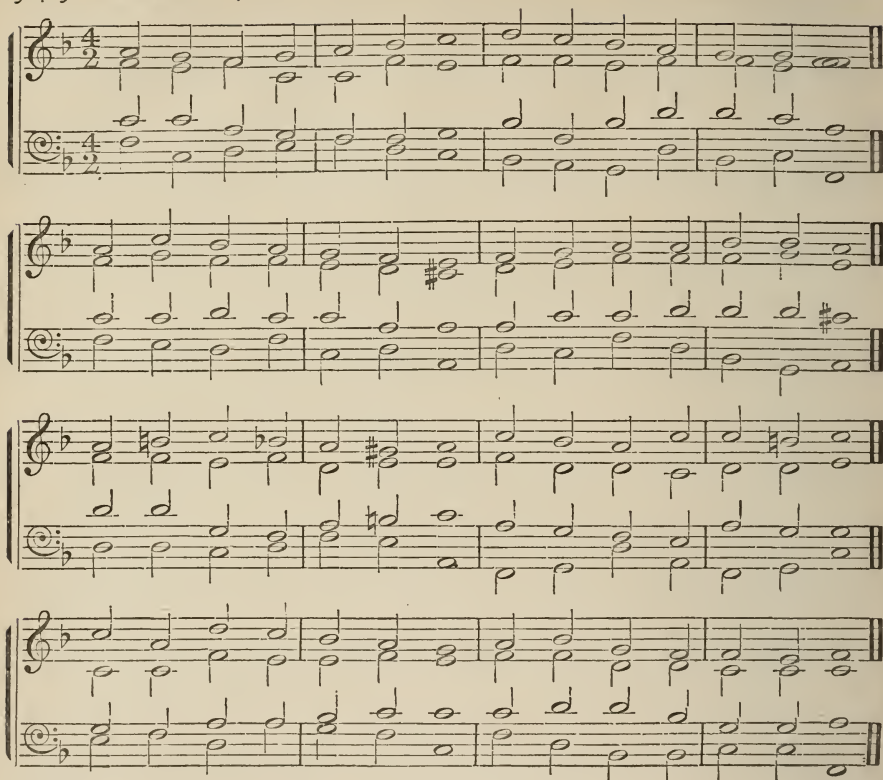
583.

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

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

EVENING.

584-5. WEIMAR. 7 M. ("Jesu Leiden, Pein und Tod.") MELCHIOR VULPIUS, (d. 1616.)



584.

7 M.

Evening hymn.

- 1 OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid
No one ever asked in vain!
Be this night about my bed;
Every evil thought restrain:
Keep me, O my Father, keep,
Till my soul is all renewed:
Thou whose eyelids never sleep!
Guard the living house of God.
- 2 O thou holy God, come down,
God of spotless purity!
Claim and seize me for thine own;
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take:
Songs in the night season give:
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

- 3 Only tell me I am thine;
 Claim me with a Father's right;
 Answer me in dreams divine,—
 Dreams and visions of the night.
 In me, Lord, thyself reveal;
 Fill me with a sweet surprise:
 Let me thee when waking feel;
 Let me in thine image rise.
- 4 Or, if thou my soul require
 Ere I see the morning light,
 Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
 Perfect me in thee to-night;
 Finish thy great work of love;
 Cut it short in righteousness:
 Fit me for the realms above;
 Come, and bid me die in peace!

Charles Wesley, 1749.

7 M.

585.

Evening hymn.

- 1 **H**ARK, the evening call to prayer!
 Lay we down each earthly care;
 Still we every anxious fear,
 Owning thus that God is here.
 Father! from our hearts remove
 Every veil that hides thy love;
 Here the spirit's eye unseal;
 Here thy glory now reveal.
- 2 Lord, in whom our spirits live!
 Thou dost heavenly guidance give;
 As a shepherd, leading still
 Hearts submissive to thy will.
 Quiet every passion wild;
 Speak, as to thy prophet-child;
 Grant us childlike hearts, that we
 May be willing, Lord, as he.
- 3 Send us holy calm within;
 Cleanse us from the stains of sin;
 Be each heart a sacred shrine,
 Still and pure, and wholly thine.
 Kindle, Lord, the altar fire,—
 May the holy flame aspire;
 Thoughts of love and contrite sighs
 Be our vesper sacrifice.

THOMAS HINCKS, 1868.

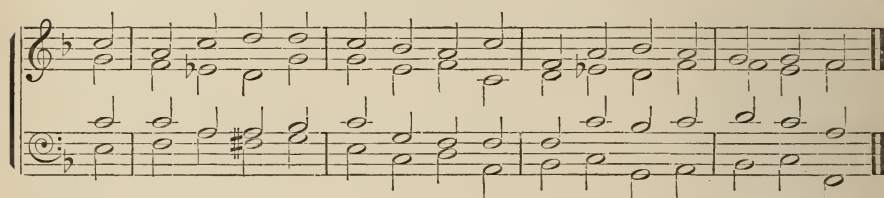
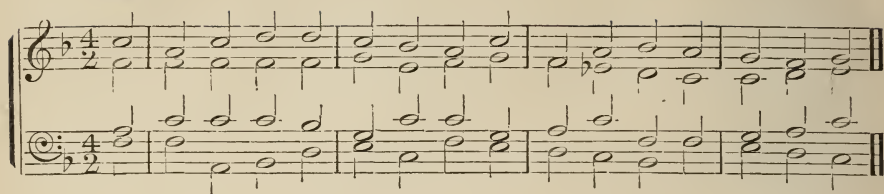
586.

SEMPACH.

L. M.

("Hier legt mein Sinn.")

GERMAN, (1713.)



586.

L. M.

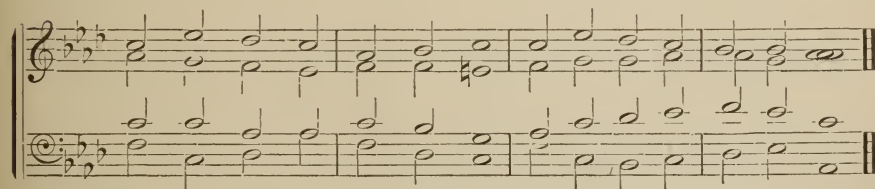
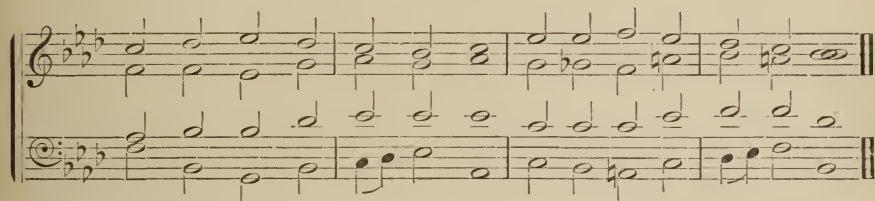
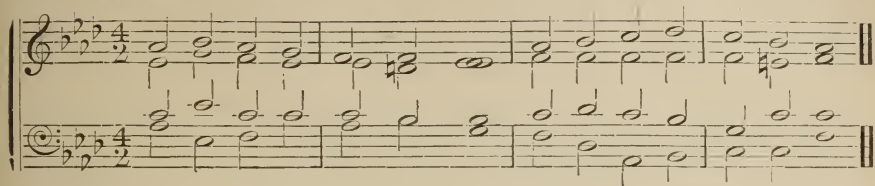
Vesper hymn.

- 1 **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care!
- 3 O God, our light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

587. MAYENNE. 7 M.

GOUDIMEL'S PSALTER, (1565.)



7 M.

587.

Evening hymn.

1 **H** EAVENLY Father, by whose care
 Comes again this hour of prayer!
 In the evening stillness we
 Grateful raise our hearts to thee:
 To our spirits, as we bend,
 Peace and holy comfort send.

2 Gladly we thy presence seek:
 Father! to our spirits speak:
 Call us from the world away;
 Still our passion's restless play;
 On our inner darkness shine;
 Bend our wayward wills to thine.

3 In this quiet eventide
 May our souls with thee abide,
 Own thy presence, feel thy power,
 Through this consecrated hour;
 And from peaceful vesper-prayer
 Purer, stronger spirits bear.

THOMAS HINCKS, 1868.

EVENING.

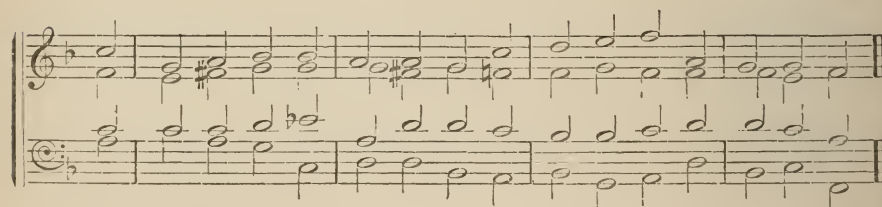
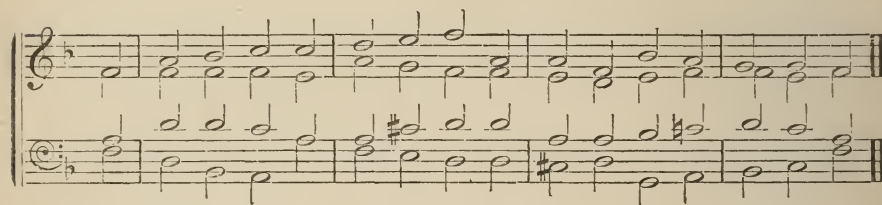
538.

ETERNITY.

M. 8.

("O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort.")

JOHANN SCHOP, (1641.)



538.

M. 8.

Evening hymn.

- 1 **O** FATHER ! bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night
 Father of spirits ! be our light.
- 2 The day is done ; its hours have run ;
 And thou hast taken count of all,—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night
 Father of spirits ! be our light.

EVENING.

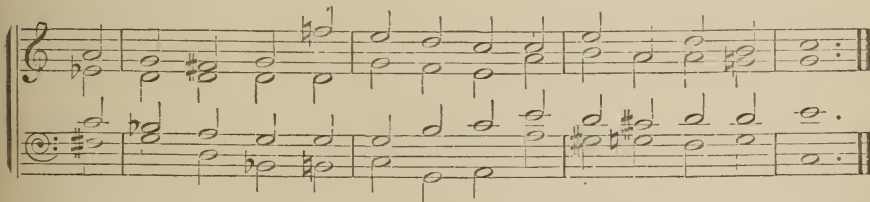
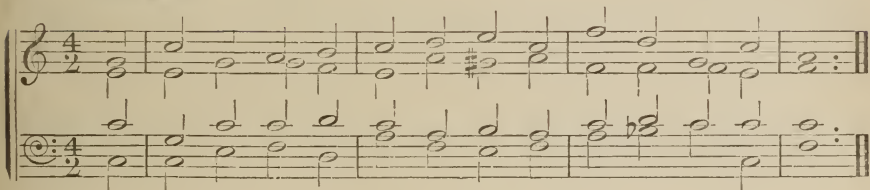
3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
Father of spirits! be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our God, thou art our all!
Through life's long day and death's dark night
Father of spirits! be our light.

Frederick William Faber, 1850.

589. DROITWICH. C. M.

S. WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



C. M.

"Nun sich der Tag geendet hat."

Evening hymn.

589.

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me!
Be with me through this night;
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
O in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!
- 3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days,
Lord! take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

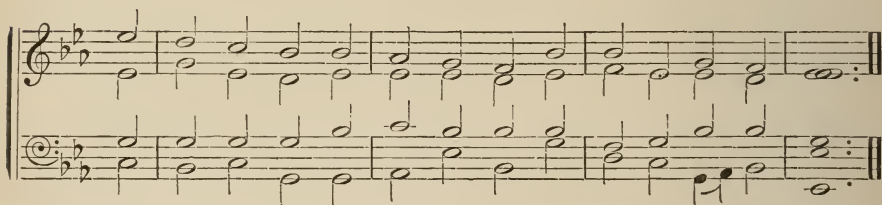
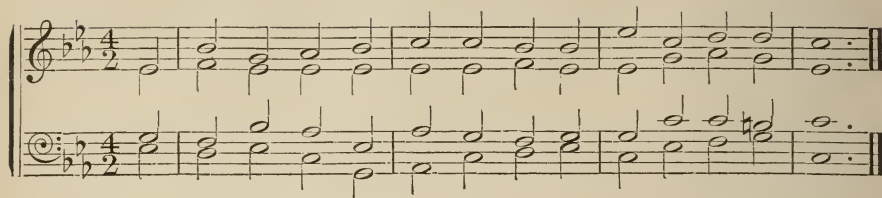
JOHANN FRIEDRICH HERZOG, 1670:
tr. John Christian Jacobi, 1722.

590.

ST. MATTHIAS.

C. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, (d. 1625.)



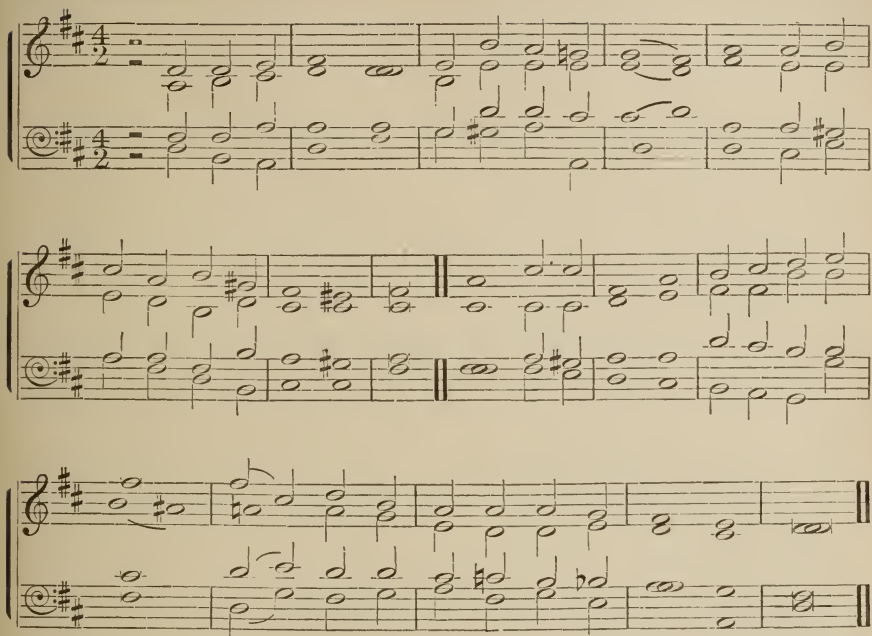
590.

C. M.

Evening hymn.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts
 Let warmest thanks arise:
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day our God has been our sun,
 Our keeper and our guide,
 His arm around our weakness thrown,
 His angels at our side.
- 3 Moments and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all the day:
 Moments came fast, but mercies were
 More swift and free than they.
- 4 New hours, new blessings, and new joys
 Do a new song require:
 Till we can praise thee as we should,
 Accept our hearts' desire!

John Mason, 1683.



M. 10.

591.

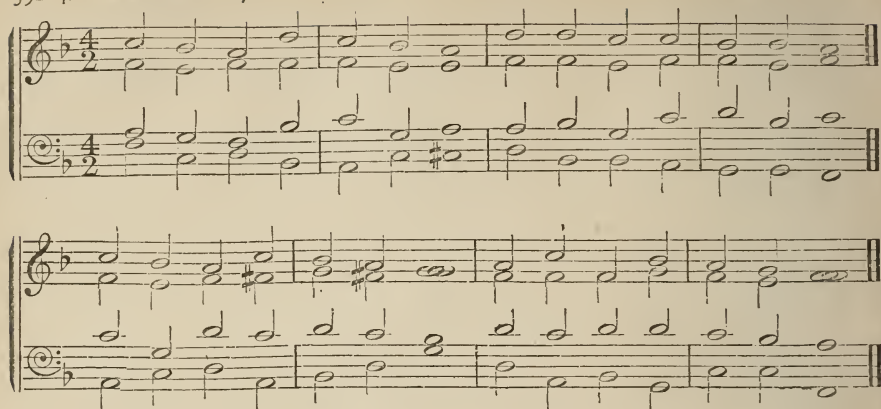
Evening hymn.

- 1 **A** GAIN to thee, our guardian God, we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise :
 We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day :
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night ;
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light :
 From harm and danger keep thy children free ;
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,—
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

NIGHT.

592-4. **MARBURG.** 7 M. ("O Herr Gott, wir loben dich.")

From the French Ps., (1563.)



592.

7 M.

Evening hymn.

1 **I** INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!

2 My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same:
Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good.

4 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep:
Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I'm still with thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

593.

7 M.

Continuation of the same.

1 **W**HAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me!
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

[2] While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way:

3 While the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole:
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise:

4 Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise;

5 Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear:
From on high doth he impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

6 He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers;
And his spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews:

7 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love:
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

7 M.

594.

Continuation of the same.

1 **W**HAT if death my sleep invade!
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

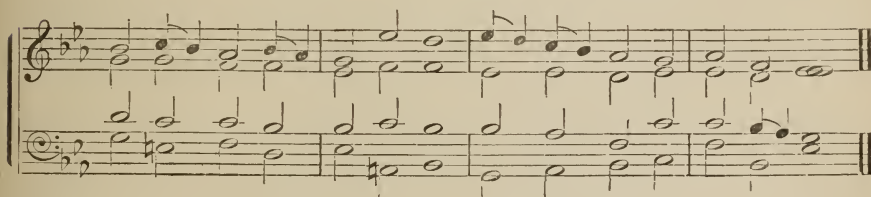
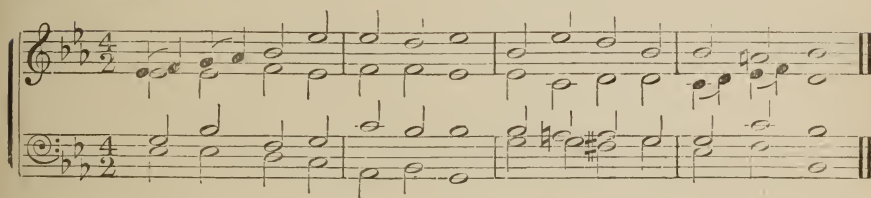
2 Visions brighter than the morn
Greet the deathless spirit born:
See the guardian-angel nigh
Waits to waft my soul on high!

3 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
God invites with him to dwell!

4 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest:
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee!

*Philip Doddridge, 1755.*595. **ELAM.** 7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1827.)



7 M.

595.

Midnight.

1 **I**N a land of strange delight
My transported spirit strayed:—
I awake,—where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

2 Is the dream of nature flown?
Is the universe destroyed?—
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

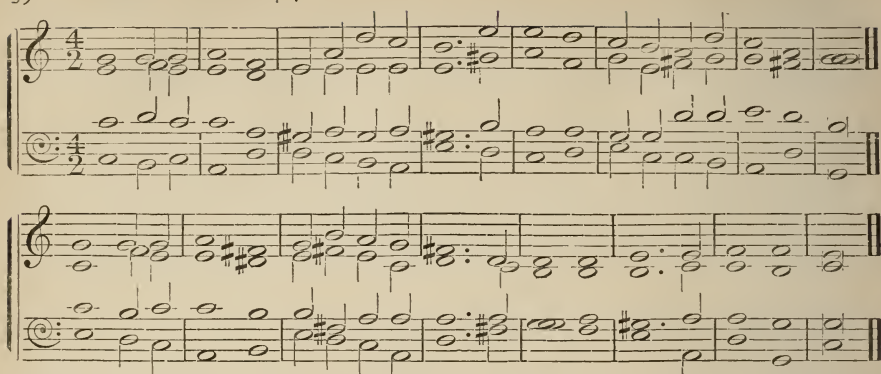
3 No: my soul, in God rejoice;
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

NIGHT.

596. NIGHT. M. 10 | 4.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1874.)



596.

M. 10 | 4.

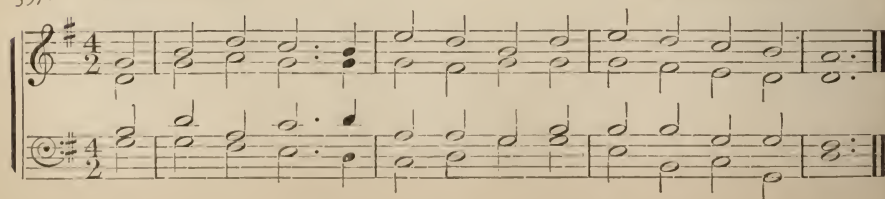
Night thoughts.

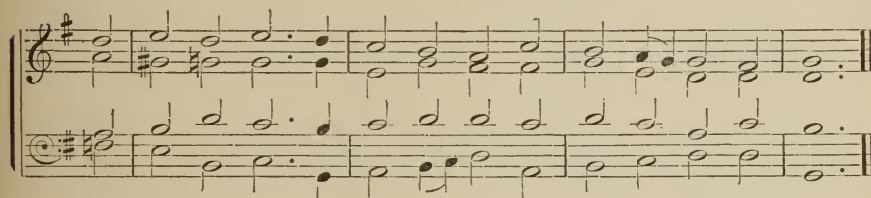
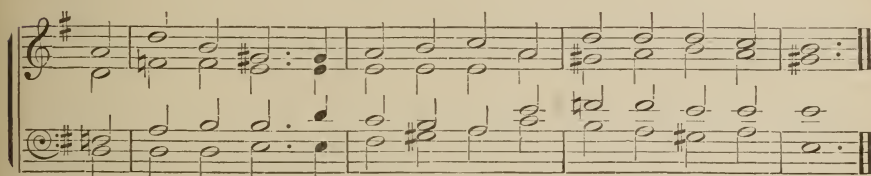
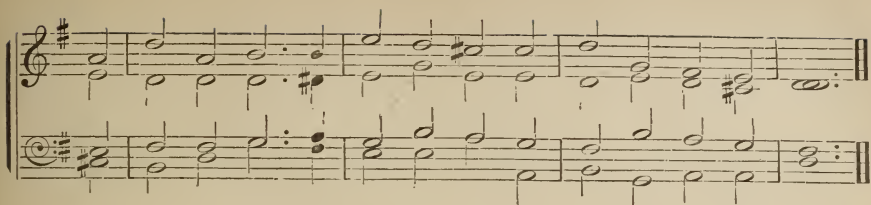
- 1 **I**N the dead silence of the voiceless night,
When from my wakeful eyes the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?
- 2 And if there be a weight upon my heart,—
Some lingering sadness of the day foregone,—
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee
And lay it down.
- 3 Or, if it be the chilling gloom that creeps
Before the shadow of advancing ill,
My soul still rests unheeding what it is,
Since 't is thy will.
- 4 More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of this hour,
More blest than anything, my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.
- 5 For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

597. CHRISTCHURCH. C. M. D.

WILLIAM HAYES, (d. 1779.)





C. M. D.

597.

The springtide of nature and the soul.

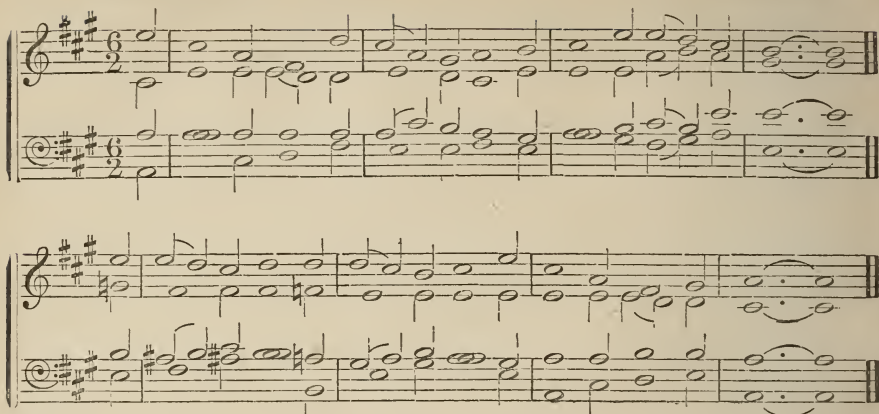
- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THE springtide hour brings leaf and flower
 With songs of life and love :
 And many a lay wears out the day
 In many a leafy grove.
 Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring :
 But this poor heart bears not its part ;
 In it there is no spring.</p> | <p>2 Dews fall apace,—the dews of grace
 Upon this soul of sin ;
 And love divine delights to shine
 Upon the waste within :
 Yet, year by year, fruits, flowers,
 appear,
 And birds their praises sing ;
 But this poor heart bears not its part ;
 Its winter has no spring.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 Lord ! let thy love, fresh from above,
 Soft as the south wind blow ;
 Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
 And bid its spices flow !
 And when thy voice makes earth rejoice,
 And the hills laugh and sing,
 Lord ! make this heart to bear its part,
 And join the praise of spring.

598.

BISHOPSTHORPE.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARKE, (d. 1707.)



598.

C. M.

The blessings of spring. Ps. 65.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.</p> <p>2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.</p> | <p>3 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.</p> <p>4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

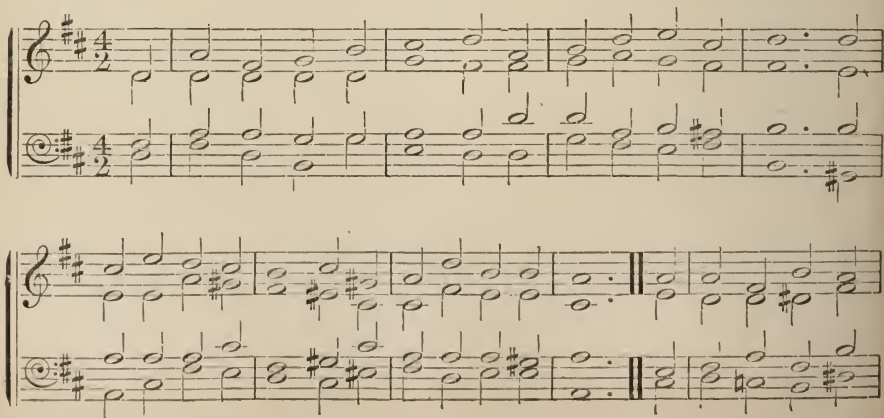
ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

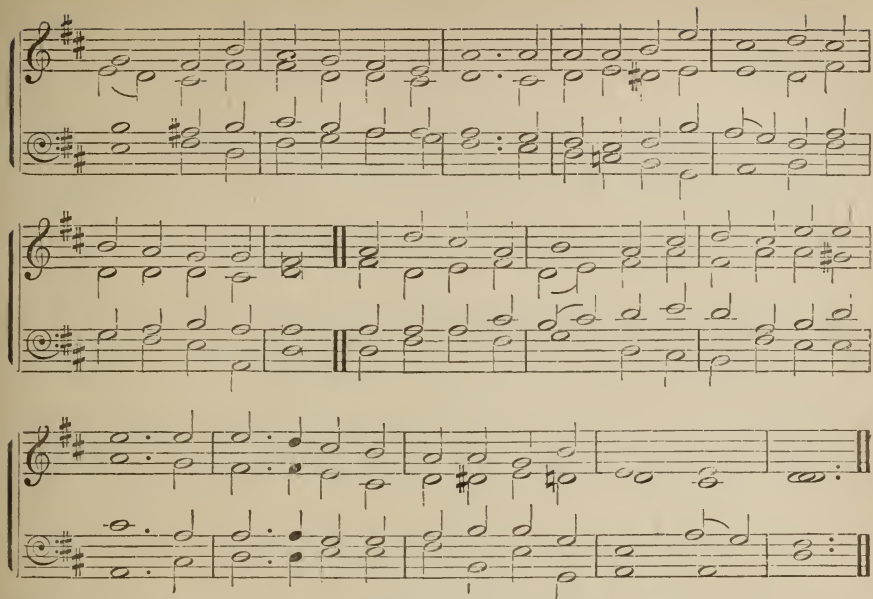
599.

PLENTY.

M. 7 & 6 | 6 M. M. 6 8 4.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)





M. 7 & 6 | 6 M. M. 6 8 4 "Wir pflügen und wir streuen."

599.

Thanksgiving in harvest.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>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.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above:
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all his love!</p> | <p>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.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above:
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all his love!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 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.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above:
 Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
 For all his love!

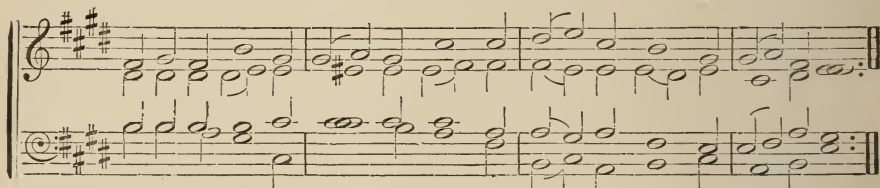
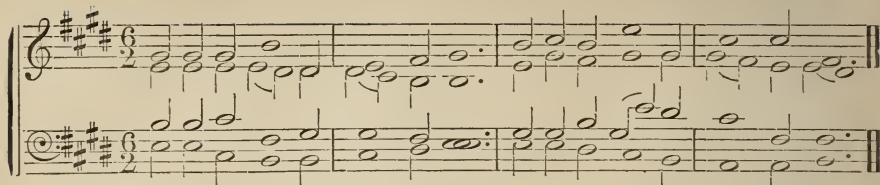
HARVEST.

600.

HOPE.

L. M.

Altered from HERBERT S. IRONS, (1867.)



600.

L. M.

Harvest home.

- 1 **T**HE last full wain is on the road,
And homeward brings its golden load:
The labours of the year are done:
Accept our thanks, all-bounteous One!
- 2 For the green spring, her herbs and flowers,
For the warm summer's blooming bowers,
For all the fruits that flush the boughs,
When russet autumn decks her brows;
- 3 For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn, and cheers the day;
For the round moon whose yellow light
Gilds the long labours of the night;
- 4 For the rich sea of shining grain,
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman;
- 5 For the soft herbage of the soil,
For ruddy health, the child of toil;
For all the increase of the earth,
For homes and hearts it fills with mirth:
- 6 For these, O Lord of earth and skies!
Our grateful thanks to thee shall rise:
No longer now the storms we fear;—
Thy goodness, Lord, has crowned the year!

Jacob Brettell, 1837.

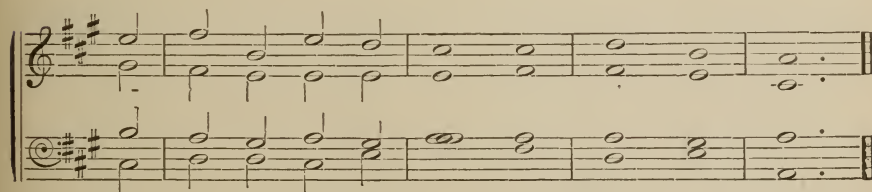
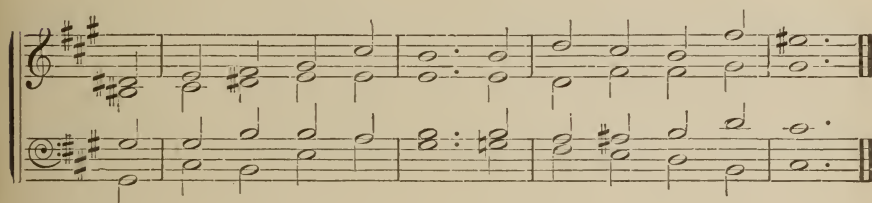
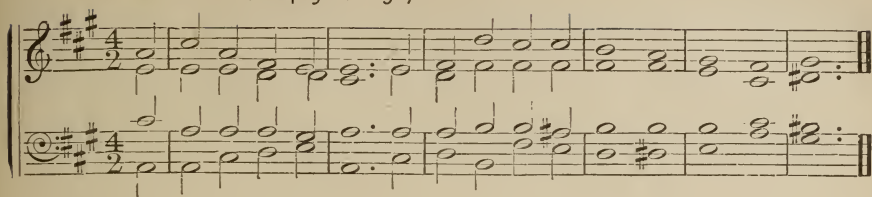
HARVEST.

601.

HARVEST.

M. 6. M. 4.
1. 2. 4. 5. 6. 3. 7.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)



M. 6. M. 4.
1. 2. 4. 5. 6. 3. 7.

601.

Harvest hymn.

1 THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth:
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

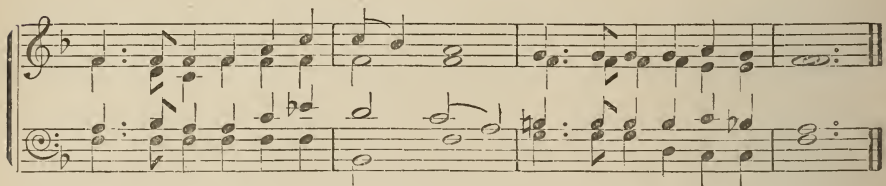
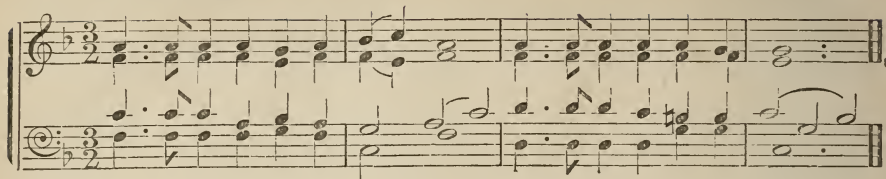
3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord:
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest-song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1853.

AUTUMN.

602. ST. SYLVESTER. 8 & 7 M.

J. B. DYKES, (1865?)



602.

8 & 7 M.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 'Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread!
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead:

3 What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace?—
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

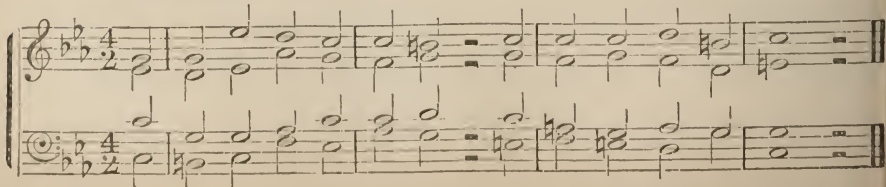
4 Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
We proclaim the solemn warning,
"Heaven and earth shall pass
away."

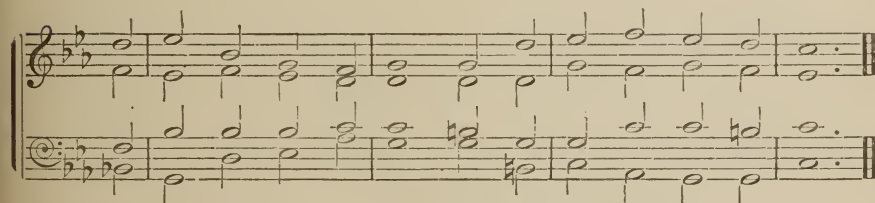
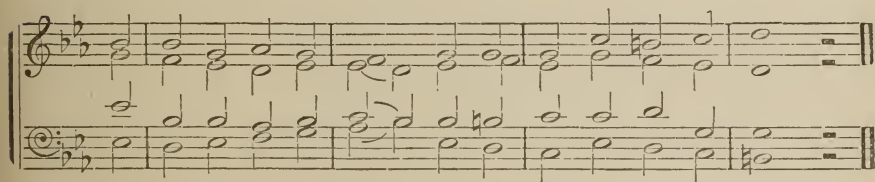
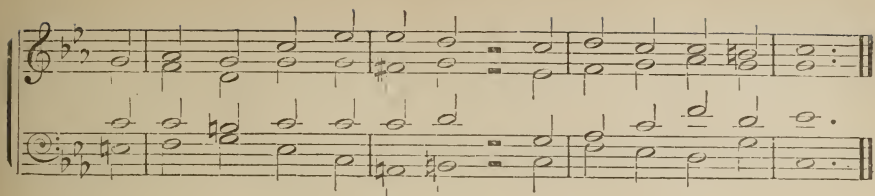
5 On the tree of life eternal
O let all our hopes be laid;
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

BISHOP GEORGE HORNE, 1795.

603. BRANDENBURG. M. 7 & 6.

AMALIA, Princess of Prussia, (d. 1787.)





M. 7 & 6.

603.

"As an oak whose leaf fadeth."

1 THE leaves around me falling
 Are preaching of decay:
 The hollow winds are calling—
 'Come pilgrim, come away!'
 The day, in night declining,
 Says I too must decline;
 The year its life resigning,—
 Its lot foreshadows mine.

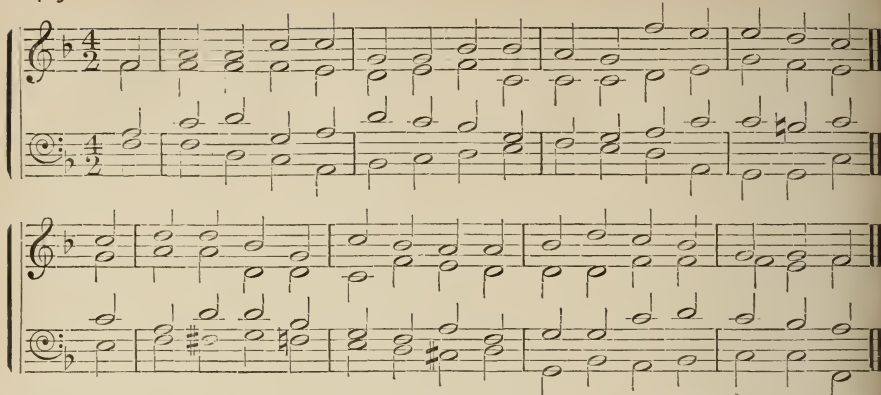
2 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing,—
 All melt, like stars of even
 Before the morning's ray,
 Pass upward into heaven,
 And chide at my delay.

3 The friends gone there before me
 Are calling me from high,
 And joyous angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky.
 Whilst here I still must linger,
 Thus, thus, let all I see
 Point on, with faithful finger,
 To heaven, O Lord, and thee.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

604-5. ISLAY. L. M.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, (1867.)



604.

The continual help of God.

L. M.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.</p> <p>2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.</p> | <p>3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.</p> <p>4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.</p> <p>5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
New life, new blessings, and new love,
Will sweeter hymns inspire above.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

605.

The close of the year.

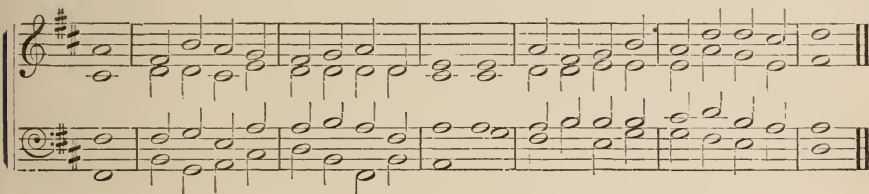
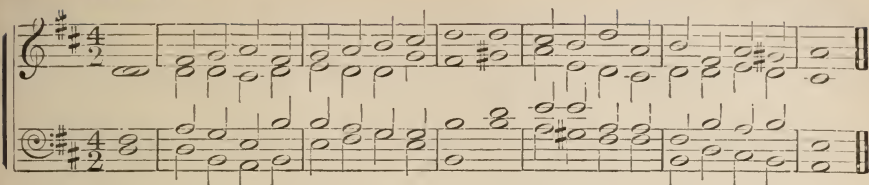
L. M.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 ANOTHER year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelmed in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone!</p> <p>2 O what concerns it him whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That nearer comes the closing day,
That one year more of life has fled?</p> | <p>3 Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,—
And speed your courses as you will.</p> <p>4 When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight-glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below!</p> <p>5 Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power;
Pursue thy bright and endless way!</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ANDREWS NORTON, 1827.

606. HAREFIELD. M. 10.

HENRY LAWES, (d. 1662.)



M. 10.

606.

The changing year.

1 GOD of the changing year, whose arm of power
 In safety leads through danger's darkest hour!
 Here in thy temple bow thy children down,
 To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
 And pour around the gladdening light of day;
 Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
 To cheer its hours of darkness, all are thine.

3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
 And mortal friends were faithless, thou wast true;
 Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
 The wounded spirit, thou wast present there.

4 Yet, when our hearts review departed days,
 How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
 Well may we dread to meet thine awful eye,
 And self-reproved before thy footstool lie.

5 O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;
 Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
 From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
 Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

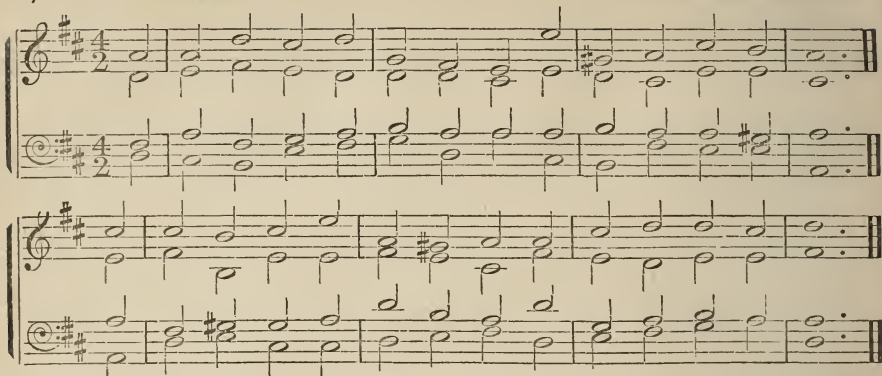
EMILY TAYLOR, 1818.

H H

THE CLOSING YEAR.

607. ST. CLEMENT'S. C. M.

PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, (1671.)



607.

C. M.

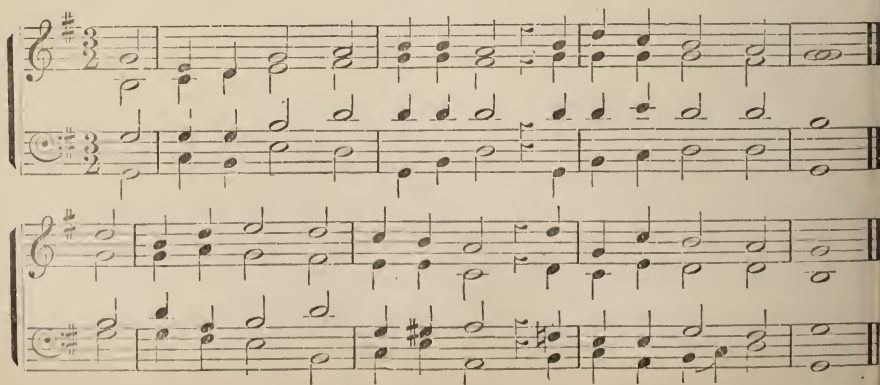
The worth of time.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O TIME! ne'er resteth thy swift wing;
Thy minutes make no stay:
Yet what vast treasure do they bring,
What treasure bear away!</p> <p>2 O richly laden hours, ye fly;
Yet ye lay down your load:
O minutes freighted awfully!
Your freight is all bestowed.</p> <p>3 Ye bring the world's consuming care;
Ye bring the tempter's wile:
Ye bring the glorious strife of prayer;
Ye bring the Father's smile.</p> | <p>4 Yes, Lord, our days may be divine;
Our hours may golden be:
The brightness of their light may shine
Through all eternity.</p> <p>5 We mourn not, hours, the wings ye take,
If your blest dower be given:
Fly on, bright minutes, if ye make
Our souls more meet for Heaven!</p> <p>6 Yes, parted years, still sweetly breathe!
Still blessedly appear!
And glory and delight bequeath
To the eternal year!</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1869.

608. GLUCKSTADT. C. M. ("Nun danket All' und bringet Ehr.")

JOH. CRÜGER, (d. 1662.)



C. M.

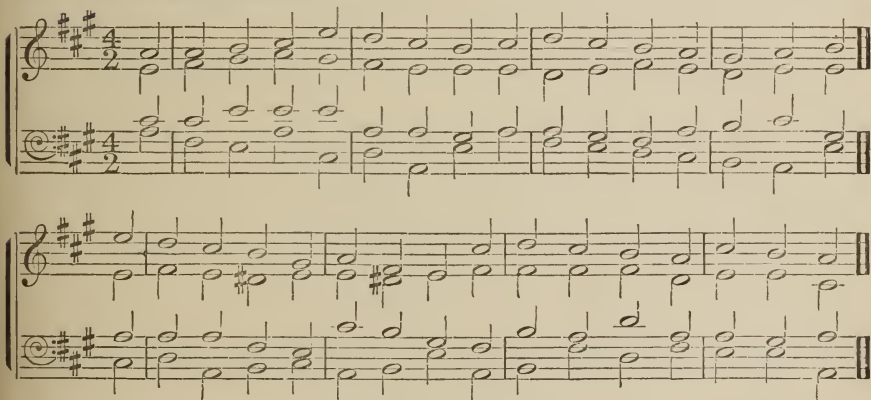
New year hymn.

608.

- 1 **B**REAK, new-born Year, on glad eyes
break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 3 Lord! from this year more service
win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with thee more bright!
- 4 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come;
Or gladsome mount on angel wings,
If thou shouldst take us home.
- 5 O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord! with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1869.

609. TEN COMMANDMENTS. L. M. French Psalter, (c. 1550.)



L. M.

609.

"He holdeth our soul in life."

- 1 **O** GOD, my helper, ever near!
Crown with thy smile the present
year;
Preserve me by thy favour still,
And fit me for thy sacred will.
- 2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on thy supporting power:
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my guide, while life shall last.
- 3 Let me not murmur nor complain
At what thy wisdom shall ordain:
Sickness or health may blessings
prove,
As ordered by thy sovereign love.
- 4 My moments move with wingèd haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last:
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year perhaps may die.
- 5 Prepare me for the trying day;
Then call my willing soul away:
I'll quit the world at thy command,
And trust my spirit to thy hand.

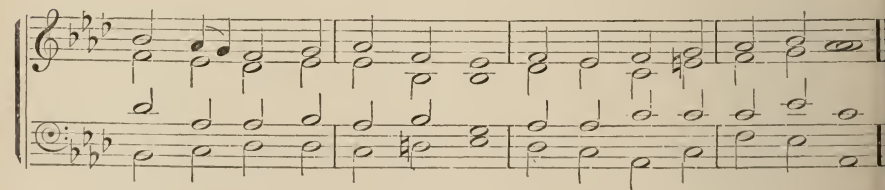
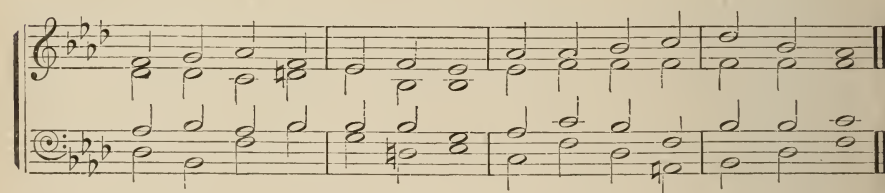
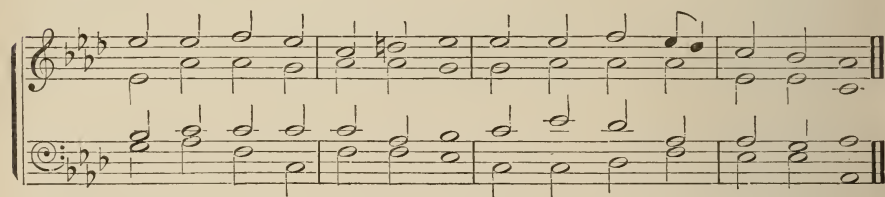
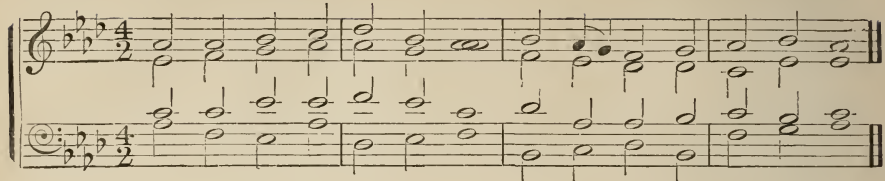
JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

H H 2

THE NEW YEAR.

610-11. DIES EST LÆTITIÆ. 7 M.

Old Latin Hymn, (1531.)



610.

7 M.

"Here we have no continuing city."

1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the
sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Waking to eternal day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a sacred love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton, 1779.

7 M.

611.

New year hymn.

1 **S**UNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
 Mighty to revive and cheer!
 Bless our yet untrodden way;
 Lead us through the entered year.
 Where the shades of death we see,
 Let thy living brightness be:
 Let it speed our lingering feet;
 Let it shine on all we meet.

2 Forward, though our path be hid,
 Though we pass the lurking foe,
 Though the sound of war forbid,
 Girt with gladness, let us go;
 Bold in thy protecting care,
 Strong to prove thee faithful there,
 Through the desert or the sea,
 On, to find our home in thee.

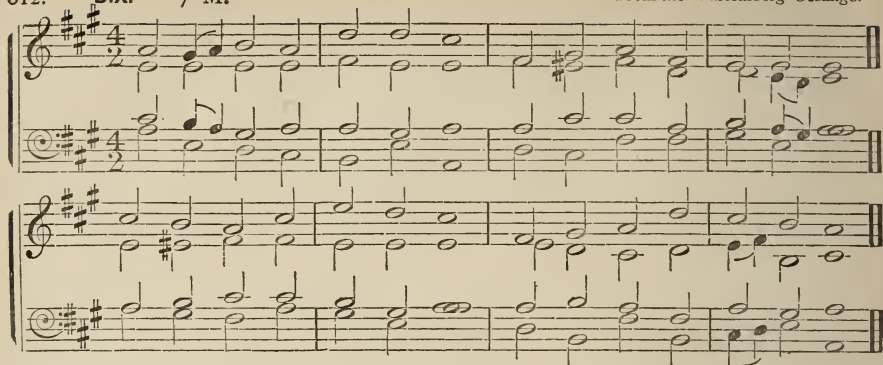
- 3 Open thou beneath our tread
 Springs the distance could not show;
 From the holy fountain-head
 Let them rise where'er we go:
 Rather, give us eyes to see,—
 Love, awake to love in thee;—
 Hearts that, trusting to thy care,
 Find its traces everywhere.
- 4 In the shadow of thy hand
 We can brave the uprooting gale,
 And a little child may stand
 Where the soldier's heart would fail;
 When the stormy wind is heard,
 Quick to every tender word;
 And for all our journey's length
 Armed with meekness more than strength.
- 5 Oft a desolating blast
 Bears the seed of comfort too,
 And the patient soul at last
 Finds a garden where it blew:
 So, where nothing cheers our sight,
 Germs of love may spring to light,
 Bright mid earth's oppressive shades,
 Fresh beside the leaf that fades.

Anna Lætitia Waring, 1850.

THE NEW YEAR.

612. DIX. 7 M.

From the Württemberg Gesangb.



612.

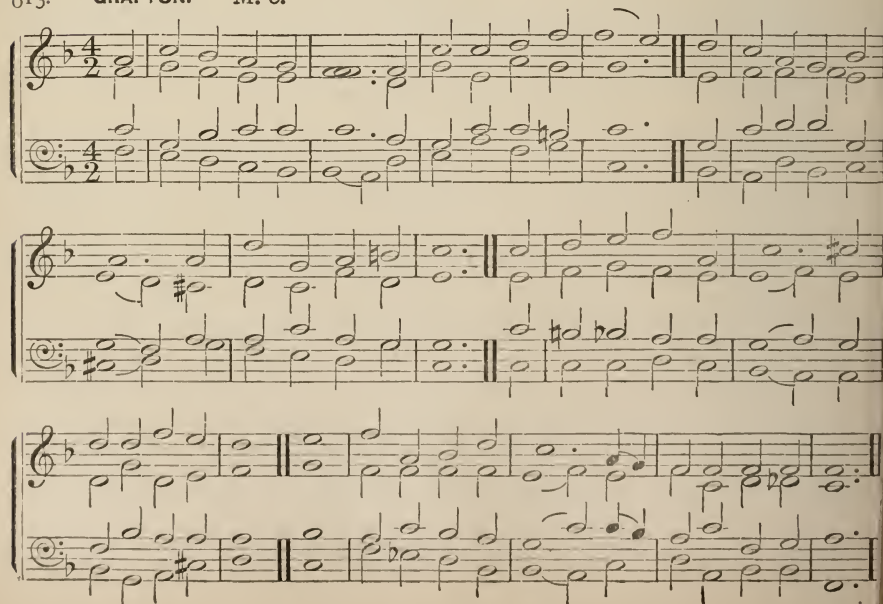
The first worship of the year.

7 M.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe thy word with power divine;
Make us willing to be thine.</p> | <p>2 Where thou hast the work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourner's tears.</p> |
| <p>3 Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.</p> | |

John Newton, 1779.

613. GRAFTON. M. 6.



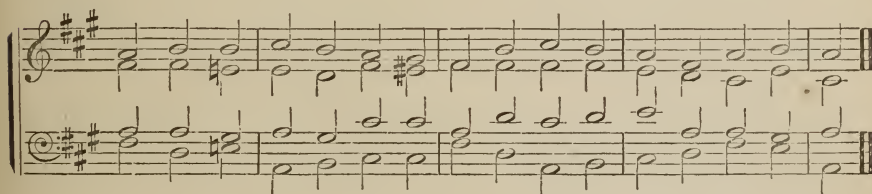
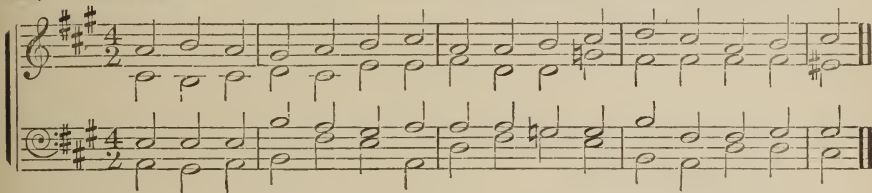
A new year.

1 JOY! joy! a year is born;
 A year to man is given,
 For hope and peace and love,
 For faith and truth and heaven.
 Though earth be dark with care,
 With death and sorrow rife,
 Yet toil and pain and prayer
 Lead to our higher life.

2 Behold! the fields are white;
 No longer idly stand:
 Go forth in love and might;
 Man needs thy helping hand.
 Thus may each day and year
 To prayer and toil be given;
 Till man to God draw near,
 And earth become like heaven.

BOOK OF HYMNS, 1848.

614. **FRIEDLAND.** L. M. ("Nun lasst uns den Leib begraben.") Bohemian Brethren, (1544.)



L. M.

614.

For a public hospital.

1 WHEN, like a stranger on our
 sphere,
 The lowly Jesus wandered here,
 Where'er he went affliction fled,
 And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 Demonic madness, dark and wild,
 In his inspiring presence smiled;
 The storm of horror ceased to roll,
 And reason lightened through the
 soul.

3 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
 Where Jesus triumphed we would
 tread;
 To all, with willing hands, dispense
 The crumbs of our benevolence.

4 Hark! the sweet voice of pity calls
 Misfortune to these hallowed walls;
 The breaking heart, the wounded
 breast,
 And helpless poverty, distressed.

5 Here the whole family of woe
 Shall friends, and home, and comfort
 know;
 The blasted form, the shipwrecked mind,
 Shall here a tranquil haven find.

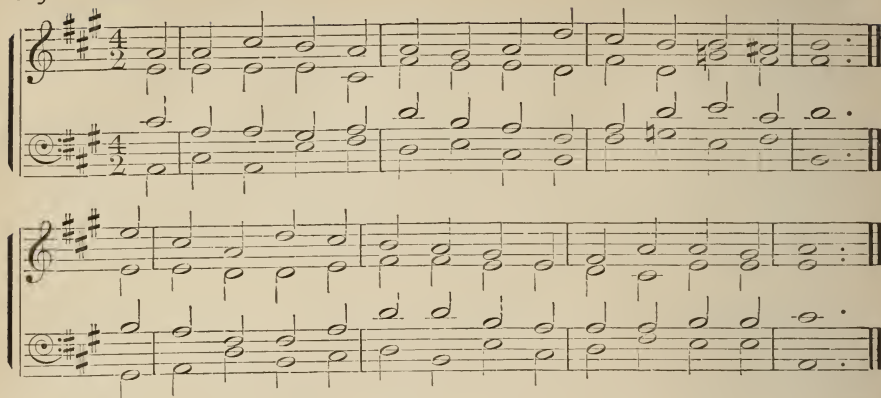
6 And thou, dread Power, whose sove-
 reign breath
 Is health or sickness, life or death!
 These favoured mansions deign to bless:
 The cause is thine,—O send success!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

NATIONAL PRAYER.

615. ABBEY. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, (1615.)



615.

Prayer for our country.

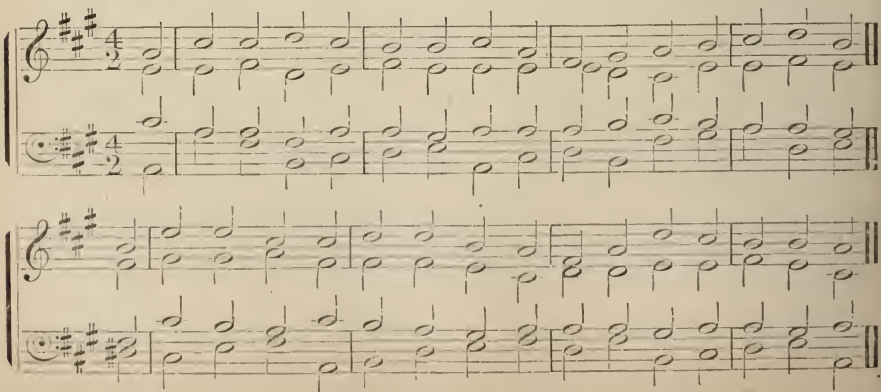
C. M.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! while for all mankind we
 pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 O hear us for our native land,—
 The land we love the most.</p> <p>2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
 And here our kindred dwell:
 Our children too;—how should we love
 Another land so well?</p> <p>3 O guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless;
 With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.</p> | <p>4 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
 And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.</p> <p>5 Here may religion pure and mild
 Upon our sabbaths smile;
 And piety and virtue reign,
 And bless our native isle.</p> <p>6 Lord of the nations! thus to thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend!</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837.

616. BOYCE. L. M.

SAMUEL BOYCE, (d. 1779.)



L. M.

616.

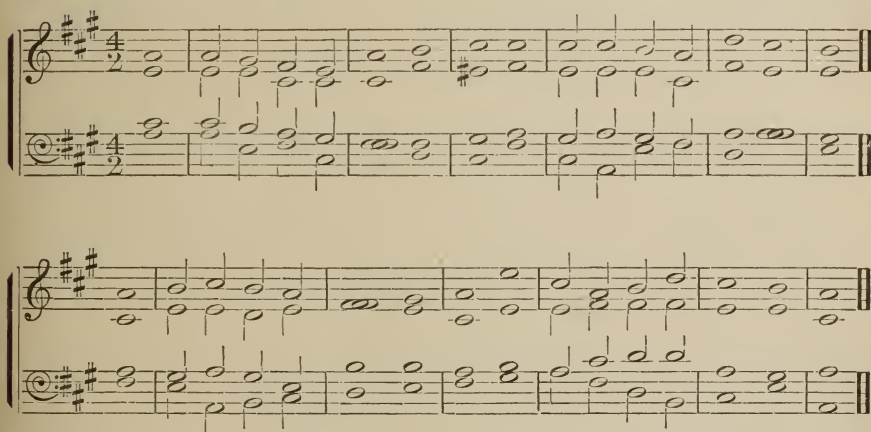
National hymn.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, bold, and free.</p> <p>2 Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.</p> | <p>3 Praise to our God; the vine he set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow,
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.</p> <p>4 Praise to our God; though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide his heritage.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

617. OLD 100. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, (Geneva, 1545.)



L. M.

617.

Army hymn.

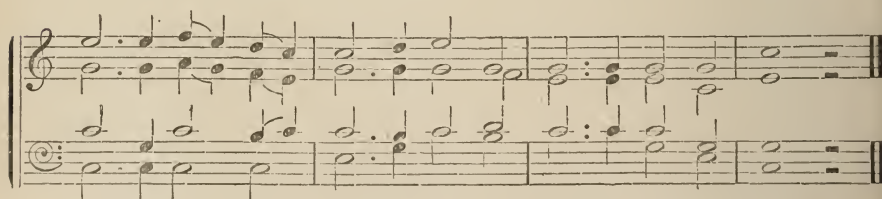
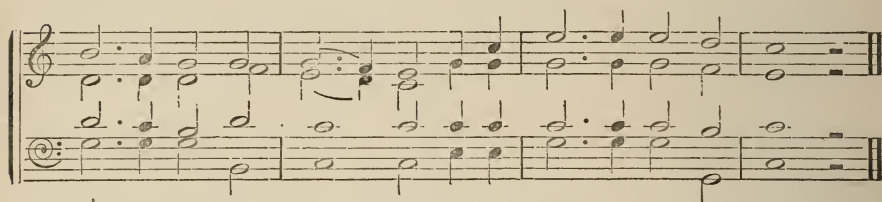
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|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O LORD of hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart;
Thy spirit shed through every heart.</p> <p>2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith, that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.</p> | <p>3 Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.</p> <p>4 God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the meteor-flag on high
That fills with light our troubled sky.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign,—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to thee!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1861.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

618. ENGLAND. M. 7 & 6.

ELIZA FLOWER, (d. 1846.)



618.

M. 7 & 6.

Prayer for our country.

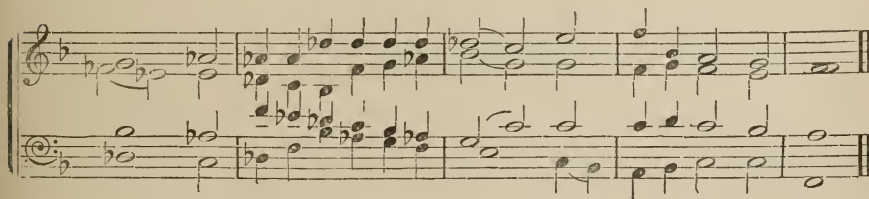
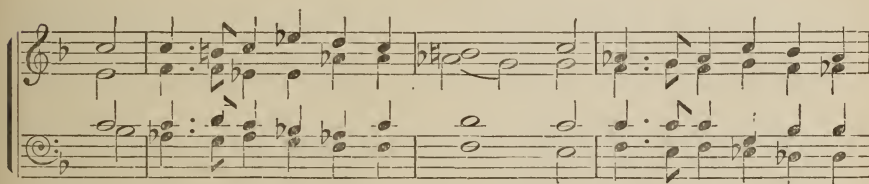
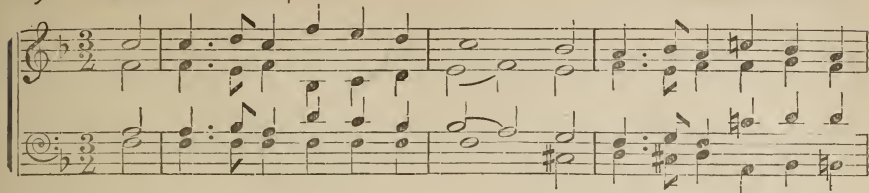
NOW pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy, and the happy,
And the gloriously free!
Who blesseth her is blessed!
So peace be in her walls;
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages and halls.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1840.

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

619. PATRIOT. M. 8 | 6 D.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1875.)



M. 8 | 6 D.

619.

Prayer for our country.

1 FROM foes that would the land devour,
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery;
From blinded zeal by faction led;
From giddy change by fancy bred;
From poisonous error's serpent head
Good Lord, preserve us free!

2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant thy church the grace to stand
In faith and unity!
Thy spirit's help of thee we pray,
That we may shorten, day by day,
Thy blessed kingdom's long delay,
By freely serving thee!

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

SEASONS OF THE CHURCH.

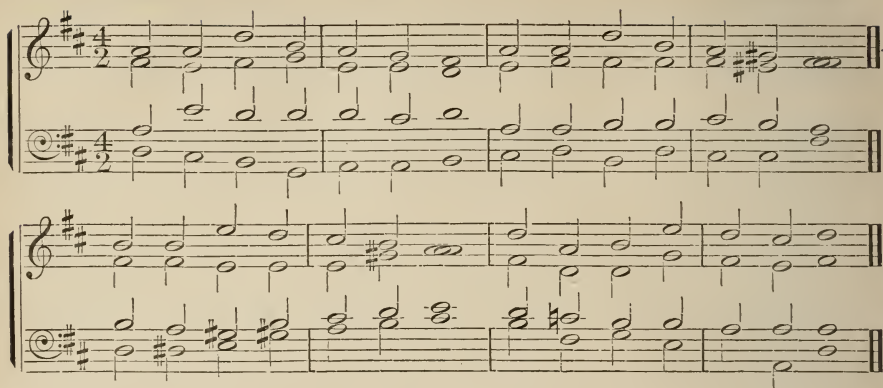
620.

LIVONIA.

7 M.

("Segne und behüte.")

Livonian Melody.



620.

7 M.

In time of dearth.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU that sendest sun and rain,
Ruling over land and sea!
May we ne'er of thee complain,
Ne'er, whate'er our lot may be.</p> <p>2 Whether sun or rain in turn
Ripen or destroy the grain,
May we still this lesson learn,—
Ne'er to murmur or complain.</p> | <p>3 Fewer flocks or fewer herds,
Scanty though our store may be,
Still we seem to hear the words—
'Trust, ye faithful, trust in me.'</p> <p>4 All we have we know is thine,
Thine to give and take away;
Feed us then with food divine,
Feed us this and every day.</p> <p>5 Thus, as changeful seasons bring
Wealth or want, whiche'er it be,
Uncomplaining still we'll sing,
Simply trusting all to thee.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

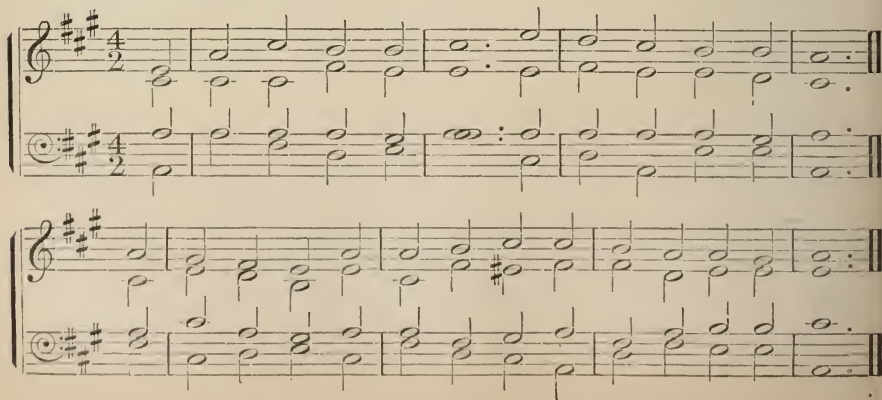
GODFREY THRING, 1866.

621.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

S. M.

DAY'S PSALTER, (1563.)



S. M.

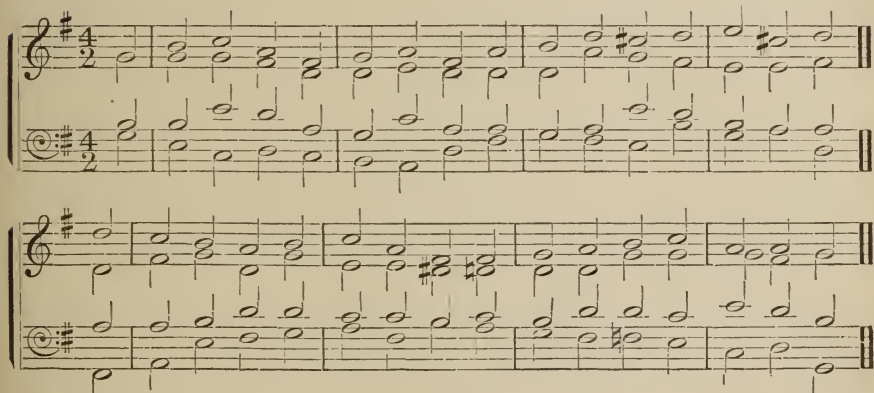
621.

The day of rest.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THIS is the day of Light!
 Let there be light to-day;
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.</p> <p>2 This is the day of Rest!
 Our failing strength renew;
 On aching brow and troubled breast
 Shed thou thy freshening dew.</p> | <p>3 This is the day of Peace!
 Thy peace our spirits fill!
 Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.</p> <p>4 This is the day of Prayer!
 Let earth to heaven draw near:
 Lift up our hearts to seek thee there;
 Come down to meet us here.</p> <p>5 This is the First of days!
 Send forth thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Lord of life and death!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

*John Ellerton, 1867.*622. **BLACKHEATH.** L. M.

? JEREMIAH CLARKE, (d. 1707.)



L. M.

622.

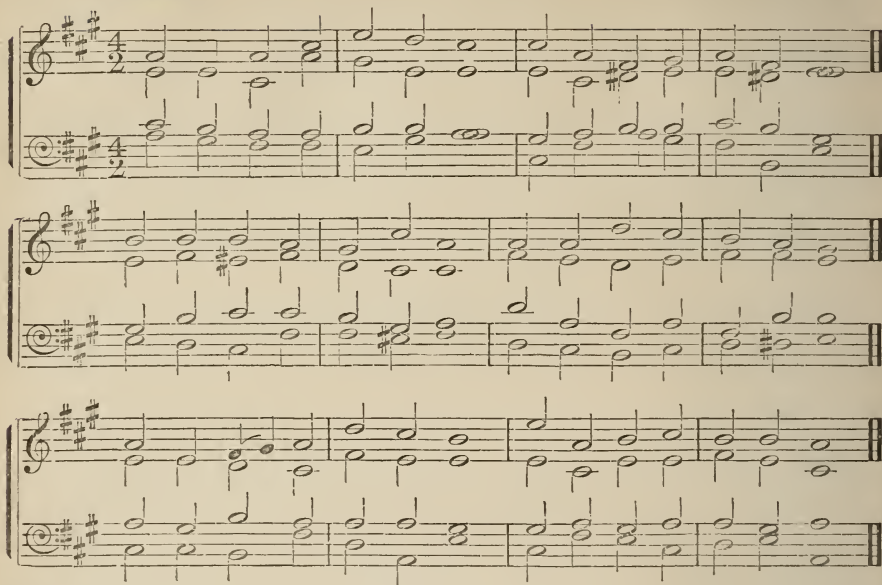
The day of rest.

- 1 **B**LEST hour when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er this anxious breast,
 While, all around, the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 2 Blest hour when God himself draws nigh,
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
 To hush the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 3 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
 Foretastes of future bliss are given,
 And mortals find his earthly courts
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.

THOMAS RAFFLES, 1829.

SUNDAY MORNING.

623. **HEILSBERG.** 7 M. ("Preis dem Todes-Überwinder.") J. F. CHRISTMANN, (d. 1817.)



623.

Sunday morning.

7 M.

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

2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road!
Here flow forth the streams of grace;
Strengthened hence we run our race.

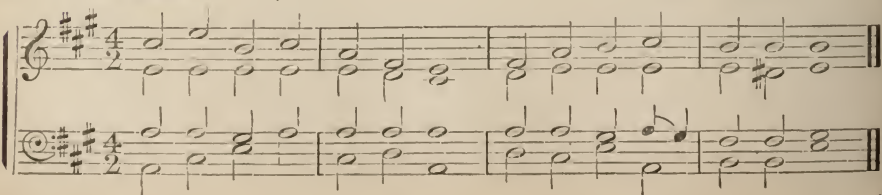
3 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will
close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

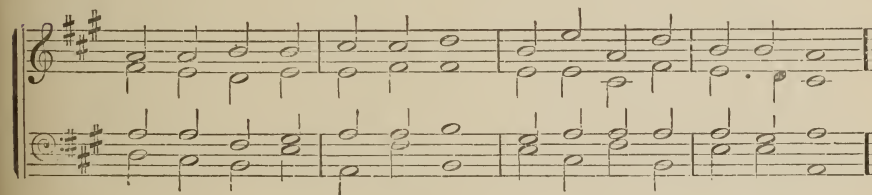
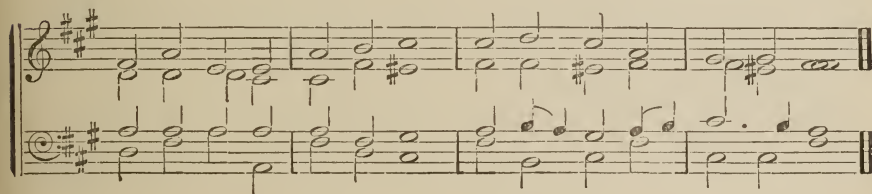
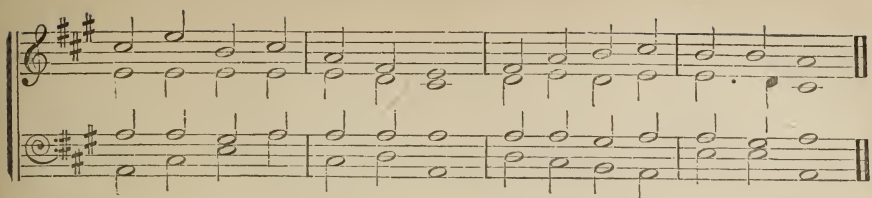
4 But the rest which yet remains
For thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Father's love:
O may every sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

Julia Anne Elliott (née Marshall), 1833.

624. **ST. EDMUND.** 7 M.

CHARLES STEGGALL, (1865?)





7 M.

624.

Worship above and below. . Ps. 84.

1 PLEASANT are thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O! my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of thy saints,
 For the brightness of thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round thine altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast!
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe:
 Waters in the desert rise;
 Manna feeds them from the skies:
 On they go from strength to strength
 Till they reach thy throne at length,
 At thy feet adoring fall
 Who hast led them safe through all.

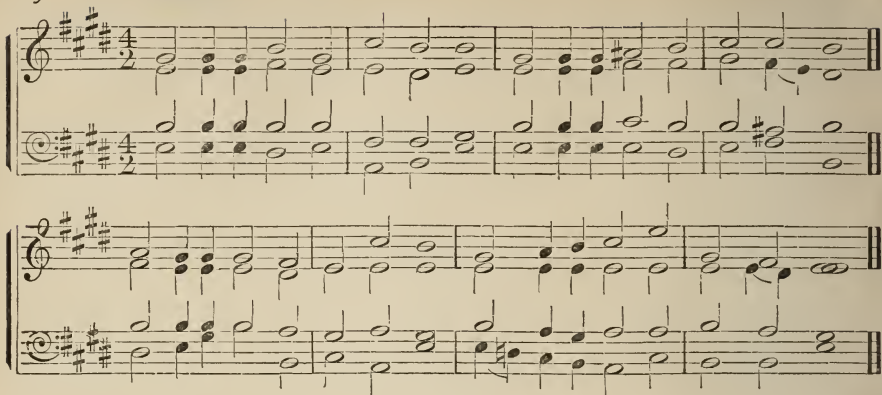
4 Lord! be mine this prize to win:
 Guide me through a world of sin;
 Keep me by thy saving grace;
 Give me at thy side a place.
 Sun and shield alike thou art:
 Guide and guard my erring heart:
 Grace and glory flow from thee;
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

THE COURTS OF GOD.

625. ST. AMBROSE. L. M.

JOHN FAWCETT, (1840?)



625.

L. M.

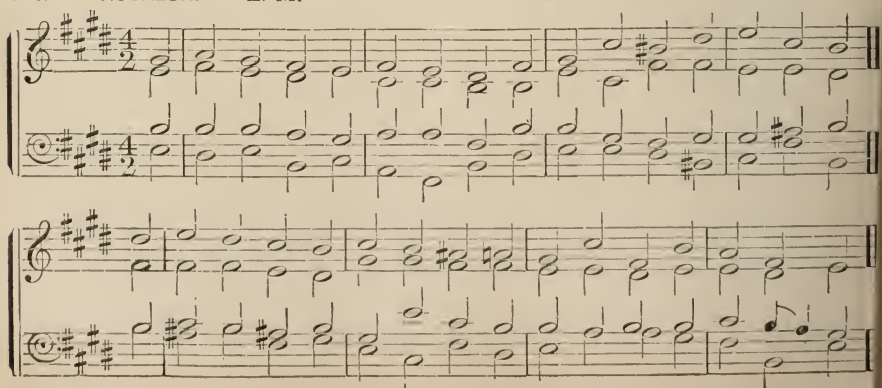
"I will go to the altar of God."

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IF, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high com-
mands;
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.</p> <p>2 If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole;
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.</p> | <p>3 If there be still a sacrifice
That may to God with favour rise;
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.</p> <p>4 If, in the dread of death's dark hour,
The word of life hath soothing power;
To hear that word, my spirit, haste,
Ere yet the pains of death I taste.</p> <p>5 Where God would have the oblation made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM LAMPFORD, 1825.

626. ASCALON. L. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1871.)



L. M.

626.

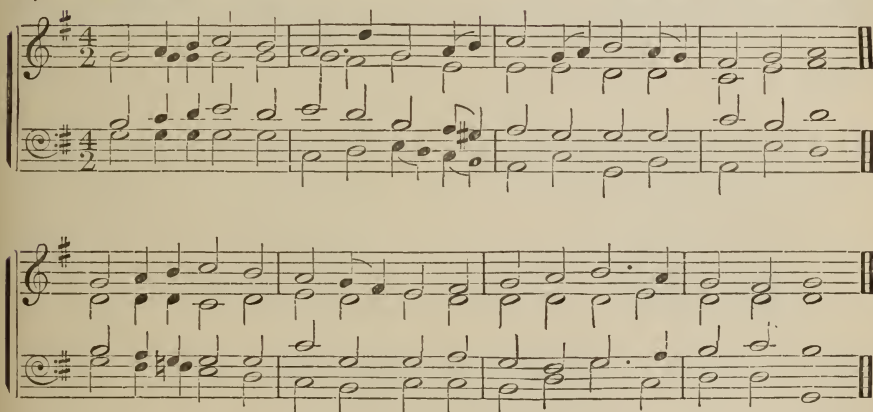
"Neither on this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem."

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort, thou art not alone,
While Faith hath marked thee for her own.</p> <p>2 Wouldst thou a Temple? look above;
The heavens stretch over all in love:—
A Book? for thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.</p> | <p>3 The holy band of saints renowned
Embrace thee, brother-like, around;
Their sufferings and their triumphs rise
In hymns immortal to the skies.</p> <p>4 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient song of deathless praise.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

paraphrased from THOMAS CARLYLE, 1834:
by (probably) WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX, 1841.

627. **SUNRISE.** L. M.

WILLIAM HORSLEY, (d. 1858.)



L. M.

627.

Social worship. Ps. 84.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.</p> <p>2 Blest are the saints who dwell on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.</p> | <p>3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.</p> <p>4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

COMMUNION OF ALL SPIRITS IN WORSHIP.

628-9.

SYCHAR.

H. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1871.)



628.

H. M.

Social worship. Ps. 84.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still:
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

629.

H. M.

Praise from heaven and earth.

1 YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command!
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Father's face!
His praises sound,
As in his light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

THE STRENGTH OF GOD-FEARING MEN.

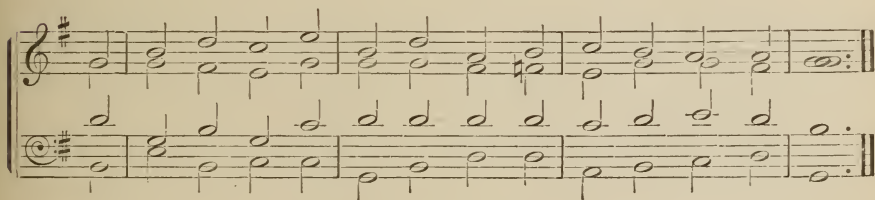
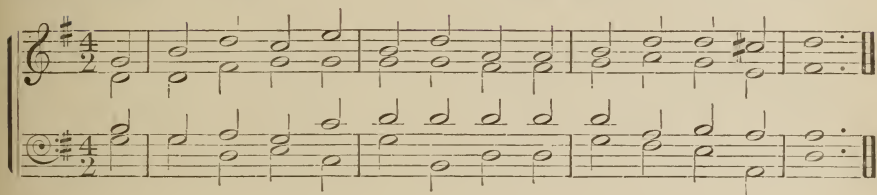
3 Ye saints, who toil below !
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing :
Take what he gives ;
And praise him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives !

4 My soul ! bear thou thy part ;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love !
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise !

Richard Baxter, 1681.

630. YORK. C. M.

JOHN MILTON, SENR., in HART'S PS., (1615.)



C. M.

630.

The blessedness of the devout. Ps. 84.

1 HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee !

2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on
high !
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to
strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

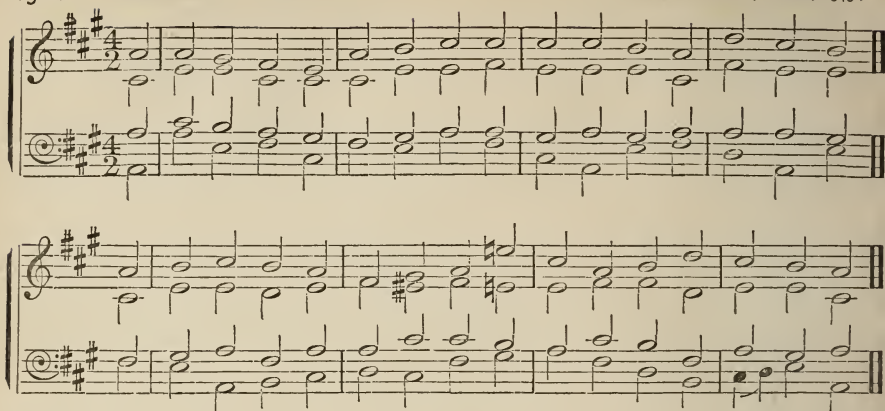
5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright :
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

John Milton, 1648.

CALL TO WORSHIP.

631-2. OLD 100. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANC, (Geneva, 1545.)



631.

L. M.

A general hymn of praise. Ps. 100.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred
joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.</p> <p>2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.</p> | <p>3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?</p> <p>4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.</p> <p>5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ISAAC WATTS, 1706 & 1719:
alt. JOHN WESLEY, 1741.

632.

L. M.

All nations shall serve him. Ps. 100.

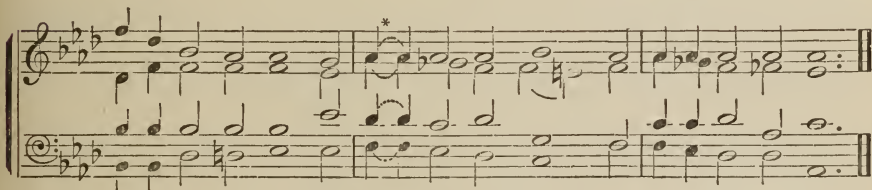
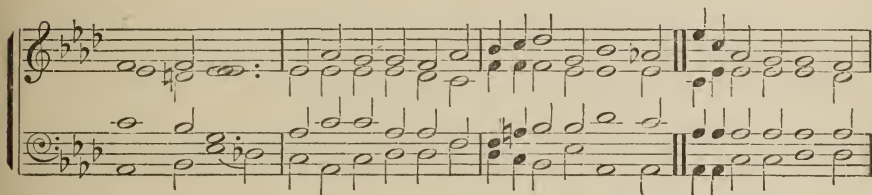
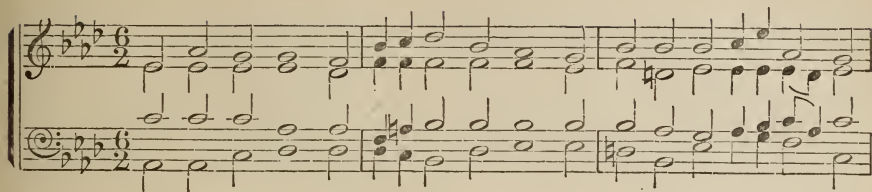
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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign
king;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.</p> <p>2 The Lord is God; 't is he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.</p> | <p>3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours
there.</p> <p>4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

CALL TO WORSHIP.

633. HOMAGE. P. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



* Bow required in verse 1.

P. M.

633.

Glad homage.

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits! humbly bent before thee,
Songs of glad homage unto thee we bring;
Touched by thy spirit, O teach us to adore thee!
Let thy light attend us,
Let thy love befriend us,
Father of spirits, Everlasting King!
- 2 Send forth thy mandate, gather in the nations;
Through the wide universe thy name be known!
Millions of voices shall join in adorations,
Every soul invited,
Every voice united,
Joining to adore thee, Everlasting One!

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

CALL TO WORSHIP.

634. UNISON. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)

634.

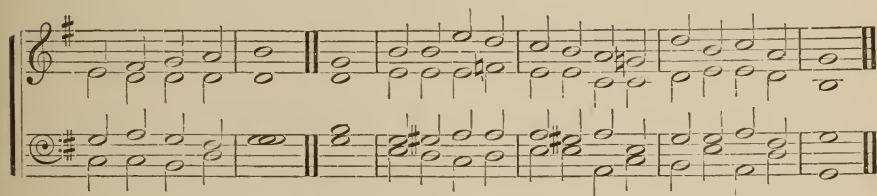
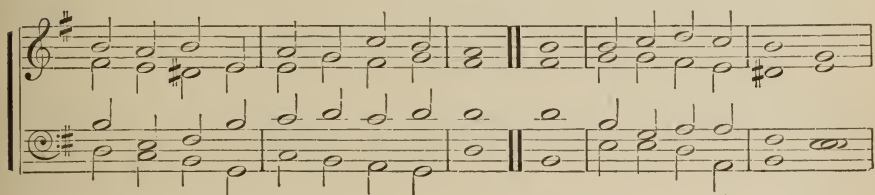
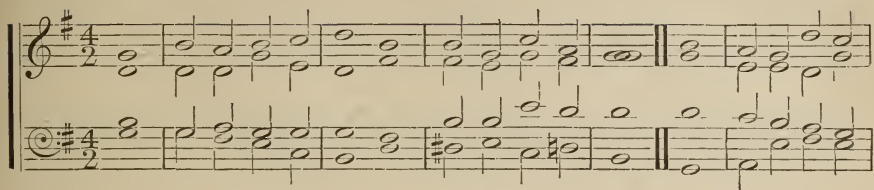
Happy praise. Ps. 100.

7 M.

1 O BE joyful in the Lord,
Every land beneath the sun :
In his praise, with glad accord,
Let all tongues and hearts be one :
For our God is God alone,
Whose we are, and not our own ;
We his people are,—the sheep
He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

2 Come and join the joyous throng
Who Jehovah's praise proclaim :
In his courts, with grateful song,
Speak the honours of his name.
Rich his bounty to our race ;
Inexhaustible his grace ;
Ready to forgive and bless ;
Ever sure his faithfulness.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.



S. M. D.

635.

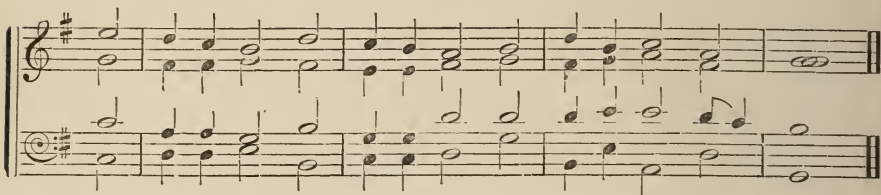
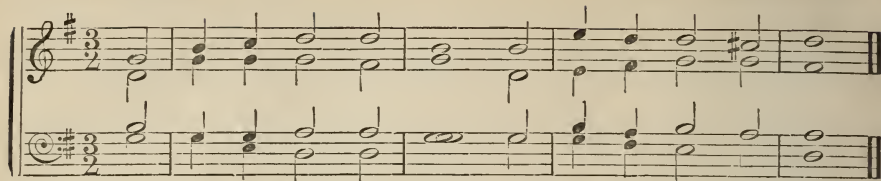
The hour of prayer.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 IT is the hour of prayer;
 Draw near and bend the knee,
 And fill the calm and holy air
 With voice of melody!
 O'erwearied with the heat
 And burden of the day,
 Now let us rest our wandering feet,
 And gather here to pray.</p> | <p>2 The dark and deadly blight
 That walks at noontide hour,
 The midnight arrow's secret flight
 O'er us have had no power:
 But smiles from loving eyes
 Have been around our way,
 And lips on which a blessing lies
 Have bidden us to pray.</p> |
| <p>3 O blessed is the hour
 That lifts our hearts on high!
 Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
 Prayer to the soul is nigh:
 Though dark may be our lot,
 Our eyes be dim with care,
 These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
 This holy hour of prayer.</p> | |

CALL TO WORSHIP.

636-7. ROYAL. S. M.

CHARLES LOCKHART, (d. 1815.)



636.

S. M.

Invitation to the house of God.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.</p> <p>2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.</p> <p>3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
dumb,
Your lips forget to move.</p> | <p>4 Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise;
Nor let your hearts his praise dis-
own,
Who gives the power to praise.</p> <p>5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;</p> <p>6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

EMILY TAYLOR, 1818.

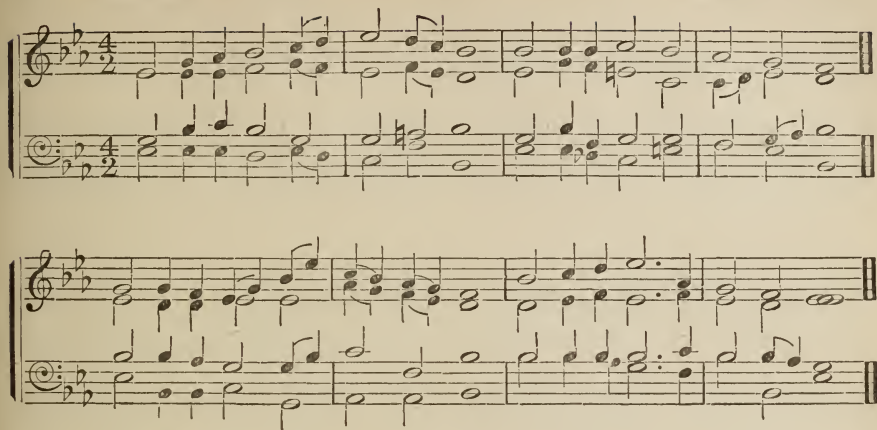
637.

S. M.

Exhortation to praise. Ps. 95.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.</p> <p>2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.</p> | <p>3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.</p> <p>4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.</p> |
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ISAAC WATTS, 1719.



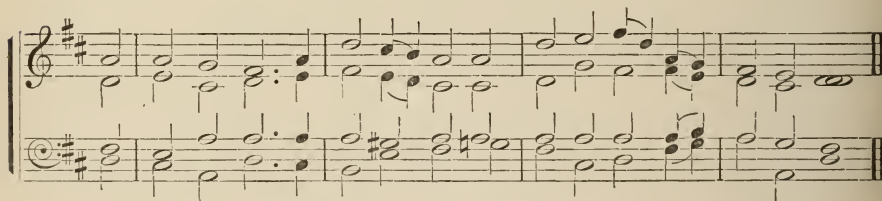
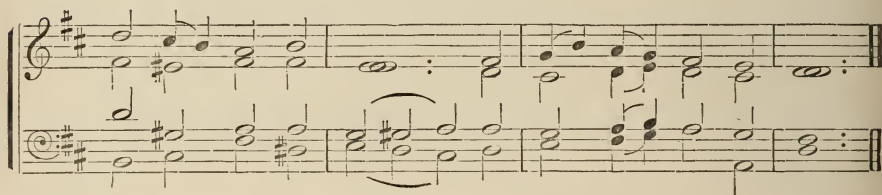
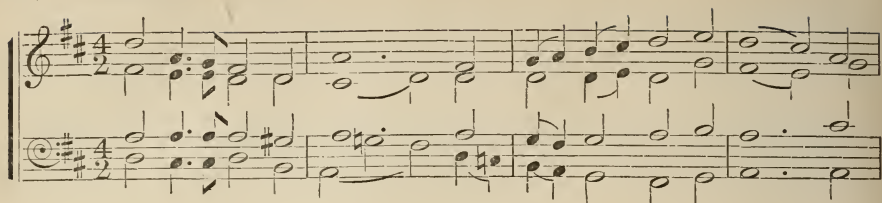
L. M.

638.

Exhortation to praise. Ps. 147.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 't is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 Tell of the Lord, how great his might;
But say, his love is infinite:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 6 The meek are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

639. WARSAW. H. M.



639.

H. M.

Praise from all men. Ps. 100.

1 ALL from the sun's uprise,
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before his throne.

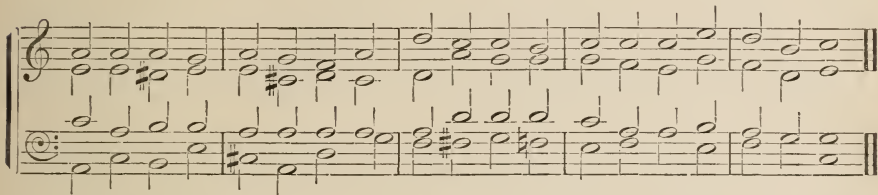
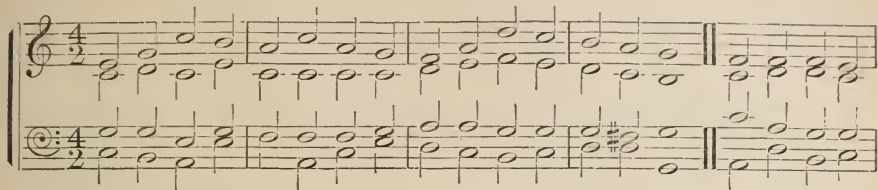
2 Man drew from man his birth;
But God his noble frame,—
Built of the ruddy earth,—
Filled with celestial flame.
His sons we are;
Sheep by him led,
Preserved and fed
With tender care.

3 O to his portals press
In your divine resorts:
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! how pure!
His mercies last:
His promise passed
For ever sure.

640.

BENEDICITE.

$\frac{4}{1.} \frac{M.}{2.}$	$\frac{7}{3.} \frac{M.}{6.}$	$\frac{8}{4.} \frac{M.}{5.}$
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$\frac{4}{1.} \frac{M.}{2.}$	$\frac{7}{3.} \frac{M.}{6.}$	$\frac{8}{4.} \frac{M.}{5.}$
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640.

Benedicite.

- 1 ANGELS holy,
 High and lowly,
 Sing the praises of the Lord!
 Earth and sky, all living nature,
 Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
- 2 Sun and moon bright,
 Night and noonlight,
 Starry temples azure-floored,
 Cloud and rain, and wild winds' mad-
 ness,
 Sons of God that shout for gladness,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
- 3 Ocean hoary,
 Tell his glory:
 Cliffs, where tumbling seas have
 roared!
 Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
 Wave advancing, wave retreating,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

- 4 Rock and highland,
 Wood and island,
 Crag where eagle's pride hath
 soared,
 Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
 Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
- 5 Rolling river,
 Praise him ever,
 From the mountain's deep vein
 poured,
 Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
 Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
- 6 Bond and free man,
 Land and sea man,
 Earth, with peoples widely stored,
 Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
 Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
 Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

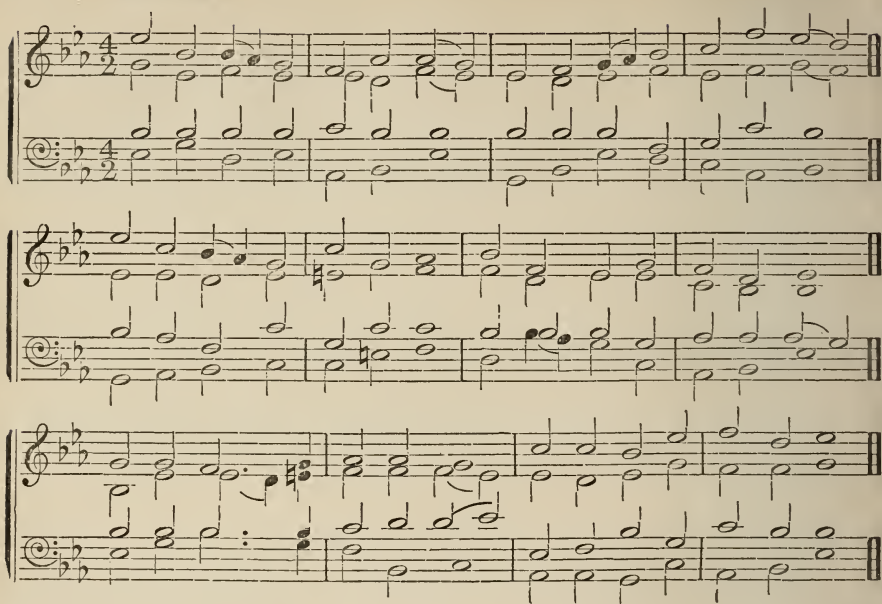
- 7 Praise him ever,
 Bounteous giver;
 Praise Him, Father, Friend and Lord!
 Each glad soul its free course winging,
 Each glad voice its free song singing,
 Praise the great and mighty Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, 1857.

IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

641-2. **SHECHEM.** 7 M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



641.

7 M.

Praise to the giver of good.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.</p> | <p>2 O give thanks to nature's king,
Who made every breathing thing.
His our warm and sentient frame,
His the mind's immortal flame.
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the eternal Mind!</p> |
| <p>3 O give thanks with heart and lip;
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed;—but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?</p> | |

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

642.

7 M.

Forget not all his benefits.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THANK the Lord who made the
earth,
Gave the seas and heavens birth;
God the Lord, whose word of might
Out of darkness called the light:
Full of mercy evermore,
Him, the Lord of lords, adore!</p> | <p>2 Thank the Lord, who set the sun
Day by day his course to run;
Lit the moon, serenely bright;
Spread the stars around the night:
Full of mercy evermore,
Him, the Lord of lords, adore!</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

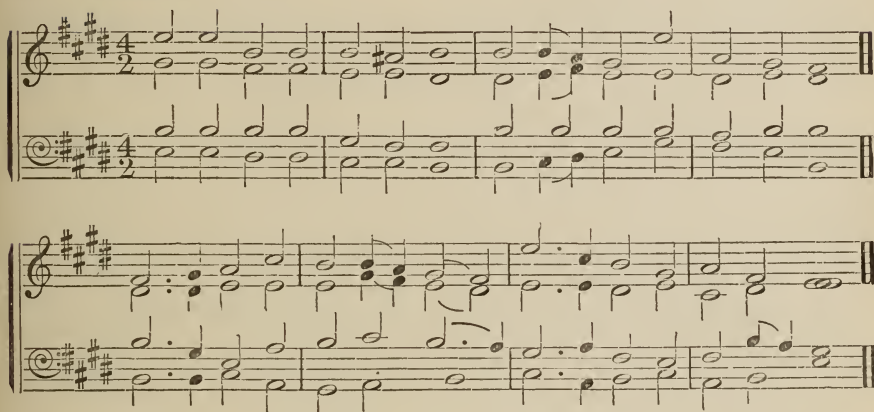
IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.

- 3 Thank the Lord who heeds our call,
Hears all flesh, and feeds them all:
Thank the Lord, whose love has given
Man the bread of life from heaven:
Full of mercy evermore,
Him, the Lord of lords, adore!

WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, 1855.

643. HEINEKEN. 7 M.

NICHOLAS SAMUEL HEINEKEN, (1830.)



7 M.

643.

Harmony of praise. Ps. 92.

- 1 **T**HOU who art enthroned above!
Thou by whom we live and move!
Thee we bless; thy praise be sung,
While an ear can hear a tongue.
- 2 O how sweet, how excellent
'T is with tongue and heart's consent,—
Thankful hearts and joyful tongues,—
To renown thy name in songs!
- 3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm faith, in grateful verse.
- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord! from thee these blessings flow.
- 5 Who thy wonders can express?
All thy thoughts are fathomless:
Lord, thou art most great, most high!
God from all eternity!

George Sandys, 1636.

GOD'S SANCTUARY EVERYWHERE.

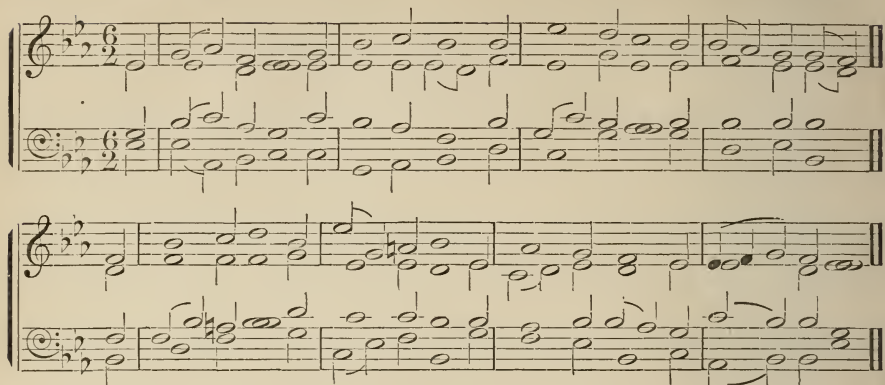
644.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

EDWARD MILLER, (d. 1807.)

"Melody taken in part from a hymn-tune."



644.

Universal worship.

L. M.

- 1 O THOU to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was
strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue!
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The 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 lisp, 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 praise be sung.

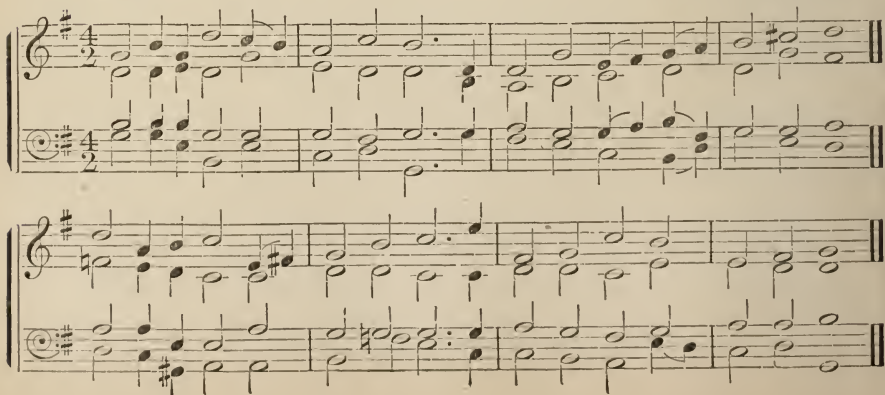
JOHN PIERPONT, 1824.

645.

SELBY.

L. M.

S. WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



L. M.

Exhortation to praise. Ps. 113.

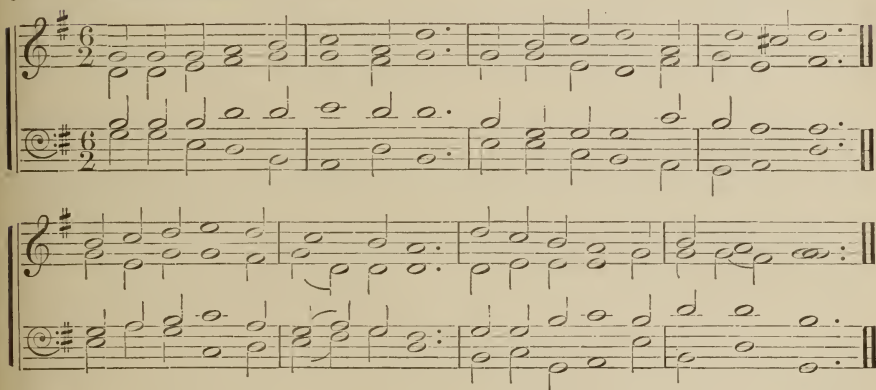
645.

- 1 SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore
From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to his rest:
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness
shown.
- 3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
Yet ever with paternal grace
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.
- 5 Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore
From age to age, for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

646. ANGELS' SONG. L. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, (d. 1625.)



L. M.

"All nations shall serve him." Ps. 72.

646.

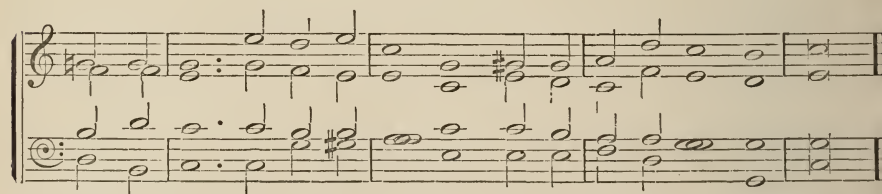
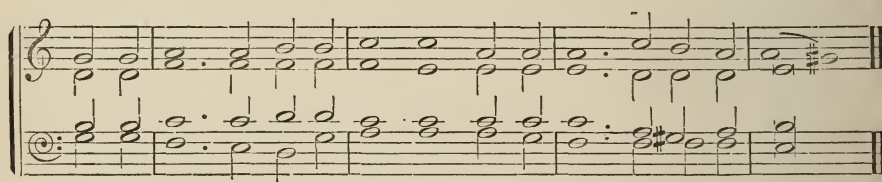
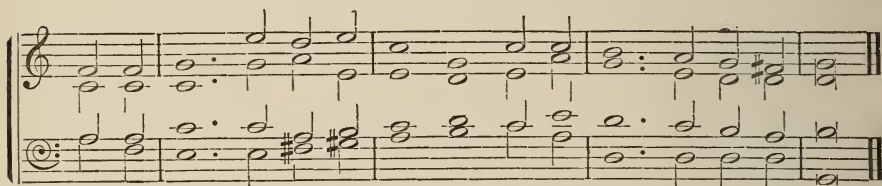
- 1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat;
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.
- [2] Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,—
The voice of many waters,—rise
Day without night, as time goes round.
- 3 Come from the East,—with gifts, ye
kings,
With gold, and frankincense, and
myrrh;
Where'er the morning spreads her
wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.
- 4 Come from the West,—the bond, the
free,
His easy service make your choice;
Ye isles of the Pacific sea
Like halcyon-nests; in God rejoice.
- 5 Come from the South;—through desert-
sands
A highway for the Lord prepare;
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.
- 6 Come from the North;—let Europe
raise
In all her languages one song;
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to his holy name belong.
- 7 For lo! he bows the heavens above,
And at his feet the mountains flow;
He comes; but not in wrath,—in love,
He comes to dwell with men below.

James Montgomery, 1825.

JOYFUL WORSHIP.

647. **FABEN.** 8 & 7 M.

JOHN H. WILCOX.



647.

8 & 7 M.

Universal praise to God.

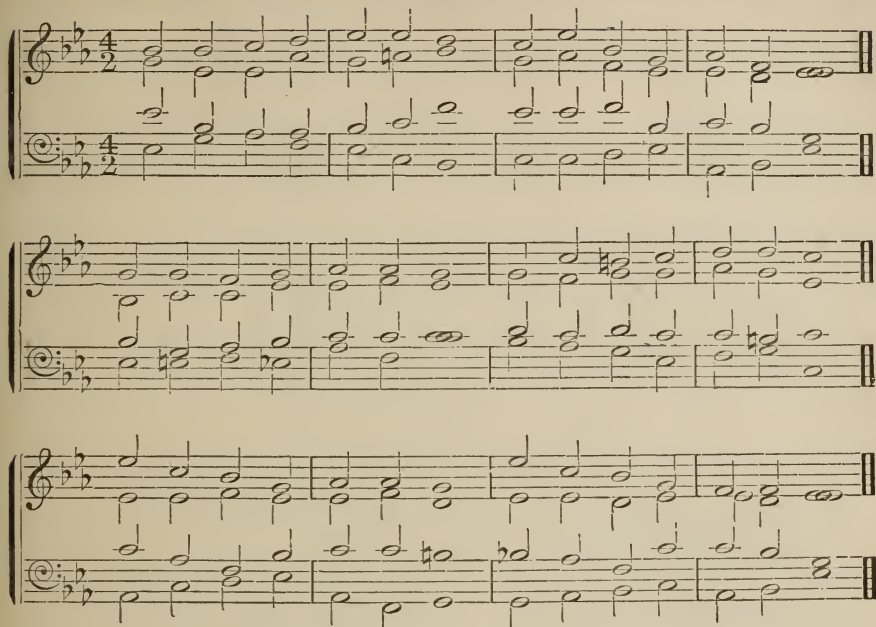
1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise be thine from every tongue !
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
 Father, Source of all compassion !
 Free unbounded grace is thine :
 Hail the God of our salvation !
 Praise him for his love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and
 heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise ;
 There enraptured fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, 1767.

JOYFUL WORSHIP.

648. RATISBON. 7 M. ("Eins ist Noth.") JOACHIM NEANDER, (d. 1630.)



7 M.

648.

Joy in God.

- 1 LORD ! for thee I daily cry,
In thy absence hourly die.
Happy men who spend their days
In thy courts, there sing thy praise!
Happy, who on thee depend!
Thine their way, and thou their end.
- 2 They, through deserts travelling,
Find the thirsty vale a spring;
Or soft showers from clouds distil,
And their empty cisterns fill:
Freshly they their course pursue,
Till thy towers rise to view.
- 3 O thou Shield of our defence!
O thou Sun, whose influence
Sweetly glides into our hearts,
And thine inward peace imparts!
Happy, O thrice happy he
Who alone depends on thee!

George Sandys, 1636.

K K

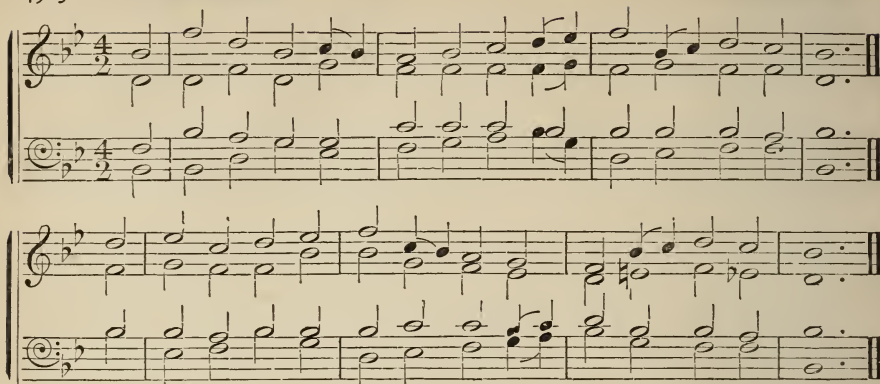
PRAISE HIM EVERY DAY.

649-50.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

C. M.

WILLIAM JONES, (d. 1799.)



649.

C. M.

Worship and obedience. Ps. 5.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! in the morning thou shalt
hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.</p> <p>2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.</p> | <p>3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.</p> <p>4 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

650.

C. M.

Praise to God in life and death.

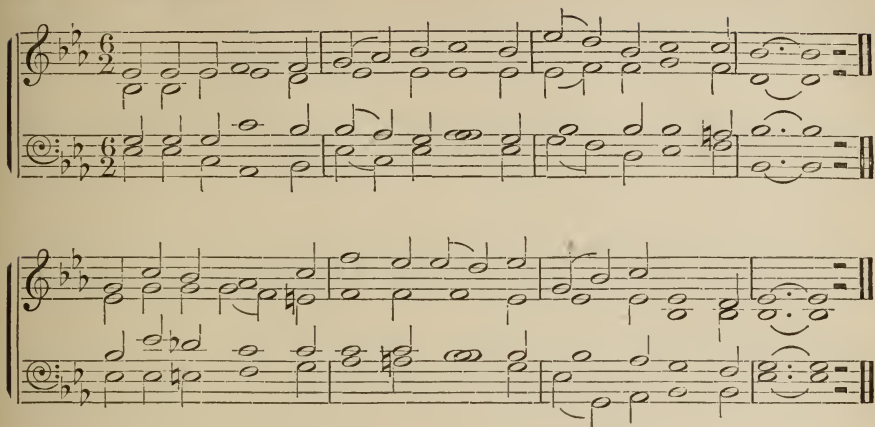
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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 YES, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.</p> <p>2 In every smiling happy hour
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.</p> <p>3 When gloomy care and keen distress
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.</p> | <p>4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life with all its active powers
Shall spread thy praise abroad.</p> <p>5 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close mine eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.</p> <p>6 Then shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

OTTIWEILL HEGINBOTHOM, 1772.

THE DAY OF REST.

651-2. ST. HILDA. C. M.

F. W. HIRD.



C. M.

651.

"Early will I seek thee." Ps. 63.

1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God! repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine!

4 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

C. M.

652.

The day of rest.

1 **W**HEN the worn spirit wants re-
pose,
And sighs her God to seek;
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will
cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of
peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul!

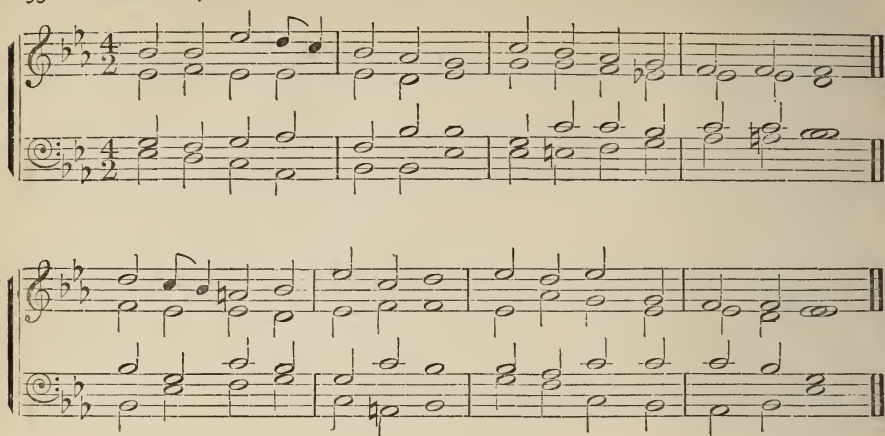
4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er;
That sabbath dawn, which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

K K 2

THE DAY OF REST.

653. **BONN.** 7 M. ("Wenn ich ihn nur habe.") HEINRICH CARL BREIDENSTEIN, (1824.)



653.

7 M.

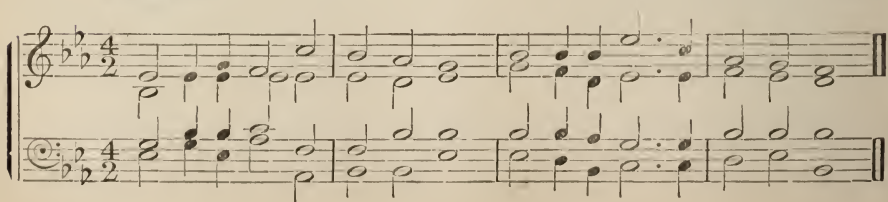
Sunday.

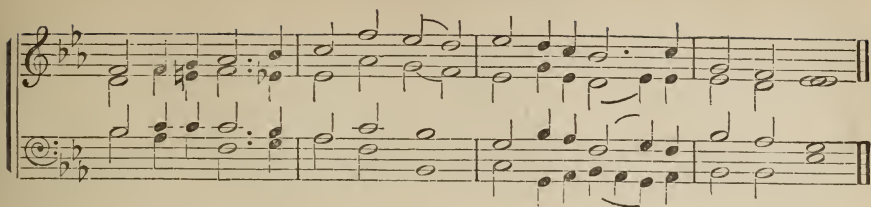
- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HENCE, avaunt, all follies vain!
Idle pomp and sordid gain!
Holy, holy, holy Day!
Welcome thrice to thee, I say:—</p> <p>2 Thee whom suits the lifted eye,
Heart commercing with the sky,
Bosom calm and step sedate,
Simple garb and sober gait.</p> <p>3 But, though grave thy temper be,
Yet, when thou dost come to me,
I beseech thee, holy Day!
Put not on a sad array:—</p> <p>4 But O come, as suits thee best,
Cheerful day of genial rest!
Come with happy winning smile,
Full of hope and free from guile!</p> | <p>5 So together, hand in hand,
We within the aisle will stand,
Listening to the solemn sound,
Now above, and now around.</p> <p>6 There shall rapt devotion kneel,
Breathing fire of holy zeal!
There shall penitence sincere
Plead the silent falling tear:</p> <p>7 There shall Charity attend,
Changing enemy to friend;
Steadfast Hope that looks on high,
And pure Faith that dares to die.</p> <p>8 Such the joys I ask of thee,
Day of joy and jubilee!
Sweet delight of earth and heaven!
Sweetest day of all the seven!</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

EDWARD CASWALL, 1858.

654. **NEWMARKET.** L. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1782.)





L. M.

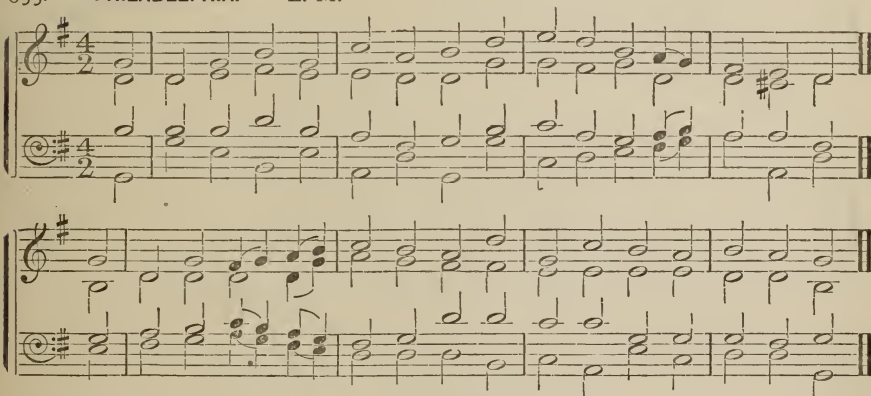
The sacrifice of the heart.

654.

- 1 **W**HEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker,
 God,
 What rites, what honours, shall he pay?
 How spread his Sovereign's praise
 abroad?
- 2 From marble doimes, and gilded
 spires
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands,
 deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1773.

655. **PHILADELPHIA.** L. M.



L. M.

Sunday morning.

655.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six-days' work is done;
 Another sabbath is begun:
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
 Improve the day which God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense, to the skies!
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which none but he that feels it knows!
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away:
 How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

JOSEPH STENNETT, 1712.

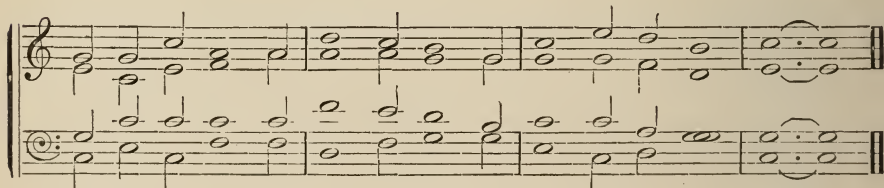
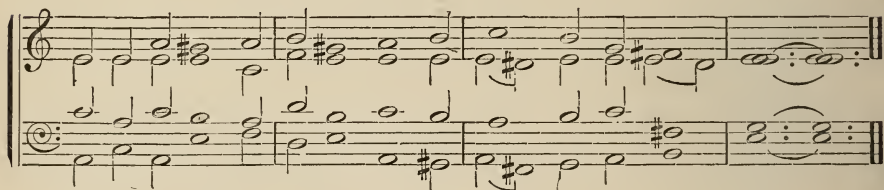
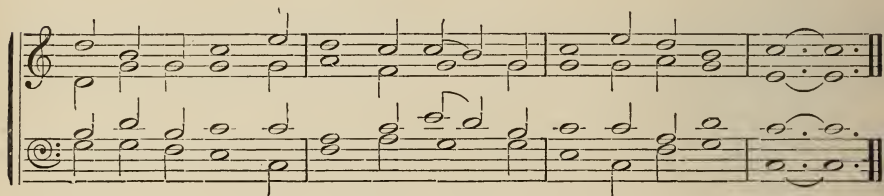
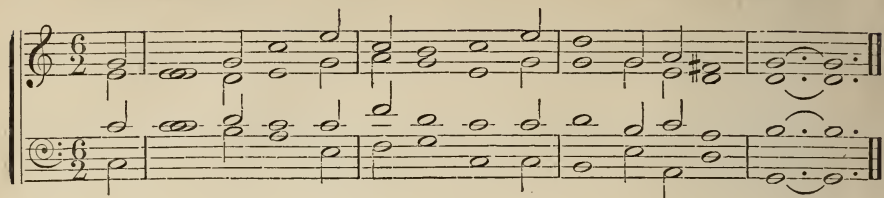
THE DAY OF REST.

656.

ST. MATTHEW'S.

C. M. D.

WILLIAM CROFT, (d. 1727.)



656.

C. M.

The day of worship.

1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

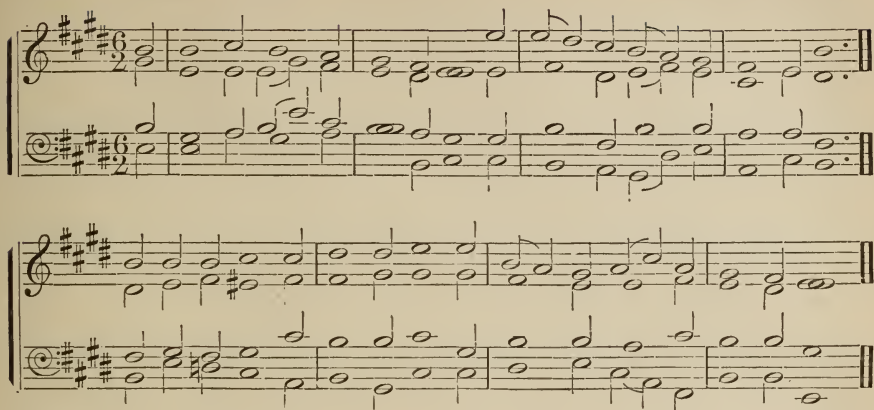
4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, 1772.

THE DAY OF REST.

657-8. LUTON. L. M.

G. BURDER. (d. 1832.)



L. M.

657.

The day of rest.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.</p> <p>2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.</p> | <p>3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!</p> <p>4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And, raised to holier courts above,
I praise thee with a purer love.</p> <p>5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Isaac Watts, 1719.

L. M.

658.

Worship in spirit.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O LORD! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.</p> | <p>2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.</p> <p>3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

THE PLACE AND DAY OF PRAYER.

The day of worship.

659.

TEMPLE-GATE.

7 M. | M. 10. 10.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

mp

Bless - ed Sab - bath of the Lord, Sweet re - turn of pub - lic praise !

Still we live to hear his word, Grate-ful for his so - lemn days.

mf *cres.*

Let the world in dark-ness frown, And our mor - tal com - forts fail ;

mp *p*

From the glo - ries of his throne Light shall cheer the gloo - my vale.

mf *f*

Great ob - ject of our faith ! to thee we bow, And

p

in thy church record the so-lemn vow. Great ob-ject of our faith! to thee we

f *p rall.*

bow, And in thy church re-cord the so-lemn vow, the so-lemn vow.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1810.

660. ST. PAUL'S. L. M.

J. F. LAMPE, (d. 1751.)

L. M.

The day of rest.

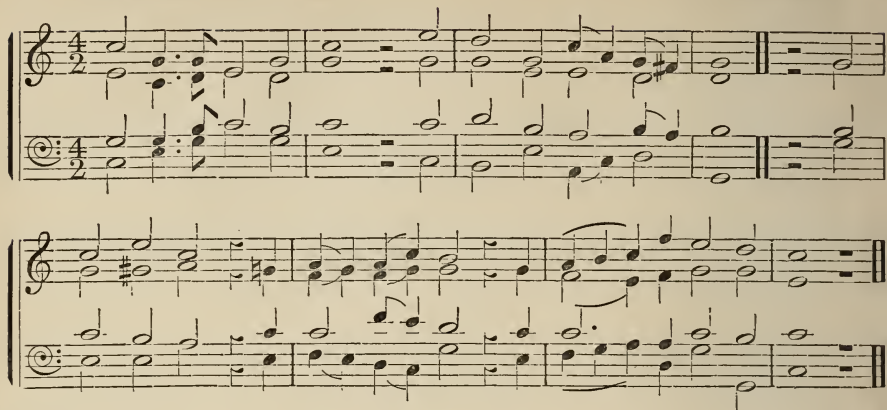
660.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the soul, when
pressed
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides us from the world awhile!
- 2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
We seem to breathe a different air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 How happy they, whose lot is cast
Where Christ invites the 'weary' yet!
They find their sorrows quickly past,
And all their burdens soon forget.
- 4 Though pinched with poverty at home,
With sharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly
bread.
- 5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
And here thy promised presence seek;
Open thy hand, with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

John Newton, 1779.

661. NEWTON. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH, (d. 1800?)



661.

S. M.

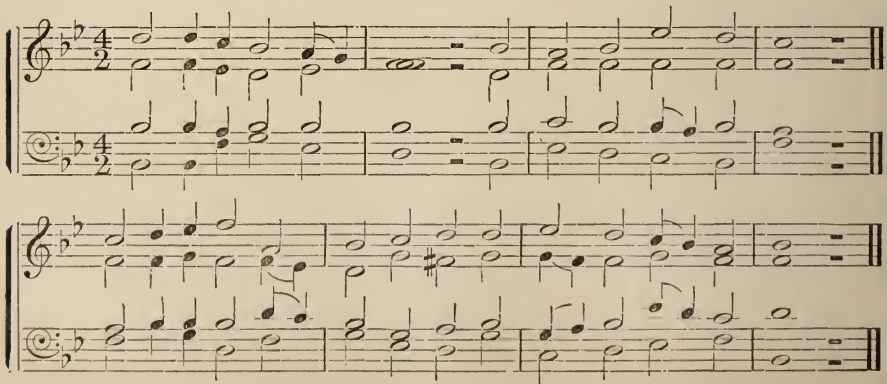
Exhortation to grateful praise.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 STAND up and bless the Lord;
Let young and old rejoice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.</p> <p>2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?</p> | <p>3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!</p> <p>4 There with benign regard
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1825.

662. PAKEFIELD. S. M.

WILLIAM JONES, (d. 1800.)



S. M.

662.

The meeting of fellow-worshippers.

1 **G**UARDIAN of sinful men!
Thy goodness we proclaim,
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name.

2 O Lord! be ever near,
While still on earth we stay;
And bid us watch, till thou appear
Along the desert way.

3 Many before thy face
Have laid their burden down,
Who bore with us the fight, the race,
And then received the crown.

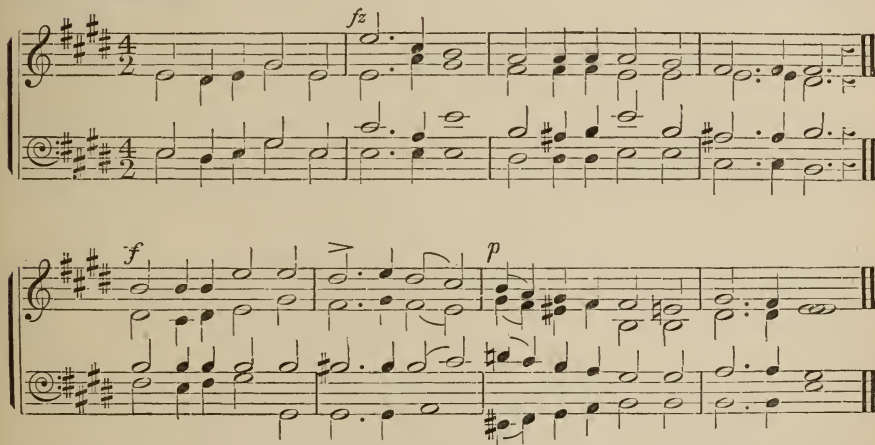
4 Swept from the earth away,
They joined the heavenly throng,
And eager now for us they stay,
And ever cry, how long!

5 O what a mighty change
Shall thy true sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe!

6 No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

*Charles Wesley, 1749.*663. **SHEKINAH.** L. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1865.)



L. M.

663.

Social worship.

1 **G**OD in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before him
bend:
Here he hath fixed his mercy-seat,
Here on his sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O
Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face:
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array:
Joyful thy favoured people be:
Let those who teach, and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to thee!

James Montgomery, 1822.

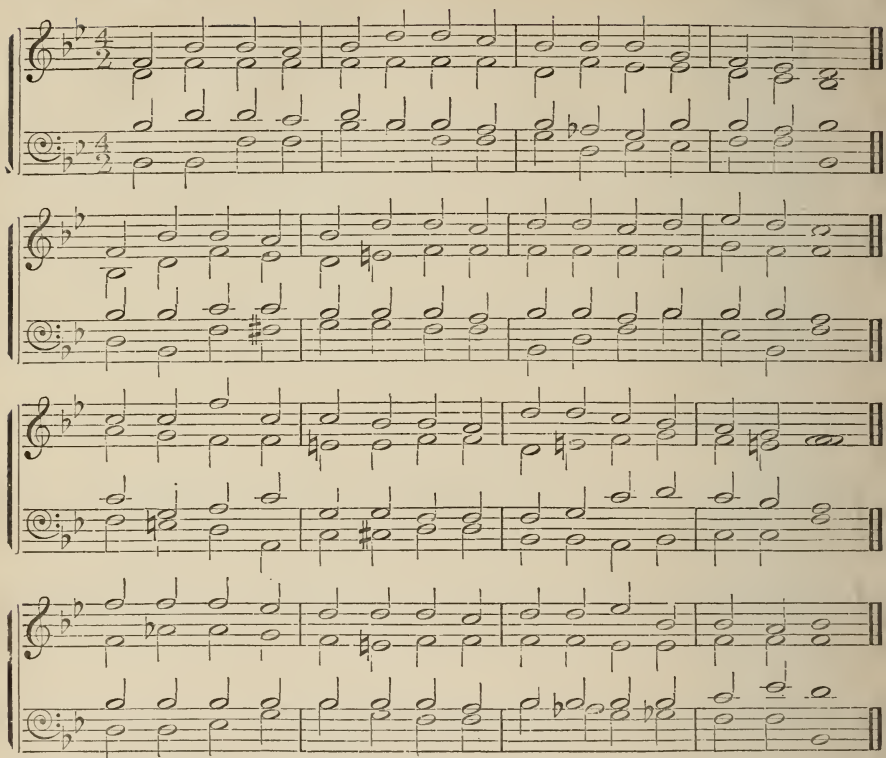
HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

664.

BIBERACH.

8 & 7 M.

J. H. KNECHT, (d. 1817.)



664.

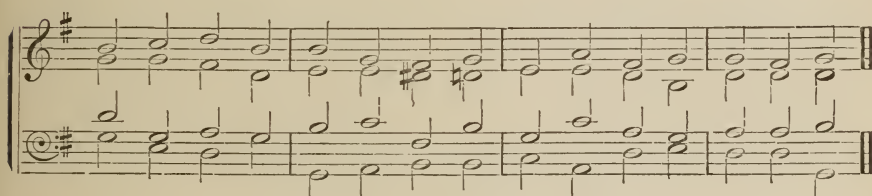
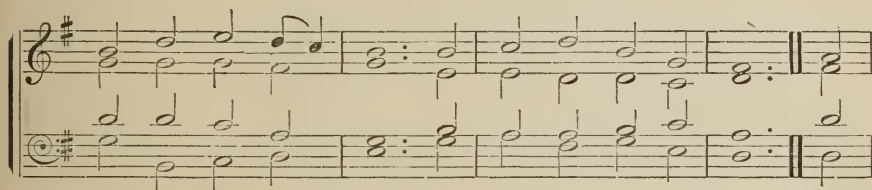
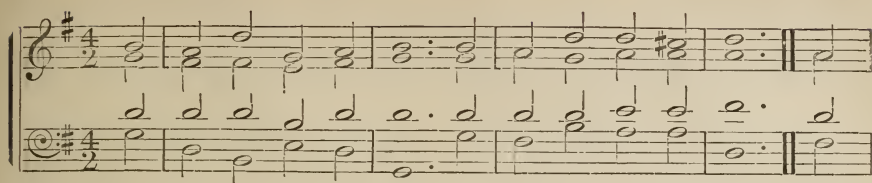
8 & 7 M.

Acceptable worship.

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord! with favour still attend us;
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.



H. M.

665.

A blessing sought on worship.

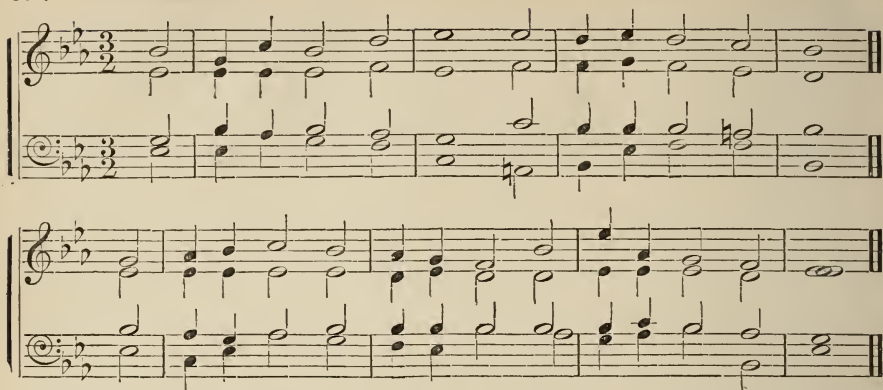
1 **H**ERE, gracious God! do thou
 For evermore draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful prayer,
 And mark each suppliant sigh:
 In copious shower,
 On all who pray
 This holy day,
 Thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore:
 Until that day
 When all the blest
 To endless rest
 Are called away.

THE INWARD TEMPLE CLEANSED.

666. HUDDERSFIELD. S. M.

? MAURICE GREENE, (d. 1755.)



666.

S. M.

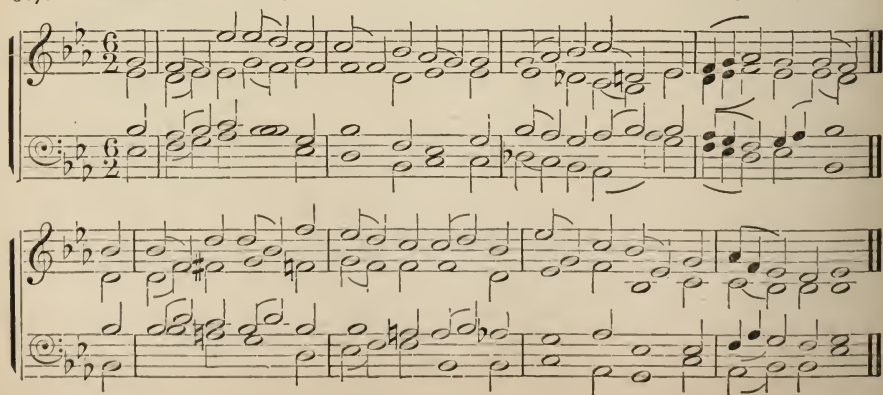
The delight of worship. Ps. 122.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 't is a holy day.</p> <p>2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.</p> | <p>3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode!</p> <p>4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found:
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!</p> <p>5 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

667. BOLTON. L. M.

S. WEBBE, JUNR., (d. 1843.)



L. M.

667.

The sacred day.

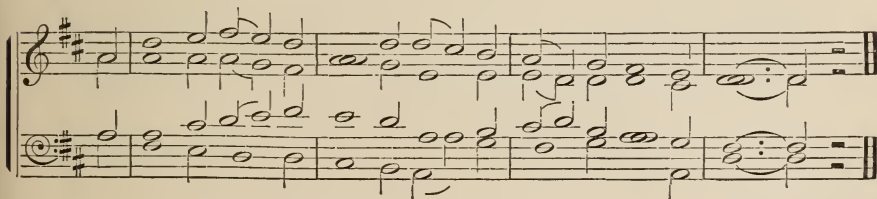
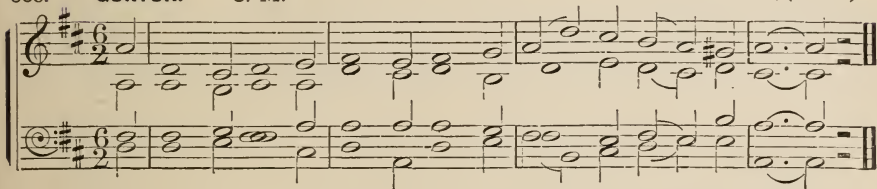
- 1 O FATHER! though the anxious
fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine at least to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy sacred shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly thine.

- 3 O Father! God below, above!
Man's noblest work is praising thee;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

EMILY TAYLOR, 1818.

668. GORTON. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON, (d. 1822.)



C. M.

668.

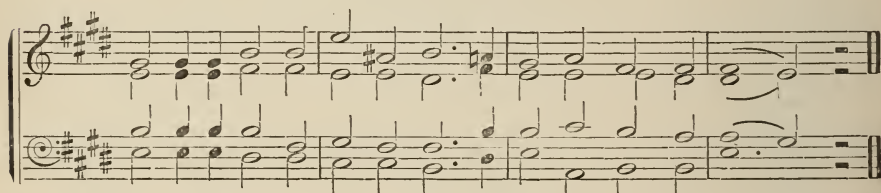
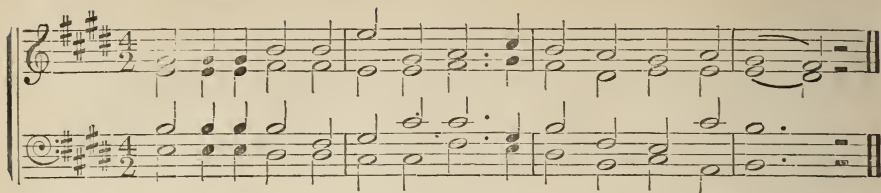
A blessing asked on worship.

- 1 O LORD! our languid souls inspire,
For here we feel thou art!
Send down a beam of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people! hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

John Newton, 1779.

669-70. CHORAZIN. C. M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1865.)



669.

C. M.

The sabbath of the soul.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SLEEP, sleep today, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.</p> | <p>2 Tomorrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The sabbath of my soul.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1773.

670.

C. M.

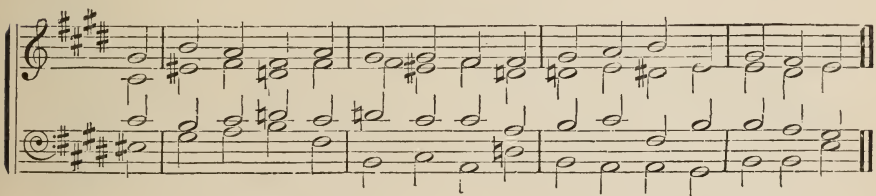
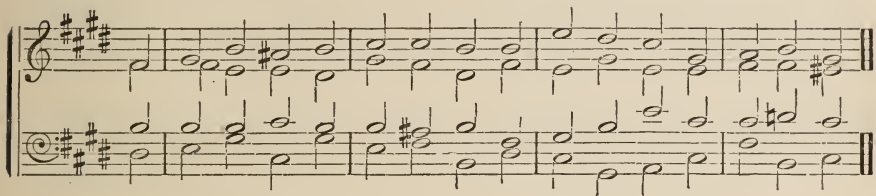
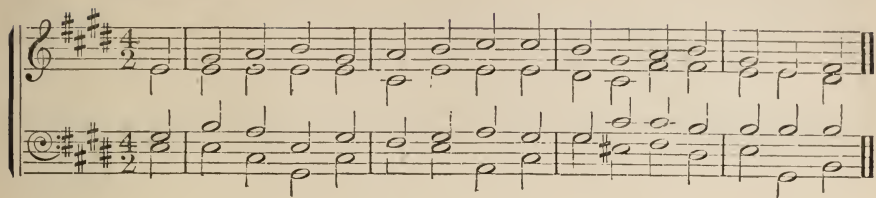
"Ask, and ye shall receive."

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHAT shall we ask of God in
prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.</p> <p>2 Father of all our mercies,—Thou
In whom we move and live!
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.</p> <p>3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.</p> | <p>4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.</p> <p>5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.</p> <p>6 When earthly joys and cares de-
part,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart;
In thee may we have peace!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

671. BRIDGEWATER. M. 8.

HENRY LAWES, (d. 1662.)



M. 8.

671.

Worship in spirit and in truth.

1 **F**ATHER of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But every soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear;
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Today, while it is called today,
Awake and stir us up to pray;
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

Charles Wesley, 1767.

672. BENTLEY. L. M.

JOHN ASHTON, (1800?)



672.

L. M.

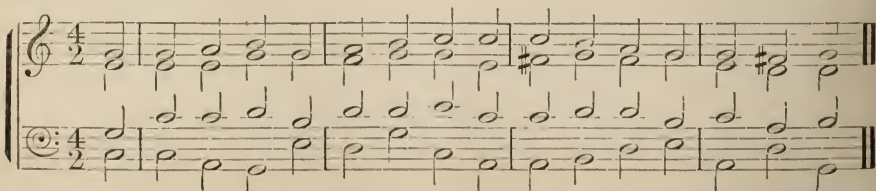
Public worship of God.

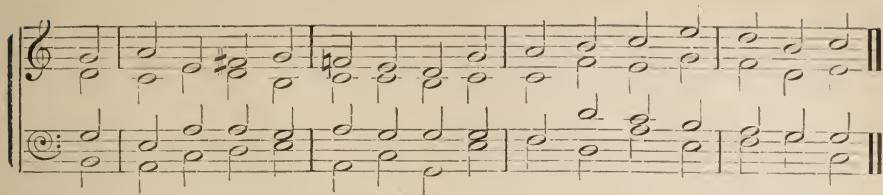
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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.</p> <p>2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy spirit gave:
Where but in thee can mortals trust?
Who but our God has power to save?</p> <p>3 Eternal Source of truth and light!
To thee we look, on thee we call:
Lord! we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou, to us, art all in all.</p> | <p>4 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see:
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, the love of thee!</p> <p>5 Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears:
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.</p> <p>6 So shall our suns of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray;
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes,
With beams of everlasting day.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, 1814.

673. LAWES. L. M.

HENRY LAWES, (d. 1662.)





L. M.

673.

Reverential worship.

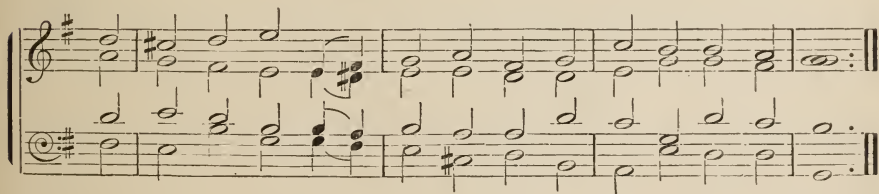
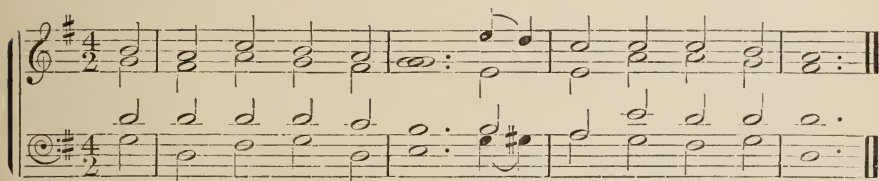
1 SUPREME o'er all Jehovah reigns,
All space his temple and his
throne:
Yet where his people meet to pray,
He calls that humble church his own.

2 O let us, with each power we boast,
Bend at his feet with awe profound;
Put off whate'er deforms and stains,
And think we tread on holy ground.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1810.

674. GIBBURN. S. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



S. M.

674.

Seasonal and eternal worship.

1 LORD! in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend;
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend!

2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight!
And grant us in those courts to pray
Of pure, unclouded light.

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, 1834.

L L 2

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

675. SHELTER. M. 8.

J. R. OGDEN, (1846.)

f *fz* *mp* *f* *mp* *p* *pp e rall.*

675.

M. 8.

Rest in the peace of God.

1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly:
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here:
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray:
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

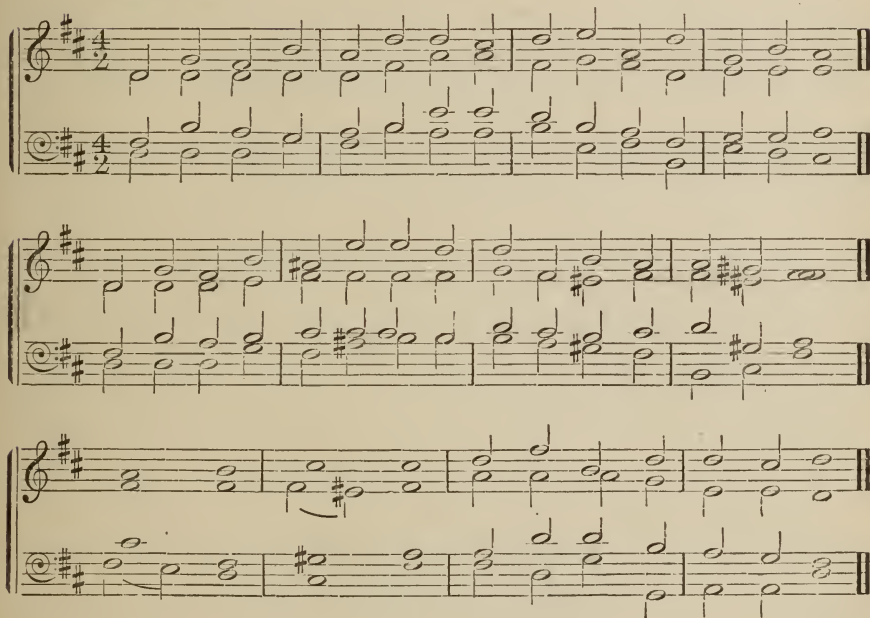
OPENING OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tossed :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1827.

676. **TEMPLE-COURT.** 8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1872.)



8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

676.

"Speak: for thy servant heareth."

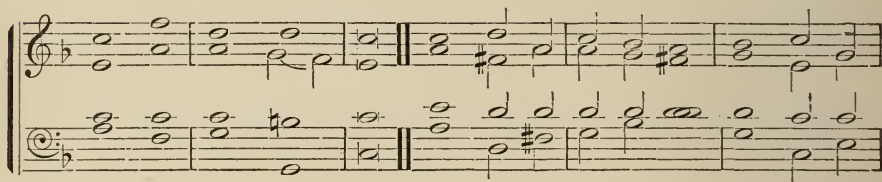
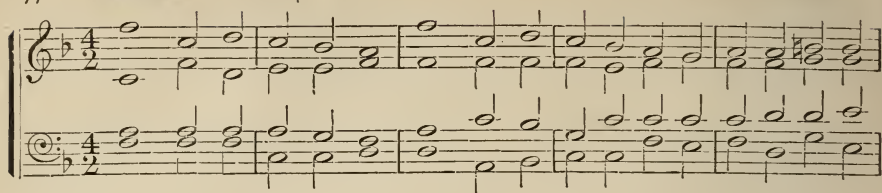
- 1 **I**N thy courts, O Lord, assembling,
 We thy people now draw near :
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
 Speak, and let thy servants hear ;
 Hear with meekness ;—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee ;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be ;
 Till thy glory
 Without cloud in heaven we see.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

677. PETITION. M. 6 | 10 D.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



677.

M. 6 | 10 D.

The hearer of prayer.

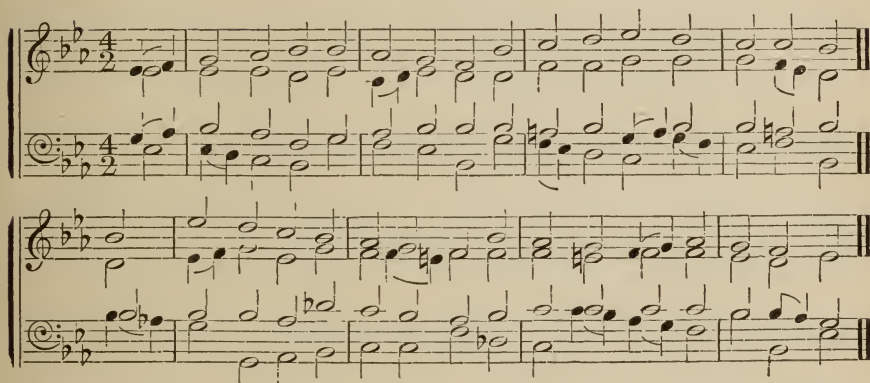
- 1 **F**ATHER, who art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of voice or song to reach thine awful ear,
Unless the heart be there,
Winging the words of prayer,
With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.
- 2 What griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but thine,
Father of mercies, here before thee swell!
As to the open sky,
All their deep waters lie
To thee revealed, in each close bosom-cell.
- 3 Be thou, be thou our aid!
O let thy love pervade
The haunted breast of self-accusing sin!
So shall our prayer have power
To win from thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wound within.

OPENING OF WORSHIP.

- 4 Thanks for each gift divine!
Eternal praise be thine,
Blessing and love, O thou that hearest prayer!
Let the hymn pierce the sky,
Bearing our hearts on high,
And seed, that waits thy harvest-time, spring there.

Felicia Hemans, 1833.

678-9. **EISENACH.** L. M. ("Mach's mit mir, Gott.") JOHANN HERMANN SCHREIN, (d. 1630.)



L. M.

678.

Pure worship on earth and in heaven.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOSANNA! Lord, thine angels cry;
Hosanna! Lord, we here reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.</p> | <p>2 O Father! with protecting care
Meet us in this thy house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Thy gracious blessing here we claim.</p> |
| <p>3 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal! let thy spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.</p> | |

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1811.

L. M.

679.

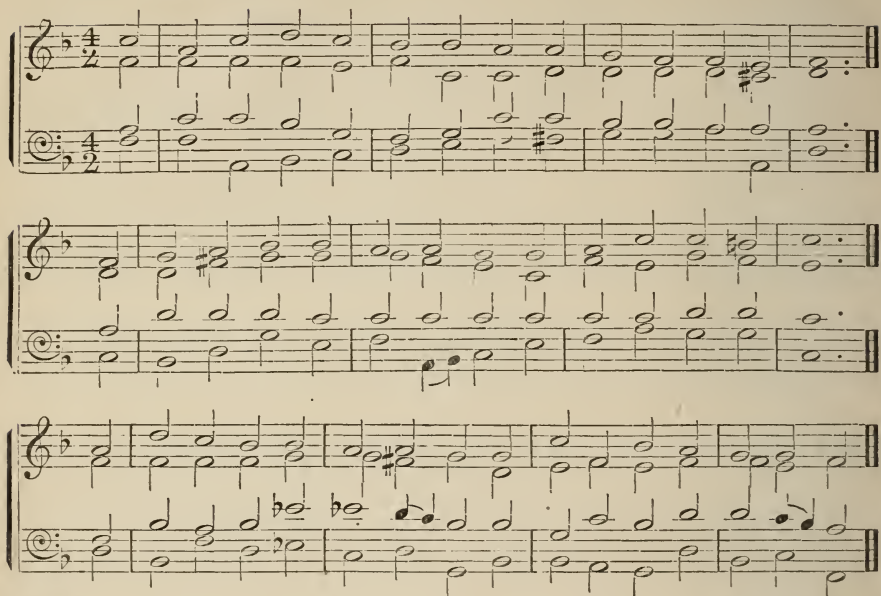
Invocation of the spirit.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WHAT is the world that it should
share
Hearts that belong to God alone?
What are the idols reigning there,
Compared with thee, Eternal One!</p> | <p>2 Fountain of living waters! we
To earthly springs would stoop no
more;
Athirst, we humbly turn to thee;
Into our hearts thy spirit pour;—</p> |
| <p>3 The spirit of thy boundless love,
The spirit of thy truth and peace:
Come, Blessed Spirit, from above,
And every earth-bound heart release!</p> | |

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1822.

MY HEART, LORD, WILL I GIVE.

680. **KLAUSENBURG.** M. 8 & 6 | 8 8. ("Dank sei Gott in der Höhe.")
from J. S. BACH's 371 V. Ch., No. 311.



680.

M. 8 & 6 | 8 8.

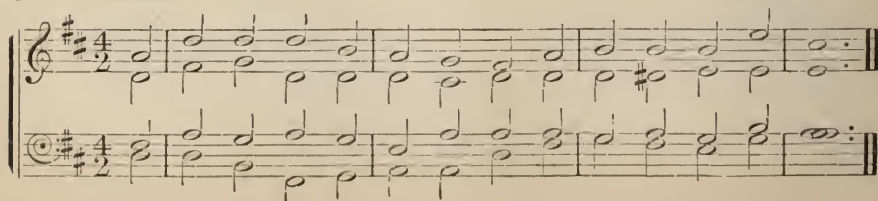
Lord, I am thine.

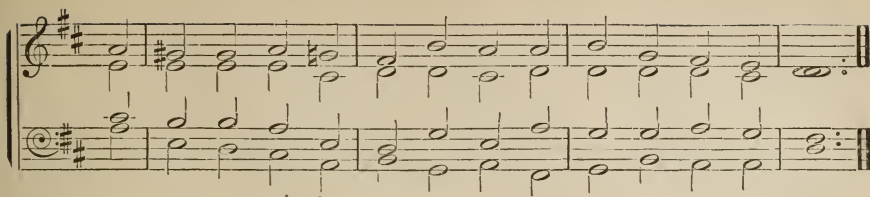
- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD of my life! whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow:
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.</p> | <p>2 O may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead to all else below;
Tread in the path thy saints have trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart thy love to see;
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer through eternity.

Anonymous, 1853.

681. **ZWINGLI.** C. M.

J. H. KNECHT, (d. 1817.)





C. M.

681.

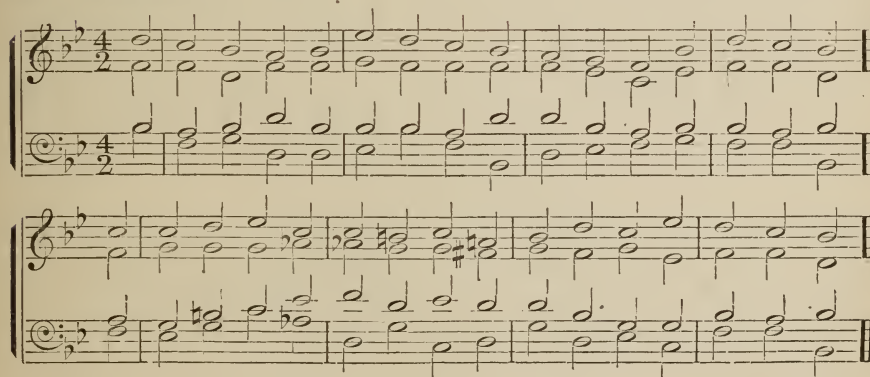
A hymn of praise. Ps. 103.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY God, my King! thy praise I'll sing;
My heart is all thine own:
My highest powers, my choicest hours,
I yield to thee alone.</p> <p>2 My voice, awake, thy part to take!
My soul, the concert join!
Till all around shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.</p> | <p>3 But man is weak thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing:
Ye taste and see more near than we
The glories of our King.</p> <p>4 His truth and grace fill time and space;
As large his honours be:
Till all that live their homage give,
And praise my God with me.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

682. MONMOUTH. L. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)



L. M.

682.

The fountain of life.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O LORD! lift up thy countenance
Upon thy church, and own us
thine;
Impart to us thy peace divine;
Thy blessing unto all dispense.</p> | <p>2 Thy mercy is our only stay:
Direct us by thy holy word;
Thy spirit's light to us afford;
Preserve us, lest we go astray.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 O Well of life! we pant for thee;
In copious streams thy thirsty flock
Desires to drink from thee, the Rock,
And thirst no more eternally.

S. LINTRUP, 1735:
tr. WILLIAM FOSTER, 1789.

REFRESHING FROM HIS PRESENCE.

683. HEAVEN-GATE. L. M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1854.)

mf *p*

f *Piu mosso.* *fz* *fz*

dim.

683.

"Gott ist gegenwärtig."

L. M.

Adoration of the Omnipresent God.

1 LO, God is here! let us adore,
And own how awful is this
place:^o
Let all within us feel his power;
And silent bow before his face.

2 Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises
bring.

3. Be - ing of be - ings! may our praise

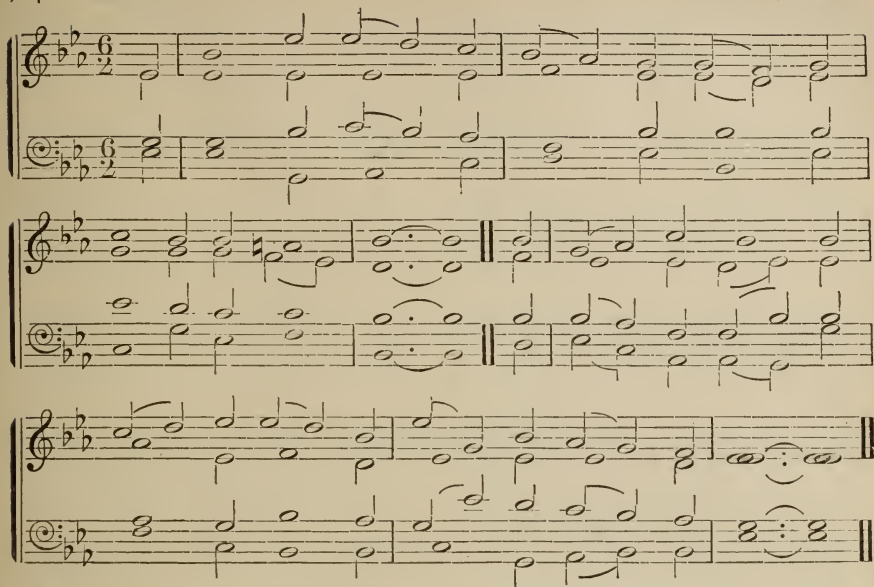
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1730:
tr. John Wesley, 1739.

THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

684. ABRIDGE. C. M.

ISAAC SMITH, (d. 1800?)



C. M.

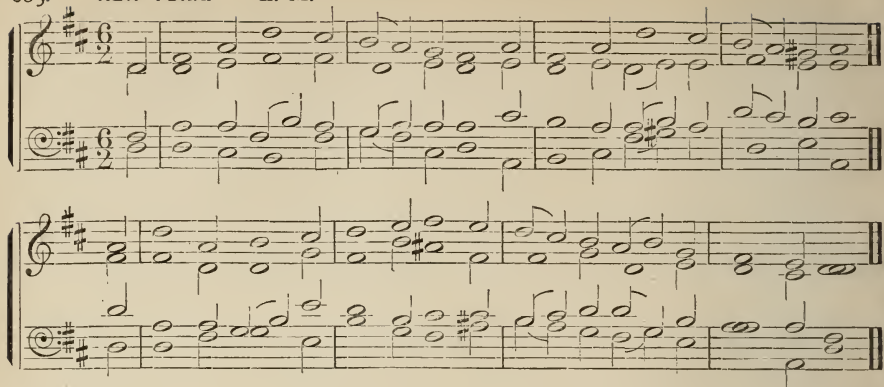
684.

The God of our fathers.

- 1 O GOD of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!
- 2 Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

685. NEW YORK. L. M.



685.

"The healthful spirit of God's grace."

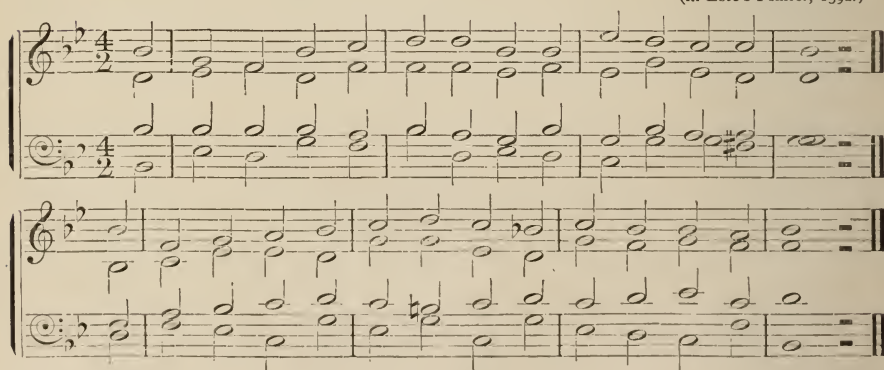
L. M.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SPIRIT of grace, and health, and power!
Fountain of light and love below!
Abroad thy healing influence shower;
On all thy servants let it flow.</p> <p>2 Inflame our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil:
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
Than we on earth to do thy will.</p> | <p>3 Father! 't is thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens cry.</p> <p>4 On thee we cast our care; we live
Through thee who know'st our every
need:
O feed us with thy grace, and give
Our souls this day the living bread!</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Wesley, 1742.

686. FERSFIELD. C. M.

JOHN FARMER,
(in Este's Psalter, 1592.)



686.

Te Deum.

C. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O GOD! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.</p> | <p>2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou the eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

FROM THE GREEK :

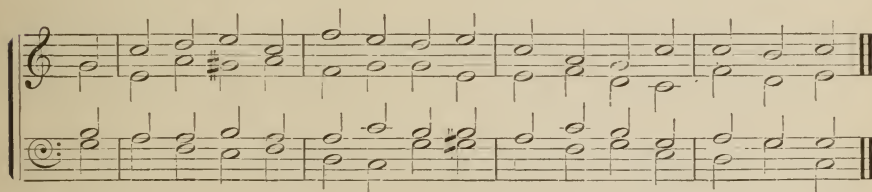
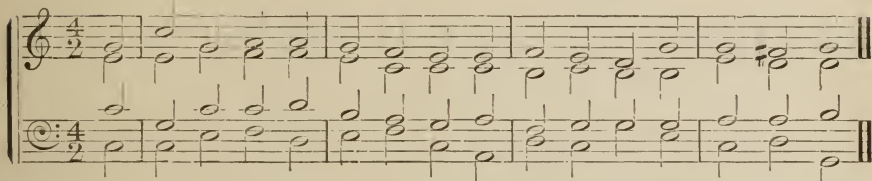
tr. AMBROSE, 380-390.

FROM THE LATIN :

tr. from Tate & Brady's *Suppl.*, 1703.

687. CRASSELIOUS. L. M. ("Wer weiss wie nahe.")

CRASSELIOUS, (c. 1650.)



L. M.

687.

Te Deum.

1 BOTH heaven and earth do worship
thee,
Thou Father of eternity!
With splendour from thy glory spread,
Are heaven and earth replenish'd.

2 To thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise thee.

3 The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast:
The holy church, in every place,
Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord, have mercy on us all;—
Have mercy on us when we call!

FROM THE GREEK :

tr. AMBROSE, 380-390.

FROM THE LATIN :

tr. LUTHER, 1533.

FROM THE GERMAN :

tr. JOHN GAMBOLD, 1754.

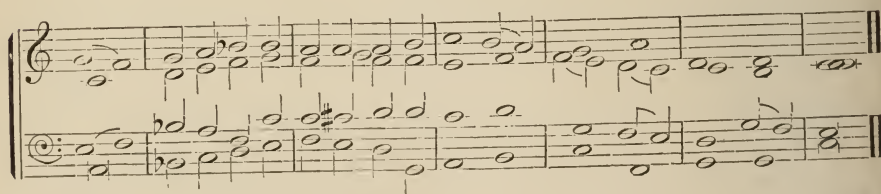
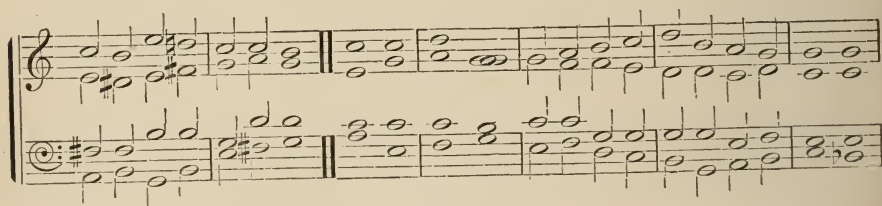
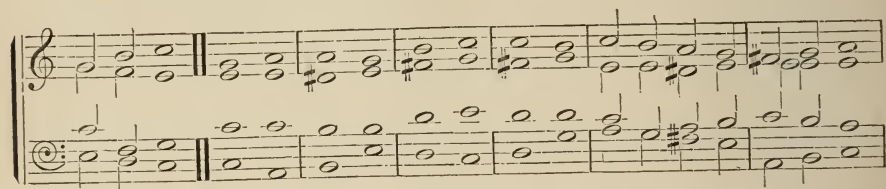
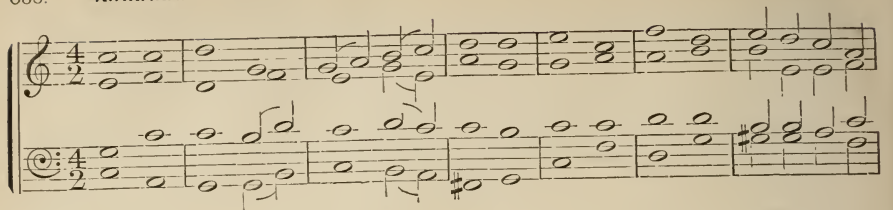
INVOCATION OF THE SPIRIT.

688.

KINRARA.

P. M.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



688.

P. M.

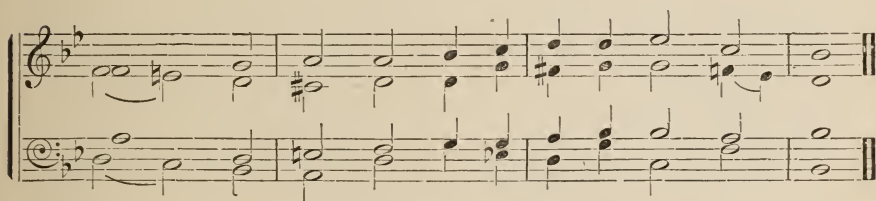
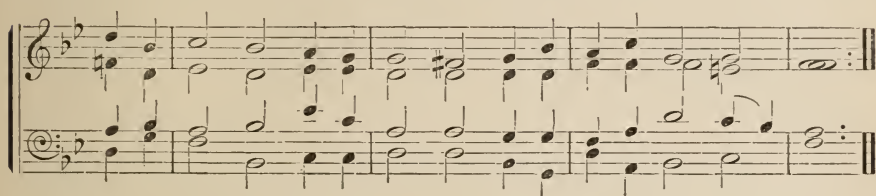
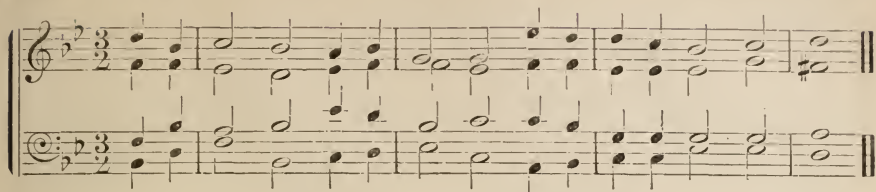
The fruit of the spirit is peace.

HOLY Father!
 Gracious art thou.
 Hear us, hear us,
 While before thy throne we bow.
 Hallowed be thy name for ever!
 Let no thought unholy, rude,
 On this sacred hour intrude.
 May thy spirit,
 Like a dove from heaven descending,
 Rest within;
 All its grace and beauty lending,
 Pure from every stain of sin.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1873.

689. HALLELUJAH. 8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1875)



8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

"Alleluya, dulce carmen."
Joy in heaven and hope on earth.

689.

1 HALLELUJAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love:
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn:
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

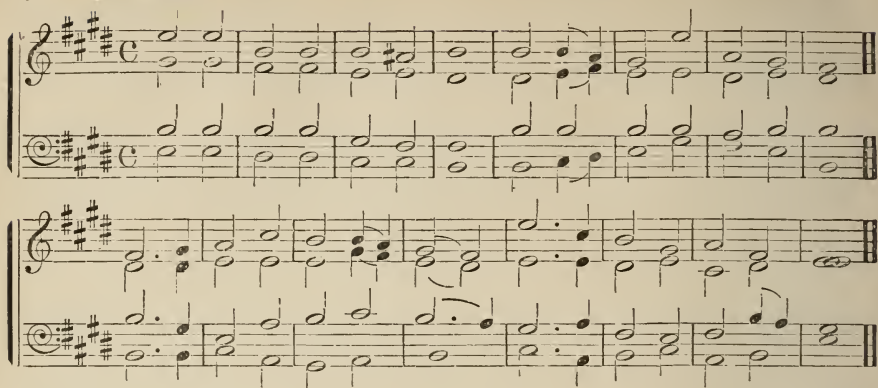
4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God! we raise to thee:
Visit us with thy salvation;
Make us all thy peace to see:
Hallelujah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

LATIN HYMN, 13th Cent. :
tr. John Chandler, 1837.

THE EARTHLY AND THE HEAVENLY CHORUS.

690. HEINEKEN. 7 M.

NICHOLAS SAMUEL HEINEKEN, (1830?)



690.

7 M.

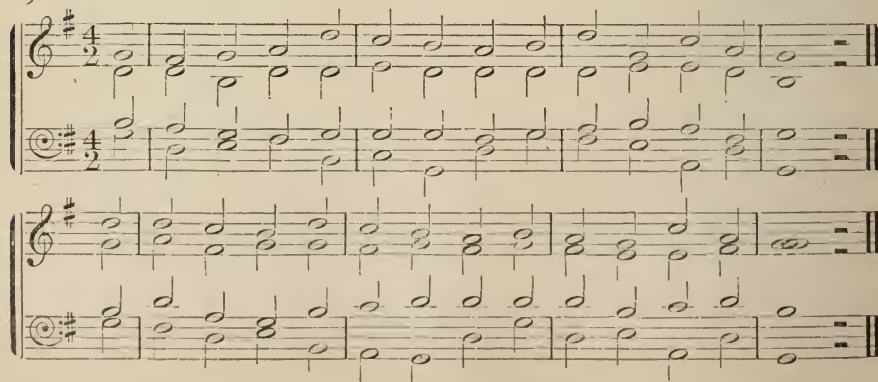
Divine goodness celebrated.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
 Be thy glorious name adored;
 Lord! thy mercies never fail:
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail!</p> <p>2 Though unworthy, Lord! thine ear,
 Yet our hallelujahs hear;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When around thy throne we sing.</p> | <p>3 While on earth ordained to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in thy way;
 Then on high we'll joyful raise
 Songs of everlasting praise.</p> <p>4 Then no tongue shall silent be;
 All shall join in harmony;
 And through heaven's all-spacious
 round
 Praise to thee shall ever sound.</p> <p>5 Lord! thy mercies never fail;
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Be thy glorious name adored.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, 1778.

691. FERRY. C. M.

JAMES GREEN'S PSALMODY, (1724.)



C. M.

691.

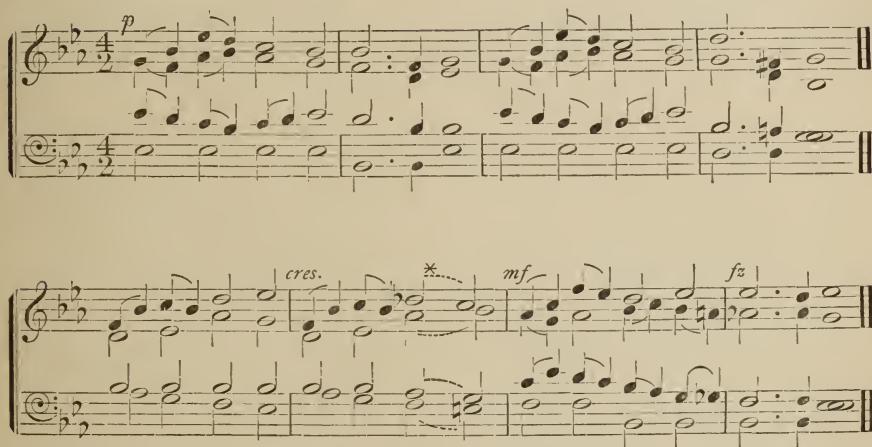
Life dedicated to God.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
 With rays of beauty shine;
 O let thy favour crown our days,
 And all their round be thine.</p> <p>2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain;
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.</p> | <p>3 With thee let every week begin;
 With thee each day be spent;
 For thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by thee is lent.</p> <p>4 Thus cheer us through the desert road,
 Till all our labours cease,
 And heaven refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

692. **SABBATH-EVE.** 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1865.)



* Bow required in verses 2, 3 and 4.

7 M.

692.

Sunday evening.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 NOW your pleasant labours close;
 Night invites you to repose:
 Now for peaceful slumbers pray,
 Or dreams that may prolong the day.</p> <p>2 God, our Sun! the day we own
 Thine,—in purest pleasures flown;
 God, our Shield! with confidence
 Thee we make our night's defence.</p> | <p>3 Thee we bless for every thought
 By thy holy Sabbath brought;
 Thee we trust for aid to lead
 Holy thought to holy deed.</p> <p>4 Lord! when life's short day is past,
 Like this evening be our last:
 Like a Sabbath let it cease,
 Leaving thanks, and hope, and peace.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

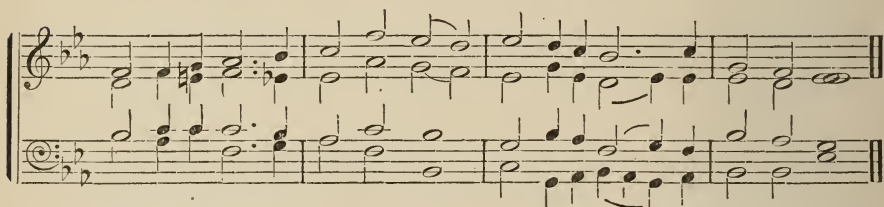
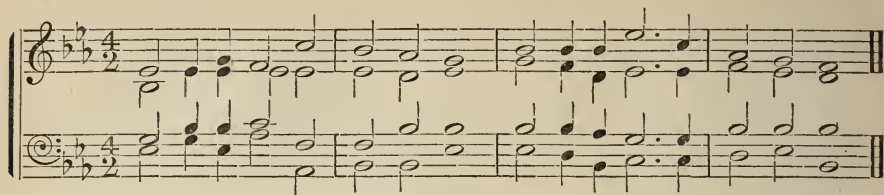
JOHN GOOCH ROBBERTS, 1829.

M M

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

693. **NEWMARKET.** L. M.

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1782.)



693.

L. M.

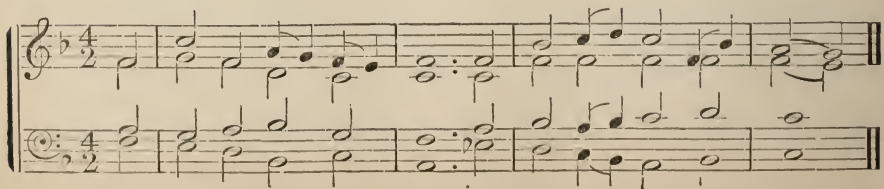
Sunday evening.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MILLIONS within thy courts have
been ;
Millions this day have bent the knee :
But thou, soul-searching God ! hast seen
The hearts of all that worshipped thee.</p> <p>2 Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.</p> <p>3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs :
And still, where evening stretched her
shade,
The stars came forth to hear their
songs.</p> | <p>4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh ;
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.</p> <p>5 Thy poor were bountifully fed ;
Thy chastened sons have kissed the
rod ;
Thy mourners have been comforted ;
The pure in heart have seen their
God.</p> <p>6 Yet one prayer more ;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth
agree :—
Here may thy perfect will be done,
Till there we find our rest in thee !</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

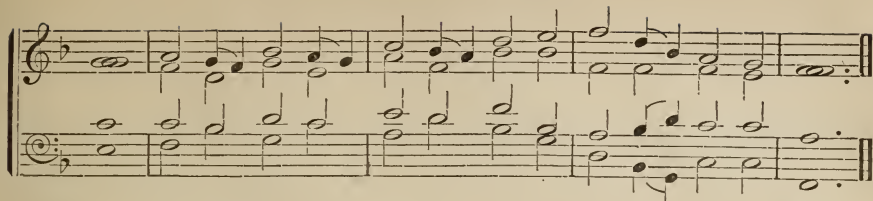
James Montgomery, 1835.

694. **LOCKHART.** S. M.

CHARLES LOCKHART, (d. 1815.)



THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.



S. M.

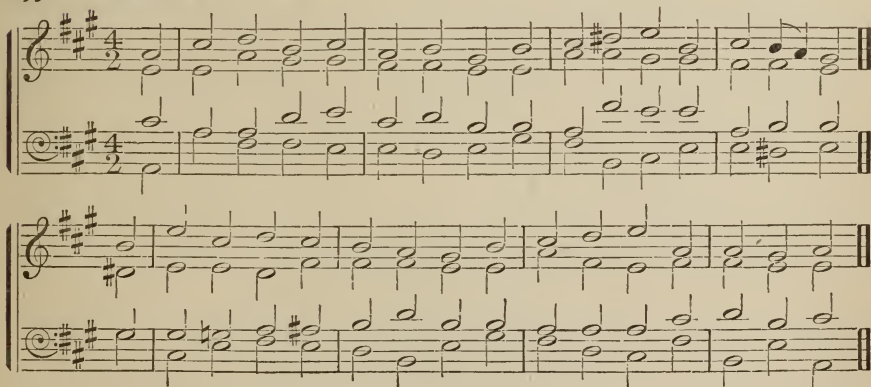
694.

For the close of worship.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 AND what though now we part,—
To different homes repair,—
Inseparably joined in heart,
Thy love unites us there!</p> <p>2 Still let our heart and mind,
O Lord, to thee ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end!</p> | <p>3 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our sufferings and our pain :
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.</p> <p>4 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren end.</p> <p>5 Then all our time beneath
We'll live in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain's top.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Charles Wesley, 1749.

695. **UCKFIELD.** L. M.



L. M.

695.

Close of the service.

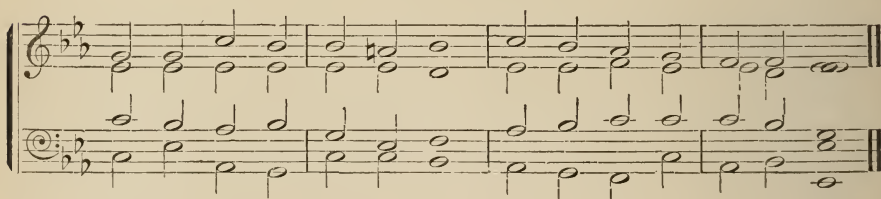
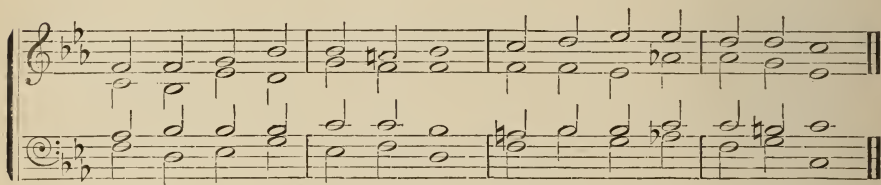
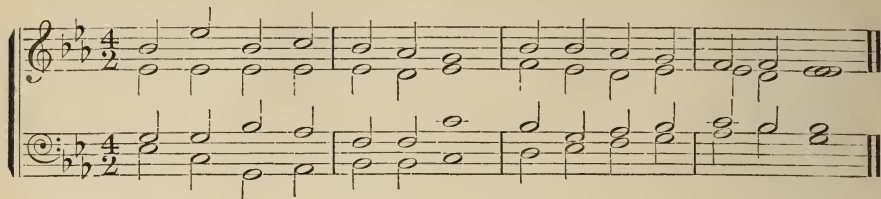
- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD! now we part in thy blest
name,
In which we here together came:
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.</p> | <p>2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteous-
ness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing thy love.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN DRACUP, 1787:
alt. HEBER'S HYMNS, 1827.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

696. NUREMBERG. 7 M. ("Alle Menschen müssen sterben.")

J. ROSENMÜLLER, (1650.)
or J. HINTZE, (1690.)



696.

7 M.

Happy worship.

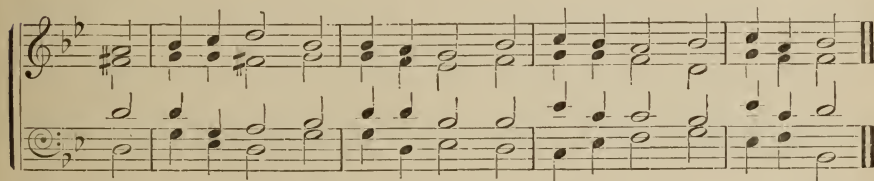
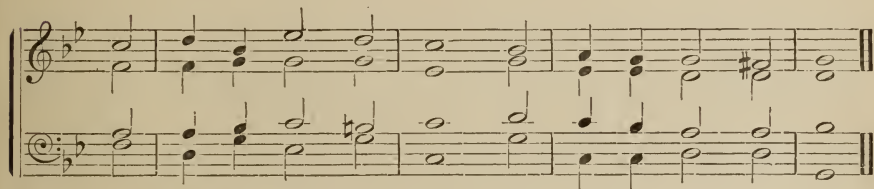
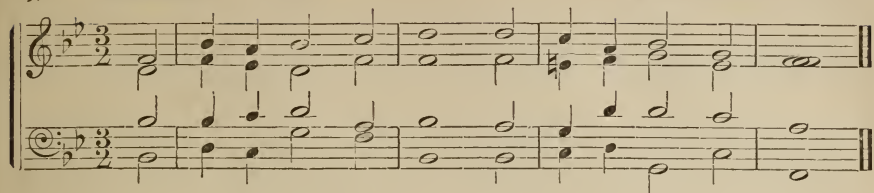
1 IF 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Father! may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

697. STAMFORD. H. M.

MAURICE GREENE, (d. 1755.)



H. M.

697.

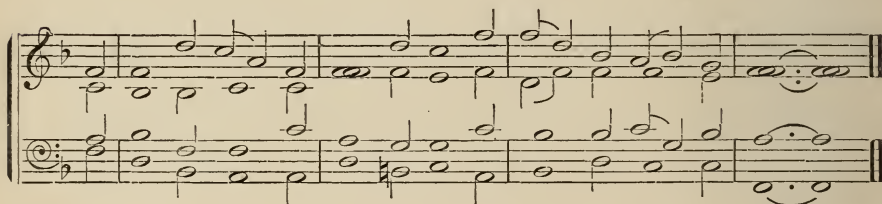
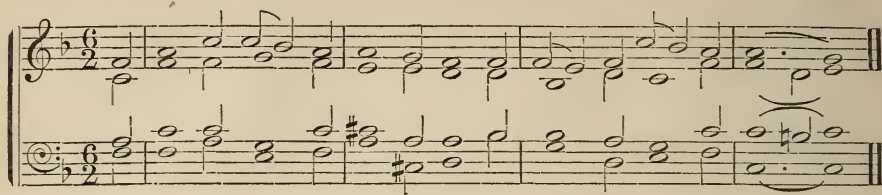
Parting to meet again.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 NOW, Lord, we part awhile;
 But still in spirit joined,
 Embrace the happy toil
 Thou hast to each assigned:
 And while we do thy blessed will,
 We bear our heaven about us still.</p> | <p>2 O let us thus go on
 In all thy pleasant ways!
 And armed with patience run
 With joy the appointed race:
 Keep us, and every seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heavenly goal.</p> |
| <p>3 There we shall meet again,
 When all our toils are o'er,
 And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more;
 In the new earth and heaven above,—
 The world of righteousness and love!</p> | |
| <p>4 O happy, happy day,
 That calls thy exiles home;
 When sorrows pass away,
 And wanderers cease to roam:
 We meekly wait the dread release,
 And labour to be found in peace.</p> | |

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

698-700. SALZBURG. C. M.

JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, (d. 1806.)



698.

C. M.

Close of the service.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 NOT on this day, O God, alone,
Would we thy presence seek,
But fain its hallowing power would own
Through all the coming week.</p> <p>2 If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To thee from whom they flow.</p> | <p>3 Or should they bring us griefs severe,
Still may we lean on thee,
And though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.</p> <p>4 In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek;
And O do thou direct us right
Through all the coming week.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

699.

C. M.

Prayer for the fruits of worship.

- 1 O GOD! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

C. M.

For the close of worship.

700.

1 THE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

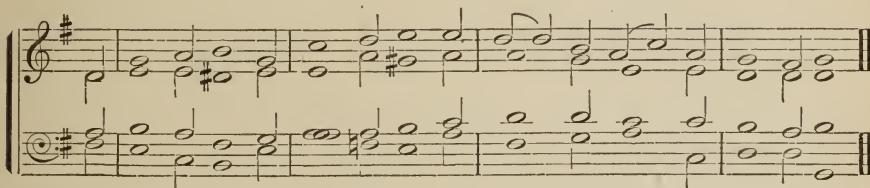
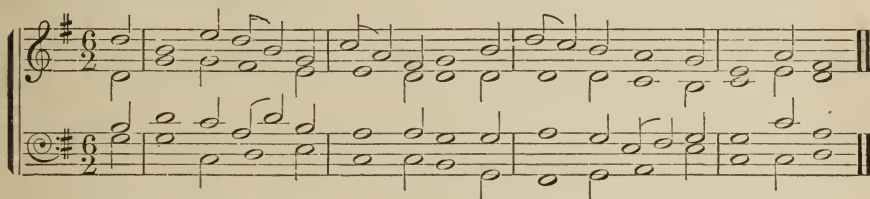
2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest ;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

701. DITCHINGHAM. L. M.



L. M.

God present with his worshippers.

701.

1 THY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Those watchful eyes which cannot sleep
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smile, thy counsel, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

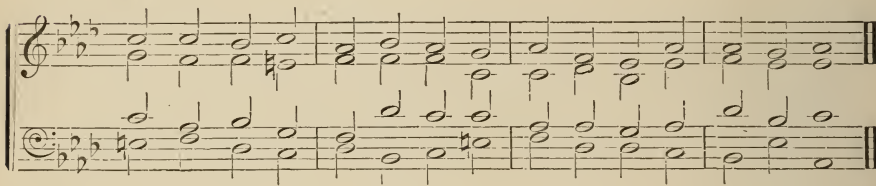
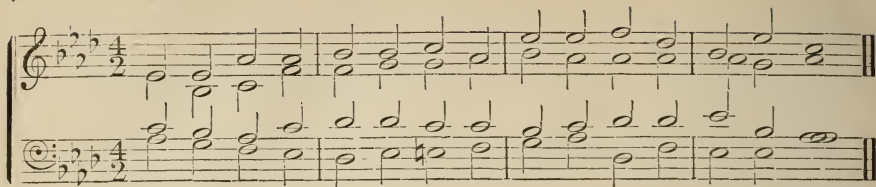
4 Give us in thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

702. STUTTGART. 8 & 7 M.

GERMAN.



702.

8 & 7 M.

For the close of a year, or of a day.

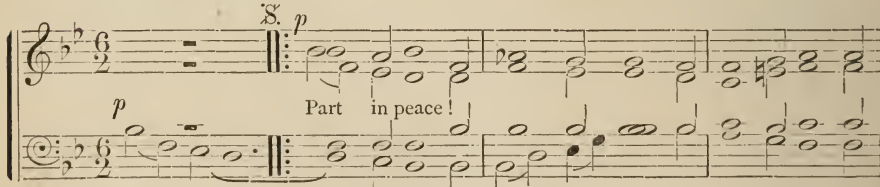
1 GRACIOUS Source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;
May we still thy love possessing
Sink into the vale of years.

2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way;
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

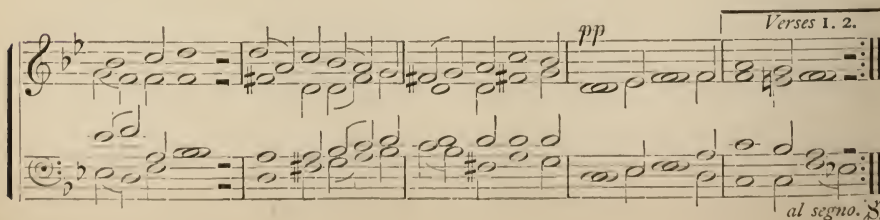
JOHN PRIOR ESTLIN, 1806.

703. PARTING HYMN. 8 & 7 M.

ELIZA FLOWER, (d. 1846.)



1. Part in peace, . . . in peace!
2. 3. Part in peace!



Verses 1. 2.

al segno. S.

Verse 3.

Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

8 & 7 M.

703.

Parting hymn.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PART in peace! is day before us?
Praise His name for life and light:
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.</p> | <p>2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- 3 Part in peace! such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Hallelujah! Amen.

SARAH FULLER ADAMS (née FLOWER), 1841.

704. ST. AIDAN. L. M.

GERMAN.

L. M.

704.

Close of the service.

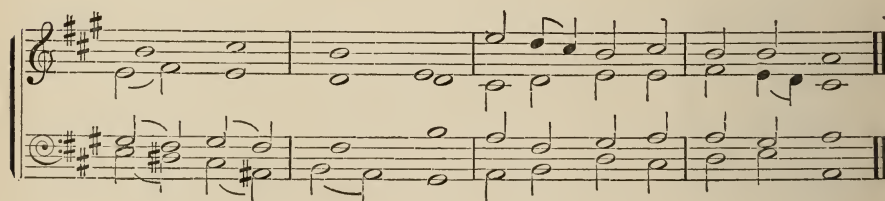
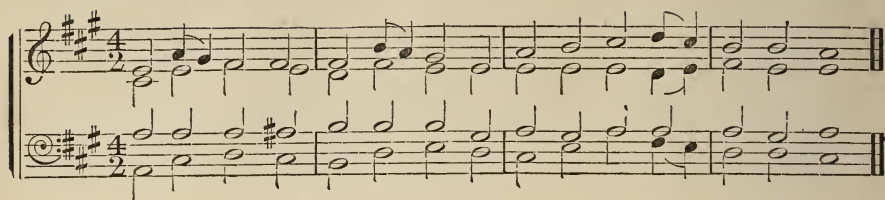
- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 COME, Christians! brethren! ere we
part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.</p> | <p>2 Christians! we here may meet no
more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Soon, brethren! we may meet again.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

705. STÖRL. 8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

J. STÖRL, (1744.)



705.

Close of the service.

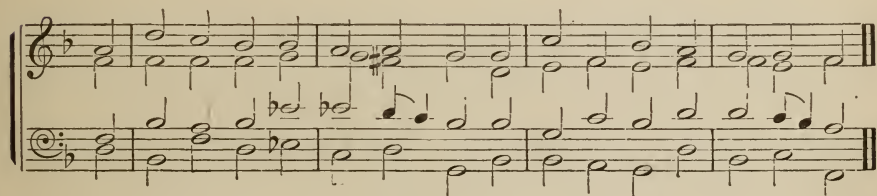
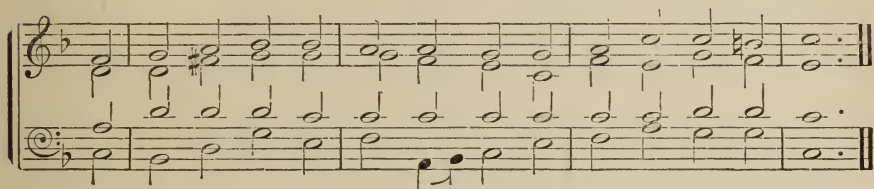
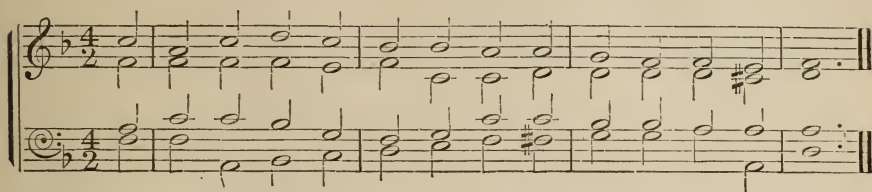
8 & 7 | 4 7 M.

1 **L**ORD! dismiss us with thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Still in holiness increase:
 O sustain us,
 Till the day of conflict cease!

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

Walter Shirley, 1774.

706. **KLAUSENBURG.** M. 8 & 6 | 8 8. ("Dank sei Gott in der Höhe.")
from J. S. BACH'S 371 V. Ch., No. 311.



M. 8 & 6 | 8 8.

706.

Peace with God.

TO all thy faithful people, Lord,
Pardon and peace impart:
And be thy spirit shed abroad,
Thy love in every heart:
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,
May serve thee with a mind serene.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

707.

LAUFEN.

M. 7 & 6.

JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, (d. 1806.)

For e - ver and for e - ver Shall still keep shin - ing on.

707.

For the close of divine service.

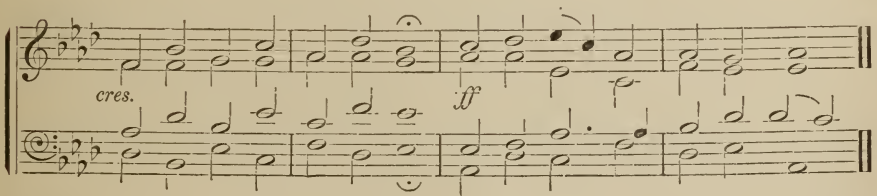
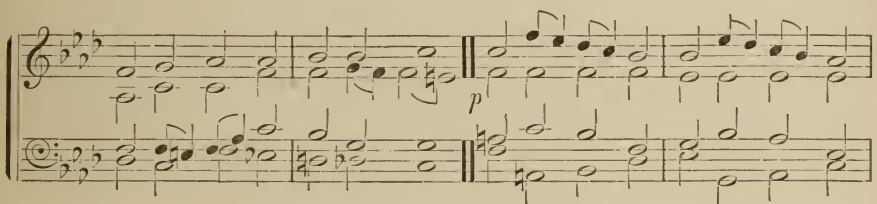
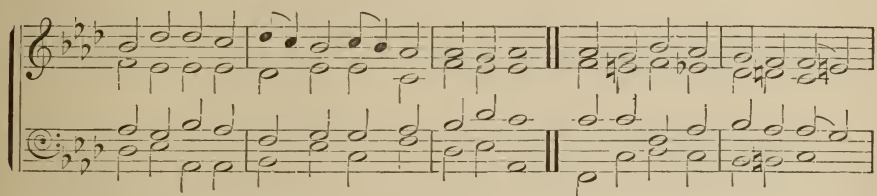
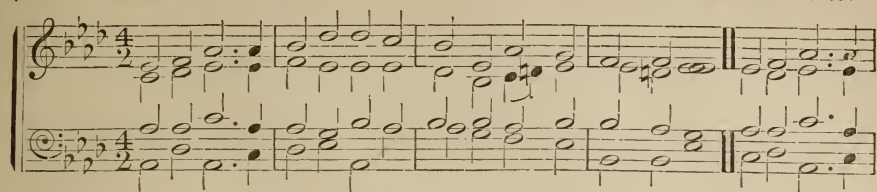
M. 7 & 6.

TO thee, the Lord Almighty,
 Our noblest praise we give,
 Who all things hast created,
 And blessest all that live;
 Whose goodness, never failing,
 Through countless ages gone,
 For ever and for ever
 Shall still keep shining on.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

708. BLESSING. P. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



P. M.

708.

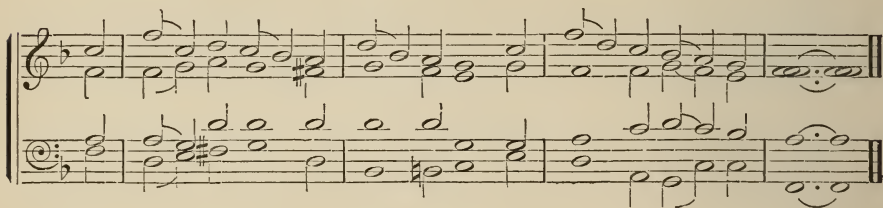
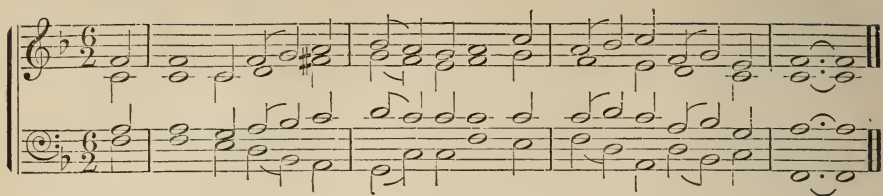
Close of worship.

OF thy love some gracious token
 Grant us, Lord, before we go;
 Bless the word which has been spoken;
 Life and peace on all bestow!
 When we join the world again,
 Let our hearts with thee remain:
 O direct us
 And protect us,
 Till we gain the heavenly shore,
 Where thy people want no more.

THOMAS KELLY, 1864.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

709. IRISH. C. M.



709.

C. M.

For the close of public worship.

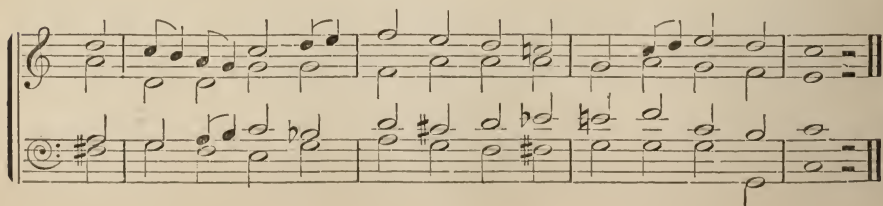
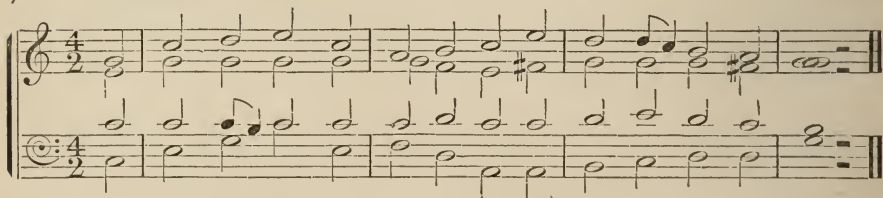
1 **T**HY kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign!

2 The kingdom of established peace.
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

710. TIVERTON. C. M.

GRIGG.



C. M.

710.

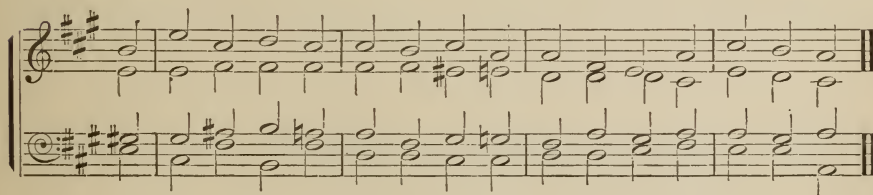
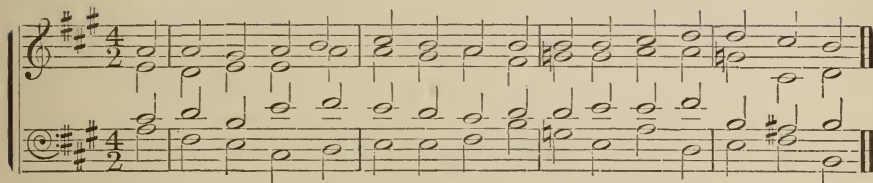
Doxology.

1 THOU art the first, and thou the last ;
Time centres all in thee,
The almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

2 To thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

JOHN PRIOR ESTLIN, 1806.

711. PATER NOSTER. L. M.



L. M.

711.

Prayer for the living bread.

1 THY name be hallowed evermore ;
O God ! thy kingdom come with power !
Thy will be done, and day by day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

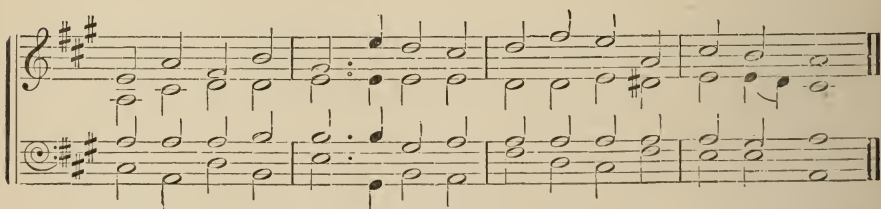
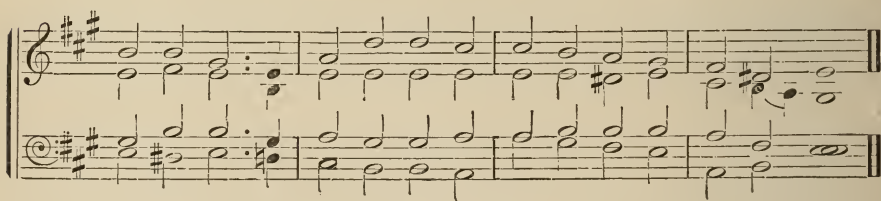
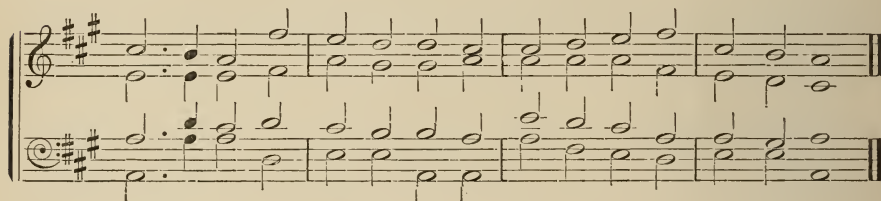
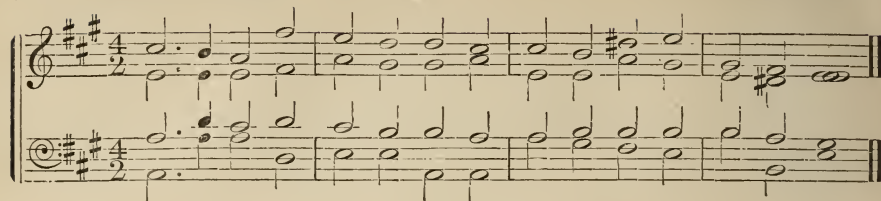
2 Lord ! evermore to us be given
The living bread that came from heaven ;
Water of life on us bestow ;
Thou art the Source,—the Fountain thou !

LOUIS RENATUS WEST, 1801.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

712. MERTON COLLEGE. 8 & 7 M.

A. R. REINAGLE, (1826.)



712.

8 & 7 M.

Doxology.

WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
 Lord, we offer to thy name :
 Young and old, their praise expressing,
 Join thy goodness to proclaim.
 As the saints in heaven adore thee,
 We would bow before thy throne ;
 As the angels serve before thee,
 So on earth thy will be done !

EDWARD OSLER, 1836.

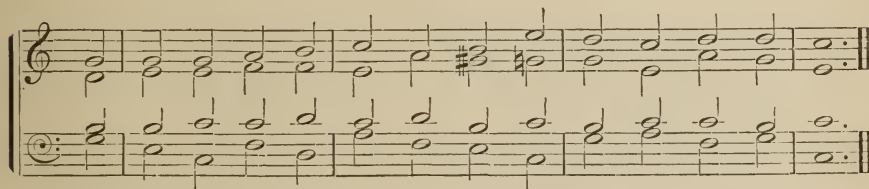
DEDICATION OR BAPTISM.

713-14.

NARENZA.

S. M.

GERMAN.



S. M.

713.

Dedication of a child.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God in heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.
- 2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.
- 3 O then let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like showers, from above,
To freshen and make clean.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1844.

S. M.

714.

Dedication of children.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 TO him who children blessed,
And suffered them to come,
To him who took them to his breast
We bring these children home. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 To thee, O God! whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that thy grace
May keep, thine arms enfold. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 And as the blessing falls
Upon each youthful brow,
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now.

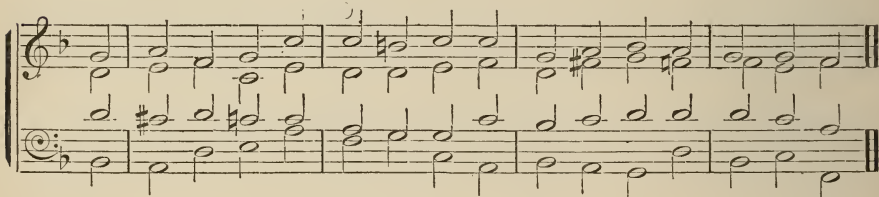
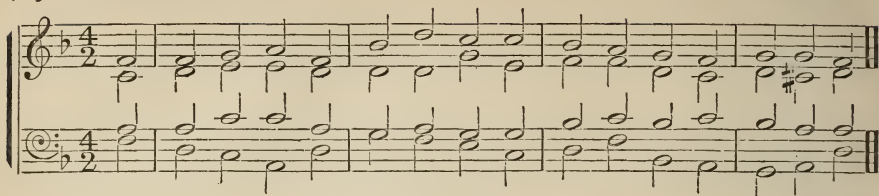
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1848.

N N

DEDICATION OR BAPTISM.

715. ROCHESTER. L. M.

DAY'S PSALTER, (1563.)



715.

L. M.

Dedication of a child.

1 **T**HIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

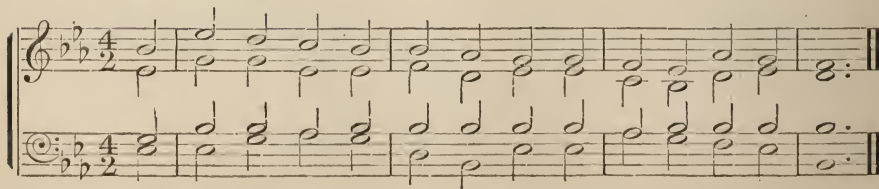
2 O may thy spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth
Dawn even with its dawning youth!

3 We, too, O God! thy children are;
And if our feet have wandered far,
Recall us to our Father's home,
And keep us that no more we roam.

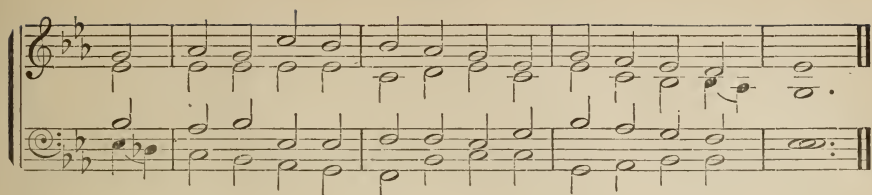
FROM THE GERMAN:
tr. Samuel Gilman, 1823.

716-18. ST. PETER'S. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE, (1862?)



THE COMMUNION.



C. M.

716.

For the Communion.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 'NO, not for these alone I pray!'
The dying Saviour said;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head;</p> <p>2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.</p> | <p>3 No, not for these alone he prayed,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.</p> <p>4 Sweet is the thought, when thus we meet,
His feast of love to share;
And mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer!</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

EMILY TAYLOR, 1826.

C. M.

717.

For the Communion.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O HERE, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease!
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.</p> <p>2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.</p> | <p>3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.</p> <p>4 'Thy kingdom come:' we watch, we
wait,
To hear thy cheering call;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

EMILY TAYLOR, 1818.

C. M.

718.

For the Communion.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 A HOLY air is breathing round,—
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.</p> | <p>2 O God! unite us heart to heart
In sympathy divine;
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee nor thine;</p> | <p>3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ABIEL ABBOT LIVERMORE, 1845.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

719.

HARK ! THE GLAD SOUND.

C. M.

S. WEBBE, SENR., (d. 1817.)

Verse 1.

Musical score for Verse 1, consisting of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a 4/2 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system concludes with a repeat sign and the word "FINE." written above the staff.

Verses 2 and 4.

Musical score for Verses 2 and 4, consisting of two systems of two staves each. The notation continues from the previous system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. The melody and accompaniment are clearly defined for each system.

Verses 3 and 5.

Musical score for Verses 3 and 5, consisting of two systems of two staves each. The notation continues from the previous system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. The melody and accompaniment are clearly defined for each system.

D.C.

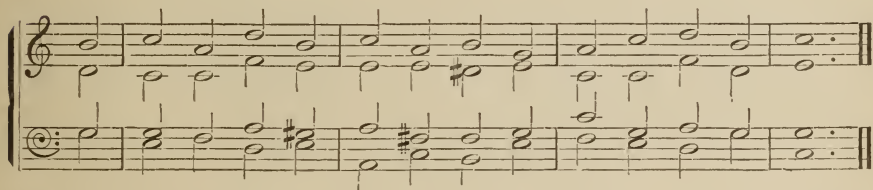
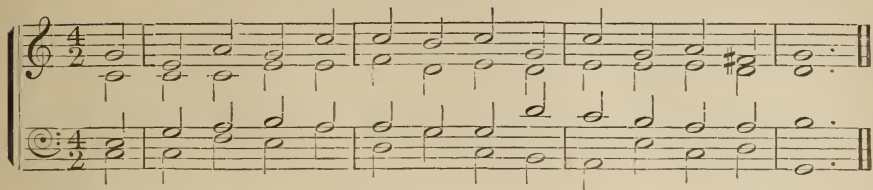
Musical score for the D.C. (Da Capo) section, consisting of two systems of two staves each. The notation continues from the previous system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. The melody and accompaniment are clearly defined for each system.

After v. 3
and again
after v. 5
repeat v. 1;
and omit v. 6.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

719. ST. ANN'S. C. M.

DENBY (1686.)



C. M.

719.

"The desire of nations."

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd name.

GOOD FRIDAY.

720. CONTRITION. M. 8.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

The musical score for 'CONTRITION' is written in 4/2 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a piano (p) marking. The second system includes a repeat sign. The third system features a crescendo (cres.) marking, followed by a forte (f) marking, and then a piano (p) marking. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef.

720.

The cross.

M. 8.

1 **D**ESPISED is the man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows he hath worn,—
For whom he bears the bitter scorn,
The shameful robe, the scourge, the
thorn.

2 We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way:
But he the path of death hath trod,
And humbly kissed affliction's rod,
To lead our stricken souls to God.

3 O let us cast each vice away,
Beneath the cross each passion lay;
With contrite heart and weeping eye
Behold the Saviour lifted high,
And every sin and folly fly.

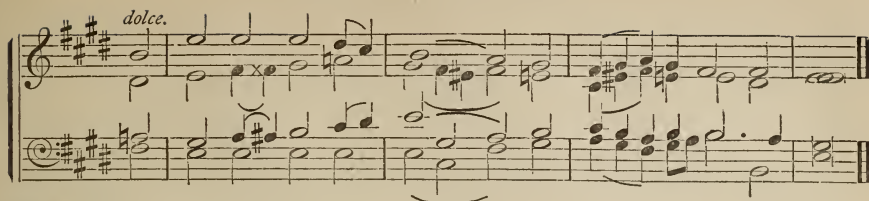
C. Dawson, 1827.

721. CALVARY. M. 4. M. 6.
I. 2. 3-5.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)

The musical score for 'CALVARY' is written in 4/2 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) marking. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef.

EASTER: WHITSUNDAY.



M. 4. M. 6.

I. 2. 3-5.

From the cross to the heavenly life.

721.

1 **W**EEP, Zion, weep!
In death's deep sleep
Your King his head doth bow:
The lips are silent now,
Whence grace was wont to flow.

2 In saddest strain
Our songs complain:
What grievous wonder here!
This son of God, most dear,
Doth fill the mortal bier!

3 Yet, O rejoice
With soul and voice;
The mystery is fled!
He passeth from the dead,
As our own hearts had said!

Christian Ignatius Latrobe, 1826.

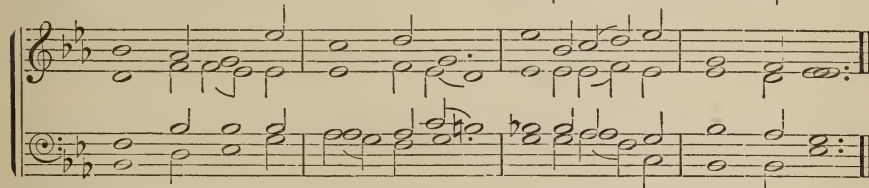
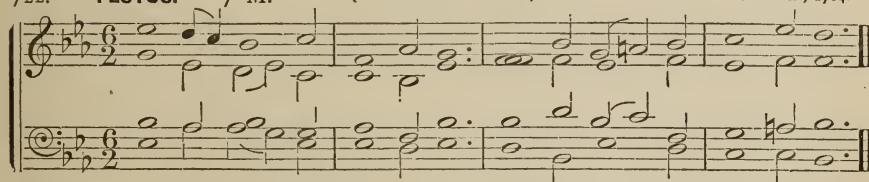
722.

FESTUS.

7 M.

("O du Hüter Israels.")

GERMAN, 1704.



7 M.

The spirit beareth witness with our spirit.

722.

1 **G**RANTED is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter:
Never will he now depart,
Inmate of the humble heart.

3 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the gift and giver too!

2 Come, divine and peaceful guest!
Enter our devoted breast:
Intercede in silence there;
Breathe the unutterable prayer.

4 Brood thou o'er our inward night,—
Darkness kindles into light:
Spread thy overshadowing wings,—
Order from confusion springs.

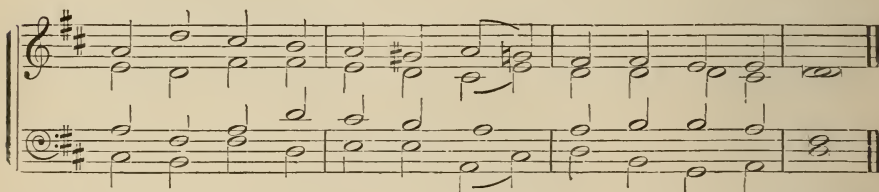
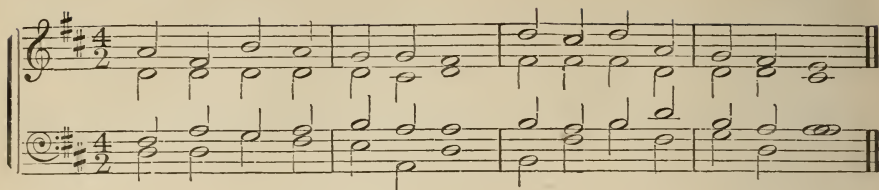
5 Pain and sin and sorrow cease;
Thee we meet, and all is peace:
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love!

Charles Wesley, 1739.

WHITSUNDAY.

723. DANTZIG. 7 | 5 M.

GERMAN.



723.

7 | 5 M.

Charity supreme of graces. 1 Cor. 13.

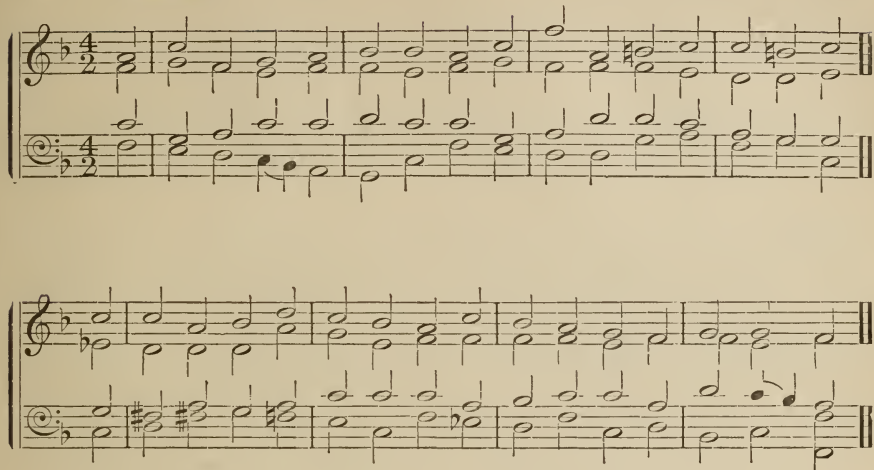
- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MIGHTY Spirit, gracious Guide!
 Let thy light in us abide,—
 Chiefest gift at Whitsuntide,—
 Holy, heavenly Love.</p> <p>2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
 Tongues of earth and heaven above,
 Knowledge,—all things,—empty prove,
 Without heavenly Love.</p> | <p>3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
 Give my goods the poor to feed,
 All is vain, if Love I need;
 Therefore, give me Love.</p> <p>4 Love is kind, and suffers long,
 Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
 Love than death itself more strong;
 Therefore, give us Love.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Prophecy will fade away,
 Melting in the light of day;
 Love will ever with us stay;
 Therefore, give us Love.
- 6 Faith will vanish into sight;
 Hope be emptied in delight;
 Love in heaven will shine more bright;
 Therefore, give us Love.
- 7 Faith and Hope and Love we see
 Joining hand in hand agree;
 But the greatest of the three,
 And the best, is Love.
- 8 From the overshadowing
 Of thy gold and silver wing,
 Shed on us, who to thee sing,
 Holy, heavenly Love!

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

724-5. SHENFIELD. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, (before 1740.)



L. M.

724.

Dedication of a church.

1 **T**HE perfect world by Adam trod
Was the first temple,—built by
God:
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and
bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,—
The sea, the sky,—and 'all was
good;'
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.

4 Lord! 't is not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee:
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, 'made with hands.'

NATHANAEL PARKER WILLIS, 1826.

L. M.

725.

Dedication of a church.

1 **O** FATHER! take the new-built shrine;
The house our hands have reared is thine:
Greet us with welcome when we come,
And make our Father's house our home.

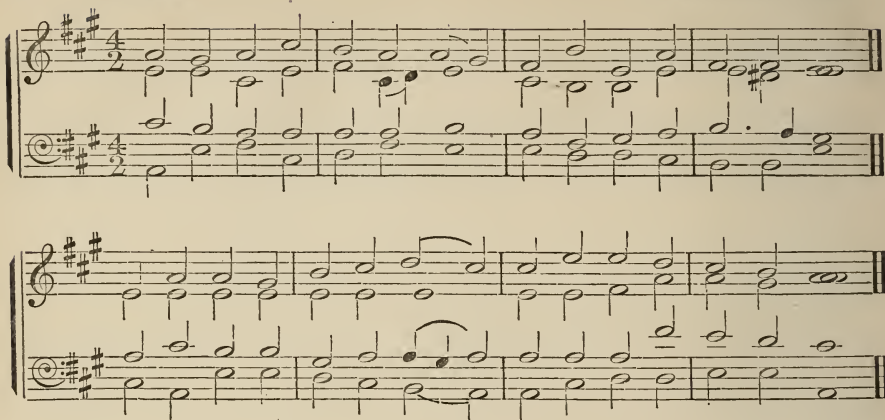
2 Blest with thy spirit while we stay,
May we thy spirit bear away,
That every heart a shrine may be,
And every home a home for thee.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, 1858.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

726. CAMDEN. 7 M.

RICHARD REDHEAD, (1853.)



726.

7 M.

Dedication of a church.

1 **L**ORD of Hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

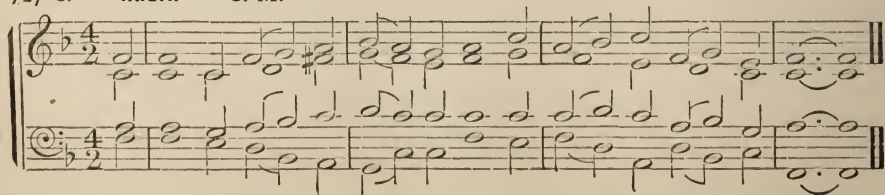
2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

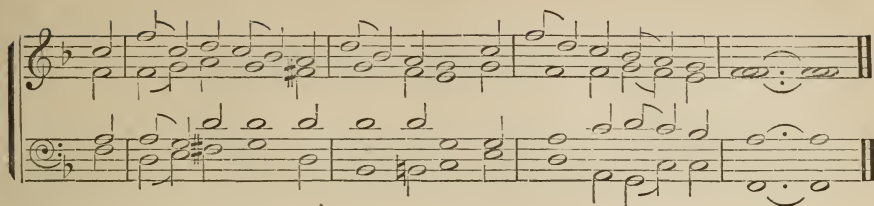
3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

727-8. IRISH. C. M.





C. M.

727.

Dedication of a church.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 O THOU, whose own vast temple
stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.</p> <p>2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.</p> | <p>3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.</p> <p>4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the
storm
Of earth-born passion dies.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1836.

C. M.

728.

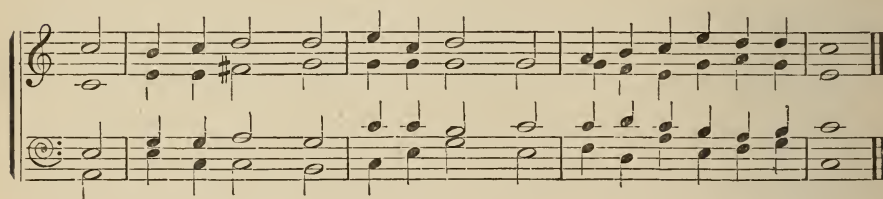
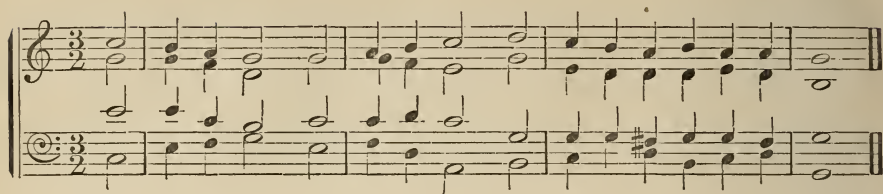
The fathers house of God.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WE love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God:
In heaven are kept their grateful vows;
Their dust endears the sod.</p> <p>2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place:</p> <p>3 And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal God to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.</p> | <p>4 From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
Which filled their homes again.</p> <p>5 For, faith and peace and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.</p> <p>6 They live with God, their homes are dust;
But here their children pray,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
To find the narrow way.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 7 On him who by the altar stands,
On him thy blessing fall!
Speak through his lips thy pure commands,
Thou Heart, that lovest all!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1833.

DEDICATION OF MINISTERS.

729-30. **BERNE.** L. M. ("Ach Gott und Herr.") from the "Neues Leipziger Gesangbuch" of G. VOFELIUS, (1682.)



729.

L. M.

Ordination hymn.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THOU only Living, only True,
Far, far away, and still how near!
Strength of our strength to will and do!
We thirst to have thy witness here:</p> <p>2 Baptize our brother in thy love;
Unveil thy heaven to his eye;
Spread thy wings o'er him like the dove,
And his whole being sanctify.</p> | <p>3 Then in thy glorious liberty,
A well-beloved son of thine,
The tidings of thy truth shall he
Declare with grace and power divine.</p> <p>4 Trials, temptations he must meet;
The gloomy wilderness pass through:
Thine angels then uphold his feet,
And keep him strong, and free, and true.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1868.

730.

L. M.

Dedication of ministers.

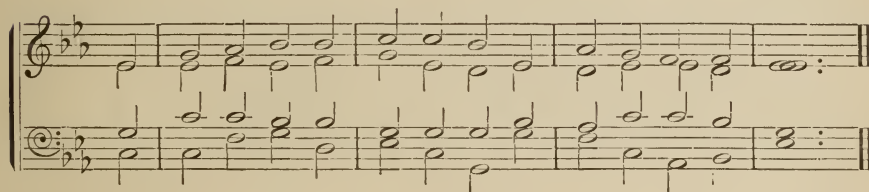
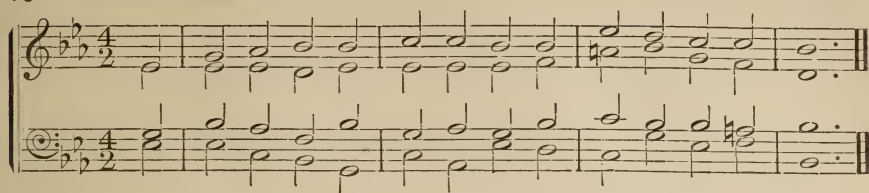
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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 POUR out thy spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants
bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply;
Thy prophets clothe with righteousness.</p> <p>2 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:</p> | <p>3 To watch and pray and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to
keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep:</p> <p>4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign!
Before thee when we both appear,
O God! may they and we be thine!</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

James Montgomery, 1836.

DEDICATION OF MINISTERS.

731. TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, (1561.)



C. M.

731.

Ordination hymn.

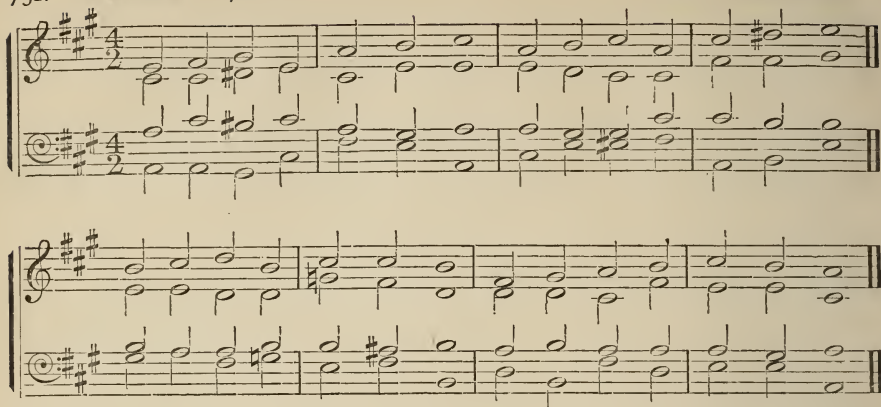
- 1 O GOD! thy children gathered here,
Thy blessing now we wait;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple gate.
- 2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes to do thy will.
- 3 O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!
- 4 O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong!
- 5 O give him, in thy holy work,
Patience to wait thy time;
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serenest clime!
- 6 And grant him many hearts to lead
Into thy perfect rest:
Bless thou him, Father, and his work;
Bless! and they shall be blest!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848

THE WORK OF AN EVANGELIST.

732. EGERTON. 7 M.

HENRY LAWES, (d. 1662.)



732.

7 M.

The teachers.

1 **M**IGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet!

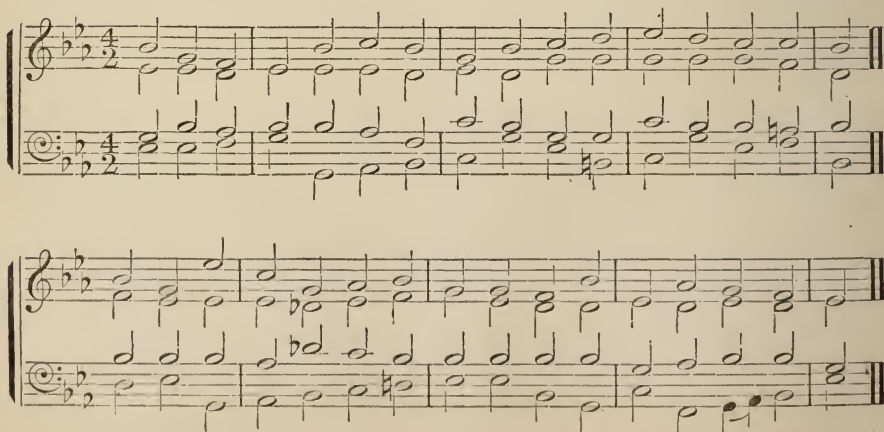
2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind!
God of love, who from thy throne
Watchest over all mankind!

3 Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1840.

733. BERG. L. M.

from the Berg Choralb., (1809.)



L. M.

733.

Welcoming a pastor.

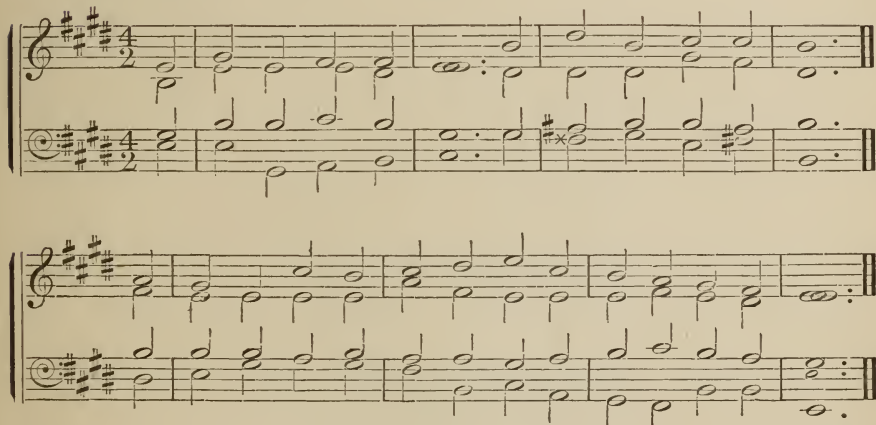
- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted head:
Come as a Servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.</p> <p>2 Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky:
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.</p> | <p>3 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.</p> <p>4 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.</p> <p>5 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Filled with the spirit, fired with love:
Live to behold our large increase;
And die to meet us all above.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

734.

ST. HELENA.

S. M.



S. M.

734.

School hymn.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders
found;
In all our little palaces,
Prosperity abound.</p> | <p>2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.</p> <p>3 May none who thus are taught
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

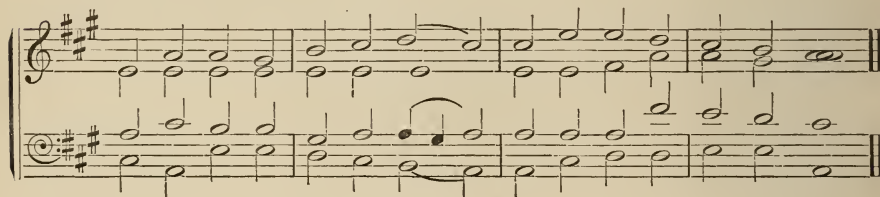
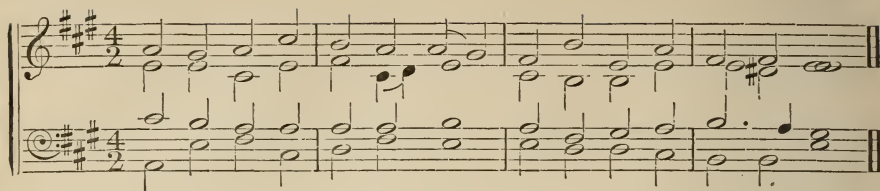
SCHOOL HYMN.

735.

CAMDEN.

7 M.

RICHARD REDHEAD, (1853.)



735.

7 M.

School hymn.

1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
 We are weak, almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts
 Be the taught and teacher blest;
 In their lives and in their hearts,
 Father, be thy laws impressed.

3 Pour into each longing mind
 Light and knowledge from above;
 Charity for all mankind,—
 Trusting faith, enduring love.

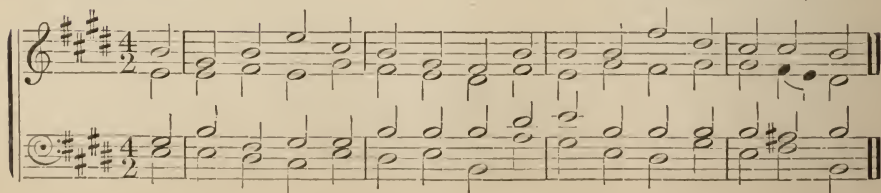
THOMAS GRAY, 1833.

736.

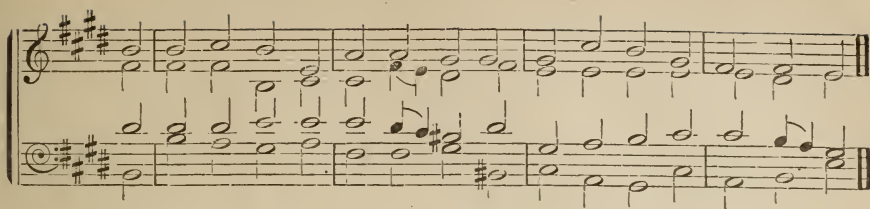
TRENTHAM.

L. M.

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, (1867?)



SCHOOL HYMN.



L. M.

736.

For a school anniversary.

1 FROM year to year in love we meet ;
 From year to year in peace we part ;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on ; and, year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away :
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
 Some in our number, marked to fall :
 Be young and old prepared alike ;
 The warning is to each, to all.

4 This sole occasion then is ours :
 This day we ne'er again shall see :
 Lord God ! awaken all our powers,
 To spend it for eternity.

5 Our times, our lives, are in thy hand ;
 On thee for all things we rely ;
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.

6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;
 Send children, teachers, in our place ;
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,
 More like thy Son,—from race to race.

James Montgomery, 1825.

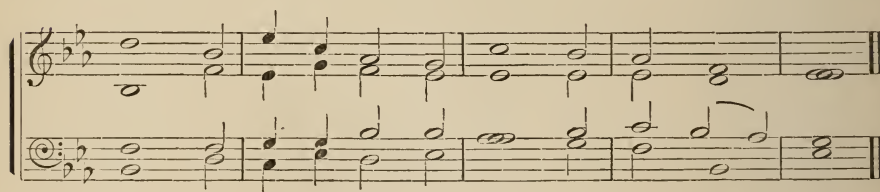
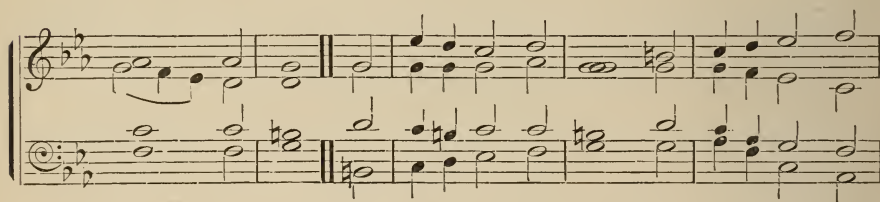
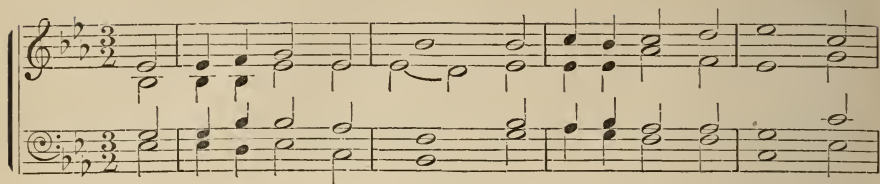
OUR FATHERS.

737.

PATRIARCHS.

M. 6. M. 4.
I. 2. 4-6. 3. 7.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



737.

M. 6. M. 4.
I. 2. 4-6. 3. 7.

Our fathers.

1 **G**ONE are those great and good
Who here in peril stood,
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

2 Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust,—
The truth that made them free,
Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

3 Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills!
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O let thy light repose
On our free hills.

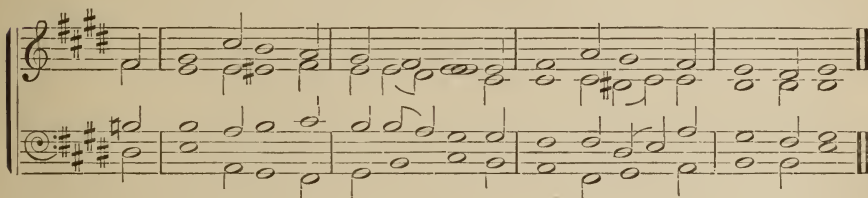
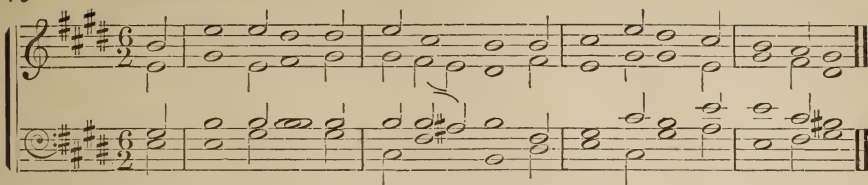
John Pierpont, 1830.

738.

SURREXIT CHRISTUS.

L. M.

(15th Cent.)



L. M.

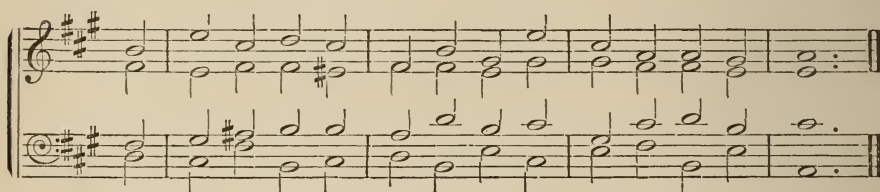
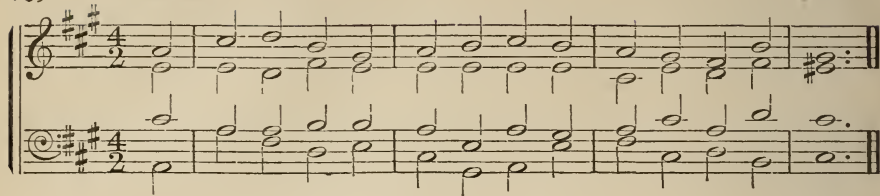
The soldiers of the cross.

738.

- 1 **T**HOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before thy face!
Our spirits wait for thy command;
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.
- 2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the cross are thine.
- 3 While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.
- 4 And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.
- 5 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight:
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.
- 6 Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

739. EATINGTON. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, (d. 1727.)



739.

C. M.

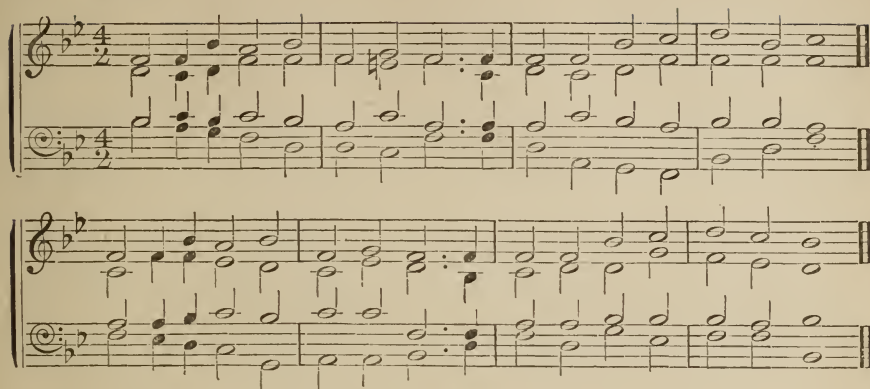
Child's hymn.

- 1 **H**OW long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.
- 2 But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end;
Eternity has none;
'T will always have as long to spend
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be,
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time, with thee.

JANE TAYLOR, 1810.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

740. WARD. L. M.



L. M.

Morning prayer for a child.

740.

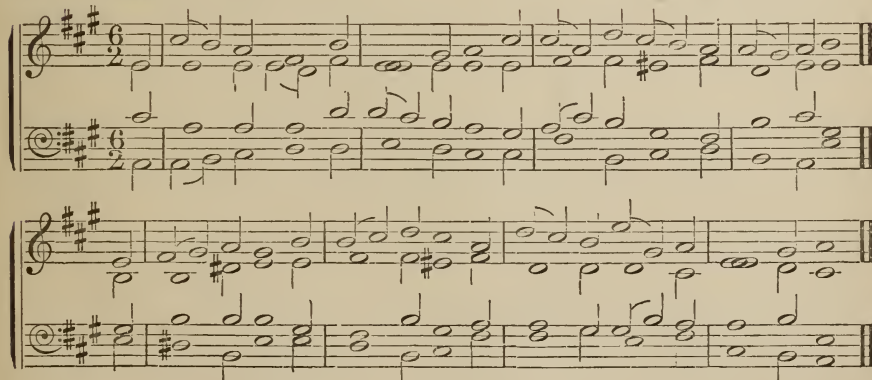
1 O GOD! I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed
away,
And that I see in this fair light
My Father's smile that makes it day.

2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

JOHN PIERPONT, 1831.

741. HAYES. L. M.

WILLIAM HAYES, (d. 1779.)



L. M.

Evening prayer for a child.

741.

1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, while all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

JOHN PIERPONT, 1831.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

742.

COLERIDGE.

M. 8. [For one mezzo-soprano voice.]

J. R. OGDEN, (1855.)

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay, God grant me grace my prayers to

say: O God! pre-serve my mo - ther dear In strength and health for

ma - ny a year; And O pre-serve my fa - ther too, And may I pay him

rever - ence due; And may I my best thoughts em - ploy, To be my

pa - rents' hope and joy; And O pre-serve my bro - thers both From

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

e - vil do - ings and from sloth, And may we al - ways love each

cres. *f*

o-ther, Our friends, our fa - ther, and our mo - ther : And

p *dim.* *tempo.* *p*

still, O Lord, to me im - part An in - no-cent and grate - ful heart, That

af - ter my great sleep I may A - wake . . . to thy . .

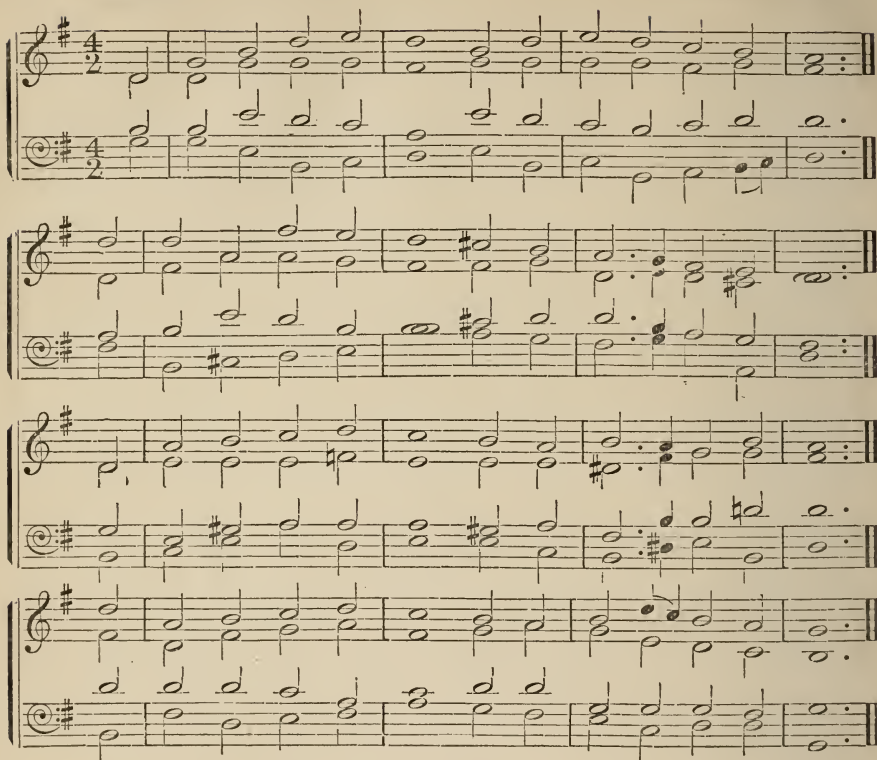
mf *fz*

. . e - ter - - nal day ! . . . A - - - men.

fz *fz* *dim.* *p* *p*

743. ANSPACH. M. 7 & 6.

J. GERSBACH, (d. 1830.)



743.

Children's evening hymn.

M. 7 & 6.

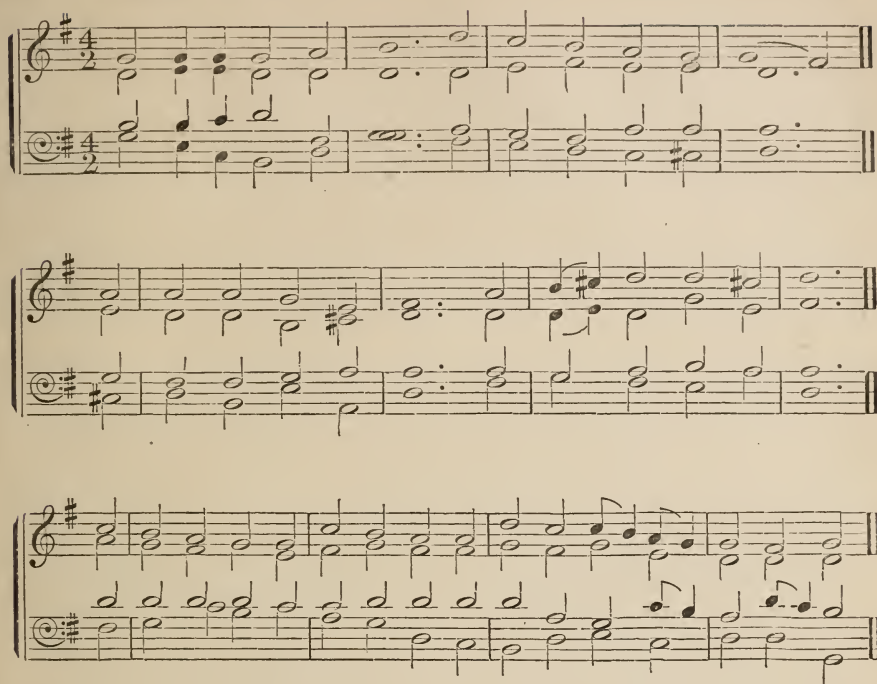
1 THE hours of day are over,
 The evening calls us home :
 Once more to thee, O Father,
 With thankful hearts we come :
 For all thy countless blessings
 We praise thy holy name,
 And own thy love unchanging
 Through days and years the same :

2 For life, and health, and shelter
 From harm throughout the day,
 The kindness of our teachers,
 The gladness of our play ;
 For all the dear affection
 Of parents, brothers, friends,
 To him our thanks we render
 Who these and all things sends.

3 Thanks too for shame and sorrow
 Whene'er we choose the wrong,
 For bright and happy spirits
 'Mid duty brave and strong :
 For him who blessed the children,
 And loved both them and thee,
 And told us of the heaven, where
 We never thought to be.

4 Lord ! gather all thy children
 To meet thee there at last,
 When earthly tasks are ended,
 And earthly days are past ;
 With all our dear ones round us
 In that eternal home,
 Where death no more shall part us,
 And night shall never come !

JOHN ELLERTON (except verse 3), 1859.

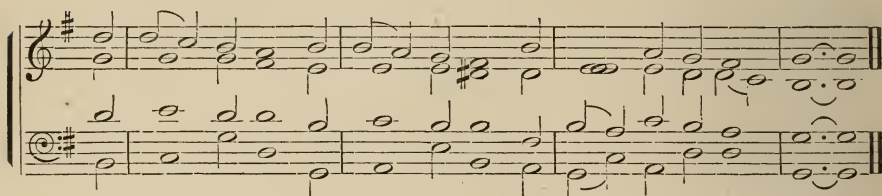
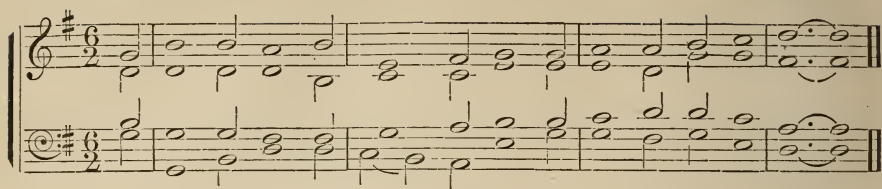


H. M.

"Speak, Lord ; for thy servant heareth." 1. Sam. III. 9.

744.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.</p> <p>2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.</p> | <p>3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word,
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.</p> <p>4 O give me Samuel's heart,—
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates
By day and night,—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.</p> <p>5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



745.

Child's evening hymn.

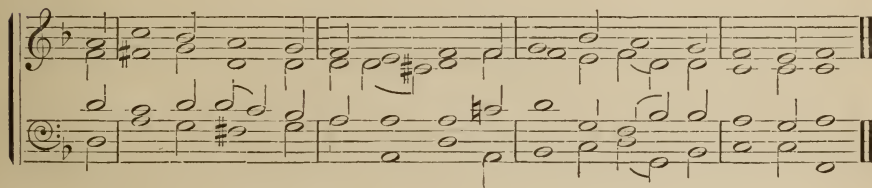
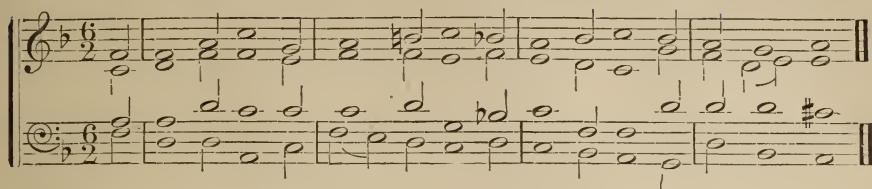
C. M.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER above! I pray to thee
Before I take my rest;
I seek thee on my bended knee,
With warm and grateful breast.</p> <p>2 First let me thank thee for my share
Of sweet and blessed health;
It is a boon I would not spare
For worlds of shining wealth.</p> | <p>3 And next I thank thy bounteous hand
That gives my daily bread;
That flings the corn upon the land,
And keeps our table spread.</p> <p>4 I thank thee for each peaceful night
That brings me soft repose;
I thank thee for the morning's light
That bids my eyes uncloze.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 I own thy mercy, when I move
With limbs all sound and free,
That gaily bear me when I rove
Beside the moth and bee.
- 6 I thank thee for my many friends,
So loving and so kind,
Who tell me all that knowledge lends
To aid my heart and mind.
- 7 Ah! let me value as I ought
The lessons good men teach;
To bear no malice in my thought,
No anger in my speech.
- 8 Father above! O hear my prayer;
And let me ever be
Worthy my earthly parents' care,
And true in serving thee!

CRADLE HYMN.

746-7. RESURRECTION. L. M. ("Erstanden ist der heil'ge Christ.")

(15th Cent.)



L. M.

"Schlaf sanft und wohl."

The infant's sleep.

746.

1 SLEEP well, my dear ; sleep safe and free ;
The holy angels are with thee,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber, nights nor days.

2 God make thy mother's health increase,
To see thee grow in strength and grace,
In wisdom and humility,
As Mary's son in Galilee !

3 God fill thee with his heavenly light,
To steer thy Christian course aright ;
Make thee a tree, of blessed root,
That ever bends with godly fruit !

4 Sleep now, my dear, and take thy rest ;
And if with riper years thou'rt blessed,
Increase in wisdom, day and night,
Till thou attain'st the eternal light !

JOHANN CHRISTOPH RUBEN, 1712 :
tr. JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI, 1722.

L. M.

Thanks for the Mother's heart.

747.

1 LORD, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares !
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

2 We thank thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart as, day by day,
The dawning soul from those young eyes
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray ;

3 And, grateful for the blessing given
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

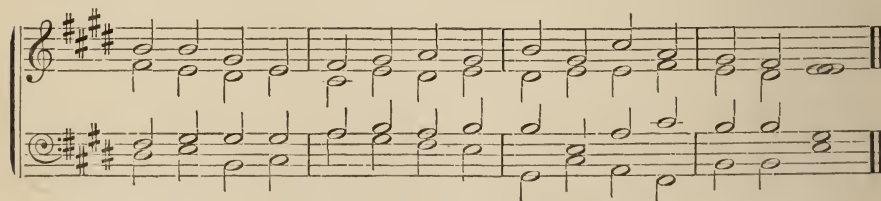
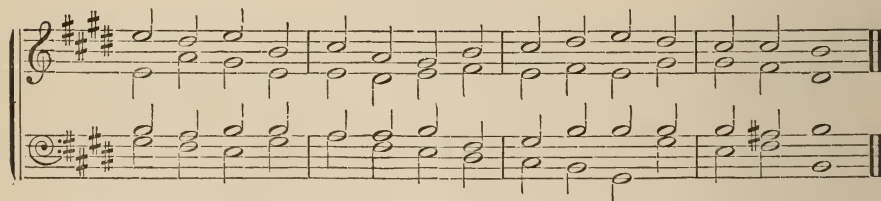
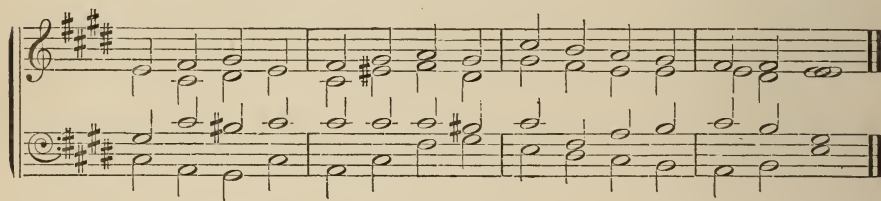
4 Such thanks the blessed Mary gave,
When from her lap the holy child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

5 All-gracious ! grant, to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To lead the steps that own their care
In ways of love, and truth, and right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1863.

748. ST. THOMAS. 8 & 7 M.

? S. WEBBE, SEN., (d. 1817.)



748.

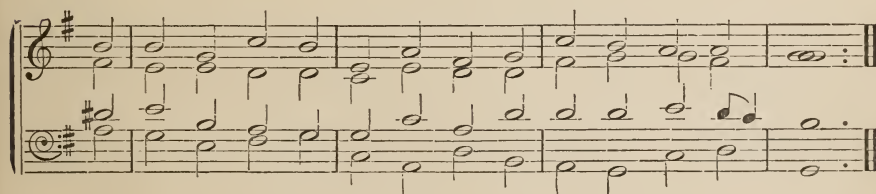
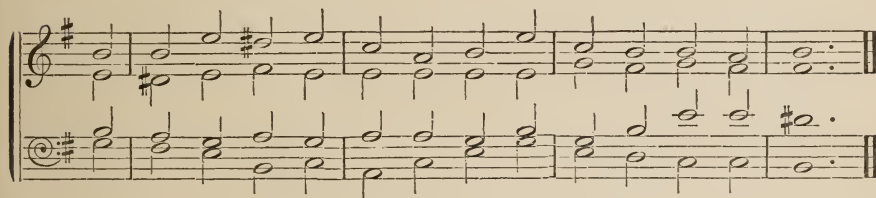
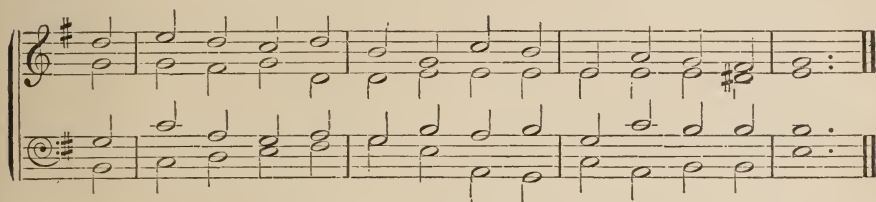
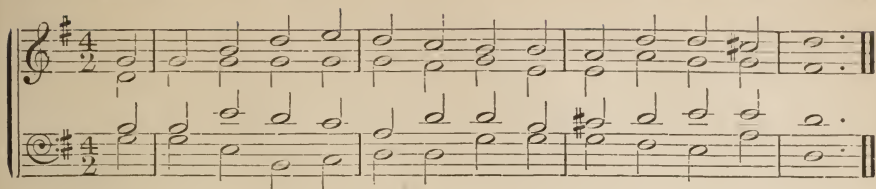
For a family.

8 & 7 M.

1 **P**EACE be to this habitation!
 Peace to every soul herein!
 Peace, the earnest of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
 Peace that speaks its heavenly giver;
 Peace to earthly minds unknown;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
 Here erect its glorious throne!

2 God of peace! if thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home!
 With thy gracious presence cheer us;
 Hither let thy kingdom come!
 Lift to heaven our expectation;
 Give our raptured souls to prove
 Glorious and complete salvation,
 Holy, everlasting love!

Charles Wesley, 1749.



C. M. D.

In times of domestic distress.

749.

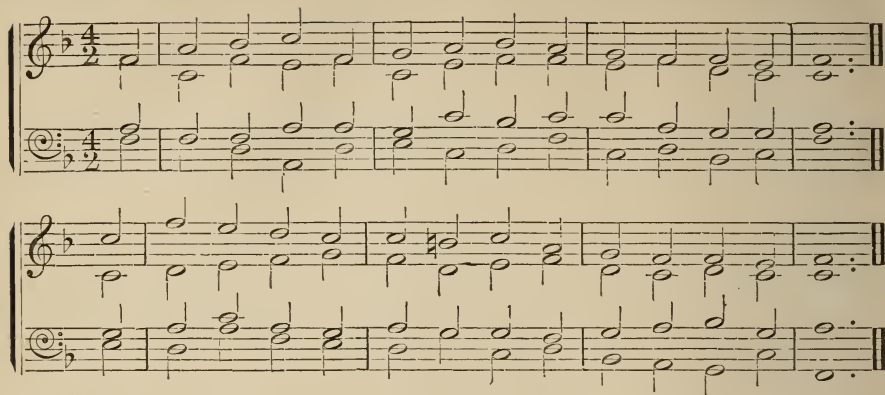
1 O GOD, that madest earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day!
 Give ear to this thy family,
 And help us when we pray!
 For wide the waves of bitterness
 Around our vessel roar,
 And heavy grows the pilot's heart
 To view the rocky shore!

2 The cross the Man of Sorrows bore
 Like him we fain would bear,
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair!
 Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
 Our sinking faith renew!
 And when his sorrows visit us,
 O send his patience too.

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1816.

750. DUNDEE. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, (1615.)



750.

A family prayer.

C. M.

1 O LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let disquiet cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

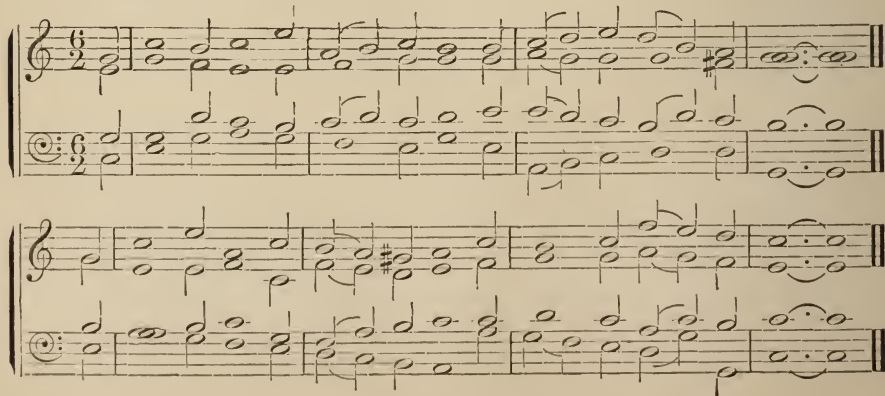
4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1803.

751. PRESTON. C. M.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, (d. 1768.)



C. M.

The aged Christian's prayer. Ps. 71.

751.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 MY God, my everlasting hope!
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.</p> <p>2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year;
Behold the days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.</p> | <p>3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glories shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.</p> <p>4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

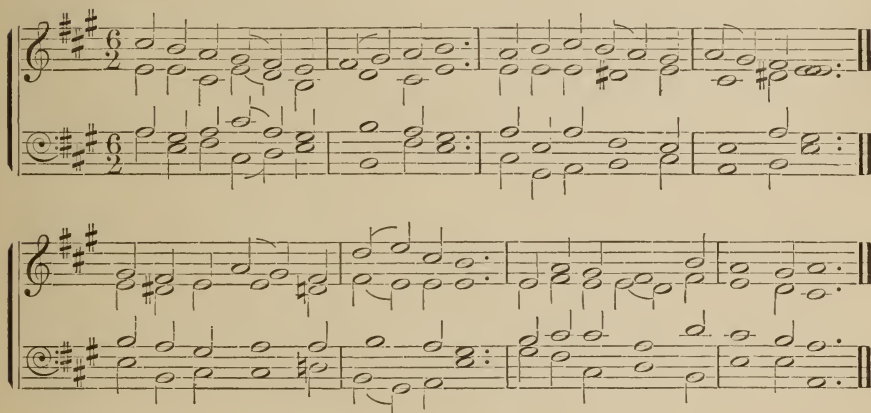
752.

LANDAU.

L. M.

("Einer ist König.")

from J. B. KÖNIG'S Liederschatz, (1738.)



L. M.

Vesper at sea.

752.

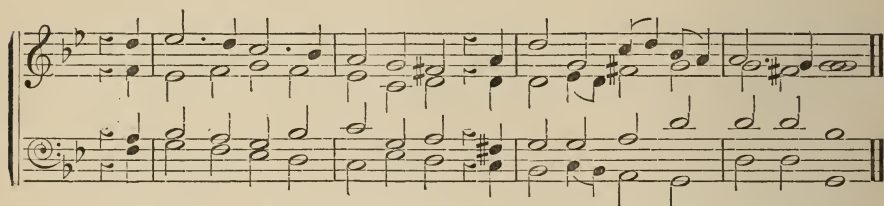
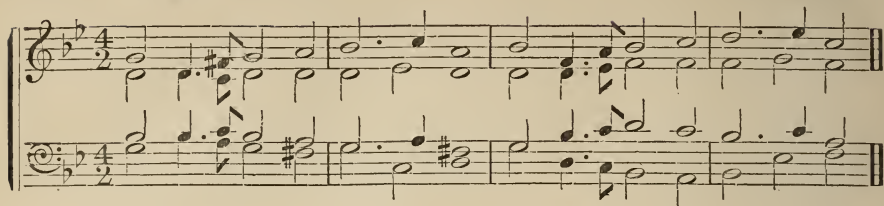
- 1 ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
- 2 I know thou wilt not slight my call;
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
- 3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
- 4 In ocean caves still safe with thee
The germs of immortality:
So, calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA WILLARD, [1855.]

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

753-4. CANNONS. L. M.

GEO. FR. HANDEL, (d. 1759.)



753.

L. M.

Sailor's hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD of the wide-extended main !
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose spirit leads believing souls !
- 2 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine ;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity !
- 3 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore ;
Thine everlasting truth we prove,
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.
- 4 Infinite God ! thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies :
Lo ! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.
- 5 And here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear :
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

The mariner's hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, whose powerful word
 Bids the tempestuous wind arise ;
 Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
 Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !

- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
 And seas thine awful will perform ;
 From them we learn to own thy sway,
 And shout to meet the gathering storm.

- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
 Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry :
 They cannot damp thy children's joys,
 Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.

- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
 And back to highest heaven are borne,
 Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
 And all the watery world upturn.

- 5 Roar on, ye waves ; our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
 In vain to impair the calm ye try,
 The calm in a believer's breast.

- 6 Rage, while our faith the Father tries,
 Thou sea, the servant of his will :
 Rise, while our God permits thee, rise ;
 But fall when he shall say, *Be still !*

Charles Wesley, 1740.

MARINER'S HYMN.

755.

MARINER'S HYMN.

P. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)

First four lines of verse 4 to be sung as in verse 3.

755.

P. M.

Mariner's hymn.

1 **L**AUNCH thy bark, mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee!
 Let loose the rudder-bands;
 Good angels lead thee.
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily;
 Christian, steer home.

2 Look to the weather bow,
 Breakers are round thee;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail there,
 Hold the helm fast;
 So,—let the vessel wear;
 There swept the blast.

MARINER'S HYMN.

3 'What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?'
'Cloudy, all quiet,
No land yet,—all's right.'
Be wakeful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

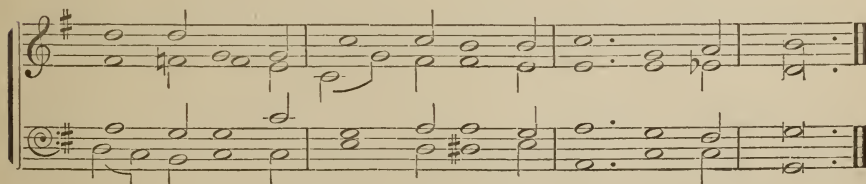
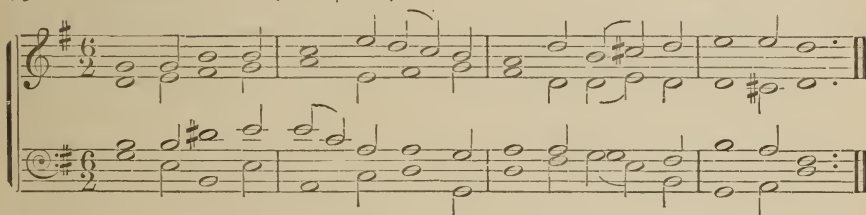
4 How? gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold.
There—let the ingots go;
Now the ship rights:
Hurrah! the harbour's near;
Lo! the red lights.

5 Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland.
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam;
Christian, cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy home!

CAROLINE ANNE SOUTHEY (née BOWLES), 1836.

756. BEACON. 8 & 7 M. | M. 4.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



8 & 7 M. | M. 4.

Mariner's hymn.

756.

1 **S**TAR of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on
me:
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lowly pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith! when winds are mock-
ing
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

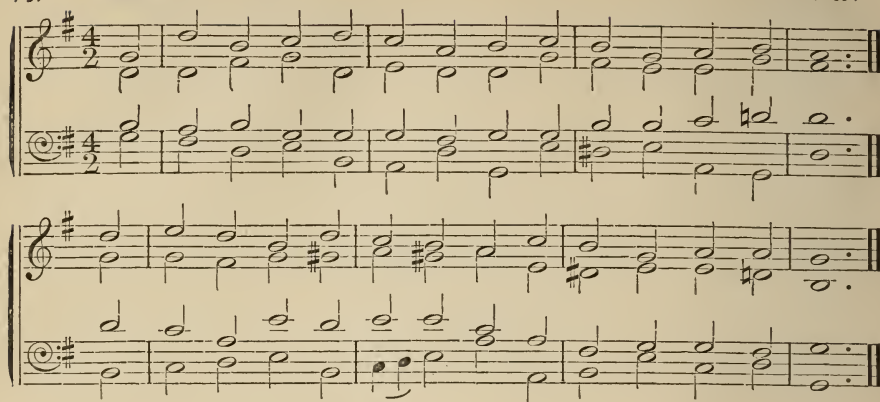
4 Star divine! O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

J. CROSS, 1830.
P P 2

PRAYER OF THE BLIND.

757. MELROSE. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, (1635.)



757.

For the blind.

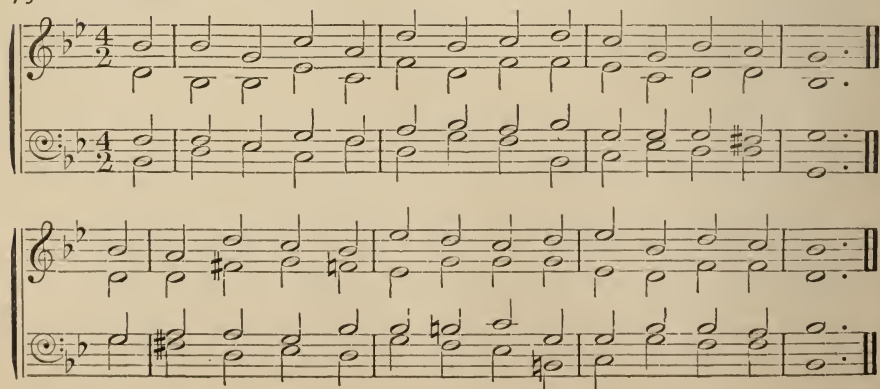
C. M.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FATHER of light and life and love!
Thyself to us reveal,
As saints below and saints above
Thy sacred presence feel.</p> <p>2 Not with the eye of mortal sense
By angels round the throne,
Or happy souls departed hence,
Art thou in glory known.</p> <p>3 No sun by day, no moon by night
For this our spirits need;
Who walk by faith, and not by sight,
They feel thee nigh indeed.</p> | <p>4 Light in thy light the blind may see,
No more by sin estranged;
Light in the Lord, so let us be
Into thine image changed.</p> <p>5 Since thou thyself dost still display
Unto the pure in heart,
O make us children of the day
To know thee as thou art.</p> <p>6 For thou art light and life and love;
And thy redeemed below
May see thee as thy saints above,
And know thee as they know.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

758. CARLISLE. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



C. M.

758.

An afterthought of the afflicted.

1 I CANNOT call affliction sweet ;
And yet 't was good to bear :
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.

2 My weanèd soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will :
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still !

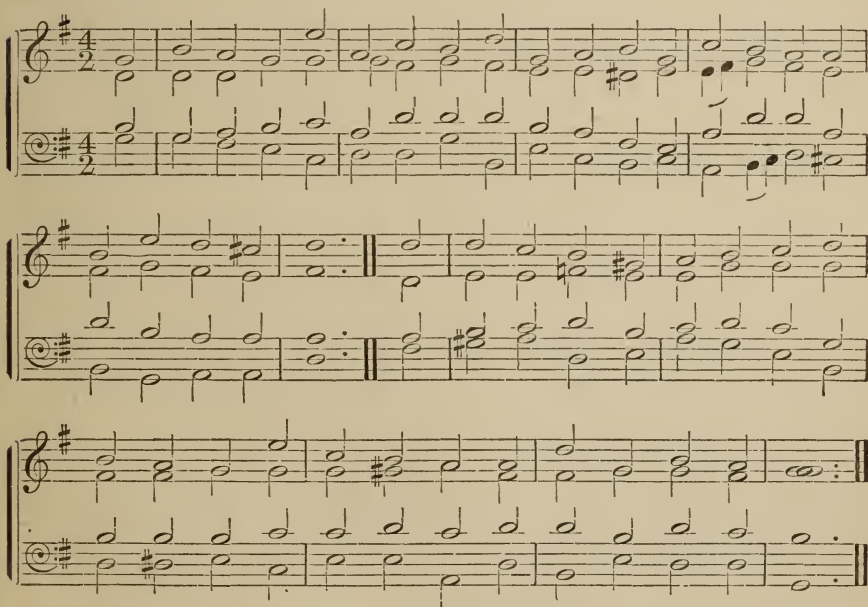
3 Where are the vows which then I
vowed,—
The joys which then I knew ?
Those vanished like the morning-cloud,
These, like the early dew.

4 Lord ! grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be ;
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
' My God is all to me !'

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

759. AUSTERLITZ. M. 8 | 6 D.

MORAVIAN.



M. 8 | 6 D.

Thy will be done.

759.

1 'FATHER! thy will, not mine, be
done!
So prayed on earth thy suffering Son ;
So, in his name I pray :
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak ;
Thy help in agony I seek ;
O take this cup away !

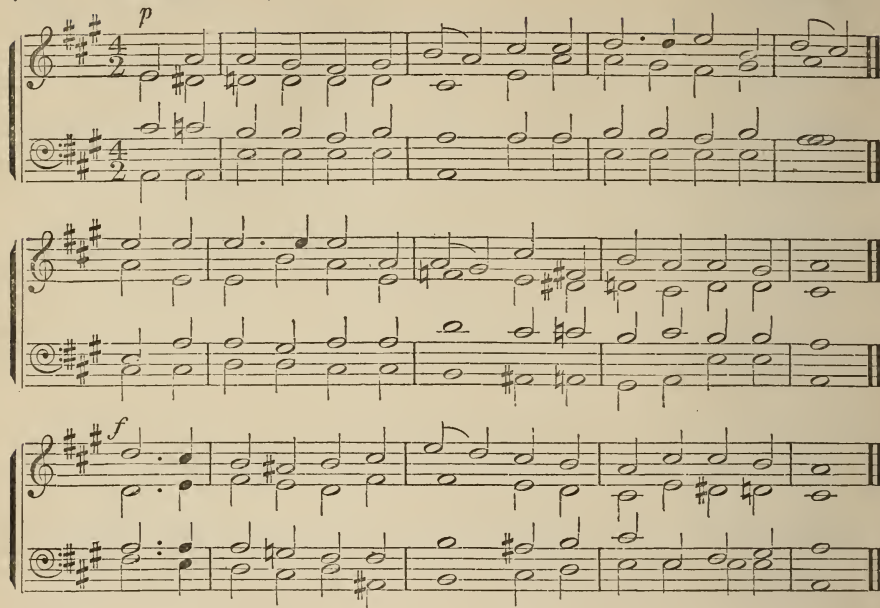
2 If such be not thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfil ;
My wishes I resign,
Into thy hands my soul commend,
On thee for life or death depend ;
Thy will be done, not mine !

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1853.

THE SUFFERER'S PRAYER.

760. STORM-CRY. 7 M.

J. R. OGDEN, (1872.)



760.

Prayer of the desolate. Ps. 69.

7 M.

1 **G**OD! be merciful to me;
For my spirit trusts in thee,
And to thee, her refuge, springs:
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till this storm is overpast.

2 From the waterfloods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul
Me thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake:
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke will break my heart.

3 Foes increase; they close me round;
Friend nor comforter is found:
Sore temptations now assail;
Hope and strength and courage fail:
Turn not from thy servant's grief;
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

4 Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God, on high:
Wonders thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought:
Save me, Lord, in mercy save;
Lest I sink below the grave.

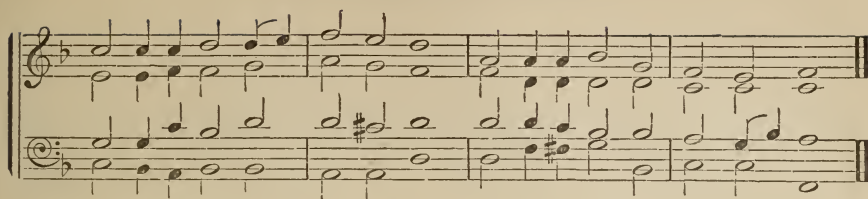
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

761. EPHRAIM. L. M.

JOSEPH JOWETT, (1823.)



THE SUFFERER'S PRAYER.



L. M.

Looking upwards in a storm.

761.

1 GOD of my life! to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

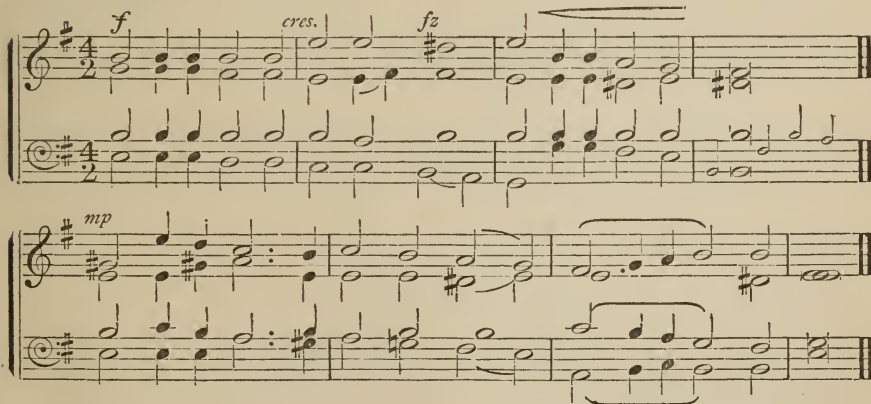
3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

762. OLIVET. M. 8 & 6 | 4.

J. R. OGDEN, (1842.)



M. 8 & 6 | 4.

A prayer of anguish.

762.

1 FATHER! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son:

2 O by the anguish of that night
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened let thy might
Hallow this grief!

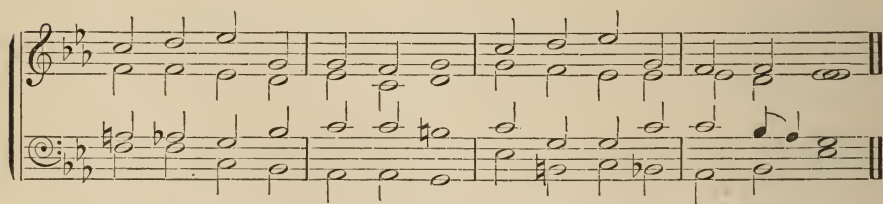
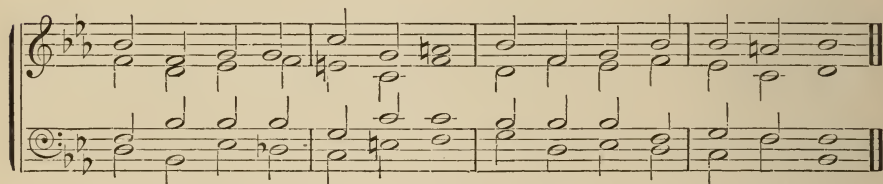
3 And thou that, when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry—
'Thy will be done:'

4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
That e'er have mourned the chief,—
Thou Sufferer! if the stroke *must* fall,
Hallow this grief.

Felicia Hemans, 1830.

SEEKING GOD IN ILLNESS.

763. NASSAU. 7 M. ("Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn.") ? JOH. ROSENMÜLLER, (d. 1686.)
from 100 Geistliche Arien, Dresden, 1694.



763.

7 M.

Thoughts in sickness. Ps. 42.

1 AS the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see :
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?

2 Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away ;
While his craft the tempter plies,
'Where is now thy God ?' he cries :
This would sink me to despair ;
But I pour my soul in prayer.

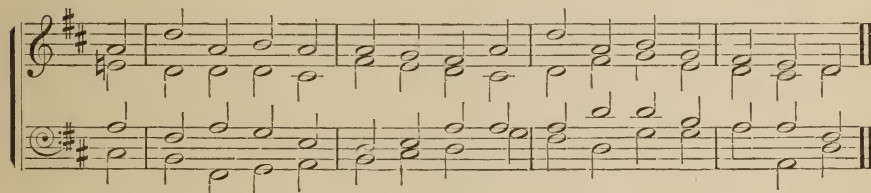
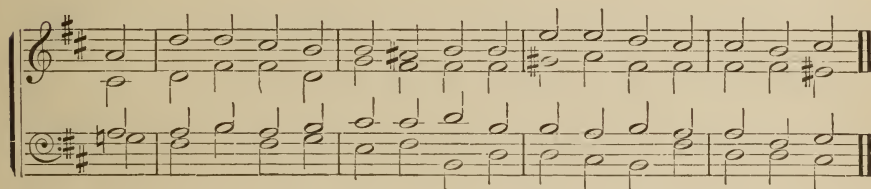
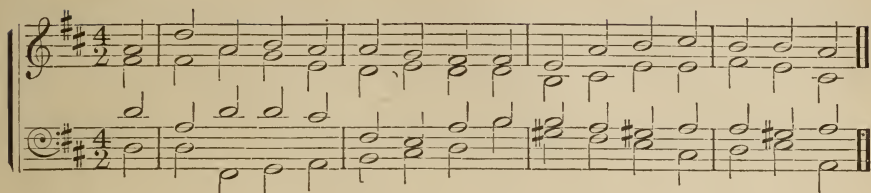
3 For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent :
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King !
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

4 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole :
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head ;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

764. CARLSRUHE. M. 8.

? MARTIN LUTHER, (†1535.)



M. 8.

764.

An act of faith in sickness.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 DO I not trust in thee, O Lord?
Do I not rest on thee alone?
What else can win the trembling
chord
Of pain to breathe this sweeter tone?
Art thou not still, howe'er I roam,
My hope, my hiding-place, my home?</p> <p>2 And now that weakness and decay
Forewarn me that my change draws
nigh,
Do I not feel, from day to day,
Thou lookest down with pitying eye?
Do I not hear a still small voice
Bidding me still in hope rejoice?</p> | <p>3 To thee my inmost spirit clings:
Like the poor dove that left the
ark,
When I forsake thy sheltering wings
I meet a waste of waters dark:
Then back I fly, and grace implore
Never to wander from thee more.</p> <p>4 And now on thee I cast my soul:
Come life or death, come ease or pain,
Thy presence can each fear control,
Thy grace can to the end sustain:
Those whom thou lovest, heavenly
Friend,
Thou lovest even to the end.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

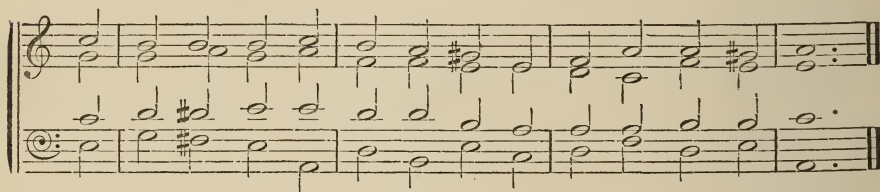
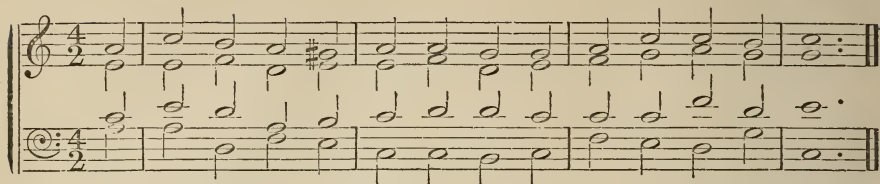
RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

765-6.

DUNBAR.

C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER, (1615.)



765.

C. M.

On recovery from dangerous illness.

1 MY God! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renewed
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sank with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head,
And said thy time was best;
Nor feared to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

4 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

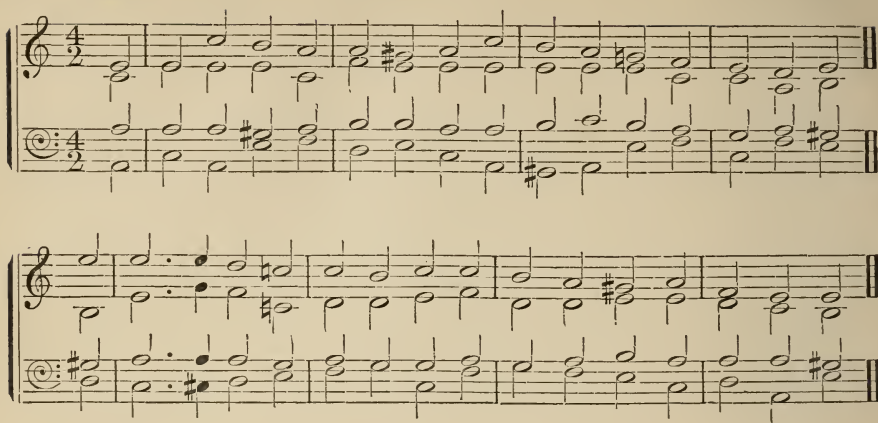
5 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be:
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

"The prisoner of the Lord."

- 1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts, this day
 Around thine altar meet;
 And tens of thousands throng to pay
 Their homage at thy feet.
- 2 They see thy power and glory there,
 As I have seen them too:
 They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
 As I was wont to do.
- 3 They sing thy deeds, as I have sung,
 In sweet and solemn lays:
 Were I among them, my glad tongue
 Might learn new themes of praise.
- 4 For thou art in their midst to teach,
 When on thy name they call:
 And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
 Hast blessings, Lord, for all.
- 5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
 In spirit turn to thee:
 O hast thou not a blessing left,
 A blessing, Lord, for me?
- 6 The dew lies thick on all the ground;
 Shall my poor fleece be dry?
 The manna rains from heaven around;
 Shall I of hunger die?
- 7 Behold thy prisoner;—loose my bands,
 If 't is thy gracious will:
 If not,—contented in thy hands,
 Behold thy prisoner still!
- 8 I may not to thy courts repair;
 Yet here thou surely art:
 Lord! consecrate a house of prayer
 In my surrendered heart.
- 9 To faith reveal the things unseen;
 To hope, the joys untold:
 Let love, without a veil between,
 Thy glory now behold.
- 10 O make thy face on me to shine,
 That doubt and fear may cease:
 Lift up thy countenance benign
 On me,—and give me peace.

767. SAUL. L. M. ("Saulus ums Gesetz.")

B. GESIUS, (1605.)



767.

L. M.

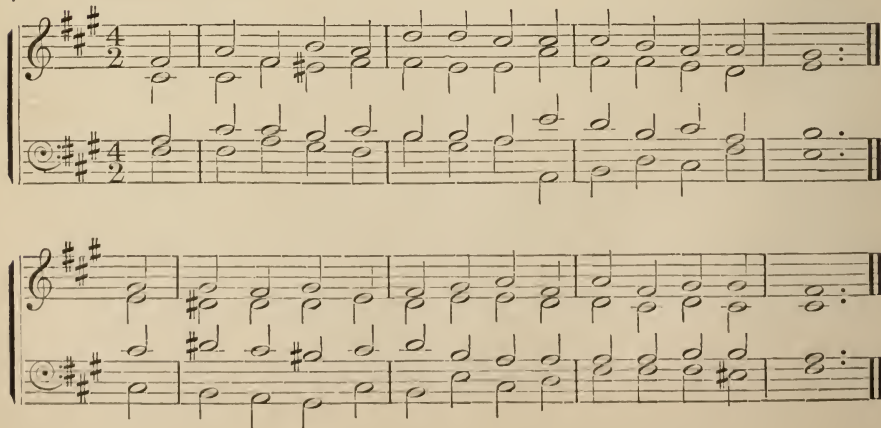
The sick-room in church-time.

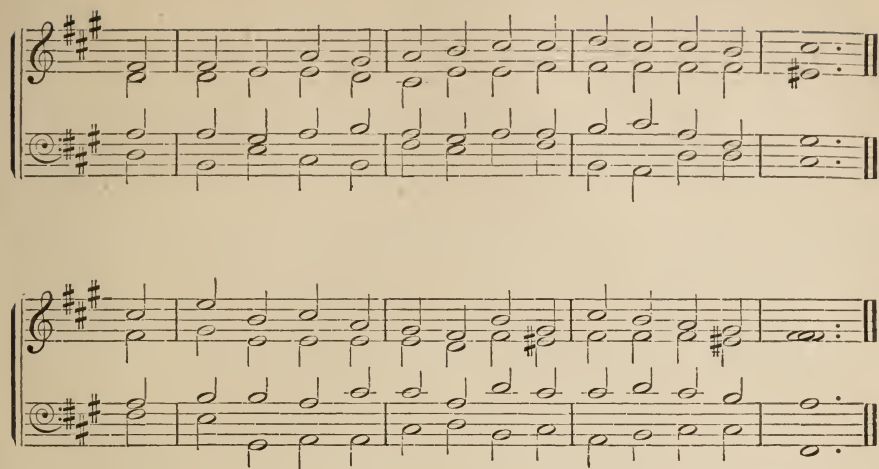
- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 THIS is enough:—although 't were
sweet
Thee in thy house of prayer to meet,
Amid the assembly of thy saints,
For which at times my spirit faints.</p> <p>2 But, O my God! I love thy will;
I will not murmur, but be still:
I will not sigh for joys once mine
Which thou hast bidden me resign.</p> | <p>3 May those who haste to meet thee
there
Thy richest, choicest blessings share!
Yet thou hast still a blessing left
For me, though lonely and bereft.</p> <p>4 'Bereft?' O no! if thou, my God
With me wilt take up thine abode,
And grant me fellowship with thee,
Nor sad nor lonely can I be.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1850.

768. LAMENTATION. C. M. D.

RAVENS-CROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)





C. M. D.

768.

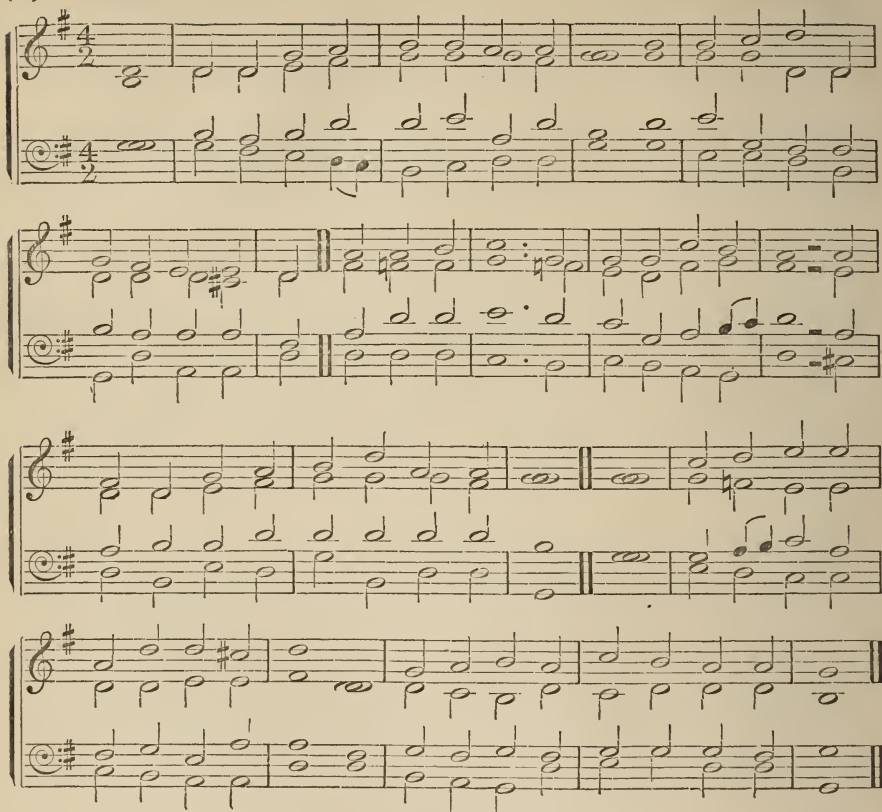
Song of one rescued from danger of death.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 LORD of my life, length of my days!
 Thy hand hath rescued me;
 Who lying at the gates of death
 Among the dead was free.
 My dearest friends I had resigned
 Unto their Maker's care:
 Methought I only time had left
 For a concluding prayer.</p> | <p>2 Methought Death laid his hands on me,
 And did his prisoner bind;
 And by the sound methought I heard
 His Master's feet behind.
 Methought I stood upon the shore,
 And nothing could I see
 But the vast ocean with my eyes,—
 A vast eternity!</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 3 Methought I heard the midnight cry,
 'Behold the bridegroom comes!'
 Methought it called me to the bar,
 Where souls receive their dooms.
 The world was at an end with me,
 As if it all did burn:
 But lo! there came a voice from heaven,
 Which ordered my return.
- 4 Lord! I returned at thy command;
 What wilt thou have me do?
 O let me wholly live to thee,
 To whom my life I owe!
 Fain would I dedicate to thee
 The remnant of my days:
 Lord! with my life renew my heart,
 That both thy name may praise.

A SISTER'S GRAVE.

769. DOVER. M. 10.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, (d. 1625.)



769.

M. 10.

Dirge.

1 EARTH! guard what here we lay in holy trust,
That which hath left our home a darkened place,
Wanting the form, the smile, now veiled in dust;
The light departed with our loveliest face.
Yet from thy bonds our sorrow's hope is free;
We have but lent the beautiful to thee.

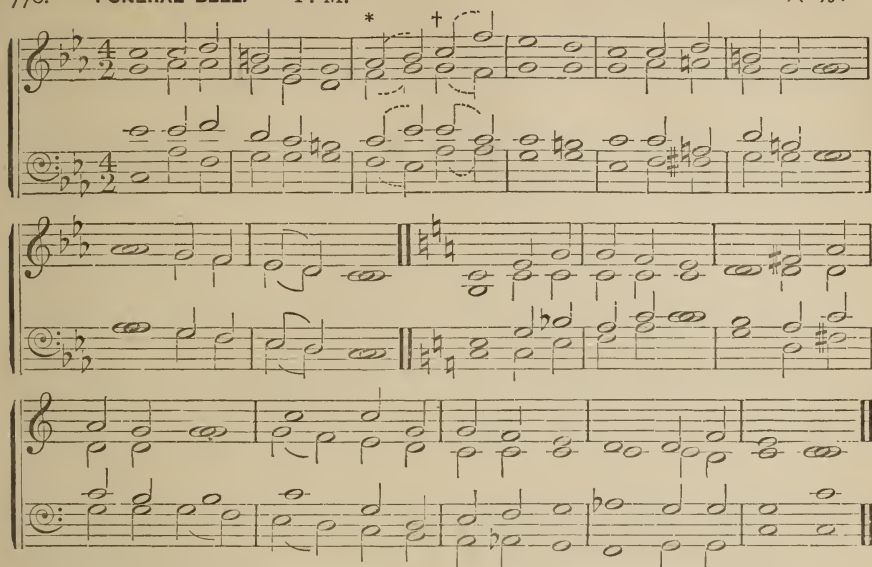
2 But thou, O Heaven! keep, keep what *thou* hast taken,
And with our treasure keep our hearts on high;
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy;
Guide us where these are with our sister flown,
They were of thee, and thou hast claimed thine own.

FELICIA HEMANS, 1826.

FUNERAL HYMN.

770. FUNERAL BELL. P. M.

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



* Bow required in verses 2, 3 and 4.

† Bow required in verses 1 and 5.

P. M.

Funeral hymn.

770.

- 1 FAR, far o'er hill and dell,
On the winds stealing,
List to the tolling bell,
Mournfully pealing :
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say,
As melt those sounds away,—
'So earthly joys decay
Whilst new their feeling !'
- 2 Hush ! with the rustling air
Plaintively blending,
List to the mourner's prayer,
Solemnly bending ;
Hark ! hark ! it seems to say—
'Turn from those joys away
To those which ne'er decay ;
For life is ending.'

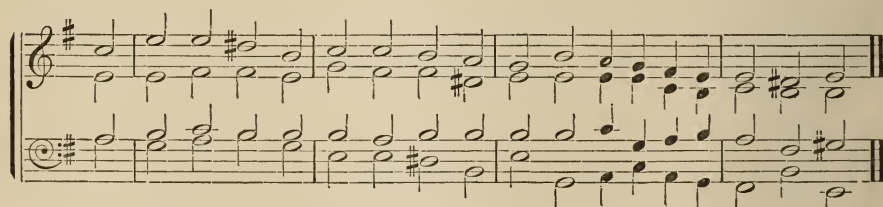
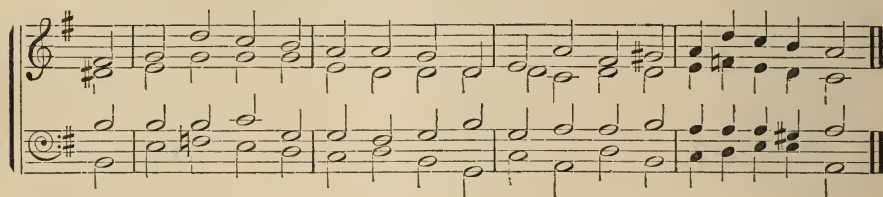
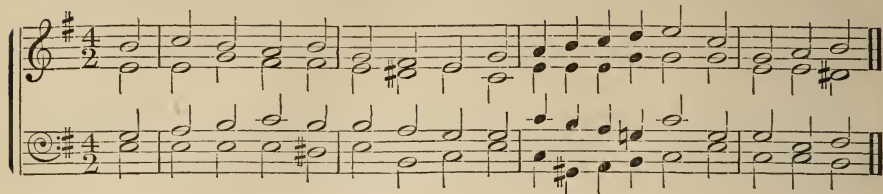
- 3 So, when our mortal ties
Death shall dis sever,
Lord ! may we reach the skies
Where care comes never,
And in eternal day
Joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage for ever.
- 4 When in their lonely bed
Loved ones are lying ;
When joyful wings are spread
To heaven flying ;
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying ?

- 5 No, Holy Father, no !
To thee, Life-giver,
Let their dear spirits go ;
Blessed for ever :
From every sorrow free,
In immortality
Joined with their friends to be,
No more to sever !

THE BITTER CUP TAKEN.

771. RESIGNATION. M. 8 & 10.

BASIL MARTINEAU, (1873.)



771.

M. 8 & 10.

Resignation.

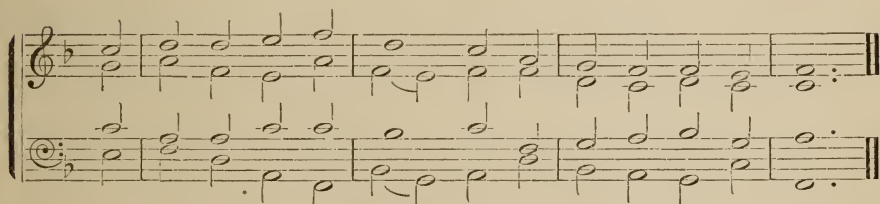
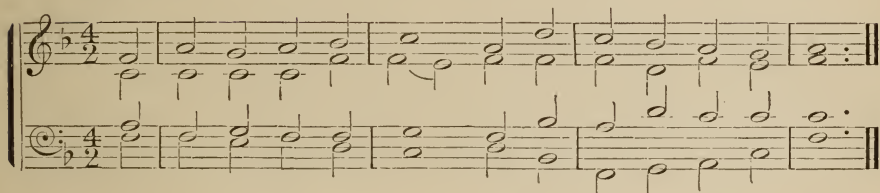
- 1 **L**ONG have I viewed, long have I thought,
 And held with trembling hand this bitter draught :
 'T was now just to my lips applied,
 Nature shrank in, and all my courage died :
 But now resolved and firm I'll be,
 Since, Lord, 't is mingled and reached out by thee.
- 2 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart ;
 Thou 'st wounded me in my most tender part ;
 But 't is with a design to cure ;
 I must and will thy sovereign touch endure.
 All that I prized below is gone ;
 But yet I still will pray 'Thy will be done.'
- 3 Since 't is thy sentence I should part
 With the most precious treasure of my heart,
 I freely that and more resign ;
 My heart itself as its delight is thine ;
 My little all I give to thee ;
 Thou gav'st a greater cost, thy love, to me.

THE PARENTS' FAREWELL TO A CHILD.

- 4 Take all, great God! I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give.
I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
My paradise; I bless and do submit:
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thy angel to sheathe up his sword.

JOHN NORRIS, 1687.

772. HENNEBERG. M. 7 & 6. ("Christus der ist mein Leben.") MELCHIOR VULPIUS, (1609.)



M. 7 & 6.

772.

Parents' farewell to a child.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 FAREWELL, our blighted treasure!
Farewell, and rest in peace!
Thou cam'st with hope and pleasure;—
How soon on earth they cease!</p> <p>2 But 't is for this world only
That hope and pleasure die;
We know thou art not lonely,—
Thy heavenly Father's nigh!</p> <p>3 The cold earth may be on thee,
The green turf o'er thee spread;
Yet is his eye upon thee,
In thy last narrow bed.</p> | <p>4 O 't is the pang severest
That mortal hearts can know,
To lay what they held dearest,
Thus,—thus—the dust below!</p> <p>5 But He who gave and taketh
Our sorrow will forgive,
If mourning faith forsaketh
Not Him to whom all live.</p> <p>6 Resigned, not broken-hearted,
We leave thy little grave:
We love thee more departed,
And heaven is strong to save.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

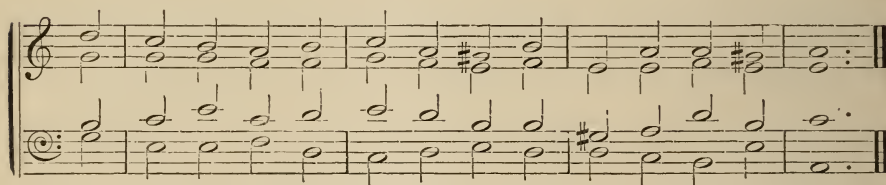
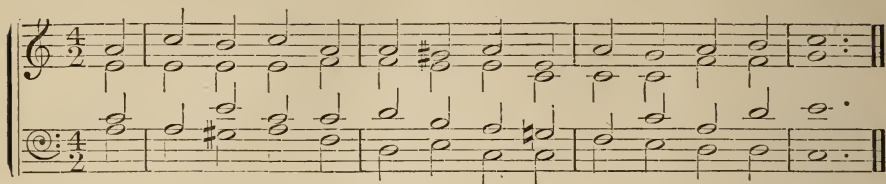
JOHN JOHNS, 1837.

Q Q

THE CHILD AND HER VACANT PLACE.

773. DONCASTER. C. M.

R. HARRISON'S S. HARMONY, (1786.)



773.

C. M.

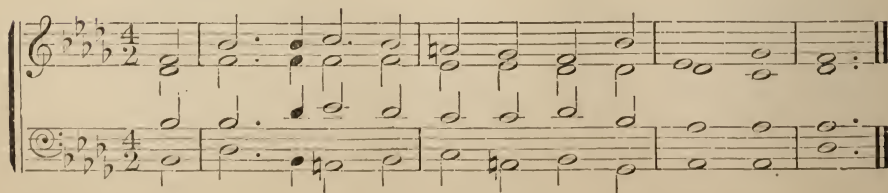
The vacant place.

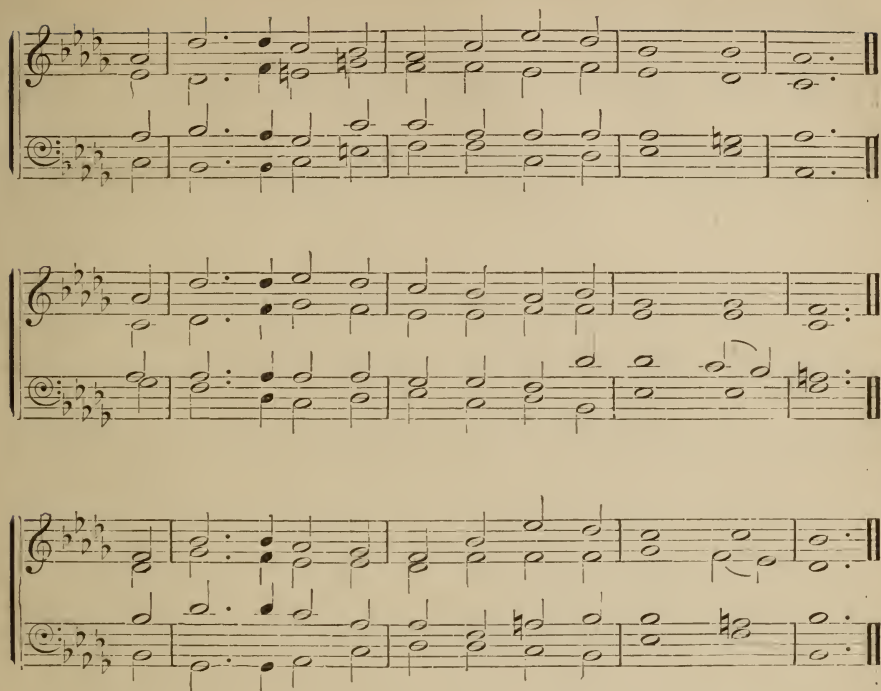
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| <p>1 WE miss thee in thy place at school,
And on thy homeward way,
Where violets by the reedy pool
Peep out so shyly gay.</p> <p>2 And many a tearful longing look
In silence seeks thee yet,
Where, in its own familiar nook,
Thy fireside chair is set.</p> | <p>3 And oft, when little voices dim
Are feeling for the note
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
And wavering wildly float,—</p> <p>4 Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft such music home she brought,
But ne'er shall bring again.</p> <p>5 O say not so! the spring-tide air
Is fraught with whisperings sweet;
Who knows but heavenly carols there
With ours may duly meet?</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

JOHN KEBLE, 1846.

774. JANUA VITÆ. M. 6.

J. T. WHITEHEAD, (1873.)





M. 6.

The child's last sleep.

774.

1 **G**O to thy rest, fair child!
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 Gentle, and meek, and mild,
 With blessings on thy head.
 Fresh roses in thy hand,
 Buds on thy pillow laid,
 Haste from this blighting land,
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

2 Before thy heart could learn
 In waywardness to stray;
 Before thy feet could turn
 The dark and downward way;
 Ere sin could wound thy breast,
 Or sorrow wake the tear;
 Rise to thy home of rest,
 In yon celestial sphere!

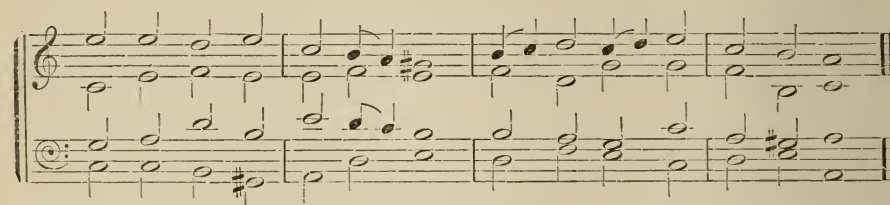
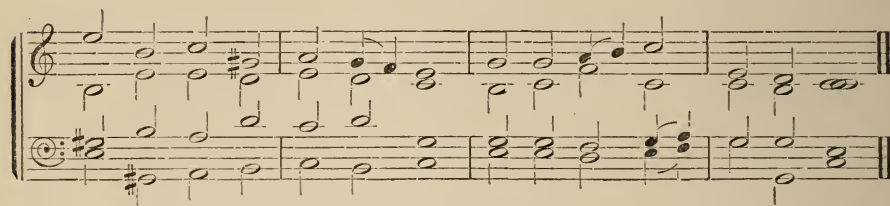
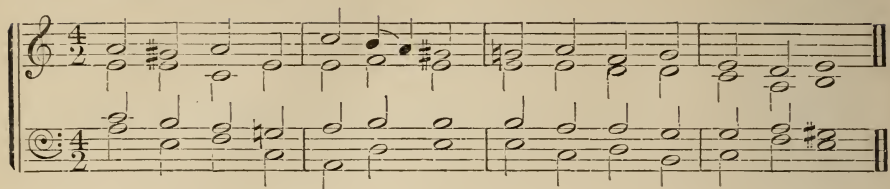
3 Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lip and eye so bright,
 Because thy cradle-care
 Was such a fond delight;
 Shall love, with weak embrace,
 Thy heavenward flight detain?
 No, angel! seek thy place
 Amid yon cherub train.

Lydia Sigourney (née Huntley), 1841.

THE CHILD'S BURIAL.

775 PRESBURG. 7 M.

GERMAN.



775.

(Burial of a child.)

7 M.

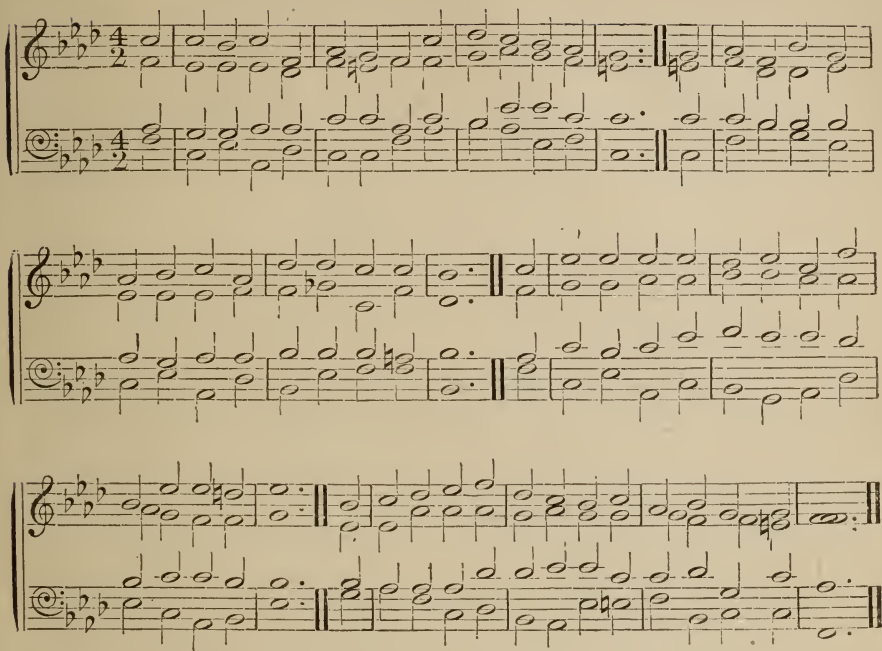
"Funeri ne date planctus."

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

1 LET no tears today be shed ;
 Holy is this narrow bed :
 Death, of dying life the close,
 Life eternal open throws ;
 Nor can peril more await
 Him who now has passed the gate.

2 Not salvation hardly won,
 Not the meed of race well run ;
 But the pity of the Lord
 Gives his child a full reward ;
 Grants the prize without the course ;
 Crowns, without the battle's force.

3 God, who loveth innocence,
 Hastes to take his darling hence.
 Lord ! when this sad life is done,
 Join us to thy little one ;
 And, in thine own tender love,
 Bring us to the ranks above.



C. M. D.

776.

Whither gone?

1 ANSWER me, burning stars of night!

Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight
As a swift breeze hath flown?
And the stars answered me—'We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul
Ask that which cannot die.'

2 O many-toned and chainless wind!

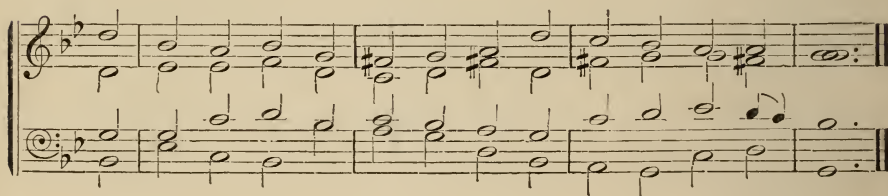
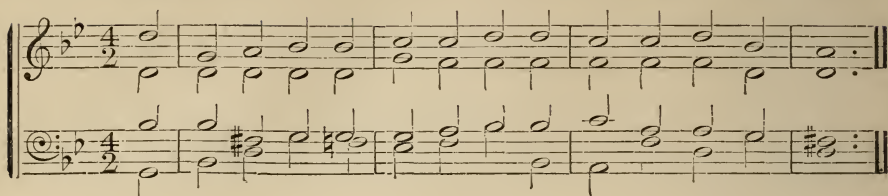
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmured in reply—
'The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost.'

3 Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?
The bright clouds answered—'We
depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which cannot die.'

4 Speak then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep, low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless din—
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answered—'Be thou still!
Enough to know is given:
Clouds, winds, and stars *their* part
fulfil—
Thine is, to trust in Heaven!'

GONE HOME.

777-8. **WINTERFELD.** C. M. ("Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.") Darmstadt Gesangb., (1698.)



777.

Not lost, but gone before.

C. M.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path that reaches heaven.</p> <p>2 O half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to heaven a kindred soul,
 Who walked an angel here!</p> | <p>3 Alone unto our Father's will
 One thought hath reconciled;
 That he whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home his child.</p> <p>4 Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and thee.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
- 5 Still let her mild rebuking stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in goodness strong.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1830.

778.

Dirge.

C. M.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 PURE spirit! O where art thou
 now?
 O whisper to my soul!
 O let some soothing thought of thee
 This bitter grief control!</p> <p>2 'T is not for thee the tears I shed,
 Thy sufferings now are o'er;
 The sea is calm, the tempest past,
 On that eternal shore.</p> | <p>3 No more the storms that wrecked thy
 peace
 Shall tear that gentle breast;
 Nor summer's rage, nor winter's cold,
 Thy poor, poor frame molest.</p> <p>4 Thy peace is sealed, thy rest is sure;
 My sorrows are to come;
 Awhile I weep and linger here,
 Then follow to the tomb.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

5 And is the awful veil withdrawn,
That shrouds from mortal eyes,
In deep impenetrable gloom,
The secrets of the skies?

6 O in some dream of visioned bliss,
Some trance of rapture, show
Where on the bosom of thy God
Thou rest'st from human woe!

7 Thence may thy pure devotion's flame
On me, on me descend;
To me thy strong aspiring hopes,
Thy faith, thy fervours lend.

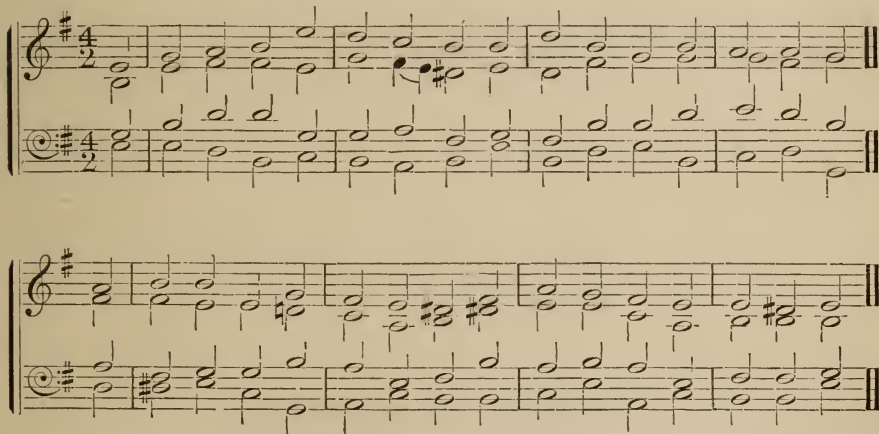
8 Let these my lonely path illumine,
And teach my weakened mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resigned.

9 Farewell! with honour, peace, and love
Be thy dear memory blest!
Thou hast no tears for me to shed,
When I too am at rest.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1808.

779. BAMBERG. L. M.

JOH. CRÜGER, (d. 1662.)



L. M.

(Funeral hymn: on the way to the chapel.)

"Wohlauf! wohlan! zum letzten Gang."

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

779.

1 COME, tread once more the path
with song;
The way is short, the rest is long:
The Lord had given; he calls away;
This home was for a passing day.

2 Here in an inn a stranger dwelt;
Here joy and grief by turns he felt:
Poor dwelling! now we close thy door;
The sojourner returns no more!

3 Now of a lasting home possessed,
He goes to seek a deeper rest:
Then open to us, gates of peace,
And let the pilgrim's journey cease!

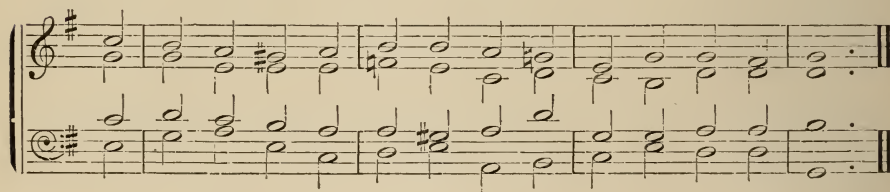
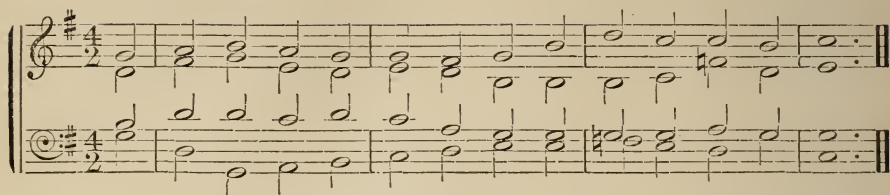
4 Now let the solemn bell begin;
It rings his sabbath morning in:
The labourer's week-day work is
done;
The everlasting rest is won.

CARL FRIEDRICH HEINRICH SACHSE, 1785-1860:
tr. based on "Hymns from the Land of Luther," H. L. L., 1856.

THE OCEAN GRAVE.

780. LINCOLN. C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT'S PSALTER, (1621.)



780.

C. M.

The ocean grave.

- 1 NOT in the churchyard shall he sleep
Amid the silent gloom;
His home was on the mighty deep,
And there shall be his tomb.
- 2 He loved his own bright, deep-blue sea,
O'er it he loved to roam;
And now his winding-sheet shall be
That same bright ocean's foam.
- 3 No village bell shall toll for him
Its mournful, solemn dirge;
The winds shall chant a requiem
To him beneath the surge.
- 4 For him, break not the grassy turf,
Nor turn the dewy sod:
His dust shall rest beneath the surf,
His spirit with its God.

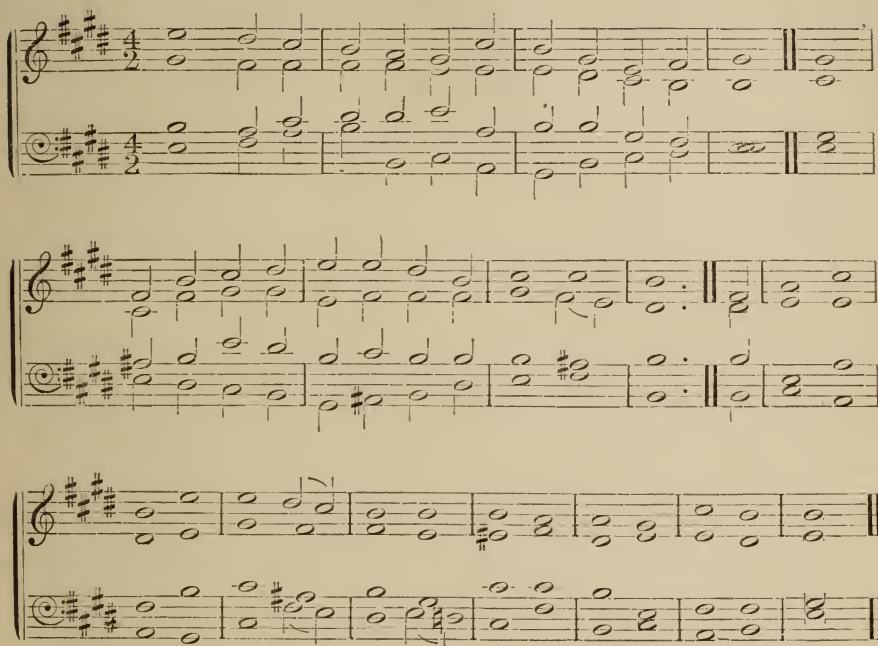
GUIDING STARS.

781.

GUIDING STARS.

M. 8. M. 4.
1. 3. 2. 4-8.

BASIL MARTINEAU (1873.)



M. 8. M. 4.
1. 3. 2. 4-8.

781.

Guiding stars.

1 JOY of my life while left me here
And still my love!
How in thy absence thou dost steer
Me from above!
A life well led
This truth commends;—
With quick or dead
It never ends.

2 Stars are of mighty use: the night
Is dark and long;
The road foul; and where one goes
right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er some cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a crowd.

3 God's saints are shining lights: who stays
Here long must pass
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep
ways
As smooth as glass:
But these all night,
Like candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into bed.

4 They are indeed our pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;
They are that city's shining spires
We travel to:
A sword-like gleam
Drove man for sin
First out; this beam
Will guide him in.

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1650.

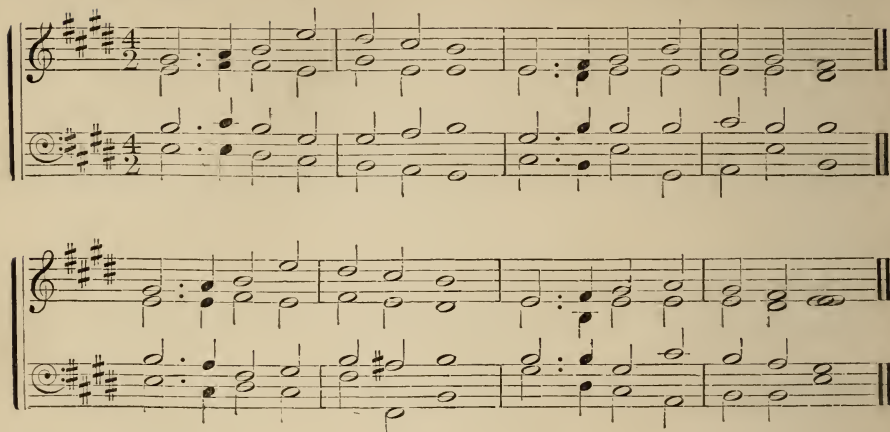
PARTING OF FRIENDS.

782.

INNOCENTS.

7 M.

? THIBAUT, King of Navarre, (d. 1254.)



782.

7 M.

The parting of friends.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 AS the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.</p> <p>2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.</p> <p>3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine:
Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.</p> | <p>4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.</p> <p>5 Father! hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep!</p> <p>6 In thy strength may we be strong:
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

John Newton, 1779.

BOOK IV.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES NOT ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

SONNET.

783.

The spirit that helpeth our infirmities.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
Which of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works thou art the seed,
Which quickens only where thou say'st it may.
Unless thou show to us thine own true way,
No man can find it : Father ! thou must lead.
Do thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread :
The fetters of my tongue do thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of thee,
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

MICHEL AGNOLO BUONAROTTI, 1474-1564 :
IT. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1806.

Benedicite. Ps. 148.

784.

1 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 every kind ;
Sound the trump, the cornet wind ;
Strike the viol, touch the lute ;
Let no tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

2 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 thunders ring;
 Sun and moon, exalted higher,
 And bright stars, augment the choir.

- 3 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 supernal 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 as is he.
- 4 From earth's vast and hollow womb
 Music's deepest bass may come;
 Seas and floods, from shore to shore,
 Shall their counter-tenors roar.
 To this concert, when we sing,
 Whistling winds, your descants bring
 That our song may overclimb
 All the bounds of place and time,
 And ascend, from sphere to sphere,
 To the great Almighty's ear.
- 5 So, from heaven, on earth he shall
 Let his gracious blessings fall;
 And this huge wide orb we see
 Shall one choir, one temple be;
 Where in such a praiseful tone
 We will sing what he has done,
 That the cursèd fiends below
 Shall thereat impatient grow.
 Then, O come, in pious lays
 Sound we God Almighty's praise!

GEORGE WITHER, 1619.

785.

Sundays.

- 1 BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
 Heaven once a week;
 The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;
 A day to seek
 Eternity in time; the steps by which
 We climb above all ages; lamps that light
 Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
 The full redemption of the whole week's flight!

2 The pulleys unto headlong man; Time's bower;
 The narrow way;
 Transplanted Paradise; God's walking hour,
 The cool o' the day!
 The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
 Heaven here; Man on those hills of myrrh and flowers;
 Angels descending; the returns of trust;
 A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

The Church's love-feasts; Time's prerogative
 And interest
 Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive
 And home of rest.
 The milky way chalked out with suns; a clue
 That guides through erring hours; and in full story
 A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue
 Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory!

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1650.

Launching into eternity.

786.

IT was a brave attempt! adventurous he
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
 And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
 I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
 He on the pine-plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
 Fearless when the great Master gives command.
 Death is the storm: she smiles to see it roar,
 And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
 Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
 And manages the raging storm with ease:—
 Her faith can govern death:—she spreads her wings
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
 As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies:
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight;
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
 The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Address to the Deity.

787.

GOD of my life and Author of my days!
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
 And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.

Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
 Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore :
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
 Are equal all,—for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
 Which nature's works through all their parts proclaim.
 I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
 And breathe an awful stillness through my soul ;
 As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
 Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide :
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace ;
 Till every worldly thought within me dies,
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes :
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.
 But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust ;
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
 His ears are open to the softest cry ;
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
 He reads the language of a silent tear,
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
 Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live ;
 From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
 Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.
 If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
 By living waters and through flowery meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
 O teach me to elude each latent snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart,—Beware !
 With caution let me hear the siren's voice,
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
 If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;
 Prepared to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name emblazoned high,
 With golden letters, on the illumined sky ;
 Nor less the mystic characters I see
 Wrought in each flower, inscribed in every tree ;
 In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
 I hear the voice of God among the trees.
 With thee in shady solitudes I walk ;
 With thee in busy crowded cities talk ;
 In every creature own thy forming power ;
 In each event thy providence adore.
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fears control :
 Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
 Secure within the temple of thy arms ;
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
 And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
 And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
 When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
 I stand, and stretch my view to either state :
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene
 With decent triumph and a look serene :
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
 And having lived to thee, in thee to die.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD, 1773.

Human pity a pledge of the Divine.

788.

- 1 CAN I see another's woe,
 And not be in sorrow too ?
 Can I see another's grief,
 And not seek for kind relief ?
- 2 Can I see a falling tear,
 And not feel my sorrow's share ?
 Can a father see his child
 Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?
- 3 Can a mother sit and hear
 An infant groan, an infant fear ?
 No, no ! never can it be !
 Never, never can it be !
- 4 And can He who smiles on all
 Hear the wren, with sorrows small,
 Hear the small bird's grief and care,
 Hear the woes that infants bear ;—
- 5 And not sit beside the nest,
 Pouring pity in their breast ?
 And not sit the cradle near,
 Weeping tear on infant's tear ?

- 6 And not sit both night and day
Wiping all our tears away?
O no! it can never be!
Never, never can it be!
- 7 He doth give his joy to all:
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.
- 8 Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.
- 9 O he gives to us his joy,
That our grief he may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE, 1732.

789.

"Rejoice in the Lord always."

WHEN summer suns their radiance fling
O'er every bright and beauteous thing;
When, strong in faith, the evil day
Of pain and grief seems far away;
When sorrow, soon as felt, is gone,
And smooth the stream of life glides on;
When duty, cheerful, chosen, free,
Brings her own prompt reward to thee;—
'Tis easy, then, my soul, to raise
The grateful song of heavenly PRAISE.

But, worn and languid, day and night,
To see the same unchanging sight,
To feel the rising morn can bring
Nor health nor ease upon its wing,
Nor form of beauty can create,
The languid sense to renovate;
To look within, and feel the mind
Full charged with blessings for mankind;
Then, gazing round this little room,
To whisper, 'This must be thy doom;
Here must thou struggle; here, alone,
Repress tired nature's rising moan;
O then, my soul, how hard to raise,
In such an hour, the song of PRAISE!

To look on all this scene of tears,
Of doubts, of wishes, hopes, and fears,
As some preluding strain that tries
Our discords and our harmonies;

To think how many a jarring string
The Master-hand in tune may bring ;
How, 'finely-touched,' the soul of pride
May sink, subdued and rectified,
How, taught its inmost self to know,
May bless the hand which gave the blow ;
Each root of bitterness removed,
Each plant of heavenly growth improved ;—
Instructed thus, who would not raise
To Heaven his song of cheerful PRAISE ?

To feel declining, day by day,
Each harsher murmur die away,
And secret springs of joy arise
To lighten up the weary eyes ;
A hand invisible to feel,
Wounding, with kind desire to heal,
In every bitter draught to think
Of him who learned that cup to drink ;
Again and oft again to look
In rapture on that blessed book
Whose soothing words proclaim to thee,
That, 'as thy day thy strength shall be ;'
Then, with changed heart and steadfast mind,
High heaven before and earth behind,
Thy path of pain again to tread
Till earth receives thy wearied head ;—
O blessed lot ! who would not raise,
In life or death, the song of PRAISE ?

EMILY TAYLOR, 1826.

Seasons of prayer.

790.

- 1 **T**O prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes :

His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love :
O then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

- 2 To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose :
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

- 3 To prayer ! for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest :
It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb :
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

- 4 There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes ;
For her new-born infant beside her lies :
O hour of bliss, when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows :
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.
- 5 There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand :
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.
- 6 Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through him who died :
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;—
O what is earth and its pleasures now !
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?
- 7 Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith :
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends ;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.
- 8 The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to sustain, to soothe, to cheer :
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered—' Thy brother shall rise again.'
- 9 The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this :
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing :
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.
- 10 Awake, awake ! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length ;
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

- 1 **H**UES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell ;—
- 2 Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;—
- 3 Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;—
- 4 Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake ?
- 5 O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !
- 6 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 7 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven ;
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 8 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 9 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 10 As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before ;

- 11 Such is the bliss of souls serene
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.
- 12 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
- 13 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:
- 14 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
- 15 Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go;—
The secret this of rest below.
- 16 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

792.

The labourer's noon-day hymn.

- 1 UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
- 2 Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.
- 3 What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.
- 4 Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

- 5 Each field is then a hallowed spot ;
An altar is in each man's cot ;
A church, in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
- 6 Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
- 7 Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course :
- 8 Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1834.

Humility.

793.

- 1 **T**HE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest :—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.
- 2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet :—
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends :—
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

The water-fowl. " There is a path which no fowl knoweth."

794.

- 1 **W**HITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

- 2 Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.
- 3 Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?
- 4 There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.
- 5 All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.
- 6 And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.
- 7 Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.
- 8 He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1836.

795.

The eternal home.

- 1 **A**LONE! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before,—
Things of a different hue,
And sounds all strange and new,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change!
- 2 Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,—
But to arrive alone in such a land!

THE LESSON.

- 3 Alone? no! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home:
O is he not the life-long friend we know
More privately than any friend below?
- 4 Alone? the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife;—
O we shall trust him more in that new life!
- 5 So not alone we land upon that shore:
'T will be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,—
Our home at once with the Eternal Love!

Frederick William Faber, 1861.

The lesson.

796.

- 1 I HAD a lesson to teach them,
The children that God had given,
From a book most high and holy,
Whose theme was the love of heaven.
- 2 But some of these baby-blossoms
Were laid by the reaper low,
Ere yet they could spell the letters
I wished them so much to know.
- 3 And one, on whose soul had fallen
The lesson with deepest power,
Went home to the sainted glory
In the dawn of his manhood's hour.
- 4 Ah! then, as the waves of sorrow
Went over my drooping head,
My pupils became my teachers;
The living was taught by the dead!
- 5 And the more their memory held me—
The children I ne'er could see,—
The more we rehearsed that lesson—
The children yet left with me.
- 6 And still, when the book is opened
Where wisdom and peace are found,
We fancy our loved ones bending
To meet us on holy ground.

THE GOD OF THE LIVING.

- 7 And the lesson so pure and tender
We study with silent prayer
Sinks down to our inmost spirits,
With these angels hovering there!
- 8 And we long to fold our pinions,
By sin and by sorrow pressed,
'Neath the tree by the crystal river,
The city of endless rest!
- 9 Till then, with a zeal untiring,
We'll con the lesson of love,—
The children on earth yet dwelling,
And the children moored above.

JANE CROSS SIMPSON, 1866.

797.

The God of the living.

- 1 **G**OD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies!
All souls are thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.
- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
Not dead, but living unto thee.
- 4 Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto thee.
- 5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto thee!

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867.

PREFACE

IN RELATION TO THE MUSIC.



It is desirable to give some account of the principles on which the tunes forming this collection have been *selected*, and *treated*.

First, as to the SELECTION.

Looking for *Hymn-Tunes*, we have not wilfully overlooked any music of that character that came within our reach. We naturally found the richest and most interesting field in the books of Chorales, and the Psalters, published soon after the Reformation, first in Germany, but subsequently in Switzerland, France, England, and Scotland. There are also ancient Latin tunes, a few of which are believed to date even from the fourth century ; but, with this exception, the age and influence of the German Reformation may be regarded as the ultimate certain source of the tunes we describe as hymn-tunes or psalmody. After that age there has been a constant stream of composition of tunes fitted to hymns or psalms both in England and in other countries ; so much so that on the score of richness of supply we had no temptation to stray beyond the tunes specially composed for hymns.

But also on principle we avoided adaptations of melodies originally used for other purposes, especially if the melody formed part of a composition in a different style, from which it had been forcibly torn to serve as a hymn-tune. We therefore felt it incumbent on us to avoid taking the melody of a sonata or a symphony and turning it into a hymn-tune ; for (1.) scarcely any instrumental composition can be used for voices at all without considerable alteration, and even then the passages will not be properly vocal in melody or counterpoint, while many beautiful instrumental phrases have to be sacrificed altogether ; (2.) an instrumental piece is a “song *without* words,” and in this lies its special charm, that, not being bound by words to the expression of one definite thought, it can speak separately and often communicate distinct sentiments to each hearer ; but set it to words, and its prime function is altogether frustrated ; (3.) no one who knows the original can love the adaptation. Similar objections

cannot be urged against adaptations of vocal music ; they are not intrinsically or necessarily bad. Indeed an adaptation is made whenever one of our hymn-tunes is used with a hymn other than that to which it was written. Still even here it is essential that the sentiment and purpose of the new hymn be not grossly alien to those of the original ; and that the form be preserved entire, otherwise the third objection to the use of instrumental music will operate here also, and the adaptation be stigmatized as a mutilation. Hence we cannot possibly allow the conversion into hymn-tunes of (1.) National airs like Haydn's "Heil dir Franz dem Kaiser," (2.) of Opera pieces like Mozart's "Ah perdona" (*Clemenza di Tito*), Méhul's "À peine au sortir" (*Joseph*), Weber's "Light as fairy foot" (*Oberon*), or "Leise, leise" (*Freischütz*) ; (3.) of separate songs, like Spohr's "What makes this poor bosom ;" (4.) of extracts from glees, like Stevens' "Ye spotted snakes" or Webbe's "Discord ;" or of mutilated choruses or other pieces from oratorios, like Handel's "Brighter scenes I seek above" (*Jephthah*) or "Then round about the starry throne" (*Samson*), or Haydn's "The heavens are telling" (*Creation*). Improved taste, especially in the Church of England, has already excluded these from modern collections. But the vitiated taste prevalent towards the end of the last century has not yet entirely died out, and some of these unfortunate hybrids still retain their place in many choirs.

Discarding therefore almost all adaptations, we find the next important source of tunes, after those of the sixteenth century, to be English books, sometimes Psalters, like Day's, Denham's, Este's, Playford's and Hart's—usually known by the name of the publisher, and sometimes collections known by more special titles, as those of Gawthorne, Chetham and Ralph Harrison. The later of these books, appearing about the middle of the last century, generally had their tunes arranged in four parts ; and it is noteworthy that about the same time the hymns used by Dissenters were far better and more numerous than those used in the Church of England. To this period and these books we owe a vast number of tunes deservedly familiar to most of us. Yet not only the harmony, which might be altered, but the melody, which is the very essence of tunes like these, is often exceedingly poor, being based on few and constantly recurring chords, with scarcely any modulation. But though these tunes could not be regarded as specimens of high art, they have frequently a simple force which defies art, and are so endeared to us that we could not afford to lose them from our services. We have rather given up some of the strictness of our principles of arrangement than lose these old favourites.

We next come to the works of composers either living or recently dead. Here, as the revision of the harmony, which could be freely applied to tunes no longer copyright, was inadmissible, we have selected only such as appear to conform sufficiently to our principles of harmony. But, speaking generally, the style of composition has been so greatly elevated in the last five-and-twenty years that we were able to take a large number of new tunes without alteration; especially as we were not inclined to extreme strictness. If, therefore, any laxity be discovered in the arrangement of copyright tunes, we are not responsible for it. We here wish to acknowledge the especial courtesy of a few composers and possessors of copyright who have not only given the use of their tunes, but also permitted a departure from the original harmonies, viz. Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick for his tunes *Didbrook*, *Gretton* and *Islay*; the proprietor of the Bristol Tune Book for *St. Fabian* by J. Summers; N. S. Heineken, Esq., for his tune *Heineken*; Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., for his tune *St. Austin*; Mrs. W. Bridges Adams for *England* and *Parting Hymn* by the late Miss Flower; H. S. Irons, Esq., for his tune *Hope*; Joseph Lancaster, Esq., for *St. Hilda*, by F. W. Hird, who kindly prepared a revised version of it.

The tunes by J. R. Ogden, Esq., were written to the hymns with which they are associated in this book. They were originally published under the title "Holy Songs and Musical Prayers" (Novello). The harmonies have been subjected by the composer, with our co-operation, to considerable revision, even since the latest edition of that work. There the tunes were published with an accompaniment for the pianoforte or organ, which the plan of this book rendered it impossible to retain in full. But we have inserted the most essential notes of the accompaniment, where space permitted, in small type. It must be left to the organist to supply whatever more is necessary, chords being frequently left imperfect in the voice-parts, which an additional note in the accompaniment renders complete.

The original tunes supplied by us also belong specially to the hymns to which they are set, having been chiefly written during the preparation of this book to supply deficiencies.

Secondly, as to our TREATMENT of the tunes selected.

The ancient Church before the Reformation used in its sentences, responses and canticles, music founded on the old ecclesiastical modes derived from the earliest Latin Church and called by such names as Ambrosian and Gregorian, in which there was originally neither harmony (counterpoint) nor rhythm, and as a consequence of the absence of rhythm, scarcely any intelligible melody. As the

desire of making the services attractive to the people grew in the course of time, especially in the Pope's chapel at Rome, music advanced, and gradually overcame these defects; but there was from an early age much secular music, set to the lays of troubadours or to dances, which till recently has been unknown and unsuspected, differing entirely from the Church music in being rhythmic and melodious. The hymns introduced into the services of the Church, such as the *Dies irae*, *Tantum ergo*, *Ave verum*, were set in course of time to lighter and more graceful tunes of this kind. The German Reformation, in discarding the Roman Mass, threw away the music written in the old unrhythmical style, and had nothing left for use in its church but the hymns written in a freer style and the secular tunes allied to them. These were songs for one voice, and their effect was due mainly to an expressive melody. When employed in the Protestant Churches as hymns they were sung by the congregation in unison, and known by the Latin term *Chorale*. Their effect was heightened by powerful harmonies in the accompaniment. From Germany, where the first collections of chorales were published in 1524, the same art spread to Holland, Switzerland and France. Towards the end of the sixteenth century a great change was attempted in some books, by harmonizing chorales for four voices. This became the ordinary mode of performance in England, and partially in France; but Germany as a rule retained and still maintains the unison singing.

Now this is the richest source from which we could draw tunes venerable for their antiquity, interesting for their history, and invaluable as examples of the language natural to the church for the last three centuries and a half. Some of them are old favourites in this country; the majority are only very partially known. It is a difficult and delicate task to decide on the proper mode of treating them; but we did not hesitate to preserve the original style of harmony in tunes of that age, so far as it could be done without sacrificing their attractiveness. Their merit consists, to a cultivated taste, in the fine swing of the melody and the grandeur of the progression of their simple chords. Their counterpoint is simple, note against note; the florid style, with intermediate passing notes, would destroy the force with which each chord is delivered and sustained. A similar simple purity must mark the choice of the chords. As originally played, the chorales had mainly a succession of common chords of the tonic and its related keys, in their fundamental positions—inversions being rarely, and the dominant seventh never, allowed till a much later age. To make the tunes suitable for singing in four parts, the harmony has been put under somewhat less rigid laws, the inverted chords being freely admitted, but not the

dominant seventh. As to melody and rhythm the chorales have generally undergone no alteration. In some, early editions exhibit differences on both these points; we have then chosen what appeared the most suitable to our requirements, preferring *cæteris paribus* the earliest form. Occasionally we have made a good tune out of a longer one than we require by cutting out the weaker lines; but this practice has been resorted to only very exceptionally, and is scarcely to be defended on principle. The later tunes from German sources are harmonized in a freer style suitable to their age.

Most of the other non-copyright tunes being originally written for more than one, generally for four voices, we had to adopt a different principle of treatment. Should we take the tunes as we found them, *i.e.* as they were in the composer's original edition? Or were we to take upon ourselves to alter what the writer had set down?—for here the harmonies and the part-writing as well as the melodies were his. Against the first process must be urged its impossibility. Of most of the tunes it would be impossible to find the original edition; and the harmonies were so freely altered by editors that no other edition could be relied on. Moreover many even of the most charming writers of melodies knew or cared nothing whatever about counterpoint and harmony; and if we had bound ourselves to the principle in question, such tunes must be altogether omitted. Besides, different periods in the history of music have had their different predilections for various external devices that have nothing to do with the essential merit of the composition. And the tricks of one time are out of fashion at another; and being only tricks should by a purist be rejected altogether. We refer especially to the ornaments usual in the florid style of the glee, which found their way into the hymn-tune, and greatly affected the style of the latter half of the last century and the beginning of this, as represented by the names of the Wainwrights, Isaac Smith, Harwood and the Webbes. When the florid excrescences were cut off, the tune was sometimes found to be positively dignified and beautiful. Much freedom has therefore been used in taking out passing-notes, arpeggios, &c., from tunes of this kind. These gauds have no more place in a hymn-tune than a slang phrase in a prayer. Again, more changes than would easily be believed have been required to correct sins against the most elementary and essential rules of harmony, such as consecutive fifths, unisons and octaves, either standing beside one another or insufficiently guarded against; sevenths ascending; leading-notes descending; to say nothing of chords and progressions which partake of the licence of vulgar secular music, and are inadmissible in a classical or devotional composition. Thus, in order to publish

the tunes with any pretence of correctness, we were driven to the second alternative, that of correcting the harmony.

This being settled, we considered whether any further, not absolutely necessary, modifications were desirable, for the sake of producing a greater variety of harmony or more pleasing succession of chords. A very slight study of Psalmody—perhaps especially English—suffices to show on what a poor stock of chords and modulations most tunes are built. It can hardly be said to extend beyond the chords of the simple cadence—the tonic, subdominant and dominant, with occasionally a regular modulation into the dominant, which gives two chords more. The use of suspensions, which are always effective, binding the chords together and imparting a peculiar richness to them, is rare here, although they are freely employed in early and especially in church music. The perpetual use of one form of cadence—in the middle of the tune the second inversion of tonic followed by dominant without seventh, and at the end the second inversion of tonic, dominant with seventh and tonic—seems to us scarcely tolerable; especially when it is remembered that the dominant seventh is an invention due to much more recent times than that of the Reformation chorales, and that the use of the second inversion is equally recent. We have allowed full weight to these considerations, and while admitting considerable freedom, have allowed each tune to speak essentially the language of its age. Monotony has been studiously avoided: if the same note is repeated in the melody its harmony is usually changed: the harmony is in general made constantly progressive; the repetition of identical chords and cadences is, as far as possible, avoided; and incomplete chords have been replaced by complete ones, except where their real nature was fully obvious from the context.

With regard to rhythm, we convinced ourselves by study, that in iambic and trochaic measures (however the poetry be scanned) the musical rhythm in common time very rarely proceeds in groups of less than four notes, *i.e.* that only each alternate strong time has the full accent, thus (if the signs – and ∼ be understood of accentual value, not of absolute length or shortness) ∼ | – ∼ – and | ∼ ∼ ∼ |. Hence almost all the tunes in common time are barred as $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$. Similarly, the majority of those in triple time have a six-syllable rhythm ∼ | ∼ ∼ ∼ or | ∼ ∼ ∼ ∼ |. But here the difference in the force of the accent on the first from that on the second accented syllable is less than in common time, and is sometimes hardly appreciable. Hence the majority of the tunes in triple time are barred as $\frac{6}{2}$ or $\frac{6}{4}$; but some are $\frac{3}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$. As to the *larger* rhythm, that of the lines of verse, the most natural here as in all music

is a combination of four short or two long bars. This allows a constant even progression in Long Metre hymns, where consequently no pause, or only so slight a one as will not interfere with the recognition of the rhythm, should be made at the end of each line. Common Metre, on the other hand, having in its second and fourth lines two syllables less than the rhythm demands, requires those lines to be concluded by notes of three times the ordinary length; and Short Metre requires the same at the end of the first, second and fourth lines. The three bar rhythm is less easily understood, but it affords a pleasing variety on the other. It was formerly largely used in many tunes, which are now often converted into the four or two bar rhythm, as in *Barton*, *Old* 100, and some *M.* 10; and in such cases we have often adopted it as more effective.

We have abstained from giving directions as to the *tempi* of the tunes. No absolute rule on this subject can or ought to be laid down. The same tune has a very different effect according to the time at which it is played; and a careful study of the sentiment of the hymn, and even of each verse of the hymn, can only decide the tempo. But it is desirable to remember that the excessively slow times formerly used in England and still in Germany led to that overloading of the melody by ornaments and conceits of which mention has been made. In Germany, when the melody is treated as a *canto fermo* and sung by the congregation in unison, this system allows the organist to introduce a counterpoint of very florid or complex character in the other parts, of which J. S. Bach and Mendelssohn have left us noble examples. But when as with us the tune is sung in four vocal parts, this treatment is impossible; and it should be taken at a tempo which allows each chord to be distinctly uttered and clearly appreciated, but not so slow as to tempt to the introduction of ornaments to fill up space. The modern affectation of an excessively fast tempo, which prevents the carefully prepared harmonies from producing their due effect, is only suitable to tunes in which the melody is all and the harmonies nothing—like the popular school tunes, Dr. Lowell Mason's or Moody and Sankey's melodies, which we have excluded from our book. A medium tempo, therefore, varying from 75 to 90 to each beat, is recommended as that which a correct taste will generally suggest.

It remains to acknowledge obligations to the composers and other possessors of copyright, by whose generosity our collection has not only received some of its most interesting contributions, but become a faithful representative of the newer, as it otherwise would have been only of the older, stages of psalmody. Permission was gratuitously accorded to print the tunes asked for, coupled in many cases with an offer of many more, by—

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 C. E. Stephens, Esq.: his tune *St. Saviour's*.
 Mr. Joseph Lancaster and Mr. F. W. Hird: the latter's tune *St. Hilda*.
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 Herbert S. Irons, Esq.: his tune *Hope*, the setting of which he allowed us to alter especially for this book.

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N.B. (1.) The mark ~ indicates that the *first* note of the tune has the strong accent, although the general metre is iambic, *i. e.*, accented on the *second* syllable.

(2.) The mark # denotes that the copyright of a tune belongs to the Editors; who also reserve copyright of the arrangement of all tunes unmarked, or with the mark ‡.

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(4.) The dates given in the fourth column are those of *composition* or *first publication*, whenever they can be ascertained, or conjectured with a fair degree of probability.

A.—DISSYLLABIC METRES.

1. Accent on the FIRST of each pair of syllables—(TROCHAIC).

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
4, 4, 7; 8, 8, 7.	Benedicite			640.
6, 5; 6, 5.	Caswall	<i>Dr. Filitz's Choralbuch</i>		427.
	Elbe	<i>German Chorale</i>		79.
6, 5; 6, 5 double	Offenburg	<i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge</i> , no. 202	15th cent.	444.
7, 6; 7, 6; 7, 7.	Zürich (1.)	J. Schop (?) in " <i>Cantional</i> ," <i>Darmstadt</i> , 1687	1640?	543.
7, 7, 7.	Lemberg	J. Crüger	1653	487.
7, 7; 7, 5.	Dantzic	<i>Dr. Filitz's Choralbuch</i>		328. 723.
7, 7; 7, 7.	Ammon	J. Jowett	1823	318.
(Four-sevens)	Bonn	altered from H. C. Breidenstein	1824	65. 653.
	Bury	"Taylor," in <i>Webb's Collection</i>		423. 424.
	† Camden	R. Redhead	1853	726. 735.
	Chelsea	<i>Webb's Collection</i>	1847	179.
	Coburg	<i>Württembergischer Gesangbuch</i> , 1864		558. 559.
	Culbach	<i>Töppler's Alt. Chor. Mel.</i>		70.
	† ‡ Devonport	J. H. Hinton		75.
	Dix	<i>Württembergischer Gesangbuch</i> , 1864		612.
	Egerton	H. Lawes	1638	732.
	Elam	J. Jowett	1827	595.
	Erlach	<i>Enchiridion</i> , 1524	4th cent.?	213.
	Festus	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>	1704	722.
	Francis, St.	C. I. Latrobe	1795	410.
	Frankfort	Probably by J. Christian Bach, but ascribed also to G. Joseph	1680-90	176.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
Four-sevens, —(continued.)	Gibbons	Dr. Orlando Gibbons		330. 581. 582.
	Gilgal	J. Jowett	1823	534.
	Godesberg	H. Albert	1642	226.
	† ‡ Heineken	N. S. Heineken	1830	643. 690.
	* Hermon	J. T. Whitehead	1860	410.
	Hernlein	<i>German Chorale</i>		137. 138.
	Hursley	Joseph Haydn		308. 309. 312.
	Innocents	Thibaut IV., King of Navarre	13th cent.	782.
	Lawrence, St.	J. Battishill		356.
	Livonia	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>		620.
	Lübeck	<i>Freilinghausen's Gesangbuch</i> , 1704-14		538. 539.
	Luxemburg	<i>German Chorale</i>		210.
	Marburg	<i>French Psalter</i> , 1563		592. 593. 594.
	Meiningen	J. G. Schicht	1819	463.
	* Messiah	J. R. Ogden	1846	142.
	Miserere	<i>Württemberg's Gesangbuch</i>		261.
	* Morning-Song	J. R. Ogden	1865	563.
	Neander	J. Neander	1680	28. 276.
	* Pastoral	J. R. Ogden	1846	434.
	Pilton	"Weldon," in <i>Webb's Collection</i> :— prob. John Weldon		74.
	* Sabbath-Eve	J. R. Ogden	1865	692.
	Sharon	Dr. Boyce	1765	118. 220.
	Strattner	G. C. Strattner	1691	301.
	Thuringia	<i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge</i> , no. 142.		211.
	† University Col- lege	Dr. Gauntlett	1850	236.
	Vienna	J. H. Knecht	1799	100.
	Wentworth			47. 432.
	Wiesbaden	C. H. Rinck	1829	394. 395.
7, 7; 7, 7; 7, 3.	* Morning-Light (I.)	Russell Martineau	1873	562.
7, 7, 7; 7, 7, 7.	Exultation	S. Webbe, senr.	1812	101.
7, 7; 7, 7; 7, 7.	* Godspeed	J. R. Ogden	1854	430.
	Heilsberg	J. F. Christmann	1799	166. 623.
	Leipzig	J. Schop	1641	284.
	Mayenne	<i>Goudimel's Psalter</i> , 1565		587.
	* Morning Light (II.)	Russell Martineau	1873	557.
	Nassau	J. Rosenmüller (?); from "100 <i>Geistliche Arien</i> ," <i>Dresden</i> , 1694		763.
	Nuremberg	{ J. Rosenmüller, or J. Hintze	1650 1690	} 696.
	* Prayer for Light	J. R. Ogden	1854	184.
	Presburg	<i>German Chorale</i>		465. 775.
	Ratisbon	J. Neander	1680	532. 648.
	Shechem	J. Jowett	1823	641. 642.
	* Storm-cry	J. R. Ogden	1872	760.
	Worcester	S. Webbe, junr.		303.
7, 7; 7, 7; double	* Antioch	J. R. Ogden	1842	504.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
7, 7; 7, 7; double —(continued.)	* Christian's Death	Russell Martineau	1874	497.
	* Concert	J. R. Ogden	1846	49.
	* Didymus	J. T. Whitehead	1875	167.
	Dies est Lætitiae	" <i>Ein New Gesengbuchlen,</i> " <i>Jung Buntzlau, Bohemia, 1531: from Latin Hymn of</i>	14th cent.	610. 611.
	† Edmund, St. Erlangen	Dr. Steggall <i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge</i> , no. 239	1865	624. 333.
	† George's, St. (Windsor)	Sir G. J. Elvey	1860	99. 146.
	German Hymn	{ 1st part by Ignaz Pleyel * 2nd part by Russell Martineau	1790 1873	} 123.
	† Honidon	T. R. Matthews	1860	379. 380.
	* Incense	J. R. Ogden	1846	241.
	* Lakefield	J. R. Ogden	1842	548.
	Mannheim	Chr. Cannabich, or W. A. Mozart		193. 300.
	Rosenberg	<i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge</i> , no. 169		139.
	* Tiberias	J. R. Ogden	1842	125.
	* Unison	J. R. Ogden	1846	634.
	* Unity	J. T. Whitehead	1874	313.
	* Warrior	Russell Martineau	1872	264.
	Weimar	M. Vulpius	1609	584. 585.
	Zürich (II.)	J. Schop (?) in " <i>Cantional,</i> " <i>Darm- stadt, 1687</i>	1640?	229.
7, 7; 7, 7; 7, 7; double	Giessen	J. A. Freilinghausen	1704-14	335.
7, 7; 7, 7; 7, 7; 8, 8.	* Field-flower	J. R. Ogden	1842	409.
	* "Lo ! the lilies"	J. T. Whitehead	1871	409.
8, 7; 8, 4.	* Beacon	Basil Martineau	1873	756.
8, 7; 8, 7.	Beersheba	J. Jowett	1823	107.
	* Evening Rest	J. R. Ogden	1854	578.
	* Lebanon	J. T. Whitehead	1865	579.
	Ophir	J. Jowett	1823	269. 501.
	Oriel	J. Michael Haydn (?)		355.
	†‡ Parting Hymn	Eliza Flower	1842	703.
	* Probation	J. R. Ogden	1854	525.
	* Providence	J. R. Ogden	1865	44.
	Stuttgart	<i>German Chorale</i>		702.
	† Sylvester, St.	Dr. J. B. Dykes	1865?	602.
	Turnau	<i>J. B. König's Liederschatz, 1738</i>		258.
8, 7; 8, 7; 4, 7.	Edom	J. Jowett	1823	429.
	* Hallelujah	J. T. Whitehead	1875	689.
	Störl	J. Störl	1744	705.
	* Temple-Court	Russell Martineau	1872	676.
	* Mercy	Russell Martineau	1872	41. 499.
8, 7; 8, 7; 7, 7.	* Blessing	Russell Martineau	1873	708.
8, 7; 8, 7; 7, 7; 4, 4; 7, 7.	Alleluia dulce			
8, 7; 8, 7; double	Carmen	J. Michael Haydn	1790	187.
	Biberach	J. H. Knecht	1799	664.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
8, 7; 8, 7; double —(continued.)	Dahlen	J. Schop	1641	486.
	Faben	J. H. Wilcox		647.
	Hilary, St.	"Ganther" in <i>Anglican Hymn-book</i>		431.
	Lauda Sion	J. Jowett	1823	56.
	† Merton College	A. R. Reinagle	1826	712.
	* Promise	J. T. Whitehead	1873	164.
	Thomas, St.	Ascribed to S. Webbe, senr, in <i>Webbe's Collection</i> , 1853		352. 748.
8, 8, 7; double	Stabat Mater	<i>from the Gradual</i>		136.
8, 8; 8, 5; double	* Comfort	Russell Martineau	1872	376.

II. Accent on the SECOND of each pair of syllables—(IAMBIC).

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
4, 4; 6, 6, 6.	* Calvary	J. R. Ogden	1842	721.
4, 10, 10; 10, 4.	* Work ~	Basil Martineau	1873	271.
6, 4; 6, 4; 6, 6, 4.	* House of God ~	J. R. Ogden	1865	387.
	* "Nearer to Thee" ~	J. T. Whitehead	1874	387.
6, 4; 6, 6.	* Sunset	Russell Martineau	1873	569.
6, 6, 4; 6, 6, 4.	* Suppliant ~	J. R. Ogden	1842	502.
6, 6, 4; 6, 6, 6, 4.	† Austin, St.	Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley	1850	97.
	* Harvest	J. T. Whitehead	1873	601.
	* Patriarchs	Russell Martineau	1873	737.
6, 6; 6, 6.	† Cecilia, St.	Dr. L. G. Hayne		386.
	Kilsby	W. Jones (of Nayland)		464.
	* Sursum Corda	Russell Martineau	1873	239.
	Ulm	Sigillus	1657	439.
6, 6; 6, 6; 4, 4, 4, 4. or 6, 6; 6, 6; 8, 8.	Beachamwell	H. Lawes	1638	665.
	Croft's 148	Dr. Croft		437.
	Gopsal	G. F. Handel	1756	67. 358. 359.
	Heshbon	J. Jowett	1823	151.
	Milford Haven ~	G. Taylor, in <i>Dobson's "Tunes New and Old,"</i> 1864		744.
	* Rivulet ~	Basil Martineau	1873	89.
	Stamford	Dr. Greene		697.
	* Sychar ~	J. T. Whitehead	1871	628. 629.
	Warsaw ~	<i>Turle and Taylor's Collection</i> , 1844		639.
6, 6; 6, 6; 6, 6.	Old 120	<i>Gawthorn's Harmonia Perfecta</i> , 1730		160.
6, 6; 6, 6; 6, 6; 6, 4, 10.	* Prayer for Peace	J. R. Ogden	1872	348.
6, 6; 6, 6; double	Grafton	<i>Wesley Tune-book</i>		613.
	* Janua Vitæ	J. T. Whitehead	1873	774.
	† Sheba	W. H. Havergal		147.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
6, 6; 8, 6. (Short Metre)	America	<i>Hauschoralbuch (from an American Source)</i>		119.
	Aylesbury	<i>Green's Psalmody, 1724</i>		519.
	Badea	" <i>Sacrifice of Praise</i> "		248.
	Bankfield ~	R. Harrison	1786-90	158.
	† Baptist	J. B. Calkin	1872	82.
	† Blackwell Hall	T. R. Matthews	1860	157. 277.
	Bride's, St.	Dr. Howard		398.
	Bridgeford Hill	W. Horsley		21.
	Buxton	W. Mather		310.
	Cambridge	R. Harrison	1786-90	367. 368.
	Cotham	J. Jowett	1823	42. 43.
	Dresden	<i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge, no. 60</i>		515. 535.
	Eastburn	E. Harwood		287. 288.
	Egham	Dr. Turner		263.
	Franconia	<i>German Chorale</i>		250.
	Gisburn	S. Webbe, senr.		674.
	* Hebron	J. T. Whitehead	1860	419.
	Helena, St.			734.
	Huddersfield	Dr. Greene		666.
	Inverary	" <i>Hancox,</i> " in <i>Webbe's Collection</i>		481. 482.
	Katherine, St.	J. H. Leffler		459.
	Kidderminster	<i>Ashworth's Collection, 1766</i>		485.
	Kirkdale	S. Webbe, junr.		278. 523.
	Leeds	<i>Gawthorn's Harmonia Perfecta, 1730</i>		52.
	* Life-stream	J. R. Ogden	1846	476.
	Lockhart	C. Lockhart		53. 694.
	Ludlow	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621</i>		260.
	Marano	<i>La Scala Santa, 1681</i>		199.
	Marchmont			346. 347.
	Meekness	J. Boothby		351.
	Michael's, St.	<i>Day's Psalter, 1563</i>		621.
	Morgarten	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>	1528	292.
	Narenza	<i>German Chorale</i>		713. 714.
	Neumann	S. Webbe, junr.		454. 455.
	Newton ~	Isaac Smith		661.
	Oberstein	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>		385.
	Pakefield ~	W. Jones (of Nayland)		662.
	Potsdam	<i>German Chorale</i>		528.
	Prague	L. R. West		174. 225.
	* Release	J. T. Whitehead	1873	530.
	Ridley	<i>Harrison's Sacred Harmony, 1786-90</i>		280.
	Royal	C. Lockhart		636. 637.
	Shrewsbury	E. Harwood		39.
	Siloa	J. Major	c. 1820	336. 337.
	Southwell	<i>Denham's Psalter, 1588</i>		372. 542.
	Suabia	<i>German Chorale</i>		116.
	* Zion's Hill	J. R. Ogden	1865	149.
6, 6; 8, 6; double (S. M. double)	Cyrene	J. F. Lampe (?)		509.
	Dudley	<i>Day's Psalter, 1563</i>		302.
	Old 25	<i>Day's Psalter, 1563</i>		635.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
S. M. double, —(<i>continued.</i>)	* Rescue	J. R. Ogden	1846	233.
6, 6; 8, 6; 8, 8.	Sidmouth	S. Webbe, senr.		364. 365.
6, 6; 8, 10; 6, 6.	Moab	J. Jowett	1827	503.
	* "The Land be- yond the Sea"	J. T. Whitehead	1873	531.
6, 6, 10; 6, 6, 10.	* Petition	Russell Martineau	1873	677.
	* Temptation	J. R. Ogden	1842	140.
6, 7; 6, 7; 6, 6; 6, 6.	Wittenberg	{ Melody by M. Rinkart { arranged by J. Crüger	1644 1649	} 390.
6, 7; 6, 7; double	Göttingen	J. H. Schein	1627	
6, 10; 6, 10.	* Past, the	J. T. Whitehead	1873	508.
	* Shiloh ~	J. T. Whitehead	1873	183.
6, 10; 6, 10; 6, 10.	* City ~	Russell Martineau	1873	26.
7, 6; 7, 6.	Henneberg	M. Vulpus	1609	772.
	Kocher	Konrad Kocher	1838	493. 494.
7, 6; 7, 6; 4, 4, 6.	Advent	J. Crüger	1657	445.
7, 6; 7, 6; double	Anspach	J. Gersbach		743.
	Bernburg	H. L. Hassler	1613	544.
	Brandenburg	Amalia Princess of Prussia		603.
	* Desire	Russell Martineau	1872	145.
	Engedi	J. Jowett	1823	234.
	Fraustadt	M. Teschner	1613	473.
	* Heaven-lights	J. R. Ogden	1842	57.
	Laufen	J. Michael Haydn		707.
	Midian	J. Jowett	1823	391. 392.
	Missionary Hymn	<i>Turle and Taylor's Collection</i> , 1844		547.
	* Reliance	J. R. Ogden	1846	378.
7, 6; 7, 6; 8, 6; 8, 6.	* Seasons	Russell Martineau	1872	54.
7, 6; 8, 6; double	† † England	Eliza Flower	1842	618.
8, 4; 8, 4; 4, 4, 4, 4.	* Guiding Stars~	Basil Martineau	1873	781.
8, 4, 8; 4, 4, 4, 4; 8.	* Cheerfulness~	Basil Martineau	1873	295.
8, 4; 8, 4; 8, 4.	* Gratitude	J. R. Ogden	1872	405.
8, 6; 8, 4.	* Olivet ~	J. R. Ogden	1842	762.
8, 6; 8, 6.	Abbey	<i>Andro Hart's Psalter</i> , 1615		334. 615.
(Common Metre)	Abridge	Isaac Smith		684.
	Allerton	Philip Taylor		58. 64.
	† Alphege, St.	Dr. Gauntlett	1848	417.
	Ann's, St.	Denby	1686	536. 537. 719.
	Archangel	<i>Harrison's Sacred Harmony</i> , 1786-90		5.
	Ashdod	J. Jowett	1827	446. 447.
	Ashley	Isaac Smith		316.
	Asylum	W. Horsley		76.
	Bangor	T. Ravenscroft	1621	150.
	Bedford	W. Wheall		129. 130.
	Bishopsthorpe	Jer. Clarke		598.
	Blewbery	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		393.
	Bristol	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		93.
	Bromfield	Dr. Arne		244.
	Brünn	<i>J. B. König's Liederschatz</i> , 1738		191. 192.
	Burford	Henry Purcell		3. 126.
	* Burns	Russell Martineau	1875	366.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
Common Metre, —(continued.)	Byzantium	T. Jackson		256. 257.
	Caithness	<i>Scotch Psalter</i> , 1635		507.
	Canterbury (I.)	E. Blancks, or T. Ravenscroft (?)	1592	298.
	Canterbury (II.)	<i>Playford's Psalter</i> , 1671		304. 305.
	Carlisle	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		758.
	Cheshire	John Dowland	1592	270. 491. 492.
	Chichester	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		10.
	* Chorazin ~	J. T. Whitehead	1865	669. 670.
	Clement's, St.	<i>Playford's Psalter</i> , 1671		607.
	Clitheroe	S. Webbe, senr.		413.
	Clonmel	Philip Taylor		526.
	Colchester	S. Wesley	1842	555. 556.
	Coventry	Dr. Howard		215.
	Crowle	Dr. Greene		478.
	Culross	<i>Scotch Psalter</i> , 1635		221. 222. 479. 480.
	David's, St.	T. Ravenscroft	1621	399.
	Doncaster	<i>Harrison's Sacred Harmony</i> , 1786-90		773.
	Droitwich	S. Webbe, junr.		589.
	Dublin	Richard Wainwright		518.
	Dunbar	<i>Andro Hart's Psalter</i> , 1615		765. 766.
	Dundee	<i>Andro Hart's Psalter</i> , 1615		282. 283. 750.
	Dunfermline	Thos. Tomkyns (?) in do.	1615	414. 415. 416.
	Durham	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		571.
	Eatington	Dr. Croft		739.
	Ely	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		353. 354. 412.
	Eshcol	J. Jowett	1827	297.
	Everton ~	S. Webbe, senr.		189. 190.
	Ezekiel	<i>Schneider's Handbuch</i> , 1829		552.
	Ferry	<i>Green's Psalmody</i> , 1724		141. 691.
	Fersfield	John Farmer, in <i>Est's Psalter</i>	1592	686.
	Froome	possibly by Hugh Bond, of Exeter		115.
	Gath	J. Jowett	1823	245.
	Georges, St. (old)	N. Hermann	1559	40.
	George's, St. (new)	<i>Harrison's Sacred Harmony</i> , 1786-90		127. 172. 173.
	Gloucester	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		186.
	Glückstadt	J. Crüger	1657	608.
	Goldbach	M. Vulpius	1609	361. 541.
	Gorton	R. Harrison	1786-90	668.
	Gregory, St.	Dr. Wainwright		63.
	"Hark! the glad Sound" ~	S. Webbe, senr.		719.
	Havannah	H. Harington		35.
	† Hilda, St. ~	F. W. Hird	1868	651. 652.
	* Hill-top ~	J. R. Ogden	1854	527.
	* Homeward ~	J. R. Ogden	1846	505.
	Horncastle ~	John Wainwright		435.
	Ireland	<i>Turle and Taylor's Collection</i> , 1844		462.
	Irish	Isaac Smith (?) in <i>Ashworth's Col- lection</i>		709. 727. 728.
	James', St.	Raphael Courteville	1702	553. 554.
	Jerusalem			529.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
Common Metre, —(continued.)	Judæa	Dr. Crotch		546.
	Kent			32.
	Lincoln	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		780.
	Liverpool	Dr. Wainwright		85.
	London New	<i>Scotch Psalter</i> , 1635		17. 343. 344.
	Loughton	Charles Wesley		81.
	Manchester	Dr. Wainwright		514.
	Martyrdom	Hugh Wilson		495.
	Mary's, St.	Dr. Blow (?) in <i>Playford's Psalms and Hymns</i>	1671	477.
	† ‡ Matlock	V. Novello	1842	36.
	Matthias, St.	Dr. Orlando Gibbons	1623	296. 590.
	Mear	" <i>Sacrifice of Praise</i> "		86.
	Melrose	<i>Scotch Psalter</i> , 1635		757.
	Midhurst			196. 197.
	Milford	Edward Taylor		231.
	Morley	S. Webbe, junr.		51.
	Northampton	Dr. Croft		96.
	do. (minor)	do.		483.
	Northwold	<i>Turle and Taylor's Collection</i> , 1852		342.
	Norwich	John Milton, senr.	1621	484.
	Nottingham	Jer. Clarke		161.
	† ‡ Old Church	V. Novello	1835	122.
	Old 137	<i>Day's Psalter</i> , 1563		341.
	Old Martyrs	<i>Scotch Psalter</i> , 1611		217. 218.
	Oxford ~	J. M. Coombs	1819	178.
	Peterborough	<i>Harrison's Sacred Harmony</i> , 1786-90		237.
	† Peter's, St.	A. R. Reinagle	1860	155. 716. 717. 718.
	Pilsen (II.)	<i>Enchiridion</i> , 1524		194. 195.
	Portsmouth	<i>Gawthorn's Harmonia Perfecta</i> , 1730		745.
	Preston	John Wainwright		751.
	Prussia ~	C. H. Graun		168. 169.
	† Redhead, no. 66	R. Redhead	1853	162.
	Retirement	"Burkitt," in <i>Turle and Taylor's Collection</i> , 1844		19. 20.
	Richmond ~	T. Haweis		212.
	† ‡ Rome			311.
	Salisbury	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		181. 471.
	Salzburg	J. Michael Haydn		698. 699. 700.
	* Siloam	J. R. Ogden	1854	418.
	Spring	J. Jowett	1827	522.
	Stafford	Dr. Wainwright		293. 294.
	Stephen's, St.	W. Jones (of Nayland)		649. 650.
	Stevenson	Sir John Stevenson		238.
	Tallis' Ordinal	Thomas Tallis (or Talys)	1561	113. 114. 731.
	Tewkesbury	<i>Gawthorn's Harmonia Perfecta</i> , 1730		204. 205. 320.
	Tiverton	"Grigg," in <i>Baxter's Harmonia Sacra</i>		710.
	Tottenham ~			306. 307.
	Warburton	G. Wharton		325.
	Westham ~	Dr. Howard		208. 209.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
Common Metre, —(continued.)	+ Westminster	J. Turle	1835	517.
	Winchester	<i>Allison's Psalter</i> , 1599		110.
	Windsor	G. Kirby	1592	397.
	Winterfeld	<i>Darmstädter Gesangbuch</i> , 1698		457. 777. 778.
	York	John Milton, senr., in <i>Hart's Psalter</i>	1615	630.
	Zwingli	J. H. Knecht	1799	681.
8, 6; 8, 6; 4, 4, 8, 8.	Baden (II.)	J. Pachelbel	1690	422.
8, 6; 8, 6; 8, 6.	Bedale			375.
	* Conder	J. R. Ogden	1842	18.
	+ Slingsby	Dr. J. B. Dykes	1865	314.
8, 6; 8, 6; double	Bruges	Claude le Jeune	1627	317.
(C.M. double)	Christchurch	Dr. Hayes		597.
	+ † Gretton	R. Brown-Borthwick		749.
	Halifax	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		109.
	Lamentation	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		768.
	Matthew's, St.	Dr. Croft		48. 656.
	Old First	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		577.
	Old 81	R. Allison	1599	286.
	Old 103	<i>Ravenscroft's Psalter</i> , 1621		165.
	Richmond Hill	Dr. Orlando Gibbons		776.
8, 6; 8, 6; 8, 8.	* Conflict	J. R. Ogden	1842	131.
	Klausenburg	<i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge</i> , no. 311		680. 706.
8, 6; 8, 6; 8, 8; 8, 8.	* Disciple's Vow	J. R. Ogden	1842	285.
8, 6; 8, 6; 10, 8.	Conway ~	S. Webbe, junr.	1808	104.
8, 6; 8, 8, 6.	* Kedron	J. R. Ogden	1846	132.
	* Paths of Death	Russell Martineau	1873	500.
	Pilsen (I.)	<i>Enchiridion</i> , 1524		324.
8, 6; 10, 4.	* Simplicity ~	Basil Martineau	1873	326.
8, 7; 8, 7; 6, 6; 6, 6, 7.	Worms	Martin Luther	1529	159.
8, 8; 6, 4.	* Brathay	Basil Martineau	1873	80.
8, 8, 6; 8, 8, 6.	* Africa	J. T. Whitehead	1860	152.
	Austerlitz	" <i>Moravian</i> ," in <i>Bristol Tune-book</i>		759.
	Christmas Hymn	E. Harwood		60.
8, 8, 7; 8, 8, 7.	Orsova ~	121 <i>Neue Lieder</i> , Nuremberg	1534	272.
8, 8, 8.	Jena	<i>Latin Hymn</i> , in <i>Neu Leipziger Gesangbuch</i> , 1682		443.
8, 8; 8, 4.	Endor ~	J. Jowett	1827	219. 512. 513.
	+ Jezreel	W. H. Havergal	c. 1857	362.
8, 8; 8, 4, 8, 4.	* Trust	Basil Martineau	1873	383.
8, 8; 8, 6.	+ † Fabian, St.	J. Summers	1863	175. 370.
	* Home-sickness	Russell Martineau	1873	363.
8, 8, 8, 6; 8, 8, 8, 6.	* Patriot	Russell Martineau	1875	619.
8, 8; 8, 8.	Aaron ~	Arnold		240.
(Long Metre)	Aidan, St. ~	<i>German Chorale</i>		704.
	Alfreton	W. Beestall		406.
	Ambrose, St. ~	J. Fawcett		55. 625.
	Angels' Song ~	Dr. Orlando Gibbons		646.
	Angelus ~	J. Scheffler	1657	45. 46.
	Arnstadt	<i>Cantionale sacrum</i> , Gotha	1651	224.
	* Ascalon	J. T. Whitehead	1871	580. 626.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
Long Metre, —(continued.)	Avon	Jer. Clarke		331. 332. 549. 550.
	Babylon	Dr. Champion		458.
	Baden (1.)	J. Pachelbel	1690	92.
	Bamberg	J. Crüger		489. 779.
	Bavaria	<i>German Chorale</i>		31. 170. 171.
	Bentley	J. Ashton		551. 672.
	Berg	<i>Bergisches Choralbuch</i> , 1809		733.
	Berlin	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>	c. 1550	360.
	Berne	<i>Vopelius' Neu Leipziger Gsgb.</i> 1682		729. 730.
	* Bethsaida	J. T. Whitehead	1860	61. 62.
	Blackheath	Jer. Clarke (?)		622.
	Blendon ~	Felice Giardini		94.
	Bolton	S. Webbe, junr.		667.
	Boyce	Dr. Boyce		616.
	Bramcoate	<i>Ashworth's Collection</i> , 1766		253.
	Bremen ~	G. Neumark	1657	102. 103. 121.
	Breslau ~	<i>Clauder's Psalmodia</i> , 1627		182. 516.
	Cannons	G. F. Handel	1756	27. 753. 754.
	* Coleridge	J. R. Ogden	1855	742.
	† Cologne	Dr. Gauntlett	1850	14. 15.
	Concord ~	S. Webbe, senr.		188.
	do.	do. (another arrangement)		232.
	Crassellius	Crassellius (?)	1650?	254. 255. 687.
	Cripplegate	H. Lawes	1638	338. 339.
	David's Harp ~	J. Daniell	1842	108.
	Derby	E. Harwood		205. 207.
	† ‡ Didbrook ~	R. Brown-Borthwick	1860	148.
	Ditchingham			701.
	* Divine Voice ~	Russell Martineau	1873	105.
	Dorchester ~	Dr. Rogers ("Hymnus Eucharisticus")	1669	572. 573.
	Eisenach	J. H. Schein	1628	678. 679.
	Elstree	W. Horsley		373.
	Ephraim ~	J. Jowett	1823	761.
	Erfurt	Martin Luther (?)	1540	291.
	Evening Hymn	Jer. Clarke		133. 134. 135. 456.
	Freilinghausen	J. A. Freilinghausen	1704	567. 568.
	Friedland	<i>Choralb. of the Boh. Brethren</i> , 1544		614.
	Gall, St.	<i>Cantarium S. Galli</i>		22. 23.
	Goar, St. ~			268.
	Grace ~	S. Webbe, senr.		188.
	Hamburg	<i>New Tabulatur</i> , by Bernh. Schmid, <i>Strasburg</i>	1577	400. 401.
	Hayes	Dr. Hayes		741.
	* Heaven-gate	J. R. Ogden	1854	683.
	† ‡ Hesperus ~	Henry Baker	1853	227. 228. 570.
	Hierapolis	S. Wesley	1842	11.
	Honiton ~	J. Hatton	1790	638.
	† ‡ Hope ~	H. S. Irons	1860	251. 600.
	* Hosanna ~	J. R. Ogden	1842	128.
	† ‡ Islay	R. Brown-Borthwick	1867	604. 605.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
Long Metre, —(continued.)	Istria	<i>German Chorale</i>		452. 453.
	† ‡ Ivybridge	V. Novello	1835	69.
	Kaye Street	Philip Taylor		345.
	Keppel ~	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>		533.
	Landau ~	<i>J. B. König's Liederschatz</i> , 1738		752.
	Lauenburg	J. A. Freilinghausen	1704	564.
	Lausanne	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>		120.
	Lawes	H. Lawes	1638	12. 673.
	Lewin's Mead			319.
	Lusatia	Martin Luther (?)	1523	95.
	Luton	G. Burder		657. 658.
	Malsburg	<i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge</i> , no. 224		357.
	Mark's, St.	<i>Ashworth's Collection</i> , 1766		488.
	Melcombe	S. Webbe, senr.	1808	2. 24.
	Monmouth	S. Webbe, senr.		682.
	Montgomery	John Stanley		77.
	Morning Hymn	F. H. Barthélemon		16. 560. 561.
	Nain	Thos. Wood		438.
	New College	Dr. Hayes		214.
	Newmarket ~	Dr. Wainwright		654. 693.
	New York	<i>Harrison's Sacred Harmony</i> , 1786-90		6. 7. 685.
	Norfolk	Dr. Howard		259.
	O Filii et Filiae	<i>La Feillée's Collection</i> , 1745		235.
	Oldham ~	S. Webbe, senr.		13. 33.
	Old 100 (I.)	Guillaume Franc	1643	266. 617.
	Old 100 (II.)	do. (modern rhythm)		631. 632.
	Pancras, St.	J. Battishill		460.
	Pater Noster			711.
	Paul's, St.	J. F. Lampe		472. 660.
	Petersham ~	J. Battishill		262.
	Philadelphia	<i>Gregorian Melody (!) in the Psalmist</i>		655.
	Pisgah	J. Jowett	1823	87. 247.
	Plauen	S. Scheidt	1650	153.
	Playford	<i>Playford's Psalter</i> , 1671		449. 450.
	Queenstown			428.
	Radcliffe			408.
	Ramah ~	S. Wesley	1842	68. 106.
	Reading	W. Parsons, (?) in <i>Day's Psalter</i>	1563	461.
	* Repose ~	J. R. Ogden	1865	381.
	Rest	W. B. Bradbury	1863	574.
	Resurrection	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>	15th cent.	746. 747.
	Rochester	<i>Day's Psalter</i> , 1563		715.
	Rockingham	Dr. Miller (from C. P. E. Bach?)	1807	644.
	* Samaria ~	J. T. Whitehead	1860	281. 490.
	Saul	B. Gesius	1605	767.
	Saxony	<i>J. S. Bach's Choralgesänge</i> , no. 230		474. 475.
	Selby ~	S. Webbe, junr.		645.
	Sempach	<i>Hauschoralbuch</i>	1713	586.
	* Shekinah	J. R. Ogden	1865	663.
	Shenfield	Israel Holdroyd	bef. 1740	724. 725.
	Spire	<i>Geistliche Lieder</i> , Wittenberg	1543	467.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
Long Metre, —(continued.)	Stolberg	Michael Prætorius	1607-10	545.
	Stonefield	S. Stanley		1.
	Strasburg	J. F. Reichardt		66.
	Sunrise ~	W. Horsley		627.
	Surrexit Christus	<i>Hauschoralbuch. Latin Hymn of</i>	15th cent.	738.
	Susanna	Charles Wesley		407.
	Tallis's Canon	Thos. Tallis (or Talys)	1561	575. 576.
	* Tempest	Russell Martineau	1875	124.
	Ten Command- ments	French Psalter	c. 1550	420. 609.
	Thankfulness ~	S. Webbe, senr.		73. 565. 566.
	Thanksgiving	S. Webbe, senr.		403. 404.
	Timsbury	Isaac Smith		246.
	† Tranmere ~	S. Reay	1864	78.
	† ‡ Trentham	R. Brown-Borthwick	1867	736.
	Tübingen	C. P. E. Bach		230.
	Uckfield			695.
	Veni Creator	<i>Geistliche Lieder, 1535, from Latin hymn of</i>	8th cent.	34. 327.
	* Vesper	J. R. Ogden	1846	574.
	Waldeck	<i>German Chorale</i>		144.
	Ward ~	" <i>Sacrifice of Praise</i> "		740.
	Wareham	W. Knapp		4.
	Warrington ~	R. Harrison	1786-90	243.
	† ‡ Wavertree ~	W. Shore		37. 38.
	Wells ~	Israel Holdroyd	bef. 1740	29.
	Westbury	S. Webbe, senr.		442.
	Whalley	S. Webbe, junr.		252.
	Wimbledon	"Hancox," in <i>Webbe's Collection</i>		267.
	Winterbourne	<i>Ashworth's Collection, 1766</i>		426.
	Woburn	Henry Carey		411.
	Zoar	J. Jowett	1823	371.
8, 8; 8, 8, 6.	Benham	Philip Taylor		250.
8, 8; 8, 8, 8.	* Contrition	J. R. Ogden	1842	720.
8, 8; 8, 8; 8, 8.	Althorpe	<i>Jas. Green's Psalmody, 1724</i>		511.
	Bootham ~	Israel Holdroyd	bef. 1740	421.
	Bridgewater	H. Lawes	1638	402. 671.
	Carlsruhe	Martin Luther (?)	1535	436. 764.
	* Creator Spirit	J. T. Whitehead.	1860	91.
	Darmstadt ~	J. Schop	1641	163. 340.
	Denis, St.	<i>Attainant's Collection, 1529</i>		223.
	Eternity	J. Schop	1642	588.
	Halle	<i>Latin Hymn, from Kugelmann's Concentus novi, 1540</i>		242. 274.
	Horeb ~	J. Jowett	1827	349. 350.
	Lambeth	R. King	1695	98. 369.
	Leicester	<i>Gawthorn's Harmonia Perfecta, 1730</i>		396.
	† Martin, St.	Sir J. G. Elvey	1860	451.
	† Meribah	W. H. Havergal		112.
	Old 112	Martin Luther (?)	1540	466. 520.
	Orpington	Dr. Boyce		275.

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
8, 8; 8, 8; 8, 8. —(continued.)	* Safety * Shelter ~ Southampton Vauxhall	J. R. Ogden J. R. Ogden S. Webbe, junr. J. H. Leffler	1846 1846	374. 675. 71. 72. 25.
8, 8, 8; 8, 8, 8.	Didsbury	<i>Chetham's Psalmody</i> , 1736		521.
8, 8; 8, 8; double (L. M. double)	Luke's, St. Old 113 Sinai	<i>Suppl. to New Version</i> , 1703 <i>Genevan Psalter</i> , 1562 J. Jowett		50. 323. 448.
8, 9; 8, 9.	* Moses	Russell Martineau	1827	448.
8, 10; 8, 10; 8, 10.	* Resignation	Basil Martineau	1873	117.
9, 6; 9, 6; double	* Guidance	J. R. Ogden	1842	771.
9, 8; 9, 8.	* Ebenezer	Russell Martineau	1873	329. 384.
9, 8; 9, 8; 8, 8; 8, 8.	* Bird's-Wing	J. R. Ogden	1842	382.
10; 4, 4, 10; 4, 4, 10.	* Self-surrender ~	J. R. Ogden	1872	389.
10, 4; 10, 4.	* Pathway * Willow Hill ~	Basil Martineau Basil Martineau	1873 1873	441. 90.
10, 4; 10, 4; 10, 4; 10, 10.	* Heywood	Russell Martineau	1872	273.
10, 4; 10, 4; 10, 10.	† Lux Benigna	Dr. J. B. Dykes	1860	388.
10, 6; 10, 4.	* Farewell	J. T. Whitehead	1873	506.
10, 8, 8; 10, 10; 7, 11.	* Sacred Love * "Beyond the Veil" ~	Russell Martineau J. T. Whitehead	1873	299. 540.
10, 10; 10, 4.	* Night ~	J. T. Whitehead	1873	596.
10, 10; 10, 10.	† Dalkeith * Gospel	T. Hewlett J. T. Whitehead	1868 1860	201. 154.
	Hale Harefield Moldau ~	"Hobson," in <i>Webbe's Collection</i> H. Lawes <i>Choralb. of the Bohem. Breth.</i> , 1784		30. 606. 321.
	* Moriah	J. R. Ogden	1842	156.
	Oswestry ~ Præneste Reformation	S. Stanley Palestrina <i>Hauschoralbuch</i>		83. 84. 468. 143. 496.
	* Sovereign	Russell Martineau	1872	8. 591.
10, 10, 10, 10, 10.	* Inward Light Montague ~ Old 50 ~	Russell Martineau <i>Goudimel's Psalter</i> , 1565 <i>Gawthorn's Harmonia Perfecta</i> , 1730	1873	180. 279. 322. 202. 203.
10, 10; 10, 10; 10, 10.	Dover * Penitence ~	Dr. Orlando Gibbons J. R. Ogden		769. 216.
10, 10; 10, 10; 11, 11.	* Seedfield ~	Russell Martineau	1873	315.
11, 4; 11, 4.	* Consolation	Russell Martineau	1873	470.
11, 10; 11, 10.	* Heavenly Choir ~ Old 110 * Peace ~	J. T. Whitehead Claude Goudimel (?) Russell Martineau	1873 1565 1873	9. 524. 469. 177.
11, 11; 11, 5.	Humility ~	Basil Martineau	1873	200.

B. TRISYLLABIC METRES.

I. Accent on the FIRST syllable of each triplet—(DACTYLIC).

Metre.	Name of Tune.	Composer, or Source whence taken.	Date.	No. of Hymn.
5, 5; 5, 5, 10; double	* Divine Mercy	Basil Martineau	1873	425.
6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 4; 6, 4.	{ * Mariner's Hymn }	Russell Martineau	1873	755.
6, 5; 6, 5; double	* Heroism	Russell Martineau	1873	265.
6, 5; 6, 5; 6, 6; 6, 5.	* Funeral Bell	Russell Martineau	1873	770.

II. Accent on the SECOND or THIRD syllable of each triplet—(ANAPÆSTIC.)

5, 5; 5, 5; 6, 5; 6, 5.	Hanover	Dr. Croft		59.
6, 5; 6, 5; 5, 5.	* Wanderer	Russell Martineau	1873	185.
11, 11; 11, 11.	Oldenburg	From Thomas Sellè	1655	433.

C. MIXED AND IRREGULAR METRES.

Various	* Clappersgate	Basil Martineau	1873	88.
	* Dedication	J. R. Ogden	1842	289.
	* Even-song	J. R. Ogden	1842	583.
	* Homage ~	Russell Martineau	1873	633.
	* Kinrara	Basil Martineau	1873	688.
	* Plenty	Basil Martineau	1873	599.
	* Protection	Basil Martineau	1873	377.
	* Repentance	Basil Martineau	1873	198.
	† Saviour's, St.	C. E. Stephens	1865	249.
	* Temple-Gate	J. R. Ogden	1842	659.
	* Trumpet-call	J. R. Ogden	1872	111.
	* "Vital Spark"	J. T. Whitehead	1874	498.

INDEX OF COMPOSERS AND SOURCES.

1. COMPOSERS of Tunes in this Collection (names in CAPITALS; those marked * still living).
2. Original or proximate SOURCES of Tunes, the Composers of which are unknown.

Abbreviations—C. Composer; C-m. Capellmeister (Organist and Choir-master); K. Kantor (Leader of Choir); O. Organist; P.M. Professor of Music; R.A.M. Royal Academy of Music.

- ALBERT, Heinrich (1604-1668). O. at Königsberg, Prussia, 1631. 226.
- Allison, Richard. "The Psalmes of David in Meter," (arranged) "by Richard Allison, Gent., Practitioner in the Art of Musicke;" Lond. 1599. 110. 286. (*See note, p. xxxix.*)
- AMALIA. Princess of Prussia, sister of Frederick II.; d. 1787. 603.
- ARNE, Thomas Augustine, Mus. Doc. (Oxford), (1710-1778). C. of several operas, glees, &c. 244.
- ARNOLD. Probably Dr. Samuel Arnold (1740-1802). 240.
- ASHTON, John (1764-1850). A Manchester amateur and C. 551.
- Ashworth, C., D.D. A Collection of Tunes, pt. 1, consisting of Psalm-tunes, &c., 3rd ed. Lond. 1766; 4th ed. Lond. 1775. 253. 426. 485. 488. 709.
- Attaignant, Pierre. Printed a collection of music in 20 bks, 5 vols; Paris, 1534. 223.
- Bach, Johann Sebastian (1685-1750). 371 Vierstimmige Choralgesänge, (4-voice Choral-songs: harmonized, not composed, by him), publ. after his death by his son C. P. E. Bach. Ed. C. F. Becker, Leipzig, 1831. 139. 211. 333. 357. 444. 474. 515. 680.
- BACH, Carl Philipp Emanuel. Son of the preceding; d. 1778. 230. 644?
- BACH, Johann Christoph. First-cousin of Sebastian's Father; an eminent O. and contrapuntist. 176? *
- BAKER, Henry, Mus. Bac. (Oxford, 1867). 227.
- BARTHÉLEMON, François Hippolyte. b. at Bordeaux 1731; C. and violinist; d. in London, 1808. 16.
- BATTISHILL, Jonathan (1738-1801). Chorister-boy at St. Paul's; O. St. Clement's, Eastcheap, and Christ-church, Newgate St. 262. 356. 460.
- Baxter, Rev. John A. Harmonia Sacra. 710.
- BEASTALL, William. Given as C. of 406 in the "Sacrifice of Praise" (*q. v.*)
- Bergisches Choralbuch. "For the Evangelical Lutheran congregations in the Grand-duchy of Berg," 1809. 733.
- BLANCKS, E. Harmonizer, and possibly C., of several tunes in Est's Psalter (*q. v.*) 298? (*See note, p. xxxix.*)
- BLOW, John, Mus. Doc. (c. 1650-1708). Gentleman of the King's Chapel; C. to Charles II.; O. Westminster Abbey, &c. 477?
- BOND, Hugh. Lay-vicar, Exeter Cathedral, and O. St. Mary Arches, 1762 to 1792. 115?
- BOOTHBY, J. Given as C. of 351 in Turle and Taylor's Collection (*q. v.*)
- BOYCE, William, Mus. Doc. (Cambridge), (1710-1779). Chorister-boy at St. Paul's; eminent C. and O.; Master of His Majesty's Band 1775. 118. 275. 616.
- * BRADBURY, William B. Publ. "The Key-Note," New York, 1863. 574.
- BREIDENSTEIN, Heinrich Carl, Ph. D. b. 1796; P.M. at Cologne 1821; do. at University of Bonn 1823; still living there 1855. 65.
- * BROWN-BORTHWICK, Rev. Robert. Incumbent of All Saints, Falgrave, Scarborough. 148. 604. 736. 749.

- Brüder-Choralbuch. "Ein Gesangbuch der Brüder inn Behemen und Meheren" (A Hymn-book of the Brethren in Bohemia and Moravia), printed at Nuremberg, by Joh. Günther, 1544. 431? 614.
- Brüder-Choralbuch, 1784. 321.
- BURDER, Rev. George (1752-1832). Independent minister at Lancaster, Coventry, and London; Sec. London Missionary Soc., and Ed. *Evangelical Mag.* 657.
- BURKITT. Given as C. of 19 in Turle and Taylor's Collection (*q. v.*)
- * CALKIN, Jean Baptiste. C. and P.M. London. 82.
- CAMPION, Thomas, M.D. A doctor, poet, and musician; d. 1619. 458.
- CANNABICH, Christian (1731-1798). C-m. at Mannheim; an admirable violinist. 193? (*See MOZART.*)
- Cantionale Sacrum, *i.e.*, Sacred Songs, . . . for the second time printed at Gotha, by Joh. Mich. Schalin, 1651. 224.
- Cantarium Sancti Galli, or Tune-book of the great Benedictine Monastery of St. Gall, Switzerland. 22.
- CAREY, Henry. An unfortunate poet and musician of the last century; d. 1743. 411.
- Chetham, Rev. John, of Skipton, Yorkshire; publ. "Psalmody" c. 1720. 521.
- CHRISTMANN, Johann Friedrich. Lutheran minister at Heutingsheim, near Louisburg; publ. a "Choral-buch" in 1799, in conjunction with J. H. Knecht, (*q. v.*); d. 1817. 166.
- CLARKE, Jeremiah (1670-1707). Pupil of Dr. Blow (*q. v.*); O. St. Paul's and Chapel-royal. 133. 161. 331. 598. 622?
- Clauderer "Psalmodia nova. . . Centuria I," by Jos. Clauderus, Leipzig 1630, (Preface 1627). 182.
- COOMBS, James Maurice (1759-1820). Chorister at Salisbury; O. at Chippenham; published "Psalm-tunes" 1819. 178.
- COURTEVILLE, Raphael. Gentleman of Chapel-royal, 1680; O. St. James', Westminster. 553 (in Playford's *Psalter*, 8th ed. 1702).
- CRASSELLIUS. A presbyter at Düsseldorf (d. 1724). 254 is attributed to him by Havergal, &c.; he certainly wrote the *hymn* ("Dir, dir, Jehovah") with which it is associated. The tune first appears in Freilinghausen's *Gsgb.* (*q. v.*) Often wrongly called "Winchester New, by Dr. Croft."
- CROFT, William, Mus. Doc. (Oxford, 1715). b. 1677 at Nether-Eatington, Warwicksh.; O. of St. Anne's, Westminster, Chapel-royal, and Westminster Abbey; d. 1727. 48. 59. 96. 437. (483). 739.
- CROTCH, William, Mus. Doc. (Oxford, 1797). b. at Norwich 1775; P.M. Oxford 1797; Principal R.A.M.; d. 1847. 546.
- CRÜGER, Johann (1598-1662). "The most important composer of (German) church-melodies of the later period." P.M. at Berlin. 445. 487. 489. 608.
- DANIELL, John. Leader of Choir at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, in Rev. Robert Hall's pastorate. 108.
- Darmstädter Gesangbuch, Darmstadt 1698. (Preface by Züchlen.) 457.
- Day, John (d. 1584.) Printer of "The whole Psalmes in foure partes." Lond. 1563. 302. 341. 461. 621. 635. 715.
- DENBY. 536 (St. Ann's) is commonly attributed to Dr. Croft, but appears as "Leeds tune, by Mr. Denby," in Barber's Book of Psalm-tunes, 1686, when Croft was only 9 years old.
- Denham, Henrie. Printer of a *Psalter* in 1588, from which 372.
- DOWLAND, John, Mus. Bac. (Oxford, 1588), (1562-1626). Immortalized in Shakspeare's "Passionate Pilgrim." 270.
- DYKES, Rev. John Bacchus, Mus. Doc. (1823-1876). Minor Canon and Precentor, Durham Cath., 1849-62; Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham. 314. 388. 602.
- * ELVEY, Sir George J., Mus. Doc. (b. 1816). O. St. George's Chapel, Windsor. 99. 451.
- "Enchiridion, oder ein Handbuchlein, &c." Printed at "Erfordt" (Erfurt), 1524. 194. 213. 324.
- Est, Thomas. "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, with their wonted Tunes . . . ; compiled by Sondry Authors . . . imprinted at London by Thomas Est; 1592." 270. 298. 397. 686. (*See note, p. xxxix.*)

- FARMER, John. C. of "First Set of English Madrigalls," 1599. C. (or perhaps only harmonizer) of 686, in Ravenscroft's Psalter (*q. v.*) (See note, *p. xxxix.*)
- FAWCETT, John (father and son). Musicians and composers of local celebrity at Bolton, Lancashire. 55, probably by the son.
- * Filitz, Dr. Friedrich. P.M. at Berlin; publ. his Choralbuch in 1846. 328. 427.
- FLOWER, Eliza. Publ. "Hymns and Anthems" 1842, for use at South Place Chapel (W. J. Fox's); d. 1846. 618. 703.
- FRANC (or FRANCK), Guillaume. C. of the melodies of 50 tunes in the Genevan Psalter of Cl. Marot and Th. de Bèze, first publ. 1545. 266 (original rhythm). 631 (modern do.).
- FREILINGHAUSEN, Johann Anastasius. Publ. his "Geistreiches Gesangbuch" at Halle, pt. 1 in 1704, pt. 2 in 1714. 254. 335. 538. 564. 567. Probably C. of 335, 564, and 567.
- French Psalter, about 1550, 420; do. 1563, 592.
- GANTHER. Given in Anglican Hymn-book as C. of 431. (See *Brüderchoralbuch.*)
- GAUNTLETT, Henry John, Mus. Doc. (1806-1876). O. Edgeware, Southwark, and St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Musical Antiquarian. 14. 236. 417.
- Gawthorn, Nathaniel. "Harmonia Perfecta, a compleat Collection of Psalm-tunes in 4 parts. . . . chiefly from Mr. Ravenscroft." Lond. 1730. 52. 160. 202. 204. 396. 745.
- "Geistliche Lieder" (Sacred Songs), 1543. Printed at Wittemberg by Joseph Klug. 34. 467.
- "Geistliche Arien (100)"—(100 Sacred Airs)—1694. Dresden, from the Matthean Press. 763.
- Genevan Psalter, 1562. 323. (See FRANC and Goudimel.)
- German Chorale. The following are of German origin, but the Editors have been unable to find or identify them:—31. 79. 116. 137. 144. 210. 290. 452. 465. 528. 655. 702. 704. 713. 759.
- GERSBACH, Joseph (1787-1830). P.M. at Nuremberg 1817. 743.
- GESIUS, Bartholomæus (1567-1657). K. at Frankfort-on-Oder. 767.
- GIARDINI, Felice. b. at Turin 1716; came to England 1750; manager of the King's Theatre 1756; d. in Russia 1796. 94.
- GIBBONS, Orlando, Mus. Doc. (Oxford, 1622), (1583-1625). O. of the chapels-royal, and eminent as a C. of madrigals, anthems, &c. 296. 330. 646. 769. 776.
- Gothaisches Cantional. (See *Cantionale Sacrum.*)
- GOUDIMEL, Claude. b. 1510; lived long in Rome; murdered at Lyons in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572. Harmonized Marot's (Genevan) Psalter, 1565, whence 279, 469, 587. 469 probably composed by him.
- GRAUN, Carl Heinrich. b. 1701; C-m. to Frederick II.; C. of "Der Tod Jesu," a well-known oratorio; d. at Berlin 1759 or 1760. 168.
- Green, James. Editor of "Psalmody," 5th ed. 1724, 11th ed. 1751; whence 141, 511, 519.
- GREENE, Maurice, Mus. Doc. (Cambridge), (1696-1755). O. of St. Paul's and Chapel-royal; P.M. at Cambridge 1730. 478. 666? 697.
- GRIGG. Given as C. of 710 in Baxter's "Harmonia Sacra" (*q. v.*)
- HANCOX. Given as C. of 267 and 481 in Webbe's Collection (*q. v.*)
- HANDEL, George Frederick (1684-1759). Wrote three tunes to hymns by Charles Wesley for the wife of the comedian Rich, proprietor of Covent-garden Theatre. These were discovered by S. Wesley (*q. v.*) in the Fitzwilliam Library at Cambridge, and by him published. 27. 67.
- HARINGTON, Henry, M.D. (1727-1816). Physician at Bath, founder of Harmonic Society there. 35.
- HARRISON, Rev. Ralph (1748-1810). Presbyterian minister at Shrewsbury, and at Cross St., Manchester. 158. 243. 367. 668. From his "Sacred Harmony, or a Collection of Psalm-tunes, Ancient and Modern," published 1786-90, are taken 5, 6, 127, 237, 280, 773.
- Hart, Andro. Printer of the Scotch Psalter of 1615 (*q. v.*)
- HARWOOD, Edward. A Liverpool C.; d. 1787. 39. 60. 206. 287.
- "Hauschoralbuch." Old and new Choral-songs with 4-voice Harmonies, and with words; 2nd ed. Gütersloh, 1850; 7th ed. 1871. 119. 120. 143. 292. 360. 385. 533. 586. 620. 722. 738. 746.
- HASSLER, Hans Leo (b. c. 1564). O. at Augsburg; then with the Emperor Rudolph II. at Prague; d. 1612 at Frankfort-on-Maine. 544.

- HATTON, John. C. in Liverpool, end of last century. 638.
- HAVERGAL, Rev. William Henry, M.A. (1793-1870). Honorary Canon of Worcester. 112. 147. 362.
- HAWES, Thomas, LL.D. (1734-1820). 212.
- HAYDN, Franz Joseph (1732-1810), is, according to the "Hauschoralbuch" (*q. v.*), the C. of 308.
- HAYDN, Johann Michael (1737-1806). Brother of the above; O. at Salzburg. 187. 355? 698. 707.
- HAYES, William, Mus. Doc. (Oxford), (1707-1779). O. of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, and Christ-church, Oxford; P.M. Oxford. 214. 597. 741.
- * HAYNE, Rev. Leighton George, Mus. Doc. (Oxford). Rector of Mistley, Essex, and Coryphæus Univ. Oxford. 386.
- * HEINEKEN, Rev. Nicholas Samuel, of Gainsborough. Minister at Sidmouth 1825-30, 1835-40. 643.
- HERMANN, Nicolaus. K. at Joachimsthal, Bohemia; d. 1560. 40.
- HEWLETT, Thomas. O. to the Duke of Buccleugh at Dalkeith; d. 186-. 201.
- HINTON, Rev. John Howard. An eminent Baptist Minister, of Devonshire Square Chapel, Bishops-gate; d. 1873. 75.
- HINTZE, Jacob. b. 1622; Musician at Berlin; d. not before 1695. 696?
- * HIRD, Frederick William. O. and P.M. at Leeds. 651.
- HOBSON. Given as C. of 30, in Webbe's Collection (*q. v.*)
- HOLDROYD, Israel. 29. 421? 724.
- HORSLEY, William, Mus. Bac. (Oxford, 1800), (1774-1858). O. of the Asylum Chapel 1802, of Belgrave Chapel 1812. 21. 76. 373. 627.
- HOWARD, Samuel, Mus. Doc. (Cambridge), (1710-1782). Gentleman of Chapel-royal, O. of St. Clement-Danes, Strand, and St. Bridget, Fleet St. 208. 215. 259. 398.
- * IRONS, Herbert S. Formerly O. Southwell Minster; now Assistant O. Chester Cathedral. 251.
- JACKSON, Thomas. O. at Newark-on-Trent; d. 1781. 256.
- JONES, Rev. William, M.A., F.R.S. (1726-1800). Perp. Curate of Nayland, Suffolk. 464. 649. 662.
- JOSEPH, G. of Breslau, (1690). C. of 176, according to Haverгал.
- JOWETT, Rev. Joseph, M.A. (1784-1856). Rector of Silk-Willoughby, Lincolnshire. 42. 56. 87. 107. 151. 219. 234. 245. 269. 297. 318. 349. 371. 391. 429. 446. 448. 503. 522. 534. 595. 641. 761.
- KING, Robert, Mus. Bac. (Cambridge, 1696). One of the Band of William III. 98.
- KIRBY, G. Harmonizer, and possibly C., of several tunes in Est's Psalter (*q. v.*) 397? (*See note, p. xxxix.*)
- KNAPP, William. Parish-clerk of Poole, Dorset; d. 1768. 4.
- KNECHT, Justin Heinrich (1752-1817). Director of Music at Biberach 1792; C-m. at Stuttgart 1807. 100. 664. 681. (*See CHRISTMANN.*)
- KOCHER, Konrad. b. 1786; still living as O. at Stuttgart in 1871; publ. "Voices from the Kingdom of God," 1838; "Zion's Harp," &c. 493.
- König, Johann Balthasar. C-m. at Frankfort-on-Maine, publ. in 1738 his "Harmonisches Liederschatz," whence 191, 258, 752.
- Kugelmann, Hans. C-m. of Duke Albert of Brandenburg, c. 1540. Adapter of 242.
- La Feillée. Compiled a collection publ. 1745. 235.
- LAMPE, Johann Friedrich. b. in Saxony 1693; bassoon-player in Handel's band, 1726; friend of the Wesleys; d. 1751. 472. 509.
- Latin Hymns, adapted by the German Protestant Church. 34. 242. 443. 610. 738.
- LATROBE, Rev. Christian Ignatius. b. at Fulneck, Yorkshire, 1758; Supt. in the Moravian Church; d. 1836. 440.
- LAWES, Henry (1600-1662). Gentleman of Chapel-royal, and Court-musician to Charles I.; Sandys' Paraphrase, with music by H. L., publ. 1638. 12. 338. 402. 606. 665. 732.
- LEFFLER, James Henry. O. of St. Catherine's Hospital, Streatham Chapel, and Lutheran Church, Strand; d. 1819. 25. 459.

- LE JEUNE, Claude. C. to Henry III. and IV. of France. 317.
- LOCKHART, Charles. O. of Lock Chapel, St. Katherine Cree, St. Mary's, Lambeth, &c. Blind from infancy. (d. 1815.) 53. 636.
- LUTHER, Martin. Theol. Doc. 95. 159, 291, 436, 466, and many other Chorales of the time of Luther, are commonly attributed to him. 159 seems to be certainly his; the rest are doubtful.
- MAJOR, Joseph. Publ. c. 1820 a number of Original Tunes, to words chosen from Rev. R. Aspland's Hymn-book. 336.
- * MARTINEAU, Russell, M.A., British Museum, (b. 1831). 8. 26. 41. 54. 105. 117. 123 (2nd part). 124. 145. 177. 180. 185. 239. 264. 265. 273. 299. 315. 363. 366. 376. 384. 470. 497. 500. 557. 562. 569. 619. 633. 676. 677. 708. 737. 755. 770.
- * MARTINEAU, Basil, Solicitor, London, (b. 1839). 80. 88. 89. 90. 198. 200. 271. 295. 326. 377. 383. 425. 441. 599. 688. 756. 771. 781.
- MATHER, William (1756-1808). O. at Sheffield. 310.
- * MATTHEWS, Rev. Timothy Richard. Rector of North Coates, near Grimsby. 157. 379.
- MILLER, Edward, Mus. Doc. (1731-1807). 51 years O. at Doncaster. Adapted and altered 644 (Rockingham), probably from a tune by C. P. E. Bach (*q. v.*)
- MILTON, John. Father of the great poet, a Scrivener in Bread St., Cheapside, and a man of great musical talent. 484. 630. (*See note, p. xxxix.*)
- MOZART, Wolfgang Amadeus (1756-1792). Possibly composer of 193. (*See CANNABICH.*)
- NEANDER, Joachim (1610-1680). Rector at Düsseldorf 1674, Pastor at Bremen 1679. 28. 532. "Neue Lieder (121)"—(121 New Songs)—set by men illustrious in this Art. . . . Printed at Nuremberg by H. Formschneider, 1534. 272.
- NEUMARK, Georg (1621-1681). Secretary of Archives at Weimar. 102.
- NOVELLO, Vincent (1781-1860). O. at the Chapel of the Portuguese Embassy; C. of much church-music, and Editor of "The Psalmist," publ. 1835-42. 36. 69. 122.
- * OGDEN, Jonathan Robert, J.P., Lakefield, Windermere. 18. 44. 49. 57. 111. 125. 128. 131. 132. 140. 142. 149. 156. 184. 216. 233. 241. 285. 289. 329. 348. 374. 378. 381. 382. 387. 389. 405. 409. 418. 430. 434. 476. 502. 504. 505. 525. 527. 548. 563. 574. 578. 583. 634. 659. 663. 675. 683. 692. 720. 721. 742. 760. 762.
- * OUSELEY, Rev. Sir Frederick A. Gore, Bart., Mus. Doc. (Oxford). P.M. Univ. of Oxford; precentor of Hereford Cathedral. 97.
- PACHELBEL, Johann (1653-1706). O. at Vienna, Eisenach, Erfurt, Stuttgart, Gotha, and Nuremberg, "A great Organ-master." 92.
- PALESTRINA, Giovanni Pierluigi da (1524-1594). Maestro di Capella at St. Peter's, Rome. 468.
- PARSONS, W. Harmonizer, and possibly C., of 461 in Day's Psalter (*q. v.*) (*See note, p. xxxix.*)
- PLAYFORD (1613-1693). Music-publisher, and Clerk of the Temple Church. Publ. "Psalms and Hymns in Solemn Musick of 4 partes," 1671; and "The whole Book of Psalms, composed in 3 partes," 1677. 304. 449. 477. 607.
- PLEYEL, Ignaz, b. 1757 near Vienna; C-m of Strasburg Cathedral 1783; long a music-publisher, &c., in Paris; d. 1831. 123 (1st part).
- PRÆTORIUS, Michael (1571-1621). O. at the court of Brunswick-Lüneberg; publ. "Musæ Sioniae" 1607-10. 545.
- PURCELL, Henry (1658-1695). O. of Westminster Abbey and the Chapel-royal; the greatest of English composers. 3.
- RAVENS-CROFT, Thomas, Mus. Bac. (1592-c. 1640). 150 and 399, and perhaps 298, are by R. himself; 10, 93, 109, 165, 181, 186, 260, 353, 393, 571, 577, 686, 758, 768, 780 are from his "Whole Book of Psalms," publ. 1621.
- * REAY, Samuel. O. and P.M., Newark-on-Trent. 78. .
- * REDHEAD, Richard. O. and P.M., London. 162. 726.

- REICHARDT, Johann Friedrich (1752-1814). C-m. at Berlin 1775. 66.
 * REINAGLE, Alexander Robert. Formerly O. of St. Peter's, Oxford. 155. 712.
 RINCK, Christian Heinrich, Phil. et Art. Doc. (1770-1846). O. at Giessen; Court-O. 1813. 394.
 RINKART, M. Priest at Eilenburg, Saxony; d. 1649. 390.
 ROGERS, Benjamin, Mus. Doc. (Oxford, 1669), (c. 1625—c. 1695). Chorister at Windsor; O. at Dublin, and at Magdalen Coll., Oxford. 572.
 ROSENMÜLLER, Johann (c. 1610-1686). Musik-director at Leipzig; C-m. at Wolfenbüttel. 696? 763?
 "Sacrifice of Praise," New York, 1872. 86. 248. 740.
 SCHEFFLER, Johann ("Angelus Silesius"). Physician to the Emp. Ferdinand III. and the Duke of Württemberg-Oels; d. 1677. 45.
 SCHEIDT, Samuel (d. 1654). O. at Halle; "The greatest Organ-master of his time." 153.
 SCHEIN, Johann Hermann (1586-1630). C-m. at Weimar 1613, at Leipzig 1615. 510. 678.
 SCHICHT, Johann Gottfried (1753-1823). C-m. at Leipzig 1785. 463.
 Schneider's "Handbuch," 1829. 552.
 SCHOP, Johann. C-m. at Hamburg c. 1640; publ. 50 tunes to Rist's "Heavenly Songs," 1641. 163. 229? 284. 486. 543? 588.
 Scotch Psalter, 1611-217. Do. 1615 (*see* Hart)—282. 334. 414. 630. 765. Do. 1635-17. 221. 507. 757.
 SELLE, Thomas (1599-1663). Musik-dir. at Hamburg. 433.
 SHORE, William. O. and P.M., Manchester; C. and Editor of "Sacred Music;" d. c. 1870. 37.
 SIGILLUS (1657). Given in Anglican Hymn-book as C. of 439.
 SMITH, Isaac. Precentor of Alie St. Meeting, Goodman's Fields; d. c. 1800. 246. 316. 661. 684. 709?
 STANLEY, John, Mus. Bac. O. of the Temple and St. Andrew's; d. 1786. 77.
 STANLEY, Samuel (1767-1822). Precentor of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham. 1. 83.
 * STEGGALL, Charles, Mus. Doc. (Cambridge). Professor R.A.M. 624.
 * STEPHENS, Charles E., C. and P.M. London. 249.
 STEVENSON, Sir John Andrew, Mus. Doc. (1761-1833). Chorister, and afterwards Vicar-choral, of St. Patrick's, Dublin. 238.
 STÖRL, J. (1744). Given in Anglican Hymn-book as C. of 705.
 STRATTNER, Georg Christoph (c. 1650-1705). C-m. at Frankfort and Weimar. 301.
 * SUMMERS, J. Formerly O. at Weston-super-Mare. 175.
 Supplement to New Version of the Psalms, 1703. 50.
 "Tabulatur" (2 Books of a New), by Bernhardt Schmid, Strasburg, 1577. 400.
 TALLIS (or TALYS), Thomas. O. of Chapel-royal; d. 1585. 113. 575.
 TAYLOR, Rev. Philip (1747-1831). Minister of Kaye St. Chapel, Liverpool, and Eustace St., Dublin. 58. 250. 345. 526.
 TAYLOR, Edward (1784-1863). O. and Gresham P.M. 231.
 TAYLOR, G. Given as C. of 744 in "Tunes New and Old," by John Dobson, Lond. 1864.
 TAYLOR. Given as C. of 423 in Webbe's Collection.
 TESCHNER, Melchior. K. at Fraustadt in Silesia, 1613. 473.
 THIBAUT IV., King of Navarre, and Count of Champagne (1201-1254). 782, from a Provençal ditty by him.
 TOMKYNs, Thos. Perhaps C. of 414 in Scotch Psalter of 1615. (*See note, p. xxxix.*)
 Töpler's Alte Choral-Melodien. 70.
 * TURLE, James. Late O. of Westminster Abbey. 517.
 Turle, James, and Edward Taylor (*q. v.*) "The People's Music-book," vol. i., Lond. 1844. 19. 462. 547. 639. Do., edition 1852. 342.
 TURNER, William, Mus. Doc. (1652-1740). Gentleman of Chapel-royal, Vicar-Choral of St. Paul's, and Lay-Vicar Westminster Abbey. 263.
 Vopelius, Gottfried. "Neu Leipziger Gesangbuch," 1682. 443. 729.
 VULPIUS, Melchior (c. 1560-1616). K. at Weimar. 361. 584. 772.

- WAINWRIGHT, John. O. of Collegiate Church, Manchester; d. 1768. 435. 751.
- WAINWRIGHT, Robert, Mus. Doc. Son of John W.; succeeded him as O. at Manchester; afterwards O. of St. Peter's, Liverpool; d. 1782. 63. 85. 293. 514. 654.
- WAINWRIGHT, Richard. Son of John; succeeded his brother Robert at Manchester and Liverpool; d. 1825. 518.
- WEBBE, Samuel, senr. (1740-1817). C. of many Anthems, Glee's, &c. 2. 13. 73. 101. 188. 188. 189. 352? 364. 403. 413. 442. 674. 682. 719.
- WEBBE, Samuel, junr. (c. 1770-1843). Son of the above; O. of several churches and chapels in Liverpool. 51. 71. 104. 252. 278. 303. 454. 589. 645. 667.
- Webbe's Psalmody, a Complete Collection of Tunes, adapted or composed by the late S. Webbe, senr. and junr., London, 1853. 30. 179. 267. 423. 481.
- WELDON, John. O. of the Chapel-royal 1708; (d. 1736). 74 probably by him.
- WESLEY, Rev. Charles, M.A. (1708-1788). Associated with his brother John W. in the whole Methodist movement. 81. 407.
- WESLEY, Samuel (1766-1837). Son of the above; O. at Camden Town, London. 11. 68. 555.
- Wesley Tune-book, revised and edited by Henry Hiles, Mus. Doc., 1871. 613.
- WEST, Rev. Louis Renatus (1753-1826). 174 by many Editors ascribed to him; by some said to be a German chorale.
- WHARTON, Rev. G. Given as C. of 325 in Baxter's *Harmonia Sacra* (q. v.)
- WHEALL, William, Mus. Bac. O. of St. Paul's, Bedford; d. 1745. 129.
- * WHITEHEAD, Rev. James Thornely (b. 1834). Minister of New Gravel-pit Church, Hackney. 9. 61. 91. 152. 154. 164. 167. 183. 281. 313. 387. 409. 410. 419. 498. 506. 508. 530. 531. 540. 579. 580. 596. 601. 628. 669. 689. 774.
- WILCOX, Dr. John H. Given as C. of 647 in "Sacrifice of Praise," (q. v.)
- WILSON, Hugh. A Kilmarnock weaver. 495 (not entirely original).
- WOOD, Thomas. Given as C. of 438 in "The Psalmist."
- Württemberg Gesangbuch (1841, 1864, &c.). 261. 558. 612.

NOTE.—In the older English Psalters, (Day's, Est's, Allison's, &c.) the names attached to the tunes are evidently those of the *harmonizers*. In Allison's Psalter, his own name appears at the head of every tune, though he certainly did not compose them all; and in Day's or Est's the same tune is found with two or three harmonies, to each of which a different name is prefixed. In many cases the harmonizer is *possibly*, and in some *probably*, composer also of the melody; but this cannot be certainly inferred from the connection of his name with the tune.

CORRIGENDA.

- (1) To the heading of the tune "*Hesperus*," (227. 228. 570.) add the name of *Henry Baker, Mus. Bac.*, as Composer.
- (2) The date of St. Ann's (536. 537. 719.) is 1686, not 1687.
- (3) The name of the printer of the Psalter of 1592 is Est, not Este.



